

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Spire of Saint Stevens.

It needs a steady head and a clear conscience and the thing is done." Those were old Jacob's words!

"The clear conscience is not lacking, thank God! but all these weeks of watching by a sick bed, and the scanty meals have made the head anything but steady. If it were but three months ago my courage would not fail me, but now—"

The boy broke off abruptly, and stepping back several feet, stood looking up at the stately spire that towered above him. Fair and shapely it rose, with gradually receding buttress and arch until it terminated at a point over four hundred feet from the pavement.

All day long little groups of men had straggled across the Platz and gathered in front of the great cathedral, elbowing one another and stretching upon tiptoe to read the notice nailed to the massive door. Many were the jests passed around.

"Does the old sexton think men are flies to creep along yonder dizzy height?" asked one.

"The prize is indeed worth winning," said another, "but"—he turned away with an expressive shrug of the shoulder—"life is sweet."

"When I try to reach heaven 'twill be by some less steep and dangerous way," laughed a third, with an upward glance at the spire.

"It makes a strong man feel a bit queer to go up inside as far as the great bell and look up at the network of crossing ladders; but to stand outside and wave a flag!—why, the mere thought of it is enough to make one's head swim," said the first speaker. "Jacob Wirtig is the only man in all Vienna who has the nerve for such a part."

"But he served a good apprenticeship! He learned the knack of keeping a steady head during his early days of chamois hunting in the Tyrol. But why does he seek to draw others into danger? For so much gold many a man would risk his life."

"I can understand it, Caspar. Twice before, on some grand occasion, has old Jacob stood on the spire and waved a flag as the Emperor passed in the streets below. And now, after all the fighting and the victory, when there is to be a triumphal entry into the city and a grand review and such rejoicing as was never known before, he feels in honor bound to supply the customary salute from the cathedral. And since this miserable fever which has stricken down so many in the city has left him too weak to attempt it, he is trying, as you see by this notice, to get some one to take his place. He offers all the money which the Emperor never fails to send as a reward, to say nothing of the glory! I'll wager a florin that he'll offer in vain! But come! let us be going. There's too much work to be done, to be loitering here." Twice before on that day, once in the early morning, and again at noon, had the boy stood as if spellbound, with his eyes riveted on the beautiful spire. And now the setting of the sun had found him a third time at his post. The Platz was deserted, but the streets beyond were thronged with people hurrying to their homes. Was it fear or the chill of the night air that sent a shiver over the slender figure of the boy as he stood, letting his eyes slowly wander from the top of the spire to the base of the tower beneath, as if measuring the frightful distance? But as he turned away with a little gesture of despair, there rose before him the vision of a wan and weary face as white as the pillow against which it rested, and he heard the physician's voice as he gently replaced the wasted hand on the coverlet. "The fever has gone, my boy, and all that your mother needs now to make her well and strong is good care and plenty of nourishing food." The money offered by old Jacob would do all that and much more. It would mean comfort for two or three years, for both mother and son with their simple way of living.

When the lad again faced the cathedral it was with an involuntary straightening of the shrinking figure. "With God's help I will try," he said aloud, with a determined ring to his voice, "and I must go at once to let Master Wirtig know. Now that I have finally decided, it is strange how the fear has flown. It is the hesitating that takes the courage out of one! After all!—he paced back, back, back, until he was far enough from the cathedral to get a good view of the noble structure. "Who knows? It may look more difficult than it really is! 'Tis but a foothold of a few inches, but 'tis enough. If it were near the ground I should feel as safe as if I were on the floor of the great hall in the Stadt Haus. Why, then, should I fear up yonder!"

The flush in the Western sky suddenly deepened to a vivid crimson. The clouds above the horizon, which a moment before had shone like waves of gold, became a sea of flame. The ruddy glow illuminated the old cathedral, touching rich carving and lace-like tracery with a new splendor, while far over sculptured dome and stately tower rose the lofty spire, bathed from final to base in the radiant light.

The boy made a step forward, and slipping back the little cap from his locks stretched out his clasped hands towards the sky. "Oh, Lord, great Preserver!" he cried. "Be thou with me in my time of need tomorrow! Oh, Jesus! be near to help and save!"

