

and as like the awful sacredness  
of robes and oracles, grave and hoary hairs,  
outflowing laughter and of many cares,  
sighing sighs and passionate caresses,  
sensitive ascensions of the soul  
mowing hunger of the heavy flesh,  
stagnant virtues and the solemn roll  
of gulfous cities thunder and the frobb  
of faith of childhood, sweet as mignonette  
of Doubt's bitter herbage, and the dear  
slimpes of the earlier stars that set  
the blue skies of our lost wondersphere,  
all the consecrations and delights  
in the texture of the days and nights.

daily miracle of life goes on  
in our chambers, at our household hearths,  
in our duties and in our mirths,  
the unquiet hopes and fears that run  
of our hearts along the edges of  
our abysse; in the calm  
friendship, in the ecstasies of love,  
in the far, weird voices that we hear,  
in the mystic visions we behold,  
in our winters when the nights are clear  
in the subtle secrets of our breath  
that Annunciation men call Death.

th, thou hast not any wind that blows  
oh is not music; every weed of thine,  
and rightly, flows in aromatic wine;  
very humble hedgerow flower that grows,  
every little brown bird that doth sing,  
something greater than itself, and bears  
ing Word to every living thing,  
it hold the Message unawares.  
Shapes and sounds have something which  
is a not  
in a spirit walks amid the grass,  
in outlines of the Everlasting thought  
the mellow shadow as the pass,  
touch of an Eternal Presence thrills  
tranquil sunsets and the brooding hills.

through the world's material forms,  
shoots His immaterial. Night and day  
mystic intimations stray  
the dark lanes of matter; viewless arms  
lovingly toward us from the air,  
is a breathing marvel in the sea,  
sapphire foreheads of the mountains wear  
within light which enshadows the  
terrible Beauty and Perfection  
with immeasurable striving, strives  
with bodied form and conscious indirection,  
unto our dull and hardened lives  
lives that cannot see nor hear aright  
bodiless glories which are out of sight.

RICHARD BEALF.

### WICKES AND RUTH IN THE BALANCE.

did you really fancy yourself in love with  
her little shop-girl?  
Meredith, a tall, noble-looking man of  
looked rather sadly at his enthusiastic  
nephew.  
"Why, uncle? That is hardly an approp-  
riate to use. I am quite certain of the  
suppose you will consider me a very  
age of the human character, if I tell  
at I like her little cousin's demure face  
t. Believe me, Harry, there is more  
smile in Ruth Durr than in her pretty  
"Rachel."  
"Here, sir," answered Harry, resolutely,  
ere I must beg leave to differ with you."  
"Well, my boy, you must choose for your-  
self. Remember, it is no question of a part-  
nership, or a pair of bright eyes whose  
is to amuse you for one or two even-  
ings. The woman whom you now select for  
life must necessarily exert a more or  
less influence over your whole life."  
"Now it, sir," and Harry's mirthful  
came for the moment almost grave.  
"At she earns her own living behind  
counter of a fancy store—that they both  
no drawback in my eyes. Independent  
and self-reliance are to me cardinal  
and even though your wife will be  
in an atmosphere of comparative  
a few lessons taken beforehand in  
partial school of worldly experience  
of incalculable use to her."  
Meredith sat long that night before  
ing, bright fire in his snug little  
apartment musing over his uncle's  
had met the two cousins, Rachel and  
Durr, at a quiet little birth day gather-  
ing house of a friend, and had instanc-  
ly felt drawn toward the elder one—  
eighteen months. She was a beauti-  
ful, while the other was rather of the  
type.  
ing the three months which had follow-  
ed his first introduction, Harry Mered-  
ith contrived to see the cousins several  
times, and, consequently, fell deeper  
with the golden-haired lassie, even  
he was quite conscious of Ruth's  
character and stronger intellect.  
times he was almost tempted to  
his allegiance toward the elder, and  
took himself with very unnecessary  
reasons to talk.  
ight, however, he passed the whole of  
a few weeks in review before his  
and decided that inaction was the  
best policy in the world.  
his suspense must be put an end to,"  
and over her, half aloud, and then he  
mischievously to himself, as an idea  
to his head.  
do it," he thought, biting his lip.  
ing, its merely for the fun of the  
I have not the shadow of a doubt  
is all she seems, but still—"  
prepare for slumber.  
are polite enough to me as the  
child of luxury. Now I will take  
to learn whether this courtesy is  
from the heart, or merely born of  
admiration and adulation to wealth."  
hero, laying his head on his pillow,  
of private masquerade parties all  
g.  
Durr and her cousin Ruth were  
in Savery & St. Clair's great fancy  
"Dear!" sighed Rachel, one morning  
ak off her bonnet in the little dress-  
ing at the back of the store and shook  
golden shower of curls, "how tired  
his horrid drudgery. How I wish  
Meredith would propose if he's  
ughed as she smoothed down her  
own hair, and tied the bow of crimson  
her throat.  
what do you think of me, Rachel?  
have no such brilliant hopes of  
y, to light up the monotony of my  
shrugged her shoulders.  
"See how you bear it so patiently,  
die with vexation and 'ennui' if I  
ope for something better."  
"I said Ruth," there is Mrs. Wickes,  
oman, calling us."  
I hate the old villain!" Rachel  
s, slowly following Ruth into the  
r, Miss Rachel Durr, you must be  
re punctual," said Mrs. Wickes,  
to her mouth primly. "You are just  
minutes behind time, and it was just  
pouted, and went to work labeling  
ew-arrived ribbons. She and Mrs.

