Our Darling's Sleep.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

So children sleep! And as we stoop to kiss
The radiant face or stroke the sunny hair,
We leave with God the secret of their bliss
And love Him for the happy look they wear.

Or should we ask, why do our darlings smile?
What golden dreams their sleeping hours employ?
The answer comes, the soul that knows no guile
Lives ever in the light of heavenly joy.

Not childhood only, whose unconscious mind
Is chiefly pure through ignorance of sin,
But riper age the blessedness may find
Of innocence and guilelessness within.

Thus men have lived and died in God's embrace,
Not dreaming, but fulfilling noble things;
Their childlike souls looked goodness in the face,
And caught the likeness of the King of kings.

The everlasting arms are still outspread
To bear the burden of each human life,
And whosoever will may lay his head
Against the heart of God and cease from strife.

There cast thy being; and the dark nightshade
Of this poor world's commotion and unrest
Will have no terrors for thee, calmly laid
In God's kind bosom—pillowed on His breast.

Getting Threadbare.

(From Puck.)

Pray do not think me cold,
Adelaide,
And do not chide nor scold,
Sweetest maid,
If I tell you, very clearly,
That, although I love you dearly,
Of your passionate embraces I'm afraid.

I worship and adore,
Adelaide,
As I have said before,
Winsome jade;
But new clothes are quite expensive,
And I'm rather apprehensive,
That this coat upon the shoulder's getting frayed.

Your peachy cheek, so soft,
Adelaide,
Upon that spot so oft
You have laid,
That the nap long since departed,
And now the web is started,
Why, the garment very soon will be decayed.

O, do not shed that tear,
Adelaide,
But loan me while I'm here,
As a trade,
That most ancient linen duster
That your father used to muster,
When the mercury marked ninety in the shade.

The British National Anthem.

ADAPTED FOR THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through fifty years,
Sown or in smiles or tears,
Grant her to reap:
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her p[illegible]e free from shame,
Guard Thou and keep.

O'er lands and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call:
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

Dean Plumptre, in Good Words.

SNOWBALLS AND BULLETS.

Schoolboy Shot by a Pinkerton Man while Snowballing.

A Jersey City, N.J., despatch says: Yesterday afternoon while a number of boys were playing in an open lot at the corner of Henderson and Eighteenth streets, in this city, adjoining the yards of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company, a fracas occurred between the boys and Pinkerton's men, and Thomas Hogan, 16 years old, a looker-on, was shot and killed by one of Pinkerton's men who were stationed in the company's property. Occasionally the boys rained a shower of snowballs and other missiles upon the men. On the west side of Henderson street a crowd of strikers and their sympathizers were assembled, and they lent encouragement to the boys by their smiles of approval. At length the leader of the Pinkerton men stepped forward and ordered the boys to stop throwing the missiles. The boys did not obey, and almost immediately three sharp cracks of a revolver rang out and Hogan fell dead.

The excitement was intense, and the lookers-on fled in every direction. The leader of the strikers, as soon as he could get his men together, ordered them back to their headquarters at the corner of Henderson and Ferry streets. Hogan was returning home from work when he met his death. The police collected a number of witnesses of the shooting, and marched the Pinkerton men out in line. He then ordered the witnesses to identify the men who shot. They selected Patrick Sheehy, Daniel Cahill and S. A. Neff, and identified them as the three men who fired at the boys. The inspector of police examined their revolvers and found every chamber loaded. The men were taken to police headquarters and held for bail.

A Scandalous Story Confirmed.

A Lansing, Mich., despatch says: Before the House Judiciary Committee to-day Representative Breen, of Menominee, confirmed the charge that there has been a regular trade in young girls between Milwaukee and Chicago and the mining regions of the Upper Peninsula. Mr. Breen said that the horrors of the camps into which these girls are inveigled cannot be adequately described. There is no escape for the poor creatures. In one case a girl escaped after being shot in the leg and took refuge in a swamp. Dogs were started on her trail, and she was hunted down and taken back to the den. In another case, a girl escaped while a dance was going on at the shanty into which she had been lured. After several days and nights of privation she made her way to an island near the shore in Lake Michigan, where a man named Stanley lived. But the dogs and human bloodhounds trailed her, Stanley was overcome and the girl was taken back. The law now provides for imprisonment of only one year in case of conviction of any connection with this traffic, and it is proposed to amend it.

