

The First Pocket.

What is this tremendous noise?
What can be the matter?
What's coming up the stairs
With unusual clatter?
Now he bursts into the room,
Noisy as a rocket:
"Auntie! I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
Cheeks like apples glowing,
Hears that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.
"Jack may have his squeaking boots;
Kate may have her locket;
I've got something better yet,—
I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
Foppiness a sorrow;
Little hand in pincup enough
To fill it till to-morrow.
And over many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stoek it;
Nothing ever came amiss
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of stings,
Lilo rice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his penicils, too,
It was always handy.
And when Willie sang in bed,
And when Willie sang in bed,
Should you chance to knock it
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny borrowed knife
To cut a place within it;
He forgot that he had said,
"I want it just a minute."
Once the closet key was lost;
No one could unlock it;
Where do you suppose it was?
Down in Willie's pocket!

NINA.

Victor Blumenthal was sauntering through the public garden, thinking about the picture he was painting, thinking how the light among the trees suggested certain strains of music to him, when his eye fell upon a young girl feeding the swans, and lingered there. "If I could only carry that face home in my mind's eye and reflect it upon my canvas!" he thought. "She is the very image of Undine herself." Just then the child beside her reached across the brim of the basin to toss a crumb into the water, and lost her balance. Quick as thought, Victor sprang to the rescue, brought the child up dripping, and confronted Undine, out of whose face all the rose had faded, all the sunshine had fled. "Oh, how shall I thank you! what shall I do for you?" she cried. "If you had not saved her, how could I have lived? She is my little neighbor, and I promised to be so careful of her. Oh, though you are a stranger, I feel as if you were my best friend!"

"Then oblige me by meeting me here again, and telling me how our little friend bears her dreaching," he returned, as he put them into a carriage. Then he went to his studio, and tried to limn the face of Undine, and threw down his brush in despair. And the next day, happening into the public garden again, there she was before him, smiling and blushing, with the child beside her. "I thought perhaps we should meet you here," she confessed. "Jenny brings her mother's thanks. How can we repay you but with our prayers?"

"If you could sit to me—"
"I? You mean Jenny?"
"I mean yourself. If you would come to my studio, and let me paint you—"
"Oh, you are laughing at me!"
"I was never more serious in my life."
"Let us go, then," she said.
"Your picture is long in finishing," she remarked one day, after innumerable sittings; for Victor had every night wiped out what he had laboriously painted in during the day, so difficult was it to imprison the shadow of his model within the canvas, to lend to Undine the soul that sat and smiled in Nina's eyes, to endow her with the spirit that informed the face, flushed in the oval cheek, or trembled about the mobile mouth.

"You are tired of coming to me. I tax you too long."
"No," she replied; "I was only thinking that if I made my flowers so slowly, I should starve."
Victor laughed softly. "Fame is better than money."
"And life is better than fame."
And then Victor threw down his brush. "The sun is setting," he said; "let us go out upon the bay for inspiration."
And Nina followed, nothing loath. How cool and sweet the hour was out there, with sails blowing out like wings of white gulls in the offing, and pleasure boats loitering or speeding by! How gayly the sun smote the city's spires, and changed the windows of dingy warehouses on the wharves into precious stones like those of Aladdin's palace! How much pleasanter all this was than sitting at home, in a dark alley, over her artificial flowers, trying to embody her fancies in satin and velvet!

Victor walked to the dark alley in the dusk with Nina, and thought of the white lilies that grew into perfect beauty and sweetness, though rooted in mould and slime.
So the friendship grew between Victor and Nina—Nina, the poor little flower-maker, the last of her race, and Victor Blumenthal, the artist and millionaire—and the picture grew apace. Somehow he dared not finish it, lest Nina should feel her debt paid, and escape him.
"Oh, what is that beautiful thing?" she asked one day, as he trilled a familiar air while spreading her palette. "Did you make it up yourself?"—her face all aglow.
"It is an air from an opera," laughed Victor—"from 'Trovatore.' The honor of 'making it up' belongs to one Verdi. 'Have you never heard an opera?'"
"Never."
"Then you shall hear one to-night. Hold! 'Trovatore' is on the bill for this blessed night. What a coincidence!" And so, when the city lamps were trying to outdo the stars, Victor drew Nina's trembling hand within his arm, and they became a part of the gay and fashionable world inside the theatre. And what a world it was, with all the glitter of lights and beautiful faces, the shimmer of silk and jewels, the odor of musk and sandalwood, and the kind, handsome face of Victor Blumenthal shining upon her! How the tenor sang out, sweet as syllables of love! how the soprano soared! what depths the bass explored! what pathos, what sorrow, what delight swelled and ebbed with the chords! Did people really love and suffer and despair and triumph like this? Had she lived through it all herself, somewhere, somehow, that it seemed an echo of her own experience; or was it but a shadow of things to come? When the curtain fell, Victor discovered tears in her eyes. Other people were laughing around her; one tall gentleman almost stooped to look under her hat as he passed, bowed to her companion, and would have joined them had Blumenthal been less frigid. "I have seen that gentleman before," said Nina; "he came with a lady who was in