Wickes had never agreed very harmoniously,  
nor did she affiliate with the shop girls. "A  
stuck-up, impertinent thing," they called  
her; while she, from the serene heights of  
the possibility of her some day becoming  
Mrs. Meredith, treated them with a disdain  
which was anything in the world but agree-  
able.  
In vain were Ruth's remonstrances.  
Rachel had always been willful and inclined  
to superciliousness, nor would she listen to  
her cousin's mildly-proffered advice.  
"It's all very well for you, Ruth, you've  
got to spend all your days here, but," she  
said, curling her pretty lips, "but I shall  
soon be lifted out of the groveling atmos-  
phere."  
"It is by no means a certainty."  
"Yes, it is," laughingly answered Rachel,  
blushing like a damask rose.  
And Ruth would sigh softly, and think how  
bright the future was unrolling its vast  
map before her pretty little cousin.  
Rachel Durr waited rather languidly upon  
one or two customers that morning. Evidently  
her heart was not in her work, and Mrs.  
Wickes, from her lurking-place behind the  
cash box, cast several venomous glances  
toward her, premonitory of a coming storm.  
Presently a new customer hobbled in, bent  
and crooked, and made his way directly to  
the counter where Rachel and Ruth were  
standing. A huge cotton umbrella protruded  
in a warlike manner from beneath his arms,  
and mended cotton gloves covered his hands,  
while a rusty red wig was half concealed by  
his bent and battered hat.  
"My goodness! Ruth, what a figure!"  
ejaculated Rachel, in a very audible voice.  
"What can that old bundle of second-hand  
clothes want here?"  
"Hush!" said Ruth, almost sternly, "he  
will hear you."  
"And what if he does? What do I care?"  
"He is old and infirm, Rachel, and his age  
should render him sacred in your eyes."  
Rachel tossed her head sneeringly.  
"Ruth, you are too absurd for anything.  
I won't wait on him."  
But the old man steered resolutely for  
Rachel herself.  
"I want to buy some gloves, Miss," he said  
in a feeble, croaking voice.  
"You'd better go somewhere else," said the  
young lady superciliously; "our store doesn't  
keep cheap goods."  
"Please let me see the articles."  
Rachel tossed a box down on the counter;  
the old man bent his spectacled eyes down to  
survey the goods.  
"How much are these?"  
"A dollar a pair."  
"But I am a poor man, Miss; have you  
nothing cheaper?"  
"No!" snapped Rachel, "I told you to go  
elsewhere, I've no patience with paupers."  
"I beg your pardon, Miss," said the old  
man, "I am not a pauper."  
"Well," observed the girl, scornfully, "you  
look like one!"  
"Appearances are often deceitful. Did you  
tell me you had cheaper gloves?"  
"I didn't tell you any such thing!"  
"Rachel! Rachel!" remonstrated her cou-  
sin. "Let me show you what you want, sir,"  
she said, softly, turning to the old customer.  
"We have some very nice gloves at seventy-  
five cents."  
"Seventy-five cents is a great deal  
of money to pay for a pair of gloves," said  
the old man, looking sorrowfully down on the  
mended fingers of those he wore, "but the  
weather is getting very frosty, and I am not  
so young as I was."  
"I should think that was quite evident,"  
said Rachel, with a heartless titter.  
Ruth bent toward the old man, saying in a  
low, sweet voice:  
"Take the warm worsted gloves, sir. The  
price is seventy-five cents, but you shall  
have them for fifty. I, myself, will make  
up the difference to the store. You are an  
old gentleman, and I am young and able to  
work."  
"But I am nothing to you, Miss."  
Ruth folded the gloves neatly in a piece of  
paper, and handed them to him.  
"For the sake of the dear father who  
died a year ago, old age can never be nothing  
to me, sir. Please don't thank me, in-  
deed I deserve no gratitude."  
And Ruth drew blushing back, while  
Rachel burst into a laugh.  
"Upon my word, Ruth, you are the great-  
est fool I ever saw!" she cried, while the old  
gentleman hobbled out of the store. "I  
would have seen the old beggar in Jericho  
before I would have given him anything?  
Why doesn't he go to the poor house?"  
The days crept on and one day Mr. Harry  
Meredith astonished little Ruth Durr very  
much by asking her to be his wife.  
It was as if the gates of Paradise had  
been suddenly opened to her—the modest  
girl, secretly worshipping Harry Mered-  
ith in her heart of hearts, had never dream-  
ed of the possibility of such good luck being  
in store for her.  
That evening she told her cousin, Rachel,  
listened in silence. The prize had been  
very near her grasp once, but somehow it  
had slipped away.  
"I think you must be mistaken, Ruth,"  
she said, scornfully. "I think Mr.  
Meredith never would."  
She checked herself, for at that instant  
the door opened, and Harry Meredith was  
announced.  
"Well, Rachel," he said, pleasantly, "are  
you ready to congratulate me upon the sweet  
little wife I have won?"  
Rachel muttered one or two formal sen-  
tences, but she was very pale. Meredith ob-  
served her with a smile.  
"Ruth," he said, turning with a smile, "I  
have something to show you."  
He put a tin parcel in her hand. She  
opened it, and out fell a pair of worsted  
gloves.  
She looked wistfully into his face—then  
the whole tide of memory came back upon  
her heart.  
"Harry! were you the old man?"  
"I was the old man, my dearest!"  
And then Rachel knew why it was that  
the ship freighted with all her hopes had  
drifted away, when it was so near the haven.

