The Changes of Two Years Why, Bob, you dear old fellow, Where have you been these years? Egypt, India, Khiva, With the Khan's own volunteers? ave you scaled the Alps or Andes, Sailed to isles of Amazons? bat climate, Bob, has wrought this change-Your face from brown to brouze?"

To the same frank, friendly way; e stood once more on the dear old beach And it seemed but yesterday nce, stauding on this same white shore She said, with eyelids wet : Good bye. You may remember, Bob, But I shall not forget."

held her hand and whispered low : " Madge, darling, what of the yearshe two long years that have intervened Bince, through the midst of tears, Ve looked good-bye on this same white beach Here by the murmuring sea? ou. Madge, were then just twenty, And I was twenty-three,"

crimson blush came to her cheek, "Hush Bob !" she quickly said ; Let's look at the batners in the surf-There's Nellie and Cousin Ned." And who's that portly gentleman On the shady side of life?" Oh, he belongs to our party, too-In fact, Bob, I'm his wife.

"And I tell you, Bob, it's an awful thing The way he does behave ; Flirts with that garl in steel gray silk-Bob, why do you look so grave!" The fact is, Madge, I-well-ahem ! On, nothing at all, my dear-Except that she of the steel-gray si'k Is the one I married last year.

# EDEN'S EXPERIENCE.

A Short Story for Samaritans.

It was a little child that had come to the oor to beg. But the knock-timid and esitating as it was—disturbed the baby, bat after much rocking and soothing, Mrs. Eden had just succeeded in getting into its iret sleep. And very displeased with the mock was Mrs. Eden in consequence, and ser mind was fully made up—not only to disnies the beggar-if beggar it were-without Ims, but to speak a sharp word or two, into be bargain. But this last resolution was lismissed before she reached the dcor-for she encountered a cutting gust of wind in the essage, which made her remember how treets, and opportunely reminded her that Christian charity would not tolerate sharp go home." words under the circumstances.

Severe enough, God knows the weather ad been for some days. People who had made their calculations, decided that for even winters the thermometer had not fallen o many degrees below the freezing point. Only that morning, within half a mile of Mrs. Eden's residence, a girl had been found stone dead-frozen, poor thing, on the doorstep of a rich man's house. But the man knew not, of course, that she was there—for as a Christian and a mother, Mrs. Bulrush, it is not in the human heart to suffer a fellowcreature to perish with cold and hunger on a doorstep. The rich man had dropped into a sound sleep—drawing up his limbs in his comfortable warm bed-unconscious of the

tragedy which, so near to him, was witnessed by the awful frost. When Mrs. Eden had got the door open, -which was not easy of accomplishmentfor the wind for some moments absolutely insisted on keeping it shut, she beheld a little, ragged starveling, of what sex she sould not determine-small enough to be only six years old-but sufficiently aged in Seatures to be twelve or thirteen-poverty having done the work of time, and labored at it with good will. Now Mrs. Eden, as we have seen, had determined to bestow no alms. The crying baby still admonished her of the interruption to its slumbers, and as it was a very wakeful baby indeed, she had to calculate upon a second course of rocking and soothing before she could lay it on the pillow, and so find an opportunity to prepare her husband's supper. But woman's heart, and a mother's heart especially, is nature's masterpiece of sympathy. And Mrs. Eden, who had little time for reading books was a great scholar in human faces. God's written ashion, speech seatures,—a

Gospel, she often said in her quaint for which she was on one occasion taken soundly to task by a local preacher and distributor of I believe she was right notwithstand. ing. When she had looked only an instant wpon the little, ragged epicene and heard the piteous wail which its thin blue lips uttered and which resolved itself into some such words as these, "Have you anything to give a poor child to-night that's got no mother, please?" she felt a twinge at the heart that, by some process of association, had reference | tat. to a certain sixpence which was deposited in a pill-box that stood upon the mantelsiece within and which she had that morning sieked up in an adjoining street. It seemed so Mrs. Eden that this waif could not be applied to a better use than the relief of the little mendicant. Accordingly, she bestowed the coin upon the child, whose faculty of speech was averted by the magnitude of the alms and the donor was unthanked. She did not heed the circumstance, for she belonged not to that class of benefactors who are uneasy if the palate of their benevolence go sages would be ready by the time he was reuntickled by praise.