a hurry for some flowers I had promised. He called her Stella."
"It was his cousin, Stella Grandelaw," said Victor.
One day Victor, who could no longer find a pretext to continue the sittings, put his picture on exhibition. All the town was talking of it before night. "Such flesh-tints! such expression! such beauty!"
"Yet it does not equal the original," said Grandelaw.
"No," returned Victor; "pigment is a poor make-shift for fire and spirit."
At about this time he received news that his only sister was seriously ill in London. He was obliged to drop his pencil and fly to her without so much as bidding Nina good-by; but he would write and explain, he promised himself. In the meantime Grandelaw found occasion to make friends with Nina. She had happened into a shop to purchase materials for her work; she had laid her pocket-book down for an instant, and not till she had nearly reached the door did she discover that she had taken up, not her own, but another's plethoric purse. At the same moment a strange hand detained her, and she was accused of theft. "This lady is a friend of mine," said Grandelaw, stepping forward to her rescue, having followed her into the shop—"she is a friend of mine," and the accuser begged a thousand pardons, and obsequiously bowed himself out of sight.

After this, what could Nina do but accept him at his own valuation? How could she avoid meeting him in her walks, and allowing him to accompany her? how refuse admittance to one who had befriended her? And he knocked often, and watched her at her pretty toil, and the intimacy progressed. Sometimes she opened her door, and showed a beaming face, but the smile would fade soon. At other times he observed that she started when a footstep paused outside; she expected some one, answered absent, listened to his flatteries with a far away look in her soft eyes. One day Grandelaw determined to probe the wound.

"Did you not sit to Victor Blumenthal for his 'Undine'?" he asked. "It was a picture worth painting; he must have had a thousand sittings."
"Not nearly so many," sighed Nina.
"I should have been jealous, if I had been Mrs. Blumenthal."
"Jealous!" repeated Nina—"Mrs. Blumenthal! His mother?"
"His wife—Victor's wife."
"His wife!—Victor Blumenthal's wife?"
"Oh, then, perhaps you did not know he was married?"
"He never spoke of it."
"Because everybody knew it. Come, Miss Nina, don't look at me as if I was to blame. Victor Blumenthal was married more than two years ago to his cousin Theodora. If you doubt it, I will find you the notice of his marriage among my files of the *Tribune*. But of course you have no interest in it. What is it to you or me?"

"Nothing, nothing," she answered. "I do not doubt it." But she had grown very white, and her eyes shone like wandering stars, and the needle trembled in her hand. "Of course he is married," she added, in a lighter tone, "only the idea never occurred to me before—it took me unawares."
What had Victor Blumenthal meant, she asked herself, "by those words a thought too tender," by glances that made love plainer than speech? Why had he held her hand till she blushed, and kissed the pink finger-tips? Why had he sought her out, only to break her heart? Did he not love his cousin Theodora? And then she hid her face in her pillow, remembering how her heart had gone out to a married man. Another woman's lover and she had mistaken him for her own! Doubtless this was why she had neither seen nor heard from him for so long; he had divined her heart and conscience had made a coward of him. But it should never be said of her that she wore her heart on her sleeve. And when Victor returned when the sister whom he had just succeeded in snatching from the valley of shadows, having written to Nina, but in his anxiety mailed the letter without an address, she had been engaged to Mr. Grandelaw for a month already and had gone to visit his mother in a neighboring town till the wedding should take place, without leaving any trace behind her. Grandelaw had, in fact, persecuted her into consent. A thousand things had conspired in his favor. She had fallen ill and into debt, and work had failed, and Grandelaw had sent his own physician to her, with fruits and flowers and wines, had taken her out in his carriage when air was prescribed, and had ended by proposing to take care of her all her life, by winning a reluctant consent to endow her with all his worldly goods. Victor had deceived her, or, rather, she had taken too much for granted, and had deceived herself, and what better could she do than reward the devotion of Grandelaw, who assured her that he had love enough for them both?

