shall never be able to call this girl my own, and have lost a noble heart."

It had become dark while we talked, though we had not noticed it. It had seemed to me that I heard wheels halt before the house and steps in the anteroom. Then all was still again. My friend was just going to his writing-table to fetch a light, when the door flew open and a flood of light streamed into the room. Was it a fairy scene that met my eyes, did our excited fantasies deceive us, or were we dreaming with eyes wide open? In the open doorway, carrying in her hand a little Christmas tree, ornamented with burning candles, stood Tenzile; in the other hand she held a letter.

I sprang to my feet, and Dr. Franzeen stood as though transfixed, with staring eyes, pale and trembling, with his hands raised as though to ward off an apparition.

At this moment an elderly woman, whom I recognized as the housekeeper of Mrs. Carlson, stepped from behind the girl, took from her the letter, and with the words, "From my mistress, for the Herr Doctor," laid it in Franzeen's hand.

He looked at the letter, and opened it as if in a dream. For a long time he read, nor seemed to know what he was reading. Again and again he read. His pale face took on some color, the light returned to his eyes, and sinking into a chair he wept aloud.

The beautiful girl looked with affright at this singular man, and trembled perceptibly.

I did not deem it an indiscretion to pick up and read the letter. It was from Mrs. Carlson.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND (it ran).—I have learned that you turn for happiness elsewhere than to me. My life-aim is your happiness; hence I have bought the girl that is to bring you this message to-day, in order that you may be reminded, on each return of the holy eve, that I have loved you truly, deeply and sincerely, and that I have placed your happiness above my own. My only wish is that you may make the lovely being happy, and that you may be made happy in your choice. Tenzile will return with my servant to her former mistress, and will remain with her as your betrothed until the necessary formalities for the wedding have been arranged. FLORA CARLSON.

While I was reading the letter Dr. Franzeen had risen and now stood calmly before the beautiful slave.

"You know what is contained in this letter?" he quietly asked.

"Yes," answered the girl, without raising her eyes, but with blushes suffusing her cheeks.

"You are satisfied with the destination the European lady has in view for you?"

"My duty is to obey," Tenzile answered tremblingly.

"Do you follow duty's call in this case with love—with your heart?" Dr. Franzeen questioned further.

Tenzile raised her eyes to his for a moment, fully and calmly, and said:

"Why should I not? I shall be to you a faithful servant."

"Not servant—my wife you are to be. Know you that?"

"It has been told me," came from her full, fine lips.

"And does not your heart leap with joy at the thought?" questioned Dr. Franzeen; "do you not feel a nameless happiness because of this?"

"I am rejoiced," said the girl.

"And if you had to belong to another man, would that make you unhappy?" the young physician continued, slowly.

"Then I would serve him, as it is my duty to do."

"Gladly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you would not be unhapdy if you could not belong to me?"

Tenzile smiled. "I would gladly see in you my future lord."

"You would not, however, feel unhappy, disconsolate, sad, if you could not belong to me?" persevered the young man.

"No," said Tenzile with the same smile.

The conversation had been carried on in the Turkish language. My friend now turned to me.

"The dream is over," he said: "I thought myself beloved. The girl belongs to another world than the one in which we live. She is a beautiful image, a beautiful plaything, but no wife for a Christian. Even if the letter and the mode of action of Mrs. Carlson had not already opened my eyes to a revelation, what nobility there may be in a woman, what she may be capable of, the purity of her love, the last few moments have torn from my eyes the veil that passion and intoxication of the senses wove over them. I go to throw myself at the feet of that woman, and to beg her forgiveness. This is the second time she has proved my saviour."

"Josepha," he continued, addressing the elderly companion of the girl, "do you go back to your mistress, conduct this pretty child to her, and tell her that I shall be with her in a few minutes to express my thanks."

Smiling sweetly, Tenzile took her leave and disappeared with the housekeeper. Darkness again fell upon the room.

"You will excuse me?" asked Dr. Franzeen; "I shall attempt to obtain forgiveness," he added simply.

"I know that you will find it."

We parted with a long pressure of the hands that said more than words could have expressed, and I returned to my lodgings.

