

Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets, Streamlets swell the river's flow; Rivers join the mountain billows, Onward, onward, as they go!

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests, Drops of rain compose the showers, Seconds make the flying minutes, And the minutes make the hours!

Let us hasten then and catch them! As they pass us on the way; And with honest, true endeavor, Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage, Cull a verse from every page; Here a line and there a sentence, 'Gainst the lonely time of age!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

By Mrs. Alexander.

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said apologetically, "bringing this warmint into your society—but if I take my eye from him one moment he's off—and its precious hard to catch him again. Stand in that corner, you young rascal! and don't stir till I give you leave! It's my belief, sir" (to Neville), "that he knows a deal more than you think; but he's such a blockhead, he won't understand that the best thing for all parties is to make a clean breast."

"Ah, good gentlemen!" whined Dennis, with an indescribable mixture of London twang and Irish brogue, "Sure, I'm a poor orphan! why do yer let him be always a torturin' o' me? I've no peace night or day—and I've lost me character at the station thro' havin' the likes of him inquirin' after me! There isn't a respectable boy 'ull give me browns for a six-pence—oo—oo!" a burst of sobs, and a general smearing of his face with the cuff of his sleeve.

"But, my man," said Neville, kindly, "it would be better for you to tell the truth about this lady, and get a reward, than to howl in that fashion."

"Lady! why then—look here now—sure, the devil a lady, good or bad, I seen. It's an invention of his," jerking his thumb toward Mr. Pim, "to chate ye."

"He's the most desperate young liar I ever came across," ejaculated that individual. "There is no use your beating about the bush. You know you acknowledged to seeing the lady we want."

"If I did, it was to save being worried to death by ye! Didn't I tell ye she took a first-class ticket for Hampton Court, and that wouldn't satisfy yer?"

"You rascal you know you said it was a second-class to Worthing."

"Well—be gorra—it was a third-class to Portsmouth! Will that please ye? Oh, murder! let me out of this!" and suddenly diving under the detective's elbow, he made a rush to the door, which opened at that moment to admit Mr. Foster, who received the very unwelcome fugitive in his precise arms.

The old gentleman was speechless with indignation, and the detective, Neville, and Sir Frederic, eagerly captured and removed the aggressor, who was secured in a remote corner of the room, while Mr. Foster entered, conducting his ward.

She held out her hand to Sir Frederic and Neville with friendly cordiality, while Mr. Foster exclaimed—

"You see, my dear ward, what curious encounters your amiable enthusiasm hurries you into. Faugh! my dear sir" (to Neville), "could your man oblige me with a clothes brush?"

Miss Delvigne, meantime disregarding the chair drawn forward for her by Neville, advanced to the imprisoned gamin and accosted him, smilingly—

"Don't you know me, Dennis?"

"Oh! then Glory be to God! Is it y'rself, miss, jewel? Sure I'm safe now. Ah, then, it's meself that's been tortured an' badgered! but devil the word of truth ever they got out of me!"

This last sentence was uttered with a proud consciousness of merit.

"Well, but you will tell me truth now, Dennis, will you not?"

"A, then, what do you want me to tell?"

"There, Dennis," continued Miss Delvigne, phrasing a very acceptable "something" in his hands; "do your best, be a good boy, and I will give you more."

"Arrah, then! My eye! sure, ye are a rare lady, and I'll find 'other un fur ye if she's above ground. The Lord 'ull reward yer honor."

"I really believe we have some clew at last," exclaimed Neville, his voice almost tremulous with hope.

CHAPTER XVI.

Neville and his faithful guide reached the Waterloo Station during an opportune lull, when a Southampton train was expected, and the cabs had gathered thick at the arrival platform; but after careful examination of the various physiognomies of their drivers, Dennis shook his head despondingly.

"There's none on 'em him," he said; "I couldn't just describe him, 'cos I seen him only a minit—but I'd know him—I'm sure I'd know him—and it's a S. W. cab. I seen the letters on the back on it just as it was a-drivin' off—and so we'll find him here some hour in the day—'cos this is his rightful stan'—sure now I understan' ye, if ye lave it to me, I'm always about the Station, and if I can't catch him, may I never sell a Tiligrah."

