A Scene in Church.

Bess went to church one sultry day;
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then the moments into hours grew;
Oh dear! oh dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome,
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound,
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused and bent his stately head;
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Smiles.

But give me smiles," the maiden said,
"I like not tears and sobs and sighs;
They silence all life's melodies,
And veil God's sunshine from our eyes;
Smiles wake the soul to love divine,
And make the heart leap like old wine."

"Aye, smiles are best," the matron said,
"My children love them more than toys;
They are the manna of the days
To all my romping girls and boys.
And when with sweet words they are given,
They blessing straightway bring from heaven."

Then though you have naught else to give,
Pray give the world a smiling face;
It will forgive your gravest faults
For this one happy act of grace.
It needs no head with world-lore wise
To sunshine make with lips and eyes.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Crystal did not answer; perhaps she could not. He was coming up to London, actually to Belgrave House, and on this very evening. Erle must have got scent of her secret—how or in what manner she could not guess; but all the same, it must be Erle who had betrayed her. She had thought him a little odd and constrained the last few times she had seen him; she had noticed more than once that his eyes had been fixed thoughtfully on her face as though he had been watching her, and he had seemed somewhat confused when he had found himself detected. What did it all mean? but never mind that now. Raby would be coming to Beulah Place, but she would be hundreds of miles away before that; she was safe, quite safe; but if only she could see him before she went. If she could only get rid of this tiresome Percy, who would stay, perhaps, for hours. Could she give him the slip? She could never remain in his company through a long evening; it would drive her frantic to listen to him, and to know all the time that Raby was near, and she could not see him. And then all at once a wild idea came to her, and her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes grew bright, and she began to talk rather quickly and in an excited manner.

"Oh! do you know, Mr. Trafford," she said, gravely, "I think it is very wrong of you to encourage Mr. Erle to come so often to Beulah Place. Fern is pretty—very pretty, and Mr. Erle is fond of saying pleasant things to her, and all the time he knows Mr. Huntington wishes him to marry Miss Selby. He has no right to make himself so agreeable to your sister; and I think you ought to keep him in better order."

"Oh! I don't pretend to be Erle's mentor," he returned, a little sulkily; for he thought he saw her drift to keep him from talking of his own feelings. "I never interfere with other fellows."

"Yes, but Fern is your sister," in a reproachful voice; "and I do think you are to blame in this. Why do you not tell him that he must leave your sister alone, and keep to Miss Selby. Your grandfather would be very angry if he knew of these visits to Beulah Place, and then Mr. Erle would get into trouble."

"I can't help that," was the indifferent answer. "Erle must take his chance with the rest of us; he knows as well as I do the risk he runs." And in spite of her preoccupation, Crystal noticed a curious change in Percy's tone.

"Do you mean that he would get into serious trouble? is that what you would imply? I do not think you are doing your duty, Mr. Trafford, if you do not warn him of Mr. Huntington's displeasure. Mr. Erle is weak, he is easily guided, but he has good principles; you could soon induce him to break off his visits."

"I don't see that I need trouble myself about another fellow's love affair; I have too much in my own mind. Of course you look impatient, Miss Davenport, it is a crime to speak of my own feelings; but how can you expect me to take interest in another fellow when I am so utterly miserable myself?"

"Mr. Trafford," she said, trying to control her impatience, "I wish you would let me speak to you for once, as though I were your friend," she would have substituted the word sister, but she feared to provoke one of his outbursts of indignant pleading.

"You know you may say what you like to me," he returned moved by the gentleness of her speech, for she had never been so gracious to him before. "You have more influence over me than any one else in the world. If you could make me a better man, Miss Davenport."

"I would give much to do it," she answered in a low voice that thrilled him strangely. "Mr. Trafford, you will be angry with me if I speak to you very frankly, and earnestly—as earnestly," here she paused, "as though we were bidding each other good-bye to-night for a long time."

"If you will call me Percy," he replied, with sudden vehemence, "you shall say what you like to me."

