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MAXIMS ON MANNERS.

Hints for those Who Cultivate the Social Graces

Never send a visiting card by mail.

A wound to a man's vanity leaves a permanent scar.

Cross your t's in writing, but do not cross your letters.

In the best appointed households a wise economy prevails.

Walk as if you were conscious that your body has a soul in it.

Speech of one's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen.

Perfect machinery works noiselessly; so does a perfect hostess.

It is good to travel. "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

"Shun the wretch who goes about asking riddles and making puns."

Never forget that your rheumatism is a matter of national concern.

At home, as abroad, what we should specially cultivate is manners.

Elaborate monograms and gorgeous crests on stationery are vulgar.

A gentleman will never admit that he has maladies—in conversation.

Observe in making an introduction always to present the gentleman to the lady.

Half the failures in life are caused by spurring one's horse to leap beyond his strength.

A married lady should treat a stranger with reserve, an acquaintance with reticence.

A rudely arrogant speech often rankles in the mind long after an unjust action has been forgotten.

"A high-bred lady," says Thackeray, "is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world."

When you meet a lady in the street you must not walk with her, unless she (directly or indirectly) invites you.

In making calls never stay so long as to create in the mind of your hostess an intense desire that you would go.

There is nothing so contemptible as that which animates the poor creatures who struggle to keep up appearances.

Truth is the best policy. Every person feels flattered by the reflection that you think him too clever to be cajoled.

In these words is comprehended the whole code of courtesy: Put everybody on the level as yourself and put yourself into everybody's place.

Good humored gossip is the salt of ordinary conversation, but no well bred person will indulge in the gossip that peers into the privacy of domestic life and either invents or misrepresents.

You may learn the grammar of a language and yet know nothing of its genius; so you may be precise in your knowledge of the rules of etiquette, and utterly ignorant of the true spirit of hospitality.

Louis XII. said that he had rather see his courtiers laugh at his avarice than his people weep at his extravagance; so a wise housekeeper will be willing that his friends shall respect his prudence rather then smile covertly at his ostentation.

"Wonderful power of manners! We may ascribe to them as great a potency as beauty possesses. No doubt they go far to supply the want of beauty and constitute the secret of that fascination which we often see exerted by persons who cannot claim to be beautiful."

While guests are with you do your best to make them feel that they are thoroughly welcome, and give up to them all your thoughts and attention. Do this not so much out of respect to them as to yourself. No one benefits more by an act of courtesy than the person who performs it.

It was said of Lady Maynard: "To her husband she was the immediate gift of God, sent for a good angel as well as for a wife. As a mother she evinced an unspeakable tenderness and loving thoughtfulness toward her children. The servants respected her and her friends loved her."

The Brakeman's Presence of Mind.

"So Vanderbilt is dead," said a freight brakeman. "I saw Billy once, and at that time I wished I hadn't. It was when I was a brakeman on the Central. One day we were shifting cars at a little station near Syracuse, when a special car, with a locomotive attached, came in and stood on the main track near where we were at work. Special cars were not very uncommon, and we didn't pay much attention to this one. Pretty soon I was making a coupling, but the link wouldn't fit. I tried it two or three times, and the engineer got out of patience backing up for me so many times, and I began to get mad myself. Then I gave it another trial, but still it wouldn't work; and then I took that link and gave it a sling into the creek, and swore into the bargain. In about ten seconds I heard some one calling me, and, looking up, saw a plug-hatted, side-wiskered man standing on the platform of the special car. I knew him as soon as I set my eyes on him—it was Billy Vanderbilt.

"'See, here, young man,' says he. 'I've been watching you. Do you know whose property you've just been throwing into the creek?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, trembling, and expecting to be bounced the next minute.

"'Well, whose was it?'

"'The Pennsylvania Railroad's, sir,' I replied.

"'Oh!' said Vanderbilt; and then he went into his car and shut the door. I wasn't bounced, either."

A Bear Incident.

In the summer of 1816 three men living about three miles above Niagara Falls saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize, they rowed towards him in a large substantial log canoe or "dug out." When they had overtaken him, he seemed quite obliged for their attention, and, quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, notwithstanding that they vehemently belabboured him with their paddles. As he came to the side, two of the men went into the water on the other side. The third, who may be called Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough felt somewhat embarrassed. Much to his relief, the animal deliberately sat down in the bow of the canoe facing him. As the noise of the rapids and roar of the Falls reminded him that they were ominously near, Fisher resolved to take advantage of the truce and pull vigorously for the shore. But, when he began to paddle, the bear began to growl his objections, enforcing them at the same time with ominous grins. Fisher desisted for a while, but feeling their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation an octave higher, and made a motion as if he intended to "go for" him. The man who had swum ashore soon, however, reappeared, in another canoe, with a loaded musket, shot the bear, and ended Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.

