The Little Ones.

The little ones are pests, we sigh
And lots of trouble make us;
Ere golden morning opes her eye
They from our slumbers wake us.

Nay, oft ere half the night is o'er,
They start us from our dreaming,
And we must rise and walk the floor
Until they cease their screaming.

Perhaps our rashness we deplore
Indulge in wishing, maybe,
We had remained a bachelor
While singing "Sleep, my baby."

We wonder why we took a wife,
While wrath within us nursed is,
And think of all the ills of life
A squaling babe the worst is.

But when grim death is hovering nigh
(Far distant may that day be!)
"Take all we own, O, Lord!" we cry,
"But spare to us the baby."

A Funny World.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it, and be hard up
all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To catch up, without attaining,
Till he makes his life a burden when it should be
bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand yearly
Would be just the figure to make happiness
complete.
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his outgo then increasing makes his both
ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
Flush to-day and broke to-morrow,
Financeering every way to postpone the day
of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within
the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does
before he should.
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal
good.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

What it Costs to Raise an Ordinary Boy to Man's Estate.

"My father never did anything for me," recently remarked a young man who a few weeks ago finished his school life and is now seeking a good business opening. Judging by the words and the complaining tone in which they were uttered, the member of the firm who heard them is prone to the belief that the young man's idea of "doing something" is an outright gift of $1,000 in a lump, or the purchase of a partnership in an established concern. The young man, to the knowledge of the writer, has never done one month's actual work for others in his entire life. His life has been passed in the pleasant pastimes of the home circle, in reading, hunting, fishing, ball-playing, yachting and other employments not particularly beneficial to others. He is a type of that class of boys whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to keep servants to attend to the household drudgery, and whose fathers follow vocations in which no use can be made of the boy's spare time. Like most boys of his class, he looks upon his board and clothes for twenty years, together with his pony, jewellery, bicycle, etc., as matters of course. The writer, while the complaining remark was still ringing in his ear, had the curiosity to make a conservative compilation of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, and here it is: $100 per year for the first five years, $500; $150 per year for the second five years, $750; $200 per year for the third five years, $1,000; $300 per year for the next three years $900; $500 per year for the next two years, $1,000. Total, $4,150. This is a moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him.—*Exchange.*

Indicted for Selling His Soul.

The following curious indictment for making an impious bargain with an evil spirit is copied from the new volume of "Middlesex County Records," edited by John Cordy Jeafferson:

"20 April, 19 Charles I—True Bill that at St. Giles Without Tripplegate, co. Midd., on the said day, Thomas Browne, late of said parish, yeoman, by a certain writing, dated on the said day of the said year, wickedly, diabolically, and feloniously made an agreement with an evil and impious spirit, that he, the said Thomas Browne, would within ten days after the death of him, Thomas Browne, give his soul to the said evil and impious spirit, to the intention (ad intencionem—in consideration) that the said evil and impious spirit yearly, at the Feasts of Pentecost and the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, should pay, or cause to be paid to the same Thomas Browne the sum of £1,000 of current English money on each of the said feasts for and during the term of the natural life of the said Thomas Browne and to the intention (ad intencionem—in consideration) that the said evil and impious spirit should defend the same Thomas from all perils of body and goods for and during the full term of 41 years, and that the same Thomas should have and marry a woman who should be pleasing to the same Thomas, and that the same Thomas should have and enjoy all health, riches and worldly pleasures for and during the natural life of the same Thomas. And for the performance thereof the same Thomas then and there, impiously and blasphemously as an impious apostate, promised and vowed to renounce the Lord and Saviour Christ, against the Catholic Christian faith, and to the grave scandal of the Christian religion and of all pious Christians, and to the great displeasure of God Almighty, and to the evil and pernicious example of all others in a case of this kind failing in duty (omnium aliorum hujusmodi casu delinquentem) and against the peace of the said Lord, now King, his crown and dignity, and also against the form of the statute for a case of this kind published and provided. Putting himself 'not guilty' on the contrary. Thomas Browne was found 'not guilty' by a jury who did not retract.—G. D. R., 19 Charles I."

"G. D. R." means the Gaol Delivery Roll.—*Notes and Queries.*

John W. Young, the eldest son of the late head of the Mormon Church, is a wealthy and energetic business man, who has made a fortune in railroads, banks and cattle ranching. He is 43 years old and in the full vigor of manhood.

REMARKABLE SLEEP.

A Woman in a Trance for Over Thirty-Five Days.

NO SOLID FOOD FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Mrs. Althouse, of Attica, N. Y., has awakened from her trance, which lasted a few hours over 35 days. She is excessively weak.