I might have been at home an hour when I heard a waggon stop before the house, and in a few minutes Mrs. Carlson's little, gray-headed American servant stood before me with an invitation to come to the villa as quickly as possible, and to make use of the carriage she had sent.

I ran down to the carriage in such haste that the old fellow could scarcely keep up with me.

Stepping into the drawing-room I found Mrs. Carlson and Dr. Franzeen standing, hand in hand, with that bliss shining from their eyes that only such moments can bring forth; bliss such as probably no human twain experience a second time in this life. On a side table stood the Christmas tree that Tenzile had borne. The young girl had already returned to her former mistress.

How the reconciliation took place I never had a precise account. Dr. Franzeen merely hinted that he had said about the same thing to her that he had in his room to me—for that was all that at the moment he could think of. When he stepped into the lady's room and exclaimed, "Forgive me, forgive me! I have dreamed a hasheesh dream, but am now awake and see but you alone in this world" Mrs. Carlson fainted and lay senseless in his arms. At last she opened her eyes wide, looked deeply and gravely into his, slowly put her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

In far-away Turkey there was a "Merry Christmas." And so may the coming holiday prove to each and every one of our readers!

SLAVES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Poor Girls Enticed From Their Homes and Sold.

An extensive female slave trade is still carried on in Constantinople, in spite of the consuls of the Christian powers. Hardly a week passes without the arrival of a white-haired courier, between 65 and 70 years old, accompanied by a convoy of young girls, mostly from poor families in Galicia, whom he has induced to come with him to the Turkish capital, under the promise of a "splendid" situation or a "rich marriage." The Austrian consular officials, as well as those of other Powers, have kept a wakeful eye upon this old scoundrel, and stopped him from landing his "wares" in Constantinople itself. It is now discovered that he takes them to a spot where they are out of reach of European law, Kawak, the Turkish quarantine station on the Bosphorus. Here they are unshipped, and sent ultimately to Constantinople by the land route to Bujukdere. Here not a soul is troubled about their deplorable fate, and their redemption from the horrors prepared for them is only possible through energetic foreign help. The "proprietor" takes them to a certain bourse, called the Casino, where his living wares are dealt with exactly as if they were dead matter or shares. The price for the "coarser wares," as they are brutally described, varies from $150 to $300. The price of the "finer wares" is higher, reaching the level sometimes of $1,200. They are bought for customers in Smyrna, Alexandria, Cairo and other places under Mohammedan rule. The "brokers" attempt to conceal the nature of their trade by deceptive advices; for instance, "expect three dozen silver spoons" (which is technical for the "finer wares;" or "we send five vessels of meal" (a medium quality;) or "eight sacks of potatoes" (the coarsest quality).

Cullings from Grip's Comic Almanac for '89

Is a roguish Irishman an arrah-nt rogue?

A female domestic is a woman out at hire. A lady in full dress at the opera is a woman out —— or, rather, in attire.

How sharper than a banana peel it is to have a sidewalk tobogganing child!

These days, give a man an invitation and he takes a smile.

One man can lead himself into the belief that his sidewalk needs cleaning; but it takes a policeman, a summons to appear, and a $2 fine to make him drink—the bitter dregs of remorse and rage.

"When the Leaves begin to Fall" is a touching ode—to the heart. "When the Bills begin to Fall Due" is a touching ode to the pocket.

Given no coal ashes on the sloping pavement or given no patent creepers! Find how soon the ambulance will get there.

There is one disadvantage in Canadian agriculture. You can't raise an ice palace that will keep over summer.

"Have I your implicit trust, Adeline Evangeline?" he asked anxiously. "Yes, George Algernon St. Albans," she responded. "Your perfect confidence?" "Aye." "Sure." "Then, say, girly, can I strike you for half a dollar to pay my washerwoman?"

The First of the Season.—"What's the matter, John? You look down in your luck." "No, not exactly; but a few minutes ago, up street, I was down on my back."

There are two phrases which grew from Canadian politics, and which are indelibly inscribed on the annals of Canadian newspaperdom. "The Brawling Breed of Bribers" was coined by Christopher Finlay Fraser, and "The Puling Policy of Prating Partizans" was evolved from the brain of the late James Fahey. There is still another, but there haint nothin' to it.

Mrs. Langtry's Toilet Set.