There will be an astonishing number of new members in the new English Parliament, and for a time the inhabitants of the gallery will have some difficulty in knowing the names of those who are speaking. But among the new and the young men will be a sprinkling of very old heads. In addition to Mr. Gladstone, there will be Mr. John Bright, who is now 73 years of age; Mr. Talbot, "the father of the House," who has represented Glamorganshire for 55 years, and emerging on 85 years of age, and Mr. Cabel Wright, who enters on a Parliamentary career as member for Leigh with 75 years behind him.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THEY'LL NEED SWIFT STEEDS WHO FOLLOW,"
SAID YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

It was a dinner in name, but hardly a dinner in fact.

Anxiety concerning something, though they hardly knew what, had caused the cook to make many a mistake and the other servants to follow suit. The wrong sauces and condiments were brought round in every case, but even had they been the right ones they would have failed in this instance to stimulate the appetites of those who had sat around the unfestive board.

The evening was very hot, and the darkness which at last began to veil the scene restored no coolness to the parched earth or the scorching air.

Outside the open but Venetian blind-screened windows all was still as death, save when now and then a murmur as from an angry but distant sea, or a wail like that of a rising wind, was wafted from a neighboring city, interspersed occasionally with indistinct rumblings as of heavy baggage or artillery wagons passing along a rutty road, and a sound like fireworks being let off and soaring hissing into the air.

The trio who sat at the table and also the servants who waited upon them betrayed symptoms of, at all events, uneasiness when ever these unfamiliar and unaccountable noises forced themselves more especially upon their notice.

Nellie's anxiety extended to another who was not present, and each morsel that she attempted to swallow for appearance sake seemed as though it would choke her, so that at last she was fain to drop her knife and fork and sink back in her chair.

"Come, Nellie, there is nothing to be frightened at. We are quite safe at all events. Nothing like having a friend at court, eh? Why, Nell, you may indirectly be the means of saving your parents' lives and those of our entire household as well, for every living soul at Mount Carmel is embraced in the war minister's invitation, and such a thought should make you glad."

"I shall never know what it is to feel glad any more," sobbed Nellie. "I have a presentiment which amounts to a conviction that my future will be darker than death."

As she utters the words an eager and impatient voice was heard without, apparently insisting on admittance, which was being feebly denied, but an instant later both voices ceased and were succeeded by hurried strides and the musical ring of spurs along the uncarpeted corridor that was floored with perfumed chunam wood, and then the room door was opened violently and Frank Donelly broke into the apartment with a flushed and excited face and blood trickling down his cheek.

"Mr. Trezarr, you would not listen to my warning this morning, but for the sake of those you love, I beseech you to give good heed unto me now. The fanatic Moslem population of Cairo is up in arms, and the santons and dervishes are in every direction urging them to a general massacre of Europeans. Isolated acts of murder have already been perpetrated, whilst assaults and beatings can be counted by the score, insults and indignities by the hundred. A poor Christian woman has been stoned to death in the Esbekiah, with a thousand ruffians standing by and applauding the act. 'Tis said that thirty thousand starving Egyptians, all too feeble to move, are propped up naked in thirty thousand doorways, with labels attached to their almost fleshless bones, and written on each in Arabic: 'The result of Feringhee competition! Get them back the bread that the unbeliever has stolen from them, and if the bread cannot be got, then give them blood to drink,' and you may depend on it the very gutters will run blood in another hour, aye, perhaps in even less."

The young officer ceased, more apparently because he was out of breath than by reason that he had no further horrors to relate.

Pulling out a handkerchief, he began to wipe the thin trickle of blood from off his cheek, the next instant answering Nellie's terrified glance with: "A mere prick, that is all; but the fellow who gave it to me is past doing any further mischief. I returned him more than a Roland for his Oliver, at all events."

"What is to be done?" ejaculated Mrs. Trezarr, for a moment losing confidence even in the war minister, and she looked anxiously at her husband as she put the question.

"What you decide on doing should be done at once," broke in Frank, without allowing Mr. Trezarr time to make reply. "Your flight should be immediate, and not by rail, for the station is already crowded by refugees who can't get away by reason that there are not half sufficient carriages to hold them or engines to draw them. They can't telegraph to Alexandria for more because the wires have been cut, and it is reported that the Arabs are tearing up the line near Kalyuh as well. So, for heaven's sake avoid the railway terminus, for I should not at all wonder if there the massacre wasn't commenced, but rather drive in your own carriage to Umm Dinar, and there take boat for Alexandria, for that would be by far the safest plan."

