### Nobody's Child.

Only a newsboy, under the light
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop to-night,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.
Never since dark a paper sold;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed?
He thinks as he shivers there in the cold,
While happy children are safe abed.

It is strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor, just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?
"Stop"—some one looks at him sweet and mild
And the voice that speaks is a tender one;
It should not strike such a little child,
Did you should not use such words, my son!"

Is it his anger or his fears
That has hushed his voice and stopped his arm?
"Don't tremble," these are the words he hears;
"Do you think that I would do you harm?"
"It isn't that," and the hand drops down;
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows;
But nobody ever called me son,
Because I'm nobody's child, I 'spose."

O, men! as ye carelessly pass along,
Remember the love that has cared for you;
And blush for the awful shame and wrong
Of a world where such a thing could be true!
Think what the child at your knee had been
If thus on life's lonely billow tossed;
And who shall bear the weight of the sin,
If one of those "little ones" be lost?

PHŒBE CARY.

### The Death of a Child.

"Our Ona, our darling Ona is dead!"
So the crumpled and yellow telegram read
Lately written there by a careless pen—
By a trembling hand, but an hour ere then,
A hand that had almost refused to write
What the eyes could not see for tear-dimmed sight.

"Darling Ona is dead!" Oh, my God! no, no!
Why 'twas only a little short week ago
That I kissed her warm cheeks so rosy and red
And bidding her good-bye jokingly said—
"I am going now, a long, long way
You will think of me, won't you now, every day?"

Alas she has gone a much longer way!
And must I think of her every lonely day?
Will she never return to her sorrowing friends
To give them the joy that her company lends?
Are the angels rejoiced with her sweet little songs
Whose echo our memory chants and prolongs?

Will she never come back to her blocks and dolls?
And never dress up for her make-believe calls?
Will she never declaim from the old footstool?
Or walk with me never to Sunday School?
Why I left her all bubbling with merriment
So playful and happy and well content!

But I never believe that sweet Ona died,
But she silently stole by some angel's side,
Out of these paths of sorrow and woe.
Yet the tear-drops that burn when my eyes overflow
Drop heavily into my heart and reveal
The truth that my consciousness wished to conceal.

### How a Woman Saws a Board.

When a woman her home would decorate
She stops not at obstacles small or great,
But the funniest sight her trials afford
Is when madam essays to saw a board.

With her knee on a plank, and the plank on a chair,
She poises her saw with a knowing air,
Makes several wild rasps at the penciled line,
And off with a whizz the reverse of fine.

With lips compressed she gets down to work,
And crosses the timber jerkety-jerk;
She can't keep the line, her knee slips askew,
But she keeps to the work till the board splits in two.

She has damaged the chair, she has ruined the saw,
Her back is aching, her hands are raw,
And she finds, when she tries to fit her prize,
It's an inch too short of the requisite size.

# MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

It is apparent to every one that Timothy is nearly in tears.

"A buffer?" repeats Miss Priscilla, with dignity blended with disgust: she treats the word cautiously, as one might something noxious. "What is a buffer?"

Nobody enlightens her: though perhaps Terence might, were he not busily engaged trying to suppress his laughter behind a huge Japanese fan.

"Perhaps, Timothy," says Miss Priscilla, gravely, "as we all seem in ignorance about the real meaning of this extraordinary word, you are wrong in condemning it as an insult. It may be—er—a term of endearment."

At this Terence chokes, then coughs solemnly, and finally, lowering the fan, shows himself preternaturally grave, as a set-off against all suspicions.

"I wouldn't pin me faith to that, miss, if I was you," says Ryan respectfully, but with a touch of the fine irony which is bred and born with his class in Ireland.

"Well, but as we cannot explain this word, Timothy, and you cannot, perhaps the best thing for you to do will be to go to the originator of it and ask him what he meant by it," says Miss Penelope with quite astonishing perspicacity for her.

"Shure, I did that same, miss. 'Twas the first thing I said to him, ma'am. 'What do ye mane, ye spalpeen, ye thief o' the world,' says I, 'by miscalling a decent man out of his name like that?' says I. I gave him all that, miss, an' a dale more, though I've forgotten it be now, for the Ryans were always famous for the gift o' the gab!"

"If you said all that to the poor marine, I think you gave him considerably more than you got," says Miss Penelope, "and so you may cry peace. Go down, now, Timothy, and make it up with him over your beer."

Timothy, though still grumbling in an undertone death and destruction upon the hated Sassenach, retires dutiously, closing the door behind him.

"Now, Penelope," says Miss Priscilla, with an air of relief, glancing at the pens and ink, at which Monica's heart fails her. She has no doubt whatever about the answer being a refusal, but a sad feeling that she dare make no protest renders her doubly sorrowful.

"Dear me," says Miss Penelope leaning back in her chair with pen well poised between her fingers and a general air of pleased recollection full upon her. "It sounds quite like old times, doesn't it, to be invited to the Barracks at Clonbree."

