

# TRUTH

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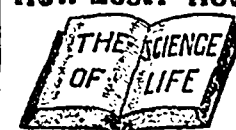
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# TRUTH.

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TORONTO, ONT., JULY 5, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 500.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

In those days of cheap and bogus degrees, when institutions are springing into existence at which for a mere monetary consideration a person ambitious to have a handle attached to his name can have his wish gratified without submitting to any educational state it is extremely undesirable that the reputable institutions of learning, which have acquired a world-wide recognition, should show any disposition to cheapen their degrees or abate their demands in respect to literary qualification and acquirement. In this view the proposal of the Harvard authorities to curtail their college course by about one-seventh, so as to render it possible for an industrious student to obtain the B. A. degree in three years, will hardly find favor with the friends of higher education and literary culture. The principal argument urged in support of the reduction is, that the average age of graduates is too great—being for Harvard at present twenty-three years—and that in view of the additional time needed for professional training, this age is too advanced for those who will have to depend solely on their own exertions for a livelihood. It compels them to start too late in a professional or business career. This no doubt, is a fact greatly to be regretted and may well engage the attention of educationists. But to lower the amount of acquirement needed in order to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts is a very questionable policy. Much better would it be for those interested to seek to raise the character of the preparatory schools, and to endeavor to beget in the popular mind the conviction that a boy looking towards a college course should aim at matriculating at sixteen or seventeen years of age, which would permit his graduating at twenty-one. Of course, as the *New York Sun* observes, no valid objection could be taken to an arrangement which would make it optional with an undergraduate to obtain a degree in three years instead of four, provided he could satisfy the examiners that he had done all the work prescribed for a four years' term. What concerns us is the question, not of time, but of accomplishment. It is true that universities exercise moral and æsthetic influences as well as educational functions, but it should be permissible for the student to say whether he can afford to profit by the former advantages for more than three years. As a matter of fact a large proportion of the persons who graduate at the British universities—Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and St. Andrew's—spend no more than three years in the work prescribed for obtaining a B. A. degree. In like manner the foremost universities on this continent, Harvard among the rest, have a rule by which a student, passing what is called the senior matriculation which ushers him into the sophomore instead of the freshman class, may graduate in arts in three years. To extend this principle might be an advantage so as to permit an undergraduate who has entered in the freshman year to take a degree at the end of three years, or, for that matter, at the end of two, if he can pass examinations proving the possession of

all the attainments required for a diploma. Under such circumstances the prestige and value of a degree would not be in the least impaired. No residence at all is needed for a degree at the London University, and yet the diplomas of that institution are very highly prized. But the proposal of President Eliot does not contemplate allowing a clever and industrious lad to obtain a degree in three years instead of four, on condition of his performing all the work prescribed for a quadrennial term, it aims rather at reducing the quantum of acquirement, and in so far forth is calculated to lower the value and prestige of a Harvard degree.

And yet another objection to the proposed curtailment is the fact that the new regulation makes it possible for a student to obtain a degree without any knowledge of the Greek language. Now considering the difficulty which most students experience in acquiring a mastery of this ancient tongue, and the further fact that to many it appears a most vexatious method of wasting time, seeing that in the majority of cases it will never be put to any practical use, it may be presumed that a large majority of the students will express a desire to pass this subject by. Such an event, according to the Hon. Mr. Gladstone whose familiarity with Greek is one of his distinguishing accomplishments, would be cause for deep regret. Quite recently, while discussing the intermediate education which follows primary instruction and precedes university training, the great Commoner expressed himself very strongly on this point. It is his belief that all the intermediate schools should teach Greek so that each pupil as would be compelled to leave school at the age of sixteen might avail themselves of the instruction offered. Mr. Gladstone thinks that no matter what might be a young man's circumstances and intentions, it would do him good to study Greek, considered as an invigorator and humanizer of the mind. The shorter the time which a pupil is able to spend at school the more important is it, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, that his education should keep in view the true object, which is the cultivation of the intellect for its own sake, and not for the accomplishment of any specific practical work. The purpose, he said, of an intermediate school—a purpose all the more paramount in the case of pupils who will not proceed to the university—is not to furnish the mind, as a workshop is furnished, with salable products, but to make it "a supple, strong, effective instrument," fit for any uses to which it may be applied. This result he contends is more certainly and fully secured by the study of Greek than by any other mental exercise, even though the knowledge of the language should not survive to middle life. Many educationists agree with this position, which is besides, supported by a remarkable experiment made at the University of Berlin during the ten years preceding 1880. At the beginning of that decennial period Greek ceased to be a requisite of admission to the university, and a concerted attempt was made to compare the aptitudes and achievements of Hellenists and non-hellenists in

other fields of study. At the end of the decade reports were submitted, and it turned out that almost all the members of the faculty, including conspicuously the representatives of science, bore testimony to the superior mental alertness and efficiency of those undergraduates who had studied Greek at preparatory schools. This testimony is significant and goes far to support the contention of those who advocate the study of Greek for the sake of the superior intellectual benefit derived from the exercise. But should the fashion set by Harvard be followed by any considerable number of the leading universities of the United States and Canada we may expect that the coming students will not greatly trouble themselves with a subject that demands for its mastery such persevering application and energetic labor.

Reports from the Capital state that instructions have been issued to the superintendent of the Government printing bureau that hereafter in all Government documents and publications the spelling of such words as favor, honor, labor, etc., must conform to the English usage, that is, with the "u." Canada being a British colony, it is held that we should adhere to the English language and not adopt Americanisms. This is extending the loyalty idea to a point dangerously near the ridiculous, especially seeing that the reform has common sense on its side, and was without proceeding so quietly that it may be presumed the general public were not aware that any change was taking place. It is not likely, however, that this order will have any effect upon the general practice, which will continue to ignore the useless letter no matter what appeal may be made to the loyalty sentiment. The ordinary mortal who is not blessed with the big pay and little work which rumor ascribes to many civil servants, feels thankful if he can find time to write the word in full even with the "u" omitted.

Throughout Brazil there is great rejoicing owing to the promulgation by the Government of the New Constitution. For six months the self-constituted rulers have kept the people in ignorance as to the nature of the Constitution they proposed to adopt. Meantime the country has been under dictatorial control. The new Constitution recognizes a Federal system based upon that of the United States. The President alone is responsible to the nation. The Ministers are replaced by secretaries of State, who are answerable to the President alone. Parliament will consist of a House of Representatives and a Senate. The powers of these two bodies will be of a purely legislative character, and an adverse vote by either chamber will not entail a change of Ministry. A new House of Representatives will be elected triennially, and a new Senate every nine years. The President's term of office will be six years. The first Presidential election will be by Congress, and has been fixed for November next.

Though no particulars are at hand concerning the nature of the family feast furnished by Her Majesty on the return of

her touring children, it may be presumed that the historical fact that a calf was slain, or some substitute, equally expressive of joy for the return of the wanderers, was provided. Under date of June 22nd, the Cable announced that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught landed at Liverpool this morning and proceeded to Windsor. The Queen, Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Prince and Princess of Wales the Duke of Cambridge and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were at the station to greet the travelers and there was a general embracing. A family dinner was given at the castle at night. Many Canadians whose hearts were captured by the genial affable manner of their late distinguished visitors will join in extending congratulations to their Royal Highnesses upon their return home in safety after the many dangers on land and deep to which they have for these months been exposed.

The scheme for the amelioration of Egypt's financial condition which is being discussed by those European powers that have a stake in that greatly burdened country, is in danger of coming to nought through the refusal of France to consent to any agreement until England withdraws her troops from the valley of the Nile. It may not be uninteresting to those who are unfamiliar with the recent history of that historic land to briefly recount the steps by which she has lost so largely the control of her own affairs. When the ex-Khedive Ismail succeeded to the throne of Egypt in 1862 he found the national debt only three or four million pounds. In twenty-four years it had been increased under his reckless extravagance nearly thirtyfold. He converted Egypt into a money-lender's paradise; he resorted to every expedient known to the spendthrift to raise money; he paid enormous rates of interest; he submitted to ruinous discounts; he pledged his private estates; he practiced every deceit and outrage on his patient people. But the day of reckoning came at last. In 1876, when he could neither borrow a farthing nor return a farthing that he had borrowed, he tried to find relief in bankruptcy. Then it was that the powers, whose capitalists had loaned their money in the hope of inordinate gain, but who now saw themselves threatened with heavy loss, came to their rescue. Assuming the role of Shylock, they demanded the pound of flesh. They took charge of the finances of Egypt and from that day to this she has lived under the lash of a foreign taskmaster. And this rule at first was very oppressive, the creditors apparently imagining that the interests alone were the interests of natives, and what put wealth into pockets added to the taxpayers' pockets. But after the rebellion of Arabi Pasha and the bombardment of Alexandria the holders seemed to gain a new lease of life and to show a greater disposition to defend the rights of the natives.

ests of the people are compatible with the interests of the European creditors.

But while the administration of Egyptian finances since 1885 has been honest, efficient, and humane; while taxes have been collected with regularity and in a manner that presses less heavily upon the people; and while in consequence of surplus revenues Egyptian bonds have reached and maintained a level heretofore unknown on the exchanges of Europe, there is still great need of further amelioration. To this end Sir Edgar Vincent, financial advisor of Egypt, has been laboring with a view to leaving her debt, which now amounts to £103,420,640, and on a considerable portion of which interest at five per cent. is being paid, refunded at a lower rate. His scheme, which proposes to reduce the interest on all the various loans that have been made since '70 to 4 per cent. and to raise a further loan of £1,300,000 for irrigation works, has received the approval of three of the powers concerned—Russia, Italy and England. It was hoped that France would also have given her consent to the arrangement, but the latest advices state that she has positively refused to become a party to the measure until England shall have evacuated the country. Under ordinary circumstances, this unwillingness might have been expected to yield to gentle persuasion, but just now she is greatly displeased with the Anglo-German agreement concerning Africa and Zanzibar, and is in no mood to be expostulated with. To reject an arrangement profitable to one's self in order to be avenged upon one's enemy, is surely an unreasonable proceeding. It is in truth a cutting off of one's nose in order to spite one's face. Whether France will yet be brought to a better frame of mind and yield her consent to Sir Edgar's plan, it is impossible to say.

It would be interesting to know by what process of reasoning or demonstration the *World* arrives at the astounding conclusion "that opium is doing a more deadly work than alcohol on the American continent." It may be admitted that a man killed by opium is just as dead as the man whom alcohol slays but that the former counts on this continent a greater number of victims than the latter, is a statement which only a person of a very vigorous imagination would be tempted to hazard. Henceforth it would be well for the *World* to remember the saying about the mote and the beam whenever it feels disposed to rebuke temperance advocates for making extravagant statements.

If the officers in charge of the Royal Military College, Kingston, are made of similar clay to ordinary mortals it is quite likely that they are feeling greatly elated over the words of praise recently bestowed upon their institution by the Marquis of Lorne, Canada's ex-Governor General. Speaking of this training school, this high authority is reported to have said: "It cannot be denied by the most skeptical and fault finding that the Royal Military College does this (training of officers) most thoroughly. The general opinion of the Imperial army has been that graduates have done the highest honor to themselves and to the college in every respect they have joined the British army." Four commissions each year are granted to the best of the graduates, and these, who lately accompanied the Marquis of Lorne to Africa, and of which the Marquis of Lorne is the type of a Roman Catholic, hold commissions in the school. Order proper officials to refrain from the

ordinary regimental duty, have more than fulfilled the highest expectations." In this commendation Canadians generally will be disposed to claim a share; or at least, those who have not yet been led to look upon war as unjustifiable under any circumstances whatever. It is not, however, the best commentary on the boasted civilization of this 19th century that so much time, and money, and thought should be given to qualifying men to take the lives of their fellowmen. It is an evidence that the savage has not been entirely eliminated from our nature. When the principles of peace shall prevail in deed and not in name only, such training schools will no longer be a necessity. And the prophecy of this desirable consummation is found in the steadily growing disposition of nations to settle their international disputes by an appeal to the arbitrament of reason instead of the arbitrament of war.

British politics have of late become decidedly interesting. Following the discussion of the land purchase bill of Mr. Balfour, now withdrawn until next session, and which created more than a ripple upon the quiet waters, was the Government bill dealing with the liquor problem. This measure, which was outlined in these columns a few weeks ago, has brought down an unusual storm upon the political sea. The feature of the bill that has provoked most opposition is the provision to compensate the holders of licenses who would be cut off by the operation of the law. It is claimed that to recognize a license as a vested interest, which the bill assumes, is a new doctrine in political science. Many of the friends of the government entertain this view, a fact which came nearly resulting in a government defeat a few days ago, when out of a house of 452, the government was sustained by a majority of only four. Since then, thanks to the shrewd objection of Mr. Healy, the Speaker has decided that the bill in some of its provisions is plainly unconstitutional. This decision has been made the pretext for withdrawing the bill altogether, though possibly if the truth were told the government was glad to find so convenient a shelter from the storm that had come down upon them. This danger past, political prognosticators predict smooth sailing for the remainder of this session's voyage.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, whose "elixir of life" caused such a sensation about a year ago, is again attracting attention by an announcement that he has discovered a septic agent which injected subcutaneously has the effect of suddenly curing such diseases as chronic intermittent fever, rooted neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia, and even leprosy. Like as in the former case his medical confreres do not place much reliance upon the reputed discovery. Many of them appear to think that the old man has outlived the days of his greatest intellectual strength, and that his is a great mind losing its just balance. Of course it is not incredible that some such curative agent should be discovered, but until the claims of this aged experimenter are more fully substantiated it will be well for the afflicted to restrain their joy, and for all to hold their judgment in suspense.

An interesting and important decision has just been rendered by Judge Bain, at Winnipeg, in connection with the now famous separate school case. It will be remembered that some two or three months ago, a father whose children were attending a Catholic school in the city, objected to the school being held in a Roman Catholic hold- ing, and asked the proper officials to refrain from the

practice, the teacher took no heed, but persisted in giving religious instruction according to the doctrines of his church. The father brought the matter into the civil courts, though rumor has it that the contending parties were co-religionists, and that this method was pursued in order to bring the recently enacted law to a test. Whether this be or not is of little consequence, so far as the general public is concerned, the matter of chief interest and importance being the fact that the government has been upheld, and an injunction granted to restrain teachers in Catholic schools from holding religious exercises. It now remains to be seen whether the Dominion Government, to whom the minority in the Manitoba legislature made their complaint a few days ago, will give their sanction to the provincial act. Should the authorities at Ottawa refuse to interfere, it will greatly enhance the difficulties of those who would perpetuate the dual system of schools throughout that Western land.

The receipt of a copy of the Prize List for this year's Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 8th to the 20th of September next, reminds us that the fair season is again fast approaching. The prize list shows the addition of many new classes and a large increase in the amount offered as premiums. Toronto offers many attractions to visitors during the season, but the greatest of all is its annual Exhibition which this year promises to be greater and better than ever. A copy of the prize list can be obtained by any of our readers, who may desire one, by dropping a post card to Mr. H. J. Hill, the Secretary, at Toronto.

"\$125,000 reward to the person who shall discover some effective method for ridding the land of the rabbit pest" is the substance of a proclamation made by the government of New South Wales, Australia, in August, '87 and published in all parts of the world. But though nearly three years have since passed, and though many schemes and projects have been submitted to the royal commissioners, all alike seem to have failed. One suggestion which attracted a good deal of attention at the time was the plan attributed to some of the disciples of Pasteur in France, of inoculating a number of rabbits with the virus of a fatal and communicable malady, and letting these rabbits loose in the colony to mingle with the wild rabbits and thus spread the infection. Nothing was accomplished, however, more than the death of the particular rabbits operated upon, the disease refusing to communicate to others. And so after three years the Commissioners in making their final report are forced to acknowledge the failure of their efforts to obtain any efficacious method for the extinction of the rabbits. They declare that they have found no evidence to warrant the belief that these animals can be exterminated by any known means. The best that they can say is, that some protection against the devastations of the rabbits is afforded by the use of wire net for fencing purposes, and that they therefore recommend that the Government should advance money in certain cases to the lessees of public lands in order to enable them to defray the cost of such fencing in the first instance.

There is a touch of romance in the history of this Australia pest. The rabbit is an exotic and was introduced by the colonists from Europe. Enriched suddenly by the Civil War in the United States, which caused the price of wool to rise enormously on account of the cessation of the American

production, many of the colonists found themselves in the possession of large revenues. Luxurious and expensive tastes were fostered. Jealously imitating English customs, they conceived a passion for the chase, and formed in Australia societies for importing from Europe hares and rabbits. This became a veritable rage. Borrowing from English legislation the most vigorous measures, their parliament voted laws against the destruction of these animals, which, introduced in great numbers multiplied with prodigious rapidity. The soil and the climate so marvellously suited the rabbits that they reproduced much more rapidly than in England. The animal itself underwent transformation—of small size and of an average weight of two and one half pounds it here became enormous and attained to ten pounds. In vain were the v.rens enclosed with iron lattices; the rabbits crept through everywhere and regained the open country to the despair of the proprietors, who redoubled their efforts to increase the number. They succeeded so well that to-day the rabbits are a desolating pest. Lands which a few years ago produced seventy-five bushels of wheat to the acre appear to be abandoned. All culture in some districts has become impossible. The vineyards have been ruined, and as we have seen up to the present time, the means employed to destroy them have not secured any appreciable results. Rabbits are hunted, killed, poisoned, and still they swarm. This inability to cope with the pest is an interesting commentary on the boasted powers of man, that all his ingenuity, stimulated by the offer of a reward of \$125,000, is insufficient to enable him to deal effectively with one of the gentlest and least pugnacious animals on earth.

It is doubtful whether the recent honor of D.C.L., conferred upon the great African explorer by the authorities of Oxford University, will carry with it any particular advantage; for what with doctors of law, doctors of medicine, doctors of theology, doctors of philosophy, etc., the title is losing all its distinctive character. Indeed it is said that the medical doctors for this reason are seriously considering the question of dropping the title altogether. There will be nothing individualizing by the expression, Dr. Stanley. Of course it is conceivable that Mr. Stanley may be fortunate enough in having the public retain the initials H. M., though in these days of telegraphic abridgements and compressions, his chances in this respect are not very great. All the same, the Oxford University has honored itself by recognizing in this manner the greatness and worth of the man who has done so much for Britain and for the human race. May Dr. Stanley long live to wear his honor.

The vulgar phrase, "you make tired" used by one who is weary of a pestering companion or an unwelcome subject is not likely to greet the ears of him who in this hot weather recommends a sail upon the cool and refreshing waters; unless, indeed, the advice should come to those who find it impossible to indulge themselves in the luxury. Now it goes without dispute that the pleasure of the sail is greatly enhanced by the character of the vessel and the conduct of those in charge, as well as the nature of the localities visited. In these particulars the "Niagara River Line" ranks among the first. For comfort and safety her two magnificent steamers the *Cibola* and *Chicora* are among the finest on the lakes. All their appointments are of the most modern pattern, and designed to meet the wants and wishes of the travelling

public. Nothing is lacking that the most fastidious could desire. As to the crews they might adapt the historical motto "I serve," so careful are they to promote the pleasure and comfort of their charges. From the Captain down to the least paid servant, the utmost courtesy and gentlemanliness prevail. Nor are the localities visited uninteresting, some of the places being linked with our national history. Added to all these other attractions is the circumstance that these steamers run in connection with the Vanderbilt system of railways, connecting with trains on the New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York etc.,. Four times a day (except Sunday) is the opportunity offered to set one's eyes towards the south—at 7 a. m., 11 a. m., 2 p. m., and 4.45 p. m. No more delightful trip can be chosen than that offered by the "Niagara River Line."

The resignation of Chief Commissioner Monro, and the appointment to the office of Edward Bradford, together with the introduction of several new regulations affecting the force, has created great discontent among the members of the London police, who have for some days been dangerously near the point of striking. That they have not done so before this, is probably owing to their innate aversion to "striking." The danger of such an event has, however, been greatly reduced by the prudence displayed by Mr. Bradford, the new Commissioner. While firmly insisting that the members of the force shall not hold public meetings to discuss their grievances he has couched his order in extremely friendly terms, and has assured his subordinates that they may rely upon his assistance to the end of securing to them the benefits they desire. This judiciousness and temperance on the part of the new officer has created considerable surprise, seeing that when in India he was regarded as a perfect martinet and ruled his subordinates like a little despot. That such a man should suddenly take to reasoning with those over whom he is appointed may well excite surprise. His case would furnish an interesting study for the mental philosopher.

Those who have been living in dread lest the thorough-going protectionist, who would exempt nothing, not even a fellow being, should some day seek to levy duty upon the gentle zephyr which finds its way across the border, will have their anxious fears relieved, seeing that a point has at last been discovered where the line can be drawn. The United States Treasury Department in answer to the question whether electricity transmitted by cable from the Canadian to the American side of the Niagara river would be subject to duty, has solemnly decreed that electricity cannot be taxed, that inasmuch as it is an invisible, subtle agent or power possessing no substance as a merchantable commodity, it is not liable to duty. Of course the difference between the atmosphere and electricity is not inconsiderable, the former possessing both substance and weight; hence the rejoicing must be with trembling.

The opinion of 2,500 people could not be expected to count for much in an international transaction involving such important issues as the recent Anglo-German agreement, by which it is proposed to cede the island of Heligoland to Germany. Had the views of the islanders been consulted it is not likely that the transfer would have been made. By all accounts these sons of the wave-washed land do not like being handed over to the tender mercies of Germany; and rather than

float the German flag many of them would prefer leaving the island altogether. Cable reports state that strong representations are being made to the imperial authorities to pay the expenses of those of the islanders who desire to settle on this side of the Atlantic. The Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa has wired Sir Charles Tupper asking him, if these reports are true, to suggest Canada as a desirable field for settlement. No doubt we should profit by the coming of a class of immigrants so well-reported as these descendants of the ancient Frisians. Nor could there be any valid objection against them on the ground of intensifying the mongrel character of our population, whose complexity would not be perceptibly influenced by the addition of a little new blood. They will find an open door and welcome should they decide to come.

The tie-up on the Illinois Central railroad is occasioning the utmost inconvenience, and resulting in incalculable loss to those depending upon that road. The Chicago suburban traffic is enormous. The trains run in and out of the city every few minutes from 5 o'clock in the morning until midnight and are crowded. All these people are now thrown upon their own resources of transportation. Hundreds of fruit and vegetable growers, who make Chicago their market, will be ruined financially if the strike continues for any considerable length of time. They are now in the middle of the raspberry season, and tomatoes and cucumbers are beginning to come in. Perishable freight to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars is sidetracked at stations along the line. On every hand the baneful influences of the strike are being felt. And all this inconvenience and loss have grown out of a quarrel between the superintendent of the road and his workmen, who insist upon the removal of the obnoxious official. Whether the men are justified in resorting to such extreme measures to enforce their demands is a question concerning which opinions will differ. This is a case in which the application of the Chicago Graphic's scheme of arbitration might be made with very great advantage. It seems a pity that some feasible plan could not be devised by which all such difficulties might be speedily adjusted.

The policy of the Steam Heating Company of New York does not meet with universal approbation, being regarded as too economical by far. Though several times warned of late, in a manner most forcible, that their pipes are no longer safe, they appear utterly unconcerned. This indifference to the safety of the citizens' lives and limbs has called down upon their devoted heads the wrath of the city press. Discussing the situation, the Herald says: "If you have business down town you had better see that the dues on your life insurance policy are paid, and then copper fasten your trip by taking out an accident policy. Then you will feel that your family are properly provided for in case you happen to be blown up." Then after striving to make this callous crew see themselves as others see them, it suggests, in order to cure the evil, that the citizens "station the directors of this steam-heating humbug on the manholes that are most likely to explode, or wherever there is a broken pipe near the cars of a director to the nearest lamp post, and if anybody must go to heaven let them have a good start in the race. Our word for it, he would rather forego a dividend than take the flight, and it wouldn't be many weeks before these periodical explosions would cease." This remedy the Herald

confesses is heroic, but thinks it would be effective. The Herald ought not to be too severe on the Heating Company, who probably desire in this way to introduce a little variety into the daily story of accidents and surprises. Whether this be so or not one feels that what with the deadly wires, the explosions of sewer-gas, and this newest form of danger, life in the great American metropolis has very decided drawbacks.

It is stated that the United States, president and secretary of state have received positive assurances from the government of Russia that the latter stands prepared to make good the representations given at the time of the Alaskan purchase that Behring's sea is a closed body of water, and that if the United States desires the co-operation of Russia in enforcing that doctrine she can have it. This fact together with the circumstance that Russia is not noted for making unusual concessions or submitting to great slights for the sake of peace, leads the Chicago Times, which charges British sealers with keeping up their "piracy" on Behring sea, to remark that "when England learns that the czar is only waiting to have a chip knocked off his shoulder and is anxious to take a hand in this international question John Bull may decide that it is cheaper to buy sealskins than to steal them. When it was poor little Portugal that needed subduing there was a great array of English war-ships sent out, but it is probable that diplomacy may be considered more expedient than powder in settling the Behring sea dispute." When the Times succeeds in demonstrating that English sealers have been engaged in stealing, it will find England disposed to make honorable amends for any wrongs she may have committed. But this is just the aspect of the question American journals refuse to discuss, finding it easier to beg the chief and pivotal point in the dispute.

The lot of the American employer of labor has evidently fallen upon hard lines. By no device can he succeed in circumventing the law which forbids him to go abroad for workmen. Frame his notice as skilfully as he may, he runs foul of that restrictive measure. Thus the secretary of the treasury has just decided that if men go into that country to work in response to an advertisement printed in a foreign country offering certain wages the contract law is violated. The offer of certain wages and the acceptance of the same signified by coming into the country in response to the offer constitute a contract in the meaning of the law, Mr. Windom thinks, and the person or persons making the offer are liable to the penalties denounced by the law. The decision, or opinion, was called forth by the immigrant inspector in Chicago, who transmitted to the secretary the following advertisement clipped from a Canadian paper: "Five hundred carpenters wanted: good, competent men will be given steady work at from 30 cents to 40 cents per hour; apply at Builders' exchange, 159 La Salle street, Chicago." The persons responsible for the publication of this advertisement are, according to Mr. Windom, liable to the penalties prescribed by the law. It will be seen that this interpretation has a far reaching application. It will involve the splitting of a very fine hair to exempt the immigration agents of states who publish in foreign countries the rates of wages paid there, and so induce foreigners to come, if labor may be imported under contract by simply publishing rates of wages in a general way. The Builders' association might have paid for an editorial article in some Canadian paper setting forth all the facts that were set forth in the advertisement and asking the carpenters to go to Chicago, instead of being advertised as they are.

"When are you going to Muskoka?" is a question that will soon be as familiar to the ears of Torontonians as the ejacu-

which is being forced from every lip, "My, but it's hot!" And no doubt many are bound to see Muskoka's beautiful lakes and lakelets, and enjoy its shady, cool retreats, and that too, before long if old Sol keeps on doing his work as diligently as during the past few days. Nor will TERN utter a word to alter the purpose. On the contrary it advises all who can to go, as soon as they can, stay as long as they can, and get all the benefit they can. And don't forget that your journey will be rendered comfortable and pleasant by the luxurious provision which the Grand Trunk Company has made in their "Special Muskoka Express" which after July 3rd will leave the city three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For tickets and all information apply at the company's ticket office, corner of King and Yonge streets, 20 York street and south platform Union Station.

The political world at Berlin is full of ominous reports and serious apprehensions regarding the dangers threatening the constitution through the despotic tendencies of the young emperor. His conviction that he has been called to the throne by the "grace of God," who has elected his family to rule over Prussia and restore the ancient glory of the German empire, is as strong and as firmly rooted in the deepest recesses of his soul as it was in that of his grandfather William I. All the wisdom required by a ruler for guiding his subjects to that destiny which the Lord has prepared for them from the beginning of the world is given to a ruler of the house of Hohenzollern by inheritance, and he, Emperor William II., has inherited a measure of that wisdom divinely bestowed full to overflowing. It follows that his subjects are only here to obey his commands. The semi-official Cologne Gazette has already advised a restriction of the right of universal suffrage for the reichstag, and Windthorst, during the debate on the new military law in the committee, said he was not at all afraid of a dissolution of the reichstag, but of that which would follow after the dissolution, meaning to say that the liberties of the people would probably be curtailed by an arbitrary decree of the emperor. The emperor is determined to carry his scheme for the increase of the army through by any means, peaceably if he can, but at all events he will carry it.

Reports from the smitten districts go to show that the present epidemic of cholera in Spain is not attended with the fatal results that usually follow the grim disease. The officials declare that 75 per cent. of those attacked recover. But notwithstanding the mild character of the disease, which has led the London Lancet to pronounce the outbreak as "local cholera" rather than the true Asiatic plague, the nations contiguous have taken steps to prevent as far as possible the spread of the contagion. The French government has instituted a strict quarantine, stationing soldiers along the frontier and requiring custom officers to disinfect all goods coming from Spain by submitting them to heat in iron chambers provided for the purpose. Likewise England is taking every precaution possible to keep out the unwelcome visitor. Feeling that we are not perfectly secure on this side the Atlantic the Minister of Agriculture has issued his instructions for the observance of the strict quarantine regulations to be observed at all our ports. But while the government is doing its part to protect us from the plague we need to remind ourselves that endemic plagues have a peculiar character, and that human-imposed restrictions of paramount importance are necessary for the well-being of the world.

