A Bed for All.

Ten weary, footsore travellers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you,
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of the wearied men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease,
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guest devised
This most ingenious plan.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by;
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

Love is Best.

All in a garden fair I sate, and spied
The tulips dancing, dancing side by side,
With scarlet turbans dressed;
All in a garden green at night I heard
The glad clear voice of night's melodious bird
Singing that "Love is best!"

The shy white jasmine drew aside her veil,
Breathing faint fragrance on the loitering gale,
And nodded, nodded "Yes!"
Sweetest of all sweet things is love! and wise!
Dance, tulip! Pipe, fond bird, thy melodies!
Rose petals scattering!

"Yet," signed the swaying cypress, "who can tell
If love be wise as sweet? if it be well
For love to dance and sing?"
I see—growing here always—year by year
The bulbuls die and on their grassy bier
Rose petals scattering!

All in that garden green the rose replied
"And, cypress, look!" I put my leaves aside,
Mark what is hid 'neath this bush!
Three blue eggs in a closely-woven nest,
Sheltered, for music's sake, by branch and breast!
There will be bulbuls, hush!

All in that garden green the bulbul trilled
"Oh, foolish cypress! thinking love was killed
Because he seemed to cease,
My best beloved hath secrets at her heart,
Gold seeds of summer-time, new buds to start
There will be roses, peace!"

Then lightlier danced the tulips than before
To waftings of the perfumed breeze, and more
Chanted the nightingale
The fireflies in the palms fresh lanterns lit;
Her zone of grace the blushing rose unknit
And blossomed, pure and pale!

—*Edwin Arnold.*

The Poet of the Future.

I've been reading Mr. Riley, in a recent magazine,
Of your idea of the Future with the truly rural
Of the careless, simple fashion in which he'll
choose to come
With the beauty of his bugles overbalancing the
drum;
And by what his hands hold not and by what he
does not wear,
I rather think I'd know him if I met him anywhere
But really Mr Riley, I do not clearly see
How you can at all say a distance say that the
Poet's he.

For it may be that this singer, who shall our
[illegible]
And come to us with bugles will wear them on
her lyre
That we shall find her shining with pearls upon
her breast,
Or rail, out in some cottage as she tills her babes
to rest;
In the choir of the cathedral we may hear her
pure voice swell
Or hum, during some sweet measure as she
serves to "turn the wheel"
For her hands may not be sunburned—although
her gloves be tan,
And your poet, Mr Riley, may not be at all a
man!

—*Charles Henry Webb.*

What Is Life?

To eat, to drink, to strive for fame,
To lay up pile of gold,
To pamper self, to fly with shame
From youth till we are old,
To tread the penny round of trade,
With disappointments rife
Now filled with hope, and now dismayed.
Oh! tell me, is this life?

An' no, 'tis but the grosser part—
A fraction of the whole;
The life which satisfies the heart
Is centred in the soul.
There lie the sanctities that chase
Away dark error's mist
That fill us with an inward grace,
And fit us to exist.

Deep in the soul love rears his throne,
There truth and faith abide;
And where they rule, ill is unknown,
And life is glorified.
The outer world, though fair to see,
Is full of hate and strife;
And, oh! how wretched must he be
Who has no inner life!

Overcome by Another's Suffering.

"It grieves me to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson, but I fear it can never be. Try, try to forget me."

"I'll try, Miss Laura," replied the young man, in a melancholy, hopeless way. "Absorbed in the vortex of business, as I shall be henceforth, I may still the clamor of my aching heart and banish your sweet image from my mind."

"Then you contemplate going into business?"

"I have made arrangements," he said in a hollow voice, "to open a large retail confectionery store."

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the beautiful girl wildly as she flung herself into his arms, "the sight of your sufferings is more than I can bear. I am yours."

