THE OMEM MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER T ITHERS SEE US."

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HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

CHAPTER III.

The Waldos, the family of which Mr. Samuel Waldo, banker, was the nominal head, were by way of being very great people. They had a house in Carlton Gardens, and made a great show. Mrs. Waldo aspired to be a leader of fashion, in which questionable ambition she was aided by three smart, "rather rapid" daughters, and the son, by a first marriage, Captain Wingspur, to whom we have already been introduced. They kept open house in Carlton Gardens during the season, gave balls, dinners, and theatrical entertainments. When the summer was at its height Mrs. Waldo had her day at the Rookery, Kew, and her garden-parties were highly esteemed with a certain set.

There was no smarter carriage in the park than Mrs. Waldo's; no toilettes so brilliant or so varied as those in which mother and daughters appeared in public places, at Sandown, Lords, Goodwood, or Ryde. Quiet folk were continually hearing about the Waldos. Court and other journals—often at so much per line—chronicled all their doings, their comings and goings, their guests and the clothes they wore. The Waldos turned up everywhere. That steam-launch on the river, dashing recklessly among the outriggers, and driving the fishermen in their punts nearly mad? The Waldos. That big barge at Henley Regatta, full of gorgeous beings, rainbow-hued, and noisy as parrots? The Waldos. That box at the theatre, the royal box, or next to it, the occupants of which kept up a constant chatter, to the annoyance of the audience and discomfiture of tge actors? The Waldos. That select party which sought to monopolise half the train between fiture of the actors? The Waldos. At home or abrod, on shore or afloat, in coach or carriage, in their own or other people's yachts, in the park, at Hurlingham, Lillie Bridge, at the Opera, or a fancy fair in the Albert Hall: always en evidence, loud, pushing, off-handed, rude, wherever people congregated, and it was the right place to go, there the Waldos were certain to be seen.

It had not been always thus, however. Time was when the Waldos were at the very foot of the social ladder. Thirty years previously Mr. Waldo had been a simple clerk in the bank; Mrs. Waldo, a young widow, with bright, bold eyes, which she had used with considerable effect upon Mr. Dandy, one of the partners. She was the widow of a silly youth of good family, one of the Wingspurs, whose marriage had caused a certain scandal at the time. Young Wingspur had died conveniently soon, leaving his wife a small fortune, and a banking account in Mincing Lane. It was in this way that she came to know Mr. Dandy. She had played her cards to win him, and had failed. Then she came to think more tolerantly of little Waldo.

"He'd just do for you," Mr. Dandy had said with a mocking smile. "Steady, industrious—one of our most promising young people. Intensely respectable, moreover, and without an idea or an opinion of his own. And I never saw a man so smitten. He'd just do for you, I repeat."

So she consented to make Waldo happy, and he was in the seventh heaven of delight. She did not come to him empty-handed. The few thousands she had of her own seemed to him a colossal fortune; she had her little house, too, and quite a fine lot of diamonds—some of the Wingspur's family jewels, she told him, but which, if the truth must be told, were presented to her by Mr. Dandy.

They began housekeeping in rather a modest way, and for years they were never too flush of money. They had to wait many years before Waldo became cashier. At last came a grand stroke of luck. Mr. Candelent died, leaving Mr. Dandy alone. The bank was at once reconstituted; Mr. Dandy wanted new blood, with the solid help of some one he could trust. Waldo became a partner with a fractional share. This gradually increased, till, after some ten years labor, Mr. Dandy withdrew himself almost entirely from business, and left Mr. Waldo with half profits and a clear income of twenty thousand a year.

And now Mrs. Waldo began to make the money fly. She revelled in these riches. It was her only compensation, she told herself, for marrying Waldo, and she meant to make the most of it. Old Waldo degenerated into a kind of financial stoker, whose only business was to keep the domestic engines constantly supplied with cash. Otherwise he was quite a cipher in his own house—in it, but not of it; less at home there than the meanest of the gangs of guests by whom it was continually infested.

See him as he slowly comes downstairs the morning after the bonds had been stolen from the strong-room of the bank. He still retained the habits of his youth; rose with the lark, long before the servants of Carlton Gardens, of whom he was rather afraid; had finished his lonely breakfast, and was off to the City an hour or more before any of the ladies of the family appeared.