## Truth's Contributors.

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

**Tunbridge Wells and Its King, Beau Nash.**  
—A Charming Place—A Scene on Its Common—Sequal and His Delays.

A short, quiet run from London, many tunnels, a dark, black, dreary station sunk between high stone-cased banks made hideous by smoke and the disfiguring advertisements that add vulgarity and do not impart light or colour, an indistinct announcement from the guards who so scientifically live up to the axiom, "Words are given us to disguise our thoughts," and Tunbridge Wells is reached with a feeling of absolute disappointment at having been inveigled to it under the pretence that it is the fairest flower in Kent, the "garden of England." But as soon as the long flight of steps which lead from the bowels of the earth to the surface is ascended a reaction begins. The upper street is broad, sunny, bright, lined on one side with wide flagstones and what seem elegant shops; on the other, sweeping beyond the railway trenches, now lost to sight, an undulating distance spreads afar, with blue hills half veiled in haze, trees such as are only found in England, grass like green enamel, and an atmosphere so clear, fresh, and pure that it seems that of the sea which the horizon resembles.

The name of that first street ascending toward other equally charming tree-planted thoroughfares is Mount Pleasant, and a little familiarity with the pretty town reveals the existence of other appellations of Puritan origin such as Mount Zion, Mount Ephraim, &c., contrasting quaintly with the modern aspect of Tunbridge Wells, and still more with its traditions. In its length, which is great from the valley to the extreme summit of its northern hill; in its breadth, which is not large, and bounded on either side by the

### BEAUTIFUL PICTURESQUE PLAINS,

the city offers the same blending of new and old. The hotels are excellent, the cooking good, shops and books are as abundant as in London; the private houses are placed in lovely mature gardens; the roads, paths, and sidewalks smooth as billiard tables, whether they plunge into picturesque little valleys and ravines, skirt the rocks, up into the woods, or intersect the common the glorious, breezy common of many hundred acres, the pride of the place; yet, every now and then some Old World reminiscence—a name, a building, a paved court, or avenue of beeches carries you back to the time when the chalybeate springs of the Wells brought all the celebrity and fashion to Tunbridge. The water still bubbles up at the same place where wits and beaux drank it. The well is still called "Ye Pantiles," its old-fashioned promenade, its seats, its original conformation, exactly as in 1748, when its popularity was at its height with a dead and bygone generation was visited then by Mrs. Elizabeth Fozzland, by Richardson, Gibber; the beautiful Duchess of Chatham, Mrs. Chatham, Mrs. Sequal, and the

torla passed two seasons at the Wells, one in the old Lushington House, now the Calverley Hotel, and one—in 1835—at Boyne House. The

### FUTURE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

was very fond of the pretty town, not nearly so large and important as it is now, and after her coronation more than once regretted the happy days she spent there. In 1871 Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited it. Charles II, once occupied Ephraim House, and the infamous Judge Jeffrey lived at Chancellor House. After the French Revolution many refugees settled there, which, perhaps, accounts for a certain half un-English flavor pervading the place. Nor was that the only time that the victims of adverse politics availed themselves of the hospitality of Tunbridge Wells, for after his last and sudden exile the Comte de Paris, family and suite stayed three months at the Calverley Hotel.

Not its least charm is its facility of access. Forty to fifty trains pass through during the day. London is reached in an hour by the express trains, and a four-horse coach, revived with more than the old elegance, comfort, and speed, leaves the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly every day at 10 o'clock, and performs the journey in four hours.

The presiding genius, almost the founder of the Wells, was Beau Nash—Richard Nash, the adventurer—who for more than fifty years governed the pleasures of the polite kingdom. He spent his early acquired wealth recklessly, his equipages were sumptuous, and he habitually travelled down to the Wells in a post chariot drawn by six greys, with outriders, gorgeous footmen, French horns, and much ostentatious display. Gambling was the chief attraction, as it has been since at Monaco and the German watering places; the favorite games were *faischams*, pharaoh or faro, and the ace of hearts. Such exorbitant sums changed hands over the green cloth that public gambling was put down by statute, but various devices were resorted to in order to elude the law. A second and more stringent prohibition was issued, followed by fresh evasion, and the games of rolly-polly, Marlborough, battles, but especially of E. O., were instituted and encouraged by the very noblemen who had given their voices to the suppression of the gaming table. Nash himself had a large stipulated share in the profits. In 1735 he was the "king" of Tunbridge Wells, the hero of Ye Pantiles. He made decrees and they were obeyed. One of the principal was that

### EVERY VISITOR

should live in public, lodging-houses, being only used for eating and sleeping; the intermediate time was spent on the walk in the Assembly or Pump Room or at chapel. Every hour had its allotted occupation, always a gregarious one. Nash, partly from vanity, partly from common sense, but chiefly through impudence and assumption, banished many trammels and conventionalities; he suppressed riding boots and swords, discouraged private gaming tables, insisted upon early hours, and, with all his insolence and foppishness, was occasionally capable of generous and charitable actions.

When the journey by post or stage occupied seven hours from London, the passengers by the latter were only allowed fourteen pounds of luggage; touters met them as far as half way, soliciting important towns, the different trades. They were at the well several years of most of them. "welcome penny" given by Mrs. Sequal has disappeared. The governors of the people, still in use—the appointment to the

functions by the lord of the manor. But this "welcome penny" was only the least of the compulsory expenses of the visitors. A crown a head had to be paid for admission to the Assembly Room; another subscription of a crown by gentlemen to the Coffee Room, entitling them to the use of writing materials; another to the booksellers or circulating library, half a guinea to the musicians, and varying sums to the clergyman, and many more besides.

The morals were very loose and shady, if we judge from the old comedies of 1600, where they are often referred to. In one we find the following lines spoken by a leading character: "Don't mention marriage at Tunbridge Wells; it is as much laughed at as honesty in the city. It is a place of general address, all pleasure and liberty and when we happen to see a married couple dangle together like a knife and fork, they are a jest to the whole walk." This recalls what is said to-day of the chief hotel at Boulogne, that "every man is seen with somebody else's wife."

At present, under the bright warm June weather of 1890, within a stone's throw of these faded but yet tenacious memories, the visitor can look upon a sight almost as curious and strange as that offered by the quaint old prints of the past century. For the last three weeks a clash of drums and cymbals, the prancing of four fiery steeds harnessed with bells and plumes, the roll of

### A GILDED CHARIOT

bearing a band, a man who is their leader, and two subordinates, announces that "Sequal" is repairing to the common, to carry on his marvellous cures twice a day for two hours. Who is this modern Dulcamara, whose reputation is made in many counties of England, and who attracts around him an ever-increasing crowd of spectators and partisans? He calls himself an American and an Indian; he and his followers wear buckskin jackets, high boots, gaudy shirts, large flapping Mexican hats; his hands sparkle with rings; his hair is curled and oily; his face clean shaven, sunburnt, and handsome; he might be American, but he drops his h's like a cockney and uses very English colloquialism. His attendants are in military uniform; he is reported to make as much as forty pounds a day, has a stud of six horses, and heals gratuitously. Cripples, maimed, and helpless men are lifted into his chariot, a barrier of rugs upheld between him, his patient, his assistant, and the audience, and the manipulation of the infirm limbs begins, the spectators only seeing Sequal's head and shoulders in motion. Twenty minutes later the man operated upon, whose crutches have been broken as a preliminary operation, walks down the ladder of the chariot, and, without support is trotted round the circle at a brisk pace, to the enthusiastic cheers of the bystanders. Immediately afterward, Sequal proceeds to sell his bottles of "Præno flower" and of oil at two shillings each, and he cannot supply his clients fast enough; he also gives away his nostrums to the poorer patients provided with hospital or dispensary certificates. He has puzzled the doctors; he is to all intents and purposes an ordinary quack, but a quack who has made some real cures, whether lasting or not, remains to be proved, who captivates the crowd, whose drugs are at least innocuous, who gives away many a £5 note, who refuses to have anything to do with women, young or old, who has enough impudence or self-confidence to remain on the same stage for a month at a time, who, in spite of enlightenment, science, the education of the masses, the advance of knowledge the uprooting of superstition, can

within thirty miles of the biggest capital of Europe, in the nineteenth century, make as many converts to his healing craft, or as many dupes of his impudence as the bombastic mock heroic doctor of the "Elixir of Love."

### A DESPERATE LOVER.

Shoots His Favourite and Cuts His own Throat.

A terrible tragedy occurred at Leo, Kent, (Eng.) on Friday night, which, owing to the persons being well known in the neighbourhood, has caused a great sensation there. It appears that a young man named Frederick Hannan, whose parents reside at Chislehurst, has been for some time past on very friendly relations with a married lady, Mrs. Haley, of Burnt Ash Hill, a pleasant suburb just outside Leo, and whose husband is engaged in a mercantile house. On Friday night they had supper at New Cross together, according to the lady's story, after which they took train to Grove Park Station, and about a quarter to eleven o'clock were on their way to Mrs. Haley's house, via the Bromley Road. Just before parting Hannan asked her to elope with him, and his request being refused he pulled out a silver-plated revolver and fired twice at her. Hannan afterwards took out a pocket-knife and cut his throat. According to Mrs. Haley's story, he asked for a handkerchief to staunch the wound, which she gave him, and which was afterwards found in his possession. Hannan was afterwards found dead in a swamp some distance off with his wind-pipe completely severed and

### SEVEN GASHES ON EACH SIDE

of the neck extending back to the spine, and it is thought he must have inflicted these wounds on himself after leaving the lady. Mrs. Haley was conveyed to her home, and her husband arriving shortly afterwards. Dr. Gould, of Middlesex Hospital, and Hutchens Williams examined and treated her wounds pronouncing her escape from death as marvellous. On alighting at Grove Park they went towards her home, walking arm-in-arm. Hannan suddenly asked her to look at the lights, and when she turned her head aside to look at the London lights he shot her in the temple. She screamed, but he held her round the neck, and pushing the revolver into her mouth fired again, exclaiming that he knew it was impossible he could ever win her, and, therefore, it was better they should die together. Then he knelt down by her side and deliberately cut her throat. Shot told him he should have thought of her poor children before doing such a thing, and he asked whether

### SHE WAS DYING.

She answered she believed she was. At his request, she took a handkerchief and staunch the blood at his throat. Then fear overcame her, and she ran away. Hannan had taken her to dances and parties, with her husband's knowledge and consent, but on this occasion he was not aware they were together, as she was supposed to be dining with some friends. At the request Mr. Wm. Herbert Williams, clerk, Lewisham, said deceased was secretary of the Thomas Lighting Company, and he last saw him alive at Cannon Street Station last Friday. Witness spent Thursday night with deceased, and he appeared strange in his manner. Deceased told him he was very much in love. He could not sleep on Thursday night, and had a very strange expression next day. Witness

### THOUGHT HE WAS MAD.

He used to sit up studying till three or four in the morning. Witness received a will from deceased on Saturday, with a request to settle a few debts. The will had apparently been made on Friday, but witness did not get it till after the tragedy. Several letters were found on Hannan. One dated December 8th stated that deceased had passed a restless day and night, and was contemplating suicide. He could not then decide on the time and place. On the 11th he wrote, "Death is preferable, because it is an unconscious state, and perhaps the absolute condition." The last entry was on the 12th, on which day he burnt his love letters and bought a revolver and cartridges. He was troubled with the idea that he might die naturally or prematurely before he could carry his resolve. A verdict of the majority was taken to the effect that the deceased committed suicide by drowning whilst labouring under mental derangement.

AFRICA'S LAKE REGIONS.

Division of the Country Between England and Germany.

A Map Showing Their New Spheres of Influence and the Partition of Central and South Africa Among the Powers—Great Significance of the New Arrangement—England Holds Her Own in the Scramble.

The settlement of the territorial claims of Great Britain and Germany in the African lakes' regions is an event of unusual significance. All the coasts of Africa have for some time been parcelled out among the nations of Europe, but it was not until last week that the country of the great lake regions was also divided. There is nothing left to divide for, in spite of Portugal, England will not relax her hold on Nyassaland, and if last week's agreement is ratified, the predominating influences that will shape events in the lake regions are perhaps determined for ages to come.

This map shows the results of the past month's conference in Berlin, and also the division of that part of Africa lying south of 5° north latitude among the powers. A very remarkable series of events has led to this sudden determination of white interests in the lake regions. Three years ago England and Germany agreed upon their spheres of influence in East Africa. They drew the line which appears upon our map extending from a little north of Zanzibar to the northeast coast of Victoria Nyanza. They agreed that the region north of this line should be the British sphere. They both promised not to intrude upon one another's domain. They thought, however, there was no use troubling their heads about the countries around the lakes. The powerful King of Uganda, north of Victoria Nyanza, was hostile to Europeans, and the only whites in his capital were prisoners who would be glad to get away if the King would let them go. Emin Pasha, at Albert Nyanza, was hemmed in on all sides by enemies, unable to leave the country if he so desired. The country between Victoria Nyanza and the Congo State was almost unknown, and none of the wise men who were negotiating knew whether they would care to give a sixpence for it. So they decided to leave the lake regions for a test case of the future to quarrel over.

But events have moved with unexpected rapidity, and the quest of the big lakes came very abruptly to the front a few weeks ago. Mwanga, the tyrant of Uganda, humbled by a season of exile, has been restored to his throne, with the aid of the whites, and he turned a willing ear to the blandishments of the German, Dr. Peters, who arrived opportunely at the scene. Emin, whom Stanley dragged unwillingly to the coast, said his country could and ought to be reclaimed, and he posted back in the pay of Germany, and with a large caravan, to take possession. A great hue and cry went up from the British East African Company, who had invested an enormous capital in the British sphere. Here were the Germans, stealing around behind the line dividing the two spheres and about to grab the lake countries north of the line. The British country was to be cut off from the populous interior, robbed of the countries naturally tributary to its coast. Something had to be done, and the present agreement is the result of the clamor in England in behalf of the interests of the British East African Company.

This is what has been done, and the proceeding may be followed on the map. The old line of demarcation which strikes the east shore of Victoria Nyanza at 1° south latitude, has been extended straight across the lake along a parallel. Then it takes a turn to the southwest around Mount Mfumbiro and joins the boundary of the Congo State. The British have Stanley to thank for the fact that the boundary line makes that curious bend south of Mount Mfumbiro. When he was on the way home with Emin he found the country between Muta Nzige and this mountain a very rich and prosperous region for equatorial Africa. The population is dense, cattle graze by the thousand, and valuable salt mines are found. Stanley proved the chance to make treaties with the chiefs of this country placing them under British protection, and his treaties have been respected in the agreement.

This arbitrary line, therefore, from the

ocean to the Congo State forms the northern boundary of the German sphere. Fully three-fourths of the coastline of Victoria Nyanza is German. The Germans have gained the entire country between Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, most of the western part of which is as yet wholly unknown. The east coast of Tanganyika is theirs, while on the opposite shore the blue flag of the Congo State will wave. It was necessary to draw still another arbitrary line to fix the southwest boundary of Germany. This is how it was done:

A few years ago the African Lakes Company, which has steamboats on Lake Nyassa, wanted to make a wagon road between Tanganyika and Nyassa for the purpose of extending its trade to the northern lake. A wealthy Scotchman named Stevenson supplied the funds, and James Stewart, well known for his careful map of Lake Nyassa, surveyed the route, and then, beginning at Nyassa, prepared forty miles of the road for wagons. Owing to his untimely death the work was then suspended and has never been resumed. In the agreement Great Britain retains the so-called Stevenson road, and a line from Nyassa to Tanganyika just north of it marks the limit of the German sphere in this direction. Then the German boundary follows around the north end of

land will control the head of the navigable Nile, and when the waning Mahdist power at Khartoum succumbs, the great Nile valley to the cataracts may be England's if she chooses to take it. On the coast the situation has been greatly improved from the English point of view. The little country of Vitu, the islands of Manda and Pat., the towns scattered along the Somali coast where the German flag was waving, have all been ceded by Germany to England and Germany will acquiesce in a British protectorate over Zanzibar and the rich clove raising island of Pemba. In short, the British have a clear field for 200 miles along the Somali coast until they reach the recently acquired Italian possessions. The British East African Company was the interest in Great Britain chiefly concerned in this agreement, and it is safe to say that we shall not hear a word of complaint from that company that Lord Salisbury has not ably looked out for the interests of his country.

But this is not all, England has already, with the consent of the native chiefs, established a protectorate over the tribes on the west coast of Lake Nyassa. Last week's agreement asserts that the Stevenson road is hers, and this is a distinct declaration that

3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea. Stanley said in a recent address that in equatorial Africa the lands adapted for cattle generally begin at an altitude of about 3,200 feet above the sea, but the most nourishing grasses are found above 4,000 feet. When the railroad is built, for which the British East African Company are already shipping material, there is no doubt that many thousands of cattle may be profitably reared for export on the great Massai plateau. A very considerable portion of the British protectorate north and west of the Limpopo River is high, fine, comparatively healthful country, while the northeast part of it is supposed to be one of the best gull regions in Africa. The German protectorate in southwest Africa is very largely sand, and is valuable only for the mineral possibilities of a part of it.

Why Transatlantic Postage Should be Cheaper.

I propose to convey a letter weighing half an ounce from any place in the United Kingdom to any other place in the empire or in the United States for 1d. There are reasons, both practical and sentimental, for the inclusion of the United States, which were a century ago part of our colonial domain, and the interests of which are still closely connected with ours. To take three facts: (1) The United Kingdom does more business than any other country with the United States; (2) many millions of Americans are closely related to British subjects; (3) the British mails for Canada are landed at New York, so that it would be absurd to charge 2d. on a letter sent from London to New York, and only 1d. if it were sent on to Canada. It will be observed that nothing whatever is done for the Dominion by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's decision to establish a 2d. rate since the rate to Canada is already 2d. Canada has now the strongest claim of all the colonies to the 1d. rate. As we have seen, the Post Office has made a foolish bargain with the French and Italian Governments for the conveyance of letters to India and the East and Australasia from Calais to Brindisi for 1d. each, and while this bargain subsists, a penny post by that route could not yield a profit. There being in the case of Canada nothing but water between us and the American coast, the Post office has no opportunity of committing us, and there is literally and absolutely no reason why a profitable penny post should not be established to-morrow to British North America, (for surely nobody will attempt to defend the juggle about subsidies any longer.)

A high postage rate, as already said, checks trade. Those who are conversant with commercial affairs of any magnitude are aware of the supreme importance of the operations directed to the obtaining of orders—canvassing, sample showing, and price-list distributing operations, communications with agents in touch with the desired market, and so on. In these days of keen competition and lavish advertisement, it is obvious that these preliminary operations involve the fate of the business, and accordingly, every business man of experience will adopt all possible means to facilitate them. (H. Heaton, M. P., in the Nineteenth Century)

A Pigeon Service From Sable Island.

The Dominion Government is about to establish a pigeon service between Halifax, Sable Island, the "Graveyard of the Atlantic." This is a move that mariners will occasionally sail this way will welcome. Sable Island is looked upon as one of the most dangerous points on the Atlantic, and many the worst shipwrecks in history have taken place there. Seamen wrecked on the island find way of communicating with the mainland frequently it has been the case that help has been stranded there for days, being able to spread the news.

The Government has taken this state of affairs. It has established a pigeon service in Belgium. Pigeons in Belgium are expected to be used for their Houses for their...



MAP SHOWING THE NEW APPORTIONMENT OF TERRITORY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

Nyassa and down the east coast of the lake to nearly its middle point, where the Rovumu River, extended in a straight line to the lake, forms the southern boundary.

A curious feature of this arrangement is that not the slightest attention has been paid to tribal territorial divisions. How will the King of Uganda like it when he hears that while he is in the British sphere his suzerain and tribute payer, the King of rich Karagwe, is under the German flag? Massai Land has been cut in two in the middle, and it will perplex these nomads who wander all over their country to know whether they are British or Germans.

The extension of Germany's sphere to the west and north has thus added many thousands of square miles to her territory. How has Great Britain fared? Lord Salisbury is loudly censured by some of the English newspapers for having made a sorry bargain. But Stanley thinks the Prime Minister has done splendidly for his country, and so will everybody else who has studied these equatorial regions.

In the first place, all of Uganda proper is assigned to British enterprise, and Uganda is the particularly coveted plum in the lake regions. Then Unyoro north and Eniua old province are within the British sphere, safe from any other greedy power. Eug-

the country south of that road and between the Congo State and Lake Nyassa is reserved for England. Thus another great region, only partly explored, and containing one of the largest Zambesi tributaries, comes under British influence, and there is very reason to believe that before a great while England will do what the British South African Company desires—extend this new British sphere across the Zambesi to the vast region north and west of the two great rivers, which has been taken under the protecting wing of Great Britain.

The French occupy the region in the northwest corner of our map. It will be seen from the map that the boundaries between the regions claimed by the various powers throughout the interior of the southern part of the continent have now been quite clearly defined except in the region of the upper and middle Zambesi. Portugal has put forward a rather mild claim to this stretch of territory clear across the continent, as she has never occupied any portions of the country, and neither England is present nor does she have the claim.

On the whole, Africa gives the best return for the cost of the war. It is not you tell me where the war was fought north and east of

## Men and Women.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland's inheritance from the real estate of her grandfather at Omaha is said to be one-sixteenth of \$800,000.

Mrs. Lillie Doreux Blak is the best looking of the women-suffragists, through some unappreciative people say that the competition is not very strong.

President Carnot has signed a decree cancelling or reducing the punishments of upward of seventy-two persons who had been condemned for their actions during the recent strikes. Ninety-six in all were in prison from this cause, and those still there are chiefly foreigners.

The Comte de Paris welcomed the Duc d'Orleans to his house in England with the after dinner toast "I propose two healths - that of my son, who represents Courage, and that of the Duc de Luyne, who personifies Fidelity." The young man's episode has so pleased his father that the latter expresses renewed confidence in the return of monarchy to France.

Mrs. Jinsiwala, Sanskrit Professor at the Wilson College, Bombay, has undertaken to check the vigorous Indian movement for improving woman's status by lecturing to native students against female education and social reforms. Her chief argument against English social life was the statement that when the British husband wishes to enforce extreme domestic discipline he slaps his wife's face.

The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, recently gave most extraordinary evidence in the Chamber of Deputies of his superstition regarding the evil eye. Signor Imbriani, having alluded to Signor Crispi's life as necessarily terminable, the latter fumbled in his pocket, drew out one of the horn-shaped pieces of coral used in Naples as a counter spell against the "jettatura," and openly pointed it at the speaker.

Leslie Stephen, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, has arrived in America, and is visiting James Russell Lowell at Cambridge. "I have come to America," he says, "to see my friend, Mr. Lowell. I shall stay about three weeks, and shall spend my whole time here in Cambridge. I do not intend to travel. I came merely to visit a few of my friends who live here in Cambridge, several Harvard professors among them. I have been in America twice before—in 1863 and 1865. Both times I visited Mr. Lowell, and did not travel much. I came to look at American life in the war time and to get an idea of the feeling here in the North."

The official report in the German Reichstag by Commissioner Major Cade, showed that the Russian army, according to the plan of mobilization for 1889, on a war footing, was 2,570,000. That of Germany was only 2,300,000, or 2,600,000, including 177,000 drilled reserve men. That of France was 2,220,000 and 174,000 drilled men. Germany had two or three hundred thousand more men than France. The army of Austria, with Hungary, had a war footing of 1,500,000 and that of Italy 1,030,000, so that the Triple Alliance powers have 5,140,000 against the 5,305,000 of Russia and that is, about 660,000 men fewer.

A contemporary of Tokio, *Shimbu*, tells us that a number of local Prefects have petitioned the Government of Japan "for the adoption of a new basis for morality." We are informed that the Ministry of Interior long felt that "the Western reforms the basis of Western civilization" had been introduced without great result, and is declared to be "Confucianism." Confucianism is a quality when compared with the West, but the petitioners are not satisfied with it.

the prosperity of France, that had saved the "white Czar." At Moscow a great manifestation took place. Crowds formed in front of the Kremlin, upon the Krassnaja-Plotschad, and before the palace of the Governor-General. They shouted "Vive le Czar!" and "Vive la France!" At Kioff and Odessa the same manifestations were produced. In the latter town flowers were placed upon the monument to the Duke de Richelieu. At Riga there was the same enthusiasm. The *Duna Messenger*, a Government organ, illuminated the front of its office, and hung out the Russian and French flags, and the crowd shouted "God save the Czar!" and "God bless France!"

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* furnishes this interesting bit of news: "While all England is continuing to fetter Mr. Stanley, it is not pleasant to reflect that his great predecessor in African exploration, Sir Richard Burton, is lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone, in London lodgings. Yet in his time and in his own way the older traveller accomplished even more remarkable feats than the hero of the hour. His romantic pilgrimage to Mecca and Elahedimah in the disguise of a Moslem devotee, his journey through Borberah to the Sacred City of Harrah, where no other infidel foot has ever trodden, were but preliminaries to his great achievement of his life, the discovery of Lake Tanganyika. This discovery paved the way for all that has since been done in Central Africa, and but for the failure of his resources Capt. Burton would undoubtedly have reaped much of the honor which has gone to others."

M. des Houx, whose interview with Prince Bismarck was republished very recently, has been ferociously attacked by French journals for having given a flattering picture of the German. He answers his critics in an open letter, which concludes thus: "Will it strengthen us in the regard of the world to show constantly an impotent hatred and a petty sulkiness toward Germany? We have had our revenge. It consists therein that we have made good our losses, and have increased our national prosperity beyond any point it ever reached before the war. Our revenge is our army and our exposition. Let us keep our place in the union of peace which we voluntarily joined, and thanks to which we have raised ourselves in twenty years to our present position. Let us be true to this position and not indulge in wretched slings at our neighbor. Let us behave like a great nation conscious of its strength. None will think of trying to degrade us then from our rank among the first powers."

## AFGHAN COTTON FOR RUSSIA.

The Czar Beginning to Tap New Great Sources of Cotton Supply.

Despatches from Chardai, say that hundreds of bales of Afghan cotton have arrived there from Kelif. This is the first direct sale made by the Afghans to the Russians. Kelif is on the Oxus River or Amu Daria, on the boundary between Afghanistan and the Russian dependency of Bokhara. The cotton was doubtless taken on boats down the river to Chardai, where it was loaded on cars. The cotton had to be handled five times after it leaves Kelif until it is placed on the cars in Russia proper. The first train shipment is at Chardai, where it is placed on two cars. At Michailov, on the Caspian, it is transferred to steamers, and on the western shore of the Caspian, at Baku, to the cars again. At Batoum, on the Black Sea, it is again transferred to steamers, and at Odessa it is loaded on Russian railroad cars. Since the building of the Trans-Caspian railroad cotton growing in Central Asia has received a great impetus, and it is estimated that Russia now derives one-tenth of her cotton supply from that region, and the supply is constantly increasing.

Russia is vigorously pushing her interests in Central Asia. She has now begun the survey for the extension of the Trans-Caspian railroad from Samarkand, its present terminus, 200 miles, to Tashkend, the most important town in her central Asian possessions. She is also stripping the native rulers of most of their power, and in the district of Merv she has dismissed the Khans and replaced them with Russian officers.

## THE GORDON STATUE.

How England has Honored the Hero of Khartoum.

The statue of Gen. Gordon, which his royal highness the Prince of Wales has unveiled at Chatham, certainly occupies a unique position among the works of art of this description which have been erected in England. E. Onslow Ford, A. R. A., the sculptor selected to carry out the work, embraced the opportunity for launching out in a bold and fearless manner from the commonplace conventionalities in this form. Gordon is represented as the governor-general of the Soudan in his official dress, wearing a fez, with his well-earned medals on his breast, and mounted on a camel whose handsome trappings likewise bespeak the rank of the rider. The face is an admirable likeness of Gordon, while the figure has an easy and natural pose the whole effect produced being that the rider is perfectly at home on the back of the animal. It is well known that Gordon was a great camel-rider, for in his correspondence he frequently alludes to the fact; in one letter he states that it was only by hard camel-riding that he held his position among the people in the Soudan, and in another he suggests that he enjoys it because it enables him to think in peace and to mature his plans. In this, therefore, as in all the minor details—such as the leathern Soudan water-bottle, the historical rattan seen in Gordon's hand, and in other conspicuous features of the work there has been a departure from absolute fidelity to fact, although the effect is most artistic.