"If you had only trusted us and understood us before," said Neville, sternly, "what valuable time might have been saved. Your obstinacy may be the cause of our failure, boy."

"Well, my dear boy," said Mr. Foster, as his grandson and himself sat over an elaborate desert in the handsome dining-room of his handsome house in Mecklinburgh Square on the evening after the interview just described—"You know I ought to be very seriously displeased with you—such a scheme for you to enter into; and I am not sure you did not originate it! However, it has been frustrated and recoiled pretty severely on the head of him who intended to profit by it. I am, therefore, inclined to deal indulgently with you. Tell me, now, does not my quiet little ward strike you as deserving all my eulogiums! She's

a remarkable girl, an interesting young creature, lonely as she is, and possessed of a princely fortune.

"Yes, sir," replied the young Baronet, glancing off hastily to the first part of his grandfather's speech—"I am an obstinate dog, I admit; and really young heads are but wooden concerns sometimes; but you must not be hard on Neville. He is a fine fellow, and severely punished for taking my advice—there I acknowledge it, you see. Now, my dear grandfather, I want you to be a real brick—forgive the whole affair, and use your powerful influence with the brother, to make up with Neville and help him. Do, my dear sir! He'll find the wife some day, and then you know all sorts of little consequences will occur, and he'll want a pretty little villa, and nurse-maids and things, and he'll want to make money—now he really is a clever fellow, and very steady—well, I mean naturally."

—for old Mr. Foster elevated his eyebrows and shook his head. "His gambling and all that was merely the want of a real object in life. Suppose you and his brother take him into the concern as a junior partner."

"Zounds! sir!" cried the old gentleman, startled by so audacious a proposition into an old-fashioned exclamation—"Your modern assurance is overwhelming; pray, what capital can your friend bring into the concern, as you contemptuously term a business which is considerably your senior, and your grandfather's senior?"

"Really, I don't know," returned Sir Frederic, with polite indifference, "but I do know he's a clever fellow and can be steady, would naturally take more interest in the—well, the business, than a stranger, and make you a better servant, that is, if he finds his wife; and, after all, the only drawback to my scheme is that it would be a real benefit to a friend of mine."

"Nay, you know I am ever ready to grant you everything—but confess it is rather cool of you to press Captain Neville upon me—the man who intended to frustrate my favorite project—for I will be frank with you, Fred; your union with Miss Delvigne is my favorite project, and you backing him up. 'Pon my soul, it is too bad, Fred!"

"I really cannot defend myself, sir. But I am sure with your usual complaisance, you will bury the matter in oblivion—and—consider my plan, sir." This last was put in insinuatingly.

"Well, Fred, the morning you are married to Miss Delvigne all safe I will begin to think the matter over. That governess wife of Neville's may have drowned herself or hung herself. French women think nothing of suicide—and then—'pon my life—I shouldn't be surprised if he had another throw for the heires!"

"Now, Fred, your sarcasm is all very fine; but I believe in your heart you would be right well pleased to be married to my interesting little ward to-morrow. Come, own the truth, and don't disdain my help!"

Sir Frederic shook his head, laughed with recovered good humor at the old gentleman's sally, and saying, "Till to-morrow, then, good-bye," walked out into the hall, whence the faint odor of a supreme oheroot was presently wafted.

Old Mr. Foster took a pinch of snuff and smiled, filled another glass of port, which he drank slowly, with the utmost gusto, then, with a sigh of gastronomic satisfaction and virtuous content, threw his silk handkerchief over his bald head and settled himself to slumber.

Neville sat gloomily alone, his papers pushed aside, his head on his hands, when Compton entered. He welcomed his friend warmly; indeed since his troubles his manner had lost a good deal of the hard composure that formerly distinguished it.

"You are a good fellow, Compton, to drop in upon my disconsolate solitude."

"Have a oheroot," said the sympathizing friend, "and tell me what you have done since."

"Well, nothing!"