"Quite," says Miss Priscilla with an amused smile.

"You remember when the Whiteboys were so troublesome, in our dear father's time, what life the officers stationed here then threw into the country round. Such routs, such dances, such kettle-drums! You can still recollect Mr. Browne—can you not, Priscilla?—that fashionable young man!"

"You have the best right to remember him," says Miss Priscilla in a meaning tone. "It would be too ungrateful of you if you did not, considering what a life you led him."

And at this the two old ladies break into hearty laughter and shake their heads reproachfully at each other.

"You know you broke his heart," says Miss Priscilla.

"Tell us about it, auntie," says Kit eagerly, who is always sympathetic where romance is concerned, but the old ladies only laugh the more at this and Aunt Priscilla tells her how her Aunt Penelope was a very naughty girl in her time and created havoc in the affections of all the young men that came within her reach.

All this delights Aunt Penelope, who laughs consumedly and makes feeble protest with her hands against this testimony.

"Poor fellow!" she says, sobering down presently and looking quite remorseful. "It is unkind to laugh when his name is mentioned. He was killed in the Indian Mutiny long afterwards, in a most gallant charge."

"Yes, indeed," says Miss Priscilla. "Well, well, things will happen. Go on with the answer now, Penelope, as the man is waiting and it is wofully late."

Monica trembles, but Kit starts into life.

"Oh, don't refuse, Aunt Priscilla!" she cries, darting from her seat and throwing her arms round Miss Blake's neck. "Don't now! I do so want to go, when I have got my invitation, and all."

"But——" begins Miss Priscilla, whereupon Kit, tightening her hold on her neck with a view to staying further objection, nearly strangles her.

"No 'but,'" she says entreatingly, "remember how disappointed I was about Madam O'Connor's, and be good to me now."

"Bless the child!" breaks out Miss Priscilla, having rescued her windpipe and so saved herself from instant suffocation by loosening Kit's arms and then drawing the child down upon her knee. "What is she talking about? Who is going to refuse anything? Penelope, accept at once—at once, or I shall be squeezed to death."

"Then you will go?" exclaims Monica joining the group near the davenport, and turning brilliant eyes upon her aunts. "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Why, we are dying to see the inside of the Barracks again, your Aunt Penelope and I, especially your Aunt Penelope," says Miss Blake, with a sly glance at her sister, who is plainly expecting it, "because she has tender recollections about her last visit there."

"Oh, now, Priscilla!" says Miss Penelope modestly but with keen enjoyment of the joke. After which an acceptance of his kind invitation is written to Captain Cobbett and borne to him by the destroyer of Timothy's peace.

## CHAPTER X.

For the next few days the sun is conspicuous by its absence, and Jupiter Tonans with all his noisy train, is abroad. There is nothing but rain everywhere and at all hours, and a certain chill accompanying it that makes one believe (with "Elia," is it not?) that "a bad summer is but winter painted green."

But when Friday dawns all nature is glorious. O'er sea and land there floats a brightness indescribable, with no fleck or flaw upon its beauty.

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears,

but rather a smile is on leaf and flower and waving bracken. And on Monica, too, as with glad eyes and parted lips she steps lightly into the shadow of the old porch at Moyne. No sweeter presence ever honored it.

She is dressed to-day in a pale blue batiste gown that rivals in hue the delicate azure of the skies above her. Her large black hat is a mass of Spanish lace, her long gloves are of the same sombre shade, and so are her shoes, though relieved by buckles. With that smile upon her lips and the subdued expectation in her eyes, she looks the personification of all that is tender, pure and lovable.

Then the carriage does come round, and they all get into it and start for their seven-mile drive, a very slow seven miles, at the end of which they find themselves in the small town of Clonbree, mounting the steep hill that leads to the Barracks, which are placed on a most unsavory eminence.

Entering the small barrack-yard and finding a door hospitably open, the Misses Blake go up a wooden staircase and presently find themselves on the landing-place above, where they are welcomed effusively by Mr. Ryde, who is looking bigger and hotter and stouter than usual.

Captain Cobbett in the largest room—there are but two available in these rustic barracks—is trying vainly to find a comfortable corner for old Lady Rossmoyne, who is both deaf and stupid, but who, feeling it her duty to support on all occasions (both festive and otherwise) the emissaries of her Queen, has accepted this invitation and is now heartily sorry for her loyalty.

"So glad you've come! We were quite in despair about you; but better late than never, eh?" says Mr. Ryde to Monica, with a fat smile. There is rather much of "too solid flesh" about his face.

"I dare say," says Monica very vaguely. She is looking anxiously around her, hoping, yet dreading, to see Desmond.

In the next room can be heard the sound of music. "My Queen" is being played very prettily upon a piano by somebody. Dancing is evidently going on, and Monica, who adores it, feels her toes trembling in her shoes.