A camel, however, is not an animal that lends itself naturally to artistic posing, neither are the lines formed by its humped back and long craning neck springing out from the body low down between the forelegs of the kind that would dispel all qualms respecting the appearance of a statue in which an animal of this species was the most noticeable feature when judged solely from an artistic point of view. Camels, however, differ in shape and appearance very considerably; the common animal of Egypt being an exceptionally uncouth beast, but the dromedary or "hygeen" used for riding purposes, besides having an easy gait, is finer shaped, has a nobler carriage, and the useful but ugly callosities upon the limbs are not so prominent. That an animal of this description, which had been sent from Hasheen, where it was captured by Maj. Graves of the Twentieth hussars, happened to be in the zoological gardens was a fortunate fact for Mr. Ford in so far as he was enabled to use as a model for his work an animal of the correct breed. The difficulty, however, of working under the conditions necessitated by circumstances was, we are given to understand, very considerable. The model had to be made in the open, and the weather is not as a rule of that character which added any delight to this fact. For the sake of portability it had to be made first on a small scale, which necessitated it subsequently being enlarged in the studio. The restlessness peculiar to camels when not lying down precluded the possibility of the animal being kept in one posture for any length of time, while the rapidity with which the coat changes during the seasons, consequently materially altering the general appearance of the animal, compelled the work being done in the most rapid manner possible. However, by retaining absolute fidelity to truth in every particular, and refusing to sacrifice any feature solely to gain artistic effect, the artist has shown the true bent of his genius, and the work he has completed certainly deserves the unstinted praise it is receiving. The work is not only ornamental, urbane, and appropriate, but most suggestive of life. Mr. Ford has never done anything better, and the Gordon statue at Chatham will be in itself a refutation of the statement frequently made that England's artists do not excel in this class of work.

The widowed Archduchess Valerie, of Austria, is at last engaged to be remarried, her fiancé being the Archduke Francis Salvator, son of the Archduke Charles Salvator of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The Emperor has refused to allow his daughter in law to accept the wedding presents which Municipal Councils all over the empire intended to vote for her. She has about \$15,000 a year, all, and her future husband about \$6,000 a year, so they will not be very wealthy, for royalty.

## A Remarkable Fish.

Africa is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature than the mudfish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, lurks at the muddy bottoms of these rivers. At present, however it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by any one who has the time in the reptile house at the London Zoological Gardens. At first sight there is perhaps nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish, except for its curious, long slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was cased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a layer of mud. It can suffer with impunity the complete drying-up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish.

## Indians Object to Church Going.

The proprietor of a circus which employs Indians says that he finds it very hard to get the men to attend any religious service on Sunday. If they happen to spend a Sunday in a town in which any one denomination is unrepresented by a place of worship, the braves unanimously declare, first that they are members of that particular denomination, and secondly, that it would surely wound their consciences to go to any other. And if a Sunday is spent in a town where all the denominations have places of worship, they declare that they are agnostics, with conscientious objections to all churches.

## His Mother's Pies.

I've toiled and tried and worried,  
I've gone the cook books through,  
Till my brain is tired and hurried,  
And my hands and patience, too,  
I've had the best instruction,  
From the best cooks in town,  
And my pies are crisp and dainty  
And delicately brown,  
But apple, mince or pumpkin,  
Of any form or shade,  
Are nothing to my husband  
Like the pies his mother made.  
So I'll give the struggle over,  
And throw my pride away,  
But as sure as I'm a mother  
I'll be avenged some day,  
My bonnie lads are growing,  
And they'll not be afraid  
To tell their future spouses  
What pies their mother made.

## An Excellent Woman.

A prominent Glasgow minister was recently conversing with an elder of his church about parochial matters when the elder chanced to mention the name of an excellent but somewhat aggressive lady who is one of the leading lights of the congregation. "She's an excellent woman," said the elder, "even if she is a bit fiery. In fact, it is no exaggeration to call her the salt of the earth." "Yes," acquiesced the minister, with a knowing look, "and the pepper too."

## Method and Habit in Early Life.

The want of method and habit in early life is answerable for many evils to mankind. The youth accustomed to regular and industrious employment will seldom lose such habit in after life, while those who have been suffered to pass a desultory childhood will require extra fortitude and strength of character to become persevering, energetic and industrious in later years.



**Tit-Bits.**

**Shrinkage Somewhere.**

"This isn't fifteen pounds of ice. It's only ten."  
"Can't help it, madam. It was fifteen pounds when it left the storeroom, and nobody's been near it since."

**All Gone.**

"Mr. Foraker, I'd like one or two politics. Could you accommodate me?"  
"Pleased to do it if I could, sir; but the fact is I am out of politics just now."

**Loyal to the Last.**

Niagara Hackman—And what does your Grace think of the Falls?  
Duke of Connaught—I think it mighty fine, your Highness, but you cannot expect one who is used to London fogs to be enthusiastic over a bit of moisture like that.

**Conclusiya.**

Miss Plaingirl—I sometimes fear that he doesn't love me; yet he kissed me last night.  
Miss Prettyper—Then you may rest assured that he loves you.

**Covering the Whole Question.**

Briggs—"Say, old man, what are you doing for that cold?"  
Griggs—"Coughing."

**He Took Her at Her Word.**

She was so sweet I thought my heart would break, should I from her depart. I told her so: she simply smiled. And, with a glance that set me wild, She tinklingly did thus respond:  
"Now, George!"  
It was a habit of her own Thus to reply in killing tone. Down on my knees I sank: cried I, "If you reject me I shall die!" She only laughed out in my face:  
"Now, George!"  
To lose herself would make me sad, To lose her self would drive me mad. "Oh, when, I asked, "star of my life, Will you consent to be my wife!" She innocently twittered out:  
"Now, George!"

**A Double Event.**

Mrs. Moriarity—"Sure, it's just her luck! Did you hear av that, now, Tim?"  
Tim—"What is it, mother?"  
Mrs. M.—"What is it? Fair, Mrs. Brannigan got five thousand from the road for her by's leg. Ah, thin, it's the fine airs she'll be puttin' on now."  
"Nivir mind, mother; we'll bato that, begor. I'll get the two taken aff and that'll be tin thousand."  
Mrs. M.—"Blessin's on yez, darlint. It's always the good by you was to help your poor oaid mother."

**The Inquisitive Tramp.**

"Madam," said the tramp, politely, "you will pardon my ragged condition, but I was thrown from my carriage a few miles back. Is there a man about the place?"  
"There is," returned the matron at the door. "My husband is in the barn, my son is behind that tree over yonder, and the hired man is just around the corner. Shall I call them for you?"  
"I will not trouble you," answered the tramp, bowing low. "My curiosity is gratified. Can you tell me what your neighbor has any dogs?"

**The Husband Had His Inning.**

Wife—"Is my hat on straight?"  
Husband—"Yes."  
Wife (a moment later)—"How do my rimps look?"  
Hus. said—"They're all right."  
Wife (a moment later still)—"Do these gloves look soiled?"  
Husband—"No." Then, after a pause—"Is my mustache on 'straight?"

**An Ominous Remark.**

"Glad to see you," said the cannibal.  
"Thank you for your kind reception," returned the missionary. "I think we shall get on famously together."  
"I hope so," observed the cannibal. "Your predecessor disagreed with me."

**Accounted For.**

"Is there an earthquake?" asked the emperor of China as the ground trembled beneath his feet.  
"No," said the Vizier; "the hammock season is beginning in America, and the vibration is only the effect of people falling out."

**The Number of Her Berth.**

Nervous Old Lady (in sleeping-car)—"Oh, porter, porter, where do I sleep?"  
"Porter—"What is de numbah ob youah berth, ma'am?"  
Nervous Old Lady—"I don't see what that has to do with it, but if you must know, its third—there were a brother and sister born ahead of me."

**He Was in No Doubt.**

Poots, looking out of the window of his sitting-room, saw a man ascend the steps of his residence whom he didn't wish to receive. To be candid, he was a bill collector. Calling the servant, he bade him tell the man that he (Poots), was not at home.  
"Did you tell him I was out?" said Poots, when the servant returned from answering the bell.  
"I did, sir."  
"Did he appear to be in doubt about it?"  
"Not at all, sir; he said it was a lie."

**Hard to Explain.**

Pastor—"I can't understand why some members of my choir don't sing as well as the others."  
Friend—"It is very strange. They all have the same chants."

**His Turn Will Come.**

All wept at the wedding, both she and her folks,  
As tho' 'twere the crack of doom.  
They wept as if their sad hearts would break—  
That is, all—except the groom.  
There he stood like a pirate, whose bold hand held  
The bride in its fearful clutch—  
But won't he weep also? Is he going free—  
Well, the wise in such things say, not much!

**What Her Father Thought.**

He—"What did your father say when you told him we were engaged?"  
She—"He said he thought we were engaged long ago, judging from the smallness of the gas bills."

**One Exception.**

"Everything seems to be depressed by the long rainy season," remarked Squidig.  
"Not everything," replied McSwilligen.  
"What isn't, I'd like to know?"  
"Umbrellas go up every day or two."

**A Boy's Definition.**

Teacher—"Johnny, define the word probate."  
Johnny—"Probate means whiskey."  
Teacher—"How do you make that out?"  
Johnny—"Because 'pro' means 'for' and 'bate' means 'for bait,' and whiskey is what pa takes for bait when he goes a-fishing."

**A Mystery Cleared Up.**

Pa—"Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?"  
Tommy—"Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?"  
"Certainly, my child."  
"Now I know what makes the singing in the teakettle when the water begins to boil."

**Not a Parallel Case.**

Mr. Oldboy—"My dear, we ought to take Lucy and her husband back and forgive them for eloping."  
Mrs. O.—"No."  
Mr. O.—"You know your father forgave us in two days."  
Mrs. O.—"Yes, but he thought I was sufficiently punished by marrying you."

**A New Mother-in-Law Joke.**

"Mr. Jones, your mother-in-law—"  
"Oh! do not say that anything has happened to her."  
"Nothing has happened to her. What makes you so anxious about her safety?"  
"Why, man, she pays my rent every month."

**Economizing in Postage Stamps.**

One day last week a gentleman sent his coachman to the neighboring village for fifty cents' worth of two-cent stamps. After the usual time had elapsed John returned from his tramp of two miles. His face wore a self-satisfied look when he came into his employer's presence.  
"Got the stamps, John?"  
"Yes, sir," the man replied, handing over a bunch of one-cent stamps.  
"I said two-cent stamps, John, and you've got ones."  
"Yes, sir," and the smile widened, "I asked for fifty cents' worth o' stamps, and the post-master, says he, 'one cent or two cents?' 'Do you sell one-cent stamps?' says I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Well,' says I, 'if yer can buy stamps for a cent, what's the use of payin' two cents?' an' I bought the one-cent stamps, sir."  
Of course John's master was charmed with his thrift.

**Experiencing a Cloud Burst.**

A young man living on Champlain street has lately been preparing himself physically for a trip to the Far West. Among his preparations was that of sleeping under a tree in the garden every night. Saturday night he was there as usual, a horse blanket spread over him to keep off the chill, and he was pursuing the wild Apache in his dreams when some joker threw a pail of water over him from the alley. In his sudden awakening the young man ran against an apple tree and broke his nose, and was at Police Headquarters yesterday to say:  
"I want at least four detectives to be put on this case and I want the villain run down regardless of cost. Here's \$1.50 start with, and don't lose any time or try to economize on money." A fellow who will hit a sleeping man with a cloud-burst must be given a short rope.—[Detroit Free Press.]

**The Promptings of a Confirmed Habit.**

A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of very different character—in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company of a few intimate friends one evening, one of them remarked to him that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way so that she would quit, and proposed the following method: that some time, when dead drunk, she should be laid into a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her drunken fit should be over and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the lady being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution, and after the box lid was properly secured the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning, the watcher, hearing a movement, laid himself down beside the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:  
"Bless me! why! where am I?"  
The outsider replied, in sepulchral tone:  
"Madam, you are dead and in the other world."

A pause ensued, the lady again inquired:  
"Where are you?"  
"Oh, I'm dead, too," said he.  
"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"  
"About three weeks."  
"How long have you been dead?"  
"Four months."  
"Well, you've been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"

**He'd Had No Show.**

Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg  
Down to the grocery store an' throw  
One leg right ov'r 'tother leg,  
An' swear he'd never had no show,  
"Oh, no," said Joe;  
"Hain't hed no show."  
Then shift his cuido to 'tother jaw,  
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,  
Didn't get no money from his dad;  
The washin' took in by his wife  
Earned all the funds he ever had.  
"Oh, no," said Joe;  
"Hain't hed no show."  
An' then he'd look up at the clock,  
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—let's see—  
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,  
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,  
The fast tarnashion streak er luck.  
"Oh, no," said Joe;  
"Hain't hed no show."  
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,  
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regerler ever' day  
For twenty years to Piper's store;  
I've sot here in a patient way,  
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,  
"I tell ye, Joe,  
Yer hain't no show;  
Yer too dern patient"—ther hull raft  
Jestlaffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

**He Wasn't That Kind of a Lover.**

"Mabel, I love you."  
Mabel listened as if the remark were brand new.  
"Do you not feel, Mabel, that in your life you need some one—some one like me?"  
Mabel answered softly—very softly; probably she will never realize how soft her answer was.  
"Harold, dear, I have often felt that I need the love of a manly heart like yours; I need to be cherished; I need protection."  
"Alas," he moaned, "then we can never be happy."  
"Why?"  
"Because—"  
"Speak on."  
"Because I am a free trader."

**Emphasizing Her Views.**

"Whopainted that picture?" asked a visitor to the Art Exhibition.  
"Miss Turner, of Toronto."  
"All the cows seem to have blankets thrown over them."  
"Yes, Miss Turner always was opposed to the nude in art."

**A Ganstic Query.**

"Come, come, don't be a fool, my dear," said the husband during a domestic breeze.  
"Didn't marriage make you and me one," she asked.  
"Of course it did."  
"How can I help being a fool, then?"

**He Couldn't Tell the Difference.**

The conversation was somewhat general, and the drummer, seeing an opportunity for what he deemed innocent raillery, said:  
"Monsieur, can you tell us the difference between a bishop and an ass? You are evidently a learned man and can certainly inform us."

After a moment's thought the drummer answered, with perfect candor and candor:  
"Well, it doesn't seem such a his question, perhaps, and yet I really can't explain it."  
"No." Then I will enlighten the traveler, who by drawing the attention of the ass because an ass bears a cross and the bishop on his hat.  
This sally was received with a burst of laughter, nobody ascribing a religious character of the question.  
"And now," said the drummer, "I will ask you a question."  
"Oh, I'm dead, too," said he.  
"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"  
"About three weeks."  
"How long have you been dead?"  
"Four months."  
"Well, you've been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"



me to do as soon as I had shown 'em out. I got a copy of the will from Somerset House, and the governor did nothing all the rest of the day but look at it and stroke his beard. I was curious to know how the governor was going to work this job, for I know perfectly well he never intended to let Mrs. Merrivale have money without good security.

"She came alone next day, and the governor was more sassy than ever.

"My legal adviser," says he, "has pointed out one fact that we have overlooked. If Miss Grahame should die before twenty-one, her promissory note is worth nothing, as the whole estate goes to Mr. Redmond. The probability is that Miss Grahame will not die while she enjoys your valuable protection; but should it happen that she fell by some unfortunate accident into the hands of her guardian, the prospect of her attaining the age of twenty-one is—well, very small indeed. Nevertheless, I think we may overcome the difficulty by insuring the young lady's life for the sum we wish to place at her disposal, and leaving the policy in my hands as security. I shall be happy to pay the preliminary expenses, and all that Miss Grahame need do is to submit to a medical examination at a respectable insurance office, and put her name to a piece of paper."

"Well, of course, Mrs. Redmond agreed to that, and the same afternoon Miss Grahame passed an examination, and filled up a form of application to insure her life for five thousand pounds. The governor paid the premium, and got the policy the following week, and to do the thing hand-some-handed Miss Grahame a cheque for £100 on the spot, promising the rest of the loan by the end of the week.

"You may lay your life he didn't keep his promise. Mrs. Redmond had got enough to start with, and didn't bother us for three or four days. When she did come the governor, of course, was out, and when she came again he was out—in fact, he's always out, and she's never seen him from the day he gave her the first cheque to this. Many a time when she was raging like a fury in the outer office he was sitting inside stroking his beard and grinning, just like a cat cleaning it's whiskers after chawing up a mouse.

"But he wasn't always in. He went down to Lullingford for a few days' fishing, and managed to scrape an acquaintance with Mr. James Redmond. He didn't say anything to him then, but last week when he heard that the police were watching Mrs. Redmond, and had found her out pawning some jewels she hadn't paid for, he goes down to Lullingford again, and tells Redmond that it's his painful duty to inform him that his ward, Miss Grahame, is carrying on in London with a woman of suspected character. And now he and Redmond and the police are all working it together for their own ends. Do you see?"

"No, I don't quite," said Griffiths.

"Well, I'll just tell you what will happen to-morrow as sure as ever the sun rises. They will be taken into custody when they go out of the house in the afternoon, that's what will happen to-morrow. The day after to-morrow they'll be brought before the magistrate, and be charged with fraud. Redmond's solicitor will step forward and affirm that Miss Grahame is a young lady of unsound mind, who ran away from school after playing a mad freak, and has taken refuge with Mrs. Merrivale—whom Mr. Redmond, of course, will never in all his life have seen before—and been an unwary tool in the hands of that unprincipled woman.

"Possibly Miss Grahame will be discharged; if not she will certainly be let off on bail, and in either case she will be snugly placed in the hands of that scoundrel Redmond. Mrs. Merrivale will be committed for trial without doubt. That's what will happen the day after to-morrow.

"What will follow in due course is just as certain. Mrs. Merrivale—Redmond—will go to gaol, Miss Grahame will die, and the governor will get five thousand pounds from the Providence Insurance Company for the nearest job he has ever had the good fortune to fall in with."

Late as the hour was when Griffiths parted from the amiable Mr. Lory, he went to the Charing Cross Hotel, and in a private interview with Mr. Peterson laid the whole case clearly before him.

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE RESCUE:

It was striking ten as Eric Peterson left

the Charing Cross Hotel and hailed a hansom, running towards the cab as he called to the driver.

"St. John's Wood," he said putting a clearly-written address in the man's hand. "I will give you a sovereign if you drive quickly."

His father and his sister had followed him quickly down the stairs. The cab was turning round and facing them as they came to the door. The girl, with love and hope in her face, waved her hand in encouragement; the father also waved his hand, looking at his dear son through the tears that dimmed his sight. Eric saw nothing but a vision of the girl he had to save from death.

There had been a thick fog in the streets all night—the first of the season; it had lifted a little, and hung over the houses in a copper canopy, but it had left the roads greasy. It was maddening to sit behind the stumbling horse with the knowledge that the dearest life in the world might be lost by delay.

"Roads very bad, sir, this morning," said the driver, apologetically, through the trap. "We shall be all right soon as we get off the stones."

So it proved. The copper cloud became gray, the sun standing out sharp and flat like a red wafer; the horse spanked along the hard dry macadam, making up for lost time, leaving everything on wheels behind. At length the cab drew in towards the kerb and pulled up sharp before a house that stood back from the road, screened by a shrubbery and a couple of fir trees. On the gate post was the name of the house—the Pines.

As Eric stepped quickly from the cab, he cast an eager glance at the windows of the house visible above the shrubs. The face he sought was not there. Then he glanced to the right and left. Against a lamp post at the corner of the street to the left a man looking like a labourer out of work stood, a pipe in the corner of his mouth, his hands in his breeches pockets; against the wall hard by a mate leaned; he was intent on cleaning his pipe with a straw and never raised his eyes. The fellow against the post just shifted his shoulder against the post to look in dull curiosity at the cab. Without a doubt, they were police in disguise waiting to arrest Mrs. Merrivale and Miss Grahame. "Thank God I am not too late!" said Eric to himself, as he passed the gate and approached the house. While he stood at the door, one of the two men from the street corner slouched past the open gate and cast an eye at him.

"I wish to see Miss Grahame at once," said Eric as the door opened.

"Miss Grahame's not at home, sir," said the man servant; "she went out about half an hour ago."

Eric's heart fell—"And Mrs. Merrivale," he felt red.

"No, sir, she's in. Miss Grahame went out with the riding master alone."

That explained the presence of the detectives. They had let the girl slip for fear of losing the greater culprit.

"I think she's gone in the park for her lesson; she generally does." The young man, added, "You might meet her if you went in by the Marlborough Road way."

Eric ran down to the cab. One of the labourers was now standing by the kerb, about a yard ahead of the cab. The other had quitted the wall to grace the lamp post. If Mrs. Merrivale had come out to the cab she would have stood but a poor chance of escape between the two.

"Marlborough Road," said Eric, as he stepped into the hansom, and then lifting the trap when the cab had gone a hundred yards, he added, "I want to find a lady who has gone into the park with a man to have a riding lesson."

"Right you are, sir. I think I know the most likely place to look for 'em."

He turned into the park. The sky grew brighter. The sun was radiant now and sparkled in the moisture that beaded the bare twigs of the trees. Only a thin mist softened the distance. The young man's heart grew lighter too, and his eyes sparkled with eager hope. Presently the trap was lifted.

"There's a lady and gentleman on ahead or and there's no green," said the driver. Eric had already discovered them.

"Yes, that is she," he answered trembling with emotion; "they are coming this way. Stop when she is near."

They came on at a gentle canter. Before the cab stopped, Eric sprang out and stood in the road before them.

There was no one else within fifty yards. It was clear that this young gentleman had business with them, and they reined in instinctively.

Eric, taking off his hat, stepped to Nessa's side, and stood there for a moment hat in hand, looking up at her unable to speak. Nessa, sitting erect in the saddle, looked down on him in round-eyed astonishment at first, her cheek pale with the undefined mis-giving that seized her; then her cheek flushed as she recognized the gentleman who had picked up her fan at the theatre, and whom she had seen more than once since in the parks following her with his eyes. Mrs. Merrivale, whose comprehensive glance overlooked no one, had by a word pointed him out several times to her, and joked her about her bashful admirer. It occurred to her that he was about to make himself openly ridiculous, that put her on her dignity at once.

"Miss Grahame," Eric faltered, "you must pardon me. I have something to say to you which only you may hear;" he glanced significantly at the riding master who stood beside Nessa.

"Then you will have to find a more fitting opportunity," said Nessa, touching her mare with the whip.

"You must hear me," said Eric, laying his hand on the reins in desperation as she moved.

"Do you venture, sir—" she began. "Oh, I will venture anything—even at the risk of your anger. Listen—"

She drew back indignantly as he pressed towards her side, but she heard the words he whispered under his breath. "The police are waiting down there to seize you and give you into the hands of James Redmond."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tesohing to Pray.

BY THE REV. DR. PATTON. (Reference—Luke XI. 1-13.)

"First, we have here another illustration of Luke's habit of recording the prayers of Jesus. Dr. McClaren says: 'The record which traces our Lord's descent to Adam rather than to Abraham; which tells us the story of His birth and gives us all we know of the child Jesus; which records His growth in wisdom and stature, and has preserved a multitude of minute points bearing on His true manhood, as well as on the tenderness of His sympathy and the universality of His work; most naturally emphasizes the most precious indication of His humanity—his habitual prayerfulness.' Second, see how prayer incites to praying. The sight of Jesus engaged in praying fired this disciple to say, 'Lord teach us to pray.' Good as well as bad thoughts are caught from the example of others. Banyan has recorded how, as a young man, he infected his village with the practice of profanity, and his 'Pilgrim's Progress' has infected multitudes with the practice of holiness. 'I hold, said Beecher, 'that prayer is to a man what perfume is to a flower—it cannot open its mouth without perfume coming out of it.' The air on this occasion and on many other occasions in his life was fragrant with the prayers of our Lord. 'I do not believe in Christ,' a skeptic said to his friend; but I do believe in you, and I will try to believe in him because you tell me that everything you have done for me you have done simply because you believe in and love him, and make it your chief aim to please him.' You remember perhaps the words spoken by her school-mate about a little girl who died early. 'It was easier to be good when she was near.' So it seemed above all things desirable to learn how to pray when one saw Jesus praying. Third, the disciple asked for a form of prayer: 'as John also taught his disciples.' Prayer is an instinct; but the instinct needs training as well as impulse. Mr. Galton says that the praying instinct is only like the bleat of a sheep; well if it be as much as that, it will not be without effect while the Lord is our shepherd. This disciple distinguished between such a prayer as Jesus himself might offer and the prayers which he could teach others to offer. We are impelled to pray; but we do not know how. So we say, 'Lord teach us.' Fourth, the prayer here recorded is found in Luke only. It must not be confounded with that one which was given by Jesus to his disciples earlier in his life. That was spoken in Galilee; this in Judaea; that was unasked for; this in response to the request of a disciple; that was incorporated into his preaching; this was given

after he had himself been praying. Comparing the form on the earlier occasion with this, we notice how much shorter this is than that, and especially in the revised version. This is how it reads: 'Father, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Give us day by day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins; for we ourselves also forgive every one that is indebted to us, and bring us not into temptation.' The prayer falls, naturally, into two equal parts. Three sentences, including the title 'Father,' apply to God and his glory, three to ourselves and our need. Much of the prayer, in spirit if not in substance, seems to have been familiar to men before Christ gave to it his sanction, and even the opening word 'Father' is not new. 'There are few nations,' says Professor Max Muller, 'who do not apply to their god or gods the name of Father.' The power of the prayer is not found chiefly in its form, but in its authorship. This is the petition authorized by Christ. The language may have been used before, although not in the precise arrangement of the thoughts, but how changed it is, how lifted up and made binding on us, when we think of it as once falling from his lips. It is an obligatory on us then to pray as it is to obey the great commission. It is almost sacramental in its force. What, then, do we learn here? First, that in prayer we must address ourselves to God as our Father. Then, that we must reverence his name, and pray and work for the coming of his kingdom. When we turn from him, to whom we are speaking, to ourselves we find that the three things which we need are daily food, daily forgiveness, daily deliverance. The last clause alone seems to need any comment. Bring us not into temptation. Nor is there any difficulty here, if we recall the words used about our Lord himself when he was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. No doubt Jesus had that fierce ordeal in mind, when he spake thus. God is back of our lives as the impelling power, and we are wise to pray that he will so order our ways that neither by our own sinful hearts, nor by the blandishments of others shall we be led into temptation. The prayer is akin, in its natural shrinking from trials, for which if the spirit is willing the flesh is weak to the words uttered in Gethsemane, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Fifth, notice of this prayer is illustrated by two Parables (for such they are) peculiar to Luke: the importunate man and the importunate child. The argument in the whole of our lesson is from the less to the greater: from John the Baptist teaching his disciples, to Jesus doing the same; from the man rising at midnight to give to his urgent neighbor, to God giving us what we ask for, revealing to us what we seek, and opening to us when we knock; from the earthly parent listening there, to Christ as he spoke, an I who would not check his cry a hunger with the stone, the serpent, or the scorpion, to our heavenly Father giving to them that ask the Holy Spirit, from the imperfect, as the forerunner, the grudging householder, the human father necessarily were, to the Father of Light in whom is no variableness, nor the shadow of a turning. Sixth. This whole lesson is a strong inducement to us all to pray. Prayer is the most successful business in which we can engage. The Bible is full of answers to prayer. So also are the lives of pastors, teachers and Christian workers. Of many another, besides Luther, it might be said, 'There goes the man who can get all he asks from God.' Yes, but this only because he has learned in the spirit of this prayer, 'The kingdom come. Thy will be done. The sweet promise of the ninth verse must not be lost from its connection. Jesus was not that we should have whatever we will; but how much more shall we only Father give the Holy Spirit, that ask Him.' This is the gift and this is the gift for which we can depend confidently and are de-

What is sheer hate... al entertaining the... dignant virtue, that... propensity, etern... the... This... That was spoken in Galilee; this in Judaea; that was unasked for; this in response to the request of a disciple; that was incor-porated into his preaching; this was given





# A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHEF JUAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

## CHAPTER XVI.

The next few days were full of varied pleasure for the relief expedition as Derwent still laughingly called the party that had come so far to seek him. Though he had spoken lightly, he was in reality very grateful to Halbert, as well as to Sibyl Lenox, and he was determined to spare no effort to reward them for their kindness. Consequently, he worked energetically in arranging expeditions of sight-seeing, in organizing all the details which make such expeditions pleasant, and in providing them with many glowing memories of the beautiful Mexican capital to carry away with them.

Even Mrs. Derwent enjoyed the novel and brilliant sights, the picturesque life, and the marvellous charm of the climate, notwithstanding her perennial surprise at the highly-civilized aspect of most things around her. "Why, this is like Paris!" she exclaimed, in her amazement, when she first saw the Paseo at the fashionable hour,—the roadway thronged with handsome equipages, which rolled down the wide avenue, fit for the triumphal progress of an emperor, with flashing wheels, gleaming harness, high-stepping horses, and all the outward paraphernalia of luxury and wealth, or paused for a few minutes in the superb circle, where a band was filling the air with melody, just as the long, level rays of parting sunlight flooded the atmosphere and the surrounding scene with amber splendor.

"Like Paris!" repeated Sibyl. "Oh, no! Paris is tame, compared to this. The social part of the display may remind one somewhat of the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, but where else in the world will one find such a setting for social display as is here?"