And Neville proceeded to narrate his fruitless expedition to the Waterloo Station, and the faint hopes he entertained of discovering the cab-driver who took poor Maria from it.

"They will certainly find the man," said Sir Frederic. "They always do find these people."

And their conversation flowed on in a somewhat broken stream, on the pros and cons of this unhappy subject.

They were not talkative, yet it was a sort of comfort to Guy to have Compton with him, and the young Baronet knew it was.

An hour had nearly slipped away, when a cab was heard to stop, and a sharp, yet indefinite double knock was performed on the knocker.

"That's some fellow uncertain of his position but sure of his errand," said Sir Frederic, and almost as he spoke the detective entered, without asking permission.

"Well, Captain," he said, "we have him, not long about it, eh, sir?"

"What! the cab-driver from Waterloo Station?"

"He is below, sir, cab and all, ready to drive us to the house where he took the lady. He says he can't direct us, but he can take us there."

Neville had his hat on, while Pim spoke, in silent readiness.

"Hurrah!" cried the impetuous Baronet. "You're on the trail at last! God speed you, old boy; all will go right now."

"I shall not hope or fear yet," said Neville, with a deep sigh, "for if we are baffled here my resources at last are at an end."

"Well, sir, I think we have a fair course now; the people who she went with will put us on her track. Come on, sir. It's over by Kennington way, and we had better get there before dark. That little Irish warmint has a deal of ingenuity. Lord! What a man he'd make by and by for the Force. Come along, sir."

Sir Frederic shook Neville's hand cordially, and accompanied him down stairs; bid him God speed once more, and stood looking after the vehicle as it disappeared; then remembering the last occasion when he looked after him, and its differing circumstances, he recalled the sudden gloom which then, in so unaccountable a manner, fell upon him. "I trust my present hopefulness will be equally prophetic," he thought.

He lingered yet a moment undecidedly, then suddenly throwing away his cigar, said, half aloud,

"Yes, I ought, I must lose no time in letting her know," so he walked quickly

into the Strand, hailed a "Hansom," and directed the driver to St. John's Wood.

CHAPTER XVII.

Meantime Neville and Mr. Pim sped away toward Kennington. The former had addressed no question to the driver; an undefinable feeling held him back. Had he been alone with the man he might have cross-examined him, for in truth, he longed to put a thousand queries, and to hear, perchance, what her lips had uttered, even through the medium of a cab-driver's repetition.

What if they should find her where they were going; sad, lonely, almost penniless! With what rapture he would hold her to his heart. How tenderly he would reproach her! How amply he would atone for the agony he had thoughtlessly inflicted. But at the recollection of the dumb despair she had evinced—the stricken, agonized expression of those eyes—his heart, which had beaten so tumultuously at the idea of a possible speedy re-union, seemed for a moment to stand still. "Can I ever," he asked himself, "ever atone for the pain I have inflicted?"

"I suppose you are sure of your man?" he said, turning uneasily to his companion.

"Eh? Oh! of course. He remembers the lady well, he says, for she didn't rightly seem to know where she wanted to go, and seemed strange-like, to him. And her folk had a London Bridge label on it—from Folkestone—that struck him, seeing as how he had taken her up at 'Waterloo.'"

"She didn't rightly seem to know where she wanted to go!"

Those words appeared to burn into Neville's brain. His soft, bright, loving Marie cast off—without a friend, without a hope—not knowing where to go.

The drive seemed interminable, but at length they stopped to pay the toll at Kennington Gate, and a few minutes after turned into a quiet, respectable little by-street. Here the pace slackened—grew slower still—and finally the driver pulled up, and turning, tapped at the front window. Neville eagerly lowered it.

"This is the street; I am sure enough about that, but the houses puzzle me. You see they are alike, and I never noticed the number. There's one there, with a card in the window, that looks about it, but I see another lower down; yet I think it was this first one that I stopped at."

"We will try," said Neville, feeling his pulse increasing and his mouth dry.

He and the detective alighted.

"Knock and speak," he said to his companion; "I can do nothing."

Mr. Pim nodded.