"Very well," she answered, with a faint smile at his boyish insistance, "it shall be Percy then—no, do not interrupt me," as he seemed about to speak. "I am very troubled and unhappy about Mr. Erle's visits; they are doing harm to Fern, and I must tell you, once for all, that you are not doing your duty either to your sister or cousin."

"Erle again," he muttered moodily.

"Yes, because the matter lies very close to my heart, for I dearly love your sister. Mr. Trafford—Percy, I mean—you have youth, health, talents—the whole world lies before you; why do you envy your cousin, because he is likely to be a richer man than you?"

"He has robbed me of my rightful inheritance," was the moody answer.

"It could never be yours," she returned, quickly; "a Trafford will never be Mr. Huntington's heir."

"I would change my name."

"That would avail you little," with a touch of her old scorn, for the speech displeased her. "Mr. Hundindgon would never leave his money to the son of the man he hated, and of the daughter whose disobedience embittered his life. Mr. Erle has to answer for no sins but his own."

"He had better be careful though," was the quick response.

"What, have you done him misch ef already? Why—why are you not more generous to the poor boy? Why do you encourage these visits that you know will anger Mr. Huntingdon? Why do you tempt him from his duty? Percy, I implore you to be true to yourself and him. Look into your own heart and see if you are acting an honorable part."

"You are always hard on me," he returned, sullenly. "Who has been blackening my name to you?"

"No one, no one," she answered, quickly; "but you are a reckless talker, and I have gathered much from my own observation. You have told me more than once that you are in debt; sometimes I fear you gamble. Oh!" as a dark flush mounted to his forehead, "I should be grieved to think that this is true."

"You would hate me all the more, I suppose," in a defiant voice.

"Indeed I do not hate you, my poor poy; but you make me very angry sometimes. Do you know me so little as to think I could ever bring myself to love a gambler, or one who tried to rob another of his inheritance—one who was so afraid of poverty that he deserted his mother for the loaves and fishes of the man who was her worst enemy."

"The old story," in a despairing voice; "will you never give me the benefit of an excuse—will you never allow me to defend myself?"

"I am not your judge," was the cold reply; and then, as she saw the misery of his face, she relented. "Indeed it is not too late to retrieve the past. If you have debts, if you are in trouble, own it frankly to your grandfather."

"And be turned out of the house a beggar?"

"What of that" she replied, cheerfully; "you have a profession; every one says how clever you are—what a splendid barrister you will make. You can take pupils; success and money will come to you in time."

"Too late," he muttered; "I cannot free myself." Then, with a sudden change of tone, "Crystal, if I do this—if I leave Belgrave House, will you give me a hope of winning you in the future?"

She shook her head; "I cannot give you that hope."

"Why not?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Because I belong to another," she answered, slowly, and there came a wonderful light in her eyes; "and for his sake I will live as I am to my life's end."

They had reached Beulah Place by this time, and Mrs. Watkins' shop was in sight. There were few passers-by, so no one noticed why Percy stood still and seized his companion's hands.

"You love another man? You dare to tell me this?"

"I tell you this for your own good, and that you may never speak to me again as you have done. You must not be angry with me for telling you the truth; and now will you ring the bell, for there is no need to go through the shop?"

"I am not coming in," he said hoarsely. I cannot trust myself."

"Then we will say good-bye here," was the quiet answer, and she pressed his hands kindly. "Forgive me if I have made you unhappy, but indeed it is your fault, and I thought it better to tell you the truth. Good-bye, my poor boy;" but though her voice was full of gentleness and pity, he scarcely heard it. He had wrung her hands, almost throwing them from him and had turned away without a word.

Crystal had looked after him rather wistfully; her heart felt strangely soft to him to-night. "Was it wrong to tell him, I wonder?" she said to herself, as she quickly retraced her steps. "He is terribly reckless, one never knows how he may take things. It was good of him to listen to me so patiently; and now he has gone away sore and angry."

Crystal was walking very fast now, as though she had suddenly remembered some errand. As an empty hansom passed her she hailed it. "Will you drive me to Victoria Station," she said to the man in a business-like tone; "I want to meet the 6.30 train from Singleton. I think there is time."