"If it exists, I certainly do not know where to find it," said Halbert, looking around at a scene which is indeed almost without parallel in its beauty, the splendid avenue, with its level straightness broken at intervals by magnificent circles embellished with heroic groups of statuary, and its long, leafy vista ending in the superb mass of the Castle of Chapultepec, the lovely outspread valley crossed by the gray arches of an aqueduct that dates from the Conquest, the picturesque mass of the city's towers and domes, and against the eastern sky the wonderful mountain-ranges, wearing such divinely lucid tints of color as no pen or brush can ever describe or reproduce, with the majestic summits of the two great volcanoes towering above, clad in the dazzling whiteness of their eternal snow.

Again and again Sibyl thanked Derwent for having provided the cause which drew them to this fascinating land. In the brilliant sunshine of days filled with color and fragrance, with loiterings in rich, dim churches and lovely old world cloisters, in plazas filled with the life of the dark, gentle, courteous people, and no marble terraces below which spread the most beautiful of earthly views, all things painful and disagreeable seemed to fade into insignificance. Yet so delicious as he was for the pleasure of the others, Derwent could not himself have enjoyed the picturesque scenes amid which he wandered had he not possessed one earthly consciousness, one constant presence, ever with him. "I shall see her," he thought, "but for that, everything would be as if I were dead."

Only day by day the longing for her grew more insistent. Now and then he would start from his dream of expectation, and wonder what he should do when the day which he looked forward so anxiously to, when there was no longer any hope of seeing her, would come. "I shall not blow out my candle," he thought, "and that is the only certain thing I shall do. I shall live as long as I can, and as long as I can I shall see her."

When I make good the best on Sibyl's fortune, my father will be very straitened in means, and as to save her from this, and also to save her father's honor, that I intended try

occurred one evening when, Mrs. Derwent and Sibyl having retired early, wearied by a day of sight-seeing, Halbert and himself were, smoking together in the sitting-room of the former. The door was open, partly for the balmy air, partly that they might enjoy the fairy-like scene which the hotel and its garden always present at night,—the graceful encircling galleries lighted brilliantly with incandescent electric lights, and the rich tropical foliage of the garden fully revealed in the white radiance.

"I have never been in a place that charmed me so much as this," said Halbert, after a pause of some length. "I do not think it is the peculiar circumstances that make everything seem so enchanting. And, by the bye, Geoffrey, I feel that I ought to tell you something about those circumstances. It hardly seems fair to keep you in ignorance. Sibyl insists that it makes no difference; but I am not sure—"

"Sibyl!" repeated Derwent, staring at the other. He had never known Halbert so familiar before, for Miss Lenox, though a relative of Mrs. Derwent, was not at all related to the young man, who was Derwent's cousin on his father's side. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "What circumstances have occurred which Sibyl thinks do not concern me?"

Halbert smoked for a moment silently before he answered. Then he turned and faced his companion directly. "She has promised to marry me," he said, "and, although she assures me positively to the contrary, I fear the news will not be pleasant to you."

There was more than a moment's silence now. Derwent felt indeed as if he had been most unexpectedly knocked down. This was an event on which he had not reckoned in calculating the possibility of atoning for his father's wrong-doing. In all his considerations he had never considered the probability that Sibyl might marry before she attained her majority, and thus anticipate the time of settlement; in fact, there can be little doubt that the general opinion of every one about them had led him to fancy that he might marry her himself, if he chose to do so. The blow to his vanity (which really had been very little concerned) was not, however, the cause of his silence. He was overwhelmed by the terrible necessity of telling Halbert how matters stood.

But nothing was more natural than that Halbert should have misunderstood his silence. He said at length, in a low tone, "Geoff, I am more sorry for this than I can say. I feared it would be so, but Sibyl was sure that I was mistaken. She insisted that you never were in love with her, but I knew you could not have been associated with her so closely and fail to be."

"Sibyl is right," said Derwent, rousing himself with an effort. "I suppose it is because we have been associated so closely—almost like brother and sister—that I never was in love with her, though I know of no girl more altogether worthy of a man's love. As far as that is concerned, you have my heartiest congratulations; indeed, you have them in any case. But your news has been a shock to me for an altogether different reason. I am in terrible trouble about Sibyl's fortune."

"Geoffrey!" "Yes; that is why I am here. When I looked into my father's affairs after his death, I found, to my horror, that he had used Sibyl's money in an unjustifiable manner. Of course he intended to replace it,—it happened, unfortunately to be in a temptingly convenient form,—but death overtook him, as it has overtaken many another man, before he could repair what had done. You may not have known that he was concerned in several unlucky speculations during the last years of his life."

"I suspected it," said Halbert. "In fact, it was whispered once or twice that he was very hard hit. But, when nothing seemed to come of it, I forgot the rumors. Geoff, my dear fellow, this is awful! How does his

fortune stand?" "Very much impaired,—so much that when I make good the best on Sibyl's fortune my father will be very straitened in means, and as to save her from this, and also to save her father's honor, that I intended try

ing to replace what had been lost during the time that remains of Sibyl's minority. I decided that my best chance to make money quickly was here: so I came,—with what result, thus far, you know."

"You have not been here very long," said Halbert. "One failure signifies nothing. How have you been impressed by the possible chances?"

"I have been very well impressed. There is no place in the world, I am sure, where it is possible for the investment of a little capital to produce such large results. But time is needed to accomplish these results."

"That is the case everywhere. Only in dreams are fortunes realized in a day. Well, my dear fellow, as far as I am concerned,—and I know I can answer for Sibyl,—the time is yours. Neither she nor I will demand what has been lost, because we are well assured that you will repay it to the last farthing as soon as you are able. Only take care that you do not risk more than you can afford in the pursuit of it."

"I shall take care," said Derwent, "for I cannot afford to lose anything, and nothing is so near my heart as the payment of this debt. Frank, you are a true friend: I can never forget how you have taken this! I have no words with which to thank you, but I feel it more deeply than I can say."

"You have no reason to thank me," replied the other. "Merely as man to man could I do less when I have the utmost confidence in your honor and know that you are anxious to repair what is no fault of yours? Besides this, my uncle's good name is almost as dear to me as if it is to you. I can never fail to remember that he put me on my feet when I was young and struggling. For the rest, it is not Sibyl's fortune that I have sought in seeking her, though of course it will be my duty to see that it is not thrown away. If it were legitimately lost, however, I should not mourn. We can do without it."

"You shall not need to do without it," said Derwent. "Your faith and confidence give me fresh courage. There are many more mines in Mexico besides the Buena Esperanza, and, God helping me, one of them shall yield back all that has been lost of Sibyl's fortune."

"And something for yourself too, I hope," said Halbert, smiling.

Not for a long time had sleep been so sweet to Derwent as it was that night. The consciousness of his cousin's friendship—so quiet, so undemonstrative, but so sincere, when tried by the test most difficult to man—seemed to revive his whole nature like strong wine. The faith that believed so firmly in his honor, and the sympathy that felt with him in his trouble, gave him that comfort which even the strongest nature stand in need of. He knew not what a strain it had been to bear his burden alone, and he said to himself that, helped by such friendship, his strength would be "as the strength of ten" to redeem his father's honor and justify the confidence placed in his own.

Morning in Mexico is almost always what morning must have been in the primal Paradise. Nowhere else, surely, could the world have seemed so entirely as if it were freshly created and rejoicing in its creation. What floods of sunshine, what lucid skies, what enchanting atmosphere, what buoyant freshness of air, these mornings bring to the awakening earth! Merely to be alive seems joy enough, but, if other joy is added, then the fresh gladness of nature is like the special touch of an exquisite sympathy.

So it seemed to Derwent when he opened his eyes to the joyous brightness of another day in the land of sunshine; and all the brightness was tenfold enhanced when the first news that he heard on emerging from his apartment brought by the messenger whom he had employed to call at the house every day—was that Don Maurizio and his household had arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saved by a scratch—Your "Uncle's" signature to a check.

Miss R. "And you have just returned from Verona. Did you enjoy your winter there?" Mrs. S. (with emphasis): "No; it's a perfectly stupid old place. Really I don't believe there were ever two gentlemen in Verona."

For indigestion and dyspepsia Adam's Tutu Fruit Gum recommended by Dr. R. O. de la Dore, M. D., and Dr. Cyrus Eaton. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

## Thanks For Favors.

The ungratefulness of womankind for the politeness of men in public places is agitating the discussion of journalists on the other side, and it would seem from the testimony of the travelling Briton that the English matron forgets her manners quite as often as her American sister. A gentleman who contributes his share toward railway revenues says that he always chooses, when possible, the corner seat in the railway carriage, and in this position is obliged to open the door for ladies as they leave. It involves a complicated set of manœuvres destructive to continuity of thought and distracting to one's interest in book or paper; and yet he declares that not 50 percent, of the women he serves over deign so much courtesy, in return, as a single "Thank you." For some years, too, he lived in the suburbs of a continental city, and crossed a river each day in a ferry boat. Stepping into the boat from the jetty involved a minimum of danger and it was a ticklish bit of effort, consequently it was the custom for a gentleman to render any woman passenger a bit of assistance in guiding their embarkation. Some ladies would accept his assistance with gracious recognition, quite as many accepted without thanks or acknowledgment of any kind, and the other third would sail by and leave him standing awkwardly with his hand extended in space. It is the old street car question over again. The rain falls on the just and on the unjust, and women in general are accused of ingratitude and rudeness because of the few in particular who are ungracious. One sometimes wonders if it would not be well to remind erring sisters of their manners by printing in place of the advertisements: "Every woman should return thanks for a seat, with a bow and a smile."

## The First Rain in a Year.

The conductor on the east-bound train the other night reported hail a foot deep fifteen miles west of Van Horn, Texas, and as the train passed Sierra Blanca it was snowing. A heavy rain and hail storm passed south and north of there the same evening. This is the first rain in that county in more than a year.

A man forgets how good he is to others.

## New Goods TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped Toilet Sets, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces.  
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c, 40c, 75c and \$1 each.  
Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 45c, 60c and \$1 each.  
Splashes, 15x36 and 15x24, newest designs, 40c, 50c, and 75c each.  
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c, 50c and 65c each.  
Sideboard Scarfs, 15x7, 75c and \$1 each.  
Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 55c, 75c and 90c each.  
Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs, 35c each.

Stamped Gentleman's Companions, 75c each.  
Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c, 75c and \$1 a pair.  
Stamped Ties, all fringed, 25c, 50c and 75c each.  
Stamped Cigar Holders, new designs, 30c each.

Notwithstanding the advance in price of wool, we are still selling our Berlin Wool, single and double, at 3c per oz.

Shetland and Andalusian Wools, 10c per oz.  
100 Wool, all colors, 10c per ball.  
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz.  
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.  
Aardoe, in all the new shades, 20c per doz.  
Felt, all new colors, 2 yards wide, 75c and \$1 a yard.

Pompeo, 15 styles, 50 colors, 20c per doz. up

Letter orders will receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent via parcel post to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

**HENRY DAVIS,**  
DIRECT IMPORTER,  
282 YORK STREET, - TORONTO

## The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, recipes, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

### The Hired Girl Problem.

Every day the hired girl problem becomes more difficult, and it will continue to do so until the mistresses go to work in earnest to try to solve it. Every year it becomes more of a necessity to have help in the kitchen. Women hire help to-day who did all their own work ten years ago, and their daughters who are brought up to know little of housework, must hire help from the day they enter their own homes. If statistics could be procured, people would be surprised to see how many more hired girls there are to-day than there were twenty years ago.

"What is the most important question of the day?" was asked recently before a society composed of ladies who met for mutual improvement.

"The servant girl question," was the prompt reply, which somewhat disconcerted the president, who had expected to lead the conversation in an entirely different line. But the answer touched a responsive chord in the heart of every woman present, each of whom had suffered from a difficulty she could not understand or control, and no more important topic could gain their attention; and it is safe to say that in any assemblage of women there is no topic which would be of greater interest, to such great proportions has the trouble grown. It is also a lamentable fact that in nine cases out of ten the discussions have been in vain; a great many suggestions have been made, but no clue gained that can lead to the solution of the problem. And why? Simply because the ladies have begun in the wrong way.

There is no question involving two parties which can be settled by one of them without the consent of the other. An overwhelming majority may silence it for a time, but it will be forever presenting itself in different forms, of varying degrees of perplexity, and at the most unexpected and inopportune times and places.

The hired girls may institute unions and make laws by which the mistress shall be governed; the mistresses may unite and make laws to govern the servants, and yet the problem remains unsolved.

The mistress and servant must work together, and the former must start the reform in the right direction, because she alone is capable of doing so. The "Golden Rule" must be adopted and practiced by both parties or the work will be in vain. There is, at present, a sort of antagonism between mistress and maid which takes little or no account of Christian principles. Each is suspicious of the other, and more intent on preventing the taking of an unfair advantage than on doing her whole duty without regard to the other. There is need of more justice on the side of the mistress, more conscience on the side of the girl.

The problem is not to be solved in an hour; there is too much preliminary work to be done on both sides. It would be difficult to say which is in the majority, incompetent mistresses or incompetent servants; but it is without doubt a fact, that the burden of the blame really rests with the mistresses. They are too idle, too indifferent, too selfish, too ignorant to give much instruction to the young beginner, or the girl who has had years of practice in the incorrect way of housekeeping. It is much easier to discharge her for incompetence, and try another girl. The girl tries another place, feeling that is only for a little while and there is no use in "fussing," and so while she dawdles about the work in her place she keeps an eye open for yet another place which may prove better.

It is a sorry fact that there is not one place in fifty which a girl feels really worth trying to keep, and on the other side there are few girls who are so satisfactory that a woman would not be glad to exchange them for another if it were not for the scarcity of girls and the trouble of changing.

The girls have the advantage, because the call for help is greater than the demand, but it is probable that in a few more years, unless there is some change in the immigration laws, the advantage will be on the

other side, and the poor girl who has never had a chance to be other than she is will be in a very unenviable condition, while the position of mistress will only be bettered in that she will have more incompetent help to choose from and can make a choice oftener.

The first step toward the solving of the problem must be taken through the public schools. Private schools are useful to a few, and to the many in so far as they help to mould public opinion; but their work is, after all, far from being sufficient.

The problem is important enough to receive universal attention. Technical and theoretical instruction in the art of house-keeping should have prominent place, and should be taught from the primary class in the first grade to the graduating class in the high school.

In a country like ours, no one can say who shall be mistress and who maid, and if all classes were taught the duties of both mistress and maid, the problem which ignorance makes difficult would be solved without trouble.

Is not here a work for women, to use their influence in having such instruction taught in all our public schools and in as many private schools as may be? They may not be greatly benefited by it, but their daughters will be, while their great-grand-daughters will be interested in the "servant girl problem" only as a matter of history.

### Contributed Hints.

**NOODLES.**—Beat any number of eggs, according to the amount wanted, into a bowl, beat thoroughly, then knead very stiff and only roll out the amount of one egg at a time into a thin, very thin sheet, then place in some convenient place to dry. When wanted, cut very fine; they will keep for months if properly dried and taken care of.

**CHEESE.**—There have been a number of recipes for using cheese, but as I have not seen my recipe, which I have used for years, I will also send it, hoping some one will try it: Boil one cup of rice until soft, season with salt pepper; then, in a small dripping-pan or pudding-dish, place a layer of rice and a layer of cheese crumbs until the rice is all used; on top, a layer of cheese and cracker crumbs.

**COTTAGE FRUIT Pudding.**—Put into any shaped baking-dish desired, about an inch in depth of berries of any kind, then pour over them the following ingredients well stirred together: 1 egg, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 1 cupful of sugar, 3 cupfuls of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake until the crust is done.

**LEMON PIE.**—One heaping tablespoonful of corn starch put in a teacup and wet with cold water, then fill the cup with boiling water to cook it; two eggs, the yolks: one lemon, grate the rind and squeeze the juice out; one cup of sugar; take the whites of the eggs and beat them to a stiff frothing; one half cup of sugar; when the pie is baked spread this over the top and put in oven to brown.

**PUMPKIN PIE.** 1 pint of pumpkin after it has been through the colander, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of ginger, 1 teaspoon of salt, 3 pit ts of milk, 1 heaping big spoon of wheat flour, 3 cups of sugar. This makes three pies.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—2 eggs, 1 cup butter, 2 cups raisins, chopped fine, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup of molasses, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 small teaspoon cloves, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 small teaspoon soda, 1 small nutmeg. Put in a little citron.

**FILLING FOR LAYER CAKE.**—One cup of granulated sugar, with a little water to moisten it. Boil until no steam arises. Stir in the beaten white of one egg, then add one cup of chopped raisins. Put between layers. Chop the raisins very fine.

**EASY CAKE.**—6 eggs, 15 ounces of flour, 1 pound of sugar, 1/2 pint of water, 1 tablespoonful of baking-powder, 1/2 pound of butter. Cream butter and sugar together, break one egg and mix well, add a little flour and mix well, but do not beat, only stir. Add eggs and flour alternately, till all are in, then add water. Sprinkle powder with flour. Bake in layers, and use any filling you prefer.

**PLAIN CAKE.** 4 1/2 cups flour, 3 cups sugar, 1 1/2 cups butter, 1 cup milk, 6 eggs. Season. This is for those who prefer cake without baking-powder.

### To Preserve Eggs.

Here is a suggestion from a lady who claims that eggs can be preserved for a year or more if the pores of the shell are closed. Owing to the porosity of the shell, a fluid is constantly passing out, and this evaporation is greater in warm weather than in cold. To stop this, the eggs need not be smeared with any fresh grease. Wipe off any surplus oil, then set them on the small end in bran in close layers and keep them in a cool, but not freezing, place.

### THE THUGS OF PARIS.

#### Two Fendish Murders Recently Committed in the French Capital.

One of the greatest ambitions of a Frenchman is to receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor. There is nothing that he will not do, no hardship that he will not endure, nor peril to which he will not expose himself for this coveted bit of red ribbon. On the boulevards of Paris every two out of three men have some decoration in the shape of a bit of ribbon pinned to the buttonholes of their coats. As there is a tax and also a strict police surveillance on all those who are entitled to wear the decoration, and as their number is carefully registered every year, it is impossible for any one who has not the right to do so to sport the ribbon in Paris without almost immediate detection and imprisonment. The decoration scandals three years ago are still fresh in the memory of France. The disgrace of Wilson, the son-in-law of the then President, and the abdication of the President himself, were the consequences of this illegal traffic in honors. Charles Bistor and his companion, Anna Perrin, had a strange infatuation for crosses of the Legion of Honor. They managed to steal several, and it is supposed that they sold one or two to ambitious foreigners or Frenchmen who desired to dazzle the eyes of strangers in a strange country with ill-gotten decorations.

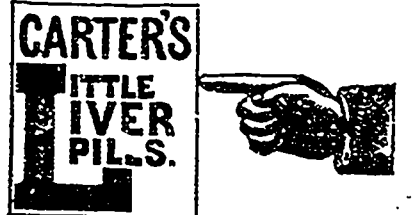
#### KILLED FOR A TRINKET.

Mme. Stordeur, the widow of one of the heroes of Waterloo, was known to possess a cross of the Legion of Honor given to her husband by the great Napoleon, the founder of the order. She was more than seventy years of age and lived alone in a small apartment. Anna Perrin was a scrubwoman by day and in performing that office at Mme. Stordeur's discovered that she kept in the house the golden cross. On the 11th of December, 1881, at about 6 o'clock in the evening, Anna, instead of leaving, remained hidden in a closet near the kitchen and on the sound of a whistle in the courtyard below opened the front door to Bistor, who had with him a wooden mallet, a cord and pincers. The two rushed in to Mme. Stordeur's bedroom where she was sitting, threw themselves upon her, and before she could cry out threw the cord around her neck and drew it into a tight knot. While Bistor strangled her with his nose, Anna took the mallet and beat out the old woman's brains. Not satisfied with this, they used the pincers and with them seized the jugular vein. Anna Perrin then took the lamp and began to search in the armors and bureau and they possessed themselves of the cross of the Legion of Honor. They left money and jewelry. The servant of Mme. Stordeur, who had been sent out on an errand, returning, found the mutilated body of her mistress in a pool of blood on the floor. The unfortunate woman had died almost immediately. Anna Perrin was suspected and she and Bistor were traced to Creal in the north of France, where, being confronted by the police with evidence, they confessed their crime. Bistor was guillotined and Anna sentenced to six years' solitary confinement.

Eugene Weisshaar, a Swiss and a waiter at a Mr. Gillrat's country house, was only eight years of age when he murdered his master by beating out his brains with a poker. He then proceeded to rifle his victim's desk and found \$500 in cash, which he appropriated. A little dog that slept in the room jumped on the murderer and fastened its teeth in his arm. Weisshaar brained the animal and then, cutting off its paws, he laid the dead dog on the corpse of its master. When he was arrested he said that he had committed the murder because he wanted money to travel. "The immensity of the world attracted me," was his plea to his judge. This novel defense so epigrammatically expressed tickled the French sensibilities, and he was only sentenced to ten years' hard labor because of "extenuating circumstances."

### MURDERED WITH A MARROW-BONE.

Londrillon was a young butcher who studied for a number of years to distinguish himself. Like all others of his class, Londrillon, who was a typical Paris gamin, considered crime as the only avenue of advancement. In his confession he said that he had read somewhere or had heard, he thought dimly, in some church, that once a great man had killed another with the jawbone of some animal. As this was in his line, and as he had understood that this method of murder had fallen into what Americans would call "innocuous desuetude," Londrillon received an inspiration. He knew that the Inspector of the secret police, M. Rongeat, had a large sum of money in his safe at his house. Rongeat was a customer of Londrillon's employer. One morning, when going on his usual rounds with meat, Londrillon stopped at the residence of M. Rongeat. It was supposed that the cook, who was the only servant in the apartment, was a sweetheart and accomplice of the butcher-boy. At any rate, she found it convenient to absent herself, and Londrillon crept noiselessly from the kitchen along a hall which led into a small room used by the Inspector as an office. Here M. Rongeat was seated looking over some papers. The door of the safe was wide open and a tempting array of bank boxes was displayed therein. Taking from under his blouse the marrow-bone of a sheep which he had sharpened into a hatchet-like instrument, Londrillon held this in one hand while with the other he dealt a telling blow on the temple of his victim. Before M. Rongeat could recover consciousness he was literally hacked to pieces by the sharp bone, which seemed to have the consistency of steel. Londrillon was not satisfied with this, but delivered other blows with the instrument upon the stomach and chest of the murdered man. A friend of the Inspector obtained admission to the house just as Londrillon was trying to make his escape by the back staircase. There was a terrible struggle and the captor, who was one of the members of the secret police, received several severe scalp wounds with the murderous marrow-bone before assistance arrived and Londrillon was taken. The murderer was only eighteen years old, and on account of his tender age he was sentenced to imprisonment for life instead of being condemned to death.



## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress After eating, Pain in the Stomach. While their remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, colic, and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless—who suffer from this distressing ailment, but fortunately their goodness is here, and those who once try these little pills will value them, they will not be willing to let them go. But after all sick head

## ACHES

Is the base of some... we make... while others... Carter's... and...

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday—
The least of loving is in having, dear;
To-morrow, you will wake in weariness,
Shuddering away in heart-sickness and fear—
Ah, wool! from hands that now you'd kneel to
press.
You'll wake to your dream-life fulfilled, aghast,
Would God, this dream, as other dreams, had
passed!

The least of loving is in having. Light
Night with a fire; quench the flame that
glows
From thirst for the Exhaustless, Infinite,
With the small dewdrop in the heart of a rose,
The best of loving will be having—never.
Till having All, you're sure of it Forever!
—Katherine Eleanor Conway.

Tuesday—"Bless them that curse you."
Some courtiers reproached the Emperor
Sigismund, that instead of destroying his
conquered foes, he admitted them to favor,
"Do I not," replied the illustrious monarch,
"effectually destroy my enemies when I
make them my friends?" Alexander the
Great, being asked how he had been able, at
so early an age and in so short a period to
conquer such vast regions and establish so
great a name, replied: "I used my ene-
mies so well that I compelled them to be my
friends; and I treated my friends with such
constant regard that they became unalterably
attached to me."

Wednesday—
Two things love can do,
Only two:
Can distrust, or can believe;
It can die, or it can live;
There is no syncope
Possible to love or me.
Go your ways!
Two things you can do,
Only two:
Be the thing you used to be,
Or be nothing more to me.
I care but joy or grief,
Can no more than die or live.
Go your ways!
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Thursday—Progress is to be measured,
not so much by the space traversed in a given
time, as by the amount of resistance over-
come. The sailing qualities of a vessel are
better tested by a stormy voyage than by a
swifter sail over smooth seas. So by Divine
estimate we may be making better time
when we are climbing the up grade than
when we are on the dead level. The dangers
and difficulties, the trials and temptations
we encounter on our way are but the needed
discipline to test our Christian character.

Friday—
If trampled grass gives perfume; if the bowl
Must be well broken ere the wine can flow;
From the abysses of this storm tossed soul,
From this, my destiny's last, mortal blow;
From sobe and sighs and agonies of tears,
From tortured life and happiness foreborne,
The utter ruin of my youth's lost years,
And from the bitter present's strife forlorn,
The future's terror and the past's despair,
And from this crushed and grief-wrung heart I
dare
To call on thee, O God! Let others bring
Their love, obedience, faith as offering,
I lay my sorrows prostrate at Thy feet,
All-pitiful God! to Thee crushed flowers are
sweet.
—Isa Blagden.

Saturday—You complain that the enter-
prise of the newspaper sometimes is carried
to the extreme of violating the rights of
private life, and the sacred secrecy of the
jury room, of opening some social and relig-
ious scandal. Sometimes the glaring sun-
light distresses our sensitive eyes. But for
that it still remains that air and light
the great disinfectants; it is the dark-
ness that are filled with the habitations of
filth.—Dr. Wayland.

Ceased to Pay for the Murder.

Burg, Austria, two men have been
sent to imprisonment for life for being
connected together in the murder of the wife
of a rich man. The woman's body was found
in a well after Christmas in a wood, and at
first was attributed to cold. It has
been found that the husband had promis-
ed ten florins to be paid in instal-
ments to his wife, as he wished
to marry another woman.—The husband
was while the other Russian bruta-
lized her. The husband had paid the
money until the last, which
was upon his accomplice
being sent to the police.

LINGERIE.

In Figs. 105-106 not only two pretty styles
of coiffures are shown, but a tasteful trim-
ming for evening gowns as well. The bodice
on the first figure is trimmed with cocks-
comb bows and bands of No. 9 ribbon, the
front of the low waist being finished in the
same manner. The hair is loosely curled in
front, twisted in one loose knot in the back,
and the ends curled to fall over the neck.
The only ornament is a fancy gold or shell
pin in the knot.

The second figure has epaulets and a rash-
knot of small flowers finishing the simple

design, formed by the threads being drawn;
a diamond design; and a fancy drawn one,
as headings to hemstitched borders. All of
these are uncommon. French cambric, with
colored borders, hemstitched, Irish linen,
with scalloped edges, and many rows of
small dots in colors, such as light blue, car-
dinal or rose, are to be seen in great variety;
but perhaps the most uncommon of all are
those with the corner turned back, and ap-
parently kept there by a colored embroidered
pin, and a simulated seal, bearing the initial
letter of the owner.

Single and double frills of lisse or crepe
are worn in white and colors around the
neck only, or to reach the waist-line in

of heavy kid is worn for travelling and shop-
ping in eight-button length. An easy fit
is supposed to be more correct and stylish
than a tight one, but it is certainly not as
general.

Home Life in Damascus.

As sunset draws near one of the daught-
ers gets up and lays her work in its place, and
busies herself with the remainder of the pre-
parations for dinner. The kebabs, which have
already been put on the skewers, are care-
fully broiled on a clear fire, or the stew is
turned over to see if the meat is tender and
the gravy is reduced to its proper consistency
and quantity. A few drops of lemon juice
are always added to both these dishes. With
the latter is generally an accompaniment of
rice cooked in clarified butter and boiling
water. The evening meal passes cheerily
and is taken in the lewan, or room with one
side open to the court, which is now a merry
scene. Work and household cares are appar-
ently forgotten. The meal over, the mar-
ghooly carefully prepared for father and
mother, and a tiny finjan of coffee handed to
each of them, preparations are made for the
crowning pleasure and relaxation of the day,
which is nothing else than the favorite stroll
by the river-side. Close to Bab Tooma (Gate
of Thomas) is the part of the river called the
Sooftaniyeh, and further on, about a quarter
of an hour's distance, is another part called
the Hudaashariyeh. These are favorite
spots. The latter is the prettiest; but the
former, owing to its nearness to the city
gates, is the chosen resort of those who are
attended by wife and children. The gath-
erings of family circles in this place are in-
numerable and indescribable.