"May I have the pleasure of this?" says Mr. Ryde. "I've kept it for you all along, you know. If you tell me you have already given it away, I shall feel myself aggrieved, indeed."

"Was there ever so silly a young man?" thinks Monica, and then she says aloud, "No, it is not promised," and lets him place his arm round her and reluctantly mingles with the other dancers. To do him justice he waltzes very well, this fat young marine, so it cannot be said that she has altogether a bad time, and she certainly feels a little glow of pleasure as she pauses presently to recover her breath.

As she does so, her eyes rest on Desmond. He, too, is dancing, and with Olga Bohun. He is whispering to his partner, who is whispering back to him in a somewhat pronounced fashion, and altogether he is looking radiantly happy, and anything but the disconsolate swain Monica has been picturing him to herself.

A pang shoots through Monica's heart. He can be as happy, then, with one pretty woman as with another! She by no means, you will see, depreciates her own charms. All he wants is to have "t'other dear charmer away."

At this moment she encounters his eyes, and answers his glad start of surprise with a little scornful lowering of her lids.

"Well, I had no idea it was in her," says Mrs. Bohun, in a breathless sort of manner, when Monica has quite vanished. "All that was meant for you, you know: and how well she did it!"

"But why should it be meant for me? What have I done that she should so ill-use me?" says Desmond, also breathless. "And you speak of her as if you admired her and she ought to be praised for her conduct, when you have just heard from my own lips how devotedly I am attached to her!"

"I cannot help admiring genius when I see it," says Olga with a gay laugh. "She made up her mind—naughty little thing—to make you miserable a minute ago, and—she succeeded. What can compare with success! But in very truth, Brian," tapping his arm familiarly with her fan (an action Monica notes from the other side of the room), "I would see you a victor and in this cause. She is as worthy of you as you of her, and a fig for one's cousins and sisters and aunts, when Cupid leads the way."

She has thrown up her head and is looking full of spirit when young Ronayne, approaching her, says, smiling:

"This is our dance, I think, Mrs. Bohun?"

"Is it? So far, so good!" She turns again to Brian, "Faint heart never won fair lady," she says warningly.

"You were talking about that pretty Miss Beresford?" says Ronayne, as Brian moves away.

"Yes. But, sir," archly, "how dare you see beauty in any woman when I am by?"

"Oh, that I could see you really jealous and of me!" returns he half sadly, looking at her with longing eyes. "If I thought I could make your heart ache for even one short minute, I should be the happiest man alive."

"Boy, you mean! Oh, traitor! And would you have me miserable for your own gratification?"

"It would be for yours later on. For that one moment you would gain a slave forever."

"And unless I am wretched for that one moment, I cannot gain my slave?"

"You know the answer to that only too well," returns he with so much fervor that she refuses to continue the discussion.

"Talking of jealousy," she says lightly, with a side glance at him, "it is the dream of my life to make Rossmoyne jealous—to reduce him to absolute submission. He is so cold, so precise, so English that it would be quite a triumph to drag him at one's chariot wheels. Shall I be able to do it?"

"I suppose so," he says in answer to her, but slowly and reproachfully.

"But I must have help," says Olga. "Some one must help me. You—is it not?"

"I?" with strong emphasis. "What should I have to do with it?"

"Not much, yet I count upon you. Why, who do you think I am going to make him jealous about, eh?"

"How should I know?"

"How shouldn't you? Why, it is of you—you!" with quite a delicious little laugh. "So you will have to dance around after me all day for the future until your mission is fulfilled, and try to look as if you really loved me."

"You have mistaken your man," says Ronayne quietly, "you must get some one else to help you in this matter. It is not for me, even if I did not love you. I should scorn so low a task."

"Love is an idle word," she says, her eyes flashing.

"It may be—to some. But I tell you that no man's heart is of so poor value that it can be flung hither and thither at any one's pleasure—no, not even at the pleasure of the woman he adores. You will seek some more complaisant lover to be your dupe on this occasion. I decline the office."

"You forget how you speak, sir!" she says proudly.

She moves away. Ronayne, drawing his breath somewhat savagely, sits down on the sill of the window and gazes blankly into the barrack yard below.

Ronayne's heart is full of bitterness and he tries to swear to himself that for the future he will cleanse his heart of this coquette, who cares no more for him—nay, far less—than she does for her little toy terrier. Yet, even as these stern resolves seek vainly to root themselves in his breast, his eyes turn again to the room beyond and make search for the siren who is his undoing. She is still, of course, with Rossmoyne and is all smiles and pretty blushes, and is evidently both content and happy.

"I am a fool—a madman!" he says to himself, and even as he says it his eyes light on Owen Kelly, who, by chance, is looking at him, too.

Crossing the room, the latter (as though drawn by the melancholy eyes that have met his) soon reaches the window where Ronayne stands disconsolate.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" he says gaily, but with so kindly an intonation that even the most pugnacious could not take umbrage at it.