A "BLACK LIST."—The Perth Courier pub-  
lishes a list of its delinquent subscribers.  
"It would be a caution if every newspaper  
were to do the same," remarks a western  
exchange, but some such plan will have to  
be adopted, at least for hard cases. It has  
been suggested that, say, half a dozen leading  
merchants should combine and obtain judg-  
ments in the division court against a dozen  
or so hard cases that will creep in in spite of  
every precaution and then advertise the fact  
in the local papers for a month, or longer if  
necessary. It would prove effective in more  
ways than one, and would have an excellent  
general influence.

## THE LORNE FESTIVITIES.

### St. Andrew's Society Ball at Montreal.

#### HOW SUNDAY WAS SPENT.

ST. ANDREW'S BALL.  
MONTREAL, Nov. 29.—The ball at the  
Windsor to-night is a brilliant affair. The  
elegant dining-room of the Windsor, one of  
the most magnificent on the continent, was  
specially fitted up for the occasion.  
By half-past nine the room was tolerably  
well filled, a clear isle being kept up the  
centre of the room awaiting the advent of  
the Vice-Regal pair, who had not yet re-  
turned from their drive, taken to view the  
illuminations in their honor. At about ten  
o'clock the band of the 6th Fusiliers, a de-  
tachment of which was on duty in the grand  
corridor of the hotel as a guard of honor,  
was heard playing "God Save the Queen,"  
and instantly a hush fell upon the  
merry party in the ball-room, and every  
one stood in anxious expectancy of  
the approach of the distinguished  
guests. Suddenly the tones of the band were  
drowned in those of the soul-stirring bag-  
pipes, three pipers in full costume of the  
Highlanders marching up the centre of the  
room, at the same time playing, "The Camp-  
bells are Coming." The Marquis and  
Princess were almost immediately behind  
them, escorted by the members of the Vice-  
Regal staff and the officers of St. Andrew's  
Society.  
THE PRINCESS  
was attired as follows: A handsome silk  
and satin, with Honiton lace and a stomacher  
of white bugles; head dress, diamonds and  
flowers; ornaments, diamonds and pearls;  
orders, Victoria and Albert.  
THE MARQUIS  
was in full evening dress.  
Lady Sophia Macnamara wore a black silk,  
handsomely trimmed with Brussels lace;  
bouquets of heartsease; head-dress, dia-  
monds and flowers.  
VICE-REGAL QUADRILLE.  
The following is the complete set:  
His Excellency and Lady Macdonald,  
Lieut.-Colonel Stevenson and M. H. H. the  
Princess,  
Captain Chater, A. D. C., and Lady Sophia  
Macnamara,  
Hon. T. Harbord, A. D. C., and Hon. Mrs.  
Moreton,  
Colonel McNeil and Miss Dow,  
Hon. Mr. Moreton and Miss Gordon,  
Mr. Hector MacKenzie and Mrs. Dalgleish,  
Mr. McGrae, O. C., and Mrs. Hinkson,  
Mr. J. Johnston and Mrs. Fwing,  
Mr. Hugh McKay and Mrs. Rose.  
THE SCOTCH REEL.  
The second dance was entered upon with  
spirit by His Excellency, who showed him-  
self a true Scot in the graceful manner in  
which he danced the reel; his partner was  
Miss Ogilvie, Mr. D. MacMaster, with Miss  
White, had the honor of dancing *vis a vis*  
to him. Dr. MacEwan, with Mrs. Dr. F. W.  
Campbell, and Mr. J. S. Johnston, of the St.  
Andrew's Society of Sherbrooke, and Mrs. A.  
Mann danced in the same set. There was  
loud applause at the conclusion.  