Probably the most unique set of silver in this country belongs to Mrs. Langtry; it numbers over 200 pieces, not one of which is modern, except the beautiful Venetian mirror, which is framed in silver lilies, and shows the monogram of the Lily herself just on top. Silver brushes that the Venetian ladies of old used for their golden locks are now in the possession of this latter-day beauty. Then there are curious boxes in which the old Hollanders kept their finest tobacco, and that now holds hair-pins or any of the little knick-knacks of a woman's toilet. Mirrors carved by famous silversmiths of long ago, and that reflects the faces of other happy and beautiful women, and jars in which they kept the powder that made their hair white, or the rouge that made their cheeks pink. Silver flasks that held the veritable aqua-toffana, now bottle very innocent drugs, and great perfume jugs that once knew mysterious Oriental sweets are now overflowing with wood violet. The silver tops to the cut-glass bottles were in the long ago the cases of watches; in those days the covering was elaborately carved in scenes of the chase, and the watch was a source of great pride to its owner. The candlesticks once lighted the way to a bridal in Ireland, or stood at the head of a coffin, and the great silver holder so elaborately carved, and in which rests a big blue pin-cushion, was once brought on the table with a wooden bowl in it, in which were smoking hot those strange new vegetables imported from Virginia to Ireland and known as potatoes. It has taken Mrs. Langtry eleven years to collect this silver, and, after all, when is a silver set complete?

Gems of Wisdom.

No comforter's head ever aches.—Italian Proverb.

Things promised are things due.—French Proverb.

He who is feared by many fears many.—German Proverb.

He that will, does more than he that can.—Portuguese Proverb,

There is no house without its hush! hush!—Spanish Proverb.

Let every one look to himself and no one will be lost.—Dutch Proverb.

No solitude is so solitary as that of unharmonious companionship.—Phelps.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A Prolific Animal.

Mr. Rufus Wickens, of Kimberley, has a 2-year-old sow which downs the record. Within eighteen months past she has given birth to, and raised, thirty-seven porkers. She is now caring for a litter of ten. The sow herself is black, and the pigs are pure white.—*Flesherton (Grey Co.) Advance.*

Don't Carry Apples in Bags.

When I was a small boy, my father said: "Remember, never to carry apples or potatoes in bags or sacks, if you do not want them bruised." I have always remembered this very important advice. After I became a man and began to understand the reason and philosophy of the wise caution, I perceived that when a bag is filled with apples and they are lifted and tumbled about, as bags of salt and grain are handled, a large portion of the apples will be bruised, for the reason that the sides of the bag (the bag itself) and the weight of the apples will operate with a leverage by way of bruising a few apples on one side, and then on the other, until many of the apples will be badly bruised. Then, when a bagful of apples may be stood on one end, almost the entire weight of the packet will rest on a few apples at the bottom, the sides of which will be bruised or crushed in, to the great damage of the fruit.

If we fill a bag with eggs and oats (as eggs are usually packed in a barrel) and attempt to handle the packet, it will be perceived at once that too much pressure will crush eggs in many parts of the package. Eggs are not shipped to market in sacks, for the simple reason that a bag or thickness of canvas is not sufficient to protect the eggs from injury. For the same reason, fruit and potatoes cannot be transported in sacks without being damaged more or less. Sweet potatoes are frequently transported in sacks, when they get so badly bruised that they decay. Then buyers wonder what can make their sweet potatoes decay so soon.

Importers of valuable crockery often sustain great losses in consequence of having it packed in large and limber crates made of small trees and branches of trees. When a crate of crockery is hoisted from a ship it bends and twists and yields in many ways, thus operating on much of the contents with a powerful leverage, sufficient to break and ruin half the contents of the package. If the crate is stiff, like a strong box or hogshead, very few pieces will be broken. Thus it is with fruit. If apples, or pears, or sweet potatoes are well packed in a strong barrel or box, they will escape all that damage which will inevitably ensue when such commodities are transported in bags.—*E. S. Todd in Country Gentleman.*

Weed Out the Stock.