He replaced the cap and hurried across the Platz to the crowded thoroughfare beyond. At the end of three blocks he turned into a narrow street and stopped in front of a high house with steep, tiled roof. The lamp in the swinging iron bracket above the door gave such a feeble light that he was obliged to grope his way through the hall to the stairs.

At the second landing he paused for a moment, fancying that he heard a light footfall behind him, but all was still, and he hastened on to the next floor. Again he stopped, thinking that he caught the sound of a stealthy, cat-like tread on the steps below. "Who's there?" he called out boldly, but the lingering echo of his own voice was the only answer.

"How foolish I am!" he exclaimed. "It is but the clatter of my shoes on the stone stairs." Up another flight and down the long, narrow entry he went, and still he could not shake off the feeling that he was being followed.

At that moment a door opened and a woman peered out, holding a candle high above her head. "Is that you, Franz?" she said. "My brother has been expecting you this half hour." By the flickering light of the candle Franz could see that there was no one in the entry. He turned, impelled by a strong desire to search the tall cup-

board near the stairs and see if any one had concealed himself within, but the dread of being laughed at kept him back and he followed the woman into a room where a gray-haired man sat, leaning wearily against the back of his chair.

"You may go now, Katrina," said the man, motioning to an adjoining room, and when the door closed he turned to Franz trembling with eagerness. "Well, have you decided?"

"I will try, Master Wirtig."

The old sexton wrung his thin hands nervously. "But if you should fail?"

"In God is my trust," answered the boy calmly. "But one 'if' is as good as another! Why not say, if you succeed? It sounds more cheery."

"God grant it," answered the man, sinking back in his chair. "I had thought that it would be some hardy, young sprig who should accept my offer—some sailor or stone-mason, whose calling had taught him to carry a steady head. I never dreamed that it would be a mere lad like thyself, and worn out too, with the care of thy sick mother! Even now I feel I do thee a grievous wrong to listen to thy entreaties."

"Think not of me, Master Wirtig: think rather of my mother. Shall we let her die, when a few moments on yonder spire would furnish the means to make her well? The kind physician who would have helped me was smitten with the fever yesterday, and there is no one to whom I can go."

"Had I been as prudent as I ought I could have aided thee. But this lingering illness has used up what I had put aside. Here is a little for thy present need—some broth for thy mother, and a bite for thyself; thy cheeks look as pinched as if thou hadst not eaten a good meal for a fortnight." He pulled out a covered basket from under the table and continued: "I shall arrange with Nicholas, for he has worked with me so long that he is as familiar with the ladders as myself, to go with thee up to the little, sliding window, and pass out the flag. Thou must let thyself down outside the window until thy toes touch the ledge below. Then, thou must creep cautiously around to the opposite side of the spire and wave the flag. Look always straight before thee or up at the sky. Thy safety lies in not glancing below. I believe in my heart thou wilt succeed. How I wish that this graceful Nicholas, this unruly nephew of mine, wert such an one as thou! Then should I have some comfort. But with his evil companions and bad ways he brings me naught but sorrow. Listen, Franz, if all goes well thou shalt have his place in helping me with the care of the cathedral. There is no longer any dependence to be placed on him."

In his excitement old Jacob's voice rang through the room. "What is it?" he asked, as he saw Franz start and look towards the door.

"I thought I heard a rattling of the latch—as if some one were outside."

"It's nothing but the wind drawing through the entry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRISONERS OF THE MAHDI.

Report That All the Europeans Have Been Released.

It is indeed good news, if it is true, that the Mahdi's successor has released all the European prisoners who have been held since the fall of Khartoum. Few people are ever placed in so hapless a position as that of these twelve or fifteen Europeans, who for a number of years have been at the mercy of fanatical enemies, seemingly out of reach of human aid. Among the prisoners are natives of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Greece. No Government has attempted to negotiate for their release, for there has been every reason to believe that negotiations would be fruitless. Some of the prisoners sent word to Europe that any interference in their behalf would only increase their misery. An expedition to rescue them would certainly have been fatal to them all. Several attempts have been made by private persons and a Catholic mission to bring about the release of the prisoners, but every effort failed, and all that was gained was the information that ransom money would not be accepted, and that even if the Mahdi's successor consented to release the captives his councillors would not permit them to depart.