I shall never forget the scene which pre-
sented itself on one of these occasions when I
accompanied the wishes of some friends and
accompanied them to the Sooftaniyeh. Each
family group sat together and apart from
the rest, and yet they were so close together
that it was impossible to count them or to
see what they were sitting on—the women
with their white cezars, or large cotton veils,
which only allowed their faces and hands to
be seen; the men, with their long pipes in
their mouths, and their jubbas, or long jack-
ets, thrown carelessly on their shoulders;
the sellers of roasted nuts, almonds and
melon seeds calling out their wares; the ven-
dor of coffee, who has set up his little stall
and is going about with his tiny coffeepot
and tinier finjan. There, at a little distance
from the "haroon," or families, is a group
of young men who take it upon themselves
to supply the music; one draws a tambour
from his pocket, another a flute, another
the ood, a native instrument, and a fourth
begins a well-known song. All listen eager-
ly and give signs that if the music has been
unsolicited it is not unappreciated. Be-
tween each song the finjan of coffee goes
round.

A WAY TO SUBDUED DOGS.

Rendered Harmless in the Presence of a
Pungent Odor.

A gentleman who has had a good deal of
experience in the management of dogs says
that the most vicious brute can be speedily
conquered by any powerful odor, especially
a pungent odor like ammonia. He tells
how he once won a wager on handling a dog
that few persons could approach. It was in
a little town in Ontario. The conversation
being on the subject of dogs, the proprietor
of the inn where he was stopping laid a
wager that his visitor could not put his
hands upon a dog chained up in the back
yard.

"All right said the visitor," but as a mat-
ter of precaution for the protection of my
hands I will go up stairs and put on a pair
of gloves."

"I put on a pair of old buckskin gloves,"
says the gentleman, in telling the story,
and I first treated the right hand with ammonia.
We then went out to the dog, and at my
approach he rushed from his kennel with
open mouth. As soon as he got within
reach I thrust out my right hand. Instead
of biting it he turned tail and ran back into
his kennel. Then I went to the kennel,
and, putting my hand inside, made him
come out again. The secret of the matter
is that a dog can't bite without drawing in
his breath, and, as he does so, he inhales
the ammonia, which partially suffocates him
and subdues for the time being his biting
propensity. Some dogs may be subdued
with cologne."



Figs. 105-106.



Figs. 107-110.

low bodice, with a breast knot in front to
correspond. The coiffure above all of the
hair turned back from the face, except a
small wavy fringe, and knotted low on the
neck, with the escaping ends loosely curled.
The half wreath of flowers is heavier in the
centre.

In Figs. 107-110 four illustrations are
given of a stylish evening coiffure, rendering
the task of arranging it simple in the ex-
treme, as No. 1 commences with the hair
combed off the brow, except a few tendrils
that are allowed to wave here and there, and
a small Empire wreath placed in position.
No. 2 shows the hair divided on the sides,
and the back portion twisted to form
the loose loop low on the neck. No. 3
represents the wavy side hair turned
back, and deftly twisted in with the back,
the ends being tucked under, and fastened
with shell pins. No. 4 gives a front view
of the completed coiffure, which answers for
day wear by omitting the flowers and
thrusting a long shell pin in the loop.

In pocket handkerchiefs there is every
variety to tempt the most fastidious. The
Irish linen, handspun, which composes many
of them, is as good as the most delicate
French cambric; and the embroidery stands
in comparison with that done in France. Some
of the best handkerchiefs are finely drawn
and worked in very elaborate style, the linen
where, taking the form of a cross, outlined
by a small step; others have the corners
finely worked, with a connecting line of
embroidery.

In white handkerchiefs there is a chain

front. Lace scarfs are worn around the neck,
also a fichu scarf of net, edged with a frill,
which is knotted around the neck or shoul-
ders, in any becoming style, over house or
evening gowns.

The beaver shades, brownish drab or
fawn, are very stylish for Sunday kid gloves,
which are decidedly the most fashionable.
These are worn in four, six, and eight button
lengths, the latter being of the most quietude
style. The faintest line of embroidery is
seen on the backs.

Pearly gray, light tan, and mode are
stylish shades for dress occasions, though
darker shades of tan are worn at all times,
as time does not cause this color to pall up
in the eyes of women. The buttonless Saxo glove



**A BUSH RANGER'S GRATITUDE.**

An Australian Story.

The day I arrived in Adelaide, Australia, I was 20 years old, and my pocket contained a dollar for every year I had lived. I had exactly four pounds to begin life on in the colony, and that was more than some of the English boys who had come out with me could boast of. We were a queer lot who had sailed from Liverpool—gentlemen, loafers, clerks, lackeys, whole families, single men, servants and whatnot—all bent on a new life in the wonderful island of the Indian Ocean. We had come in a sailing ship and been knocked about for months, and a Lappy lot we were to be set on shore in the then small and straggling town I have named.

Luck was with me. On the second day after landing I hired to a sheep raiser who had a ranch on the Murray River, near its junction with the Darling, and on the third we started off up the country. We had two ox teams—that is, we had two covered wagons, each loaded with supplies, and each drawn by three yoke of oxen. A part of the goods were to be left with settlers along the route, and a part belonged to Mr. Davidson, my employer. He did not hire me, not being present, but the teams were in charge of an overseer named McCall, whom I soon found to be a good-natured, good-hearted fellow. Each of us had a native to assist in managing the teams, and, though neither of them could speak ten words of English, they were valuable men, and had no difficulty in being understood.

It was about Christmas time, and the weather was very sultry, and we aimed to make only fifteen miles a day. We had a full week's journey before us, and nothing of much interest happened until the fourth day. We went into camp a little earlier than usual on that afternoon, as one of the wagons needed repairs. Our vehicles, after coming to a halt, stood about twenty-five feet apart. While I was building a fire to cook supper by one of the blacks went off after rabbits, and McCall took the other with him to help out and bring back a lover with which to raise the wagon off its wheels. I was thus left alone for a few minutes, and they had scarcely disappeared from sight in the scrub when a man burst out of the thicket on the other side and came running up to me. His face and hands were scratched and bleeding, his clothing in tatters, his hat gone, and he had such a wild and terrible look that I should have run away from him had I been able to do anything but stand and stare with mouth wide open. McCall had told me of escaped convicts and hard cases who had taken to the bush to make a living by robbing, and the man had come upon me so suddenly that I was knocked out for the moment.

"For God's sake, young feller, give me a bite to eat!" he said as he stood before me. "Don't be afraid of me—I'm a sheep herder who has been lost in the bush for three days."

I stepped to the wagon and handed him a piece of bacon, some hard crackers, and a handful of tea, and then found voice to ask: "But why not stop with us for the night?"

"Thanks, but I'm in a great hurry to get back to my herd. I know where I am now, and can get there in three hours. Any matches?"

I gave him some, and he looked all around to make sure that we were alone, and then said:

"Young feller, do me a greater favor still. Lend me your pistol and knife until tomorrow, when you will pass my station. And, furthermore, be kind enough not to mention to any one that I was here. Do this and you shall never regret it."

I handed him knife and pistol, promised what he asked, and he shook me by the hand and disappeared in the scrub. Ten minutes after he had gone I figured it out that he was a bushman who had been hard run by the police, but it was all the same to me. He would have taken all he wanted for all of me, as I felt perfectly helpless, and I was thankful that he had come and gone without knocking me on the head. Just as McCall came up with the lever there was a clatter of hoofs, and I looked up to see five mounted men ride into camp. They were in the uniform of the patrol, and the appearance of the horses and men showed that they had had a long ride of it.

"Well, Capt. White, what is it?" asked

McCall, who seemed to know every one of the five.

"Been after Ballarat Sam again," replied the Captain as he dismounted.

"And lost him?"

"Yes; curse the luck! We struck him near Dobney's yesterday morning, and he led us a chase of fifty miles during the day. We killed his horse about dark last night and had him surrounded in the scrub. He got out, however, and we did not get his track until about noon to-day. We followed it to the creek, two miles above, and there lost it. Haven't seen him here, of course."

"I only wish we had. There's a reward of £500 on his head, I hear."

"It has been increased to twice that. Show me his body and I'll make a rich man of you."

The patrol turned their horses loose and had supper with us, furnishing a part from their own rations. Then there was a general talk and story telling until about 10 o'clock, and then all but one man turned in for sleep. I had been introduced all around but had taken very little interest in the conversation, being sure, from the first words spoken by the Captain, that I had met Ballarat Sam and aided him to make a fresh start. I thought at first of telling the whole story to the patrol, but they were serious, sober-looking chaps, and I had a fear that they would give me an awful raking down, even if they did not lug me off and seek to have me punished as aiding and abetting. I remembered, too, that I had solemnly promised Sam not to betray him, and so I decided to keep a still tongue and let the case work out as it would.

The patrol left us at daylight, but their work for the next three days was thrown away. They could get no trace of Sam. We continued on up the country and finally arrived at the ranch, and for the next six months I was hard at work as a sheep herder, and neither saw nor heard much of the outside world. Then one day I was called in off my range, which was about five miles from Davidson's house. Each of his herders had from 800 to 1,500 sheep under his care on a range by himself, and each lived alone with his dog in a hut. Once a week the "relief," as we called him, made the rounds and left provisions and heard our reports. Several of the natives had visited me—harmless fellows, who wanted matches or tobacco, but no white man excepting the relief had come near me for three months before I got the call to report at headquarters. I went in to find a couple of visitors there—two gentlemen who had lately arrived from England. One of them, a Mr. Cullen, was from my own town of Shrewsbury, and the other, a Mr. Williams, was from Manchester. They had come out to Australia to take up a range and go into sheep as an investment, neither of them intending to remain, but to do the business through an agent. They had purchased 2,000 sheep of Mr. Davidson as a starter, and had taken a range above us on the Darling River. My flock was to go, as also that of the herder, to the south of me, and we had been called in to receive instructions. Both of us herders were to enter into the employ of the new arrivals, who had already secured their land and built the house and stables for the overseer. This man had come up from Adelaide with them, and was a Scotchman named McFarland. The other, who was an Irish lad of 20, was O'Hara.

When we made ready to start, the two gentlemen were mounted on horses. The overseer drove the bullock wagon, assisted by a black, and O'Hara and myself were on foot. Some of our neighbors had been troubled with bushrangers, but we had seen nothing of them, and as the police patrol in the district had lately been increased we felt no fear that the rangers would meddle with us on our journey. The weather was now pretty cold, but as the country was bad we had to let the sheep pick their way and go slow. In the first three days we made only about twenty-seven miles, but this was thought to be good progress under the circumstances. On the third night, when at least ten miles from any settlers, and more than that from any regular highway, we found a natural valley in which the sheep could be herded, and our own camp was made in a grove of ironwood, near a waterhole. We had finished supper and were grouped about the fire, when one of the dogs barked and we looked up to find ourselves covered by five rifles. There were five strange, hard-looking men

forming a half circle about us, having crept into the grove so softly that the dogs had not heard them until the last moment.

"Brail up or under you go!" shouted a voice, and every one of us threw up his hands.

"Now, then, the first one of you who makes a shy move will get a bullet! Close in, boys!"

The five advanced to our feet, each keeping his gun levelled, and when I could see the man who had spoken I at once identified him as Ballarat Sam, the man whom I had befriended recently before. He recognized me almost at a glance, and, taking a step forward, said:

"Well, boy, you did me a good turn that day, and I'll not forget it. Move over to the left. Now, then, gents, who are you?"

The gentlemen gave him their names and told him their business. They were pretty badly frightened, as I could see, while the overseer trembled like a man in a chill. As he was a big, strong fellow, and had laughed at the idea of bushrangers meddling with us, I could not understand his fear until Sam spoke again.

"Better and better!" he said, as a fierce look came into his eyes. "Boys, here's that overseer who set the patrol on our track down below, and who wasn't satisfied with that but must turn out to help them. I think we have made a good haul of it."

All our arms were in the wagon, and we were helpless to offer any resistance. The first thing they did was to despoil the two gentlemen and the overseer of everything of value, and then each one was lashed to a tree. O'Hara was ordered to sit down beside me, and the black took matters so coolly that nothing was said to him. The rangers signed to him to turn to and get supper, and he cheerfully obeyed. When they had eaten and drunk and lighted their pipes Sam turned to me with:

"And so you didn't tell the police that you gave me food and a pistol?"

"No, sir."

"I know you didn't, for I was that tired out that I laid myself down for two hours almost in your camp. Even when they told you who I was and that a price was set upon my head you hadn't a word to say."

"No, sir."

"Well, you boys have nothing to fear. We have nothing against you. After a day or two you may go free."

There was no sleep for anybody until after midnight, and I don't think the two gentlemen or the overseer slept at all. I know they were wide enough awake when I opened my eyes in the morning. All of us had a bite to eat after the outlaws had finished, and then the wagon was robbed of whatever they fancied and hauled off about thirty rods and upset in a deep gully. The oxen were turned loose with the sheep, and when we set out Sam and two of the men rode the horses and the rest of us went on foot.

At about four in the afternoon we reached the rangers' camp, which was in a wild and desolate spot. I don't think they intended the gentlemen any harm from the start, but that the overseer's doom was sealed we all felt certain. He realized it, too, for I observed that he was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to bolt. It came as we entered the camp. Realizing that they meant to pay off the old score, he suddenly dashed for a thicket. He took them off their guard, and if an accident had not happened him he would have got clear off. Half way to the thicket a stone turned under his foot and threw him, and as he got up one of the men snatched him down in his tracks. They left him lying there and went into camp, saying that they had meant to torture him with fire, and that he had got out of it too easy. The two gentlemen were very closely guarded, but O'Hara and myself were allowed to walk about as we pleased. They had taken over £1,000 from the two and here them no grudge, but for five days and nights we were prisoners and in their power. On the morning of the sixth day, when it was plain to be seen that they

were off for another adventure, the four of us were turned loose and told to make our way home. They headed us to the west, which was the wrong way, and we travelled twenty miles in that direction before we found out the trick. We were a sad-looking lot when we finally reached home, and, while Mr. Cullen was taken with fever to die in about ten days, Mr. Williams was so broken up that he lived only long enough to get down to the coast. A year later Sam and two of that crowd were caught, tried at Sandhurst, and O'Hara and I saw them drop from the gallows. They had asked us to identify Sam in court, but we had excused ourselves. He was a bad man, with the blood of many victims on his hands, but he had given us our lives and played fair.

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# THE BOSS OF THE YELLOW DOG,

A WESTERN STORY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE RANSOM."

Published by arrangement with the publishers from advanced sheets of *Chambers's Journal*.

## PART I.

When the present century was still in its teens, Richard Sanborn, younger son of an ancient but withal poor family in a Midland shire, entered the service of the Honourable East India Company. Dick Sanborn was but a beardless boy, and left home with nought beside his father's blessing, a scanty wardrobe, and a fifty-pound note. Yes; he possessed an unlimited stock of ambition and energy.

Forty years later, Richard Sanborn returned to England with snowy locks and feeble knees. He was old, but he was also rich—even as men are counted rich in Bombay and Calcutta. In addition to his rupees he brought with him two lads—the elder, John, aged twenty years, a son by his first wife; the younger, Frank, born of his second wife, a boy scarcely twelve years old. The mothers of both lads were buried in far-away Eastern graves.

Once again in his native land, Richard Sanborn's ambition re-asserted itself. He desired to establish himself as an English country gentleman; so an estate agent scoured the United Kingdom in search of a suitable residence for the rich man. This was at last discovered in a fine old red-brick Queen Anne mansion, standing in a small park, with several hundred acres of fertile land adjacent. The place may be seen yet from a road which traverses a lovely ridge along the southern border of Hertfordshire. A fine old family mansion, with a hundred rooms, yet it was not spacious enough for the Sanborn family. There is too often more of truth than fiction in the sarcastic saw, "Three is a crowd."

The younger lad, Frank was his father's favourite, and as the old man's affection for "baby" apparently increased, his interest in John diminished proportionately; and the elder lad grew jealous and dissatisfied. John Sanborn was naturally of a restless disposition, and in many ways resembled his father at his own age.

The Sanborns had been established at Linwood Park less than two years, when, one morning at breakfast, John being then about twenty-two years of age, abruptly announced his intention of leaving home for a time. The information did not create much surprise or concern on the part of the old man, for he merely remarked: "Yes; when do you start?"

"This morning."  
"Indeed!—May I ask where you are going?"  
"To America. I should like to see some of the fighting over there—perhaps I shall take a hand in it."

"Ah, well; I shall have to get along with Frank. I think we can manage pretty well. Do you need any money, John?"

"No, sir."  
This reference made by the old man to the younger lad was quite sufficient to arouse John's temper and resentment—he arose from the table and left the room. His father never saw him again; for ten minutes later a groom drove John and his valise to the Watford Railway Station, whence he took the train for Liverpool.

That was in 1861. Within a year, old Richard Sanborn died, and—shrewd business man that he had been—to the surprise of all, left no will.

The name of Sanborn became familiar to the readers of the world over; and for years after the old gentleman's death, in the distant East and the Far West, in remote Australia, read what was regarded as a stereotyped advertisement:

SANBORN, elder son of the late Richard Sanborn, Esq. (formerly of Bombay), of Linwood Park, Hertfordshire, 1862, is requested to receive applications for the same at his office, 10, Abchurch Lane, London.

the missing heir of Linwood Park and old Richard Sanborn's rupees.

Richard Sanborn's rupees.

Frank Sanborn was to some extent independent; that is to say, he inherited a small property of his mother's which was amply sufficient to meet the demands made upon it for his education. When his father died, he was under the care of a private tutor, who continued his instruction until Frank entered a college at Oxford. At that venerable seat of learning Frank distinguished himself, and in his first year of manhood graduated with honours. Not only so; he was also a creditable member of all the Athletic Clubs, pulled a good ear, could hit a ball for six runs at cricket, while he would have delighted the heart of the most noble the Marquis of Queensberry himself with the way in which he handled the gloves. Withal he was a scholar and a gentleman and—an Englishman. One blemish there was to Frank Sanborn's otherwise unblemished record—lying dormant within him was a fearful temper. Only twice did it appear on the surface during his three years' residence at Oxford: once to terrorize a gang of river-side roughs, and once to astonish his friends—both times to appal Frank himself with the thought of possible consequences which might some time or other result from so terrible a fury. Fortunately, Frank knew his failing, and bravely tried to prevent his worst enemy from getting a start, mostly he was successful.

Frank Sanborn was twenty-two years old when he quitted Oxford a full-fledged B.A. He was a young man well able to take care of himself, if needs be: one of those very finest specimens of modern Britons—a colonial Englishman, possessing in a rare degree "a sound mind in a healthy body." Having done pretty well at the university, he proposed to himself to do still better at some profession or in business. To this end he proceeded to Chancery Lane, that he might consult with his late father's solicitors and the administrators of the estate, Messrs. Hughes & Hughes.

"I am glad you have come, my dear young sir," said the senior Hughes—Mr. Owen. "I had seriously thought of requesting an interview at an early date."

Frank responded with proper politeness. "You see, Mr. Frank," continued Mr. Hughes, as he turned the key in the drawer of his private room, "something has got to be done about your late father's affairs. Now we have complied with all the requirements of the law so far, yet no word has reached us from your brother John. Of course you understand that, if living, he is sole heir to the property. But it is only reasonable to suppose that he is dead, probably killed in the civil war which raged for several years after he went to the States. In that case, you are entitled to take possession of the property. Indeed, you can do that in any event, the law requiring us to wait no longer than seven years for absent heirs to return and take their own. Certainly, if Mr. John should reappear at any time, you will have to surrender the property, but he can make no demand upon you for the income from the estate during his absence. Later, when proof of your brother's death can be obtained, you will be absolute owner of the entire property left by the late Mr. Sanborn, to hold as you please."

Frank was rather astonished at the information given him by the old lawyer. To tell the truth, he had never once during his entire life, up to that moment, given the matter so much as a passing thought. In fact, his brother had receded entirely from Frank's life. John had never been much of a factor in his younger brother's plans and calculations, yet he had scarcely thought of the absent man as dead. He knew that their father left no will, and was aware that, therefore, John was sole heir to the property. Farther than that he had given the matter no consideration. Yet there was reason in what the man of law said, and Mr. Owen Hughes, of all men, knew what he was talking about; otherwise,

he would never have spoken to Frank on the subject.

"This proposition or suggestion of yours comes to me as a surprise, Mr. Hughes, for, really, I came up here to consult you in regard to choosing a profession or some other means of earning a living. However, if I have a perfect right to live at Linwood!"

"Right! My dear Mr. Frank, of course you have a right. Not only a right to live at Linwood and let the two Linwood farms, but also to draw a dividend on something like three hundred thousand pounds invested in Indian Government securities!" and the old lawyer proceeded to give a glowing description of the wealth left by his late friend and client.

After a long conversation, Frank rose to leave. "I will go down and take a look at the old place, Mr. Hughes, and will let you know in a week what I intend doing."

Before a week passed, Frank Sanborn had decided that he would like to be an English country gentleman, as his father had doubtless intended he should be; so he proceeded to establish himself as the bachelor master of Linwood Park.

Frank dropped very naturally into his now and rather important position. He possessed enough of his father's active and ambitious spirit to enable him to discharge all the duties of a rich man with thoroughness and pride; while from his mother he inherited a full appreciation of ease and luxury, with all the other privileges and advantages of wealth. Within a very short space of time he developed into an ideal country gentleman, and became quite a favourite among his immediate neighbors. He regularly drew his princely income, and somehow managed to expend it while, never a word of John Sanborn, dead or alive, came to disturb the even tenor of his existence.

Frank Sanborn had been in possession of Linwood Park about a year, when, on a warm evening, he sat alone in the fine old library, smoking an after-dinner cigar. The library was his favorite room, and he was ensconced in a very easy chair before an open window, through which he looked out upon the velvet greenward and venerable trees of the Park. The shadows of the midsummer night were fast falling, and not a sound disturbed the peaceful stillness. Were it not for the thin wreath of blue smoke which arose from his Havana, the young master of Linwood might have been supposed to be himself sleeping. What his thoughts were are of little import, but his reverie was rudely disturbed by the figure of a man darkening the window at which he sat. That was not all. The man stepped boldly across the windowsill, entered the library, and took a seat opposite Frank. The latter knew not what to make of this intrusion. It was almost dark, but Frank was certain that the man was a total stranger.

"May I ask the reason of this very unceremonious entrance into my home?"

A rough laugh was the immediate response to this inquiry, followed by a counter-question: "May I ask what you mean by taking such cool possession of my home?"

Frank now judged, from the harsh laugh and the excited manner of the intruder, that his visitor was tipsy. This opinion was confirmed by the man's action; for, as he addressed Frank, he pulled a bell-rope and, when a servant appeared, called loudly for "Scotch whisky and lights."

Frank Sanborn hardly knew how to act. If the man was tipsy or crazy he would prefer to leave him to the servants. He thought might improve the situation, so lit the gas himself. Then he took a good look at the man, and saw, by the bloodshot eyes, that he had already consumed more liquor than was good for him. He perceived also that his visitor was a man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five years—tall, broad, and heavy—his face tanned by exposure to sun and wind. He also noticed that the stranger was clad in ill-fitting, cheap clothing.

Yet the man's countenance seemed familiar, and when he announced, "I am John Sanborn," Frank could not for the life of him gainsay the assertion. Indeed, he felt constrained to offer some sort of welcome to the new comer. So he extended his hand and said, "I am glad to see you, John."

But there was a lack of cordiality in his words, and his hand was not extended far enough to make the action natural. John, for John Sanborn it certainly was, perceived this, and being already in a bad humour, was only irritated the more.

"You lie! You are not glad to see me;

and I repeat my question—what do you mean by being here at all?"

"You are scarcely polite, John, not to say brotherly," remonstrated Frank.

"Politeness be hanged! I've not been hobnobbing with polite folks for the last eight or nine years. Manners don't count for much in the corner of the world I have just left. Besides, it seems to me you should be the last man to speak of politeness, when I return to find you in possession of my house, and spending my money!"

"But my dear fellow," urged Frank, anxious to avoid unpleasantness, "why did you not come before, or write to Mr. Hughes? Even now you will find the property intact, and Mr. Hughes will straighten everything out if you will go and see him."

"Confound old Hughes and you too! I guess I can attend to my own affairs. I know you of old, young fellow. You took it for granted that I was dead, and was only too glad of the chance to step into my shoes. I can just imagine how much you and old Hughes tried to find me. I fully expected that my father would make a will, and leave you the lion's share, so didn't bother much to keep myself informed. I learned only a few weeks ago that he died without making a will. That leaves me in sole possession of Linwood—understand?—in sole possession!"

"Yes, I understand, John, and am willing to turn over everything to you. But you are hasty and unreasonable. Go and see the lawyers, and have matters arranged properly."

"I will do that all in good time. Meanwhile, I stay here, and you go. I will give you just fifteen minutes to pack your personal effects and clear out!"

Frank's dormant temper was rapidly awakening. He felt it nearing the surface, and tried to crush it as he quietly said: "Remember, John, I am your brother and our father's son. I have some rights which you are bound to respect."

"Rights? I should like to know what they are! Yes, you are our father's son, but you are not my mother's son. What was your mother, anyhow?"

This was a most insolent and uncalled-for reference to Frank's mother, who was lady-like and refined as well as Richard Sanborn's honourable wife. That there had been blemishes in generations past on her family escutcheon was small excuse for John's insult, which would never have been uttered had he been cool and sober. It was the last straw. Frank Sanborn drew back his powerful right arm, clenched his fist, and dealt his half-brother a terrific blow on the left temple, which felled him to the ground. His head struck upon a corner of the table as he fell. When the old butler arrived on the scene, in response to Frank's ring, John Sanborn was beyond all aid. He was dead.

Of course Frank Sanborn felt badly enough at the fearful result of his passion, but much sympathy was accorded him. He was placed under arrest; but, owing to the exertions of Messrs. Hughes & Hughes, who employed able counsel in his behalf, the grand jury returned a true bill of manslaughter only. At his trial the most eminent legal talent in the land defended Frank, and with such good effect that a merely nominal sentence was passed upon him.

He served the short term of imprisonment, at the end of which his friends and neighbours were ready to welcome him back to his old place in their midst. But Frank Sanborn was a changed man. He magnified his own wrong-doing, and to him seemed that he had committed murder of the grossest nature, even fratricide. He positively refused to again take possession of the Sanborn property, the more so as he fancied he had good reason to think, from some papers found on John Sanborn's person, that his brother had been married when abroad, and that a son had been born to him. The period when this probable marriage took place, if at all, and whether the boy was alive or dead, could not even be surmised. It was certain that John had come to England direct from South Africa, and with this one clew Frank proposed to start out and learn, if possible, all that had happened to John during his long absence; so, leaving everything in the hands of the old lawyers, Frank started out. He took very little with him, and all that he did take was his own absolutely. He went to South Africa, and located in the Diamond

BRITISH NEWS.

Diggings, hoping sooner or later to run across some one who knew his brother. But while waiting he could not remain idle. He took up a claim, and worked with his own hands. Phenomenal luck overtook him, and in two years he had over twenty thousand pounds in a Cape Town bank. But he had heard nothing about John. In that regard he was so far discouraged; but in Cape Town he learned from an old Australian that a man named John Sanborn had been a resident in Melbourne some three years before. The information was positive and reasonably reliable; so to Melbourne Frank journeyed, resolved upon remaining there until he could learn something of his brother.

Seven years he resided in the Victorian capital, all the time "coining money" in the wool-trade. At the end of seven years he met a farmer who gave him considerable news of John Sanborn. John Sanborn came to Australia from California in 1868, with a young wife and three-year-old boy. A year later, he left them; and after waiting vainly two years for his return, the woman with her child returned to her own country. That was in 1868. When Frank received this news it was the year 1880, so that the folks he wished to find had twelve years start of him. That made no difference, however. If such a thing were possible, he proposed to find them; so, hastily selling out his interest in the wool business, he left Australia a fabulously rich man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lean Upon My Arm Mother.

A gentleman coming out of church on Sunday last with an aged lady on his arm was heard to say, "Pray, lean on my arm, mother; I am well able to bear your weight." The sentence suggested the following lines to the Pencil:

Pray lean upon my arm, mother,  
Your form is feeble now,  
And silvery are the locks that shade  
The furrows on your brow

Your step is not so strong, mother,  
As in the days gone by;  
But strong as ever is the love  
That beams within your eye.

When I was but a babe, mother,  
With tender love inspired  
You carried me for many an hour  
Until your arms were tired.

From childhood up to manhood's years,  
Through every pain and ill,  
You watched me with a loving eye—  
You watch my welfare still.

And shall I fail you now, mother,  
When all your strength has fled,  
Neglect to guide your feeble steps,  
As through life's vale you tread?

Your eyes are dim with age, mother,  
Care's lines are on your brow,  
The little feet you guided once  
Are strong to guide you now.

Then lean upon my arm, mother,  
Henceforth, life's journey through,  
What you did do so long for him  
Your boy will do for you.

To be Beautiful.

You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you.

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you are traveling unless it is with a little alcohol and water or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose, instead, a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead, give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth. Dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby, while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles and you are resting.

The financial difficulties of some Italian municipalities have induced certain bankers of London and Berlin to form a syndicate to help them out.

A London woman's club has developed as far as a motion by one of its members to provide a separate room for smokers, and also a billiard room.

The wife of a baronet has appeared in the Row, London, in the regular hour, riding astride. Her dress was a divided skirt, rather longer than the habit now fashionable.