The child, grasping the coin in its little hand, made quick way to a baker's shop, before whose window, amongst other hungry and frost-pinched children, she (for it was a little girl that Mrs. Eden had relieved) had stood but a brief while before, eyeing the loaves that were as hopeless of attainment as the very food of angels. There was one loaf with its crusty side turned to catch the eye of the passengers, upon which she resolved to expend the sixpence. Now chanced that the baker was not to be numbered amongst the kindest member of the human family. There was an acidity in his countenance which repelled liking. Some men we favor at a glance. This baker was of a different class. He was sour with an emphasis, especially to children, and more parsicularly to poor children. To do him justice, he was not servile to the rich. He was vinegar still-a little diluted, perhaps-but mever oil or butter, or any unctuous substance, though his wealthiest customer were than a girl. counting gold of standard weight upon his

The girl fearlessly entered the shop, and pointed to the loaf which she desired to possess. The baker frowned-to his cus-

She sixpence. "That loaf-that 'un there-he in the corner," said the child, eagerly. But the baker, who had taken up the coin, did not said Mr. Eden, hasten to execute the order. He narrowly inspected the money, and, dissatisfied with | dle in the house when that is burnt out." the scrutiny, notched it with a file. And

then the full villainy of its being was revealed. The Samaritan gift—Good Spirits had looked down upon it and blessed it-was a sham. Adjoining the neighborhood in which the baker resided, a gang of coiners had recently established themselves and base money was frequently tendered at the shops of the various tradesmen. Twice that day bad sixpences had been presented to the baker in exchange for bread. The call upon his time which the prosecution of the offenders would have demanded had alone deterred from such a step, but he had inwardly resolved that on the next occasion the party should be made an example of. Without more ado, therefore, he walked to his door and promised a the baker and his wife she could extract penny roll to a ragged urchin for fetching a nothing concerning the child, save that she policeman. The lad darted off, shricking had tendered a bad sixpence, for which " police" as he went, and followed by a dezen boys and girls, ragged as himself and vociferating as loudly.

An officer was soon found. He listened to the baker-examined the coin, and professed to recognize the child as an old hand at "that

sort of thing." "You'll have to attend to-morrow Mr. Bulrush," he said to the baker. "Ten will be the hour. It's uncertain when 'twill come off-but we'll have consideration for you, on account of your business. Bread is dear enough, ain't it ?"

" It will be very inconvenient for me to appear myself," remarked the baker. suppose if I send my wife it will do-won't

The policeman thought otherwise, and grasped the little hand compressed within his own tighter as he said so. The child uttered a piteous cry of pain, and bade the man release her, that she might take the losf to her father. At this juncture the baker's wife entered the shop.

"You are hurting your little girl," she said to the policeman.

" My little girl," said the piqued officer, glancing disdamfully at the child. "Thank you, Mrs. Bulrush-my little girl makes a better appearance than a beggar's childmy little girl has werm, respectable clothing, and never utters bad money."

"Ob, it's another case of bad money—is Why, that makes the third to-day."

"Bad money," cried the child, beginning to cry as she now first understood her position. "A woman gave it to me. Father sent severe the weather was out in the bleak me out to beg, and told me to buy bread with what I got. I won't go to jail. Please let me

"It may be true what she says," remarked the baker's spouse.

"'Tis so young a child, I don't see what's the use of sending her to prison; except for charity's sake, for I suppose they'll feed I would let her go-1 would, her there. Bulrush."

"Why, you see ma'am, it wouldn't do to let her go," replied the policeman; "if it's only on the principle of getting her fed. Why, you must say prison feeding is better than chance bread. Bless you, she won't know herself when she comes out; she'll be so plump and fat."

A customer had entered the shop during the officer's speech.

"Why, Mr. Eden," said the baker's lady, "you are a stranger. How's your respectable wife and the nice baby? Here's a case of a bad sixpence—a shame, an't it, to see so young a hand at it—the third case to-day -tradesmen need to be careful."

" Bad money - so young, too-not the first attempt, I suppose," said Mr. Eden. "Oh, no-an old hand at it, sir. I've had

my eye upon her this long time," said the policeman. " I want a half-quartern loaf, Mr. Bulrush

-a crusty one if you have it-that in the window will just suit me; and Mr. Eden pointed to the loaf which the child had intended to purchase. When she saw the baker deliver it to his customer, she renewed her crying and wept more bitterly than ever.