A portly figure, all in decorous, shiny black, save for the buff waistcoat and the snowy shirtfront with its frill, walking with an air that was rather consequential than dignified, but with his rosy face fringed with white whiskers, high shirt collars, and stiffly-starched light tie, looking the very essence of solid respectability—a typical City potentate, a man of wealth and mark, highly esteemed in the east, if not in the west, end of the town.

"A party last night?" he asked of the footman, who had made his tea, and was buttering his toast. The butler did not condescend to wait on Mr. Waldo; besides, the head servant was not yet downstairs.

"Small and hearly, sir. To see the dress rehearsal and afterwards a dance."

"Kept up late?"

"Arf after three. Hope you weren't disturbed, sir?"

Disturbed! He had passed a sleepless night. Seldom, indeed, could he shut out the unceasing din of the fiddles; but this last night the banker was kept awake by what had occurred at the bank. Poor Surtees! they had been clerks together, had known each other ever so long, and now at the end of it all his old friend and colleague was accused of robbing the bank. Sleep! He had tossed, and tumbled, and groaned the whole night through, seeking in vain to make excuses for the cashier. The more he thought over it the blacker and the more impossible of explanation Mr. Surtee's conduct appeared.

His heart was heavy within him that morning; he ate little or no breakfast, and it was with none of his customary alacrity that he prepared to start for the City.

"Anything else I can do, sir?" asked the footman.

"Is the brougham at the door, Albert?" asked Mr. Waldo, a little doubtfully.

"Well, no, sir; I think not. The Capting, I believe, took it. He had to catch an early train."

"You'd better get me a cab, then." Mr. Waldo was accustomed to be disappointed about the carriages, for which he paid so large a sum every year; "or stay, Albert; I'll walk as far as Waterloo Place, and pick up a 'bus."

With that the City magnate took up his hat, and was about to seek the humble vehicle which daily conveys so many other financiers eastward, when the butler, making his first appearance, came up to his master and said:

"Mademoiselle, sir, has come from Mrs. Waldo, to say that Mrs. Waldo will call for you at the bank, today, about four."

"Very good," replied Mr. Waldo; say I shall be very pleased to see her."

The fact being that the proposed attention gave him no pleasure at all. He knew that such an honor preceded some extravagant demand upon his purse.

Mrs. Waldo, in her struggle upward to the highest levels, had her slices of good and ill fortune. The first came to her in a series of accidents which made her son heir-presumptive to the Wingspur peerage. It was by no means a rich title, and the Lord Wingspur for the time being was an improvident nobleman, who promptly realized the advantages which might accrue from opening up friendly relations with Waldo's bank.

Her chief cross was the pushing dispositions of her own relatives, especially her sister, Mrs. Bonastre, who after a long struggle had gained an excellent position on the provincial stage. She had married an actor who was also a success, and much to Mrs. Waldo's disgust they came to London to push their fortunes together. Bonastre was an undemonstrative person, but beneath a calm surface ran silent depths of cool determination. Mr. Bonastre had a set purpose in coming to London. This purpose was to have a theatre of his own, and to make money. For the indispensable capital he counted, rightly or wrongly, upon Waldo's bank. Mrs. Bonastre was a pushing person with a very good opinion of herself—a jolly, off-handed, and noisy woman in the prime of life and looks; was fully aware of this, and equally keen.

Their chances of success seemed small enough at first. They had not, in fact, been received with open arms at Carlton Gardens. Mrs. Waldo had hinted that she could not have the Bonastres much at the house.

Soon after Mr. Waldo started for the bank in the manner I have just described, Mrs. Waldo awoke from rosy dreams. After a couple of hours spent in personal adornment with the assistance of Mdlle. Fanchette, a treasure of a French maid, whose almost priceless services she had only recently secured, she came down into her boudoir—a sweet room overlooking St. James's Park, which no one entered except by Mrs. Waldo's special favor or invitation.

She was seated here at a pretty marqueterie writing-table, in high good humor; for she momentarily expected a visit from Lady Wingspur, when Fanchette appeared.

"Mrs. Bonastre, ma'am, you know, of the Royal Roscius"—the relation was known only in the family circle, and not yet openly acknowledged in the house—"she is most anxious to see you."