For a year and a half she has partaken of no solid food, and has remained in a series of trances throughout that period. The other day, a futile effort was made to arouse the sleeper. Dr. Retel sent a strong current from a galvanic battery through her frame, threw cold water on her face, and resorted to every means of which he could think to awaken her. The only result was that a slight glow was noticed on the body, and the cold, clammy feeling disappeared. Her head turned almost imperceptibly but there was no awakening. The electric current was turned on until it was strong enough to raise the dead, but that was all the good it did.

To a reporter the other day her sister said: "Emma's first sleep was in August, 1887, and she hasn't been off that bed since, nor has she taken any solid food."

"Just before that she was attacked with dysentery, and this was followed by inflammation of the stomach. When these were relieved she fell asleep, generally sleeping for three days and then awakening for a day and a night. Then she would gradually re-enter the trance state and remain in it for another three days.

"During her conscious moments she partook of nourishment in the shape of milk, which was fed to her by the spoonful, and the quantity given in that way seldom exceeded half a gill."

The trance periods increased in duration and lasted seven and ten days frequently. Her sisters judge that she knows what is going on while in them, and cite instances to prove that this knowledge is not limited to local events by any means.

A local Spiritualist believes that she is a misdirected medium, and that her spirit travels all over the country during the trances. He bases his opinion on what the sisters say.

Her grandfather died last summer while she was in a trance. When she awakened Dr. Huber, who was then attending her, inquired:

"What did you see or hear while you were asleep?"

Her lips moved, but no audible sound could be heard. She seemed too weak to talk.

"How is grandpa?" she finally whispered.

"He is worse," said the doctor.

"No; he is dead," she whispered; "I know he is dead." She looked surprised as she said this. Miss Toms says that the death was never mentioned or alluded to in the sick room. Similar instances are vouched for by the family.

"What was her longest sleep?" I asked.

"It began on March 11th, 1888," was the reply, "and lasted thirty-five days, just as this one has now. She was awake for eight days before this sleep, and partook of more nourishment during that time than she had in the whole preceding time of her illness."

When she awakened that time it was only after persistent efforts on the part of the doctor, and when she opened her eyes she whispered to the doctor: "For heaven's sake don't let me go to sleep again or I shall never wake up." She then could not see with her eyes open nor could she distinguish anything, but these senses soon returned to her.

When coming out of a trance the symptoms exhibited are bleeding at the nose, high temperature, strong pulse and mutterings. She stays awake for a while and then takes a short nap, from which she easily awakens, feeling much refreshed.

On occasions, the family say, Mrs. Althouse has predicted the duration of her trances. She has usually slept for the periods indicated.

Moody and Sankey's Angels.

"An incident which I can never forget happened when we were singing in London," said Mr. W. B. Thomas, the first basso of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, last Saturday. "It was at the time Mr. Moody was preaching there, and he asked us to come and sing for him. According to instruction we were to enter at the rear door of the tabernacle, climb the back stairs and occupy a rear gallery, where we would not be seen by the congregation. There was an immense audience, over 7,000 persons being prsent. Mr. Moody preached his sermon, and at the close said to the people: "We will now bow our heads a few moments in silent prayer."

"That was our time. We softly sang, 'Steal Away to Jesus,' and everybody except Mr. Moody was astonished. They looked at the choir, but the choir was as much surprised as themselves. They could see no one on the platform but Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, and they were not singing. No words can describe the effect it had on them, many actually believing it was the singing of angels. We had sung in France, Germany, Austria and in Scotland, and before seven of the crowned heads of Europe, but had never created such a sensation as we did then, and," concluded Mr. Thomas, good humoredly, "we have never been taken for angels since."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Christian Scientist's Advice.

Miss Whitlock, a Christian scientist of Fredericton, N. B., attended a lady who had a sore on her leg and persuaded her not to send for a doctor, as the matter was not serious. The case grew worse, and finally medical help was called in. The disease was found to be cancer. The lady has had her leg amputated, but it is feared the remedy was applied too late to save her life.

Pride of Station.

Prima Donna (proudly)—If that is the Prince of Wales at the door, tell him that the queen of the operatic stage has no desire to associate with mere princes.

Maid—It is not the Prince, madam; it is a soap manufacturer.

"Oh! Admit him."—*New York Weekly.*

Lifts will shoot up and down the 1,000 foot Eiffel tower in Paris, and 750 persons an hour may thus be conveyed to the edge of cloudland.

WAS ST. PAUL MARRIED?

Female Debaters Wrestle with the Unique Topic in Victoria, B.C.—Remarkable Sequel to the Inquiry.

(Victoria Correspondence Vancouver Courier.)