T. GRANGER STEWART, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Hypertrophy of the heart is almost always present in cases of advanced cirrhotic disease, and also in the advanced stages of the inflammatory affection. One may trace in patients the gradual development of this hypertrophy advancing *pari passu* (together) with the progress of the renal (kidney) affection." In a large number of these cases the kidney disease is entirely overlooked and the trouble ascribed to heart disease as a cause, when in reality the kidney disease is the cause and the heart trouble the effect. This error is made easy on account of the kidney disease having no local manifestations in the majority of cases. The kidney disease can be cured by the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure and the consequences avoided.

A ROOSTER ON A CHURCH.

Why the Chanticleer Perches High Upon the Spire of St. Mark's.

All over the country people of a religious turn of mind have evinced great interest in the outcome of the controversy going on in St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn as to the propriety of placing a gilded rooster upon the spire of the church. It now seems, from what has been said by church people possessing a greater knowledge of the significance of religious symbols than the pious gentleman of Brooklyn, that the latter would not have been so sincere in his denunciation of the gilded rooster had he known more about its history in connection with the church. High up on the spire of St Mark's P. E. Church, on Locust street, above Sixteenth, seeming to soar among the clouds, is a gilded rooster, and that it is more than an ornament is attested to by what the rector has said about it. The church is built in that severe Gothic style for which most of the old Episcopal churches in England were noted, and is possessed of no ornamentation or decoration that is not of religious significance. It was built from the preserved plans of an old church in England which has long since succumbed to the wear and tear of time and the elements and the march of improvement. On this old church there was an allegorical crowing rooster, and it was regarded as being typical of the cock which signalized the denial of Christ by Peter. The cock which to-day surmounts the tall spire of St. Mark's Church in this city is but perpetuating the idea, and to all persons by whom its full significance is understood it is regarded as a proper symbol, in that it serves the purpose for which it was originally created, and also has a peculiar significance in awakening sleeping sinners to a consciousness of their wrongdoing and calling them to repentance. The emblem is to be found on a great many churches in this country, and, although it seemed at one time to be dropping into oblivion, there are signs of a revival in its use.—*Philadelphia Record.*

LIKE A ROMANCE OF '49.

How They Say They Find Gold in South Africa—A Nugget on Each Horn of a Deer.

Something like the excitement over alleged discoveries of gold in Lower California is attending similar news from the Transvaal, in South Africa. The diggings there are reported to be enormously rich, and a swarm of prospectors is flocking to the field. As revealing a hitherto unsuspected vein of imagination and lightsome humor on the part of the Boers, the current story of the discovery of the gold field is interesting. It was first published in the *Transvaal Advertiser*. A well known resident of the republic, it is said, while out hunting one morning, saw a koodoo bull, which he tried to stalk. After he had slightly wounded the animal, and while he was riding after it down a stony declivity, his horse stumbled, he was thrown, and his rifle was broken. At this the koodoo turned and attacked the man, knocking him down and attempting to kneel on him. By holding the animal's forelegs the man kept the buck upright, but the animal's horns had evidently entered the bank for some distance and its head was held down close upon the man's breast. The animal seemed as anxious as the man to get the horns loose but was evidently helpless, the horns being held fast in the ground. Held thus, unable to move, man and beast remained in the broiling sun all that day. At nightfall jackals and wolves came prowling about, and even brushed against the man and sprang upon the buck. But the yells of the man and the kicks of the buck kept them at bay until dawn, when they slunk away. Soon after daylight a rifle shot was heard, and a bullet slightly wounded the man in the forehead. By waving his handkerchief and shouting he prevented further firing, and the hunter, who had at first seen only the buck, came up and learned the real situation. Wishing to take the animal alive, he hurried off to the nearest farm, and brought back men with ropes and shovels, who bound the buck and extricated the man. But when the horns were at last freed there was found upon each a mass of metal, which, being removed, proved to be nuggets of gold, weighing respectively 8 and 6½ pounds. This led to the discovery of a rich gold field. Any one doubting the entire accuracy of this story can make further inquiries at the office of the *Transvaal Advertiser*.

Advice Always Seasonable.