"Well, good night, Bulrush-good night, Mrs. B." said Mr. Eden, turning to depart. She is young—too young for oakum picking-cold night, isn't it?" and he left the shop. The policeman also quitted it, dragin children's ging the child along-while Mr. Bulrush put on his great-coat-wiped the flour from his face, and prepared to follow him to make the charge at the station-house.

The baby was asleep before the knocker responded to the application of Mr. Eden's finger. The supper was in course of preparation, but not ready, and Mr. Eden was a hasty man. But for the little mendicant, baby would have been disposed of half an hour before, and the sausage would be "keeping warm" upon the hub. Rat tat-

As it happened, Mr. Eden was in the best possible humor. His employers—he was junior clerk to a merchant firm in the city -had that day taken him confidentially aside, and announced their determination to elevate him to a higher post and increase his salary £70 annually. He could, therefore, bear to wait complacently for his supper. He would run to the nearest tavern for half a pint of the best Scotch whiskey, in which to drink his employer's health. Mrs. Eden had no objection to whiskey—and the sauturned and had got his house-coat and slippers on. Meanwhile, the little hungry girl was dismally sobbing in her cell at the station house.

"By the bye, my dear," said Mr. Eden to his wife after supper, "when I stepped into Bulrush's for that loaf, he was just giving a miserable child into custody for attempting to pass a bad sixpence—plenty of base money about—the third bad sixpence offered at Bulrush's to-day. You must be careful of the silver you get in change at the shop."

"Three bad sixpenses in one day! What

sort of a child was it?" "Oh, a little old-fashioned, beggarly looking little thing with a careworn old-looking face. The policeman knew her well—an old hand at that sort of thing."

"It was a girl then—what sort of bonnet had she on ?" "Bonnet-I don't know whether it was

bonnet or hat-it was squabbed out of all

"How old do you think this girl was?" said Mrs. E , following up the thread of her own reflections,

"Any age between six and fourteen. You seem concerned for her, my dear." "Concerned -how absurd! Your pipe is

to-morrow. If baby wakes"-"You ain't going out to-night, my love?"

"Yes. I must go-we shan't have a can-

"You may bring me in some tobacco. Palace."

S:ay-you may buy me two cigars, Mrs. E. -old Cubas-they are three halfpence each, my love."

"Two old Cubas-I won't forget." She had hastily equipped herself in shawl and bonnet while she was talking, and only lingered to bid her husband listen for baby's waking, ere she set her nimble feet upon the pavement, and turned her face towards the baker's dwelling. Within doors she had only half guessed how cold it was without. The freezing wind came hard against her like a substance. The few persons abroad were wrapped to the teeth-except the very poorand God help them in all weathers! From Bulrush was determined to punish her. Their description of her person strengthened Mrs. Eden's conjectures, and she repaired to the station house to see the child.

She had never been in a station-house before-nor had she ever set foot within a Police Court or Criminal Court. With humanity, as it appears under the awful guises there set forth, she was unacquainted. The battered, brutal visages she saw there, confronted with the myrmidons of lawespecially the befaced womanhood of those for sometime, and had to remove his headof her own sex who were under arrestfilled her with dismay and terror. She could tell her errand to the inspector only with great difficulty. The man was gentle for his office and willingly acceded to her request to have the child brought from the cells. Mrs. Eden recognized her immediately, and the little girl knew her also.

" You gave me the sixpence-indeed-I didn't know it was a bad 'un. Let me go home to my father," sobbed the child.

"I did give her a sixpence only a few minutes before she was given into custody," said Mrs. Eden.

"If the tradesman chooses not to appear against her, she will be discharged to morrow by the magistrate," remarked the inspec-"You had better talk to Bulrush,

"Can the child go with me to the shop?" enquired Mrs. Eden.

"No-but if, after examining the sixpence, you are satisfied that is the coin you gave her, and the baker consents to withdraw the charge, I will act upon my own responsibility, and let her go," replied the man.

Mrs. Eden had already seen the coin, but was unable to swear that it was the gift she had bestowed on the little beggar. She was a lover of truth. But the appealing face of the meagre child sorely tempted her. And moreover, she felt almost confident that it was the sixpence she had picked up and deposited in tue pill box. Should she stretch a point, and say she was quite confident about the identity of the coin? Certain moral scruples beset her mind, but another child's the glance at God's gospel of truth ed them. was written in these lineaments—as far as the sixpense was concerned—as certainly as the bright sun was itself a true thing, created by the Author of Truth. She said she was confident, and would swear if they required her. So the inspector sent a policeman to fetch the baker.

