

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE FAITHFUL BROWNIE.

BY PAISIE.

On a high mountain in Hesse-land, there stood years ago, a stately castle, with strong walls and lofty towers. The rays of the setting sun fell through one of the narrow windows and rested lovingly on the blonde hair of a little girl. The child was kneeling on a large chair before the window, and with her head leaning on her plump, dimpled arms, wept silently, but bitterly.

"O Margaret, Margaret, why do you stay so long?" sobbed the little one at last, as she glided from the chair and ran toward the door. But the latch was beyond her reach, and no sound pierced the thick oaken doors. Finding that her cries were vain, she climbed into the easy chair again, and supporting her arms on the broad window sill, watched the sun until it sank from view and thought the little clouds floating in the sky looked like white swans swimming in a purple sea. Then it grew darker and darker, and finally the stars began to peep out, still Margaret, the nurse, did not come.

"Mechtild, Mechtild," suddenly cried a voice, and turning around, the little girl saw the fire on the hearth burning brightly, and in its light stood a little Brownie, not nearly so large as Mechtild. The little fellow had long golden curls, laughing blue eyes, and a rosy face. He wore a scarlet velvet suit and boots studded with pearls, while in his hand he carried his little green cap.

"Who are you, and how did you get here?" asked Mechtild, half frightened; but greatly pleased at the sight of a visitor.

"Don't you know me?" laughed the Brownie, "why, I am Puck. You certainly have heard of me. But perhaps you expected to see a different looking person. And I am not always so handsome. When I am with cross, disagreeable people, I look wrinkled and old, and my voice is shrill and unpleasant; but with you I shall always be as I am to-day. I shall serve you when I can, and play with you when Margaret leaves you alone. How will that please you?"

"How glad I am," said Mechtild, "for it has been very lonesome since dear mamma died, and now papa has taken brother Gero traveling with him, and they will not be home for a year. Do you think that Margaret will soon bring me my supper? I am getting very hungry."

"Margaret is too busy chatting with the other servants to think of you," was the reply, "but I shall soon bring you something good from the pantry."

And Puck ran so close to the fire that Mechtild cried: "O, do be careful, or you will burn your pretty clothes."

The Brownie only laughed and in a moment disappeared. It was not very long, however, until he again stood before the little girl. He had his hands and pockets full of cakes. To Mechtild's astonished inquiries as to where he got them Puck laughed heartily, and said: "Whenever I place this little green cap on my head I at once become invisible, and can be where I wish. When I left you I went directly to the kitchen, where the servants are having a feast. It was great fun to see them gaze in surprise when I snatched these cakes just as they were about to eat them. I wish I could have brought you some of the other good things they had."

But Mechtild was very well satisfied with the cakes, and the evening passed pleasantly with her new friend until the little girl began to grow sleepy, and then the Brownie said: "Curl up in that big chair, and I shall sing you to sleep."

When, late at night, Margaret returned, expecting to find her little charge in tears, she found Mechtild sleeping sweetly, while the moon rays falling through the window kissed her soft hair and rosy cheeks. For several days the nurse was very attentive to the child; but she grew careless again, and ran off to the kitchen, leaving Mechtild alone. But Puck did not forget his little friend.

"Now Mechtild, we shall have some fun to-night," said the Brownie, "I have brought a little cap for you, and we shall help ourselves to whatever we want."

The little girl was in high glee over the thought, and putting on their caps the two little people wished themselves in the kitchen where the servants, seated around a table, were eating and drinking. Puck and Mechtild went from one plate to another, taking a piece of meat here and some bread there, enjoying all the time the startled looks the thefts caused. Once, as the cook was raising a glass of wine to her lips, Puck took the glass from her hand, and, after drinking the wine, put the glass on the table. When Mechtild saw how frightened the cook was, and what a queer face she made, she could not help laughing aloud. At the sound of her voice Margaret arose from the table and said: "I think Mechtild is calling me."

When the nurse entered the room, she found the little girl looking out of the window, and laughing heartily.

Puck proved a faithful friend to the lonely child. During the long winter he was with her nearly every day, and by means of the green caps, the two made visits into distant lands, where the sun shone bright and warm and the sweet flowers bloomed. They also went into the cold lands of the north, where only snow and ice were to be seen.