Everybody was very kind at Laurel Lodge; everything was fine enough to win a mercenary heart, if Nina had owned one. Nobody hinted that Grandelaw was making an unequal marriage. One day when Nina returned from a gallop across the hills with Grandelaw there was a tall, gracious woman waiting for them on the verandah, who allowed Grandelaw to kiss her hand, and made Nina a stately bow.

"Have the skies fallen, that we creak larks?" asked Nina's lover.
"I see that you have already caught one," laughed his cousin Stella.
"Stella has come to look at her rival," said Mrs. Grandelaw, when Nina bade her good-night. "We feared that my son would marry Stella some day. She thought so herself, but I disapprove of cousins marrying."
"Did she love him?" gasped Nina.
"I dare say she loved him well enough; but one survives these things."
"Oh, how she must hate me!" cried Nina.
But if cousin Stella hated or loved, she knew how to disguise her feelings; nobody could be gayer or sunnier than she during those days. She sparkled with repartee and anecdote, and shook her listeners with gales of laughter. Perhaps she was showing Grandelaw what a mistake he had made to choose this sad, shadowy woman instead of herself.
"I have been sitting for my portrait," she said one evening. Nina's heart gave a little stir; had she not sat for her picture once? The moon was shining in through the long windows of the drawing-room; there was no other light in the room, except the fitful blaze behind the fender. Grandelaw had been called out of town on business for a night or two.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Grandelaw. "Is it not a tedious affair?"
"It would be, perhaps, if any one but Victor Blumenthal were painting it."
Nina started and dropped her fan. Had she come to Laurel Lodge to hear of Victor?
"And who is Victor Blumenthal?" asked Stella's aunt—"another flame of yours?"
"I have seen no symptoms of that kind," laughed Stella. "I wish I might. He would make an ideal lover."
"But he is married," spoke Nina out of the shadow, and there was the sound of tears in her voice, if any one had had ears to hear. "He is married, Stella."
"Then Grandelaw has told you about him? Yes; it was so romantic—and sad."
"Didn't the marriage turn out well?" asked Mrs. Grandelaw, to whom romances meant nonsense.
"That depends," returned Stella. "He married his cousin Theodora—"
"I have no patience with cousins marrying."
"No? There was no great need of patience in this case. Blumenthal's grandfather had left all the money to Theodora and her mother. Victor was as poor as became an artist to be. I suppose Theodora had always loved him, but she insisted upon being married to him on her death-bed, that he might inherit her portion of the fortune. She died an hour afterward."

Nina sat like one stunned by an earthquake shock; all Grandelaw's privity stood out like the handwriting on the wall. Victor had loved her after all! His kiss had not been treachery. She would go to him. She would leave this prison for ever and ever. How had she ever dreamed of loving Grandelaw some day?
"You have been very kind to me," Nina said, when she kissed Mrs. Grandelaw good-night. "I shall always bless you for it; but—Stella would make Grandelaw a better wife and you a wiser daughter."
"My son and I think differently," replied his mother; but she remembered afterward that Nina had lingered and hesitated—"just as if she wished to ask pardon for something," Mrs. Grandelaw explained; and when Grandelaw himself returned to Laurel Lodge there was a little three-cornered note on his library table, in Nina's hand, which read:
"If I should marry you, Mr. Anson Grandelaw, some day, in looking over your file of old *Tribunes*, I should happen upon one containing the marriage of Victor Blumenthal to his cousin Theodora, and the notice of her death on the same day, and your death would kill whatever love I had learned to bear you.
So good-by, and make Stella happy. NINA.

Impure Milk and Disease.