Now, Mr. Kelly's knowledge on all matters is so clear and precise that Ronayne does not dream of deceiving him in this matter.

"Of course you will laugh at me," he says, "but somehow I don't mind your ridicule much. It means only this, that I have just found out that she cares nothing at all for me."

"She, being Mrs. Bohun? Well, my dear lad, if an elderly gentleman's experience is of any use to you, you may have it cheap. I believe she cares a great deal for you. Lookers-on see most of the game and I would back you against Rossmoyne any day."

"You are a very good fellow," says Ulic Ronayne, "the best I know of, but I understand you. You are only saying that to console me."

"I am not, in faith. I say it because I think it."

"I wish I could think it."

"Try! 'If at first you don't succeed,' you know, follow out the inestimable Watt's advice and 'try again.' There's nothing like it; it gets to be quite a game in the long run. I thank my stars," laughing, "I have never been a slave to the 'pathetic fallacy' called love; yet it has its good points, I suppose."

"It hasn't," says Ronayne gloomily.

"You terrify me," says Mr. Kelly, "because I feel positive my day is yet to come, and with all this misery before me I feel suicidal. Don't, my dear fellow, don't look like that! Give her up! Go and fall in love with some little girl of your own age or even younger."

"The 'even' is offensive, but Ulic is too far gone in melancholy to perceive it.

"It is too late for that kind of advice," he says, "I want her, and her only. I don't know how to describe it, but——"

"'There are chords,'" quotes his friend gravely.

"Just so," says the miserable Ronayne, quite as gravely, which so upsets the gravity of his companion that it is with difficulty he conceals his ill-timed mirth.

So saying, Kelly turns aside, and, having gone a step or two, finds himself face to face with Miss Beresford.

"This dance is ours," he says mendaciously, knowing well this is the first time they have met this evening.

Monica laughs. To be angry with so sad a visaged man as Owen Kelly would be cruelty.

"I am glad of it," she says, "because I do not want to dance at all, and I think you will not mind sitting with me and talking with me for a little while."

"You remember me, then?" he says, shifting his glass from one eye to the other and telling himself she is as pretty as she is wise.

"I think so," shyly, yet with a merry glance, "you are that Master Kelly, of Kelly's Grove, County Antrim, who is the bright and shining light of the Junior Bar."

"You do, indeed, know me," returns he mildly.

"'Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit,'" quotes she wickedly, in a low tone.

Mr. Kelly seats himself beside her.

"I suppose it is my mission to amuse you," he says calmly, "As I dare not make love to you."

"Why not?" says Monica quite seriously.

"For one thing, you would not listen to me; and for another, I don't want my head broken."

"I know few knights would tilt a lance for me," she says, and Kelly, glancing at her, feels a quick desire rise within him to restore sunshine to her perfect face.

"One knight should be enough for any one, even the fairest lady in the land," he says.

"True: but what is to be for her who has none?" asks she, pathos in her eyes, but a smile upon her lips.

"She must be a very perverse maiden who has that story to tell," returns he, and then, seeing she has turned her face away from him, he goes on quietly:

"You know every one here, of course."

"Indeed, no. The very names of most are unknown to me. Tell me about them, if you will."

"About that girl over there, for instance?" pointing to a dingy-looking girl in the distance, whose face is as like a button as it well can be.

"That is Miss Luker," says Kelly. "Filthy Lucre is, I believe, the name she usually goes by, on account of her obvious unpalatableness (my own word, you will notice) and her overwhelming affection for coin small and great."

"She looks very untidy," says Monica.

"She does, indeed. She is, too, an inveterate chatter-box. She might give any fellow odds and beat him. I don't believe myself there is so much as one comma in her composition."

"Poor girl! What an exertion it must be to her!"

"Mustn't it? Especially, nowadays, when one never goes for much, real hard work of any kind being such a bore. That's her mother beside her. She is always beside her. Fat little woman, d'ye see?"

"Yes. A nice, motherly-looking woman, she seems to be."

"She is fickle."

"She may well be dubbed so, indeed, if she deserts him at his sorest need. But as yet she is faithful, as she ought to be, to the kindest, the sincerest fellow upon earth."

"Sincerest?"

As this repetition, and the fine sneer that accompanies it, escapes her, she becomes aware that Desmond himself has come to the foot of the stairs and is gazing at her reproachfully.

"Here is fickle Fortune's favorite literally at our feet," says Owen Kelly; and, before Monica can say anything, Brian has mounted the two steps that lie between him and her, and is at her side.

"If I may not dance with you, may I at least talk to you for a moment or two?" he says, hurriedly.

"Certainly," with cold surprise.

"I don't think three of us could sit together comfortably on this one step," says Mr. Kelly, with a thoughtful glance at its dimensions—"not even if we squeezed up to each other ever so much; and I am afraid," mournfully, "Miss Beresford might not like that, either. Would you, Miss Beresford?"