"Oh, papa, do follow Mr. Donelly's advice," pleaded Nellie, earnestly.

It was this plea which seemed to recall Mr. Trezarr's presence of mind.

"I thank you very much for your no doubt excellent intentions and counsel, Mr. Donelly," he said, coldly. "But the fact is that neither I nor my family have the least cause for apprehension. His excellency the war minister has most graciously and considerately offered us the shelter of his palace until the public excitement has calmed down, and almost every minute I expect the arrival of the armed escort which is to guard us in safety thereto."

On receiving this information, the young Irishman turned pale and glanced at Nellie, who said resolutely:

"I shall not accompany my parents to the war minister's."

Frank, who by this time had approached close to the lovely girl's chair, alone heard the words (which was fortunate, perhaps, under the circumstances), for the attention of both Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr had been suddenly attracted and engrossed by the jumble of wheels, the tramping of horses and the jingling of weapons and accoutrements outside, which united told them that the promised escort had arrived.

"For heaven's sake, Nellie, grant me five minutes in the garden before we are parted, perhaps for ever," said Frank, purposely using such words as should allay any suspicions on Mrs. Trezarr's part should she happen to hear what he was saying.

But the buxom dame was too excited to either hear or heed.

"Nellie, follow me at once to change your dress and look out what we are to take with us," she said, rising to her feet and sailing majestically out of the room, and Mr. Trezarr at once scurried after her to ascertain if the war minister had sent an officer in command of the escort sufficiently high in rank as to necessitate his being asked indoors and shown a certain degree of civility and politeness.

Directly both father and mother had disappeared, the young Irish dragoon whispered hurriedly in Nellie's ear: "This has happened opportunely. Come into the garden; the window is open; we have but to raise the Venetians and step out."

The lovely girl followed him swiftly and eagerly. The servants, of course, did not venture to oppose her exit, and a minute later the lawn was reached, when Frank turned round, folded her in his arms and clasped her to his heart, at the same time exclaiming:

"Oh, my darling, if we part now I feel assured not only that we shall never meet again, but that your future will be a living grave in that grim pasha's harem. Should once its wall enclose you he will never permit you to leave them more."

"Frank, I feel so, too, but, oh, what is to be done?" responded Nellie, piteously.

"Exactly that which we planned to do some three hours later, with trifling variations, such as altered circumstances render necessary. But this is a time for action and not for explanation, for every moment's start that we can obtain may be of the utmost value to us. Just outside that little door in the garden wall is my man, Pat Monaghan, with two horses as fresh as daisies and lively with their supper of oats. You must mount one and I the other, Pat will follow us in whatever he can beg, borrow or steal, and in an hour we shall have left Cairo and its bloodthirsty population far behind us."

"But my parents, Frank? How can I de ert them at such a time?"

"Under Arabi Pasha's protection no possible danger can menace them."

"I believe that. But then this dress. How can I mount a horse clad thus?"

And the lovely girl glanced deprecatingly at the snow white neck, shoulders and arms that were so liberally revealed by her rich dinner robe.

"For goodness sake regard not such trifles at a moment like the present. The Egyptian night is so warm that there will be no fear of your catching cold, and did you reenter the house to change your apparel you would never succeed in leaving it again. Oh, do not lose the one and only opportunity that has been afforded us by Providence. Hark, they are calling to us already."

It was her father's voice, and speaking in stern, peremptory tones. That decided her.

She spoke no word, but started across the lawn, like a timid fawn, in the direction of the door in the wall.

So great was her speed that her companion could hardly overtake her.

But when the wall was reached she reeled up against with both hands pressed against her throbbing heart, owing to her breathlessness and her excitement.

The dragoon unfastened the door, placed an arm around her waist, half swung her out into the roadway, and then said to a figure that loomed dimly out of the gloom:

"Off with you, Pat, and lift this young lady into your saddle like lightning."

No sooner said than done. It was a side saddle, and as Nellie involuntarily kicked her foot into the stirrup and gathered up the reins she felt a return of courage and confidence.

"Pat, you have as many lives as a cat and as many resources as a fox. I've no fear for you. Nevertheless, get a mount as fast as you can and come after us like steam. We shall cross the bridge and journey down on the left bank of the Nile. The road runs alongside the river for a long way, and in half an hour the moon will be up. Your've got a good revolver in your belt, money in your pocket and brains in your head, and no more is needed."

"Bedad, yer honor, and I'll have a horse between my legs in five minutes if ye'll only be getting away with the Lady instead of speechifying," and with these words Pat Monaghan darted away toward the male entrance to Mount Carmel, whilst Frank wheeled Nellie's steed round in an opposite direction.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE LOTUS LILIES—CHASED INTO THE DESERT.