The end of it was-that the sour baker, who, as Twelfth Night was drawing nigh, was deep in cakes, and had his time fully occupied, was glad of an excuse for escaping attendance on the Police Court on the morrow, and freely consented to take Mrs. Eden's explanation of the matter. The child was therefore set at liberty, and went to her wretched home—carrying a quartern loaf, and some ready-cooked mest, and a few little "grocery things"—Mrs. Eden's gifts—for, as she said to the baker's wife, "I can't help being kind to very little children, when they come to beg-'tis a weakness, but I can't help

Mrs. Eden slept soundly that night, and her repose—she told me this herself—had no reference whatever to Eden's elevation, and the annual addition of seventy pounds to his

## The Chaplain's Innocent Hint,

(From the Philadelphia Record.) Sometime ago a prisoner named Reilly escaped from the Eastern Penitentiary by concealing himself under the body of a waggon which brought supplies to the institution Before the vehicle reached Market street Reilly snatched a cap from a lady, was apprehended and sent to Moyamensing Prison. Here he was visited by one of the officials connected with the Penitentiary.

"Well, Reilly?" said the officer, "what did

you run away for ?" "Don't blame me; put it on the man who got up the scheme, and who told me to do it,'. was the reply.

"Who was that?" was the question. "Why, the chaplain," quoth Reilly.

"Say no more; I will bring the chaplain," said the official.

In due time the chaplain, who is a good and holy man, and who was horror-stricken at the charge, confronted Reilly.

"Now, Reilly, here is the chaplain," said the official, "Chaplain, Reilly charges you with encouraging him to get out of prison,'

said the official. "So you did," answered Reilly, compla-"It is not so, you villain! You are not

telling the truth, and you know it !" spoke up the chaplain. "Hold on !"cried Reilly, "The last time

you saw me you said 'Reilly, watch and pray,' didn't you?"

"Yes," added the chaplain. "Well, I did watch, and I prayed, and prayed and watched, and the first answer that came to my prayers was that waggon, and I slid out on it," was Reilly's answer.

The Chaplain acknowledged Reilly caught him, only he meant for the convict to watch and pray in another direction.

mother, who bears around his neck a very leave most any of the oarsmen, and, with a common-looking leather collar, with a brass winter's rest, he will row much better the plate, on which is engraved -" I belong to coming season than ever. Plaisted has rowed H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Kensington more races than any other carsman in the

SPORTING.

TUBF ITEMS.

Speculum heads the list of English winning sires for 1878. Twenty-nine of his progeny won eighty four races, of the aggregate value of £27,041.

£138,477 is the total value of stakes run for upon the French Turf during the past season. Count Lagrange heads the list of winners with \$23,940.

The Germans paid £6,000 for Chamant. The great American racehorse Duke of Magenta, now in England, has recovered wickets. Cold work and big scores. Another from his illness, and has again been put in game was played by the Sheffield Skating training.

whose name will be remembered by the family | club. of the Marquis of Hastings for generations to come, is now located in the breeding farm of Mr. Lefevre, the great French turfman, he having bought her from the Austrian Government.

AQUATICS-THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Both John Higgins and William Elliott are now in active training for their match on the Type for the championship on the 17th of February. Elliott was frozen out on the Tees quarters to the Blyth, where at last advices he was still located. He was, however, ex pected to remove to the Tyne early in the year. Higgins is training on the Thames. Both are reported well and doing good work. Higgins is the favorite.

#### THE CHAMPION.

with his rowing machine.

issue to hand says:

of the kind." A REVIEW OF THE PROMINENT SCULLERS.