THE SUPPER.  
At twelve o'clock supper was announced,  
and Her Royal Highness led the way to the  
supper-room (which was the billiard-room)  
on the arm of Lt.-Col. Stevenson. His Ex-  
cellency took down Mrs. Dow, Sir John Mac-  
donald Lady Macnamara, and Sir Hugh Allan  
the Hon. Mrs. Moreton. The bagpipes played  
the guests to the supper-room. On getting  
seated the appetite of the dancers soon made  
short work of the menu. The pipers played  
during supper and played back to the ball-  
room Her Royal Highness and His Excel-  
lency.  
CHURCH SERVICE.  
MONTREAL, Dec. 1.—His Excellency and  
the Princess attended the English Cathedral  
to-day at 11 a.m. They were attended by  
the gentlemen and ladies of the suite. They  
were met at the door, and escorted to the  
first pew from the chancel on the right side  
of the centre aisle, the Marquis entering first.  
"God Save the Queen" was sung as a pro-  
cessional by a large choir. Several clergymen  
were in attendance. The service was intoned  
and deeply impressive. The anthem was  
"The heavens declare the glory of God."  
The first prayer was for the Queen, the  
second for the Royal Family, and the third  
for the Governor-General. Then an advent  
hymn, "So He Cometh," was sung. The  
communion service was then conducted,  
in which another prayer for the Queen was  
introduced. A hymn was sung and the ser-  
mon followed. The closing prayer was for  
the Church militant. The Vice-Regal party  
did not wait for communion. A large crowd  
was assembled at the doors of the Windsor  
and the church for the purpose of getting a  
view of their Excellencies. The admittance  
to the church was by ticket, which prevented  
any over-crowding, the edifice being only  
comfortably filled.  
In the afternoon at four o'clock the Marquis  
went to St. Andrew's Church, where the usual  
service of the Church of Scotland was con-  
ducted. His Excellency walked from the  
Windsor to the church and was not attended  
by the Princess.  
CONGRATULATIONS FROM HER MAJESTY.  
The following telegram has been received  
by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise from  
Her Majesty the Queen, dated Windsor  
Castle, 1st of December:  
"Delighted at reception. Say so."  
"THE QUEEN."  
FOR OTTAWA.  
To-morrow morning the Vice-Regal party  
leave the hotel at 9.40 for the Bonaventure  
Station, where an address will be received  
from the Caughnawaga Indians, to which  
His Excellency will in all probability deliver  
a verbal reply. The train will leave the  
station at ten o'clock precisely, stop for an  
address at Cornwall and for two at Prescott,  
after which the party will lunch and then  
proceed to Ottawa, which they hope to reach  
by three p.m.  
AMERICAN.  
New York, Nov. 30.—St. Andrew's Society  
held their annual banquet to-night. The  
Marquis of Lorne was chosen an honorary  
member, and a letter of regret at the Marquis  
being unable to attend the celebration was  
received.  
DETROIT, Nov. 30.—The Marquis of Lorne  
has already experienced international cour-  
tesies. The committee of the bench show  
of dogs, to be held in Detroit in July, has  
invited His Excellency to send some of his  
dogs for exhibition.  
BUFFALO, Nov. 30.—An invitation will be  
extended to the Marquis of Lorne and the  
Princess Louise to visit Buffalo and accept