The door was opened by a neat servant, and Mr. Pim had scarce uttered the words, "You have some rooms to-let I see," when she shouted in the direction of the kitchen stairs.

"Missus, missus, two gents about the apartments!"

An invocation which was speedily answered by the apparition of a stout female in afternoon (i. e. full) toilet and a condition of the highest respectability.

"Good evening, mum," said the detective; while Neville politely raised his hat.

"May I ask what rooms you have?"

"Only this parlor, sir, and a very nice bed-room upstairs. Afraid I cannot accommodate two."

"Will you let us have a look, mum?"

"Certainly!" and the benign landlady threw open the door of a little parlor.

"Pretty little rooms," said the detective, with an air of easy patronage. "Many other inmates?"

"No, sir. One highly-respectable gent. as has been in the drawing-rooms night two years, and a young man in an office, what you never hears nothink of—and—"

"What!" cried Neville, unable to keep silence any longer. "No young lady? No dark-haired, tall, slight young lady?"

"Well, now, Captain," the much-enduring Mr. Pim was beginning in accents of remonstrance, when the respectable landlady, interrupting in her turn, exclaimed—

"No; there's no such young lady here; but I had one, as I was uncommon doubtful of, about a fortnight ago, for a few days."

"Good God!" exclaimed Neville, "and she is gone. Where, my good woman? Pray speak!"

"That's just what I cannot tell, sir, but—"

"Stop!" said Mr. Pim, "let us make sure it is our bird. How and when did this lady come, ma'am? There's a handsome reward for whatever will lead to her discovery."

"Well, I did think there was something peculiar about her," cried the now excited landlady, who went into a long story, describing the young lady's arrival, the warming of her own heart toward her—the kind attentions she had lavished on the weary stranger; the advice she had given her, and how the poor young creature feared she could not get pupils, and thought of going out as a milliner's drudge, or taking in plain work; of the exhortations of her (Mrs. Jupp, such was her name) that she should write to her friends; that she did write, but took the letter to the post herself, and stayed out very late that night, too, and went and took other apartments."

"Where, where?" ejaculated Neville.

"That was, unfortunately, just what Mrs. Jupp could not tell."

"Well, do you know where she came from, at least?"

"She came from Southampton, with the intention, she said, of looking for pupils. She said she was a French lady."

"What was she like?" asked the detective.

"Oh, tall and slight, with big, dark, eyes, very pale and sad looking, and spoke very low and sweet, not quite like an English-woman."

"It must be Marie," said Neville, almost unconsciously.

"Yes, sir—it was; for the evening she wrote such a lot, and counted over her money. She tore up a lot of papers, and there was Mary, spelt queer, on one scrap as I picked up."

"And," asked the detective, "what reason did she give for leaving your house?"

"Well, you see, my rooms is rather first-class, and she said as how they was rather expensive. She wanted a bedroom only, but that was not at all in my line, so she left."

Mrs. Jupp paused abruptly, and Neville ground his teeth in silent agony at the picture of struggle and desolation thus conjured up.

he ejaculated, loath to relinquish this last hope. "Remember, I will give fifty pounds to whoever will supply such information as may lead to her recovery."

"Law, now, think of that!" returned the discomfited, conscience-stricken Mrs. Jupp. "Let me ask the girl," she added.

And she called "Susan" audibly enough down stairs.

"Susan," she repeated, as that individual appeared, "you remember the lady as come here from the Waterloo Station, about a fortnight past, and paid in advance to be took in?"

"Yes, 'in, I do," said Susan.

"Well, did you notice the cab she went off in?"

"No, 'm. Don't you know as you were angry with me for helping her down with her box, and set me to clean the back kitchen, so she got a cab herself, and—"

"There—there—those girls do talk so fast!" exclaimed Mrs. Jupp, eager to cut short these revelations.

"Come away," said Neville, with fierce impatience to his ally. "Don't you see they turned her out, and have lost all trace of her?" and he walked away, deaf to the eager explanations of the landlady, with whom Mr. Pim lingered to exchange a few more words, and then followed his employer.

They took their places once more in the cab.

"Where to?" asked cabby.