The Thrush of 800 tons, with Prince George of Wales Lieutenant commanding, has finally left England for the North American squadron. She is expected to stop at Gibraltar.

Broken glass may become as useful as it is bothersome. The *British Warehouseman* announces that a process is now known which will work glass into cloth, of any color or thickness, and incombustible.

An extract from a parish magazine in England reads thus: "Unmarried workers are requested not to marry for some little time, as we cannot afford to lose their services, as we have lost many lately."

The British vessels reported as lost during May, 1890, and the number of lives lost, were forty-six sailing ships and sixteen steamers with a total loss of seventy nine lives. These represent the ships reported during May, not those actually lost in that month.

There are sixty-four churches of the Church of England, besides those of other denominations, within a quarter of a mile of St. Paul's Cathedral. Most of them have more seats than there are residents in the parish. Many of the clergymen live far from London. One whose income is £1,050 a year, has not visited his parish for fourteen years.

A communion cloth, embroidered with "I H S" given to the Anglican church at Newry, Ireland, caused a portion of the congregation to protest against it as an introduction of Ritualism. A petition was sent to the Bishop, but he not replying, the cloth was stolen and a letter left in its place saying that it would be returned on condition that the letters should be taken out.

A Japanese steel war vessel, the Chiyoda, was launched recently from the Thomson Yards, Clyde Bank, near Glasgow. Her dimensions are: Length, 300 feet; breadth, 42 feet; depth, 24 feet. She has twin screws, carries twenty-eight guns, and three torpedo tubes, and is of 2,450 tons. The Chiyoda is manned by a Japanese crew of 200 men, who will take her to Japan. The vessel was christened by Viscountess Kewass, a Japanese lady.

As the British fleet was standing out from Alexandria recently a collision occurred between the Orion, a 5,000 ton battle ship, and the Temeraire, an 8,500 ton belted armored cruiser. The Orion in trying to pass close under the stern of the Temeraire struck that vessel just abaft her engines on the port side and tore away her outer sheathing for twenty feet. Upon examination it was found that the Temeraire was leaking and had filled her water-tight wing compartment with some fifteen or twenty tons of water. She will go to Malta to be docked. The Orion escaped uninjured.

Even the historic Sevres porcelain manufactory is threatened with being gobbled up by an English syndicate, said to include some of the more important china makers of Great Britain. Of late years the product of the Sevres works, which always have been under the direct control of the French Government, has been steadily running down in public esteem. The manufactory has received an annual subsidy of something more than \$100,000, but a commission has reported in favor of abolishing that. The annual sale of porcelain produced at Sevres now scarcely exceeds \$20,000.

A summary of vessels built during the year 1889 gives a total of 1,286,679 tons for British ports and 46,210 reported from Continental yards. Northeastern ports head the British list with 717,639 tons, the Clyde standing second with 335,201 tons, and Belfast next with 70,855 tons. The exports of engines and machinery were the largest ever recorded in the history of British commerce, namely, £15,254,658, against £12,932,625 in 1888, an increase of £2,322,033. Taking simply steam engines and parts thereof, the Argentine Republic was the

largest customer last year, taking £310,290 worth.

A large meeting has been held at Durham, presided over by the Bishop and attended by clergymen of all denominations, for the purpose of rousing public action against betting and gambling. This resolution was passed: "That the members of both Houses of Parliament connected with the country of Durham should be requested to use their influence to procure the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter." The Bishop of Durham moved and Father O'Brien seconded, to success, of course: "That we pledge ourselves to use our personal influence to discourage the practice of betting and gambling."

Sir George Tryon's scheme for a national insurance against war risks as a plan to minimize loss of trade in case of war does not meet with popular approval. Sir George Elliot insists, in the columns of British naval papers, that the only reliable mode of insuring the life of the nation is to provide a fleet adequate to the country's needs, with coaling stations and strategical harbors defended and kept as ships in commission, always ready for war. He is convinced that there is really a great and dangerous disproportion between what the British Navy really is and what it ought to be so as not to invite attack, which implies safety from attack.

Major G. S. Clarke, R. E., is in print with a discussion of submarine mining for coast defense. It is a curious fact that the system of submarine mining, which seems to be naval in its very essence, has been entrusted to the navies of France, Germany, Italy, and Austria, while Great Britain, Russia, and America depend upon a military organization for this purpose. An interesting analysis of historical examples of the use of submarine mine, for defensive purposes, culled from the American civil war of 1861-5 and the Franco-German war, does not tend, as treated by Major Clarke, to evoke unbounded confidence in the system. It may be observed, however, that in the event of modern necessity the United States would handle the matter in a modern manner—that is, by appealing to electricity and explosives combined in a well-matured system of coast defense.

A lad of 15 has been found in Newcastle who is in himself a diving rod. A description of him says: "He was first taken into the vicinity of several known veins, and indicated correctly their position; then he was taken over an untried district and found several new veins, giving the exact bearings of one for a distance of three quarters of a mile. A trial has since been made of this vein, which proves that the boy is correct, for the vein is both strong and promising. Taking hold of the boy's right hand, walking our usual pace, we were arrested in our course by an electric current passing from his body through mine, making me feel as though I had touched an electric battery. This condition remained so long as we continued on the vein, but the moment we passed over it the boy's normal condition returned. We tested the boy over and over again by returning and walking over the vein several times, and each time we touched the vein with the same effect."

The chief inspector of machinery in the Davenport Steam Reserve writes in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* an article dealing with the fighting power of the English Navy. He calls special attention to two changes in the modern ships—the abolition of sail power and the fitting of a great amount of auxiliary steam machinery. Both these changes, he says, have diminished the number of seamen—the combatants—and increased the non-combatants—the firemen. In the small vessels of 800 tons, lapping class, 27 per cent. of the crew are non-combatants. In the first class battle ships, Anson class of 11,000 tons, 41 per cent. are non-combatants, men who add nothing to the fighting power of the ship. Mr. Williams suggests the training of firemen so that they may be made expert gunners as well as firemen, and thus increase the fighting force. Then follows the training of men to be all-round men, so that every man can perform every duty as occasion demands.

A recent lecture before the Royal United Service Institution by Lieut. W. C. Croft, R. N. R., advocated a system of signaling between men of war and merchant vessels at once simple and ingenious. He went into details over this system, pertinent to note that under existing

stances in the United States as well as in England the communication is nothing of which to boast. Fast mail steamships are continually running between important strategic points, but with no means of picking up information. If once the cables were cut in time of war the most valuable means of communication would be lost. Lieut. Crutehley's device is an application of the Morse system to a ball and triangle, which are placed in a conspicuous place on either gaff, yard arm or stay. They may be effectively operated by one man. Experience in this system, which was employed by the inventor on his own ship, shows it to be quicker and less circuitous than the use of signal flags.

A new torpedo, called the Victoria, in many respects similar to the Sims' design, is attracting the attention of British naval experts and meets with high approval. Its chief novelty consists of its superior management, for by means of its mechanism torpedoes of almost any pattern, particularly the Whitehead, are completely under subjection at all times. The torpedo is controlled by a cable weighing a little less than one ounce per yard, which is paid out from the ship or shore station until the water friction causes a pull on the cable sufficient to release a spring, whereupon the cable pays itself out from the torpedo. When the torpedo is driven at full speed the cable is released by an air tap, and then it pays itself out without hampering the progress of the torpedo. The Victoria is 24 feet long, and its maximum diameter is 21 inches. It is controlled by three small electro-motors, one of which regulates the steering gear, another the speed and the starting and stopping, while the third enables the torpedo to be exploded at will, and also to be brought to the surface when desired. The range of the torpedo is two and a half miles. Its course is traced by an ingenious use of Holme's compound, which is discharged to the surface through a small tube projecting from a small fin.

How a Charge of Shot Travels.

When standing within a few yards of a gun's muzzle at the time of discharge, a son would be amazingly astonished were only able to see the shot as they go whizzing by. Experiments in instantaneous photography have proved to us that the shot does not only spread out, cometlike, as they fly, but they string out one behind the other to a much greater distance than they spread. Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the first shot of a charge reaches a target that is forty yards away, the last shot is lagging along ten yards behind. Even with the choke-bore gun some of the shot will lag behind eight yards in forty. This accounts for the wide swath that is mown in a flock of ducks on which a charge of shot falls just right. About five per cent. only of the charge of shot arrive simultaneously at the target, but the balance of the first half of the charge is so close behind that a bird's muscles are not quick enough to get out of the way, although those who have watched sitting birds when shot at have often seen them start as if to fly when the leading whistled by them, only to drop dead as they were overtaken by the leaden hail.

How to Choose Kid Gloves.

The durability of kid gloves depends on the way they are put on the first time. If you want a kid glove to fit buy it leisurely and with judgment and put it on slowly, taking care to fit every part. It is better to use a stretcher. The expansion should be made by the hands so as to secure a fit at every point. Gloves of the size need no stretcher. Choose the fingers of which correspond with the length, work in the fingers, thumb, and finally smooth them so they fit every part. A glove that generally wears well.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion  
By Dr. C. C. Taylor  
The stomach touch  
By Dr. C. C. Taylor  
The whole system



And the second time he fell on his knees before his former friend.

"Forgive me, Vladimir. Give me your hand that I may kiss it, and do not look at me so pitilessly."

"I have long since forgiven you, and finding you now here, at a place where I myself seek support, I am not able to hate you."

"Do you—will you believe that I have told these people how I have once been a spy and a traitor?"

"Did you tell them that?"

"Everything. Was it not better to confess all at once than afterwards to be discovered by one of those whom I have sent here? I told them I had betrayed my best friend. The boldness and the candor of my confession perhaps but strengthened my influence and my power over them. Now, Vladimir, I have laid open to you my innermost heart. Are you still disposed to pardon me?"

"I pity you, and at the same time I fear you, but I do not cherish one thought of hatred against you. Here is my hand."

Now Miller roared quickly and called with a loud voice:

"Come here, comrades!"

He towered with his gigantic stature high above the count, on whose arm he was leaning; he might have looked like the protector of this small, youthful man. The cave was nearly filled by the conspirators. Miller spoke:

"This is the man whom I have betrayed. My blood, my life belong to him henceforth. You have sworn to be obedient to me unto death. In the face of God and of freedom I swear that I devote the rest of my life to his service! Brethren, this man must be a hundred times dearer to you than I myself. Swear that you will defend him to the last drop of your blood: that you will surround and protect him at the first call; that you, pursued and banished, nevertheless will be the guardian angels of this exile, who from this day ceases to be one!"

Deeply moved Lanin embraced his friend. "We swear," cried all with one voice. Miller saw the prince of the Tunguses in the centre of the conspirators.

"I owe this man a debt of blood," he said to him, pointing to Lanin. "Brother Ienar, I ask you, protect Count Vladimir Lanin."

The Tunguse bowed reverently. "If need be, brother, Ienar-Kus will pay your debt of blood!"

Then a circle was formed and a protracted council was held in the cave.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Morning began shortly to dawn, and the landscapes, though still veiled in a white mist, grew lighter and lighter.

The frozen bed of the Angara looked like a second high road by the side of the great post road. Down on the wide bed of the river the narta of Ienar-Kus was flying towards Irkutsk. All around still asleep, the narta alone, like an evil spirit fleeing before the light of day, was an exception.

The prince of the Tunguses had given Vladimir his swift-footed dogs and sleigh. In the narta sat Miller at his side. The white walls of the city were already visible in the distance when Miller, who did not seem to feel the cold in the least, continued:

"It is certainly most fortunate that you have joined us. We had an organization and men, but we lacked till now both money and arms. Now you will furnish both. This will help us greatly. The countess and her friends will enable us to purchase arms. As the merchants are permitted to sell carbines to the Tartars in the Chinese empire, Ienar-Kus will be our agent. Now I feel our strength! You cannot imagine what a hundred resolute men can do in these vast deserts, where the Czar can hardly raise a thousand men in all."

"You speak of a hundred, but count only twenty!"

"You have seen only part of the conspirators. In all the districts where exiles are living we have branches. To day we count a hundred: to-morrow there may be five hundred!"

Vladimir interrupted him.

"Look here, Miller, I promise you every assistance to enable you to flee from here. I am ready with my wife to accompany you as far as the Siberian frontier. But, mind, you must not raise your hand against the Czar of our mother country. Will you promise?"

Miller made no reply. They had just then passed a snow covered hill, which rose ap-

ruptly from the banks of the Angara. Miller pointed it out to his companion and said:

"Do you notice this Tartar tomb? Here you must come whenever you wish to see me. Every night a man of the tribe of Ienar stands guard here. This Gungus knows where I may be found. The mound is hollow inside, although the Russians have not yet discovered this. Ienar-Kus, a descendant of the former rulers of this country told me so on the day when we swore brotherly friendship and sealed it with our blood. You need only go to the east side of the hill and call Ienar's name three times; one of his men will, after a while, come out from within and tell you what you may wish to know."

"So near the city?" asked Lanin, cautiously.

"This desert has many other mysteries yet unknown to the conqueror. And thus is my power. During the two years that I have been living here I have not ceased trying to find out these secrets, until now I probably know this land of snow and ice as well as those who were born here. Remember, whenever you need me, hasten to this mound and 24 hours later I shall be at your service. Every order of yours will be fulfilled. From this hour Miller, the traitor, is your slave. Never forget that, Vladimir."

They stopped under the walls of the city.

"Here my dominion ends," said Miller, checking the fleet dogs. "Farewell, Vladimir. You are almost in town."

They shook hands. Once more the count turned round and said:

"My first care shall be now to purchase arms; I am told there is a merchant Lanteff, who mainly furnishes arms to the Tartars."

"Yes! But be cautious! Remember that an exile is not permitted to buy arms!"

"Never mind! My wife has an old friend, a Dr. Haas, who has accompanied her to this place. He will not be suspected."

"Good! But make haste, for I burn with the desire to be free once more!"

They parted. As Miller drove off he once more heard the warning words:

"Remember, Miller! Nothing against the Czar and holy Russia!"

Miller did not seem to have heard these words, which once before he had apparently disregarded, and soon the narta had disappeared behind the mound. Lanin went into the city. For two days Jana had been anxiously expecting him. Now he told her all. He spoke of his hopes, his meeting with Miller, how he had forgiven him and had joined him in the conspiracy. He had been a traitor, but he would disapprove of this. All the more he rejoiced now, when she said:

"A man such as Miller is doing nothing by halves. Betrayed by officials, he will never become a spy. His very crime proves that he is honest now. You must never be a traitor to your native land, but you must and may try, by all means, to recover your liberty."

Dr. Haas was summoned. His answer was calm and dignified.

"Countess, I have devoted myself to your service, and I am not a Russ. What you approve I am prepared to approve, and what you order I shall try to do. I am an old man, and my last sacrifices are made for you. Do not ask my opinion, therefore, but simply command!"

It was now decided that Dr. Haas should draw from the Bank of Irkutsk enough of Jana's money to purchase arms and then return with the Count to his hut in the village, in order to calm the governor, and to take other precautionary measures. The day after Dr. Haas was to open negotiations with Laptoff and buy 500 rifles, intended for a khan of the Catchas, who had risen in rebellion against the Chinese authorities.

Lanin and Dr. Haas bade Jana farewell and then went to the bank, walking down Main street. The town clock was striking 10. Almost at the same time, when Count Lanin returned from Lake Baikal, Popoff and his betrothed entered the offices of the head of the gendarmes. Palkin was out, having been ordered to appear before the governor, he had directed his secretary, on leaving, to continue the work begun the day before. Popoff wanted to have one more long conversation with his betrothed, and in order to interrupt his work he had called Helen in, and now was distributing several papers in her presence. Palkin, when he left, had said he would hardly be back before two hours, and Popoff, therefore, thought he would have time to explain his plans to Helen. They had been conversing a good hour, and Popoff had told his be-

trothed that on the following Sunday he would have to meet the count, and in speaking of the document against Schelm, which he still had in his possession, he said:

"The less this paper meant at that time, the more formidable it has since become. The receipt and the forged signature prove beyond all doubt that I was Schelm's accomplice. He never prosecuted me. He only had me arrested as a dangerous man, not as a man who had stolen money and forged a signature."

"But, Nicholas, how could you keep this paper?"

"That I'll tell you," he said, and his eyes glowed in triumph; "I used to carry this paper about me, and it kept me anxious in the day and prevented my sleeping at night. One night I dreamt I had lost it, and I should be drowned in the Neva. I started from my sleep bathed in perspiration, and next morning I had a terrible toothache. This gave me a mad idea. I went to Sebastopol, where I know an eminent American dentist. I got him to draw two of my teeth, one perfectly healthy, the other slightly diseased. Then I ordered a very small box of ivory to be made, shaped outwardly exactly like the two teeth. The paper of the copying book is excessively thin; I folded my precious paper very small, put it into a diminutive bladder and then went back to my dentist. I asked him if he could put the little box back into my jaws, to look like the two missing teeth. He thought me at first half mad, but when I offered him 200 roubles he agreed to humor me. Whenever now I think I am in danger I put in my two teeth, and so far providence has been merciful to me, and my treasure has never been detected. I confide my secret to you, my Helen, for the hour of the conflict is approaching, and I know not what may be my fate. Remember, therefore, that I am in your power, and not I only, but the fate also of the whole family of our benefactor."

He had barely ended these words when he, accidentally looking out of the window, saw Palkin's sleigh before the door, and the colonel with the captain of gendarmes getting out of it.

"What can that mean? The colonel back so soon? Helen, get away as fast as you can and consult with the countess Sunday in the twilight. I'll go out to Krowa to see the count. Perhaps the countess would be so kind as to be there at the same time. Make haste, Helen, the colonel might be angry that I let you in."

"It is too late. I must hide somewhere." She pointed at the curtain of coarse linen which hung in the corner of the room and screened piles of papers.

"Are you mad?" cried Nicholas. "Those are the archives of the corps of gendarmes." She smiled and insisted. It was high time. The colonel's voice was heard quite near by. Helen ran to the corner and hid behind the curtain.

"Even if he finds me, what can he do to me?" she whispered into Popoff's ear. He was terrified.

Popoff bent over his papers and gave himself the air of being very busy. The door opened and the two officers entered.

Popoff, jump into my sleigh, drive to the prison, get them to give you a list of all the prisoners and bring it at once. It will not take much of your time at once. It will not take much of your time and you will have a chance of drawing a breath of fresh air."

Popoff bowed, but could not rejoice, so great was his fear for Helen. He remonstrated a moment, but in vain, he had to leave her.

"The fool thinks I show him so much consideration from sheer goodness of heart! Listen to me: I can speak openly to you, for you are an excellent officer and a man that he who wants promotion must be supported by influential persons in high offices. So far I have asked nothing of you, but now I shall want you. Are you ready to comply with my wishes?"

"Most assuredly: I know what influence you wield; you are the poor gendarme's only protector. Order and I obey."

"Count Lanin must be arrested before Sunday; I give you three days' time to do that!"

The captain hesitated. "Colonel," he said, "I should be glad to do that, for I can bear that fool a little for typhus or cholera, but the governor will not permit it."

You are mistaken. That was

## Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. K. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1, six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

dy—that is not so to-day. He can no longer protect him. I promise you nobody will henceforth have anything to do with that man. I promise you, besides, to assume the whole responsibility. We love and we hate people here, not as we like, but as we are ordered from St. Petersburg. I rely upon it; you must arrest the count! You can easily find a pretext. He is hardly ever at home; you need only appear unexpectedly in Krowa; the law is on your side!"

The captain's eyes blazed at once. "I shall go there from here. The matter is settled!"

"Well! And once in jail, you have the house watched, and let no one enter. Have a few men on hand, moreover, in case I should need them."

"Very well, colonel!"

"I rely on you, and now you can go, but come to-morrow and report!"

The gendarme left, and the colonel walked up and down in the room, meditating on the blackest plans. Like all men, who pursue their thoughts energetically, he spoke to himself aloud:

"I must get that paper from Popoff, by cunning or by force, if I should have to kill him! Schelm can no longer be dangerous to me; he will have reason to fear me, shall both of us make a brilliant career, do not hate him. I only want to get him from injuring me. Let him take what do I care? He was useful to me as a weapon so far. If I find a better one, what do I care for him? I'll give you the husband; he'll give me the wife and reward, and all is well!"

Palkin having just returned from the error, was still in full uniform. He went into his chamber to relieve himself, sword and heavy boots. No soldier disappeared than Helen's pale face from behind the linen-curtain, around, and, seeing nobody, opened the door to the room. She had come often enough to know that the door was empty!"

(To be continued.)

"I bought

Gave

post

The Poet's Corner

The Vows.

"And do I really love thee? And am I quite sincere?" Dear anxious little fairy I love thee I never fear.

"And will I never chide thee? And never be a 'bear'?" How could I cast a shadow Upon a face so fair?

"And will I lead thee gently? And tend thee like a flower?" O darling, till the angels Make Paradise thy bower.

"And even then, my treasure! Some star with shooting ray Shall teach my soul the measure, Thy golden harp shall play."

BRUNER E. LEMON.

Cobourg, Ont.

For Truth

Lines on the Remains of a Mastodon Found Near Toronto.

Perchance thou hast strayed where Leviathans neighed, And mastodons, mighty of bone, Gave war to grim forams among earthquaking storms.

By heat-heaving mountains of stone, When the morning scarce broke thro' cimmerian smoke, And chaos was lost from the sun, In the rears of old ere the star-choir extolled God's work, with their chanson "well done,"

Thou art dumb, and thy date from oblivion's old scroll Has been washed by the river of time; And ye never can know why earth welters in woe, With its hells of unharvested crime. O could that black cloud called "mortality's shroud,"

Had waited forever away, That mankind might recount all that was since the fount Of the light we denominate day! When the moon had no power, or the sun, for an hour The gloom of this globe to relieve, From the ages of night, with her mantle of light.

New York. AS RAMSAY.

The Parlor Clock.

I am a fancy parlor clock, Encased in globe of glass, With lovely chiming silver bells, And front all made of brass.

So stood upon the mantelpiece For almost eighteen years, I was ticked and chimed and told 'ho time' with never any fears.

But now my hands begin to shake, My face is white with dread, For coming down the oaken stair, I hear the gentle tread

Of Angelina, who's just returned from Vassar's famous school; I know that when she looks at me (I feel just like a fool).

And when she'll surely have a beau, I shall come on Sunday nights, With my hat, stick, and stick and stay, To sit and burn the lights.

And while they think "It's early yet" I'll jump and "let her go." I'll ring so long, so loud and strong, That her paternal sire Will sweep the floor with George And roll him in the mire.

And Angelina will go to bed, And I will laugh and mock Her angulish with my ceaseless sound— Tick tick, tick tick, tick tick.

Over the Starry Way.

Gone, in her childish purity, Out from the golden day; Fading away in the light so sweet, Where the silver stars and the rubicund beams meet, Paving a way for her waxen feet: Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly, The pearl-white hands are press'd, The lark's lie on the cheeks so thin, Where the softest blush of the rose hath been, Shutting the blue of her eyes within The pure lids closed in rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly, Twined her sunny hair, She was so frail that Love sent down From his heavenly gems that soft, bright crown, To shade her brow with its waves so brown, Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile Froze on her lips, By the farrow of her lowly breath, Cold is the clasp she angel Deaf, Like the best friend of a falling wreath Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Rose, bud under your shady leaf, Hid from the sunny day, Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright, Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight? It's beaming now in the world of light Over the starry way.

Hearts where the darling's head hath lain, Held by love's shining ray, Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land? O, she waits for us with the angel band Over the starry way.

Our Wedding Tower.

Tis mor'n forty years sence milluv'n' sperrit lit, An' settid down on Sally Ann to kook my feed, an' yit Thar rises in my mem'ry, that girl ov every hour— Twuz wen I tuck mi Sally Ann ont'er a weddin' tour! She wear a "Muther Hubbird," pukkera undir-neath her chin, An' me, I tuck a karpit ank tu put in britches in! Mi travillin' kloze wur yaller wun, with pant laigs orrl wide, An' I wear a smutho-bore swaller kote an' kep bi Sally's side!

An' Sal, she hed an umbrel, an' basket on her arm, An' we started fer the stashin' krost her dad-dey's farm, We arriv thar jist at seven—the tra-... doo at ato— An' we maid a luvly pickshir the wal' vo hed tu wae, When the agent razed the winder w' tuk hiz noggin out, I riz an' bot a dubbil chek, and axer... am awl about The things I diddent no jit (wich wa nt no orrl site), An' awl about the distints, an' whar tu sleep at nite!

With hans in mi hip pokkets, I pasto the depot store, An' kep mi i on Sally hu scetid bi the dore, Hed razed hir umbirelly, an' wuz sayen unter me, "I heer the trane a-cumin, an' I'mo narvis r... kin he" I grabbed mi extry trousers, an' got holt ov Sally, tu, An' jumt ontu the platform az a buss cum into vue! I turned mi gaze on Sally, an' Sal sho lookt at me, An' standin' thar we lookt az grean az gras cud hoap tu be!

An' sotlin' down to wate agin, I sod tu Saly Ann, I'll lissen fer the trane this time, fer I'me an ex-try han'! Jist then I heered the tooten ov a whissil' round about, An' I seced mi pantleonsagin, an' trottid Saly out! An' muterin, "I tolo ja so!" I glasto along the rode, An' heered the whistle tooto agin—it wuz a ruzeter krowd! Jist then the trane cum into site, und when it stopt we clum Rito on the very hindest kar and made ourselfs tu nam!

An' wen the driser rung the bel, wy Saly Ann... Thar's other int. her breakfast time, an' gittin' the morning woodlabe, I cum, The girls must have oins-... to need, an' get back to the villas, as he ran, "We shall have a strike to road and run through the woods t!

Ho never sed a wirl tu me, but past rite on an' Sal, Sho 'lowed as how ef she wud tri he... lissen tu hir; wal I sot my fut rite down or, tho! I diddent like the buss, An' I diddent want Sal in it, fer I tho! about the buss!

An' wen our tower wuz ovir, an' we startid bak agin, Wy, I wear mi extry trousers, an, I put mi others in The karpit ank: an' Saly, she wear a dokollet, Wich left the uppr ind ov hir awl stikkin' out; an' yot Thar wuz no happier cappel aborde the kara'n us, Fer wo hed the rokkilokshin ov the ruzeter an' the buss Tu lisen up our sperrits, an' chter our darkist hour, An' wo've never yet regrettid that wo tuck a weddin tower!

The Old Plaid Shawl.

Not far from ould Kinvara, in the merry month of May When the birds were singin' cheerly thro' came across my way, As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall, A little Irish Cailin in an ould plaid shawl.

I courtously saluted her—"God save you, miss," says I; God save you, kindly, sir," she said and shyly passed me by; Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall, Imprisoned in a corner of her ould plaid shawl.

I've heard of highway robbers that with pistol and with knives Made trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives, But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all To a simple little Cailin in an ould plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame, And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name; My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small, You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through 'Laro, I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveller everywhere, For peace of mind I'd never have until my own I call That little Irish Cailin in her ould plaid shawl. FRANK A. FAHY.

The Walk Through the Wheat.

Together we walked in the evening, Above us the sky spread golden clear, And he bent his head and looked in my eyes, As if he held me of all most dear, Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat; Narrow that path, and rough the way, But he was near, and the birds sang true, And the stars came out in the twilight gray, Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past, Softly he led me days to be; Close to his arm, and closer I pressed, The cord-delta path was Eden to me, Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still, The rooks flitted home through the purple shade, The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high, As I walked with him in the woodland glade, Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gloams of daylight died; My hand in his unfolded lay; We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed, For narrower, narrower wound the way, Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depth of my eyes, and said: "Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet; But together we'll walk through the fields of life Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

Treatment for Baldness.

Baldness and phthisis pulmonalis are the despair of therapeutists, and any one who suggests a new remedy for either is at once elevated from obscurity to world wide notice. Our contemporary, the New York Medical Journal, gives a detailed account of the treatment of alopecia, pityroides and alopecia areata, devised by the talented secretary of the international congress, Dr. Lassar. The treatment is as follows and is to be repeated daily for six weeks or more: 1. The scalp should be lathered well with a strong tar soap for ten minutes. 2. This lather is to be removed with lukewarm water, followed by colder water in abundance. 3. Then the scalp is to be dried.

solution of bichloride of mercury, 1 to 1000, the menstruum being equal parts of water, glycerine and cologne or alcohol is to be rubbed on. 4. The scalp is then rubbed dry with a solution containing bota-naphthol, 1 part, and absolute alcohol, 200 parts. 5. The final step in the process is an anointing of the scalp with ointment containing two parts of salicyre acid, three parts of tincture of benzoin and 100 parts of neat's foot oil.

Matrimony is the only thing that offers man a safe refuge from himself, if he will only allow his wife to properly develop her capabilities.

"Excuse me, George, but when I saw you a year ago, your face was covered with pimples; it seems to be all right now." "Yes, sir; that's because I stuck to Ayer's Sarsaparilla the greatest blood medicine in the world. I was never so well in my life as I am now."