"Does she know I am at home?"

"Ces jeunes mees — Mrs. Bonastre is with them—said Madame was chez elle."

With a gesture of displeasure Mrs. Waldo said the visitor might be admitted.

"My dear," she began, in a stiff, ungenial way, "you know I am always delighted to see you. But if you could select any time but the forenoon, especially after a dance, I should greatly prefer it."

"Don't rate me, Relia, as if I was late for rehearsal or had missed my call. I came on business, to see the girls rehearse, you know. I should not have troubled you only I have something important, particular, to say."

"Important to me?"

"Indirectly so; that is, if you have any sisterly feeling. It is life and death to us."

"Money, I suppose?" Mrs. Waldo was like ice. "Are you in debt? I so, you're much to blame. I believe your salaries are good."

"Generous and disinterested cr ture, it is as you suppose; our s aries are good, more than sufficie for present needs. But what w want is to make our fortunes."

"Ah! strange wish!"

"Which we are certain to do taking the Roscius. The lease a management have been offered to on most advantageous terms. A we want is 5,000l."

"Dear me! no more?"

"And that we want Mr. Waldo t lend us from the bank."

"You must be mad to ask such thing. Do you suppose Mr. Waldo made of money, that he can squ der it on every silly, ridiculo scheme? Of course, it is out of the question."

"I said you would never agree Benjy thought differently. But the he said if you refused he would rais the money from the Jews on the strength of being brother-in-law to a banker. How would the bank like that?"

"I declare you are a most unprin cipled pair."

"You see, we are actors, my dear A century ago we were denied Christian burial. I dare say you would like to have us buried alive now. Well, au revoir, Relia, dear. Take my advice and think over this; at any rate, you might mention it to your good man."

And Mrs. Bonastre made her exit with much satisfaction.

Mrs. Waldo remained in no enviable state of mind. But soon she smoothed the frowns from her forehead, and wreathed her lips in sweetest smiles to receive Lady Wingspur.

Her ladyship was a bony, angular woman, prematurely grey, with an unmusical voice, and a supercilious stare. But she was evidently anxious to be agreeable to Mrs. Waldo. She had come expressly, she said, to say that at last the day for the next Drawing Room had been fixed. Would Mrs. Waldo now make up her mind as to the presentation of her dear girls?

Next after Mrs. Waldo, her daughters reigned supreme in Carlton Gardens. They had everything pretty much their own way. Three loud, bouncing, roystering girls, full of life and spirits, with a fair share of good looks, fond of apparel somewhat too gorgeous, and amusements a little risques and fast. Clara, the eldest, was especially proud of her strength; Augusta, the second, of her horsemanship and driving; Helena, the third, of her elocution and dramatic powers.

"It is my dearest wish that they should go to Court," said Mrs. Waldo, with a sigh. "But——"

"There need be no difficulty, dear Mrs. Waldo," observed her ladyship, warmly. "If you like I will charge myself with the whole affair."

Heaven seemed opening its portals wide for Mrs. Waldo; disclosing within a vista of State concerts and State balls.

"It is really too good of you, Lady Wingspur," she gasped, nearly breathless with excitement. "How can I thank you sufficiently?"

"Not at all. Between relations, you know—for of course we are connected"—it was the first time she had made the admission—"there need be no talk of gratitude."

Then she got up to go, but said one last word. Like a lady's postscript, it was the germ and essence of the whole affair.

"I believe Lord Wingspur is going in a day or two to see Mr. Waldo at the bank."

"Mr. Waldo will be highly honored."

"There is some question about mortgages—on the Scotch estate. I am so stupid about money matters I cannot explain; but I believe he wants a re-arrangement—an advance, I believe——"

The scales fell from Mrs. Waldo's eyes. The presentation, then, was a purely commercial transaction after all!

Perhaps you will prepare Mr. Waldo for Lord Wingspur's visit. A word from you would do so much," said Lady Wingspur, blandly.

"I fear you overrate my influence, Lady Wingspur. But I promise to do all I can."

The compact was signed, sealed and delivered in these few words. Yet both parties to the bargain seemed satisfied, and Lady Wingspur took her leave, Mrs. Waldo accompanying her.