So these poor whites have suffered at Omdurman, opposite more famous Khartoum, and some of them have perished. Doubtless they long ago wholly despaired of ever seeing the day of deliverance. Lupton Bey, the former Governor of the Bahr al Ghazal province, according to the best information we have, toiled in the arsenal, almost naked, doing the most menial work, until over a year ago, when death came to his relief. Slatin Bey, another Egyptian Governor, has been the footman of Khalifa Abdullah, who succeeded the Mahdi, holding his master's stirrup when he mounted and running in front of his horse. In one of the letters Slatin wrote to his friends he said that any effort to ransom him would be fruitless.

Neufeld, the German, was long kept in chains, and twice was led to the gallows and drawn up, but was cut down before he was badly hurt. The poor fellow finally escaped, but was caught as he was trying to make his way to the sea, led back to Omdurman, and hanged in earnest. Klotz, once a Prussian corporal, was also kept in chains, and died of ill treatment.

The Greek merchants have been allowed to wander about in a very forlorn and ragged condition, compelled to do any sort of work to get food. The missionaries and four Sisters of charity were treated a little better, and at last accounts they were earning their living by cooking beans in oil and selling them in the streets. All the prisoners had the choice placed before them of death or espousing the Mahdi's faith. They all chose, ostensibly at least, to become followers of the Prophet.

Further particulars than the brief despatch from Cairo will be necessary before the report can be credited that these unfortunates are at last at liberty to rejoin their friends.

Youthful Repartee.

"But, children, children! Can't you play without making so much noise?"

"What! you, grandmamma? The idea of you scolding us!"

"And why shouldn't I?"

"Because, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandmamma."

Anger turns the mind out of doors and bolts the entrance.

TO JOIN ENGLAND TO THE CONTINENT.

A Clever Frenchman Has Devised a Combination Bridge and Tunnel to Do It.

French genius threatens to teach the English how to get rid of the inconveniences of insularity without sacrificing its national insurance features. The English Channel is a large and expensive fact for Great Britain from the point of view of commerce and yet none too wide or deep when economy and security of national protection are considered. Between anxiety to advance the interests of commerce and apprehension of weakening the national security, Great Britain has stood in shivering uncertainty whenever a tunnel or other means of eliminating the water passage from the island to the Continent was under consideration. There are no insurmountable engineering obstacles in the way of a tunnel beneath the channel from Dover to Calais, and such a work would undoubtedly have been begun long ago but for the fear that in case of war the tunnel would form an easy route for an invading army. A long bridge has also been suggested and plans for it have been drawn, but although the danger of invasion by sea was lessened, as compared with a tunnel, it was not removed, and besides, by interfering with navigation on the high seas such a bridge would introduce a new element of difficulty and make it necessary to obtain an international agreement to allow of its construction.

Now, however, M. P. Buneau-Narilla comes forward with a proposition which offers to the British heart at once the safety which it craves and the extended facilities which its commerce demands. He proposes what is called a "mixed solution" of the difficulty, a "bridge-tunnel" scheme. A great bridge, similar to the Forth bridge recently opened, will be built out from the shore on either side into the sea for as long a distance as may be thought necessary. From the sea end of each bridge a shaft will be built either straight down or on an incline, through the sea and the chalk formation which forms its bed into the marly chalk below, where numerous borings have already proved that a tunnel can be easily and safely constructed. This tunnel will be driven through from bridge to bridge, proper elevators will be put into the shafts, and there you are! In time of peace, through express trains from Dover to Calais in an hour, with unlimited freight and passenger transportation possibilities. In time of war, two or three British cannon shots smash the bridge, another one knocks the shaft and its elevating machinery into smithereens, and there you are again, with the tight little island as snug as a bug in a rug.

This scheme presents, according to the claim of its author, sustained by the general opinion of engineers, less difficulty, either from an engineering or a financial standpoint, than either a simple tunnel or a bridge alone. Bridges like those proposed, except as to length, have already been built, and the manner and cost of their construction are known. As for the tunnel, it will be simply a straight cut through soft but impervious material, presenting not a tithe of the difficulties to be met with in such a work.