Towards the close of last week Victoria—or at least that portion of Victoria that goes to church—has enjoyed the delightful sensation of a full-fledged church scandal, smothered, or very nearly so, by the local papers, "out of consideration," etc. On Tuesday evening the energetic ladies of the Pandora Street Methodist Church filled the school-room to overflowing by announcing a debate, with three well-known ladies of the church on either side, upon the question, "Was St. Paul a Married Man?" The subject was unique and the audience expected the argument to be ditto and were in no way disappointed. Cold Biblical facts, pro and con., were interspersed with humorous anecdotes and witticisms, useful in the debate, but considered by some to be decidedly irreverent and casting a slur upon the sanctity surrounding the character of the greatest apostle of the Christian Church. The debate was reported *in extenso* by the city papers, and proved abundant food for conversation for the remainder of the week. Sunday following the discussion of St. Paul's domestic relations was the occasion of the anniversary of the Sunday school, and Rev. P. McF. Macleod, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, had promised to occupy the pulpit. The debate, however, had met with his strongest disapproval, and two days before he was to have preached he despatched the Rev. Mr. Starr, the shepherd of the Methodist flock, an "awful letter," censuring pastor and people for allowing the discussion, and making, he averred, the church the scene of a debate, some of the arguments adduced in which would have disgraced a brothel. The letter was a lengthy one and was couched in language—to borrow a chestnutty expression—that "gave forth no uncertain sound." It must have caused the ears of the reverend recipient to tingle a little, no matter how secure he felt in the right of the position he and his church had taken. The document was shown to but few. One who saw it was, however, the husband of one of the fair debaters, or debatees whichever it is; and his choler rose instanter. He demanded an immediate explanation of Rev. Mr. Macleod, and it is stated that his wife received in reply a letter from the pastor of St. Andrew's informing her that the only one which the letter to Mr. Starr had intended to censure was that gentleman's wife. The Presbyterian clergyman's opinion of herself, of course, reached Mrs. Starr's ears, and, not strange to say, she failed to appreciate it. She is of the opinion, and so are some others, that the trouble and strong words used are the outcome of personal jealousy, which Mrs. Macleod is said to entertain for Mrs. Starr's popularity. Mr. Macleod and Mr. Starr are willing to let the matter drop in order to avoid a scandal, but both are firm in supporting the positions they have taken. The clergy of the Episcopal Church supported Rev. Mr. Macleod from their pulpits on Sunday, which some people, of course, disapproved, and the whole matter is gradually cooling, although the two churches henceforth "will never speak as they pass by."

The Verdict of the World.

The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay, and he can't afford, to advertise, sets up his judgment in opposition to that of all the best business men in the world. With a few years' experience in conducting a small business on a few thousand dollars of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands of men whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made their millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay. If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants in every town, large and small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it doesn't pay to advertise, why do the heaviest business firms in the world spend millions of dollars in that way? Is it because they want to donate those millions of dollars to the newspaper and magazine publishers, or because they don't know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar "storekeeper" in a country town, who says money spent in advertising is thrown away, or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous, and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self-conceit in assuming that he knows more than the entire business world is laughable, and reminds us of the man who proved that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.—*Burlington Republican.*

THE SHORTEST GRAMMAR EVER WRITTEN.

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an and the.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
His head, her face, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell something to be done—
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly quickly, ill or well.
Conjunctions join the words together—
As men and women, wind or weather.
The preposition stands before
The noun, as in, or through, the door.
The interjection shows surprise,
As Oh! how pretty, Ah! how wise.
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

—Marriage is usually a failure when a man thinks he is marrying an angel and the woman a man like to a novelist's hero.

—Rider Haggard has become a vegetarian upon the idea that he can work longer and better without meat.

Oh, merchant, in thine hour of e e e,
If on this paper you should c c c,
And look for something to app p p
Your yearning for greenback v v v,
Take our advice and now be y y y,
Go straight ahead and advert i i i,
You'll find the project of some u u u;
Neglect can offer no ex q q q.
Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a,
A silent business soon de k k k.

A writ has been served on Mr. Herchmer, Commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, charging him with importing into the Northwest Territories and having in his barracks, near Regina, a thousand gallons of beer without permission of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Four London gentlemen met with a runaway accident yesterday, one of them, Mr. Screaton, being very seriously injured.

GREW WEALTHY WITHOUT EFFORT.

The Remarkable Luck of Mr. Valancey Fuller's Late Partner.