A physician who writes to one of the Detroit papers says that the consumption of milk in that city "reaches something like 10,000 gallons per day, and is furnished by three sources of supply: first, by shippers who buy of farmers and ship it in by rail or large waggons, and from their stores here deliver it to consumers; second, by producers who have milk farms or dairies near the city; and, third, by people who keep a few cows in small stables and yards in the city. Just how much of this supply is pure and wholesome, and how much is adulterated and unfit for use, must be left to the consumer to judge. There is no doubt, however, that much of the mortality among children can be set down as resulting from the use of adulterated milk, or, what is just as bad, milk made from unwholesome food. The milk that a cow gives is largely determined by the food she eats, and in order to get good wholesome milk you must feed good wholesome food. If you feed swill you must expect swill milk. It is very common in cities to see persons acting in the double capacity of garbage gatherers and milk vendors. Barrels of swill and cans of milk pass your doors daily in the same wagon. These people are very kind and very useful. They take away your kitchen refuse to day to accommodate you, and tomorrow they return it to you as food for your children, having first passed it through a poor, filthy, bovine distillery called a cow, and thus converted it into pure milk. This innocent economy in parents may save one or two cents a quart on milk, but in return it brings doctors' bills, disease and sometimes death. People as a rule pay little or no attention to the source of their supply of milk, whether the vendors are honest or responsible or not; whether their premises are filthy or clean; whether their cows are fed on swill slops and straw or cornmeal and hay; and, in fact, whether it comes from cows, goats, pumps or penstocks, only so that it is white, won't sour, and, above all, is cheap, they will buy it, feed it to their children and be contented. If their child is extremely strong, and succeeds in keeping cool and body together on the cheap, unwholesome food forced upon it by its parents, all is well, and if it is sick they lay it to the resistless, ever acting, unseen forces of nature, over which no one save the Almighty can have control. If the learned and good family physician has no remedies of sufficient curative powers to extract or counteract the poison that is administered every day, and its sufferings are ended by death, they bow in broken-hearted submission to the hand of fate, and lay the cause of their affliction to an all-wise overruling providence. I believe that disease, like everything else, has its cause, and in cases like this where the cause is not removed physicians cannot cure, and Providence would have to perform a miracle to save. Is it not time that parents wake up on this subject and see to it that the milk they feed to their children is at least good enough to be relished by themselves?"

London Truth:—"To ladies of a *mignonne*, petite type of beauty, with pretty little feet and well turned ankles, the now somewhat generally worn short ball dress may be coming, although it can never produce an elegant or dignified effect. But why is it that tall, angular gawks, and great, fat awkward frumps will vie with each other, night after night, in making themselves look utterly ridiculous? Will the female mind never realize that some fashions are made only for the few?"

The *Whitehall Review* contains the names of the following gentlemen for whom peerages are to be provided: Mr. Ohaplin, Colonel Taylor, Sir R. Wallace, Sir C. Mills, Sir Lawrence Falk and Viscount Galway, in addition to a whole posse of Conservative borough members. Among the latter it is said, will be found the name of one or two representatives of a western seaport. Dishonest beggars in the interest of the sufferers of Ireland are circulating in different parts.

Hastings has reduced its Warden's salary from \$100 to \$300, at its own request.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

A Saturday Night's Pabulum of Interesting Notes.

Lord Rolle, accompanied by Canon Tristram and Dean Howson, is about to make a tour to the Holy Land.

A new Russian Church temple is to be dedicated at Moscow in August next. It was begun in 1833, and will cost over \$13,000,000.

Rev. Walter Home, of Polwarth, is now the father of the Church of Scotland. He still attends to his pastoral duties with his former vigor.

A young Glasgow clergyman is said to be nearly ready to astonish the world with a series of sketches of "Scenes from Scotch Clerical Life."

The last thing the Bishop of Manchester did before starting off to get married was to devote \$1,500 to the poor of the City of Manchester.

At the Advent ordinations in the Church of England 456 candidates were admitted to holy orders. The largest ordination was in London, where there were 31 deacons and 21 priests.

Canon Farrer recently preached in Westminster Abbey a sermon on the 814th anniversary of its founding, and made touching allusions to many of the distinguished persons interred within its walls.

The Liverpool Bishopric Fund progresses. The Additional Bishopric Committee have appropriated a further sum of one thousand pounds for the purpose. A guarantee is also proposed of five thousand pounds, which would secure the immediate foundation of the Bishopric.