As they passed one of the drawing-rooms on the same floor with the boudoir an extraordinary uproar fell upon their ears, a wild sort of glee or chorus, with a loud stamping of feet, followed by shouts of laughter. Lady Wingspur looked at Mrs. Waldo inquiringly.

"It's the girls; theyjre rehearsing. We're to have some theatricals, you know."

"Oh, how interesting—how amusing! I delight in theatricals. Do let us go in; may I, do you think? May I?"

Mrs. Waldo, in reply, opened the door without ceremony, and the two ladies walked into the drawing-room, where five figures were dancing a mad break-down, Mrs. Bonastre leading as they "walked round," Agatha, Clara, and Helena followed. Last of all came Bob Surtees, with his face blacked, and all were beating hands and feet in time as they sang the chorus to "Nancy Lee," the popular air just then in vogue.

Every one was too busy at first to notice the entrance of Mrs. Waldo and Lady Wingspur, and for some minutes the wild performance continued. It was not until Lady Wingspur, having carefully inspected everybody through her eyeglass, said, "Surely it is Mrs. Bonastre? I thought I knew her face," that the latter's attention was attracted. The dance ceased suddenly. The Waldo girls came r Lady Wingspur "How do y himself b Bonast glanc

"So relative pered to duce m

The mark export dema nominal at 65 freight and old No. winter sell to millers 67½c low freights. No. 1 spring is quoted at 68c on Midland. Manitoba wheat unchanged; No. 1 hard sold at 84c; No. 2 at 82c, and No. 3 at 77c, grinding in transit. For Toronto and west 2c lower.

Oats—The demand less active, with purchases of new No. 2 for export at 33c, middle freight, and locally at 33 to 34c. Old No. 2 is nominal at 35c locally.

Peas—Trade quiet, and prices steady. No. 2 new for September shipment sold at 67 to 67½c, north and west.

Barley—The market is firm, with sales of No. 2 at 44c north and west, and of feed at 42c west.

Corn—The market is weaker today, with sales of No. 2 Canadian yellow at 53½c, and of mixed at 53c west.

Rye—The market is unchanged, with sales at 49c, middle freight, and at 50c east.

Buckwheat—Market dull with prices purely nominal.

Flour—The market is dull. Ninety per cent. quoted in barrels at $2.85 west, and at $2.90 middle freight for export. Choice straight rollers in bbls. locally and for Lower Provinces, $3.15 to $3.20. Manitoba patents, $4 in bags, and strong bakers', $3.75.

Oatmeal—Market is unchanged. Car lots at $3.90 in bags, and $4 in wood. Broken lots, Toronto, 30c per bbl. extra.

Millfeed—The market is firm, with no car lots offering for export. Bran sells in ton lots at mills here at $15.50, and shorts at $16.50.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs unchanged at $9.25 to $9.50. Hog products firm. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, ton and case lots, 11¼ to 11½c; pork, mess, $20 to $20.50; do., short cut, $21.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 16c; rolls, 12c; backs, 15 to 15½c, and shoulders, 11 to 11½c.

Lard—The market is firm. Guaranteed pure, in 50-lb. tubs, 11¼c; pails, 11½c; and tierces, 11c.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Trade is quiet, with no changes in prices. We quote selected dairy tubs, 17c; choice 1-lb. rolls, 18c; second grades, in rolls, tubs, and pails, 14 to 15c; creamery, solids, firm, 20 to 20½c; creamery prints, 21 to 22c.

Eggs—Market is unchanged. We quote strictly new laid (nearby gathered), at 13c; ordinary fresh candled, 11½ to 12c; seconds, 7 to 8c.

Cheese—Market is dull. We quote finest, 10 to 10¼c; seconds, 9½ to 9¾c.

THE STREET MARKET.

