

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

Author of "KATE MASSEY'S FALSEHOOD," "BEATRICE'S AMBITION," "THE LOVE OR KINDRED?" "A GOLDEN DREAM," &c., &c.

HOUSEHOLD.

Council of a Mother to Mothers.

Who can blame a child for having little respect for the mother who never attempts to punish when punishment is due, but simply shakes her head dolefully over her children's wrong-doing and threatens them by the words, "I'll tell your father when he comes home, he'll punish you."

Every mother should have just as much authority over her children as their father has. She should exercise the right to reprove or punish when necessary, just as much as she should exercise the right to give encouragement, and praise, when needed or deserved.

All children at some time during their lives, need punishment, I don't mean whipping, there are other modes of punishment, that meet all requirements, and are much less degrading to the child.

It must be to say the least decidedly unpleasant and discouraging for the father of a family of little ones, to come home at night after a hard and busy day, and be met with a row of downcast, sulky, or tearful faces, and to be told by mamma that Johnnie was naughty; Daisy disobedient, or that Freddie played truant.

Never punish children without first being certain that they understand what they are being punished for. And after they understand them talk it all over with them, show them that you punish them not for revenge, but for their own good.

Some ways south of Wismann's route Dr. Wolff found along the Sankuru and Lomami Rivers a densely populated region, and some towns which he believed contained 15,000 people. North of Wismann's route Grenfell pushed up the Busera, the Tchoupa, the Lulami, and other rivers, all lined with hundreds of towns and alive with feasts of canoes darting hither and thither.

It is believed that this great region, in density of population and in geographical interest, is fully equal to the countries north and south of it of which the explorers have given us entertaining glimpses. There is little doubt that Wismann is bringing home a very interesting story of travel, and that the laborers he has just completed will do much to fill up one of the blanks that still remain on the map of Africa.

Between Edinburgh and Glasgow. In 1760 the whole intercourse between Edinburgh and Glasgow was carried on by means of 10 or 12 packhorses, going and returning twice a week. When Sir John Sinclair succeeded in 1776 there was not a road nor a single cart in Caithness, and he introduced the first highway when only 18. He on one occasion assembled 1,200 laborers and made in one day a road over the hill of Benches.

Hanging a Hat on a Man's Eye ball. A Buddhist priest, of 25, stone blind, (and no wonder) was led on by two showmen, and the trio crouched in a row. A variety of objects were grouped about them of varying size and weight. One borrowed my hat, a soft wide-brimmed, attached to it by a hook, a noosed string, and held it in readiness. The blind priest at for a time impatient, old man banging drums; then at a signal he gave a howl, forced with two thumbs his right eye out of the socket, while the attendants hung my hat upon the ball!

Well, Garret, I am going away, and—

Garret, to bewilderment, his companion's neck, she walked beside him as he used to do when they were schoolboys together.

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Dead Sea apples to her lips, and brought her nothing but intense unhappiness.

"There, she said, bringing her partner to a halt before the priest, was reached. "I do not care for the end—I dislike exertion."

"Very well—anything you wish. Would you like to walk on the terrace and admire yourself in the water, as I found you doing a few nights back?" asked her partner a little audaciously.

"The night I was almost enough to faint was it not? Yes, it is cooler out there, I dare say, and I am threatened with the headache," she answered; and putting the tips of her fingers on Captain Haughton's arm,

"I wonder whether Haughton has any real chance?" said old Colonel Blair, gazing after Hyacinth and her cavalier as they walked down the lamp-lit terrace.

"Of course he'll be refused. What exquisite lace she possesses! I wonder she does not look happier when she wears it; I should," murmured a pretty faded woman who managed to keep her head above water on a very small income indeed.

Meanwhile Hyacinth, sauntering slowly along at the Honourable Cyril's side, troubled very little about what was said or thought of her. From her first appearance in society under the wing of an impetuous Irish countess until now there had never been the faintest shadow on her name.

"Well, good-bye," then, dear old friend, be sure to write to me. There's a short note down this path to the stables; and every now and then—"I must leave every thing in order before I go."

"I will write to me, Glyn?" "Of course, I shall want to know your love-making is progressing; and your love-making"—with a grimace—"is believe my master" with a grimace—"is believe my master" with a grimace—"is believe my master" with a grimace.

CHAPTER XIX. One warm moonless August night Haughton and his guests were seated in the parlour. The music of the organ filled the hall, and the hum of many voices was heard out of the windows and wide-open doors.

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