John G. Whittier's advice to young men: Identify yourself in your youth with some righteous unpopular cause. There is a world of wisdom in that. Young men in and out of college, there is the way open to usefulness and historic renown. No cause was ever more unpopular or more unlikely to succeed than that of abolition in the thirties and forties. Some young men of talent and pluck identified themselves with it. They were laughed at, threatened, called vile names, attacked right and left. They defended themselves, met the world in battle, and grew strong in the conflict, and triumphed when their cause triumphed. Among those young men were William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and John G. Whittier. The triumph of a righteous cause is a subject for history, and the names of those men who helped it to triumph must be treated by the historian.

The Jesuit Oath.

La Minerve publishes the following, which it claims to be the only vow taken by the Jesuits: "Almighty and everlasting God, I, —— although in every way most unworthy to present myself before You, but confiding nevertheless in Your goodness and infinite mercy and urged by a desire to serve You, vow to Your Divine Majesty, in the presence of the Most Holy Virgin Mary and the whole of Your heavenly court, poverty, chastity and perpetual obedience in the Society of Jesus, and I promise to enter this society to live and die therein, interpreting all things according to the constitutions of said society. I therefore most humbly beseech Your infinite goodness, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, that You may be pleased to agreeably accept this holocaust, and that, as You have given me the desire and the means to offer it to You, You may furthermore give me abundant grace to accomplish it."

"SELF-RELIANCE" TO THE FRONT.

What He Says on an Important Subject.

Several days ago we published a letter from "Experience," upon a subject which is attracting considerable attention, and we have since received a similar communication from another, which we publish in full:

TO THE EDITOR: A short time ago I noticed in your columns a letter signed "Experience." At first I was inclined to regard the letter referred to as a clever advertising scheme of Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., to attract notice to their well known Warner's Safe Cure, which is, it must be admitted, of the greatest value and merit, but upon more mature consideration I am inclined to believe that the letter is a genuine expression from a well informed individual, who is not afraid to grapple with a question which should receive greater attention.

It is daily becoming more apparent that there is something radically wrong in the manner in which disease is being treated by those whose profession it is to heal the sick. A man is taken ill, and a physician is called in. "Only a slight nervous disorder," remarks the physician. The slight nervous disorder, however, refuses to be controlled, and in a short time the physician ominously remarks that the patient is suffering from consumption. Things go on for a while until the patient is afflicted with what the physician calls "a series of complicated disorders." Treated for first one thing and then another—dosed with all sorts of vile concoctions—the patient finally succumbs, and then for the first time it is learned that the real cause of suffering and death was disease of the kidneys, which manifested itself in various other disorders—all of which could have been promptly cured had a timely use been made of Warner's Safe Cure, which is the most important discovery made in connection with scientific progress in recent years. The reference made by "Experience" to the Robinson poisoning cases, where no less than seven members of one family died within five years from the effects of arsenical poisoning without attracting the attention of skilled physicians, who were in attendance, to the real cause, but who issued death certificates for pneumonia, typhoid fever, bowel disease, etc., is a startling disclosure of the ignorance which prevails among those whose duty it is to definitely detect and treat the true cause of disease.

I quite agree with "Experience" in the opinion that, after all, those who take matters of health in their own hands and place their reliance upon a well known remedy which is time-tested and known to be of benefit are better off than those who trust themselves in experimental and ignorant hands. SELF-RELIANCE.

The Largest Statue in the World.

It has been freely stated that the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is the largest in the world, but this is not the case. The largest statue is the great Egyptian Sphinx sculptured out of a spur of rock at Gizeh, near the pyramids. Its length is 172 ft. 6 in., its height 56 ft. Again, there is a huge idol at Bengalor which is 111 ft. in height, and therefore overtops M. Bartholdi's statue by six feet, leaving out of consideration its spiked diadem. One hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches is the height assigned to this present made by the great Republic of the old world to that of the new, but this is only obtained by measuring from the feet to the upper end of the torch which the right hand of the statue holds above its head. The Colossus of Rhodes, which, while it existed was the largest statue in the world, and one of its seven wonders, was about 123 feet in height. Its legs spanned the harbor of Rhodes and allowed a ship under full sail to pass beneath them. The Saracens, who captured Rhodes in the year 672, sold the metal of which it was composed to a Jewish merchant for a sum equivalent to £36,000 of our money.