When spring came Mechtild and her friend wandered over the mountain on which the castle stood, and many happy hours they spent together. It was not until late in the summer that Gero and his father returned home. Upon the arrival of the travelers, the nurse became so attentive to little Mechtild that Puck ceased to visit the castle. While Mechtild wondered that the Brownie did not come to her, she was not lonely without him; for Gero was very fond of his little sister, and was her constant companion.

Several years passed by, and Mechtild grew to be a tall handsome girl, and was renowned throughout the country for her beauty. One night she was aroused from her slumbers by a voice, crying: "Mechtild, Mechtild, awake, danger is near."

Springing up the girl called in a frightened tone: "Who speaks, and what is the matter?"

"It is your old friend Puck who calls," was the reply. "He has come to warn you to fly for your life."

"What danger can befall me in my father's castle?" asked Mechtild.

"A great danger is very near you," said the Brownie, "and unless you hasten you will be overtaken. A band of robbers, knowing that your father and his men are absent from home, are on their way to attack the castle. They will burn the build-

ing, and expect to carry you off as their prisoner. I have brought you your green cap, and having it, you can easily escape."

Mechtild arose, and after hastily dressing, put on the green cap, which the Brownie gave her.

"Now," said Puck, "we shall go out to meet the enemy. We shall open the doors and gates so that they may enter without battering down the walls."

Mechtild was too frightened to think for herself, and did just as her friend told her. She followed him out into the hall, and down the broad stairway. They had just unbarred the great doors, when the furious robbers came rushing in.

"It is plain to be seen that the master of the house is not here," said one, "or the doors would not have been left open. I wonder what he will think when he returns and finds his home in ruins, and his beautiful daughter gone."

Puck led Mechtild to a safe place, where they could watch the robbers without being in any danger of being trampled upon. They could see the men enter the castle, bring out what treasures they could find. Then the servants, having been called together by Gero, appeared and attempted to defend the walls. But the robbers were very powerful, and a bloody battle followed.

"Puck, dear Puck," whispered Mechtild, "save my brother from these cruel men. Take my cap to him that he may put it on, and escape."

She was about to take the cap from her head, when Puck cried: "No, no, you must keep your cap on, or the robbers will see you, and will certainly carry you away. I shall go to Gero, and save him if I can."

Then the little Brownie went sadly away, for he feared in saving Gero he might lose his own life. But going to the youth, Puck took off his cap, and placing it on Gero's head, said: "Wish to be with your sister."

The moment the little Brownie removed his cap he was seen by the ruffians, who, thinking that he belonged to some band which by magic art would save the castle, pierced the little fellow with their swords, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

At the same time the owner of the castle and his men returned, and the robbers fled in haste. Mechtild and Gero grieved long for their faithful friend, and they never forgot little Puck, who died while serving them.

### Russell Sage to Boys.

The boy who is wanted in the business world of to-day must be educated, says Russell Sage in an admirable article on "The Boy That is Wanted," in the November Ladies' Home Journal. If his parent cannot afford to give him a high-school or college education, he must learn to study without the aid of a teacher, in the early morning before business begins, and in the evening after business hours. It can no longer be truthfully said that an education is out of any one's reach. Our splendid school system, where one can study by day or in the evening, has put the priceless treasure of an education within the reach of all. The main thing, in the beginning, that I would impress upon boys is one of the great commandments, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The boy who respects his father and mother, who treats his sisters and brothers with loving kindness, has laid a good foundation for a successful career. You will do as your parents tell you, and that certainly will be to study. Don't be in a hurry to get away from your school books. The cares and responsibilities of business life will come soon enough. Go to school as long as you can, and, remember, every hour spent in study in your youth will be worth money to you in after life. Read good books—the Bible above all. Make yourself acquainted with history. Study the progress of nations and the careers of men who have made nations great. If you have no library of your own, join one of the numerous associations to be found in all cities, where good, healthful books may be obtained. Study religion, science, statecraft and history. Learn to read intelligently, so that you may turn to practical use in after life the readings of your youth. Be sure you begin right. Do not waste time in reading trashy books.

### Defense Against Ostriches.

When the birds are savage or queer, as the Dutch call it, they become very aggressive, and it is impossible to walk about the camps unless armed with a weapon of defense called a tackey. This is a long and stout branch of mimosa, with the thorns all left on the end.