The total membership of the Baptist denomination in the United States is now 2,133,044, a gain of 31,010 over last year. In Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba the membership is 27,252, a decrease of 127 from last year's report. In the Maritime Provinces there is a membership of 37,017, an increase of 276 over last year's report.

From the Registrar-General's annual report it appears that the number of Roman Catholic marriages during the past year in the City of London amounted to 1,172, or 3.46 per cent. of the whole number—33,593. During the same period 28,873 marriages were solemnized in the churches of the Establishment.

The Home Reunion Society having offered a purse of £25 for an essay under the following title, "Antireticon for the Wesleyans, with proposals for the present co-operation and a scheme for the future reunion with the Church of England," the purse was divided equally between the Rev. T. O. Borradaile and Mr. W. T. Mowbray.

Rev. William M. Barry, who died recently at Worcester, Mass., left directions to his executors to burn all his papers unread, to bury him in his plainest clothes and a cheap box, to permit no clergyman nor his wife to be present at the funeral services, and to devote his property to the maintenance of worship in the Congregational Church of which he had been pastor.

One of the missionaries of the Church of England, who went to China thirty-five years ago, wrote home to his Board a short time ago a sentence which ought to touch every heart: "From the day I arrived here in 1844, to the present day, I have never had the pleasure of the society of a brother missionary associated with me in the mission work here, and I suppose I shall never enjoy that privilege now."

At the monthly meeting of the Presbytery of Manchester, the Committee in Synod on lapsed Presbyterians recommended the Presbytery to hold a conference at an early day to consider "how we are to prevent the enormous leakage that goes on from year to year from the communion rolls and the disappearance from our congregations of a very large number of our baptized youths and others."

The last published minutes of the Congregational Conference Association of the State of Connecticut contain carefully compiled estimates exhibiting the relative increase in Connecticut of Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the twenty years preceding 1879. The relative increase is as follows: Congregationalists, 20 per cent.; Methodists, 34 per cent.; Baptists, 13 per cent.; Protestant Episcopal Church, 69 per cent.—N. Y. *Churchman*.

A recent number of the *New York Churchman* notices the facts that in 250 years only 38 clergy of the Anglican Church have taken orders in the Church of Rome. Of these, 6 were originally Congregationalists, 8 Presbyterians, 11 Methodists and 1 Roman Catholic. Since the English Reformation, 300 years ago, 2 bishops have perverted to Romanism—Bishop Gordon, of Galloway, Scotland in 1688, and Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, in 1852; during the same time, 14 Roman Catholic Bishops have renounced Romanism.

The London correspondent of the *Germania* (an ultramontane German organ), in announcing that the Countess of Tankerville and her son, Lord Bennett, had "returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church," says: "There is hardly a day in which the newspapers do not announce some conversions, and yet we must contest the view commonly held in Germany that England will soon be Catholic. Unfortunately, this view cannot be justified. Unquestionably, the Catholic Church in England has made enormous strides in the last fifty years, but still the ground has only been broken."

The best ally of Rome is the Englishman's love of splitting up into ever new and strange religious bodies on account of the most trivial differences.

The Bishop of Manchester, in a recent sermon in his Cathedral, remarked that in national and political affairs the past year was not marked by much of which as a nation we could be justly proud. He said the question must force itself on Englishmen, "What business had we with our armies either in Zululand or Afghanistan? Could it be pretended that either of them was just or necessary?" He added that "unless we were to abandon all pretence to justify a recourse to arms, he, as a Christian Bishop, must distinctly say, if he was to be faithful to his message, that as a nation we had misdoings to repent of for having been the first to draw the sword in these two wars." We fear there is some foundation for the Bishop's complaint.

The recent death of the Suffragan Bishop of Guilford is spoken of as "strangely dramatic." "His Lordship preached from Matthew xxv. 24—'Then he who had received the one talent came.' Those who had heard him before thought His Lordship even more

impressive than usual. It was noticed that he referred to the mercy which had been shown in sparing them through another year. After the sermon, His Lordship descended to the chancel and read the prayers for the church militant, and, having uttered the words 'that it may please Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect,' he knelt down before the communion table, fell forward and died. His Lordship's wife was in the church, and exclaimed in piteous accents that she had begged him not to venture out in the cold weather."