the freedom of the city, on the occasion of  
their first visit west to Toronto and the  
Fall.

### Pastoral Poverty.

A writer in the "North Carolina Presby-  
terian" proposes the following remedies for  
pastoral poverty, which he elaborates at  
length:  
1. Let both pastor and people consider the  
minister's support more as a business matter  
than they do. When the pastoral relation is  
established, a contract is entered into, and a  
part of this contract is purely a business  
transaction. The congregation agrees to pay  
the pastor a certain specified salary.  
2. Let it not only be a business matter,  
but one conducted with a business like system.  
Some energetic business man, alive to the  
interests of the church, should be appointed  
treasurer of the pastors' salary.  
3. Let it be understood that when there is  
a failure in the contract on the part of the  
people, the pastoral relation is at an end. It  
is too generally the custom for the pastor to  
labor on year after year with the salary un-  
paid. This is so common that when a min-  
ister does make this a ground for removal, his  
people actually think that he is doing them  
injustice; that he is not actuated by proper  
motives; that he is mercenary, etc., etc. It is  
high time that public sentiment was revolu-  
tionized on this point.  
4. Let Presbyteries look into this matter and  
regularly and steadily enquire whether it is  
attended to. It is a matter of examination  
on the docket: let it be made practically so.  
The Presbyterian remarks, editorially, on  
the communication, of which we have only  
given the heads:  
The expression, "debt of honor," has been  
so woefully misapplied that it doesn't seem  
right to apply it to what is due to the min-  
ister. But when a man agrees to pay his pastor  
a certain sum for services, a debt is incurred  
which he is the more in honor bound to pay,  
because legal collection is not to be thought  
of.

### Tricks of Trade.

It is a shortsighted policy to "save at the  
spigot, while there is a greater leak at the  
bung." Very few of the so-called chances to  
obtain a genuine article for half its value can  
be depended upon, and people are constantly  
humbugged and their money wasted by  
cheap John dodges. A farmer near Whitby  
recently purchased what was represented as a  
4-lb. package of 75 cent tea for 60 cents a  
pound. After the departure of the pedler  
the tea was weighed, and was found to be  
considerably short of the weight represented.  
Further enquiry led to the fact that this  
same tea had been purchased at a store in  
Whitby at 30 cents per lb. which does not  
say much for the shrewdness of the farmer's  
household as judges of tea. It is quite man-  
ifest that it would have paid that farmer to  
go to a respectable storekeeper and buy 60  
cent tea rather than be swindled, as he was,  
out \$1.20. We recollect a case in which a  
dry goods dealer in a western town was  
roundly abused by a carpenter's wife for  
having charged her seventy-five cents a yard  
for satin which she afterwards bought  
from a philanthropic pedler at fifty cents.  
The merchant asked the woman to let him  
see the goods, and offered, if the quality were  
as stated, to present her husband with a suit  
of clothes. The satin was triumphantly  
produced, and was found on examination to  
be discolored here and there by some liquid,  
torn at each roll fold by case-nails, and short  
in measure, three defects which the woman,  
in her greed for "a bargain" had entirely  
overlooked. So much for pedlers' bargains.  
It is advisable to deal rather with a shop-  
keeper who knows his business; one is much  
more likely to get value for his money.—  
Monetary Times.