### (From the Boston Herald.)

A prominent sculler, well known throughout the country, in speaking of the races of the past season, gives it as his opinion that, with few exceptions, none of the carsmen rowed for all they were worth in the different regattas, held both in Canada and this coun-He believes that Riley did not try to matches, (and states most positively that Frenchy Johnson would have no show with the Saratoga man in a bona fide match. He considers Riley a great sculler, and claims that his great forte is rowing his race home from the turning stake. He even goes so far as to say that Riley can defeat Hanlan, and has no doubt that the late race at Lachine was "fixed," and that Courtney agreed not to win. He thinks that Ross will improve consents. and hold high rank, but will hardly take first place. He looks for a successful season for Morris next year, as the latter will row lap. handed, and is already under the tuition of Captain Cook, formerly of Yale. Morris is at present at Pittsburg, and is rowing on the hydraulic machines. Regarding Hanlan, the oarsman referred to gives him credit for being a great sculler, but thinks there are several men in this country his superior. He attributed Hanlan's success to the At Ottawa a correspondent writes:-Her great care given him, and states that Royal Highness in setting one good example he had more boats built for him in one season to the ladies of the Dominion, which it will be than were ever built for any other sculler. well for their health if they imitate. She In speaking of Frenchy, he considers him a is an early riser, and has been indulging in good oarsman and thinks that there are few several long "constitutionals," before break- men in New England his superior. Davis shape. To me she looked more like a boy fast, of five or six miles. She is generally and Kennedy are both good men, he says, attended by one or more of her suite, and and deserve more credit than has been given walks with that ease and grace which can them in the past. He places Faulkner in the only be acquired by habitual exercise in the front of Landers and Sullivan, and gives it as open air. She dresses with great simplicity, his opinion that, but for the accident member your tailor is suffering. but appears rather afraid of the cold, as she that befel Faulkner (unshipping his "muffles u" a great deal, and thereby dis- oar), he would have beaten Sullivan appoints the curiosity of many who would and predicts, if the two men come unripe lemon juice. The shild threw down on the sideboard. I'm going out a shopping like to get "a good square look "at her. together next year, the result of their last -I've got a few little things to get in for In these walks she is accompanied by a race will be reversed. Plaisted he considers splendid Collie dog, a present from her a very fast sculler for a mile, and says he can

lers for his matches, and has led them all for over a mile. The only two defeats recorded against Hanlan from professionals, he says, were received from Plaisted. He gives it as his opinion that Davis can beat any man in the world of his weight.

CRICKET-GAMES ON THE ICE IN ENGLAND.

Several cricket matches have been played on the ice in England. One at Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge, between a University team and a town eleven, lasted three days, and then resulted in a draw, the town having scored 326 and the 'Varsity 274 for six Club on the Swiss Cottage pond, near Chats-Lady Elizabeth, the English race mare worth House. Sides were chosen from the