"You've told me more than once that you've followed the hounds in Leicestershire and held your own in the first flight as well, Nellie, so I've not the slightest apprehension of how this wild night ride will end," said Frank Donelly cheerfully, as they cantered along the Choubrah road. "Alexandria is from Cairo exactly a hundred and twenty miles."

"I thought that Port Said was our destination, to catch the English mail boat?"

"It was, had we been able to get away by train, but you see that scheme has been knocked on the head. The rail is too dangerous. I dare not risk it with you. It is so easy for hostile Arabs to rip up a few plates and so send an entire train to the very deuce. Still, we may take to it at some point or other of our journey, if either ourselves or our horses knock up, for we shall never be very far from it the whole way."

"Oh, Frank, I dread most having to ride through Cairo in this dress. See what a mark I am for stones and missiles of every description. The fairness of my skin will point me out as a Christian girl at any distance. The mob will tear me off my horse and stone or trample me to death. That is my horrible dread."

"We are not going through Cairo, Nell. We shall cross the pontoon bridge and get into the desert almost at once. By journeying down on the left bank of the Nile instead of the right we shall escape a hundred dangers, not the least being the many scores of canals that it would puzzle us sorely to cross on horseback."

"But may we not lose our way in the desert, or get lost in the shifting sands?"

"Not between the river and the mountains. Its breadth is too contracted for that."

"But in the mountains there are tigers, hyenas and wolves in whole packs, Frank."

"And in the river there are crocodiles and hippopotami: but the dwellers of the Nile will no more molest us than the dwellers of the mountain. Man is the only wild beast that we have to fear, darling, and we shall meet few enough of his kind on the desert track which we are about to follow."

"Well, I will try to keep up my courage, Frank. You really believe that my parents are quite safe?"

"Under the protection of so powerful a friend, how could they be otherwise, dear?"

"Ah, well, then, it isn't really cruel of me to desert them, especially to escape from such a terrible and revolting doom as threatened me. And we will be married at Alexandria?"

"Or aboard some English vessel in the harbor almost as soon as they arrive."

They had by this time turned off into the road that led unto the bridge, and in about five minutes they were crossing its resounding planks, to the accompaniment of the hoarse murmur of the Nile, as its rapid current swept on towards the distant sea; the same current which in past ages has borne successively to conquest the Ethiopian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Roman and the Saracen, for each in turn wielded the destinies of Egypt, and the young dragoon may be forgiven whilst these events recurred to his mind for wondering if the scarlet uniformed soldiers of Great Britain were destined to next tread that historic soil in the character of conquerors.

His silence oppressed his companion with a sense of danger, and she exclaimed:

"Of what are you thinking, Frank? Have any new perils presented themselves to you?"

"No, darling," and he forthwith told her of what he had been pondering.

Nellie made no answer, indeed her horse required no little care and attention. The spirited animal seemed disposed to shy and rear, for the slightly swaying and heaving planks of the pontoon bridge were not at all to his liking and the shimmering of the water and of the stars that were reflected therein added to his uneasiness; for a horse is at one and the same time the bravest and most cowardly of animals; brave when opposed to a danger that he fully comprehends, cowardly when brought in contact with anything unusual that he fails to exactly understand.

"How stifingly close it is," exclaimed Nellie suddenly. "Even the river lends no coolness to the air, so what will it be when we get on to the desert sands? Don't you feel it, Frank?"

"No, darling, for I can feel nothing but happiness and delight when you are so near."

The lovely girl's answer to this tender speech was a cry of either terror or dismay, and at the same time she caught up the curb with a sudden jerk that caused her steed to snort, rise on end and paw the air with his fore hoofs.

In an instant, however, Frank's hand and voice had restored him to promise obedience, though he still trembled, snorted, pricked his ears sharply forward and gazed nervously at something in the river.

Nellie's beautiful eyes being riveted with horror on apparently the same spot, the young dragoon turned to look in the same direction, when he beheld floating close to the bridge amidst a tangled maze of snowy lotus flowers the dead body of a European.

It had evidently been partially stripped of its clothing before being consigned to the river, which revealed the fact that not only was the throat cut across, but that the chest was riddled with knife stabs, and it was the phosphorescent glow given forth from the putrefying body that revealed its presence and that of the flowers amongst which it floated.

"Nellie, if the sight is so terrible, why not look another way. I fear that such victims will be counted by the hundred this night in yonder city. Hark, I can hear cries of terror or of anguish from that direction even now, darling. Let us press on. There is no time to be lost."

"Oh, Frank, the lotus flowers, the twin horror of the opal ring," gasped the lovely girl.

"The lotus flowers? It is their matted tendrils that uphold the corpse, darling."