He Wasn't a Snow Shoveller.

Farmer—"Do you want this job of shovelling snow?"

Tramp—"I am not a snow shoveller; I sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow will be along in about ten minutes."

NEW KIND OF SCHOOL.

To Use the Hands as Well as Eyes a Great Idea in Education.

There is a new kind of school and there are new lessons and new teachers coming, says "St. Nicholas." Books we must have. To learn we must read. But we may read all about boats, and yet we can never learn to sail a boat till we take the tiller in hand and trim the sail before the breeze. The book will help wonderfully in telling us the names of things in the boat and, if we have read about sailing, we shall more quickly learn to sail; but we certainly never shall learn till we are in a real boat. We can read in a book how to turn a heel in knitting and may commit to memory whole rules about "throwing off two and purl four," and all the rest; yet where is the girl who can learn to knit without having the needles in her hands?

This then is the idea of the new school—to use the hands as well as the eyes. Boys and girls who go to the ordinary schools, where only books are used, will graduate knowing a great deal; but a boy who goes to one of these new schools where, besides the books, there are pencils and tools, work benches as well as writing books, will know more. The other boys and girls may forget more than half they read, but he will remember everything he learned at the drawing table or at the work bench as long as he lives. He will also remember more of that which he reads, because his work with his hands helps him to understand what he reads.

I remember long ago a tear-stained book of tables of weights and measures and a teacher's impatience with a stupid child who could not master the "tables." And I have seen a school where the tables were written on a blackboard, thus: "Two pints are equal to one quart," and on a stand in the school-room were a tin pint measure and a tin quart measure and a box of dry sand. Every happy youngster had a chance to fill that pint measure with sand and pour the sand into the quart measure. Two pints filled it. He knew it. Did he not see it? Did not every boy try it? Ah! Now they knew what it all meant. It was as plain as day that two pints of sand were equal to one quart of sand; and with merry smiles those 6-year-old philosophers learned the tables of measures; and they will never forget them. This is, in brief, what is meant by industrial education. To learn by using the hands, to study from things as well as from books. This is the new school, these are the new lessons. The children who can sew and design, or draw, or carve wood, or do joinering work, or cast metals, or work in clay and brass, are the best educated children, because they use their hands as well as their eyes and their brains. You may say that in such schools all the boys will become mechanics and all the girls dressmakers. Some may; many will not; and yet whatever they do, be it preaching, keeping a store, or singing in concerts, they will do their work better than those who only read in books.

A COUNTERFEIT HOUSEMAID.

How She Captivated Horsemen and Captured Their Pocketbooks.

A New York despatch says: Forty-five Lexington avenue is a respectable-looking house in a quiet spot, not far from the residences of the late Chester A. Arthur and John Kelly, and close to a distinctly fashionable quarter. At the nearest corner is a horse mart, where sellers and buyers of fast trotters congregate a great deal. During the past month or so the peculiar thing about No. 45 has been a wondrously pretty housemaid, who burnished the front windows with daily industry and grace. She was a slender blonde, wearing a plain black dress, a white apron and a jaunty lace cap, after the fashion of neat domestic servants in the households of the rich. For about an hour every forenoon and afternoon she was visible from the street, as she stood picturesquely poised on a stepladder inside the window, at work on the panes. The turfmen observed her; many of them flirted with her. Not a few, being shyly encouraged, made her acquaintance, to be naively invited to call at a certain time, when the mistress would be out. Nearly every admiring visitor left his wallet, his watch or some jewellery in possession of the girl, and kept his loss to himself, not caring to stand the ridicule of his acquaintances. But one case has got to the police, and it turns out that the maid is a counterfeit. She is the head and all of the establishment, an adventuress, who conceived and executed the adroit plan, as described, to rob inveigled triflers.

Language of Gloves.