The real difficulty in the construction will be, M. Varilla says, with the shafts from the ends of the bridges down through and below the sea. The depth of water will probably be from 75 to 100 feet, which is not a serious matter, but the sea is very rough, and means of preserving the works during construction and maintaining them afterward will have to be specially devised.

"For this," M. Varilla says, "I will begin by establishing on the coast near to the work a little special port for the work, and I will construct there a vast box of iron plates, without bottom or top, from 600 to 700 feet long, 325 to 400 feet wide, and 80 to 100 feet high. At the same time I will provide on a large number of scows a great quantity of rock. On a calm day the box, supported on a line of scows, will be transported to the proper place and be sunk on end in position. Then the scows will dump the rock along the side of the walls of the box so as to form about it a sort of protective belt like the breakwaters at the ports of Algiers, Philippeville, and Oran. This operation completed, I will have created a sort of island, having in its midst a little lake, which will remain perfectly tranquil even when the most violent tempest rages without.

"This sort of shaft will have only the depth of the sea at this place, that is, about seventy feet. The first thing to do will be to sink it to the midst of the bed of marly chalk, through which the tunnel is to be pierced, and which is at once solid and perfectly compact, I need not describe the process employed for the purpose of sinking the shaft; it will be only the ordinary process of shaft sinkers. They will have to break the chalk by hammering it with the aid of augers and to dredge up the sort of mud that will result. When one shaft has been sunk through all the permeable earth into a firm and compact bed they will have to construct the body of the elevator. It will consist of four walls of concrete, very thick, and sustained by horizontal metallic framework of sufficient strength. This effected, they will sink inside a metallic caisson as high as the depth of the shaft. This being in place, they will sink concrete to fill the space between the walls of the caisson and of the original shaft, and then, the water being pumped out, will leave a huge solid mass of concrete bound together by metal, with an open shaft through the centre, to the impermeable chalk bed beneath the ocean bottom."

The task of raising and lowering cars through this shaft will not be so great as it is done on similar elevators in several places, notably at canal lifts in different parts of France.

M. Varilla asserts that the total cost of his bridge-tunnel will not exceed \$50,000,000, and that it can be completed within six years. Only England and France will have anything to say about it, because the bridge will not be carried out into the sea beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of each country. That M. Varilla's scheme has merit is indicated by the general attention it has excited in England and France among both laymen and scientific men.

Jim—"That's a pretty girl, Jack, driving that pair of ponies—pleasant face, too."

Jack—"Think so? Now, she conveys an entirely different impression to my mind. Makes me feel cold; gives me a shiver."

Jim—"Why, you are talking nonsense."

Jack—"It is a fact. You see, she is a reindeer."

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself I shall to-day be uppermost.—[Confucius.]

A Trip to the Maritime Province and Prince Edward Island.

BY T. W. GLOVER.

Recently I have visited the above provinces and Prince Edward Island, and have had the pleasure of knowing a little concerning these important parts of our great Dominion. Canadians have much occasion to be proud of the heritage God has given them. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are very similar in appearance. A large portion of these provinces is very romantic, affording magnificent scenery to the admirer of nature. The lakes, rivers and creeks are numerous and noted for abundance of fish, which give enjoyment and profit to the skillful angler. The lofty mountains and rugged hills are rich with ore of various kinds, marble and valuable stone which will eventually give millions of dollars to these provinces. The coal beds are extensive and of a good quality. The best timber of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is almost gone, having been converted into lumber which has been largely sent to Europe and the United States. There are thousands of acres of small timber of different kinds which will bring wealth to the owner. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have many fine cities, towns and villages which will compare favorably with the western towns of Canada. I refer particularly to St. John's, Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Moncton, Pictou, Truro, Woodstock, New Glasgow, Marysville, Yarmouth, New Castle, Liverpool, Chatham, &c.