Job gave the devil his first knockdown. For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing, thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of incalculable value, as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation and huskiness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

The man who does right only because he is compelled to is not a Christian. Ease by day and repose by night are enjoyed by those who are wise enough to apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to their aching muscles and joints. A quantity easily held in the palm of the hand is often enough to relieve the most exquisite pain.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

"That's the fellow I'm laying for," remarked the hen as her owner came out with a pan of cornmeal. The sort of blood from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is bilious or weak. Uninterrupted, thorough digestion may be insured, and secretory activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by the aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced into Canada.

Tormented Husband (exasperated)—"Women are all alike! My wife cries whenever she wants anything, and my daughter wants something whenever she cries."

Postic Sentiment. To apply the poetic words "a medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone" to B. B. B. savors of exaggeration, but considering its countless cures and wonderful work even exaggeration seems justifiable if it convinces those who hesitate to try B. B. B. and be cured.

Grumblers and growlers have no lifting power. Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum will clean and preserve the teeth, sweeten the breath, and is delicious to chew. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners; 5 cents.

We are not ignorant because we do not learn, but because we forget so much. A feeling of lassitude Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Unpleasant taste in the mouth Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Sleepy, tired feeling Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large Bottles 50 cents.

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Theatre-going Christians are never much account in prayer meeting.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

We often pay the most for what we need the least. Editor Pemberton

Of the Delhi Reporter—a well-known journalist says: "I consider Burdock Blood Bitters the best medicine made, and would not be without it on any account. It should be kept in every household in the land."

The man who has a high opinion of himself don't know himself.

No matter what may be the ills you bear from indigestion, a dose of Ayer's Cathartic Pills will ease you without question. Just try them once and be assured; they have much worse dyspeptics cured. You'll find them nice and amply worth the price.

If you want to find out how a man lives find out how he believes.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable.

- First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm \$500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$10
Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
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Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols, \$20
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- 5 vols, \$15
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A few names of winners in previous competitions, E. Worth, 56 Markham St., Toronto, Piano; R. Hext, Bramford, Piano; Noel Marchal, manager Smith Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot; Geo. Black 41 East Ave. S., Hamilton, Piano; Caroline Padsey, 119 Berkeley St., Toronto, \$50 cash, besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing.

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Notice to Prize-Winners. Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight: Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets 50c; Rugs, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Elliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

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The man who is always looking for mud never see the sky. Quick Transit from a state of feebleness, bodily languor, and nervous irritability—induced by dyspepsia—to a condition of vigor and physical comfort, follows the use of the standard regulating tonic and stomachic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which speedily conquers Indigestion, Constipation, Bilious Complaints, and Female Complaints, purifies the blood, and reinforces the vital energy. We never really know a thing until we can tell it to others.

What's the Reason? The causes of summer complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat, eating green fruit, over exertion, impure water and sudden chill. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an infallible and prompt cure for all bowel complaints from whatever cause. Common sense and genuine religion always harmonize.

James Callen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes:—"I have been watching the progress of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and soreness of nose while not a few of my 'pneumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only too happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child. Love is free, but it takes money to go to housekeeping.

Deafness Cured. A very interesting illustrated Book on Deafness, Notes in head. How they may be cured at your Post free 3d. Address, DR. NICHOLSON, John Street, Montreal. God's doorstep is better than palace.

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Ontario, writes: "My custom Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable and Dyspeptic Cure, and they have done them more good than ever used." It has influenced in the diseases of the Kidneys, and Sins, like About 13,000 or more instances more serious in previous are caused by the blows he received. The publication of patent medicine

## Our Young Folks.

### An Invitation.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes  
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

If you were a little Esquimaux,  
Born in a land of ice and snow,  
You'd like the greatest kind of fish,  
And think bear's meat a dainty dish,  
Or if you lived in a Chinese house  
Perhaps you'd choose a good fat mouse,  
And some folks like the livers of geese,  
Some, I've heard, eat snails on toast.  
While others feast on a grasshopper roast.  
In Burnah, people take much pride  
In serving locusts stuffed and fried.

But "open your mouth and shut your eyes"  
For none of these dainties shall make you wise,  
Here's something that grows where the robins  
tune.

Opening under the skies of June—  
Something that's red and spicy and sweet  
With a dash of sour to make it complete.  
It sits on a mat so soft and green  
Its fit for the fingers of king or queen.  
My mouth is watering just for a taste  
As I dip it in sugar—so now make haste  
To "open your mouth and shut your eyes"  
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

### WELLINGTON.

#### The Story of the Heroism of a Tamil Boy.

One October morning Judith Haskell stood by the gate at the top of the lane which led from her father's house to the highway, waiting. Judith was a straight and supple girl, tall for her fourteen years. Her black hair hung in two long, thick braids over her scarlet jacket, reaching to her waist. She had thin features and a dark complexion, but her bright black eyes and red lips made her face rather attractive. There was something about Judith's movements and outlines that suggested the Indian; and indeed her father was proud of the fact that one of his far-away ancestors had been the son of an Indian chief.

Judith was waiting for Wellington Bailey, a neighbor boy, who always walked with her through the Lane woods on the way to the village academy. Wellington was about a year younger than herself. He had been a city boy, but boarded at the house of a farmer cousin who lived not far from Judith's home. He had been a pale, delicate boy when he came to the farm, two years before; but country life had made him well and active, though he was hardly as strong as the other country boys, and Judith, only a year older, was fully half a head taller.

Judith and Wellington were the only academy pupils who lived beyond the Lane woods. The Haskell and Bailey farms were off a sunny upland about a mile and a half from the village. Neither of the young folks minded the walk in pleasant weather, nor was Judith at all afraid to go through the woods alone; but for the sake of companionship she waited for Wellington, and the children were generally excellent friends.

Presently Judith saw Wellington coming, hurrying across the timber lot.

Wellington was quite out of breath when he came within speaking distance.

"What made you so late, Wellington?" Judith asked. "I began to think you wasn't coming and I was going on alone."

"I've been chasing the cows along with Cousin David," Wellington answered. "They all broke loose this morning, and it took about an hour to get them together. We had to run over the whole lot in the hollow."

"And got your feet wet and had to change shoes and stockings, I suppose," said Judith sarcastically.

"I answered Wellington, stonily, colored a little. "I wasn't going to get my feet wet. I don't like it."

"The boys wouldn't mind it much," said Wellington.

"Half a mile to walk back and down into the Lane woods," Judith said.

"And how dirty they'll be by the time you get home," Judith said.

"I don't care," said Wellington. "I'll get home as clean as a dandy."

"You'll get home as clean as a dandy," said Judith. "I'll get home as clean as a dandy."

"I'll get home as clean as a dandy," said Wellington. "I'll get home as clean as a dandy."

"It's pretty steep down there," said Wellington, doubtfully, looking over the bluff.

"Oh! If you're afraid"—Judith began.

"I shouldn't be afraid if there was any need of my going down," said Wellington.

"But"—

Before he could finish the sentence Judith had sprung down over the edge of the cliff, and, catching hold of the bushes to steady her weight, was deftly climbing towards the flower. She picked it and climbed nimbly back to the highway, fastening the flower in her belt with a smile.

"I wonder how your folks happened to name you Wellington?" she said, a little later, as they were going through the wood.

"I don't know. Probably they liked the name. Why, what is there strange about it?" asked Wellington.

"Oh, Wellington was a great general, you know—a very brave man," said Judith, provokingly. "Somehow the name doesn't seem to suit you very well."

Wellington flushed with resentment. "I know what you mean, Judith Haskell," said he, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Just because I don't wish to splash through the mud and get as dirty as a pig and won't break my neck for nothing but flowers you've no business to say I'm a coward."

"I didn't say so," retorted Judith.

"Well, you came pretty near it. You might as well have said it. You're always hinting such things because I won't do foolish tricks that there's no use in. But I don't care."

"I should think you'd want to be more plucky," said Judith. "Boys ought to be brave. My brothers weren't afraid of anything when they were as old as you are, and they'd be ashamed to care for a little dirt or hurt."

"Maybe you think I want to be as rough as they are, but I don't," retorted Wellington. "I'm glad I wasn't brought up that way. My father is a gentleman, and I'd rather be a white man than an Indian."

This was the beginning of the first serious quarrel that had ever occurred between the two. Judith was provoking and both were angry.

A school-girl friend was to go home with Judith to spend the night, and when school was out Wellington started quickly along the road without waiting for the girls, as he would usually have done. Judith purposely kept back, and Wellington was out of sight in the woods before the two girls started on a leisurely walk from the school-house.

The sun was still warm as Wellington ran towards the woods, the Summer heat having lingered well into October, and he took off his hat to cool his head as he plunged into the shadows.

Half way through the wood Wellington sat down upon a beech log to rest. A fresh breeze struck his face as he climbed up out of the trees' shadow. It was singular that the woods, usually cool and refreshing, should be so warm and oppressive on this October day. He turned as he reached the hill summit, above the tree line, and looked around over the hill tops and across the valley. And then he saw something which startled him.

It was a line of fire. Beginning at the edge of a cleared spot in the midst of the Lane woods it was spreading across the strip and swooping steadily and surely straight towards the road that led down the hill and across the hollow—the highway where Judith and Ellen were no doubt leisurely walking.

"They won't see the fire—the woods are so thick on that side—they won't know where the heat comes from till it is right upon them," thought Wellington.

He slipped his book-strap from his shoulder, pulled off his jacket and laid it carefully with his books beside the highway. And then, without a moment's hesitation, he dashed down the hill straight into the burning wood.

The fire was making greater headway among the dry pines on the hillside than on the lower ground. Already he could hear them crackling behind him. Escape to the upland by the road would soon be cut off. But he had no thought of turning back.

The boy who disliked to wet his feet, the boy whose schoolmates had called a dandy, kept on straight towards the heart of the burning woodland.

The girls must have been far that way when he got back to the village. He had no time to rest. "We shall have to strike the road and run through the woods

ahead of the fire round the foot of the bluff to the ravine."

The air was like a furnace when the children met, midway of the woodland strip. Judith and Ellen were hurrying along, frightened and panting, the perspiration streaming down their flushed faces.

"Oh, Wellington!" cried Judith. "Are the woods on fire? Which way is it coming?"

"From the east," said Wellington. I could see it from the hill. We can't get away from it by the road, either way. It must be almost here. We must run for the gully."

While he spoke a streak of flame shot into view between the trees. Catching a hand of each girl, Wellington darted with them into the wood, and for a few minutes they left the sight and sound of the fire behind them.

Judith was tall and nimble. Ellen was little and lithe. But only by the help of the fleet-footed boy who led them could they have kept up that swift flight through the woods. Thorns tore their clothes, brush scratched their faces, they stumbled over logs and rocks, but never stopped, for soon the roaring fire was heard behind them, the scorching air from the burning trees swept their faces. Now a swift flame flashed past and caught at a limb overhead. Burning leaves flattered to the ground. A shower of sparks drove through the air. Wellington caught a burning fold of Ellen's dress and crushed out the fire with his hands. On and on they hurried. The air grew hotter and hotter, the flames drew nearer.

Then a little patch of open ground gave them a moment's relief. They stopped to catch their breath, and then struggled on. They must hurry through the trees beyond and round the bluff before the fire could dart around the glade. Blinded by smoke, half fainting with the heat, they pass through the last thicket, gained the bluff where that arm of the wood ended, and, trembling with exhaustion, entered its sheltering shadow. They could hear the fire still roaring through the wood as they crouched by the rock and bathed their blistered hands and faces in the brook that crept through the gully. The steep wall of earth and rock was a barrier of safety, and the fire could come no further.

When the cold water had a little allayed the pain of their smarting eyes and scorched hands and faces the children began to make their way slowly between the brook and the foot of the bluff on a line with the highway at the top. They could not go back through the fiery path of the wood, though after a little while a lull in the roar of the fire told that the flames had spent their fury at the ravine, having nothing more to feed upon. Yet for hours there must be dense smoke and heat along the hillside and hollow, where the woods had burned, and the ground would be a pathway of hot coals. So they crept along as best they could by the precipice which rose almost perpendicularly more than two hundred feet above them. Limping, tired and blistered, Ellen could not keep back the tears of suffering and weariness, and Judith's usual self-possession was all gone.

"We never could have got out of the woods, Wellington, if you hadn't come back and helped us," she said tremulously.

"But how are we going to get home?" Wellington's hands were smarting, and his face was pale with pain, but he answered bravely.

"I shall have to climb the bluff, and call the folks to help you and Ellen up."

"But you can't. Wellington, can you?" returned Judith in a tone that was—for her strangely gentle and timid. "It is so high and steep."

"I think so," said Wellington. "Any way I can try. We can't stay down here. Besides, the folks don't know where we are, and they'll be dreadfully frightened when they know about the fire."

They had reached the part of the bluff where, in the morning Judith had stepped over the sloping edge at the top and picked the red flower. She now looked fearfully up the steep side.

"It is as good a place as any," said Wellington. "There are some bushes here that I can catch hold of, in places, and it is no steeper than the rest."

He carefully began to climb. Bits of jutting rock now and then gave him a little foothold, sometimes a branch of a shrub or a root proved strong enough for him to trust for a hold. Foot by foot, yard by

yard, he drew himself slowly up the steep side. He was thirty feet above the ground when a branch to which he was clinging pulled loose and he began sliding backward. Only for a few feet, however, his foot found a lodging place on a bit of rock, he grasped another shrub and patiently resumed the ascent.

About half way up the bluff a ledge projected for a foot or more, and when his feet rested securely on this Wellington stopped for a few minutes to rest and gain his breath. The hardest, most dangerous part of the climbing was to come. He must cling tightly to the face of the bluff, crawl slowly, try every object most carefully before trusting his hold to it, and avoid looking down. The temptation to measure the distance which he had climbed with that still to be covered was almost irresistible, but he knew that to keep his head steady and free from dizziness he must not glance downward for an instant. How anxiously the girls watched the climbing boy, forgetting the pain of their burns in their terrified suspense. Sometimes they covered their faces with their hands to shut out the sight as he hung by the slightest support high up on the terrible cliff; then they were watching him again with strained eyes and parted lips as he still crept safely along up and up, over the perilous steep. Now a few feet only remained between him and the top of the cliff. At last his hand grasped the railing, he drew himself carefully over the edge, waved his hand back to the girls below and disappeared.

Twilight was settling down upon the ravine when the girls finally heard voices calling to them over the precipice. All the neighbors of the upland, it seemed to them, were looking down the cliff side. They were tying and testing coils of ropes and then a structure of long ropes came dangling downward to the ravine. Swiftly spliced together, all the rope in the neighborhood had been long, adjusted into a sort of harness, with strong cords attached, to draw the girls up the cliff. Judith helped adjust the lines about Ellen's arms and waist, and watched her, partly climbing, partly drawn up the steep. Then the harness came swinging back. In the fast gathering darkness Judith fastened the ropes upon herself and made the trip, and the girls were quickly carried home by the anxious and sympathizing friends.

It was several days before Judith took the path to school again down the blackened hillside and through the woods whose Autumn beauty the fire had blighted. It was weeks, even, before Wellington was seen again in his seat at school. One of his blistered hands, lacerated by climbing the cliff, was carried in a sling.

The boy still went around muddy places, brushed his hair and blackened his shoes carefully, was as careful as ever to wet feet or soiled clothes; but none of his schoolmates ever again thought or spoke of Wellington Bailey as a dandy or a coward.

#### A True-Bred Man of Sussex.

A sketch of the Sussex character could not pretend to completeness in the smallest sense if the question of humor were entirely left out. The South Saxons is, as might be expected, heavy in this as in all else. There is nothing keen or delicate about his perception of the ludicrous; nor is there, on the other hand, much that is ill-natured. Take the following illustration. It is a true story, told me by a clergyman as having happened in his own parish no great while since. (Obliged to be absent from the duties of his church on a certain Sabbath, he had secured the services of a very wise, grave, and reverend ecclesiastic for that day. The latter was a man of great reputation. The only doubt his friend had was whether the visitor was not too learned for the country folk that he would have to preach to. Returning in the following week, the clergyman hastened to his parish clerk to inquire how the services of the preceding Sunday had passed off—in particular, how he had liked the sermon.

"Oh, sir," said the old clerk, in an ecclesiastical tone, "it was the finest sermon that I ever heard. I wouldn't presume to say that I understood a single word of it."

Pompous old divine! Good old clerk, listening open-mouthed and with wondering eyes! Thou, old clerk, art true-bred Sussex.

Promotes digestion and creates appetite  
Adams' Fruit Gum. Sold everywhere.  
5 cents.



FOREIGN NEWS.

Bismarck's weight is 185, he having once weighed 240.

The French have tried smokeless powder with the biggest guns, successfully.

The coming European rifle is said to be by Col. Milanovitch of the Servian army.

The late King of Portugal, who died intestate, left less than \$100,000 personalty.

A sensation has been produced in Heidelberg by the rumor that the Government may close the University.

France's census of carrier pigeons shows that in time of war the Government would have at its disposal upward of a quarter of a million of them.

The full edition of Marshal MacMahon's memoirs, six copies, has been distributed among his nearest relatives, with the injunction of secrecy.

The best shot of her sex must be the Countess Maria von Kenasky of Bohemia, who on one day last winter on her estate of Chlance shot 138 hares.

A new dramatic soprano has appeared in Paris in "The Jewess." She is Mlle. Fierens and has a powerful voice, well cultivated. She comes from Brussels.

Mlle. Janine Dumas has just been received into the Catholic Church. Alexandre Dumas has usually allowed his children to choose their religion on their coming of age.

The Alliance Francaise, the object of which is to promote the study and speaking of the French language outside France, has received 10,000 francs from M. Cernuschi.

M. Tera Leiw, a Parisian sportsman, has bet 100,000 francs that he will ride from Paris to Berlin, about 700 miles, in ten days. He started on June 13 from the Odeon Theatre.

The man upon whom the woman fell when jumping from the tower of Notre Dame a couple of weeks ago, died of his internal injuries after having been discharged from the Paris Hospital as all right.

The highest military authorities have determined to build in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg a large factory for the manufacture of smokeless powder. The building is to be finished this summer.

A vessel sailed into the port of Odessa the other day manned by monks. Captain, mate, second mate, boatswain, cook, and sailors, all wore the dress of the monastery of Mont Athos. The name of the ship is the "Prophete-Elie."

The sale of indecent publications at the Belgium railway stations has reached such a point that the Minister of Posts, Telegraphs, and Railways, M. Vandenspeereboom, has had recourse to such a heroic remedy as the total suppression of the book stalls.

A worthy companion to Gerard, "The Lion Killer," died recently at Dijon, in the person of Emoumond. He shares Gerard's honors by adding Algeria of its plague of panthers, as the latter did of its lions. He was always a dried up little man, and died at 74.

The regular running of trains between Baku and Tiflis on the trans-Caucasian line was stopped for over an hour on May 13 because immense masses of locusts covered the tracks. A large gang of laborers were required to clear the way. Now there is a sweeping machine attached to each train.

The University of Berlin, with its 6,000 students and scores of famous professors, has a capital of but \$750,000. Its largest endowment, that of the Countess Bose, is only \$150,000. Nevertheless, it is the seat of the highest German learning, and claims to have the ablest corps of instructors of all the world's schools.

The Russian Imperial Medical Council is now at work on a plan for the regulation of the practice of dentistry. It is proposed not to allow any person to practice as a dentist unless he possesses a thorough medical education and is a graduate of the sixth class of a gymnasium. The sixth is the highest class but one in Russian high schools.

About twenty years ago a plan was mooted to send a large expedition to explore the northern part of Siberia, but it was abandoned for the lack of means. Now the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg have revived this plan, and they expect to obtain an adequate subsidy from the Government.

The recent movements in Siberia, as well as the efforts which have been made of late by foreigners to explore that region, seem to have created a necessity for the Russian Government to get a better knowledge of the land and the people of that part of its dominions.

Professor M. P. Becke of the University of Ka. an died on May 18. He was a native of Finland, and was appointed to his post in 1866. He devoted himself to the study of the Finnish tribes settled in Kazan and the neighboring eastern governments of Russia. He made frequent excursions to their settlements and wrote several interesting essays on the dialects and manners of the Tchu vashes, Tchoremysnes, Votyakes, and other offshoots of the Finnish race. The scholarly world of Russia deeply regrets the untimely end of this scholar. He left a great work on his favorite subject unfinished.

Among the various charity societies of Moscow there is one for the endowment of poor brides. The funds of the society are constantly increased by the gifts or bequests of benevolent persons, but only the interest of the money is used for the designated purpose. This year the distribution was on the first Monday in June. The managers had previously designated the sum to be given and the number of beneficiaries among whom it should be distributed. On the appointed day religious services were held and speeches made in honor of the society, and then the applicants drew lots for the prizes. Twenty-five poor brides drew lucky chances and their dowries will be handed to them as soon as they present their marriage certificates.

Important naval events have taken place within a fortnight at St. Petersburg. The launching of the imperial yacht Polar Star and the new gunboat Grosjachee, at which the Emperor, the Court, and all the members of the diplomatic service were present, was followed by the laying of the keel of the Rurik, a large cruiser, and a new iron clad, the Navarino. The Grosjachee has been built in less than five months entirely of Russian material. Its dimensions are: Length, 223 feet, breadth, 41 feet 7 inches, depth, 11 feet; tonnage, 1,492 tons; horse power, 200. Her sides are defended by thick iron plating of Russian manufacture.

The French Government is making great progress in its tests of smokeless powder, which has been successfully employed in the Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns and in other guns of larger calibre. At a recent test by the Schneider Company at Creusot the powder was in guns of as high as 24 centimeters, and extraordinarily high velocities were obtained at low pressure. In a 6-inch gun, 36 calibres long, 32 pounds charge, with an 88-pound projectile, a velocity of 2,542 foot seconds was obtained, with 16.7 tons pressure. In a 9 6-inch gun, 36 calibres long, with 110 pounds charge, the projectile weighing 301 pounds, was given a velocity of 2,562 foot seconds, with 17 tons pressure. These results are about 400 foot seconds greater than would be given by brown powder, and the advantages of no smoke and diminished noise are also valuable features of the result.

Now that the aristocracy and high official personages of St. Petersburg and Moscow are making excursions to rustic places, the passenger and excursion trains have to be guarded with increased watchfulness against train wreckers. On May 23, about 10 o'clock p. m., two trains following closely one upon the other had a narrow escape on the Nizhe gorosky Railroad, not far from Moscow. A rail, apparently taken from the shops of the Okulovka station, was found fastened across the track. It was discovered in time by the watchman, who, running to meet the approaching train, stopped it about 200 yards from the obstruction. The train which followed and which was to switch off in another direction at the next station was also stopped in time. It took more than an hour to remove the obstruction from the track. The number of watchmen has been increased on all the tracks near the two cities.

In the district of Bronitzk, in the Government of Moscow, farming becomes more profitable from year to year. The prosperity of the farmers consists in live stock raised and maintained on the products of the rich meadows lining the Moscow River flat since the emancipation of the serfs. The land owners have found it more profitable to sell the hay of these meadows to commission merchants, who ship it for sale to the large cities. The peasants cannot compete with

the merchants in paying the price put upon the hay, and they have been compelled to sell their live stock. Together with the ruin of this branch of rural industry the other lines of farming have deteriorated until at last large factories made their appearance, and then the peasants who had occupied themselves with hand spinning and weaving could find no work and no market for their goods. Then the district became impoverished, and the peasants are emigrating in large numbers.

In a recent letter describing a trip down the African west coast, the writer says that at a town on the Gold Coast he saw a one-armed negro and another with only one leg, both of whom, he was told, drew a very comfortable pension from the Dutch Government. If his stay had been prolonged he would probably have seen quite a number of these pensioners. It is almost forgotten now that as late as nineteen years ago Holland had large interests on the Gold Coast, which in 1871 she turned over to England. She had taken hundreds of her African subjects to the East Indies to serve in her army there. They made very good soldiers, and some of them enlisted again and again after their terms of service had expired, and only seven or eight years ago they were still going home in little squads, travelling at the cost of Holland; and all who had been disabled or had served a certain number of years felt very comfortable because they knew their names were on the Dutch pension rolls. So it happens that quite a sum of money from Holland still finds its way down to the Gold Coast every year to be distributed among the black veterans of the Dutch East Indies army.

A royal progress in Japan is still observed with old fashioned rigor. When the Empress recently visited the city of Osaka the following regulations were published "for the guidance of the people." "When her Majesty shall pass along no one must look at her from the frame built on houses for the drying of clothes, or through cracks in doors, or from any position in the upper portion of their houses. If any one wishes to see her Majesty he or she must sit down at the side of the road by which her Majesty will pass. No one must look at her Majesty without taking off his hat, neckcloth, or turban, or whatever else he may be wearing on or about his head. Moreover, no one must be smoking while he or she is looking at her Majesty, nor must any one carry a stick or cane. Only women wearing foreign clothes will be permitted to retain their head covering. Although it may rain, no person will be allowed to put up an umbrella while her Majesty may be passing. As her Majesty passes no one must raise his voice, nor must any sound be heard, nor must the crowd close in and follow her carriage, for no noise must be made. When her Majesty reaches Umeda Station there will be a discharge of fifty fireworks."

A curious phase of prison life is exhibited by a Medical Correspondence of a Moscow paper. It often happens that a respectable man is confined in prison for a few days for some slight offence. At times even an error of a small community must submit to such a penalty for what the Russian law calls a neglect of duty. Such a person is retained in a large room together with a lot of obdurate criminals, who are either awaiting trial or sentenced to be put at hard labor in a fortress. When the respectable prisoner comes among them, they begin to press him for "a treat of good fellowship." He must send for a bottle of brandy. If he is not as liberal as they want him to be, they harass and torment him. Should he make a threat to complain before the authorities of their conduct they immediately decide upon performing on him the "operation of cupping," as they call it. The poor fellow is then stripped naked, stretched on a bench, and held fast. His mouth is stuffed with a rag so that his cries cannot be heard outside. A spot on his breast is made wet, and one of his tormentors rubs it with his unshaven chin until the skin becomes red. Hereupon another so slaps that spot with his flat hand with all his might. A large blister immediately forms on the wounded place. This is what they call setting a cup. Six or eight such "cups" are sometimes set on the breast, the sides, and the back of the sufferer, so that he is unable to lie down for several days. In some instances more serious injuries are caused by the blows he receives. The publication of patent medicine

vertisements is combined with great difficulties in Russia, and tooth powder, cosmetics, medicated soap, and similar preparations are comprised within the category of patent medicines. The article must first be submitted to the examination of the medical authorities. If they approve of it, they place the manufacturer under bonds that he shall make his preparations for the market precisely according to the sample they have examined. Hereupon they give him a certificate which must be deposited with the Medical Censor. The latter again gives him a certificate which must be presented to the General Censorship Bureau. If the General Censor has no objection to the wording of the advertisement, it may go into the papers. If one and the same advertisement is to be published in twenty different papers it must go through this process from the Medical Commission down to the Censorship Bureau for twenty different times. The name of the paper in which it is to be published must be specially mentioned and the wording and size of the advertisement designated in the original application and approved by the various authorities. Now, in order to do away with this laborious process, or at least with the repetition of it in the case of each publication, the Medical Council of the Minister of the Interior proposes to have each authenticated advertisement of this kind published in the *Pravitelstvennig Vestnik* (the general official organ) of St. Petersburg, and to allow all other papers to copy it *verbatim et literatim* from that paper without extra revision. Of course the publication in the first, as in all the subsequent instances, must be made "at the expense of the advertiser."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, lack of Energy, Physical Decay. Cured by  
**HAZELTON'S VITALIZER.**  
Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Night Emissions, Drains Urine, Seminal Losses, Sleeplessness, Aversion to Society, Effort for Study, Excessive Indulgence, etc., etc. 25¢ Every bottle guaranteed, 75,000 sold yearly. Address, enclosing stamp for treatment.  
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All Sheet Music supplied to members at cost, address one half usual prices. For particulars, address  
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SUMMER SMILES.

A heart that has been often tendered is tough. Charity begins at home, but reform is different.

The end of Mormonism—to get as many wives as possible.

When words fail to express, try some reliable freight line.

It is all right for some people to be right, but the way some of them are right is horrid.

It is not the man who grinds his teeth over trifles who has got the most grit in him.

Love is as old as the first moment of eternity and as new as the last moment of time.

The chess player who pledges his watch for funds to bet on a game with knows what a night's pawn is.

"Was his address of any value?" "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Spriggins. "My husband said it was very valuable."

Teacher—"Don't be discouraged, children, if you were not perfect to-day. The egg of Columbus was not laid in one day."

Student—"Professor, do they find any particular difficulty in computing the distance of the dog star?" Professor—"Yes; Sirius difficulties."

We notice in a little tale at hand the statement, "He kissed her under the tulips." Had shot. Right plumb on the lips rings the belle.

"I think I should like something in the way of a check," said the young man to the tailor. "So should I," said the tailor to the young man.

"But tell me, what was there so hard to bear in the penitentiary?" Discharged Prisoner—"The piano practice of the superintendent's wife."

"Going camping out this year?" "No; I camped out last year." "Why don't you camp out this year?" "I just told you. I camped out last year."

There has been a tide in the affairs of many a young lady which rolled by and left her on the shore, because she said "No" when she meant "Yes."