"Not much," says Monica. "But why need you stir? Mr. Desmond has asked a the most for two moments; they will go quickly by: in fact," unkindly, "I should think they are already gone."

"And yet he has not begun his 'talk.' Make haste, Desmond. Time, tide, and Miss Beresford wait for no man. Hurry! we are all on the tiptoe of expectation." As Mr. Kelly says all this in a breath, he encourages Desmond generously to "come on" by a wave of his hand; whereupon Brian, who is not in his sweetest mood, directs a glance at him that ought to annihilate any ordinary man, but is thrown away upon Kelly, who is fire-proof.

"Some other time, then, as I disturb you now," says Brian, haughtily, addressing himself pointedly to Monica.

"By no means," says his whilom friend, rising. "Take my place for your two moments—not a second longer, remember! I feel with grief that Miss Beresford will probably hail the exchange of partners with rapture. 'Talk' says Bacon, 'is but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love;' and as she would not let me discourse on any topics tenderer than the solar system and the Channel Tunnel, I have no doubt she has found it very slow. Now, you will be the—er—other thing quite!"

With this speech, so full of embarrassing possibilities, he bows to Monica, smiles at the gloomy Desmond, and finally withdraws himself gracefully from their view. Not without achieving his end, however: they both heartily wish him back again, even while he is going.

"What have I done?" asks Desmond abruptly, turning to Monica, who is gazing in a rapt fashion at her large black fan.

"Done?"

"Don't answer me like that, Monica. I have offended you. I can see that. But how? Every moment of this wretched afternoon, until you came, I spent wondering when you would arrive. And yet when at last I did see you, you would vouchsafe me neither smile nor glance. In fact, you looked as if you hated me!"

"Every moment?" sardonically.

"Every one."

"Even the time spent with Mrs Bohun?" To save her life she could not call her "Olga" now.

"With her?" staring in some surprise at his inquisitor. "Well, it certainly wasn't quite so bad—the waiting, I mean—then. Though still, with my mind full of you, I was——"

"You were indeed!" interrupting him hastily, with a contemptuous smile.

"Certainly I was," the surprise growing deeper.

"I wonder you are not ashamed to sit there and confess it," says Miss Beresford, suddenly, with a wrathful flash in her eyes. "I shall know how to believe you again. To say one thing to me one day, and another thing to another person another day, and——" Here she finds a difficulty in winding up this extraordinary speech, so she says, hurriedly, "It is horrible!"

"What is horrible?" bewildered.

(To be continued.)

### Sam Jones on Death-bed Repentances

(From a sermon in Chicago.)

"Death don't bother me half as much as life does, but you can take an empty coffin and shake it and frighten nine-tenths of the Christians out of the city. They're more afraid of death than—I would like to say of the devil, but they ain't afraid of the devil. (Laughter.) I don't believe in death-bed repentance. I know a minister that all he's good for is to marry the living and bury the dead. I'm not much on whinin' around sick beds; I want the live, kicking fellows to work on. (Laughter and applause.) It's an insult to God to turn over your old, worthless carcass to Him when you've got no further use for it. (Laughter.) You shake a fellow over a coffin a time or two and he runs—but not from sin; he's running from the coffin. People talk about death-bed repentance, and then they bring in the thief on the cross. The only hope nine-tenths of you Christians have is that somebody will saddle up that thief and let you get on his back and go loping into glory. (Great laughter and applause, followed by an encore.) It's a disgrace. I'd be ashamed to go loping in on the back of a thief. (Renewed laughter.) I admire the grit of the man on his death-bed who is given straight to the devil and is too brave to insult God with his old, worthless body, like a cowardly puppy. (More laughter.) I won't limit the mercy of God, but you that have had ten thousand chances don't bring up that thief! Heaven is the home of men who have built character on earth. As long as Cornelius Vanderbilt could concoct a railroad scheme he cared nothing for God, and at last, after his last dollar was made, the old sinner turned to his wife to sing to him, 'Come, Ye Sinners,' and I believe a good divine preached him into the kingdom. (Laughter.) The only claim Vanderbilt had for heaven was that he asked his wife to sing him a good song to waft him into glory. I don't believe in any such nonsense. I believe you have got to be prepared to go there."

### Why Do We Have Eggs at Easter?

Easter is observed among all Christian people as the anniversary of the great event of the resurrection of Christ. He was dead, but returned to life. The egg is taken as emblematic of a return to life. It is to all appearance dead, but we know that if placed under proper conditions, life will come forth from it. The use of eggs at Easter was adopted from an usage older than our era. It was the custom in very early times to celebrate the return of spring by making presents of eggs.