Fashions in Pistols.

Gentleman in Chicago gun store)—"I want a pistol."

Dealer (politely)—"Yes, sir. Here is a small, plain weapon, usually bought for defence against footpads. Here is a silver-mounted beauty, very popular for shooting sweethearts; and here, sir, is our shed doover, full-jeweled, rolled-gold plate, all the rage now for shooting wives."—*New York Weekly.*

Latin as She Looks.

Young lady (at book store)—Have you Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici?" Bookseller—No, ma'am, but we can send and get it for you, if you wish. Young lady—I do. My fiancee is a medical student, and I want to let him see that some doctors have been religious."

Five Years Later.

She—Do you recollect, dear, how just after we were married you stepped off at this station and got me a cup of coffee?

He—Yes; but the time-table's been changed since then, and I've just had time to rush off and get myself a drink.

Pretty Girls Safe.

Anxious dame (hurrying from a train)—Mercy! Clara is so careless, I'm afraid she'll fall.

Husband (following)—No danger. A brakeman is at the platform and no railroad man ever let a pretty girl like Clara get hurt.

An Easy Pronunciation.

"How do you pronounce the word ennui?" asked Mr. De Porque of his wife, spelling the word to her, deliberately.

"Oh, it's quite easy the way I do it."

"Well, how do you pronounce it?"

"Just ennyway."

Kindly Assistance.

Landlord (to tenant)—I shall raise your rent on the 1st of May, Mr. Brown.

Mr. B.—I wish you would. It is pretty hard work for me to raise it myself.

Queen Victoria, during one of her walks at Biarritz, last week, met a nursemaid and a baby. Her Majesty stopped and made some pleasant speech about the baby, whereupon the nursemaid—an English woman—was so overwhelmed with awe and confusion that she turned and fled, leaving the baby with the Queen, who had to send her gentleman-in-waiting in hot pursuit.

STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY.

An aged gentleman of our acquaintance went out after a hearty meal to remove the ice from the sidewalk. He worked as an old man naturally would with his head and shoulders bent low. He suddenly fell, became unconscious and soon died.

What was the cause of his death?

Apoplexy—the physicians would say apoplexy of the brain.

In persons of good health, the coats of the arteries throughout the whole body are tough and elastic. In unhealthy persons, particularly those whose kidneys are diseased, the walls of the arteries undergo "degeneration"—due to the action of the impurities in the blood which the kidneys have been unable to remove.

In these cases, when the action of the heart is intensified by vigorous exercise or excitement, the pressure upon some artery becomes too strong for it in its weakened state—a rupture occurs and a stroke of apoplexy follows as a matter of course.

Derangements of the kidneys are a common cause of apoplexy.

Whenever they fail in the complete removal of the waste matter in the blood, the deadly poison known as uric acid accumulates, and creeps through all the blood channels where it rapidly causes decay.

The primary cause of all organic disease, such as paralysis, consumption, heart disease and nervous disorders, is directly attributable to a failure of the kidneys in their special function of purifying the blood. Kidney derangement is without doubt the most aggravating as well as the most prevalent of all the ills of the present day, and unless kidney disease is taken in time and a prompt restorative, such as Warner's Safe Cure, applied—death will inevitably result.

Advanced kidney disease has baffled the united efforts of the best physicians for years, and it is solely due to Warner's Safe Cure, a simple vegetable discovery, that modern science has been able to successfully cope with it.

Life insurance companies make sure of its non-existence before issuing their policies, and the learned and careful physician will not attempt to prescribe for a patient afflicted with serious illness before first ascertaining if this disease is present.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

The Difference Dress Made in a Young Girl's Feelings.