"Yes, yes; I know, I know; but I attach a prophetic meaning to the sight. The link that bound you to that beautiful but terrible Egyptian woman was a lotus flower. That link was broken by you, but the mysterious and once deemed sacred flower avenges both itself and its slighted mistress. Pray heaven that you have not looked upon the presentiment of your own doom. Even that pale, unearthly light that hovers o'er corpse and flowers seems to me to have a horrible significance. Oh, Frank, is it too late to turn back, think you?"

"Return? What are you thinking of, Nellie? Death most assuredly lies behind us, and at the very worst it may not lurk in front. A fig for signs and omens; I believe in none of them. See, Nellie, darling, bridge and river lie in our rear and from the dark blue dome of heaven a thousand bright stars of hope shine down on the groves of lime and citron trees that we are about to enter, causing every green leaf to gleam as though tipped with liquid fire, whilst away in the distance the drooping palms seem to nod to us from the desert plain and to beckon us on with a murmured premise of safety."

"Frank, your words cheer me. I feel myself again. But, hark! no sooner does hope creep into my heart than despair rushes after it. We are already pursued."

Donelly checked his horse and listened, and true enough the wooden bridge that they had just left behind was reverberating beneath the galloping hoof-strokes of a horse.

"It is but a single individual, and if he is pursuing us he rides on a fool's errand. But I'd much rather say it was another fugitive like unto ourselves. Anyhow, let us speed up our nags, for the being overtaken by a friend would be more unpalatable to me than to be caught up by a foe, for it might not be half so easy to get rid of him."

The lovely girl did as she was bidden, but presently drew rein again, exclaiming:

"He's gaining on us, Frank, and he is singing. Can he be your servant, I wonder?"

Even Donelly drew up at this and listened intently in turn to the rapid thud of the galloping horse's hoofs, that were now beating upon the hard, baked up earth,

"Nose, nose, nose, nose—nose, nose, nose,
How got you that jolly red nose?"

came a roar the next instant, and just as quickly the thundering refrain:

"Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs, rum and cloves,
'Twas they that gave poor Pat such a jolly red nose,"

and hardly had the last words of the old camp going drinking chorus escaped the singer's lips than, mounted on a fine Arab steed and flourishing a long lance above and around his head as though it had been a shillelah, appeared Mr. Patrick Monaghan in propria personæ, and apparently in the most boisterous spirits to boot.

"Arrah, captain, dear, an' it must have been you that's been philandering on the way, for it's not on this side of Umm Dinar that I expected to overtake yer honor, after all that I've done since we last parted more especial."

"Tell us what you have done, Pat; not that we need remain still to listen, for time is too precious for that. You found a good mount in a very short time."

"Faith, yer honor, there was nothing so difficult about that, at all at all. There was many a nag to select from jist a few yards away, so I took my choice of him all in the dark, an' having made it, I creeps up unobserved on all fours, grabs hold of one of the spalpeen's legs as was in my saddle, pitches him over on the off side as though he was a sack o' taties, an' then up I jumps in his place, confiscates his lance and accoutrements an' makes about a dozen of his companions run for it."

"You tell me seriously that you made a dozen of his companions run away? I say, draw it mild, Pat."

"Yer honor, it's the gospel truth that I'm telling yez. I brandished my spear and I cursed them for murthering haythins, an' I made a dozen ov 'em run like steam; aye, by this an' by that, I shouldn't wonder if they were running still."

"Come, come, I'm not going to believe all that, though I doubt not that you got the horse as you say."

"What, yer honor don't believe that I made the Agyptians run? Bedad, thin I can prove it, for here they come on to the bridge like a pack o' hounds in full cry, and here peeps out the moon as a witness on my side to show 'em clearly to yer honor."

"Oh, you ran first and they ran after you? Now I see what you mean, Pat. Well, we will make them run in the same manner, for they are trying to run down more important game than yourself, of that be assured."

"Nellie, we are pursued," added Frank, turning to his girl companion, "for my brave but blundering follower has contrived to set the sleuth hounds of the war minister upon the right scent. Have not the slightest fear that they will overtake us, however."

"Nor will I have such a fear," responded Nellie, valorously, and she was the first to increase the speed of her horse, sitting the fine animal like an Amazon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

The *Cologne Gazette* says there is not hereafter to be a Parliament at Westminster, but a "Parnellment."

New Zealand, with a population of about 600,000, has a debt of nearly £31,000,000, or over $250 for each inhabitant.

The completeness of the work done by the earlier astronomers is shown by the fact, recently stated, that out of the 6,000 or more nebulæ now known the Herschels had discovered 5,000.

The Smithsonian Institution no longer gives away its publications, but offers them for sale at about cost price. The principal place of sale is Brentano's new publication stand in the rotunda of the National Museum.