"Why does not Easter always fall upon a fixed day; Christmas is always on December 25th, why should not Easter be fixed with equal certainty?" Easter must always be on Sunday. It is not a particular date that is observed, but a particular Sunday. How to decide upon the Sunday, gave the very early churches much trouble, and there were differences on that account, but the matter was settled at a council held at Nice, in the year 325. The rule was adopted that: "Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21st, and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the next Sunday after. This gives Easter day a wide range of dates, as it may occur on any Sunday from March 22nd to April 25th.

Policeman Call, of St. Paul, tramps his beat in shoes that are eighteen inches long and six inches broad across the sole. They are not too large.

With characteristic boldness Lord Randolph Churchill made it a claim on the attention of his hearers in one of his Ulster speeches that he was a descendant of Castlereagh, "the great Minister who founded the union between Great Britain and Ireland," and of that Duke of Marlborough who, "as one of the generals of William of Orange, completed the conquest of Ireland from the adherents of King James."

## CURRENT TOPICS.

MR. T. M. HEALY is the *enfant terrible* of the British House of Commons, and has added more words than any other member to the Parliamentary Index Expurgatorius. His last contribution in this respect is the word "wissacre," which Mr. Speaker has forbidden him to apply any more to the Chairman of Ways and Means.

PERSONS who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have fifty-three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on a Friday.

A MARBLE tablet, with portrait in bas-relief, sculptured by Havard Thomas, has been erected in Bristol Cathedral by public subscription in memory of Mr. Frederick J. Fargus (Hugh Conway). The table bears a suitable inscription, and the following lines by Mr. Comyns Carr:

Heedless of fame that was or was to be,
No word of ours may reach him where he lies
Beneath the glittering vault of southern skies,
In dreamless sleep beside a tideless sea.

THE Danes do not propose to have any deceptions in their butter supply. A law enacted in Denmark last year compels all makers and sellers of adulterated, imitation and bogus butter to pack it in elliptical tubs, conspicuously marked "margarine," and punishes infractions of the law by a fine of from 200 to 2,000 kroners (about $54 to $540). The enactment was forced by the agricultural element of the country, despite the opposition by the bogus butter people.

AN English clergyman, Rev. Freeman Wills, vicar of St. Agatha's, Finsbury avenue, has set going three butcher shops in London, to supply the poor with good and wholesome meat at reasonable prices, and has demonstrated that he can make a profit upon selling not only American beef and New Zealand mutton, but even English beef and mutton, at figures averaging 20 per cent. less than those demanded by the regular butchers for the same quality of meat. Local butchers in competition with his shops have had to make large reductions in their prices. The reverend gentleman is a brother of Mr. W. G. Wills, the dramatist.

IT is announced that Messrs. Appert, of Clichy, France, have discovered a process that will make glass blowing by the mouth unnecessary. Many attempts have been made to get rid of this painful process in the operations of glass making, but to this day, in every bottle-house, may be seen pale-faced men with their cheeks hanging limp in folds, the result of years of glass-blowing by the mouth. Cases have been known in which men's cheeks have been worn so thin that they have actually cracked, and it is a common sight in a bottle-house to see blowers at work with their thin cheeks puffed out like the fingers of a glove.

"THREE be honest kisses, *osculum charitatis*, friendly kisses, modest kisses, vestal virgin kisses, official and ceremonial-kisses," says the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Londoners have, according to letters published in the metropolitan papers, been trying to find out to which category belong the kisses given in the games which, it is alleged, are a feature of English Sunday School *soirees*. The most interesting result of the discussion is the *Daily Telegraph's* editorial, which defends kissing as a peculiarly English tradition, and which was held in high esteem in the days of Elizabeth. Erasmus, in one of his letters to Faustus, tells him "that if he could realize some of the pleasant customs of Britain he would hasten thither with the speed of Mercury to enjoy the obliging kindness of our English lasses with heavenly faces. Wherever you go there is nothing but kisses, and if you, Faustus, had but tasted them, on my honor, you would wish to reside here not for ten years only, but for your life." "It is," remarks the *Daily Telegraph*, "this practice of our Elizabethan ancestors—not to be imitated, at least not with impunity, amongst the host of modern revivals—which necessitated the use of 'kissing comfits,' sugared and perfumed to add fragrance to the breath, and, as a matter of course, referred to by Shakspeare, the all-reflecting mirror of his time."

ENOUGH is already known of the results of the German census taken on December 1st last to enable German statisticians and publicists to institute comparisons and draw inferences as to the relative growth of population in the various countries of Europe. During the last five years the population of Prussia has increased by 3.79 per cent. This is not as high a rate as during the preceding quinquennial periods. During the 18 years from 1867 to 1885 the population of Prussia had increased by 17.87 per cent., which gives an annual average increase of 0.918 per cent. The annual rate of increase in Austria-Hungary during the 11 years from 1869 to 1880 (no later figures are available) was only 0.49. In Italy the annual increase for the decade 1871-1881 was 0.60 per cent. In France (omitting Algiers and the colonies) the annual rate of increase for the 15 years from 1866 to 1881 was 0.15 per cent. In Great Britain and Ireland, for the decade from 1871 to 1881, the annual increase was 1.01 per cent. In European Russia, including Finland and the Don Cossacks, in the 13 years from 1867 to 1880, the average annual increase was 1 38 per cent.