"Eh? Back again, I suppose, sir," said Pim, in a rather crest fallen tone.

"Ay—back. We have played our last card," returned Neville, in a strange, hard, bitter voice.

"Well, it does look blue," returned the detective, "though—"

But Neville did not hear—at last—at last hope failed him. He had had such a fearful suggestive glimpse of his beloved one's present condition, subject to all the spurs that wait on poverty—the dangers—the difficulties!

And she was alone—he had driven her to it; and now he could not atone, he could not find her. They were drifting further and further apart on the gloomy sea of life! Great God! what straits might she now be reduced to—what snares might not be closing round her, so young, so lovely, so deserted!

(To be continued.)

MR. JONES' EXPERIMENT.

How to Make Home Happy Practically Illustrated.

The other night Jones went home in one of those heavenly moods which seem to fit a man for a better world, and after supper was over and the children had gone to bed, he sat down to spend an evening of unalloyed bliss with Mrs. J. The fact was a pretty book agent had sold him a new work that day, "How to Make Home Happy," and though he thought it best to present to leave it at the office and gradually introduce it into the family circle, he was inspired by a slight perusal of it to do better.

So he drew the most comfortable chair in front of the blazing coal fire in the parlor grate and seated himself for the evening, while Mrs. J. filled a rooker on his right.

"I say, Maria, this is comfort," he said, holding the newspaper between him and the too ardent glow of the fire.

"I'm glad you think so," answered Maria, shortly. "Perhaps if you had your back to a cold room without any fire or any prospect of one, you might feel differently. You know the sitting-room stove—"

Jones felt that he had started an unlucky subject, and he hastened to guide the steed of conversation into smoother paths.

"That reminds me, Maria, of the old happy past. Do you remember when I used to visit you at your father's, and we would sit for hours gazing into the glowing depths of a wood fire?" meandered Jones.

"I should think I did," responded Mrs. J. "I used to wonder if you would ever go. Mother was waiting to set the buck-wheat cakes, the last thing, and we always used to hang on, and how spooney you were!"

Failure number two; but Jones had braced up to stay in and make home happy for one evening, and the moral rectitude of his purpose sustained him. "They've started a reading club over to Sawyer's, I hear," he remarked presently.

"To keep him home nights, I s'pose," suggested Mrs. Jones. "Well, it will take a club, and a good strong one to do it, though for my part I should be glad to have him out of the way if he was my husband. I wonder if he will ever get his wife that sealskin cloak he has been promising her?"

"Yes," said Jones, faintly, "he brought it home to-night."

"No! You don't mean it! Well, I well say this for Tom Sawyer, he's generous to a fault. And he's really bought her a sealskin, and their pew is right in front of ours! What luck those women do have. I suppose it's luck," and Mrs. Jones sighed in a depressed manner.

Mr. Jones took his hat and said there was a man—a customer of his—that was in town stopping at the Royal, and he had nearly forgotten he had an appointment with him on business, and Mrs. J. skipped out and ran over to Sawyer's and tried the new sealskin on, and the next day Jones gave that copy of "How to Make Home Happy" to his office boy, and told him to sell it at a second-hand bookstore and keep the money.

—Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a mild evening? This is how they do it: "Good-bye!" "Good-bye! Come down and see us soon." "I will. Good-bye." "Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up." "I won't. Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time." "I will. I'd have brought her this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awfully." "Did she now? That was too bad? Be sure and bring her next time." "I will, and you be sure and bring baby." "I will. I forgot to tell you that he's out another tooth." "You don't say so! How many has he now?" "Five. It makes him awfully cross." "I dare say it does this hot weather." "Well, good-bye! Don't forget to come down." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up. Good-bye!" And they separate.

Private houses—barracks.

THE ORIGINAL MORMONS.

The Book of Mormon Endorsed by the Hebrew Scriptures—Test Passages.