"None too much," was the somewhat gruff answer, "but my horse is fresh;" and Crystal drew into a corner and tried to curb her impatience by watching the passers by; but her fear of being too late kept her restless and miserable.

As they drove into Victoria Station a handsome barouche, with a pair of fine bays, attracted Crystal's attention. The footman had got down and was making inquiries of a porter. "Singleton train just due," Crystal heard the man say, as she handed the cabman his fare; and as she quickly passed through the station, the train slowly drew up at the platform.

Only just in time! Crystal pressed eagerly forward, scanning the occupants of all the carriages until she came to the last.

There were two passengers in this compartment; a young lady, with a good-natured freckled face, was speaking to a very tall man who was standing in the centre of the carriage. "You must let me help you out," Crystal heard her say in a pleasant countryfied voice, "and wait with you until your friends find you;" and then came the answer in the deep tones Crystal knew so well.

"Thank you, you are very kind. My unfortunate infirmity gains new friends for me everywhere; so after all, you see, even blindness has its alleviations, Miss Merriman."

"Oh, I will be sure to tell papa what you say; it will be such a comfort to him. Now, will you put your hand on my shoulder—it is a deep step—take care;" but as Raby tried to follow these instructions a little gloved hand, that certainly did not belong to Miss Merriman, gently guided him and placed him in safety.

Miss Merriman nodded and smiled her thanks.

"There, you are all right now. What is the matter, Mr. Ferrers?"

"I thought some one touched me," he returned, with a puzzled look, "and you were on my other side, so I suppose it was some kind stranger."

"Yes, a young lady," as Crystal moved away rather suddenly. "Ah, there is a footman; he seems in search of some one. I will ask him if he be looking for you," and Miss Merriman darted away.

Raby stood quietly waiting, but he little knew that the girl he had come to London to seek was standing a few yards from him, trying to see him through the tears that blinded her.

Many people turned to look after the tall, striking-looking man in clerical dress. The felt hat just shaded the pale, massively cut features. He looked older, Crystal thought, and a little sadder, but the mouth was as beautiful as ever.

Once he looked up as hasty footsteps brushed him, as though he would move aside, but a girlish figure interposed between him and the loaded truck, and again the little hand guided him to safety.

"It is all right—the man says he is waiting for Mr. Ferrers," observed Miss Merriman briskly at this moment. "What horrid things those trucks are; I was afraid one would have knocked you, only the young lady led you away."

"What! a young lady!" asked Raby, quickly.

"Oh, only a tall young lady in brown, who seemed to notice you wanted help. She has gone now—probably a passenger for the down-train."

"I think all young ladies are good to me," returned Raby with grave courtesy, holding out his hand. "I know I have met with a very kind fellow-passenger;" and then, as he took the footman's arm and entered the carriage, Miss Merriman saw the tall young lady in brown walk quickly out of the station, and as she passed her there were tears running down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FLUFF GOES TO SEE GRANDPAPA.

Thou, like a little curious fly
That fusses through the air,
Dost pry and pry
With thy keen inquisitive eye.

. . . .

And with many questions, ever
Rippling like a restless river,
Puzzling many an older brain,
Dost thou hour by hour increase thy store
Of marvellous lore.
Thus a squirrel, darting deftly,
Up and down autumnal trees,
Sees its hoard of chestnuts growing swiftly
In a heap upon the leaf-strewn leas.

Claude Lake.

"And now, I look almost as smart as the Princess Dove herself."

"I really think you do, Fluff, though you remember her dress was a curious embroidery of rainbows and dewdrops sewn all over with peacocks' eyes; but I assure you I like your white frock much better; and the new hat is very pretty."

"But Fern!——"

"But Fluff!——"

"If I were to be lost—really and truly lost, you know—would the funny old town-crier tell a long story about me, as he did about the dog when we were down by the sea last summer?"

"Of course he would, and mother and I would stand and listen to him and try not to laugh. 'Lost, stolen, or strayed, a little witch-girl in a clean white frock, rather too much starched; a frilled cape that crackles when she moves, and a pretty bread-brimmed hat.' Well, Fluffy, what does that mysterious look mean? you are very rude to interrupt the old crier," and Fern tried to frown, while Fluff nodded her head sagaciously.