Minnie was 16, writes a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. She wore girlish frocks reaching down to her ankles only, but to make up for the juvenile shortages of the skirts the bodices came always up to her chin and had sleeves to her wrists. Her hair hung in a braid, and she had the aspect of an immature maiden. Her manners were correspondingly free and innocent. She had a rather audacious cousin, Jack, who took all manner of liberties with her, within the bounds of purity. They were off hand, familiar and affectionate toward each other. One day Jack called at the House. On departing, he took Minnie up in his arms, carried her down to the front hallway and kissed her good afternoon. There were several witnesses, and none of us thought anything of the little event. Nor did the girl. She had her arm around Jack's neck, while he carried her, for fear of falling, and with no show of either liking or disliking the mutual hug. She neither dodged nor invited his kiss, but accepted it as heedlessly as though it had been given by me. Well, that same evening Jack and Minnie went with older members of the family to a ball. Minnie, for the first time in her life, wore the long skirts of an adult. Besides, her hair was done up in an imposing coiffure, her open corsage gave evidence of womanliness, and her fair, taper arms were bare to the tops of her dimpled shoulders. I was with her in the parlor when Jack came. He was astonished by the transformation. He had left her a child in the afternoon. He found her a young woman in the evening. Now, mark how maladroit a man is, and how, by impulse, a woman lives up to her clothes. It is this point that I wish to impress on Bro. Howells, of *Harper's Magazine*, and Bro. Abbott, of the *Christian Union*. Jack didn't realize that the change of raiment demanded a simultaneous and equally radical change in manners. He grabbed Minnie in his arms, gave her a hug and kissed her. But did she artlessly and coolly submit again? Not much. She drew herself away with dignity. Her face flushed genuinely, and she looked like a Queen sentencing a traitor to the block.

"If you ever do such a thing as that again," she said, "I shall forbid you the house."

"But—but—now—" Jack began to protest; "you needn't be so bumptious, Minnie, just because you have—well—" and his eyes dropped from the fresh disclosure of shoulders to the new concealment of ankles—"just because you have straightened up through your clothes."

"That's just it, Jack," and Minnie sighed with regret at the necessary assumption of decorum, "and if you try to hug me, I'll scream for mamma." Then she naively added: "But I suppose I'll be wearing the old frocks once in a while here at home."

Old World Notes of Real Interest.

The English courts hold that when a man writes asking another to "favor him with a check" for a bill, the intent is that the check is to be sent by post, and the creditor is liable if the check is lost in the mails.

A masculine beauty show is being arranged at Vienna, of which women will be the judges, and prizes will be awarded to the handsomest man, the man with the finest moustache, the man with the biggest nose, and the man with the largest bald head.

The public laboratory of Paris attached to the police department has been found to be a nest of corruption. M. Girard, the director, has been accustomed to accept great sums from tradesmen accused of adulterating their goods, even having established a system of blackmail based on threats of exposing adulteration.

"What was the trouble, John?" said a railway man to his son, who had come home from school with his eyes red. "A misplaced switch," said John.

Palmyra, Neb., is short of Bibles, and the *Item* last Sunday published the Ten Commandments "by request."

PROMISE OF SCIENCE.

How the Earth Is Gradually Being Used Up by Mankind.

Everybody knows that the world is wearing out—that the time is coming when we will have no coal to burn in our grates, and no iron to make our grates out of, even had we the coal. A close record of the output of the oil fields discovers the fact that the petroleum reservoirs are running dry and investors have not the faith in the inexhaustible flow of natural gas that the sellers of wells could wish. We know that precious metals are dug out in less quantities than formerly; that the diamond market, in spite of Kimberly, is cornering itself; that mahogany and pine will some day be things of the past, like the buffalo robe and the dodo. We are now confronted with the fact that the guano deposits will not last forever, that there is a human limit to the production of electricity, that our children several times removed will have neither quinine, chloroform nor aniline dyes. Of course this general exhaustion of old earth's treasure house is some time ahead of us. It will not happen in our day nor in the next century. We can go on burning the candle at both ends for a few hundred years before humanity has to adjust itself to the newer or more economical conditions. But despite the fact that the time of stress is so far ahead of us that we can look on to it jokingly, it is pleasant to learn that science is getting ready for the rainy day. We are on the eve of a new age and on the threshold of a new civilization. Aluminium, according to *Nature*, is making ready to take the place of steel, and it will be cheaper, lighter, stronger and one thousand fold more plentiful and cheap. Its price now puts the new element in the debatable land between pure chemistry and practical commerce, and it is a question of time merely when we shall build our houses, our telephones and our air ships out of the silvery core of our common clay, instead of heavy and refractory iron. Heat and food, according to science, we are to gather from the sea in proper fish culture and wise electrical work. The economist brightly believes that we will solve the labor problem before the middle of the 20th century and solve it to the satisfaction of both parties.