Heretofore ships have been permitted to pass through the Suez Canal only in daylight; but now war ships and steamers provided with electric lights of sufficient power to illuminate the canal 1,200 yards ahead may go at night.

December has been a month of extraordinarily favorable weather for fox hunting in the south of Ireland, and no unpleasant incidents growing out of politics have marred the sport so dear to the Irish as well as the English heart.

The number of words between "aut" and "batten" in the second part of Dr. Murray's great English dictionary is 9,135. The work will embrace twenty-six parts, on the calculation that there are about 240,000 words in the language.

Cures of sciatica are reported as having taken place in Paris after a single application of Dr. Debove's method of freezing the skin above the painful parts with a spray of chloride of methly. The operation is said to be applicable also to facial neuralgia.

Dr. Hartwell of Johns Hopkins University says that a German soldier can scale a twenty-foot wall with his arms and accoutrements, or jump an iron-spiked fence without getting caught. Gymnastics are compulsory in the German schools.

Figaro says that a Yankee maker of sewing machines has offered Mme. Patti $1,000 for each appearance, in addition to her regular salary, if she will sit at one of his sewing machines, instead of at the spinning wheel, while singing "King of Thule."

An English company has perfected its arrangements for providing sick chambers with telephones. The object is to give persons suffering from contagious diseases a chance to talk with their friends. Speaking-tubes are inadmissible on account of the infectious nature of the breath.

The *Lancet* hopes against hope that boys who smoke will draw a lesson from the case of a 12-year-old lad in London, who died in consequence of smoking a pennyworth of double twist. "We may at least," says the venerable editor, "advise every sensible boy to regard tobacco as a poison."

The officers of the German navy number 984. The navy consists of 13 iron-clads, 14 armored vessels (gunboats for coast defence), 9 cruiser frigates, 10 cruiser corvettes, 5 cruisers, 4 unarmored gunboats, 6 despatch boats, 10 training ships, 1 surveying vessel, 2 transports, 12 vessels for harbor service, and 10 pilot vessels and fire-ships.

Two French women entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk the faster. A mutual friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of 1,000 francs was to go to the victor. For three hours they read from Eugene Sue's feuilleton, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 296,311 words. Her adversary came in a bad second with 203,560 words.

Paris has twenty-two squares of an area of eleven hectares, while Berlin has fifty squares of an area of forty hectares. The parks of London aggregate 877 hectares, against Berlin's 417 hectares, which, considering the difference in the population of the two cities, is decidedly to the advantage of the last named city. In the number of trees Paris, with 87,602, against Berlin's 38,000, is largely ahead.

The Paris correspondent of the *Lancet* states that when Dr. Pasteur read his last report on rabies at the Academy of Science, his friend, the late M. Bouley, asked whether dogs rendered insusceptible to hydrophobia by repeated inoculations would not themselves be liable to communicate the disease by biting. M. Pasteur could give no immediate reply, but admitted that it was a subject for serious consideration.

An English sportsman, shooting on the north shore of Long Island, was invited to dinner at a farm house, and was so astonished that he writes to a London newspaper about it. "I wonder how often in merrie England," he says, "a farmer, with his family and two men servants, sits down to roast turkey, chicken pie, with four or five vegetables, and cranberry pie, to say nothing of both whiskey and beer to drink."

The death of Dr. F. Helen Prideaux has called forth many expressions of regret in England. She was one of the most distinguished of the women graduates of London University. In her examination in 1882 she held the first honors in anatomy and took the gold medal and scholarship. In 1884 she was accorded honors in each subject. Her death was due to diphtheria, contracted while at her post of house surgeon in the Paddington Hospital for Children.

Another English physician, Dr. Heald of Leeds, was lately accused of indecent assault by a young school mistress, who consulted him in reference to a cough. The presence of hysteria was shown at the trial, and the jury gave a verdict of acquittal after a ten minutes' consultation. English doctors are beginning to readopt the once prevailing rule of consulting women only in the presence of a witness.

THE FARM.

Farm Wrinkles.

A wire run along the top of the old-fashioned straight rail and block fence will keep the stock away from it, and save trouble in putting up riders.

Have on hand a paper of copper rivets of different sizes and a piece of oiled leather for cutting strings to keep the harness mended with.

It is a painful fact that the half-baked man is not rare.

It takes about seventy good-sized ears to make a bushel of shelled seed corn.

Three horses abreast is very often the most economical team for the heavy work of the farm.

In Spain an old custom among the country people is never to eat fruit out of doors without planting the seed. The roads are lined with trees whose fruit is free to all.

Slobbering and its Cure.