### A Very Strange Story.

A South London, England, journal reports  
a story which reminds us very much of the  
Gaffer Hexams and Rogue Riderhoods of the  
Thames. A drowning man from the Princess  
Alice offered a boatman £5 to save him. The  
latter called out that he "could not do it for  
the price."  
"I'll give you £10!" screamed the half-  
drowned man.  
"It's worth more than that, Gov'nor," com-  
pactly returned the waterman.  
"Fifteen pounds then," pantingly re-  
plied the drowner, almost with his last  
breath.  
"No, but I'll tell wot, I'll save you for  
£20."  
There was no other alternative, for the  
boatman evidently meant what he said, and  
the victim consented. He was hauled into  
the boat and rowed ashore, and directly they  
got to the land the boatman demanded the  
money. Said the late victim:  
"I would have given you £5 willingly, but  
since you have shown yourself such a black-  
hearted scoundrel, you shall have no-  
thing."  
The boatman swore and stormed, but  
without avail, and all he could get was the  
name and address of the man, who said he  
might if he liked, "take the law out of him."  
The boatman means to go to law, and he has  
commenced action against the man for breach  
of contract. A well-known South London  
solicitor has the case in hand.

How THEY LIVE.—A judge and a merchant  
met on the street here a few days ago. In  
the course of conversation, the judge, re-  
marking the excessive number of shops along  
Queen and Yonge streets, and the impossi-  
bility of their all making a living, said—"If,  
as is manifest, these shop-keepers don't live  
out of the profits they make, whom do they  
live on?" "They live on the wholesale  
houses," was the reply of the merchant.  
"And whom do the wholesale houses live  
on?" queried the judge. "They live on the  
banks." "Well, but whom," pursued His  
Honor, "do the banks live on?" "On their  
shareholders, I suppose," was the response  
of the man of trade. The justice declined to  
pursue further the foundation of the pyramid;  
but the little colloquy is an instructive one.  
It is of course not intended to assert that all whole-  
sale men live on the banks; as a body, they  
give banks a large proportion of their profits.  
That the banks suffer losses at the hands of  
customers is too true; and if bank shares are  
held here, as in the Old Country, largely by  
persons in the middle class, such as profes-  
sional men, tradesmen, executors, widows  
and spinners, salaried officials—and we have  
the word of a bank-president that these are  
the people who form the bulk of bank share-  
holders—the losses sustained in the adminis-  
tration of our banks, resulting in the shrinkage  
of stocks and the reduction of dividends, fall  
most heavily upon the classes least able to  
bear them.—Monetary Times.