For "Yes," drop one glove from the right into the left hand. "No" is said by rolling both gloves in the right hand. If you want to express that you are indifferent to a partner, take the right hand glove partly off. If you wish a male friend to follow you into the next room, strike your left arm with both gloves. "I love you still," is expressed by slowly and carefully smoothing both gloves. If the fair she desires to know whether her affection is reciprocated, she is to put on half the left hand glove, one finger at a time. "Be on your guard against the governor," or "my mother-in-law," as the case may be, is a message often sent, and is given by delicately twisting the glove fingers round the thumb. If the damsel is in a quarrelsome mood she simply makes a cross with both her gloves and proceeds to lay them on her lap in this position. These are the principal and most simple rules.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Cranks in Britain.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and each boy marches in a more peculiar way than his predecessor. First we had the man with the wheelbarrow, who has got safely back to Dundee; next there was a gentleman who started with a pile of bricks on his head; and the latest performance is that of an old army pensioner, who has started to walk from Jarrow to Newport, in Monmouthshire, carrying a bucket of coals weighing ten pounds.—*London Globe.*

There is a large and active leaven of righteousness in the wicked city of Louisville, Ky., in the person of the Rev. Stephen Holcombe. Mr. Holcombe is a genuine reformed gambler, and conducts a mission in that city, and the conversions among the sporting men there speak loudly of the Rev. Steve's honesty and faithfulness.

EMMA MOORE'S BLIGHTED LIFE.

Dramatic Scene in Court—Acquitted on a Charge of Husband Murder.

When Emma Moore, of Port Huron, Mich., a girl of 18, married Captain Duncan McCraig five years ago she was considered to be the most beautiful girl in Port Huron, and she was as lovely in disposition as in face and form. Captain McCraig was more than ten years older than his wife, a vessel owner and one of the best known captains on the chain of great lakes. Soon after their marriage Captain McCraig, who drank freely, grew jealous of the admiration his wife's beauty excited on all sides, and they soon quarrelled. A little daughter came, but failed to heal the breach, and after a time Mrs. McCraig left her husband and went back to the home of her parents. Two years ago they were divorced on account of the captain's abuse, and then he grew more insanely jealous of her and made her life a burden. While in his cups he would frequently attack her character, and there were not wanting those who feared some dreadful tragedy would end it all.

THE TRAGEDY.

These apprehensions were realized on March 25th, 1886. On that day Captain McCraig, who was arranging for the opening of navigation, became intoxicated and at midnight was taken to his home by friends. He did not stay there, however, but immediately went to the house of Mrs. McCraig—or Miss Moore, for she had taken her maiden name—and aroused the house and neighborhood by his efforts to get in. Her aged father went out and tried to pacify the enraged man, who pushed his way into the house and to his former wife's chamber. The infuriated man attacked his wife in her night-clothes and brutally beat her until, fearing for her life, she fled to another room, procured a shotgun, and, returning, shot the drunken madman dead. No tragedy ever before occurred here which caused so profound a sensation.

THE ARREST AND TRIAL.

Miss Moore was arrested, jailed and subsequently bailed. Her trial for murder was looked forward to for months as a great event. It began a week ago, and attracted immense crowds of people, including the most prominent men and women of the place. A jury of farmers was finally secured, and the defendant's counsel announced that the defence was justifiable homicide. The prosecuting attorney was assisted by the ablest counsel in the city, and Miss Moore's interests were in capable hands. When the fair prisoner gave her testimony the court room could not begin to hold the people. There was not a dry eye in the room when she had finished her story. She told of her blighted life, the abuse she had suffered from McCraig, and how on the tragic night, goaded to desperation by his assault, his cruel words of slander, and afraid of her life, she shot him. "So help me, God," she concluded, "I did not mean to kill him, but if I did wrong I am willing to take the consequences." She rose as she said this, and the tears in her eyes could no longer be kept back. The greatest silence reigned. Then the jury retired, and in a short time brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Judge Stearns forbade any demonstration.

A Snow Battle by British Soldiers.