The Baptist ministers of Philadelphia have been discussing the question, "Is the pulpit losing its power?" The principal speaker admitted that the multitude was no longer attracted to the churches, but he added, "What then? The minister of Christ is not the head of a house of public entertainment. If the public entertainer does not draw he is a failure. Not so with the preacher. He may have a small following and yet do great good." Another said that the preachers who attracted the largest congregations were by no means the most influential; another thought that preachers had weakened themselves by meddling with politics; and another remarked: "The inveterate tendency on the part of the press to hold Christian sentiment up to ridicule, and to attack the character of the ministry, has had much to do in making us lose our power."

Puzzigrams.

A rich man's son lives on his pap.
"Grüderpest" is a very appropriate name for the toothache.

"Swans sink before they die." They have to, if they sing at all.

If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it.

There are two classes who cannot bear prosperity, one of them being those who can't get a chance of it.

The English have presented Ostewayo's wives with concertinas. Inaudula is to be avenged. Oh, unhappy king!

Broad is the road that leads to debt.
And thousands walk together there;
Prompt payments find a narrow rut,
With here and there a passer-by.

The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child has missed the cardinal joys of life.

The *New York News* informs a waiting public that "poison does not rhyme with raisin." Neither does pie crust rhyme with overshoe, and there are lots of other words that don't rhyme.

This confusion in the weather, having it cold when it should be warm, and hot when it should be frigid, is undoubtedly the work of our many weather prophets. Their booms have clashed together.

I said to my little girl one day: "What a large forehead you have got! It is just like your father's. You could drive a pony carriage round it." To which her brother, five years old, said: "Yes, mamma, but on papa's you can see the marks of the wheels."

A distinguished and long winded Paris lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in the sentence."

"John, what odor is that?" "Gloves, love." "But that other?" "Allspice, my beloved." "But isn't there another?" "Yes, apples, belovedest." "Just one more?" "Raisins, my most belovedest." "Well, John, if you would only drink a little brandy, now, I think you would make a good mines pie."

Dr. Adolf Sander, a physician of Heidelberg, died recently from the effects of swallowing a shirt button. How often have we warned bachelors of the dangers likely to arise from trifling with these treacherous and explosive articles! Marriage is the only safety-valve against death from buttons.

"How it does remind me of my courtship days!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, remarking the blush that the delicately turned compliment of Araminta's young man had brought to the girl's cheek. "In those halcyon days, when I was young and perceptible, how frustrated I used to feel when Daniel paid me a compliment, as he always was—'doing! Yes,' she continued, stopping to brush off the tear that trembled at the tip of her attenuated nose—"yes, Daniel was one of a thousand. And he never changed during all our years of patrimony."

Recent Surveys.—Messrs. O'Keefe, of Hamilton, and G. L. Clarke, of the Pacific Railway survey staff, who left Ottawa last June to prosecute explorations north of the Saskatchewan River, Northwest Territory, have reported. From the Big Saskatchewan River to a point one hundred and fifty miles north they found a fertile, wooded, and well watered belt of country with an average width of one hundred miles. From its northern limit the sterile district spread. As illustrating the fertility of the lower belt the two engineers have brought with them samples of wheat averaging 25 bushels to the acre, grown by the Oree Indians, a settlement conducted and instructed by the Rev. Mr. Hinds, of the Church of England Mission. He has a church, school house, a farm of 150 acres, and some 60 Indians under tuition.

A correspondent of the *London Times*, who has travelled through some of the districts in Ireland where the present distress is most keenly felt, remarks upon the civility and respectfulness of the women and children. "A family limited to a single apartment by night and day," says he, "have their own ideas of what is decorous and what is not; and I can testify that here neither the improper house accommodation nor the working of girls and young women out of doors induces that boldness or gross rudeness of behavior which distinguish the field hands in some parts of England."

London Truth: "Other women's girls may go over the border, but each mother thinks her own as safe as if youthful blood was iced like champagne cup, and the fire was not lighted that would make it boil. Those who know better do not care to inform against a young creature who never offended them, and who is only fulfilling the law that governs lambskins and killings. It is not their business to spoil sport, and the office of private detective is both thankless and ungracious."

A man in Utah who has only the legal number of wife is spoken of as "comparatively speaking, a bachelor!"