It seems but a feeble protection against a foe who, with one stroke of his immensely powerful leg, can easily kill a man; the kick, no less violent than that of a horse, being rendered infinitely more dangerous by the formidable claw with which the foot is armed. Those, however, who are well practiced in the use of the tackey have no difficulty in dealing with the most furious bird.

They thrust the thorns in his face, and he shuts his eyes and is bewildered, and the man goes on. Fortunately, one is never assailed by more than one ostrich at a time; for, in the large camps, each one has his own domain, separated from those of the others by some imaginary boundary-line of his own, within which he defends his claims with vigor.

Any other ostrich daring to invade his territory is at once attacked, and the human intruder is carefully looked out for till he is seen safely away. Immediately after this speeding the parting guest the most savage bird is quite harmless; he dismisses you from his thoughts and walks quickly back, feeding as he goes.

And in the distance you see the head and long neck of his neighbor, whose kingdom you have now entered, and whose sharp eyes spied you the instant your foot crossed his frontier.

He now advances toward you with jerky, spasmodic movements, as if he were jerking you a welcome; this, however, is far from his thoughts, and, after sitting down once or twice to give you his challenge—whereby he hopes you will be intimidated—he trots up defiantly, and the tackey's services are again required.

### The Season's Greeting.

She would not be my Christmas gift, nor yet my Valentine;

But, with a manner quite composed and cool,

Remarked: "Since to my service you persistently incline,

Suppose you come and be my April Fool."

—Emma Carleton.

## CURIOUS LAKES.

### An Extraordinary Inland Sea on the Columbia River Plateau.

There are in the world many lakes and inland seas, each having water peculiar to itself. Most noted of these is the Dead sea, whose surface is 1,300 feet below that of the ocean and whose depth is another 1,300 feet. The largest is the Caspian sea, also below sea level, and with an unfathomable bottom. Exploration of the American continent has revealed a number of saline and alkaline lakes, all of which are above sea level. Salt lake, the largest and perhaps the oldest, has an altitude of 4,200 feet. Lake Como, in the new "State of Wonders," is 7,000 feet up in the mountains, while Tulare has less than 300 feet altitude. The waters of the last two are quite brackish, but light compared with Salt lake, whose contents are 20 per cent. salt, being but little lighter than Dead sea water.

The waters of lakes Owen and Mono, on the eastern slope of the sierra, have not been analyzed, but they are surcharged with sodium compounds. Borax lake, in southeastern Oregon, is named from the boracic character of its waters.

All these lakes and seas have a visible inlet, a fresh water supply, that compensates for evaporation, but there is a little alkaline and saline lake in southern Washington, says the San Francisco Chronicle, that has no visible inlet or outlet, the supply coming from two hidden springs. It is situated on the great Columbia river plateau, 16 miles southwest from Spokane and 2,300 feet above the rim of the ocean. From the remedial virtues of the water it has been appropriately called Medical lake. It lies in the midst of a great basaltic region through which the granite crops out occasionally, as on the western shore. The lakebed, too, is said to be granite. A high basaltic ridge to the westward is shaded by a pine forest. On the opposite side is the thriving little village of Medical Lake.

Medical lake has a maximum depth of 60 feet, is half a mile long and twice as wide. No plant grows close to or in the water, and the quiet that reigns over the dark pool is impressive. The water has been described as amber colored. If amber is dark with a greenish tinge the description is good. Fresh water is to be found only a few feet below the surface, not more than 20 feet from the lake shore.

Animal life in the lake is not quite so scarce as plant life. There is a bug which sports on the surface, a species of terrapin living more on the bottom, and a curious animal called the "walking fish," which seldom comes to the surface. The last named, the axolotl, is quite remarkable in appearance and one of the most interesting of American reptiles.

The name "secretary tadpole" would be as appropriate as "walking fish," for the gills stick out behind the head in a way to remind one of the secretary bird, and it much resembles a large tadpole, being eight or nine inches long. A finny membrane extends along the back, continuing along the upper and lower sides of the compressed tail. The four feet have four toes, the hinder five. The eyes are small and without lids. The mouth, like the head, is large and ugly. Our natural histories speak of the axolotl as a Mexican reptile, and it has been given a separate genus—siredon. It is so abundant in Mexican lakes as to be a source of food for the natives. Not until the discovery of lake Como, Wyoming, was it known that the animal lived in the United States.