### Religious Matters.

Knox Church, Dundas, is to have weekly  
practices for the purpose of improving the  
congregational singing.  
Righteousness and self righteousness are as  
far apart as the east is from the west.—Mon-  
day Club Sermons.  
Be not troubled nor faint in the labors of  
mortification and the austerities of repentance  
for in hell one hour is more than a hundred  
years in the house of repentance.—Jeremy  
Taylor.  
The N. Y. Christian Advocate states  
that not one of the 10,300 Methodist preach-  
ers stationed the past year, declined to go  
his appointment, and no charge declined to  
receive the preacher sent them.  
A Protestant church has been opened at  
Coquimbo, Chili. In Valparaiso three  
Protestant Churches—Episcopalian, Congre-  
gational and Lutheran—have long existed,  
and are numerously attended.  
Strive. "Strain every nerve." The term  
is taken from the Grecian games, where they  
wrestled, and ran the race, in order to win  
the crown of laurel which belonged to the  
victor. It is the term, too, from which is our  
word "agonize."—Jacobus.  
A native South African was greatly grieved  
when his dog swallowed three leaves of the  
New Testament. He had been a capital  
hunter, and he feared, judging from the  
effects on those who had come to love the  
book, that it would make him tame and so  
spoil him.  
I venerate old age; and I love not the man  
who can look without emotion upon the sun-  
set of life, when the dusk of evening begins  
to gather over the watery eye, and the sha-  
dows of twilight grow broader and deeper  
upon the understanding.—Longfellow.  
The growing good of the world is partly  
dependent on unhistoric facts; and that  
things are not so ill with you and me as  
might have been half owing to the number  
who lived faithfully a hidden life, and now  
lie buried in unvisited tombs.—George Elliot.  
The rich young man calculates to do  
something which will earn heaven. He will  
accomplish it by some bold stroke of righte-  
ousness, some grand supererogation. He  
has kept the decalogue until he is tired of so-  
tams a righteousness. The Lord shows him  
there is a price infinitely below the value of  
heaven which he is not willing to pay.—  
Whedon.  
Paul de Cassagnac has fought in all  
seventeen duels, not one of which, however,  
has been fatal. On the occasion of his  
meeting with Aurelien Schell, the high road  
of St. Dennis was the spot selected, two  
o'clock in the afternoon that time. A crowd  
quickly assembled, and the combatants were  
about to commence, when a gendarme made  
his appearance. However, instead of making  
an arrest, the executive officer drew his sword,  
and addressing himself to the spectators, cried:  
"Hats off, gentlemen! When there is  
fighting in France, one uncovers." Poor  
Schell received a terrible wound, but he is  
still alive and well, on excellent terms with  
his old adversary, and editor of  
the Voltaire. M. Paul de Cassagnac  
then fought Henri Rochefort, and afterward  
his own cousin, Lissagaray, who did all he  
could to kill the Imperialist champion.  
After having been touched four times in the  
face, Lissagaray lost his head, and flung  
himself on the sword of his adversary. He  
had hardly recovered when he again chal-  
lenged M. Paul de Cassagnac, who refused a  
second meeting in the following terms:  
"Since I fought with you and left you riddled  
like a strainer in the garden at Vesinet, I  
have reflected that it is sufficient to have been  
your adversary, and that it is useless to become  
your charcutier (pork butcher)." Victor Noir,  
who was afterward shot down by Prince  
Pierre Bonaparte, challenged M. Paul de  
Cassagnac, who, having the choice of wea-  
pons, selected orthography, in which his  
opponent was deficient. The only case in  
which he really backed out of a duel was  
when defied by Dr. Clemenceau, one of the  
members for Paris. But this gentleman is  
left-handed and one of the most expert  
swordsmen in France; so that M. de Cassag-  
nac affected to treat his cartel as an "attempt  
at assassination." "If you will fight with  
my right hand," said he, "I will fight with  
my left, and we shall meet on equal terms;  
but I am not going to stand up against a man  
who has gone into training to kill me."  
The Princess Louise had a patent berth or  
bed arranged for her use on the Sarbatian.  
This bed was designed to keep level on all  
occasions, no matter how much the ship  
might roll or pitch. It was a success in all  
the trials to which it had been subjected on  
shore; but the Sarbatian had a particularly  
stormy passage, and the patent berth worked  
so badly at sea that the Princess, it is re-  
ported, abandoned it, and had her bed made  
upon the floor of her cabin. She was dread-  
fully seasick in the patent bed, and no better  
on the floor. Where the Marquis had his  
bed is not stated; and nobody appears to  
care. But he didn't take to the patent con-  
cern. This patent bed is swung from a uni-  
versal joint. Its theory is that it will always  
keep level, not rolling with the ship. But,  
in practice, it is said to have given the Prin-  
cess the strange feeling that the ship was all  
the time sinking away from under her, or  
rising up and leaving her sinking, or gliding  
out from under her now on this side and now  
on that, with all sorts of little jerks, tumb-  
les and mysterious movements. She had a  
terrible feeling, as though the ship was sail-  
ing stern first sometimes, and sometimes  
sidewise—as though she and the bed were,  
somehow, not going with the ship, but had  
become detached from it and were sliding  
overboard.  
Will the Valley of the Red River of the  
North be the great wheat-field of the future  
A correspondent answers this question by  
showing that the wheat raised in that valley  
this year commands the highest price of all  
raised on our soil, that the increase in popu-  
lation has been so rapid that the whole  
valley along the line of the railroad is  
already almost a continuous wheat-field,  
and that beyond it lie vast regions whose  
soil and climate are believed to be even  
better adapted to the cultivation of grain.  
The progress of this section is most gratify-  
ing. This year more than 8,000 farms,  
counting 160 acres to each person, have  
been taken along the line of the Northern  
Pacific Railroad; last year nearly as many  
were taken, and next year the number will  
doubtless be greater.—N. Y. Tribune.  
By the use of the microphone you can  
hear the rope walk or the butter fly.—  
Boston Globe. Or the gum drop.—Free  
Press. Or the fall of the year.—Richmond  
(Va.) Bator.