MINNEAPOLIS is anxiously waiting the result of experiments with a "soda motor," which the inventor claims will revolutionize street-car traffic, and who thus explains its workings: "A suitable quantity of properly diluted soda raised to its boiling point (429°) is placed in a closed tank in intimate contact with the steam boiler filled with steam and water in the usual proportions and at the working pressure. On the opening of the throttle steam passes into the cylinders, does its work, and passes into the soda solution through the exhaust pipe, which ends in a perforated tube extending through the soda, the remaining heat being absorbed into the latter. When the soda is so dilute that it can no longer maintain the difference of temperature necessary to make steam, the soda lye is discharged and a new charge of hot condensed soda taken in. This operation requires about five minutes, and is called recharging. It has to be done on an average once in six hours. The operation of the engine is precisely that of any steam engine, except that there is no exhaust into the air and no fire nor smoke connected with the boiler. Steam is produced without fire by the heat generated in the soda lye which surrounds the boiler, and the exhaust steam is led from the cylinder directly into the soda lye instead of into the air. Thus a working pressure is maintained without any of the objectionable vapors appearing, as in the case of the ordinary motor, for the simple reason that there is no vapors to appear."

### A Humorist has a Serious Thought.

Mark Twain has conferred another bon mot on his generation. At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Twain took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed,

"Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion."

Twain replied, gravely: "Madam, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."—*Erie Dispatch.*

# FARM AND GARDEN.

## Important Facts About Canadian-Grown Barley.

## HINTS AS TO LIVE STOCK.

(Compiled by a Practical Agriculturist.)

### Canadian Barley.

It is true in many ways that "what a man soweth the same he shall reap." But in none is it so literally true as in regard to seed planted in our fields; we must have good seed if we are to have good grain. Now for many years past Ontario has had good barley—the best on the North American continent, as would appear from the fact that it has been able to beat in United States markets that grown by our dear cousins across the line with a heavy duty levied on it. Having gained a first-class standing for it Canadian farmers should be careful to maintain its reputation.

This they will not do should they fail to "sow good seed in their fields." And that they may fail to sow such seed in 1886 we understand there is some danger. New varieties known as "Mensury" and "Russian" barley are, we understand, being taken up in some quarters. The only reason we can hear alleged is that it yields more freely. Whether this theory is correct or incorrect we cannot say positively. But there seems to be no doubt that even should there be a gain in quantity it will be more than lost in quality; and that the loss in quality will entail the loss of our market.

We must please our customers if we would find buyers. That "Mensury" barley will not please American buyers seems certain from communications now before us. Messrs. Schaefer & Bro., of Buffalo say: "It is now used only by malsters who make a cheap malt for ale brewers, and then only taken when the barley is sold cheap. * * * You (Canadians) have the best and most desirable and profitable 6 rowed barley seed on the American continent for both farmer and brewer. If you change it for this worthless stuff, the Mensury kind), you will soon destroy the good reputation and malting value of the Canadian barley." Mr. Thacker, of Albany, says: "The brewers who have used it whom I have heard from and talked with, with the exception of a single one, say they want no more of it. It lacks sugar, and beer made from it lacks keeping qualities." Messrs. Spann & Chandler, of Buffalo, say: "Our opinion of the Mensury barley is that it does very well for a cheap barley; it sells here 10 to 16c per bushel lower than our 6 rowed State, and only a very limited demand. Our best trade will not touch it at any price." And besides these testimonials to the inferior quality of the "Mensury" barley, there remains an almost equally serious objection behind in the fact stated by Mr. Smith, of Cleveland, that "In malting it does not answer to use it mixed with Canada, as they are different varieties and will not malt alike. In fact I find it is not suitable for my trade, and do not want to use it at any price." The mixture of the two sorts will thus kill both, and this fact alone should be sufficient to act as a bar to its introduction into Canada.

In conclusion, we will offer a few words from a couple of our own people. Mr. Milner, of Brampton, in a letter to the Peel *Banner*, says: A word as to the relative price of Mensury with Canada will be interesting. Price current issued by Messrs. Brooke, of Philadelphia, quotes Canada, 85c to $1.16 per bushel; Mensury is quoted in the same circular at 67c to 73c. Thus the lowest grade of Canada commands more money than the highest grade of Mensury. And our great barley firm in Toronto, Messrs. W. D. Matthews & Co., write to Mr. Milner as follows:

The Mensury and Russian barley has been extensively grown in some parts of the United States, and in their own markets as against their ordinary variety is sold at a discount of 10 to 20 cents per bushel. In fact, many of the high class brewers and maltsters will not buy it, and if any section begins to ship these varieties with other qualities it would result in a general loss, and the prejudice would exist that would take a considerable time to overcome, even if its growth were stopped.