Professor Marsh took some of them to New Haven from this mountain lake, and the scientific world was surprised to learn that in these new surroundings they passed through another metamorphosis, losing their gills and finny adornments, while their hitherto undeveloped lungs expanded so that they would live in the open air and their eyes were protected with lids. In fact it is a true amblystoma, and had been wrongly named, never having in its native habitation reached more mature existence than the larval state. The existence of the axolotl in Medical lake or even the existence of the lake itself, is, perhaps, new to most zoologists. It is also said to sport in the fresh water of lake Washatucna, Washington.

### The Birds are Going.

A few evenings ago I took the steamer, with a party of naturalists, to Bedloe's island, as the electric lights at the top of the statue are known to attract multitudes of birds every spring and fall. There had been cold weather for a few days before and millions of birds were hastening south. We obtained a permit and went to the topmost gallery of the statue and waited, says Harper's Weekly. The night had not far advanced when all the heavens seemed to become full of wings, which produced a tempest of whirring sound.

Then came the calls of the leaders, and they rang out so clearly that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm. The responses were fainter than the signaling cries, but they were quite definite. The object of the calls, of course, was to keep the flocks together, for, as could be seen through strong glasses, birds of a hundred species were driving along the breast of the storm.

All that came near the statue hovered around the light in large circles, but some of them struck against the bronze or stone. There were sandpipers of every kind, "peeping, peeping," as they went; golden wings and other woodpeckers, with their loud and rather hoarse cries; warblers of every kind—and their signaling ran through a wide gamut of sound—thrushes, robins, meadow larks, nuthatches, and congregations of bobolinks that filled the air with hurricanes of lovely music as they swept by.

Sometimes a huge black cloud passed along, and the glasses showed that they were blackbirds, but they did not chatter as they do on the edge of the forest. The leaders made all the noise and preserved order. I know not how many flocks went by of teal, wood duck, black duck, mergansers, curlew, snipe, plover, pewees, phebe birds and what not, but none could mistake the kingfishers as they went, with their scolding laughter, through the dark.

We caught a score or so of the birds in nets and in our hats, and kept them till the morning, after which we released them. And all through the night bats chased and feasted upon the silly moths that gathered around the spikes of electric flame.

A large number of birds lay dead upon the grass in the morning, having struck the statue. One morning shortly after the statue was put up, over a thousands birds were picked up; but latterly they seem to be aware of the danger, and not nearly so many are killed against this tall obstruction.

## Prosperity in British Columbia.

British Columbia is going ahead in a most satisfactory manner. In an interview recorded in one of the London papers, Hon. John Herbert Turner, the Provincial Minister of Finance and Agriculture, gives a wonderful account of this development. The building of the Canadian Pacific; the promotion of steamship lines to the east; the increase of trade; the growth of population and the expansion of its cities are cited as proofs of this progress. Mr. Turner points out that:

In 1871 the assessed value of real estate owned in the province, outside of cities, was.....	\$3,673,000 00
In 1891 it was.....	20,000,000 00
In 1881 the assessed value of real estate in the city of Victoria was about.....	6,000,000 00
In 1891 it has risen to.....	17,700,000 00
The personal property in the province, assessed in 1881 at.....	3,880,000 00
has risen in 1891 to.....	18,000,000 00
The total debt of the province, as shown by the Public Act, to June 30 last is, per head of population.....	12 50
The value of real and personal property owned by the people is assessed, per head, at about.....	545 00
The revenue in 1881 was.....	97,035 00
The revenue in 1891 was.....	909,391 00
The expenditure on public works, such as roads and bridges, and surveys for the opening up and development of the province, has in the last five years been.....	960,967 00
And in 1891 the expenditure on education in the province, which is entirely free and unsectarian, was.....	122,984 00

The exports of the province have increased from \$1,858,000 in 1872 to \$5,785,000 last year, and its imports from \$1,790,000 to \$4,442,474. Trade has decreased with San Francisco, which is now a competing port, not a market, while there is a "large and rapidly growing trade" with Eastern Canada. Speaking of external relations the Minister observed that:

"Years ago, before the bargain of Confederation was carried out, and the Canadian Pacific line was completed to the Pacific coast, there was, undoubtedly, a feeling of unrest. I won't say there was much of a desire for annexation, for, with the exception of the few who may be found in any community to favor a policy of that nature, we were always attached to British institutions, but whatever that feeling once was there is nothing of the kind now. The railway has given us the outlet we need and our future is assured."