### Interesting Report of the Secretary to the Canadian Commission at the Paris Exhibition.

OTTAWA, Jan. 14 .- Mr. J. Perrault, Secretary to the Canadian Commission at the Paris Exhibition, arrived in the city to day in order to report to the Government the conclusion of his labors. He left Paris on December 21 and arrived in Montreal last Wednesday. The following interesting information has been learned from him. A difficulty has arisen in connection with the return freight from the Exhibition in Paris. Mr. Keefer signed a contract with the firm of M. Lafrancois & Co., of Paris and New York, for the transportation of freight to any station in Canada for \$12.50 per ton. The local Edward Hanlan starts for England from agents here have, however, been making here on the 27th inst. He goes via New extra charges for brokerage, insurance, York, berths having already been secured for | cartege, etc., at New York actually in excess himself and Mesers. David Ward and James of the whole contract. A letter has been Heasley, who accompany him, on the Inman | written to the firm about the matter and an steamer City of Montreal, which sails on the answer is daily expected. Persons interested 30th inst. From Liverpool the champion are advised only to pay the contract price, goes direct to Newcastle, where he expects to or, if they should pay the amount demanded, arrive in plenty of time to see the Higgins- to do so under protest. At the close of the Elliott match on the 17th prox. He will Exhibition the Commissioners made an artake with him the Elliott boat in which he rangement to have the show cases transferred rowed at Lachine, and another shell which to the care of the South Kensington Museum the Judge is building for him at Greenpoint, authorities, to be used for the Canadian ex-N.Y. Hanlan keeps in good health and hibit in the proposed Colonial Museum, and takes daily exercise at the gymnasium and such cases as may not be required by Canada will be sold to the other colonies desiring them Hanlan's arrival will be watched for with at cost price. The mineralogical display very considerable interest in England, and has been distributed among some fifty or he will doubtless be hospitably received and more French and foreign geological museums, entertained wherever he happens to be. In and will do much service in making known the meantime, he is constantly the subject of the mineral products of Canada. The display attention from the English sporting press, of wheat and other cereals has been distriand the indications are that, although the buted in the same manner. The magnificent match is not for the championship, and can- Canadian trophy and the pyramid showing not rightly be called international, yet it will | the quantity of gold produced in British be regarded with as much interest as if it Columbia have been left at Paris for the perwere both, for everybody knows that if he manent exhibition there. Mr. Perrault has succeeds in showing the Delaval man over received a number of orders from French the course, he will next fly at the champion- firms for samples of Canadian goods, and ship. Some of the papers, however, appear | those orders are being rapidly filled. He a little disposed to think our representative | thinks the result of the Exhibition will be is not so good as he is said to be, but there is most satisfactory to Canada. The operajust a possibility that they will have their tions of the French tariff, however, eyes opened somewhat before they get | militate very much against Canada. Notthrough with him. One would have thought | withstanding that fact, Canadian producers that with Trickett's experience before them, can compete in France and undersell in they would have recognized the fact ere this | lumber and goods manufactured from wood, that a man need not be born either on the such as doors and window-sashes; in agribanks of the muddy Thames or the coaly cultural implements, both field and hand; Type to be a thorough good oarsman. One and in dairy produce, apples and poultry. of the journals inclined a little to doubt Hap. | Canned fish and lobsters from Canada are to lan's power is the Referee, which in its last be found in every grosery in Paris, and Canadian oysters command a very high "Opinions are pretty unanimous over the price. Canadian sewing-machines, although way that Hanlan is the best sculler for style, paying much more duty than English-made pace and staying power the world has yet | machines, are sold cheaper than any machine Pity for Hawdon and in competition. The tariff, however, is so the English underlies most of the oracular high as to prohibit the importation of utterances of our cousins, and one writer leather and tissues. The French have two goes so far as to regret that so good and pro- tariffs—the general tariff, which is almost mising a sculler should have thus, as it were, prohibitory against Canada, and the connipped himself in the bud by means of a ventional tariff, at an average of ten per cent. match with one who fitly represents the on all goods. The latter tariff is in operation buttered lightning order of architecture, and | with such countries as enter into treaty with who, when fully extended, is a sort of aquatic | France, and Mr. Perrault says the only way eclipse. The Britishlion is doomed this time, | Canada can trade generally with France will and no blooming error, and the Melliky man's | be to either induce the Imperial Government eagle is already poised for the deadly to include Canada in the commercial treaties, swop-I mean swoop. The only comfort or permit Canada to make her own treaties. that can be suggested for our miserable and | That the French Government is not averse to effete old quadruped, whose tail has gone down | entering into a treaty with Canada is proven derry down at express pace since reading by the following fact: M. Teisserane De Bort, about Hanlan's form, and who intends getting | Minister of Finance and Commerce, waited himself shaved, having his nails cut close, on Mr. Perrault one day and said he would and retiring into a menastery, lies in the oft- like to see a copy of the Canadian tariff. He explained change which comes over Chanti- | was informed that the maximum tariff of Cacleer when once he takes his stand on a nada was 171 per cent., except in the case of strange midden. Isn't there, besides, a wines, when it was 100 per cent. A copy of story somewhere, bout somebody who set out the tariff was given to the Minister and on a shearing expedition, and returned close | several days after, having studied it, he said shorn? I fancy the fabulist says something it was perfectly satisfactory, excepting in the item of wines, on which they would desire a reduction; he further stated that the Government were quite willing to place Canada under the operation of the conventional tariff, which, as has been explained, is an average of ten per cent. The Dominion will find in France a much needed market for her products. As an illustration of the business which may be done, independent of that already known to the public, Mr. Perrault states that one of the largest win his races, as he was laying back for clothing manufacturers of Paris enquired on one occasion the price of Nova Scotia tweeds which he much admired, and on being teld sixty cents per yard, he desired immediately to give an order for 6,000 pieces, the quantity he uses per annum. This order, however, was prevented from being taken on account of the prohibitory tariff on tissues, a tariff, however, which as already has been pointed out will be removed as soon as England

" Don't."

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles

may be well developed. Don't fret. The world will move on as usual after you are gone.

Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation. Don't buy a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market. Don't publish your acts of charity. The

Lord will keep the account straight. Don't mourn over fancied grievances.

your time and real sorrow will come. Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Re-

Don't be too sentimental. A dead heart, properly cooked, will make a savory meal. Don't ask your pastor to pray without notes.

How else can he pay his provision bill? Don't linger where "Your love lies dream ing." Wake her up, and tell her to get he brekfast.

Conundrum for the rich—shall the poor becountry, has always picked the fleetest soul- cold or coaled?