The 2nd Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers, at Aldershot, England, divided into two opposing forces of about 350 officers, noncommissioned officers and privates each, varied their work at snow-clearing one day recently with an exciting snow fight, which lasted nearly two hours. The right wing was commanded by Colonel G. B. Stokes (commanding the battalion), the left wing by Major Wodehouse, whose chief of the staff was Captain Greenfield. Both wings occupy lines in the South Camp and two parade grounds about 200 yards apart. Col. Stokes, having resolved to take the opposing wing by surprise, sent forward an advanced guard, which, having moved stealthily over the snow, fortified itself in a well-formed snow fort until the arrival of the main body under Col. Stokes, who immediately sent a strong line of skirmishers into the lines occupied by the opposing force, which was mercilessly subjected to volleys of glittering snowballs before it could realize the fact that it was taken by surprise. The buglers at once sounded the alarm and assembly in the besieged lines, and officers and men rallied—some without jackets or tunics, and some without any head-dress—on the private parade ground and advanced to storm the fort. Ten times in succession the assaulting force was gallantly led by its officers to the glacis of the fort; but, notwithstanding partial lodgments, it was as many times repulsed, the few men left behind in the work being nearly smothered with snow. Ultimately the commander of the assailants detached a strong party under Capt. Greenfield to take the fort in flank; but for this move Colonel Stokes had not been unprepared. Without materially weakening his front or right flank, he massed superior numbers against the storming party, literally overwhelming it. Then the buglers sounded the cessation of hostilities and each force, claiming the victory, retired from the field completely exhausted. By the time the fight was over not a trace of the fort could be seen.

The Toboggan N. G.

A couple of the typical round-town boys, rough and ready, ragged and saucy, were standing before a hardwere store examining the Canadian idea in New England, yclept the toboggan. They took hold of the side rail with their grimy hands and smoothed the bottom of the broad sled with their hardened palms.

"Them's the dandies," remarked one of the urchins.

"N-a-w. They ain't no use at all," replied the other, with an expresssion like a sniff of fried onion. "No feller can ever go belly slapper on 'em, 'n they're no good."—*Hartford Post.*

A young lady of Louisville was carefully picking her way along a slippery sidewalk the other day just behind an elderly and portly man. Suddenly he slipped, and in his efforts to keep from falling down he threw one hand backward and struck the young lady squarely and violently on the nose. The blow stunned her so that she had to be assisted into an adjacent store, and an examination by a physician developed the fact that her nose had been broken. Both eyes became blackened by the injury.

POCKETS OF THE FAIR.

Safe and Handy Receptacles of the Sor Not Yet Invented.

The exploits of the child thief, Lillian Smith, have led to some comments on the female method of carrying the pocket-book. Notwithstanding all the genius and labor which have been expended on woman's apparel since Eve left the Garden of Eden, the sex has not yet been provided with a successful pocket. To produce this, safety and convenience must both be consulted. When a woman enjoys a safe receptacle it is not a convenient one, and vice versa. Diedrich Knickerbocker tells of the marvellous pockets of the matrons of New Amsterdam, who rarely lost anything from them by theft, but it sometimes took the good women several hours to find in them what they wanted to use themselves. We live in too rapid an age to permit a return to this kind of security. The male trousers pocket is so located and constructed that only the most skilful thief ventures to tamper with it, and he does so at great risk. The fob pocket is almost absolutely secure. Mr. Weller, indeed, relates an incident where an expert butted his head against the abdomen of a fat man who scoffingly defied him, and, taking advantage of the collapse, secured his watch; but this was a plain case of highway robbery, and is not here to be considered. So far as men are concerned, the problem of the pocket may be said to be satisfactorily solved. The prospect of relief to women in this respect is far from clear. Questions of anatomy, pride in personal appearance, modesty and the various descriptions of mysterious machinery and cordage—of which there are suggestions in modistes' windows—serve to complicate the difficulty. The philosopher and philanthropist of the sterner sex can do no more in the premises than point out the necessity for an adequate invention. The rest women must do for themselves.—*New York World.*

Overheated Factories.