"It would not be stolen or lost, it would be strayed, like the sheep in the turnip-field, when the shepherd turned them all out because they had no business there. Supposing I strayed on purpose, Fern, you must send a crier covered all over with gold lace to find me."

"Indeed! have you lost your senses, Fluff?"

"Never mind the senses; I saw them all five in china in Mrs. Watkins' left hand corner cupboard, china images she called them, and I thought them so pretty. Give me the four pence half-penny for buns, Fern—one Bath, two plain, and a half-penny to the sweeper that takes me best over the crossing."

"Oh Fluff, Fluff, do be careful, and mind you do not go too far: come back soon, like a good child."

"Of course I am good on my birthday. What did they do to Ananias and Sapphira, Fern?"

"Dear me, what an odd question, Fluffy!"

"Never mind that; in the Sunday school the teacher always answers the children's questions directly; she is a very nice teacher though she has red hair, but she cannot help that."

"Oh, indeed! so I must tell you about Ananias and Sapphira. What is the matter? how pale you look, my pet. . . . . Well, they fell down dead because they had told a lie."

Fluff shifted her pence uneasily.

"That was the lie they told about the land and money that they wanted to keep themselves. I think they were greedy people. One Bath, two plain, and a half-penny for the sweeper. Here is the four-pence, Fern; I don't think I shall be hungry until tea-time. Now, good-bye, I must go."

"Why, Fluff, what nonsense! here, Fluff;" but Fluff was scuttling downstairs as fast as she could go, and Fern was only in time to see her little feet whisking through the shop door.

"I don't believe there is such another child in the United Kingdom," she said to herself, laughing. "She is terribly young for her age, and so amusing; how dull it will be without her this afternoon, and poor Crystal so far away, I wish mother had not let her go, or that she were safe home again;" and Fern sighed as she looked round the empty room.

Now it so happened that Fluff had coaxed her mother to let her take a walk alone on her birthday; this was the treat she had selected for the occasion.

She was to wear her best frock and her new hat that Crystal had trimmed for her as a parting present; and she had promised to be very careful, and not go too far. The fourpence was to be expended in buns—so she and her mother had arranged, but Fluff had secretly intended to put it to another purpose, until her conscientious scruples had obliged her to leave it at home instead of paying the omnibus fare that was to save her poor little legs; they would get sorely tired before they reached their destination.

Fluff ran down several streets, till she was out of breath, and then she fell into a little trot; but first she gave the half-penny to a ragged boy, and begged him earnestly never to tell stories; and after that she asked him the way to Belgravia. Not getting a lucid answer from him, as he only told her that he had been a cripple from his birth and had sold lucifers ever since, which, being brimstone, was bad for rheumatics, Fluff told him she would have repeated the whole story of Ananias and Sapphira to him, only she had no time, and then she resumed her walk with much dignity.

And the method of it was this—if method it could be called which had in its sidelong movements the similitude of a crab. First she went into every baker's shop she passed, and, shaking her head sorrowfully at the fresh currant buns on the counters, asked in a confidential whisper the quickest and shortest way to Belgravia; and when they wished to know what part, or asked her business, she pursed up her mouth and said that was not the question, and would they please confine themselves to facts, or some such speech, in her odd abrupt way.

And she looked such a little lady as she spoke, and held her little head up so proudly, that most of them answered her with civility; and one big baker's boy, just starting on his afternoon round, said he would see her past the dangerous crossing in the next street, and put her a little on her way. Fluff said she was very much obliged to him, and trotted confidingly at his side, adapting her conversation to her hearer as she thought best, for she enlarged in a rambling way on the Miracle of the Loaves, and told him what her teacher said on the subject of the fishes; and then she became confidential, and explained to him that she bore an innocent partiality for the moist peely bits of soft crusts that one could pare off a loaf without showing a sad deficiency, and how she always liked to take in the bread at Mrs. Watkins' for the purpose; and lastly, she told him in a weary little voice that she was going to see grandpapa, who lived in a big house in Belgravia, but that she was getting very tired, for she had a bone in her leg—two bones, she thought—and might she sit please on the top of his little cart to rest her poor legs when he went into the next house?