Meetings of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints occurred recently in the hall at No. 26 Union Park street, and sermons were preached by Elder John Gilbert, of Fall River. This organization is wholly distinct from the Salt Lake polygamous Mormons, and is strongly opposed to polygamous practices. In the Book of Mormon polygamy is distinctly condemned in these words: "For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none." Brigham Young asserted that in 1843 Joseph Smith received a revelation authorizing polygamy, but this revelation, as recorded, was not seen till 1852, and Smith was killed in 1844. In 1852 Young produced what he said was a copy of the original, averring that Smith's wife Emma, in a fit of anger, had destroyed the original, and that his copy was taken long before by some man and kept under lock and key. This assertion Emma Smith denied to the very last, saying that her husband never had such a revelation, and never practised polygamy.

This body, claiming to be the original Mormons, has branches in this State in Fall River, Douglas, Plainville (near Attleboro), New Bedford, Dennisport and North Plymouth. A body of about 200 members exists in Providence. Some 600 missionaries of this body have been at work in Utah, and a chapel has recently been built in Salt Lake City. The headquarters of the denomination are now at Lamoni, Iowa, with about 400 members.

Elder Gilbert's sermon was upon the "Book of Mormon." Mormon, he said, is the name of a man who lived upon this continent and kept a record of the people to which he belonged. He was the last prophet of his race, and so these records are called the Book of Mormon. This book claims to be the history of the dealings of God with this people on this continent, and the statements of the book are corroborated by discoveries of antiquities. The existence of large cities and fossil animals in Central America, mentioned in the Book of Mormon, before their recent discovery, show that the book is accurate and help to prove its claim to be inspired. The first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed in 1830, and the time between the closing of the record by Moroni, the son of Mormon, and the revelation of Joseph Smith, was about 1,400 years. The records were made on plates having the appearance of gold, and the character was what is known as "reformed Egyptian," an improvement which was made after the people came to this country. They were deposited in the hill Cumorah, near Palmyra, New York, and Joseph Smith obtained them by revelation by an angel. He translated them into English by means of stones called the Urim and Thummim. Three other witnesses said that they also saw the angel, and he revealed the plates to them as well as to Joseph Smith. Then they heard a voice of God telling them to bear testimony to the world. Afterward the plates were shown to eight other witnesses. The Book of Mormon purports to be a record of the tribe of Joseph after it left Palestine, and it is argued that the Hebrew Scriptures corroborate it. The passage in Genesis xlix. 22 26, of the King James version is held to show that Joseph's descendant would emigrate "unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills," which means America. Deuteronomy xxxiii. 3-17, speaking of Joseph as "him that was separated from his brethren," is held to show the same thing. Ezekiel xxxvii. 15-20 is another proof passage. The sticks are the record of Judah and the record of Joseph, and their coming together shall come to pass just before the gathering of Israel. Isaiah xxix. 11-12, referring to the sealed book, had in mind the Book of Mormon. This book is claimed to contain the same gospel as the New Testament; teaches faith in the Father and in Christ, repentance from sin, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Spirit; it shows that the organization of the Mormon Church is the same as that of the early Christian Church. The passage, John x. 16, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold," etc., relates to the people on this continent. Christ came to this continent and performed a mission here, just as He did in Palestine, and a record of that mission is in the Book of Mormon.—Boston Advertiser.

The Great Comet Still to be Seen.

The comet has not disappeared. It is to be seen under the dog star. Although its light is somewhat dim, its proportions have shrunk but little. Its southern declination is now decreasing, the comet having moved northward since the 21st of December. If this northward motion continues, the comet will remain a view for some time. This apparent turn in the comet's course is not explained. "The orbits which have been constructed for the wanderer vary so much that they add little to our knowledge. Astronomers must wait and observe the comet's actual performance."

A school teacher is a person employed to give parent five hours of peace and quiet per day.

It has been supposed that a cow's mission on earth was to raise calves, to give milk without kicking and to scare women. This supposition is wrong. A colored man in Kentucky has a cow that, in addition to the accomplishments enumerated above, is capable of serving as a saddle horse, a pack mule and a draft horse. These excellences possessed in Kentucky by an animal other than a blue grass horse are indeed noticeable.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, has informed the Carson Appeal that he is a member of a company that is going extensively into ostrich-farming in Arizona.

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