### The Behring Sea Commissioners.

Sir George Baden-Powell, the imperial Commissioner to Behring Sea, and Dr. George M. Dawson, the Canadian commissioner, arrived at Ottawa on Wednesday after an absence of over three months. During that time they have made as thorough enquiries into the subject under investigation as was possible, and although it is not expected that either of the gentlemen will be able to enter into particulars of their investigations until their reports are presented, yet sufficient has been learned of their doings to interest the public. After leaving Victoria in the steamer Danube, the commissioners visited all the known seal rookeries, going as far north as St. Lawrence island, east to the B. C. coast and south to Neah bay. The rookeries of the Pribiloff islands and the Russian breeding grounds were similarly visited, but the commissioners speak highly of their treatment by the Russian officials. Everyone in a position to know anything about seals and sealing was interviewed, some 500 persons being seen and questioned. Information was also written for and received from San Francisco, Japan and Russia, and the commissioners made a point of witnessing the killing of seals, and, in fact, making themselves thoroughly au fait with the question. From the time of leaving Victoria until their return, the commissioners devoted themselves strictly to business, no time being left for the study of natural history, hunting, or for observing the peculiarities of the many strange races encountered. The American commissioners were met twice during the trip and the Russian authorities more frequently. It was from the latter that the commissioners first learned of the seizure of Capt. McLean and his schooner, and it seemed with them a foregone conclusion that a long term of imprisonment at Vladivostok awaited McLean, if not the whole crew of the Lewis. Sir George and Dr. Dawson will remain in Ottawa a few days consulting the Government and preparing their report, and will then proceed to Washington, where they will meet the American commissioners.

### How to Clean a Gun.

I think most sportsmen are ignorant of the easiest, best, cheapest and simplest method of cleaning guns," writes "S. F. A." "In the first place, and the most important, don't clean the inside of your barrels at all when you return from shooting, no matter how long the gun is to rest in its case or stand in the corner. Merely wipe over the outside of the gun with a rag that has been saturated with melted cosmoline (or some such preparation from petroleum), rubbing a little hard. Then wipe with a dry rag if the gun is left too greasy. Before the gun is used at all the inside working parts—the locks, ejectors, etc.—should be warmed and melted cosmoline run into every opening and joint. When the parts cool the grease hardens and stays, and it will last for years and preserve perfectly. When you are ready to go shooting again swab and wipe out the barrels, which you will find are perfectly preserved under the burnt powder rust. They will look as new and bright after the wipe as if just polished. I have never known guns to rust even in salt air and drizzle when thus cared for. I have known cleaned and oiled barrels to get rust spots inside in spite of every other precaution."

### He Ought to Have Known.

Cochran.—I suppose your name on this umbrella indicates that it belongs to you?

Gilroy.—Which, the name or the umbrella?

Cochran.—The name, of course.—Puck.

### Not on to Their Curves.

"So you have been playing poker, eh? Did you play with straights?"

"No; with crooks."—Puck.

### He Waked the Dead.

Gibbon (as he goes out).—Bah Jove, Barker, that fellow Chatterly is simply wonderful. How dramatic the way he tells his funny stories!

Carper.—Very dramatic; but then, you know, he gets them all from theatre programmes.—Puck.

## The Minds of Men.

"Should it be according to thy mind?" Job xxxv, 33.