Receipts of grain on the street to-day were fair and prices firm as a rule. Wheat firmer for goose, 200 bush selling at 68 to 69½c, and 300 bush of white and red at 73c for old, and at 68 to 72c for new. Barley higher, 700 bush selling at 48 to 55½c. Oats firm, 1,200 bush of new selling at 36½ to 37c, and 100 bush of old at 41½c. Rye sold at 52c for one load. Hay unchanged, 20 loads selling at $9 to $11 a ton. Straw sold at $9 to $10.50 a ton for six loads.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Wheat, white...	$0.72½	$0.73
Wheat, white, new.....	0.70	0.72
Wheat, red, new...	0.68	0.72
Wheat, goose, new	0.68	0.69½
Oats, old...	0.41½	0.00
Oats, new.....	0.36½	0.37
Peas...	0.66	0.00
Rye.....	0.52	0.00
Barley.....	0.48	0.55½
Hay, old, per ton.....	13.00	13.50
Hay, new, per ton	9.00	11.00
Straw, per ton	9.00	10.50
Dressed hogs...	9.25	9.50
Butter, in lb. rolls.....	0.17	0.22
Butter, creamery... ...	0.21	0.26
Chickens, per pair.....	0.50	0.80
Ducks, per pair...	0.65	0.90
Turkeys, per lb.., ...	0.12	0.13
Eggs, new laid...	0.14	0.16
Eggs, held, per dozen	0.12	0.14
Potatoes, new bush....	0.60	0.75
Tomatoes, basket	0.15	0.20
Beef, forequarters	4.50	5.50
Beef, hindquarters.....	8.00	9.00
Beef, medium, carcase.	6.50	7.25
choice...	7.00	7.75
yearling...	6.50	7.00
ring...	8.00	9.00
... .	5.50	6.50
... .	7.50	8.25

3.—Flour—Firm, t—Spring, little 77¾c;

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v, 76c. Winter, easier; No 2 4¼c; No 1 white, 76c. Corn—and dull; No 2 yellow, 61c; do., 60¼c; No 2 corn, 60¼c; 3 do, 59¾c. Oats—Quiet and steady; No 2 white, 38¾c; No 38½c; No 2 mixed, 37c; No. 36¾c. Barley—Nothing doing. S—Dull; No 2, 59c on track.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 3.—Close—t—Eo. 1 Gorthern, 70½ to 71c; 2 do, 69 to 70c; September, ; December, 71½ to 71⅜c. Rye—ver; No 1, 54 to 55c. Barley—dy; No 2, 62c; sample, 45 to . Corn—September, 54c; December, 65⅜c.

Duluth, Sept. 3.—Wheat—No, 1 rd, cash, 71¾c; No. 1 Northern, ¼c; No 2 do, 66¼c; September, ¼c; October, 69¼c; December, 69⅞c ay, 73⅞c. Corn—53c. Oats—35½ o 34⅞c.

Toledo, Sept. 3.—Wheat—Cash and eptember, 71¾c; December, 73⅞c; ay, 78¼c. Corn—Cash, 58c; September and December, 56½c; May, 58½c. Oats—Cash, 36c; September, 35½c; December, 36c. Rye—53½c. Cloverseed—Prime, $5.90; October, $5.80; December, $5.80.

Detroit, Sept. 3.—Closed—Wheat—No 1 white, cash, 73c; No. 2 red, cash, August, and September, 72c; December, 74½c.

St. Louis, Sept. 3.—Closed—Wheat—Cash, 69¾c; September, 69¾c; December, 71½c.

Minneapolis, Sept. 3.—Close:—Wheat—Cash, 68¼c; September, 67½ to 67⅞c; December, 68¼c; on track, No 1 hard, 70¼c; No 1 Northern, 68¼c; No 2 do, 65¾c. Flour—First patents firm, $3.85 to $3.95; second patents, $3.65 to $3.75; first clears, $2.80 to $2.85; second clears $2.20. Bran—In bulk, $14 to $14.50.

Toronto, Sept. 3.—At the western cattle yards to-day, the receipts were 70 carloads of live stock, including 1,000 cattle, 1,000 hogs, 1,654 sheep and lambs, 50 calves and a dozen milch cows.

There was a good business done in export cattle at from $4.60 to $5 for good to choice, and $5.15 for fancy lots; light shippers sold from $4.25 to $4.50 per cwt.

The butcher business was also good, and more good to choice cattle would have sold. The best grades fetched from 4 to 4½c per lb, with ten cents per cwt paid for fancy stuff. Inferior cattle sold down to 2¾c per lb.

Good stockers are in better request at from 2¾c to 3¼c per lb.

A few good milch cows are wanted at from $40 to $50 each.