When the late Lieut.-Gov. McDonald reached Escanaba he was still a laborer, although he had the confidence of railroad contractors, and they made him superintendent of some railway construction. Little by little he had accumulated means—perhaps $1,000—and time came for an investment. He paid $750 for a tract of land near Escanaba. There were no expectations built on the purchase further than that it was a safe place in which to keep his money. But gradually the mining investigations spread, and one day an expert came to him with an offer of $100,000 for the $750 tract of land. One of the best mineral veins of the Upper Peninsula had been discovered running across the land. McDonald finally declined the offer. Then $200,000 was offered. Still he shook his head. Then $300,000; still "no;" $400,000. "I think I'll run that myself," said he. He declined $500,000 for his land. He was a rich man. It had dropped into his hands.—*Detroit Special to Chicago Herald.*

Sir John Lawes on Fertility, Wheat, etc.

A newspaper reporter has been interviewing this noted agriculturist, and we find one of the most important experiments made at Rothamstead has been growing wheat continuously on one section for forty-five years—in one case without manure. The average of the first recorded eighteen years gave 14⅝ bushels per acre, and last year the same quantity was produced, showing that in the soil there is a large reserve amount of fertility. "Of course," continued Sir John, "you will know that this is a low average, for in the same field with some forms of manure we have had nearly thirty-five bushels per acre. Still, this low average is greater than that of America or India, and equal to that of all the world. So that our English soil can produce wheat as well as any other, even if unmanured."

"Then our allowing wheat to be grown by others for us is not because the soil is exhausted?"

"Not at all. It is merely a question of price. Wheat can be grown as well as ever, but not profitably under present rates."

"In case of war would it be possible to grow all the corn we need?"

"Yes, if the first year could be got over. All would depend upon that. Given the supply of seed, and we could grow all the corn needed in this country. But the feeding for that first year would determine the whole matter, and I do not see how it could be done, unless we can defend our commerce."

"Here," he continued, "I wish to show you a most important experiment. Five years ago we left the upper end of this wheat field uncropped, allowing the corn to fall when ripe. In three years there was scarcely a single ear of corn left; those which I could find were short in the stalk, and with perhaps a single grain. Now there is not one. This shows that food products are almost entirely artificial, and that in a few years the land would be a perfect wilderness if uncultivated. But I myself was surprised at the rapidity with which the wheat disappeared."

"How do you explain this?"

"The weeds were stronger and killed out the artificial grain. Weeds are hardy, and it is really 'the survival of the fittest,' or the hardiest. The same thing I can show you in the turnip field, where the unmanured plot is almost barren, the plants having scarcely in any case formed a bulb. It is the starch we want as food. Cultivation and fertilization give that starch."

"How have you found the crops this year, Sir John?"

"Grass and roots very heavy indeed, but grain bad. Not so serious as 1879, but still below the average. Here, for instance," picking up a bundle of wheat, "I always test by holding the straw midway. If the ears weigh it down I know all is right. If not, as in the case now, it is poor. I do not know yet how much the yield will go below the average, but it is seriously so."

"Then I suppose all-round farmers will not suffer greatly—that is, taking one crop with the other?"

"Stock farmers will be better off, for beef is rising, and they have abundance of food, but wheat farmers must suffer."

"I believe you have written against the system of silage. Is that so?"

"Yes. I do not believe in making silage for its own sake. In a bad year like the present, when hay could scarcely be made, the system may be employed, but not when the crops can be gathered in a good condition. The process destroys the finest qualities of the food and cannot make poor stuff into good food."

Not Beyond Hope.

"My friend," said the solemn-looking man who was distributing slips of paper on the street corner, "do you ever go to church?"

"Every Sunday," replied the young man addressed. "I am an usher."

"There is hope even for you, my young friend," said the solemn-looking man, with deep feeling, as he handed him a tract.

All Credit to the Doctors.

Dr. Spouter (who is rather inclined to talk shop)—"Did you know that mankind was subject to two thousand different diseases, Miss Debut?"

Miss Debut—"Indeed! And to think that there were only three or four when the doctors first began!"

Very Guarded in His Remarks.

"Our dear sister," said the Nebraska pastor, "has gone to a better land—that is, if there be any better land than can be found here in the Missouri bottoms."—*Terre Haute Express.*

A Stormy Prospect for 1889.

"No, I can't marry you, Mr. Trotters but I'll be a sister to you."

"Well, I dare say there's room down home, but I don't know how you'll get along with my other sisters."

The girl blacksmith, Miss Anna Bole, who recently exhibited a dozen horseshoes in the Mechanics' Institute in San Francisco, is described as being "about five feet three inches high and rather fragile than strong." She is 15 years old.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is said that the case of the cartridges for the Lebel rifle, about which the French Government maintain such a mystery, is solid drawn copper, and the bullet of type metal with a thin coating of steel.