The baker's boy was a good-natured fellow, but, as he expressed it afterwards, he thought she was the rummiest little lady he had ever met; indeed, he confided his suspicions to a grocer's lad that she "was a bit cracky;" but he let her sit on his cart for all that, and trundled her the length of two or three streets; and further he revived her drooping spirits by a dab of hot brown bread, scooped skilfully out of the side of a loaf which, as he said, would never show.

After that they got facetious, and admired a Punch and Judy show together, and parted with deep regret, when a policeman desired them to move on.

Fluff began to feel rather lonely after this. It was getting late, she was afraid, and those little legs of hers ached dreadfully; but she fell in at the park gates with a playful flower-girl, who ran a race with her, basket and all, and then stood and jeered in broad Irish because she was beaten, while Fluff sat down, sulky and exhausted, on a bench under the trees.

It was nearly tea-time now, she thought: in another hour or so Fern would be sending the old crier after her. She wondered how she was to get back. She was very thirsty, and felt half inclined to cry; and then it struck her that the large splendid-looking building opposite might be Belgrave House, and she ran up to a workman just passing and asked him.

"No," he said, eyeing her wondering, "that was not Belgrave House, it was in the next square;" and when she heard that she clapped her hands joyfully, and went and drank out of a little iron bowl in company with a sweep. She asked him if she might drink first, and he said, "Oh, laws, yes! you aint near so smutty as me," which speech Fluff took as a compliment. But she had fallen down twice, and her nice white frock had got unsightly patches of green on it.

But she felt as though her troubles were over when she stood in front of Belgrave House, its many windows shining like gold.

What a grand place it was—finer than the Crystal Ball Palace where Princess Dove and Prince Merrydew lived; and, oh dear, what joy, the door was open!

The footman had just run out to the pillar box, and another footman was fast asleep in a chair that looked like a baby's cradle turned upside down.

Fluff ran up the steps and looked in.

There was a beautiful scent of flowers as she crept timidly into the hall, such sleepy warm flowers Fluff thought, only they made her head drowsy; and there was a great staircase with carved balustrades and dark slippery stairs, and the doors were all shut, and there was not a sound in the house, except the singing of some birds. Fluff began to feel giddy.

But it was babyish to feel frightened in her own grandpapa's house, so she took courage, and passing the sleepy footman on tiptoe, crept softly up stairs, holding very tightly to the balustrades, for she felt as though she were slipping every step, and presently she came to a sunny landing-place with a conservatory, where some canaries were singing. Here she saw a half-open door, and pushed it open, and then she thought she was in fairy-land.

It was such a large beautiful room, with marble ladies standing in the corners, with wonderful green plants growing in gilded baskets, and satin couches, and lace draperies, and lovely china; and in an arm-chair a gentleman asleep, for he had his eyes shut.

Fluff stole in and looked at him; no, he was not asleep, for his eyes opened, and yet he did not seem to see her, perhaps he was thinking. His face looked very nice and kind, and with the unerring instinct of childhood she laid her hand on his knee.

"If you please, sir, will you tell me where I can find grandpapa."

The gentleman raised his eyes—as Fluff told her mother afterwards, "he looked at me without seeing me;" and then his hand closed quietly over the child's. Nothing ever seemed to startle Raby Ferrers in that strange dreamy life of his.

"Who are you' my child, and who is your grandpapa?"

"My grandpapa's name is Mr. Huntingdon, and he lives in this house—Belgrave House it is called, and I am Florence Trafford, but they call me Fluff at home."

The name aroused him effectually; ah, he was startled now. "Florence Trafford, did you say; do you mean that you live at Beulah Place in the Elysian Fields?"

"Yes, at Mrs. Watkins'—mother, and Fern, and I, and Crystal too, only she went away this morning."

"Away—what do you mean?" and Fluff's poor little hands were held so tightly that they were quite red and sore afterwards.