Not the least among the troubles that fell to the lot of Job was the unwise conduct of his three sincere but short-sighted friends. When first they came to him they bowed in silence before him, and like true orientals they held their peace for many days. That happy time of silence was a time of comfort for the troubled patriarch. Their hushed and quiet presence was balm to his weary soul. But as soon as they began to speak the charm was broken and they irritated and wearied Job with their much talking, for like all "much talkings," their words were louder than they were deep. We can hardly blame these men after all for the gravemistakes they made. They were very much like men of modern days, too much disposed to make everything square with their preconceived notions, forgetful, or at least unmindful, of the fact that, as John Robinson said, "God has much more light to break forth from His word" and from His providential dealings than any of us dreamed. Many centuries passed away before the world learned from a poet's lips that

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

These men concluded that Job must have been a great sinner, or he never would have been a great sufferer. They laid down a hard and fast line of proportion. The sin was the measure of suffering. They concluded that all sorrow was punishment, that all suffering was penal, that trouble came to man as a sort of an avenging answer to his wrong doing. What could possibly have been further from the truth! And yet we must remember that all these mistakes were made in the morning twilight of the world's history. It took ages to learn that—

Through the mist and through the murkness,  
Through the darkness and the dole,  
Travels the great human soul.

Indeed, it was not till Jesus Christ came that the world fully realized that it was utterly impossible to make men great without sorrow, that even the Captain of our salvation Himself was made perfect through suffering. But there was great wisdom in this question that the young Elihu asked: "Should it be according to thy mind?" Would it be well that life should be as you would have it? That old question was very wise and is just as appropriate to-day and if possible more forcible than in the day when it was first asked. Let any man ponder this question and render an answer for himself. Do we not all find ourselves in the moral and spiritual world just where the sainted poet found himself when night fell upon his way and rendered dim the distant shore? And what can be wiser than to say as he said: "Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!"

No, not according to our minds that grasp so little, and grasp that little so imperfectly. Not according to our ignorance, but according to the divine wisdom, and the divine mercy, and the divine faithfulness.

### Simulation of Death in the East.

The powers of the fakirs, or faqueers, of India and Persia of simulating death are marvellous, and almost incredible. Several sects in these countries regard the art of apparent death as a part of their religious ritual, and practise it assiduously. In their ancient books it is described as puranayam, or stopping the breath. Many cases in which these Indian fakirs have allowed themselves to be buried alive for long periods have been verified by British officials in India, and attested by evidence which dispels all doubt of their truth. This personation of death continues for as long as six, and even ten months. The way the fakirs go to work to produce this condition, is to have the little ligature under the tongue cut, whereby they are enabled to stretch this organ out to a great length. Then they turn it back, inserting the end in the throat, and closing up at the same time the inner nasal apertures. The external apertures of the nose and the ears are closed with wax, and the eyes covered to exclude the light. Long preliminary practice is, however, needed in holding the breath, and a long course of fasting before burial. The fakir then sinks into a condition resembling death, and the body is wrapped in linen, placed in a box and buried. When the box is taken up, at the expiration of the long-continued death-like sleep, and opened, the fakir is found cold and stiff; no pulsation can be felt; the heart, the wrist, the temples are still; the body is not cold as a corpse would be, but is colder than that of other living men, except over the seat of the brain. All the secretions are fully stopped, the nails, hair, and beard have ceased growth. After being resuscitated the fakir feels great dizziness, and for a few hours cannot stand up without support, but gradually he recovers strength, and enjoys amazingly the wonder he has excited.

### What Salisbury Thinks.

Lord Salisbury, it is said, has decided that the leadership of the house of commons shall devolve upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who is now president of the board of trade. Sir Michael is a happy medium between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen, and will do very well until after the general election. Mr. Goschen is too much of the university professor to be a popular leader, while it has apparently been agreed that Mr. Balfour ought not at the present crisis to leave the Irish office. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach unites in himself the genial qualities of the late leader, and considerable of his aptitude for business. He does not obtrude himself very much on the house, but when he speaks his statements are lucid and convincing. Whether he will be able to stand the strain is doubtful, as not very long ago he was reported in bad health. The leadership of the Irish party is causing much discussion. There does not seem to be one of the present parliamentary representatives who will be successful as a leader, owing to jealousies and heartburnings over the fate of Mr. Parnell. But there is one man on whom both factions would probably unite, and while not a brilliant man he is one who would inspire confidence. This is William Shaw, a Protestant, on whose shoulders the mantle of Isaac Butt, the father of home rule, descended. Mr. Shaw is now living in retirement, in the enjoyment of good health and ample fortune. He gave way to Mr. Parnell and has done much for his country. It is believed that Mr. Shaw would be willing to step into the breach and save his unhappy country from the continuance of the unseemly quarrel now existing.