Export ewes are steady and unchanged at from $3.40 to $3.60 per cwt.

Lambs are worth from 4 to 4½c per lb, or $2.50 to $3.50 each.

Calves are wanted at from $2 to $10 each. Choice veals are in steady demand.

Hogs are steady and unchanged.

The best price for "singers" is 7¼c per lb; thick fat and light hogs are worth 6¾c per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations:— 6

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt.....	$4.60	$5.15
Do., light	4.25	4.50
Butchers, choice.....	4.25	4.30
Butchers, ord. to good	3.50	4.00
Butchers, inferior...	2.75	3.25
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, per cwt...	3.40	3.60
Butchers sheep, each ...	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each.....	2.50	3.50
Do., per lb.....	4.00	4.50
Bucks, per cwt...	2.50	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each.....	30.00	45.00
Calves, each.....	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt...	0.00	7.25
Light hogs, per cwt ...	6.50	6.75
Heavy hogs, per cwt...	6.50	6.75
Sows, per cwt.....	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt...	0.00	2.00

NO PLACE LIKE THE SLUMS.

London Gamins Prefer Town Excitement to Rural Peace.

The children of London's slums think there is no place like home, be it ever so squalid and poverty-stricken, says a recent London paper.

"They miss the flaming naphtha lamps, the winkle barrows, the hokey-pokey man, and all the other things that have been their life-long companions," said Father Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, when asked how the children of the slums take their summer outings in the country.

"Then, too, they are afraid of the dark at night, and are lost in the daytime, in the country," continued the kindly-faced, great-hearted friend of thousands of street arabs and gutter-gamins.

"They have all sorts of reasons for preferring the city to the country, and some of them are perfectly inexplicable. One little boy wrote to me after his outing last year and said he didn't like the country because while there a wasp had stung him.

"Another youngster took a day at Brighton with me in preference to two weeks in the country, and could give no reason for his choice." It never entered the modest mind of this favorite of the slum children why it was.

"They like going out in vans best of all," the Father went on, "and then they eat green fruit and thoroughly enjoy themselves.

"But though they like the hubbub of the city best, and are really glad to get back to it, their brown cheeks and bright eyes tell a merry tale when they return. Then you should hear the amusing stories they tell, and you would see how their cramped, warped, and stunted little minds have been opened out by a glimpse of the green wonderland they know so pitifully little about. Never mind what they say about it, it's the good the outing does them that we are after."

Kangaroo have been known to jump a height of 11 feet. A deer's best record is 9 feet, 6 inches.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of a Mother's Duty.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—Genesis i. 27 "Male and female created he them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the

ETERNAL JEHOVAH.

I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and that is the line."

I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the

LEGISLATIVE HALL.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophised, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot, the offscouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that women have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she

ALREADY POSSESSES.

I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses, Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers deprecating. Salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses panting and with lathered flanks are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the British Empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is a queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of

HEAVENLY PRINCIPALITIES

One twilight after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the couch to rest, and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream. It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but

NO TEAR DID I SEE

or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! Welcome," the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the owners of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home! Home! Home!"

NOT GOING FISHING.

A citizen with a fishing rod over his shoulder was going up the street yesterday when a stranger called out:

Have any luck?

Fifty feet further on a second inquired:

Are they biting now?

At the next corner a third stopped him and asked:

I say, what'll you take for a ton of 'em?

A fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh had their say, and the eighth bore down upon him with:

Look here, old chap, you may laugh at the idea of crossing your bait, but it brings luck and I can prove it.

Speaking to me? queried the man with the rod.

Certainly.

What do you take me for?

Why, you are going fishing.

Who said so?

Haven't you got a fishing rod?

Suppose I have? If I saw you carrying a bar of soap home, would I argue that you were going to do the family washing?

But aren't you going fishing?

No, sir! This rod is to knock the sparrows' nests out of the eaves of my house. Funny how many people there are in this world who are interested in other folks' business.

CRUEL PARENTS.

A girl in Italy, aged eighteen, was found in a dark, underground pigsty, where she had been imprisoned by her parents for fifteen years. She stands only 3 feet in height, and was totally bereft of speech and reason. She can now begin to stand, and efforts are being made to restore her reason.