The frequent slobbering of horses at this season is variously accounted for. We have heard it attributed to the second growth clover, to the spiders web on the herbage, to lobelia, St. John's wort, and other plants, but never yet to pennyroyal. But having occasion to make use of a neighor's pasture for a few nights, for our horses, we found them slobbering profusely from the effects of the pennyroyal which grew abundantly in the field. The cows which grazed in the field were also troubled with profuse salivation. We have had previous knowledge that lobelia and St. John's wort would produce the same trouble, and now are sure that pennyroyal may be added to the list. But we doubt very much that second growth clover will cause it; indeed, we have good reasons to know that it does not in some cases. The slobbering of horses and cows is caused by the irritating effect upon the salivary glands, of the strong essential of the plants which produce it. If one will chew some lobelia, St. John's wort or pennyroyal, he will find the salivary glands to be excited in this manner. The effect is removed by eating any dry substance, as oatmeal, middlings or cornmeal, and the best remedy for it is to give any animal which is suffering from salivation a feed of dry meal or middlings; this will put a stop to it at once. The waste of saliva is exceedingly weakening to a horse, for saliva is not mere water, but contains a quantity of potash, soda, lime, acid, phosphoric acid, and organic matter, so that it approaches very closely in character to blood.

When and How to Apply Stable Manure.

Stable manure is a heavy, bulky material, and in applying it to our land we have to handle a large amount of water and other material of comparatively little value, in order to apply enough of the essential elements for abundant crops. And when we have much of it to handle, especially if we have to draw it far at the busy season of planting, or over soft land in wet weather, we find it a tedious job, and often planting is considerably delayed by the time required to get the manure spread upon the land. Hence when and how to apply it in the most economical manner, is a matter of no little importance. The winter or early spring when the ground is frozen is for several reasons, a very favorable time for hauling out manure. Every farmer should endeavor to keep his help and teams as industriously employed as is reasonable during the whole year, and all jobs which can as well be done during winter, should be attended to at that time. Hauling out stable manure seems to be one of these jobs, which can not only be done as well, but much better, in winter, when the ground is frozen, if snow is not deep, as at any other time of the year.

Of course this implies that the barn cellar or other place where the manure is sufficiently protected to avoid much frost in the manure, and provided with doors that can be opened or closed at any time. If drawn out during winter it not only furnishes work for help and teams which otherwise might not be employed, but the ground being frozen solid, and the teams in good heart, they will often haul with ease loads of double the size they could after the frost is out of the ground in spring, and especially over land which, after the frost is out, would be so wet and soft as to be almost impassable.

We can not afford to handle manure more than is absolutely necessary, and when we draw it to the field we should put it where it is to stay, either by spreading it directly from the cart, or by putting it in small heaps to be spread before they are soaked by rain or frozen so they cannot be spread with ease. We cannot afford in ordinary farm practice, to pile manure in the field and then load it again. But leaving manure in small heaps on the fields during winter I consider one of the least convenient ways of managing it, and though it is often done by good farmers, yet it looks to me like a very shiftless practice. A much better way is to spread it from the cart. This is not the best but the easiest way of handling it. When spread in this way the soluable parts will be soaked by the rains evenly into the soil just where they are needed and not in spots, as they would be if left long in small heaps.

Many fear, that if manure is left spread on the surface for any length of time it will waste by evaporation, but I am satisfied, by a careful study of the scientific aspect of the case, as well as by my own observation, that there is no appreciable loss in this way by the exposure of unfermented manure, and that the only possible loss of any amount is by washing off from very hilly land, when the ground is frozen, and that this loss is seldom great.

The Downward Road to Ruin.

Evil, like fever, or madness, or consumption, destroys the moral nature in which it inheres. Its issue is always disaster and ruin, "the blackness of darkness for ever." "A little while and the wicked shall not be." It does not take long for individual wickedness to work out their ruinous issues—the drunkard, the licentious, the fraudulent, the selfish. First successes seem joyous and satisfying enough; men succeed in their aims, they gratify their passions, they realise their desires; but by-and-by their wealth is gone, or, worse still, they are permitted to retain it passion is burnt out, esteem is forfeited, social status is lost, downwards, step by step, falling by little and little, until, if you would see them, you must seek them in the domain of squalor or vice, or if you would appraise them, you shall find them filled with his own ways. The moral wreck of a man who has all that heart could wish is often more utter and pitiable than that of the beggar. No, the end is not reached, the final estimate is not taken when passion is gratified, and aims are secured. Wait and see the kind of life, the kind of enjoyment, the kind of man that comes of it all.

Some twenty colonies have been established in the Santa Fe district of the Argentine Republic. Their territory occupies ninety-five square leagues, and the settlers number 1,350 families. During the last thirty years the district has grown through colonization until it has a population of 110,000 souls.