A cause of annoyance at one of the largest factories of the State lately has been the illness of most of the employees from severe colds. The condition of the work people has not interrupted the progress of manufacturing, as an epidemic of fever or some contagious disease might do, but it has been serious enough to attract the notice of the officers, to bring the attention of the public to the matter, and to cause an investigation of reasons for the ill-health and to suggest possible remedies. In each department some of the employees are absent from duty and the majority are suffering from coughs, influenza and other forms of the harassing ailment which brings distress, but little sympathy. The foreman, upon being questioned on the cause of the disturbance, invariably replied that one reason was undoubtedly the sudden change from the overheated air of the factory to the cold out-of-door air felt by the employees when they were dismissed. All would rush out of doors at the sound of the bell, and the shock would weaken them, so that the sudden exposure could not be endured night after night. Another cause given was the exposure to draughts of air from windows opened when the employees could no longer work comfortably in the close, heated atmosphere. Each reason seemed to point to the need of better ventilation in the factory. The experience of this large establishment, which is rather exceptional in its fine, large, sunny rooms and comfortable furnishings, is illustrative of similar circumstances in many mills in the State. Since most of the important factories were erected before the principles of sanitary science were generally recognized as essential to healthful conditions, the system of ventilation is oftener the result of chance than of science. Large workrooms in which many employees work together are usually overheated and insufficiently ventilated. In these rooms occupied by many people colds become prevalent, and consumption and rheumatism, the enemies of all who are subjected to exposure or unsanitary conditions, weaken the vitality of the workers and cause constant change in the force of employees. When to the evil of overheated rooms is added the ignorance of many work people in the rules of diet and other laws of healthful living, it is, perhaps, surprising that the health reports of large cities show such steady progress in length of life attained by the average. The remedies for overheated work-rooms and factories are comparatively simple, though they may be both elaborate and expensive. It would be the height of sanitary improvement to add the open fireplace ventilation now widely employed in the construction of school-houses. But when this arrangement is impossible there are many simple devices for window ventilation which could be used with good results at small cost. Many large factories and shops have given opportunities in education to their employees through lectures upon topics of hygiene, and when the lecturer is practical and not too abstruse in his presentation of the theme the employees are much benefitted. In some foreign factories a physician is employed by the manufacturers for the consultation and assistance of the work people, and if illness becomes a serious cause of interruption to work in this country, the factory doctor may be a necessary official.—*Boston Journal.*

A Call From Trinity

Trinity Church has extended a call to Rev. Francis Lobdell, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, New York, to become its rector. Dr. Lobdell is a man of 50 years, an able preacher, vigorous and robust in physique and a worker. He has added 1,200 communicants to St. Andrew's in the past ten years. The Church has now over 1,000 members.

Who Was Boss, Anyhow?

Mr. Stiggins (his friends had brought him home from the club in a highly inebriated condition)—Boyze, came in wiz me an get er (hic) drink. Thish my house. I'm boss (hic) here!

Mrs. Stiggins (from the window)—Please leave the boss on the steps, gentlemen, and I'll come down and fetch him in.

"And that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it." "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore; "I smelt it, too, but didn't get any silver."

MEN WITH BREATH OF FIRE.

Not Imps from the Foul Side of the Styx, But Real Human Beings.

We had occasion in a recent number to refer to a remarkable case in which the breath of an individual, or rather the eructations from his stomach, took fire when brought in contact with a lighted match. This case, which was reported in the *Medical Record*, has called forth communications from physicians by which it would appear that the phenomenon is not such a rare one as was at first supposed. In one case of disordered digestion the patient emitted inflammable gas from the mouth, which, upon analysis, was found to be largely composed of marsh gas. In another case the gas was sulphureted hydrogen. A case is reported in the *British Medical Journal*, in which, while blowing out a match, the patient's breath caught fire with a noise like the report of a pistol, which was loud enough to awaken his wife. One evening, while a confirmed dyspeptic was lighting his pipe, an eructation of gas from his stomach occurred, and the ignited gas burned his mustache and lips. In Ewald's book on indigestion, the analysis of gas in one of these cases was: Carbonic acid, 20.57; hydrogen, 20.57; carbureted hydrogen, 20.75; oxygen, 6.72; nitrogen 41.38; sulphureted hydrogen, a trace. The origin of these gases is undoubtedly the undigested food, which in these cases undergoes decomposition.—*Science.*

Ammonia; or, Hartshorn.