In these cities and towns are many princely merchants, and a multitude of shrewd business men of all branches of industry. The commercial aspect of these provinces is very good. The people are intelligent, comfortable and contented, and many are wealthy. The gentlemen occupying the different professions are equal in ability to their western brethren. I refer to ministers, lawyers, physicians and educationists. The clergy which I heard preach are learned, eloquent, and able expositors of the word of God, and I was told in the city of St. John, N. B., by a shrewd Yankee "there are no poor preachers in New Brunswick"—corroborating of course the old saying, "the wise men are in the east." Church edifices are numerous, beautiful in design and commodious; and what is better still, the ordinances of God's house are appreciated by the people generally, which is obviously seen by the large congregations that assemble each Sabbath for the worship of God. The different denominations are represented as follows: Baptist, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Congregationalists. The Roman Catholics, of course, are there. The educational advantages of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are very good. No boy or girl need be deprived of a good common school education. There are also excellent denominational and State Colleges and Universities for both sexes, which would bring honor to any land. In many parts of these provinces there is excellent land for agricultural purposes. The valleys and plains are fertile and when properly cultivated yield a remunerative harvest. Apples and other fruits are abundantly grown in parts of Nova Scotia and in some parts of New Brunswick. For agricultural purposes these provinces are not as good as the province of Quebec and very poor when compared with Ontario. The winters are long and cold but I have been told not more unpleasant than the winters of Ontario. St. John and Halifax have the finest and safest harbors in the world. A large shipping trade is done in these cities.

Prince Edward Island is a beautiful spot, surrounded with salt water and the healthful breezes of the old Atlantic Ocean. I do not know a more lovely spot on the Continent of America than this Island. It is full of advantages for the tourist. Charlottetown the capital of the island has a population of 12,000. It is grandly located for boating, fishing, etc. This city is entirely free from the great confusion of a western town. A large remunerative business is being done in a quiet way. Luxuries of all kinds may be obtained. Charlottetown has a fine class of stores, public and private dwellings. The hotel accommodation is excellent. The private dwellings of modern date are very good. The people of the Island are mostly from the British Isles, and are industrious, intelligent and friendly—a few French are there. There are small villages on the island where the tourist may rusticize, and close to the sea shore there are splendid summer hotels for the convenience of the pleasure seeker, at very reasonable charges. Prince Edward Island may be called a magnificent garden. The field sare free of stumps and so destitute of stone that you cannot find one (quickly) to throw at an enemy. The soil is red, and I was told very fertile and productive. Potatoes, barley, oats and hay are raised in great abundance. The Island is noted for fine horses and cattle. The income from eggs is immense, which are sold to dealers of the United States. On the Island are rivers and creeks where delicious trout may be caught. From the middle of June until the last of September the Island may be seen in its glory. The grass alone is worth seeing. It has a cheerful green not seen in Ontario. The roads are ornamented with spruce and other nice trees. Nothing is more delightful to the pleasure seeker than to take a drive a few miles into the country; you return home refreshed and full of rapture. An American gentleman said to me, "Prince Edward Island is surely the garden of Paradise." The orthodox churches are all represented, including the Salvation Army. The people appear to be happy and contented, and, of course, cannot think that there is a better spot in America than their own cosy island, and some of the fathers imagine that a great blunder was made when their dear little island came into the federation.

I would advise the numerous readers of the EAST ENDER to visit Prince Edward Island. There is no better place to spend your summer months at a moderate cost. A tourist ticket can be purchased at a very reasonable rate, and the island is quickly and pleasantly reached by boat or by Railway. During the winter the people of the island see few strangers. They are almost entirely excluded from other parts of the Dominion for a few months, by a severe winter.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—[Pope.]

The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.—[Addison.]

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.—[Sterne.]

WAY BILL, "A CORPSE."

An Express Messenger's Gruesome Night Adventure in His Car.

"During the winter of 1886," said an old express messenger the other day, "I was in the Wells-Fargo service between Kansas City and San Francisco. The run was made upon the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways, that join at Deming. On Christmas Eve, bearing eastward, with the journey so far done from Frisco, the train drew out of Yuma, facing the Arizona desert in the midst of an astonishing storm of sleet and rain. Yuma marks the California line, and there, as we took on the stage company's strong-box, I counted upon the last disturbance of the night. Until daybreak the journey lay through alkali stretches, where at every 100 miles the train rushes shrieking through a poor, uncomical cluster of huts and halts long enough for the locomotive to take on water.