"Oh, she has gone to America with that horrid Miss Campion; yes, and she is horrid to take our dear Criss-crass away. Fern cried so this morning, and Crystal cried too, but she had to go, she said, so it was no use making a fuss about it; and she does not mean to come back for a long time. What is the matter?" peering curiously in his face, "does your head ache?"—for Raby had uttered a low groan, and had dropped Fluff's hands, and he was pushing back the heavy dead-brown hair as though he were suddenly oppressed.

(To be continued.)

Peach Culture.

The conditions of failure in peach-growing, concisely stated, are:

1. A wet soil, or one that from any cause holds water around the roots of the tree, whether the land is situated high or low.

2. Excessive fertility while the trees are young, whether it be secured in the natural conditions of the soil or by the ingenuity of man.

3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality.

4. Allowing the tree to overbear and thus exhaust the vitality by a single crop of fruit.

5. By deficient and improper cultivation.

On the other hand the conditions of success in peach-growing are:

1. An elevated locality that is not subject to late frosts in the spring or late frosts in the fall.

2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificia drainage may prove successful, but its utility has not yet been fully demonstrated.

3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, until the trees come into bearing, then combine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by growth of trees and fruit.

4. Never let a tree overbear.

5. Continue cultivation until the close of the dry season every summer, even if it continues until September.

A Clear Case of Predestination.

I well remember one fellow, a fine soldier, too, who scorned the burden of even a blanket on a march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war, and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defence of his creed. One day he was sitting with a group in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded among them and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. His antagonist yelled at him and twitted him for want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered back: "Ca-ca-can't stop; its pre-predestination that I must get on the other side of the traverse!" and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable alacrity.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Greatest Known Cold.

In his report of his mission to the Lena Delta, Lieut. William H. Schultz says: As we approached Verchoyansk (Northern Siberia), the cold was almost unbearable, compelling a stop at nearly every inhabited *yourta* (native hut), not only on account of ourselves, but more owing to the reindeer, which suffered visibly during the low temperatures. Fortunately these inhabited *yourtas* are not far apart as one approaches the village. Breathing was at times difficult, and on January 10th and 11th (1886) the temperature sank to 66° Celsius, corresponding to 86.80° Fahrenheit below zero. This is the coldest temperature ever observed, and I afterward had the satisfaction of establishing it beyond a doubt by the agreement of the thermometers at Verchoyansk, observed by exiles who were furnished with instruments by the Central Meteorological Observatory at Pavlovsk, near St. Petersburg. Verchoyansk thus maintained its reputation of being the pole of the greatest known cold, although its latitude is only 68° north.

A Deserved Thrashing.

E. H. McAlpine, referee in equity at St. John, N. B., was publicly thrashed the other day by Captain Peters, of Quebec, brother-in-law of Miss Beatrice Hathaway, of St. John, for persisting in annoying attentions to that young lady after he had been asked to stop them.

One of the attractions at the Boston baby-show is a red-haired negro infant.

No Chinaman would ever have been betrayed into the ridiculous plight of a venerable Japanese whom a friend of mine once saw parading the streets of Tokio, soberly dressed as to coat and trousers, but his white head surmounted by a child's sailor hat with floating blue streamers.—*Taverner in Boston Post.*

The temperance people of the County of Renfrew have subscribed $1,000 with which to fight the repeal of the Scott Act.

A coming man—The man for his rent.

There has just died at Kendal, Eng., an old pensioner named Wm Lindsay, from whose neck has been abstracted a bullet which he received during the Crimean war. The bullet is the size of a marble, and had been in deceased's neck for 33 years.

One of the latest achievements of science is the measurement of a snail's pace. It has just been demonstrated that a snail can go a mile in fourteen days. Science should now attempt to discover how long it takes the average messenger-boy to go the same distance in marble-playing season.

Murat Halstead's mother-in-law, Mrs. Banks, says: "Mr. Halstead is a good man, for he is good to his mother-in-law, and when a man is good to his mother-in-law he is good to every one else." Mr. Halstead is the veteran editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial.*

A sad looking man has been visiting farmers in Ohio and asking them to sign a pledge not to kill any song birds for a year. Afterwards these pledges returned in the shape of promissory notes.