(From Hall's Journal of Health.)

The original source of supply of ammonia was camel's dung. It is found in the refuse matters of men and animals, and especially in the urine. It is this that produces the pungent and sickening odor in urinals and neglected stables. It is, in its concentrated form, peculiarly destructive to the delicate tissues of the animal economy. The action of ammonia on the sensitive membranes of the eye is the most prominent cause of blindness in horses. Animals that are confined in close stables, where manure is allowed to accumulate in considerable quantity, are, in addition to blindness, peculiarly liable to diseases of the lungs and the kidneys from the action of ammonia. The effect of this drug seems to be cumulative, and when taken into the stomach in small doses repeatedly it is easy to conceive that its action must be irritating to the coating of the stomach, and to those far more sensitive membranes that line the passage of the urinary apparatus.

Ammonia is used in the manufacture of some baking powders, and probably one-half the cans of baking powder on grocers' shelves contain it. If you get the pungent fumes of ammonia, discard the baking powder. There are plenty of baking powders in the market that are made only from pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, with a little flour or starch combined as a preservative. Buy only baking powders that have printed guarantees on the labels, or in the circulars contained in the cans. No honest dealer in any class of goods intended as food, or to enter into foods, will refuse to furnish with each package the correct formula from which the goods are made. Every consumer has a right to know what he is using as food. We always refuse to buy goods of any kind that are branded Pure, Strictly Pure, or Absolutely Pure, unless in addition we are as plainly informed of just what they are made; and we think this rule is always a safe one.

Tea as a Beverage.

Use a china or porcelain pot. If you do use metal, let it be tin, new, bright and clean; never use when the tin is worn out and the iron exposed. If you do, you are playing chemist and forming a tannate or tea-ate of iron. Use black tea. Green tea when good is kept at home. What goes abroad is bad, very bad and horrible. Besides containing the 203 adulterations the Chinese philanthropist puts up for the outside barbarian, it is always pervaded by copper dust from the dirty curing pans of the growers. Infuse your tea. Don't boil it! Place one teaspoonful of tea in the pot and pour over it 1½ cups of boiling water, that is, water really boiling. If your tea is poor, use more. It is cheaper, though, to buy good tea at the outset. Put your pot on the back part of the stove, carefully covered, so that it shall not lose its heat and the tea its bouquet. Let it remain there five minutes, then drink it. Drink your tea plain. Don't add milk or sugar. Tea-brokers and tea-tasters never do; epicures never do; the Chinese never do. Milk contains fibrin, albumen, or some other stuff, and the tea a delicate amount of tannin. Mixing the two makes the liquid turbid. This turbidity, if I remember the cyclopædia aright, is tannate of fibrin, or leather. People who put milk in tea are therefore drinking boots and shoes in mild disguise.—*Wong Chin Foo, in the Cook.*

A Child's Explanation.

"Ma," says the inquiring child "what's the nights made for?"

"For little folks to sleep in and get rested, and feel good and be quiet."

"That ain't what the nights is made for."

"Yes, it is, my child."

"Oh, I know better, myself."

"Well, what are the nights made for?"

"Cos, if there was no nights, the days would all bunk in on one another."

She Wanted to be Remembered.

He was old and rich, and his niece, who had been visiting him, was about to go away.

"You will not forget me, will you, dear uncle?" she sobbed.

"In my solitude?"

"No, in your will."

Be Kind to the Aged.

Young Lady—You say you will grant me any favor I ask?

Aged Masher—Yes, dearest angel. I'll do anything in the world you ask of me.

"Then propose to my grandmother. She is a widow.'

Ribbed silk corset covers are shown, fitted like a jersey, made of pink, blue and white silk, with insertions of strong torchon lace.

—News has been received of the safe arrival in New Westminster, B. C., of Rev. Thos. Scouler, wife and child. His induction took place on the 19th.