The leading brewers in New York inform us the beer manufactured from Mensury and Russian barley is of undesirable quality and much inferior to what our best barley, we have usually shipped, will produce; and further that the quality of beer obtained from it is fully 10 per cent. less in yield.

From actual experience in our malt-houses we know it does not malt favorably, and therefore would not buy it even at a reduction of 15 cents per bushel under the value of the present grades. Under these circumstances we unhesitatingly give our opinion that it would be a calamity to the country if our farmers began to grow it. The American buyers are well satisfied with what they are now getting, and it is always a good rule to let well enough alone.

### How to Keep a Cistern Clean.

Complaints are frequent of the impure water of cisterns. This is inevitable under the careless management of these useful additions to the water supply, and is a fruitful source of what are called "malarial diseases." A roof gathers a large quantity of impure matter, dead insects, droppings of birds, dust, dead leaves, pollen from trees, etc., etc., all of which are washed into the cistern, unless some means are provided to prevent it. Even then the water should be filtered before it is used for culinary purposes. One way of preventing foul matter from entering the cistern, is to have the leader moveable, and swing from a waste pipe to the cistern pipe. In dry weather the pipe is turned over the waste, and after rain has fallen for a sufficient time to wash off the roofs and gutters, it is turned into the cistern pipe. The cistern is provided with a soft brick wall laid in cement, through which the water filters, coming out by the pump perfectly pure, and free from unpleasant odors.

### Live Stock in April.

Bathe the horses' shoulders with cold water or brine as quick as the collars come off, before the sweat begins to dry, and rub off the collars and saddle-pieces with a moist cloth. This will prevent sore shoulders. All changes of food should be gradual, but in proportion to the work. Heavily taxed muscles make demands on the stomach; hence, increase the feed after work begins—never in anticipation. A horse fed up before he is called to work gets soft and fat. Be careful to protect horses from drafts when warm; rub down, blanket, or let them stand in close stables. Cows at calving need little care, the less the better if in a loose box or the open field. "Fussing" over them is always provocative of injury. Give no grain, but a loosening diet of bran and roots for some days, and gradually increase feed as feverish symptoms pass away. Keep calves growing thriftily; skim-milk with a little linseed meal scalded and added to it as a substitute for the cream, is just as good for them as whole milk fed from the pail. Sheep must be kept in dry yards or there will be danger to their feet. Ewes with lambs should have grain daily, at least until they come to pasture. Swine.—Those who buy young pigs for feeding should buy none but half-bloods by a Berkshire, Yorkshire, Poland or other pure sire. They grow faster and fatten with less feed. Poultry.—Reduce the stock of fowls as soon as this year's hatch is well provided for, but hold on to old turkeys and old geese, they get used to the ways of the farm and are worth much more as breeders than young ones. Ducks also are good till 3 years old. A turkey is in her prime at 5 and a goose at 20.

### Orchard and Fruit Garden for April.

As soon as trees, shrubs, etc., are received from the nursery, heel in, *i. e.*, temporarily bury their roots with earth at once. When this is done, planting may be done at leisure. Prepare the soil well by deep working with spade or plough. In ten years six properly planted trees will be worth more than a dozen that were set as if they were posts. In digging nursery trees many roots are cut off. Offset this by shortening the top, cutting back each branch one-third or one-half. Unfruitful trees need manure at the roots, and opening or thinning out of the head. If there is no strawberry patch on the farm, make one. Never mind the kind; plant that which can be most readily had. Any is better than none. So with currants, raspberries and blackberries; make a beginning. Every farmer's family should have all the grapes it can eat. Plant a dozen vines of the Concord now, and afterwards consider what better varieties may be planted. The Concord will produce tolerable grapes in abundance, and create a taste for something better. Vines may be set around the barns and other outbuildings, and along the fences.

### Miss Candace's Sayings.

(Village Life in New York Post.)

"Don't ever be discouraged with an unlikely boy or girl, but study out what it needs, and try, and keep trying, and by and by you will hit on the right thing to bring that weakly one along where he can begin to grow. If you love him enough, he may some day stand at the head of the life class. I always say folks are like pitchers; there is a handle to every disposition if we only knew how to take hold of it. Plenty of folks fail to influence their children because they get tired searching for that handle."

I have gathered up a few of Miss Candace's miscellaneous sayings which are scattered among the neighbors, and these not the best:

"There are some folks like a hill of potatoes: all the green part and the blows must die away or get killed by frost bite before you find there is anything worth digging for underneath."

"There are folks like the scrub oak: they never know when to shed their leaves. I hate to see dried up youthful follies and vanities hanging on to old people."

"There's some sugar in a corn stalk, and I expect there's about as much sweetness in the dryest stick of a human being. It's our loss if we don't know how to extract it."

"I h