The *American Agriculturalist* says: "Now is the time to get rid of the poorer animals. It will not pay to winter them, as better animals will give larger returns for shelter, care and feed. It is not economy to keep a poor animal through any season; but it is most extravagant to keep it through the winter. It is the height of folly in stock-raising to sell the best and keep the worst. True, the best bring the largest prices; but if you sell the best and keep the worst, soon your best will be no better than your worst is now, and your worst will be such that the more you have the poorer you will be. You, by this plan, constantly make your animals poorer; and as the stock raiser makes his animals poorer he makes himself poorer. If he keeps up the process, bankruptcy is as sure as fate. The opposite policy is the winning policy. Sell the poorest and retain the best. And sell enough of the poorer animals that you may buy a few better than the best you now have. This is making your animals constantly better and yourself richer. Soon your worst will bring as much as your best now. If you have not the pure-bred animals, sell enough scrubs or grades to buy an animal of each sex, pure-bred. Hold fast to the full-blooded produce, and to the highest grades. Almost before you are aware of it you will have only pure-bred animals. If once we start with pure-bred animals, the increase of breeding make us rich in flocks and herds of the best blood in what, when the goal is reached, seems a very short time.

Standing by the Jerseys.

I have little fear of the future, near or distant, of the American Jersey breeder. The most interesting feature of the present condition of the Jersey market, however, is the evident absorption by the farming and dairy interest of the large majority of the Jerseys sold to-day. They are going, just where breeders want them to go, into the hands of those who buy largely on their faith in the capacity and practical usefulness of the Jersey in the butter dairy. Of course breeders would like to get better prices as the reward of their intelligent efforts in breeding; yet there is no field which the legitimate breeder more confidently seeks for the sake of the Jersey's reputation than that of practical service in the dairy of the farmer. It would seem to be a work of supererogation to recount the merits of the Jersey at this late date; suffice it to say that unquestionably the Jersey will produce more butter on the same amount of feed than any other breed known. The Guernseys come nearer than any others, but they have not been so carefully developed for superior production. Farmers may rely on the truth of this assertion. I know that the large udders of the Holsteins are very attractive. I have seen specimens of the breed that were very superb models in form, externally, of the milch cow; but let a farmer buy one of these thirty-quart cows, and place her alongside of a fifteen-quart Jersey for a competitive test, and I venture the assertion that the quantity of hay and grain necessary to enable the Jersey to produce twelve pounds of butter a week would, if fed to the Holstein, cause her yield to fall in three months to ten quarts, with a butter capacity of probably six pounds a week. Farmers must not lose sight of the fact that the most profitable butter cow is the one that will make a pound of butter at the lowest cost for feed. I once took three quarts of pure milk of a well-bred and splendidly formed Holstein and set it for cream. I also took a quart and a pint of Jersey milk, to which I added a like amount of water, and set the mixture for cream. The adulterated Jersey milk showed one-fifth more cream than the pure Holstein milk. If you have a market that does not regard the quality of milk, it may pay to keep Holsteins. In Connecticut and New Jersey it is not considered a safe operation to sell Holstein milk unless labelled skim milk, since the law requires that whole milk shall show in those States respectively 13 and 12 per cent. solids. There can be no question that for profitable production of butter the Jersey cannot be equalled, much less excelled, and so I am pleased to see farmers investing in Jerseys. I know of many instances of farmers buying high grade and pure Jerseys for the butter dairy, and I never knew of an instance of their being discarded when once thoroughly tried. On the other hand, I have heard them say they were worth as much again as the ordinary cow of the country for butter production. There never was a time when so good a grade or quality of Jerseys could be bought as to-day. In the past ten years the breeding community has been educated to appreciate the inestimable value of the bull in all breeding problems. Every breeder has striven to have as the leader of his herd the very best bull he could afford to buy, and with the use of such bulls, the offspring of comparatively poor cows have been, so to speak, graded up to a higher level of merit, and the average intrinsic value of Jerseys bred in this country in the past five years is probably 100 per cent. superior to that of animals bred ten or fifteen years ago. Hence it is a good time for farmers to buy. I know that in the practical test of actual performance in the dairy, the Jersey cow will not disappoint, while by the time that farmers shall have built up their herds to a fulness that seeks a market for their surplus stock, they will find a demand at prices that will soon reimburse them for their original outlay.—*G. W. Finke in Country Gentleman.*

A Scientist's Delusion.