By the improper use of the single word "thereof" in the will of Mrs. Anne McCullough, who died in Pittsburg recently, the sum of $130,000 will be diverted from the object for which she intended it.

The gold and silver plate which belongs to the Duke of Cumberland weighs some twelve tons, and the jewels are valued at £400,000. The duke's hereditary casket includes the famous pearls of Queen Charlotte (worth £150,000), which caused nearly twenty years' litigation between the Queen and the King of Hanover.

According to the Leeds *Mercury* there are in England and Wales 250 religious denominations, with 47,000 places of worship. There are 38,000 ministers and the church and chapel officials number about 170,000. Communicants number about 3,000,000. The annual cost of all this is about £16,000,000 ($80,000,000).

Texas has an area of 274,356 square miles; California an area of 156,591 miles. There are only four States with more than 100,000 square miles. When we come to the United States Territories, Alaska shoots far ahead with its area of 577,390 square miles, or nearly four times that of any other territory in the Republic.

The New York *Mail and Express* says: "Cotillon figures are becoming more and more eccentric and peculiar. Supposed-to-be modest and respectable women lifting up their gowns and jumping through paper hoops held by men is a most edifying spectacle in fashionable houses!" How would ballet-skirts serve as an improvement?

London is to have "luncheon cars." Each car is to carry about with it a cook, together with a cooking apparatus and a good supply of the necessary raw material; and to prevent the charge of obstruction or anything of the kind, the public will be invited to enter the vehicles and to take their cheap luncheon en route so to speak.

A brother of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, British Minister to Persia, is said to be working as a porter in a grocery store at Jacksonville, Fla. Although an Oxford man, he has at various times filled the post of dry goods clerk, bill collector and bartender. His mother was a daughter of the second Earl of Oxford. Perhaps he sleeps just as sound as his greater brother.

Water impregnated with nitrates and nitrites furnished by adjacent graves is often peculiarly tempting from its brilliant appearance and mineral quality. The London *Lancet* says: "The surest carrier and most deadly fruitful nidus of zymotic contagion is the brilliant, enticing looking water charged with the nitrates which result from decomposition of animal matter."

Dr. George Dutton, Dean of the Vermont Medical College, recently addressed a gathering of workingmen in Boston, and spoke thus of Malthus: "The doctrine that the tendency to increase of population outruns the means of subsistence is false, and the doctrine of Malthus that overproduction is the cause of industrial depression is without foundation, since all the people on the globe could be allotted each one-eighth of an acre of land in the State of Texas alone.

The expulsion of French cooks from his household by the present Emperor of Germany recalls the fact that his Imperial grandfather long employed M. Urbain Dubois as *chef*. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out M. Dubois resigned his post, but Emperor William would not permit him to depart. When the fortunes of war had placed the *chef's* native village in the Emperor's power the latter issued an order that the people of that vicinity should not be compelled to pay an indemnity.

A correspondent of the *North British Agriculturist* states that dandelions in pasture form valuable food for cattle, and especially for dairy cows. Some years ago he had two fields, one with few and the other with a great many dandelions. It was found when the cows were put on the field with many of these plants their yield of milk was improved both in quality and quantity. Since then he had planted dandelions in fields laid down in grass in order to improve the pasture, and the effect has been beneficial.

Heroism of a Servant Girl.

An annual "mother's dinner" was held at Dorking last night. An interesting incident was the presentation by Mrs. Cubitt, wife of Mr. Cubitt, M. P., to Minnie Matilda Mirrell, aged 15, of an illuminated address and £5 awarded to her by the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire. She was a servant at the house of Mr. Inglis in High street, which a short time ago was burnt out. There were three children in the bed-room. She first rescued one from the first floor, then rushing up again she took the others, one under each arm, brought them down through the blinding smoke and heat, dropping one on the stairs, but afterwards groping up and recovering it. Finally she lowered the two children from the front window to the people in the street. The girl received an enthusiastic reception.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Beyond Argument.

Waldron—And so you have decided to remain a bachelor because you think marriage a failure?

McGill (who has just dropped in)—Think! Why, hang it, Jack, in my case I know it! The girl said she'd be a sister to me.

Sarcasm on Ice.

She—Don't you like to skate?

He—Yes, I do, but my feet don't.

She—Well, they are certainly big enough to know their own mind.

The town of Mills City, Va., has recently had its name changed and now rejoices in the title of "New York, jun."

During the recent fogs in London, plants are said to have suffered not only from the absence of light but from the pores of their leaves becoming filled up with the sulphurous, sooty matters contained in the fogs.