Budget of the Pope for 1888.

The Pope has lately examined the accounts of his income and expenditure during the year 1888. The following are the principal figures: From St. Peter's Pence he received £800,000; from interest of capital invested abroad, £100,000; from alms and other sources, £20,000; making a total income of £500,000, to which must be added about £50,000 received during the jubilee. The ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the Vatican during the year have been as follows: Alms given in Rome, £4,000; alms given abroad, £4,000; alms given in Italy, £4,000; ordinary subsidies in Rome, £2,000; ordinary subsidies in Italy, £3,200; ordinary subsidies to the Church generally, £6,000; ordinary subsidies to poor priests, £9,000; sums for the Propaganda, £20,000; sums for the diplomatic service, £20,000; sums for the missions, £10,000; administration expenses, £40,000; maintenance of palaces, £20,000; expenses for works of art, £10,000; pay of servants, £50,000; maintenance of seminaries, £40,000; divers expenses, £100,000. The total expenditure is £[illegible],200, which leaves a surplus of not much less than a quarter of a million sterling.—*London Daily News.*

Swaying a Big Bridge.

A[illegible] every pleasant day several cables of railway are driven across the river. There is nothing remarkable about that, but there is about what follows. These beasts will start trotting and pulling on the cables, and the whole structure begins to sway in the peculiar manner of a rowboat after they start. It sways and sways, seeming with every step to go further, but there is a point beyond which these steps that make time as faithfully as does a basso in a brass band. Pretty soon that huge structure begins vibrating in unison with their tread, and before long it is swaying back and forth with a motion which will, in some cases, beget a sort of seasickness, or maybe more properly, bridge sickness. Until one gets used to it, the impression is that the great structure will fall. I was at first tempted to jump into the river, but I didn't jump, and the bridge didn't fall. It would be fatal to an ordinary bridge, to which the trot of a horse or steady tramp of soldiers is fatal, to say nothing of the more rhythmic pace of the mule.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A New Photographic Device.

One of the curious things that begin to appear in drawing rooms was shown me last night. It looked like a pretty piece of furniture, something in the way of a small centre-table. But it was not a table. It was the latest perfection in the photographer's art, for it was a peculiarly made camera. It is self-acting, and can take twelve pictures without any aid from human intelligence. Standing in the parlor, it will note every figure in front of it, and it will play a leading role before long in breach-of-promise suits unless the knowledge of its silent powers is spread abroad.—*New York Star.*

Mr. Mercier is confined to his residence in Montreal by illness.

Westminster Hall, in the Parliament building, that has been closed to the public since the dynamite explosion a few years ago, has been opened again.

English public opinion is scandalized by the proposal to build a "dead-house" to receive the overflow from Westminster Abbey.

An effort is being made in London to have Plymouth adopted as the port of departure for a new fast Atlantic service. Liverpool is fighting the project.

—To make a success of peach growing one should select elevated sites and warm, sandy soils, or localities near large bodies of water. In most situations a peach orchard should be well cultivated. So advises a practical horticulturist.

The police are exerting extraordinary vigilance to prevent emigration from Hungary, and women and children who seek to escape from the country to join husbands and fathers already in America have to submit to great hardships, and often are unable to get away at all. The authorities profess to fear a dearth of farm laborers.