Signing the Farm Away.

BY REV. W. H. COCHRANE.

Five old farm for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Oft as the harvest came;
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads keep coming in—
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say
Sure in season to come from the mill,
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day!
And they drank as they worked, and they drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great mishap
To be found "without a barrel on tap."

But, while the seasons crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became as strong
As ever a drunkard knew,
And they labored less, and they squandered more,
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with rum;
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was dying in;
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around her stand—
And the justice lifted her trembling hand,
Helping her, as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept! And the flood of tears
Swept down her temples bare!
And the father, already bowed with years,
Bowed lower with despair!
Drink! Drink! It had ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them, poor and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's wife
Signing the farm away;
Home once richest in all the town,
Home, in that fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire or flood's dismay—
Drunkard signing the farm away!

A COWBOY EPISODE.

Fatal Fighting at Arm's Length with Forty-five-Calibre Revolvers.

Sam Thompson of Liberty has brought in the first news of a fatal shooting affray at Montruelto Plaza ranch, New Mexico. The trouble occurred at a wedding dance. There is a pool camp at that point, and all the boys were in attendance at the wedding festivities. The daughter of Annastasia Martino had just been wedded to Francisca de Baca. The ceremony was performed about 7 o'clock in the evening, and dancing began immediately afterward. The second set was on the floor when John Brophy and William Johnson left the house, and, meeting outside, had some words about a disagreement that had existed between them some time. Brophy had charge of the camp, and Johnson, it seems, had heard that Brophy had said that Johnson, "did not go by his right name. Johnson wanted Bropny to "take back" the remark. The dispute waxed pretty warm, and a comarde named Tom Harris came out and tried to make peace.

Finally the disputants agreed to leave the question to Harris and Charles Thompson to settle. Harris went into the house to get Thompson, and while he was gone the dispute grew warmer, and both men pulled their revolvers. As Harris came out Brophy and Johnson were facing each other but a few feet apart. Harris grabbed both pistols, turned the muzzles down, and stood between the two angry men for nearly half an hour, or until his hands became so benumbed that he could stand it no longer. In vain he begged the men to put up their weapons. But his efforts were futile. Johnson demanded, "Let us loose and let us settle it. At last Harris pushed the muzzles of the revolvers down as far as he could and jumped back. Instantly two reports rang out in the night air. Brophy's shot took effect in Johnson's chest about two inches below the collar bone, passed through the body, and came out below the right shoulder blade. Johnson's first shot hit Brophy's watch, and did no further damage than to smash that timekeeper. Brophy then started to run. Johnson fired to second time, the ball entering the small of Brophy's back, and dropping down were a probe could not reach it.

Brophy fell as soon as Johnson's second shot took effect, but Johnson coolly walked into the house, put on his overcoat, and started off. Brophy was carried into the house and Johnson was not found until nearly an hour afterwards. He had walked down to the corral in order to get is horse and had fainted from loss of blood. He was carried back to the house. A doctor was summoned and examined the wounds. As they were made with forty-five calibre weapons scarcely more than arm's length away, the wounds, and especially that of Johnson, were ghastly and terrible. The physician said Johnson was liable to die at any moment, and that Brophy could not live to exceed ten days.

Both the wounded men are Texans and well known in the territory. All their acquaintances speak of them as "mighty good boys," Johnson, as was shown by his conduct after the shooting, was a remarkably gritty fellow. Both men are single. After the wounded men had been made as comfortable as possible, it was found that there were no more grudges to settle, and, as everybody present felt kindly disposed toward everybody else, the fears of the ladies were quieted, and the interrupted dance proceeded as though nothing had happened.

BRILLIANTS.

Mr. Moody says: "I have found Sunday night the best time to preach gospel sermons, because people seemingly do not expect to be converted by a Sunday morning sermon."

Bid early defiance unto those vices that are of thine inward family, and, having a root in thy temper, plead a right and proprietory in thee; raise timely barriers against those strongholds built upon the rock of nature, and which make this a great part of the militia of thy life; delude not thyself into iniquities from participation or community, which abate the senses, but are not oblique to them.

"The best religion," remarks the *United Presbyterian*, "is that which has a good foundation of reason to build upon. No great work of grace in any man's heart will be done, if it is not done rationally or according to reason; and no great movement among a people, no matter how true the aim, will finally succeed, unless it has this at the bottom of it. The attempt to save men and the world by unballasted enthusiasm will always fail."

Take your duty, and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is, the stronger in fact you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is, not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens and troubles and losses and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunity, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birthplace, our native land—think for awhile what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eyes you will then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself.

For what is