"Good morning," said the census man, "is it hot enough for you?" "I refuse to answer your fool questions," said old Mr. Crusty, as he slammed the door.

"I do not believe Moxey has any genius for business whatever!" "Why?" "Here he has failed seven times in as many years and he is actually a poor man yet."

Tommy—"Say, paw, what is a philosopher?" Mr. Figg—"A philosopher, Tommy, is a man who sits around and figures out how other men have so much more money than he has."

Simpson—"What are you going about for grinning like a country poorhouse idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?" Do Smith—"No; but I'm promised a position as a hotel clerk at a seaside resort, and I'm getting the bland smile well in hand."

Old Mammy lived in North Carolina, very near the line. When the boundary between that State and Virginia was changed she was told that she lived in Virginia. "Well," she answered, "I am powerful glad I always heard that Virginny was a healthier State than North Carolina."

See here," said an angry house wife, "I thought you left me eight pounds of tea yesterday." The tea man said he had. "You can't fool me," said the woman. "I had it weighed and there was only five pounds. Well," was the crushing rejoinder, "don't the tongs weigh anything?"

A woman went recently into a book seller's shop to purchase a present for her husband. She hovered round and manifested the usual indecision, whereupon the assistant in charge, to help her out of the difficulty, suggested a set of Shakespeare. The would-be purchaser met this proposal, however, with the prompt remark: "Oh, he read that when it first came out."

Her Bootless Conquest. The girl whose style is masculine will sport her brother's collar, His new cravat, his derby hat, And even bet his dollars. But one thing there is on the list Which she will never choose: This creature sweet, white as her feet, Will kick to woman's shoes.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure Epilepsy or Falling Sickness in every case where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address: H. G. ROOT M. C., 188 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

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## Health Department.

### Hunger.

This is a sensation which correctly indicates the real wants of the system, at least, if the stomach is in a normal condition. It was manifestly intended that this should fairly represent—as the thermometer does the temperature—to what extent the body has been wasted, its tissues actually destroyed by exercise, the need of physical and mental food being indicated by this "food-ometer" for the repair of such waste. Hard work, violent efforts, mental labors included, increase the appetite, simply because such unusual labors waste the tissues unusually.

On the other hand if the usual amount of labor is diminished, there is naturally a diminished appetite, mercifully indicating a demand for less food. It is for this reason that those who have been very active in business life, generally live but a short time after leading an indolent life, particularly those who do little save to eat and sleep. They overpower the organs of digestion, practically starve themselves. The digestive organs, in their debilitated state, being unable to appropriate enough to meet the wants of the system.

On the principle of the formation of bad habits, by the use of intoxicants, tobacco, etc., the appetite may become so vitiated, so revolutionized, that what is regarded as hunger will not fairly represent the true wants of the system, and should never be taken as a guide in the matter of eating. Thus, when one habitually uses too much food, more than the system demands, gradually learning to eat more by one-third than usual, a habit is formed, an abnormal appetite created, the result of which is an artificial hunger, or what is called *hunger*, in no sense reliable. A similar result is produced when rich and unnatural food is taken, food which satisfies a false appetite, this sensation of supposed hunger being no more reliable than the tobacco user's desire for the "filthy weed." Unnatural longings are induced by these causes, often mistaken for hunger, the gratification of which necessarily leads to dyspepsia and various digestive disturbances.

### A Cause of Disease.

Constipation is very generally considered quite an unimportant trouble, and at the most merely capable of causing but a few uncomfortable symptoms, such as headache, malaise, etc. This popular idea is an erroneous one, for to constipation can be attributed a wide range of really very serious affections. It acts in this way. In the matters retained in the intestines there are poisons, and some of them very virulent. They are absorbed in the intestines and distributed over the body. Their most marked effect, as far as we know, is upon the nervous system, which they may be said to intoxicate or, in other words, excite to a great degree. One of the effects of these poisons is insomnia, and really very frequently are the sole cause of distressing affection. There is chlorosis or "green sickness," a disorder of girls, usually between 14 and 15 years of age. That, actually, is frequently caused indirectly—constipation and reabsorption of the poisons in question. Again, insanity may be traced among the consequences of constipation. Dr. Moyer gives the history of typical cases of insanity which occurred in the insane asylum, and which were cured by large injections. Similar cases have been reported by others. One of the most interesting suffering from constipation was reported by a physician who had the opportunity to study some of the effects. On one occasion a patient's phantasms appeared to him three days. He took a cathartic, and the phantasms cleared up. He was distinguished by a peculiarly anxious and

very wide-spread. It is not a very elegant habit; to many it is positively repulsive; and there are sources of danger, too, that should not be overlooked. A case in point was related to us a few days ago. Diphtheria broke out in a family in St. Demois. After the child had recovered, the clothing and all the exposed articles fully disinfected, the parents, with the convalescent child, visited some relatives in the country. The indispensable chewing-gum, like Satan, went also—in the mouth of the little child. Prompted by generosity, it allowed its country cousins—two children—to chew also the gum previously chewed by the visiting child. In three or four days, without any other known source of infection than the chewing-gum, the two children were simultaneously stricken down with diphtheria in a most serious form. It would be hard to imagine a more successful mode of propagation—distributing the disease. It would be a great deal safer not to chew the stuff at all, but if it must be done to satisfy the demands of a weak head and a depraved appetite, our advice is, don't "swap" gum to chew any body else's gum, nor allow any body else to chew yours.

### Singing for Lung Diseases.

At the present era, when physical culture is a part of the curriculum of our most intellectual schools, and is so generally regarded as a necessary element toward supplying and maintaining the sound body for the sound mind, it is worth while to consider a recent statement of eminent physicians that the exercise of singing is a great help toward the prevention, cure or alleviation of lung diseases. In the incipient state of such diseases it is even said to be a powerful aid to a cure. It is, indeed, somewhat curious that the medical fraternity have not exploited the theory of lung exercises by singing more fully heretofore than they are doing, for the action of calisthenics in strengthening muscular tissues has for years been a universal practice, although, as a matter of fact, the mere physical exercise of singing brings into play an extraordinary number of muscles that can hardly be suspected of action in connection with the throat expansion. It was discussed by statistics in Italy, some years ago, that vocal artists were usually long lived and healthy, and that brass instrument players who bring their lungs and chest into unusual activity, have not had a consumptive victim among them. No matter how thin or weak the voice, children or young people should be encouraged to indulge in song. There can be no happier medicine, and if hearers sometimes snore they should be encouraged and strengthened to bear the infliction in view of the good it may occasion.

### Bravely Done.

Quite recently, on a Belgian railway, a period of extreme cold so affected a switch bar that, when the switchman attempted to move it, it broke in two. The accident prevented the switching apparatus from working.

Two passenger trains were approaching, and the switchman saw instantly that if the switch was not turned, a dreadful collision would be the result.

There was but one thing for him to do, he must push the movable rail into place with his hands. This involved getting between the two tracks upon which the trains must pass. He decided what to do without hesitating a second.

Throwing himself flat on the ground between the two tracks, the switchman moved the rail to its place with his hands, and then drew them back, just in time to escape the wheels of the locomotive.

He had a narrow escape, too, from being thrown upon the other track by the rush of air caused by the rapidly moving train.

He escaped, however, and the passengers whose lives his bravery and presence of mind had saved, did not even know that they had been in danger.

### Precious Gems.

The French customs house authorities lately set a trap for a female smuggler and when she was searched she had her pockets full of diamonds, and between every two diamonds was placed a \$200 or more. She was bleeding with the cuts, but she was enduring it for the sake of

## FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

Scenes Revisited by Those Who Had Passed over the Flood.

We take across to the yonder shore our fundamental psychic tendency and this is what determines and decides our state after death and our conduct in the future life. The wishes and desires of the dying are also the wishes and desires of the dead, and what we have left unfinished in this life, when death took us by surprise, we shall have a desire to complete, especially if a violent anxiety to do so animates us. Such a wish may occasionally apply to very trifling matter, in fact, so trifling that they might appear unworthy for a spirit to entertain, but altogether unnatural would it be if death were to totally blot out thoughts which were deeply rooted in our soul. Kerner relates that the seeress of Provost appeared to her sister seven times after her death on account of a certain bit of business. Augustinus relates that a deceased person appeared to his son in a dream and showed to him the lost receipt of a paid debt. According to Ernesti, a dead father also appeared to his son, pointing to a chest full of money, and also a heap of bills requiring settlement. In the Waverley Novels an account occurs concerning a landlord in Scotland who was deeply affected about a sum of money which had still to be paid, although he had been persuaded that his father had already settled the account. The father, therefore, appeared to him in his dream, told him the name of the man who held the papers referred to in his possession and who had personally received payment of the amount, and that he be put in mind of the whole affair by pointing out to him that at the time of the transaction a certain Portuguese coin had to be changed. The son indeed gained in this way a lawsuit already considered as lost.

### A SIMILAR STORY IS ALSO RELATED

by Kerner from his own home, in which, however, a deceased father does not appear to his anxious widow, but to a daughter of his, who very likely was more receptive for vision of the kind. More complicated is the following case: When the poet Collin died, in Vienna, his friend Hartmann got into great difficulties on account of the loss of 120 florins which he had paid for the deceased on his promise of repayment. One night, therefore, Hartmann saw the deceased in a dream, requesting him to put two florins down on the number 11 for the next drawing of the lottery, neither more nor less. Hartmann did as he was told and won by it 150 florins. This dream may also be interpreted as a case of dramatized clairvoyance, in which, however, the exact fixing of the sum to be risked in order to obtain money enough to liquidate the debt would appear as a very singular coincidence.

### OTHER EMOTIONS, SUCH AS HATRED,

revenge, penitence, etc., may lie at the bottom of acts of the will, continued beyond or after death. Much is said about criminals who are persecuted by the phantoms of their victims. This may in most cases be explained as a psychic exaltation carried to the verge of hallucination, but woe to the murderer possessing mediumistic faculties. Shakespeare has drawn for us the portrait of such a one in Macbeth.

A well-accredited example of transcendental revenge is narrated by Goethe, with a slight alteration of name and place. This narrative comes from the memoirs of the actress, Hippolyte Claron. Baron von Meyer, who also relates it, adds from an authentic source that the affair may be found in the acts of the Parisian police. The turning point of the story is a repudiated lover, who, in his dying struggle, exclaimed that he would pursue her just as pertinaciously after his death as he had done during his life. For some time after various spook phenomena took place. Every time at the same hour a penetrating cry was heard right under the window of Claron's room of so plaintive a sound that the actress fainted the very first time she heard this cry. No one, not even the police, could discover the originator of the cry. If the actress was not at home nothing was heard. Often, however, was the cry heard just at the moment of her arrival. On one occasion, when the President de B... accompanied her, the cry exploded right between him and her, so that B... had to be carried out of the carriage more dead than alive. On one occasion Claron allowed herself to be persuaded by a sceptic to evoke the spirit.

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The cry resounded three times with terrible force and rapidity. Afterwards the spook assumed a different form; instead of the cry a shot was fired in through the window, without, however, breaking a pane of glass. The police took all imaginable precautionary measures to discover.

### THE CAUSE OF THIS DISTURBANCE.

The houses opposite were visited and searched and were also furnished with sentinels, whilst in the street detectives were placed at various posts. Notwithstanding all these precautions the shot was fired without interruption for three consecutive months through the same window and at the same time. Where Claron was leaning once with the intendante against the balcony, at about the time when the shot was usually fired, the explosion of the shot was so great that both of them were hurled into the middle of the room, where they fell down like dead on the floor. Two days after this occurrence Claron drove in company with her chambermaid past the house in which her husband died; they spoke about him, when at once a shot was fired out of the house, which went right through the carriage, so that the coach driver urged on his horses to greater speed thinking their vehicle had been attacked by robbers. Later on a clapping of hands made itself heard at a certain hour, as applause in the theatre is given by the public. It was heard in front of her door, but the detectives saw nothing. After two years and a half the spectral manifestations ceased, having run a course, as if the lover, who died under the influence of a violent passion, had gradually reached the RESTING POINT OF RECONCILIATION.

Louis Philippe de Segur relates another case of revenge. The president of the Parliament of Toulouse passed a night on his return from Paris in a village inn, where he saw in the night the apparition of a bleeding spectre, which revealed to him that he was the father of the innkeeper; that he had been murdered by his son and roughly buried in the garden. The judicial inquiry established the fact and the murderer was duly executed. Later on the spirit appeared again and asked the president how he could give expression to his gratitude. He requested from the spirit to be informed by him of his hour of death, in order to be able to prepare himself, and the spirit promised to give him notice eight days before the fatal event. A little while after a violent knock was heard at the president's door, but no one was seen. As this knock was produced twice more the president, go outside, saw the phantom, which announced to him the now impending day. His friends tried to talk him out of it, and even he himself became skeptical when he reached the eighth day in perfectly good health. In the evening, just as he was going into the library, the report of a shot was heard and the president was found weltering in his blood. A lover of the chambermaid had been lying in ambush for his rival, and mistaking the president for him, shot him in his stead.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Nothing endures but personal qualities.—*Wall Whitman.*

The ground of all great thoughts is sadness.—*Bailey.*

The world either breaks or hardens the heart.—*Chamfort.*

Women are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure.—*Montaigne.*

When passion enters the door, reason exits by the window.—*Le Sage.*

Other men's sins are before our eyes, our own behind our backs.—*Seneca.*

We suffer before we think; it is the common lot of humanity.—*Rousseau.*

Some passions cannot be regulated, but must be entirely cut off.—*Seneca.*

Abstaining is favorable both to the head and the pocket.—*Horace Greeley.*

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.—*Bacon.*

We poor fools of time always hurry as if we were the last type of man.—*Lowell.*

He that may hinder mischief, and yet permits it, is an accessory.—*Freeman.*

Learned woman is ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—*George Sana.*

What saves the virtue of many women is that protecting god, —the impossible.—*Balzac.*

A man of business may talk philosophy; a man who has none may practice it.—*Pope.*

There is one show of breeding, vulgarity seldom assumes,—simplicity.—*George MacDonald.*

A woman is more influenced by what she divines than by what she is told.—*Ninon de Lenelos.*

We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love.—*Landon.*

The woman in sight is the woman wanted; that is the terrible power of actresses.—*Balzac.*

Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority have established this.—*Pascal.*

We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.—*Landon.*

They understand but little who understand only what can be explained.—*Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.*

Society is like a piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.—*L. E. Jardon.*

The person, man or dog, who has a conscience, is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug.—*Sterenson.*

In revolutions, as in storms at sea, treasures go to the bottom; the flimsier and less valuable matter floats.—*Balzac.*

Apply your strength and your intellect on matters which lie at hand and on problems which admit of a solution.—*Ledie Stephen.*

Even before the days of Petruchio it was pretty well known that women like a man who will have his own way.—*Mortimer Collins.*

He hath he done who hath seized happiness; for little do the all containing hours, though opulent, freely give.—*Matthew Arnold.*

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply antedated our boxes of a spirit, without corrupting them.—*De Quincy.*

Nethinks the text is never stale, And life is every day renewing, Fresh comments on the old, old tale Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.—*Thackeray.*

Exact justice is commonly more meriful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stonger qualities which make them good citizens.—*Lowell.*

Religion is like the fashion; one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain, but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.—*Selden.*

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been the most injured by slanderers, as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—*Pope.*

The clergy would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would

have had her husband against his own eye. What! Will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife!—*Selden.*

It is just as well to recognize the fact that if one should read day and night, confining himself to his own language, he could not pretend to keep up with the press. He might as well try to race with a locomotive.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

One of the "precious uses" of adversity is, that it is a great reconciler; that it brings back averted kindness . . . and causes yesterday's enemy to fling his hatred aside, and hold out a hand to the fallen friend of old days.—*Thackeray.*

The graves of the best of men, of the noblest martyrs, are, like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian Brethren), level and indistinguishable from the universal earth; and, if the heart could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid low.—*De Quincy.*

The greatness of the poet depends on his being true to nature, without insisting that nature shall theorize with him, without making her more just, more philosophical, more moral than reality, and in difficult matters, leaving much to reflection which cannot be explained.—*James Anthony Froude.*

Thought of a certain sort comes freely enough in society. Parliament is the hotbed of eloquence, and the dinner-table of wit; but the ideas thus generated are not a man's own—they belong to the company. He happens to express what every one is thinking. If you want to get at your own ideas—linger on the lonely moor or in the silent wood, and question your soul. The divine powers shun society; and the music of Apollo's lute is hushed when the devil blows the bag-pipes of politics and turns the hurdy-gurdy of scandal.—*Mortimer Collins.*

No Kissing Before Engagements.

Among the letters sent here ament the question I asked, as to whether it is true that ladies sit on the knees of their beaux in New York (as we know they too often do in the country), is one from a born New Yorker, who not only insists that the custom never took root here, but adds that, "except in very high or very low life, there is very little kissing before engagements for marriage." He says that he was not certain about it, but happening to mention the subject at a whist club of half a dozen married couples, it turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. A funny incident marked the discussion, according to my informant. One of the men had a loose memory. "We used to kiss sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife. "No, sir," she said, with deep indignation, "you never kissed me until after we were engaged; you tried to and you fought for the privilege; but you never succeeded."

"Is that so?" the husband remarked. "I've kissed so many—"

"What's that? What did you say?" the wife asked.

"I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began."—*Chatter.*

The Pride of Matrimony.

In his recently published "Trials of a Country-Parson," Dr. Jessup tells some amusing anecdotes picked up in Arundel. As thus: "It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands, exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are always proud of having been married more than once. 'You don't think miss, as I'd have five wives, now did you? Ah, but I have, though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the church yard, that I did—and three on 'em bewtica.' On another occasion I playfully suggested: 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really do! But my third husband, he was a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed fighting—you've heard tell o' that I make no doubt! The others wasn't nothing to him. He'd mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ha! He'd a made nothing of them!"

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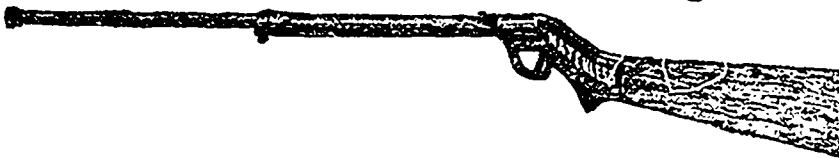
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### ALL PARTS

## HE TRIES CARPENTERING.

Mr. Bowser Makes and Hangs a Pair of Screen Doors.

An expressman brought up a small jag of lumber the other afternoon and left it at the barn and when Mr. Bowser came home I mentioned the fact and asked what he intended to do with it.

"It's for screen doors for the front doors," he replied.

"Carpenter coming up to make them?"

"Haven't engaged any."

"Mr. Bowser, you are not going to try and make them yourself?"

"There won't be any trying about it. I shall proceed to make and hang them."

"I'm afraid you can't do it. It's a nice piece of joiner work to make a screen door, especially one for the front of the house."

"I am well aware of that," he said as he stroked his chin in a complacent way.

"Haven't I got \$50 worth of tools? Don't I know how to handle them?"

"I—I wish you had given your order at the shop as other folks do."

"I'll be hang'd if I pay any \$8 for a pair of doors when I can make 'em for \$3. You are always dead set on anything I under take."

"Mr. Bowser, you can't make a screen-door. You can't hang one. Don't blame me when the failure comes."

"Blame you! Are you getting crazy? If those doors are not a success you won't hear a word of fault from me—not a peep. I was thinking of ordering them, but being you have stuck your nose up-so high, I'll make 'em now just to show you that I can do it!"

And next morning he put on an old suit and went out to the barn and before nine o'clock he had measured four different times for the doors. At last he got the dimensions of the suit and I heard him sawing off the strips. About eleven o'clock I went out and found the stuff all cut to lengths and Mr. Bowser was making half-mortices at the ends.

"Aren't our front doors higher than this?" I asked as I picked up one of the side pieces.

"Haven't you any work to see to?" he brusquely replied.

"You've got 'em a foot too short."

"Oh, I have, eh? Some folks' eyes are better than a carpenter's rule!"

I went back into the house, but it wasn't long before I saw him sneaking around to the front with one of the pieces. I watched him as he tried it, and it was all of twenty inches short. Mr. Bowser scratched his ear, growled like a bear, and looked as foolish as a boy caught in a harvest apple tree. Ten minutes later he was at the telephone ordering more stuff.

"Were they too short?" I asked as he hung up the trumpet.

"N-no, but I thought I'd get heavier stuff," he mumbled as he shot outdoors.

The stuff came up after dinner, and it was about five o'clock in the afternoon when he put one of the frames together and stood it up in the door. I went out, and as he began to smile with satisfaction I said:

"Mr. Bowser, that door is square-awed."

"Square-awed? Square-awed? What does that stand for in the back counties?"

"Your door is wider at the bottom than at the top."

"It can't be."

"Your own eyes will convince you."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's a half-inch difference."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's a half-inch difference!"

"Well, I can fix that in a moment."

But it was nine o'clock that evening when he had pounded the hinges with the hammer, run a nail through, and got a bad hurt from a splinter.

"I don't fit I'll knock you down!"

At noon when I called the door was closed.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's a half-inch difference!"

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's a half-inch difference!"

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"You never saw it there, Mr. Bowser—never! And look at the way you have tacked the stuff on. It's humped up in a dozen different places, because you pulled it askew."

"There isn't one hump—not the sign of a hump. I'll give any man a million dollars to make a better job of it! All that door needs now is painting."

"But don't they paint the frames before they tack the cloth on? How are you going to paint the inside of the frame?"

"Don't you worry yourself about this job, Mrs. Bowser. I wasn't born alongside of a huckleberry marsh!"

But after I had gone away he tore off the wire and painted the frame, and next morning he covered the other. That night Mr. Bowser kicked around in his sleep in the most awful manner and at about two o'clock in the morning he suddenly sat up in bed and exclaimed:

"Squeegawed! I'll bet you four hundred thousand billion dollars against a cent that they are as plumb as a rule."

Mr. Bowser had been at work an hour next morning before I went out. He had the doors at the front and seemed to have some trouble about hanging them.

"You see what you've done, don't you?" I asked, after a survey of the scene.

"I don't believe I'm either near-sighted or color-blind," he replied.

"Well, you've got one door wrong-side up, to begin with."

"H-how?"

"Look at the panels and see. Then you have been trying to hang one to swing in and the other to swing out."

"I have, eh? That shows all you know about it. I'm simply sitting the screens so they will shut tight."

Just before noon he got a hang on both doors, and as I looked at them from the hall I had to sit down on the floor and laugh. They didn't meet in the centre within two inches and each was half an inch short at top and bottom. He had so hung them with the cloth on the inside. Just then a neighbor came along and turned in to the steps. After looking at the doors for half a minute in great astonishment, he queried:

"Somethin' just from Paris, Bowser?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've got a new idea in screen doors. I suppose the space at the bottom is for bugs, that at the top for mosquitoes and the centre for flies. I see you have left the frames exposed. They will make capital roosting places for house flies and pinch bugs. Did you do this job?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, if I had a girl ten years old who couldn't beat it I'd make her go barefoot all summer."

"I didn't make these doors for your house, sir."

"Thank heaven for that! Bowser, you're a brick—a soft brick! I'll come up this evening with a band and serenade those doors!"

When the neighbor had gone I suddenly felt the back end of the house lift up. It was Mr. Bowser pulling those screen doors off. He couldn't even wait to take the screws out of the hinges. They came off in detachments and the pieces were slung into the back yard. When he had finished he came in and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I want to have a talk with you—a very serious talk."

"But didn't I tell you how it would be?"

"Never! You encouraged me to go ahead, and to please a whim of yours I've lost three days' time, pounded myself all over, spent \$6 in cash and been made a butt of ridicule. Mrs. Bowser, this is the limit—the finish—the end! Make out a list of what furniture you want and let us agree on the alimony."

—[Detroit Free Press.

HALF CHILD, HALF PANTHER.

Strange Freak of Nature That Puzzles Texas Scientists.

A singular freak of nature is attracting much attention in El Paso. It is the one-year-old child of a Mexican woman living a short distance from town, which child seems to partake more of the nature of a wild beast than of a human being. It has the curved claws of an animal of the feline race, sharp pointed teeth and short, coarse hair bristling all over its body, which is of a peculiar brown and tawny hue. When hungry or made angry the creature emits cries that are exactly like those of a panther, and is fierce and unmanageable, scratching and tearing savagely. If any attempt is made to touch it, it subsists almost entirely

on raw meat, which it tears to pieces, growling and snarling like a wild animal at any one approaching while it is eating.

DURING THE DAY THE CREATURE

seems to be half asleep, coiled up in a bed of straw, but at night prowls about the house and, if allowed, will make for the woods. It possesses incredible strength, leaping easily distances that a strong man would find impossible. The features of the strange being are good and its expression at times very intelligent and human and even melancholy, its eyes being large and speaking, but if noticed or approached at such moments will assume a mischievous, impish look and begin leaping and grunting. While perfectly able to walk erect, it seldom does so, but prefers to run about on all fours, which it does with the greatest ease and activity. It has never spoken an articulate word nor attempted to, but its voice, when it screams, is extraordinarily

POWERFUL AND EAR-PIERCING.

The mother is extremely sensitive on the subject and generally refuses to allow the child to be seen if she can help it, but Dr. Abrams, who attended her at its birth, says that it nursed naturally at first until when, at three weeks old, its teeth appearing, it bit her savagely, inflicting a wound that seemed to poison the flesh so as really to endanger her life. The doctor gives as his opinion that the thing is really more human than it appears and that with time it will lose a good deal of its brutishness. He says its affliction is the result of prenatal influences. It is a female and is now about the size of a well-developed child of three years of age.

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"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

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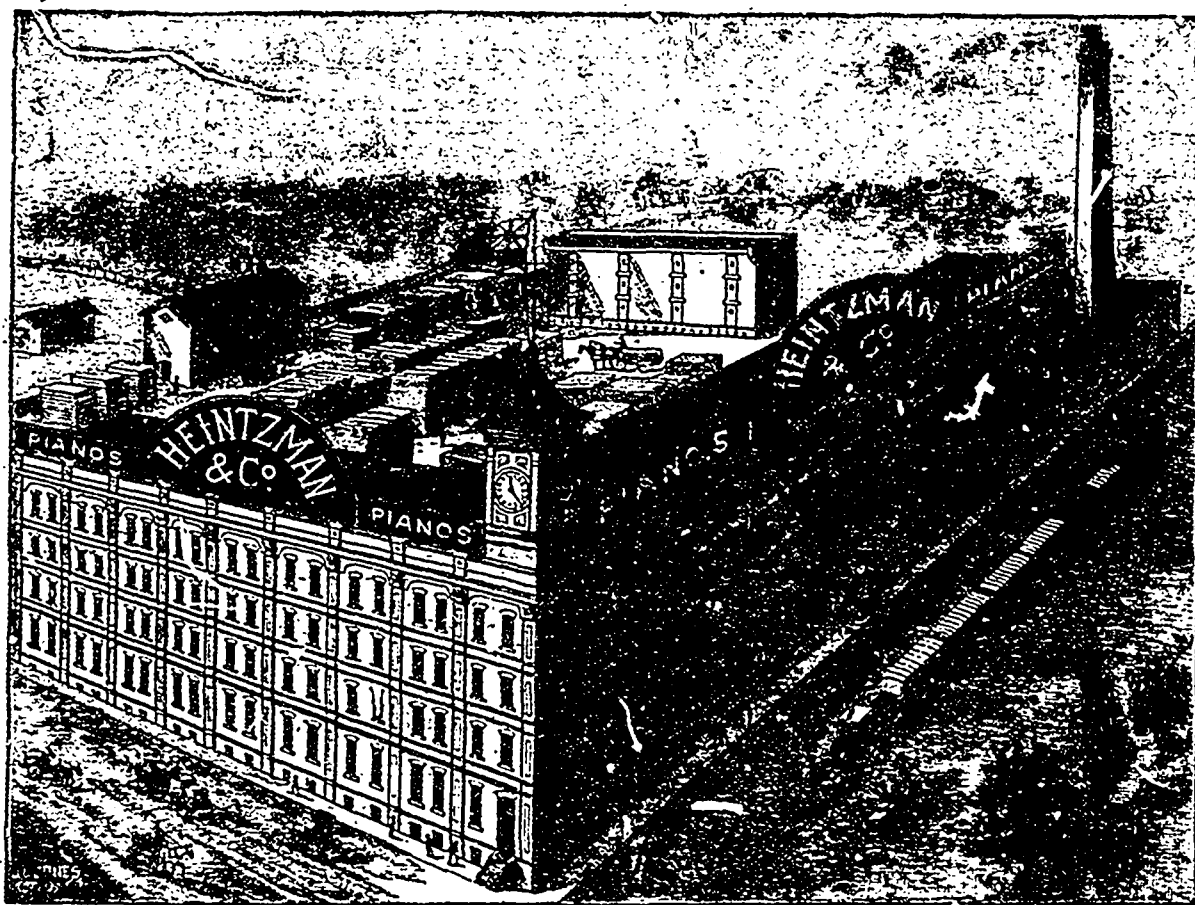
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