"Unscheduled stops, however, were not infrequent at that time, and there hung within the car a rack of repeating carbines, charged and primed.

"In taking account of the Yuma strong-box, weighing nearly two hundred pounds and 'vouchered' to contain \$50,000 in gold, I glanced at the carbines. I looked again when I remembered that the safe contained as much more.

"Joachim Murilla burned me out of the car for less than half that, and gave me the bullet that lames my back," said the burly man with a smile. "I had hardly a dollar in the car the night I stood off the rustlers at Dodge City. I reflected, what will the Company except now with \$100,000 on my shoulders?"

"I assorted expressage, listed bills and overhauled the carbines as the train flew and the storm beat. I knew the route so well that I could call the towns and tanks as the engine whistled or stopped.

"'Toltec.' I thought, as at midnight the hoarse whistle began to sound. 'We pass her with a howdy.' No, by George! we're going to stop."

"I opened the door enough to see a lantern swaying at a small station and a little group on the platform surrounding a box and evidently preparing to put it on board.

"'Tumble it in, quick,' I said.

"A little slow, partner," replied a man on the platform. 'It's a coffin.'

"A moment later I was alone with the corpse in a prison as secure as a tomb, while the wheels roared beneath and the storm raved outside.

"Somehow I was nervous and couldn't keep my eyes off that coffin. I fancied that it moved and was slowly rising up on end, or that it was preparing an onslaught; then that it was about to disclose the dead.

"The last of these notions—that the occupant of the coffin might liberate herself—got hold of me and I couldn't shake it off. The box was of unusual size and exceptionally ill-made. The wood was rough, warped and filled with knots and knot-holes. All this might easily have been due to the limited facilities of a desert town. I don't know why, but I couldn't resist turning it over, face down. It seemed to me to roll horribly.

"Then I imagined I heard a noise at the car door and at the same moment a movement in the coffin. I knew it was foolish, but I rolled the stage company's strong-box, with its 200 pounds of gold, to the coffin and set it upon the lid towards the larger end.

"Then I lighted my pipe, I noticed afterwards, though I didn't think of it at the time, that most of the knot-holes towards the head of the coffin were covered and sealed by the flat iron bottom of the strong-box.

"Several minutes passed and the engine had blown its 'view-halloo' at a wayside cattle town when suddenly sounds began to issue from the box. There was no doubt about it this time. There was a scuffling, a growling, a kicking against the sides.

"To say that I was horrified doesn't express it. The struggle in the box continued. I staggered to the gunrack, tore down a carbine, cocked, aimed and fired it through the box ten feet away.

"Muffled shrieks now mingled with the thumping and thrashing in the box. I fired again. The shrieks were redoubled. I became frantic, and shrieked like a lunatic myself, while I fired again and again at the box until the magazine was exhausted and then I rushed to get another.

"But the pine box was split and torn; the iron box was slowly crushing it down; through gaps in the wood blood was streaming and no sounds whatever issued from the coffin.

"Finally a long, deep groan escaped from the box. Plainly it was a man's voice. I managed to tear away the shattered lid. There was no coffin inside, but only the body of a man torn with a dozen terrible wounds.

"He wore the garb of the frontier, with knife and pistol at his belt, and a loaded Winchester lay at his side. He was conscious and gasped, 'Raise me up!'

"'Don't water at Tank 22,' said the man with difficulty, and his jaw fell.

"The engine stopped at water-tank No. 21 a half-hour behind schedule time. Shots were fired through the cab of the locomotive and the express car as the train dashed by Tank 22.

"The dead bandit was buried without identification at Deming, and some one scrawled upon the head-board, 'Quien Sabe?'

A Sensational Wedding.

A stunning and decidedly sensational wedding occurred in Odessa the other day. Marc Pogorzky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, saying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope who was half drunk never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Marc reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what had happened he proceeded at once to paint the church red. He thrashed the bridegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law. He was arrested; but as the case involves a question of ecclesiastical law, it was referred to the Czar, the head of the Church.

Children increase the cares of life, but mitigate the remembrance of death.