I once asked Prof. Tyndall how he accounted for the spiritualistic belief of a certain eminent man of science. He replied: "That man's intellect is a loom. Give him his facts, he will vigorously weave them; but his discrimination as to what are facts is faulty, and he will sometimes weave rotten along with sound threads into his weft." Not long after a female medium—a favorite with these spirit scientists—was detected by two gentlemen of the British Musum. While the spirit was walking about the room under a dim light she was clutched by one and the other, striking a powerful light, revealed the form of the medium—supposed to be securely bound with sealed knots in a cabinet. The facts were certified in the *Times*. They were admitted. But the scientific man whose judgment Dr. Tyndall questioned wrote a letter to the *Times* maintaining that the spirit, not being able to materialize that evening, had that evening utilized the medium's body without that medium's consciousness or knowledge. What wise spirits! To select for this exceptional performance the particular evening when two scientists were present with apparatus for bringing their medium into disgrace! Yet such was the degree to which emotional enthusiasm could smother the brain which, simultaneously with Darwin, discovered the law of evolution!—*Open Court.*

The Power of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thought, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far-reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, those tiny, sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Beauty's Mecca.

Belle (third season, languidly)—Oh dear, I wish I had been born an English peeress.

Another Belle (first season)—Why, sweetest, because you are tired of trying to become one?—*Life.*

Poor Widow Bedott!

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only—

Affliction sore
Long time I bore.

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for the weaknesses and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

Comparative and Superlative.

"And you say they all were drowned?"

"Yes, all but one woman—a dressmaker—who managed to grasp a floating spar and she held on till help came."

"Ah, I see. The survival of the fitter."

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Death in the Kiss.

An Erie, Pa., despatch says: Mrs. William Savory, of Northeast, lies dying, a sacrifice to her love for a dead friend. Miss Stella Stinson had died of consumption, and when Mrs. Savory heard of her death she entered the room where the corpse lay and kissed the lifeless lips of her dead friend passionately. The undertaker who was temporarily absent from the room, had just saturated the face and lips of the dead girl with a poisonous liquid, and Mrs. Savory having absorbed the deadly poison, was stricken a few hours later, and her sufferings are extreme.

Desperation.

Miss Westend (confidentially)—Mr. Saphead proposed to me last night.

Rival Belle—Did he? When I refused him in the afternoon he said he was going to do something desperate.

A LONELY SINGER

Hurls Defiance to an Assembled Congregation—Pastor and Precentor Episode.

The members of the Carlton Street Presbyterian Church have almost unanimously taken the side of the pastor in regard to the precentorship, and yesterday the new singer, who is the choice of the congregation, was left in undisputed possession of his box. The only contretemps occurred during the morning services.

The second psalm given out by the minister was the 74th. He asked the congregation to sing the first three verses. Smoothly went the singing of the first two verses, and the third was sung in a tone indicative of its application to some of those present:

To these long desolations
Thy feet lift do not tarry,
For all the ills Thy foes have done
Within Thy sanctuary.

With this verse the singing should have ended, but there fell on the startled ears of the faithful few the shrill, clear voice of a lady singer, who took up the next two verses and sung:

Amidst Thy congregations
Thine enemies do roar;
Their ensigns they set up for signs
Of triumph Thee before.

A man was famous, and was had
In estimation
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon.

The congregation listened in mute astonishment, not a solitary voice joining the lonely singer. Having thus flung the axe at the heads of those she metaphorically wished to slay, all settled down quietly and listened to a good old-fashioned "effectual" calling discourse from Rev. Mr. Cleland, who had come in to express sympathy with the pastor and congregation, and was called on to address them.—*Toronto Mail.*

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, insanity, to *death*? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

The Secret of Their Unhappiness.

Edith—So you and Tom were finally married, Nell?

Nell—Yes; but we're not happy!

Edith—What! Not happy? Why how's that?

Nell—We didn't marry each other.

Time For Action.

Minister—I hope you are a good little boy, Bobby, and always mind your father?

Bobby—Yes, sir, I always do what he tells me when he begins to call me Robert.

Several years ago a coal mine in Japan took fire and forty or fifty miners were entombed. Recently the mouth of the pit was opened, and, on searching, the bodies of the victims were discovered. By the action of water they were converted into stone.

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"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material consumed and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

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