"Really, Kate, you have succeeded very well. Where my daughters are all so truly accomplished I dare not draw comparison but I must say to you that I consider your education perfect. And thus speaking, Mrs. Lanark, a lady of five-and-forty, and the mother of three grown-up daughters, lay back in her easy chair and gently waved her

Kate, the youngest of the three daughters, had just risen from the pianofore, where she had been showing her parents how much she had improved upon her last course. She was nineteen years of age, and her form was of the pure female type—not robust, nor yet fairy-like, but after the models which the old Greeks used to adopt when they wished to sculpture an Ariadne or a Euphrosyne. Touching her face—it was certainly a goodlooking face. To call such a face pretty would sound tame and flat.

Mrs. Lanark thought Isabel and Bertha were both prettier than Kate, while Mr. Lanark was of a different opinion. However, upon one point there was no dispute. The Judge would often say:

"Well, my little Kate looks good, any how," and nobody ever disputed hin. Isabel and Bertha were the other two, twenty-one and twenty-three. They had graduated at a very fashionabie school, and were deemed very highly accomplished;

and, moreover, they were called beautiful.

Judge Lanark was the father of these girls. He was a man of means, though not of large wealth. He had been a successful lawyer, and was now on the Bench; his of a frightful precipice. The Judge laughed social position was of the highest. Governors had been among his clients, and senators looked to him for counsel and assistance.

The Judge had reared two sons, and had sent them forth to active, useful life; but added: his daughters he had left to his wife.

"Of course," Mrs. Lanark, continued, Roland, and have eaten her bread." after Kate had taken a seat near her father, "you do not play as well as your sisters, but it will come to you by practice. think I may say that your necessary list of ark's daughters, he seemed to enjoy the soaccomplishments is full."

list. I longed for it many times when I was self hidden away from him so much. at school, and I am led to long for it at visit. I must learn to cook." "To what?" exclaimed Mrs. Lanark.

father."

The Judge caught Kate by the hand, and cried: "Good !"

thing ridiculous.

educational care for her daughters, Kate saw the look, and she speedily add-

child."

verted.

But his wife did not notice him. She went on.

bread to the help in the kitchen. If ever reason, Roland read the whole story. He recognized the Sultan of Zanzibar's soverwill have enough else to occupy your time boldly on. without doing the work of your servants." "If ever I have a home of my own," said

Kate with mild decision, "I am determined that I will be able to superintend every part tion. Oh! the old, old days! I shall never ment to the ruler of Zanzibar. of it. My servant shall not be my mistress. No servant employed in my household shall outlive them. It was my boyhood's delight ly funny, but the Germans won't be able to be able to ' look down' upon me. I shall not be the slave or the victim of my cook."

it, Kate, and I will furnish the material. Waste a dozen barrels of flour if necessaryonly bring me a grand good loaf of your own making and baking in the end."

Mrs. Lanark still thought it foolish; and Isabel and Bertha characterised it as very childish and whimsical. They fancied that it smacked of the nursery, and the play room. But Kate was in earnest, and as her

father backed her up, she carried the day and gained the freedom of the kitchen, where the servants soon came to love and respect

The following winter Isabel and Bertha spent in the city. Kate remained at home, because her mother could not well spare them all. During their visit to the great metropolis

the elder sisters made many friends and formed very pleasant associations. Among others they met with Roland Archworth, a young banker, whose father had been Judge Lanark's classmate and chum in college. in their letters home they informed their father of the fact, and the Judge remembering the elder Archworth with treasured love and esteem, and knowing the son to be the occupant of an exalted position in society, invited the young man to visit him at his country home.

And thus it happened that when the summer came Roland Archworth came up to the Lanarks' pleasant home. He was a young man of five and twenty, and was, to use the expression of one who knew him well, "every inch a man." He had inherited a fortune from his father, and he was now a partner in the house which his father had founded. There was no speculation in the business which he followed, with a banking capital fully equal to the greatest possible emergency, and its wealth was constant-

ly increasing. Is it a wonder that Mrs. Lanark's heart fluttered when the prospect dawned upon her that possibly the young banker might seek one of her daughters for a wife? She cared not whether he chose Isabel or Bertha. They were both accomplished, and either would make a good mate for him.

And wedo not do the Judge injustice when we say that even he allowed himself to hope that the son of his old alegamate might find it in his heart to love one of the girls. He had studied the youth's character well, and he believed it to be one of the purest and

And Isabel and Bertha, Of course there

was rivalry between them. But they agreed they would abide the issue.

If Isabel was selected to preside over the youthful millionaire, Bertha would not com plain; and should Bertha prove the fortunate one, Isshel was prepared to yield. One thing happened very unfortunately. On the very day of Archworth's arrival,

"I will take the reins until the cook gets

the cook was taken sick. What was to be

"But for mercy's sake," implored 'sabell "don't let Mr. Archworth know it! He belongs to a sphere which would be shocked by such gross impropriety. He would look upon us as belonging to the canaille."

But there was no help for it, and Kate went into the kitchen and took command of the forces in that quarter. "Will you have some of this cake Mr.

Archworth?" asked Mrs. Lanark, liking the silver basket of frosted sweeties. "No," replied the visitor with a smile. "If you will allow me to exercise my own whim you will please me. This plain bread is a luxury such as I do not often meet. It takes me back to my boyhood's days. I have not eaten such since I ate the bread which my own mother made. If ever I keep house for myself, I think I shall ask

you to send me your cook." For the life of them they could not help

the betrayal of emotion. Poor Kate, who sat exactly opposite the speaker, blushed until it seemed as though all her blood in her body was rushing into her face; while Isabel and Bertha trembled as they might have trembled upon the verge outright.

said. And then to turn the subject he I want." -

And thus the conversation softened down

into the poetry of other days. Touching Roland's associations with Lan- his eyes told the story of success.

many of the places where I am forced to permitted him he had found her highly ac- though somewhat surprised at the young complished, but he thought he detected an man's choice. under-current of plain, practical, common- Isabel and Bertha were disappointed, but

"Ay," added Kate. "I shall not con his mother, he had noticed Kate's eyes grow it was as well as it was. They loved their sider my womanly accomplishments com- moist with sympathetic light, while her sis- sister, and were really glad that they were plete until I can, with my own hands, make ters only smiled in their sweet pleasant thus enabled to claim the wealthy banker a loaf of wheaten bread fit to set before way. He fancied that through the gather- for a brother-in-law. ing moisture of those deep blue eyes he had !- As for Roland and Kate, their happiness looked down into a warm and tender heart was complete, and of all the accomplish-—a heart true and reliable.

Isabel and Bertha smiled derisively. arose with the sun, and walked out into the be in deed as well as in name the mistress Their looks implied that they considered the garden. By and by he came round by the of his home. porch, and entered the kitchen and asked Mrs. Lanark looked up in surprise and for a drink of milk-for he had seen the deprecation. It seemed a reflection on her gardener just bringing a brimming pail from the stable.

"I do not mean a loaf of such soggy stuff shoulders, kneading a snowy pile of dough. sion of a bone. The big dog was Germany, patty stuff that comes to us from the baker's | the truth flashed upon him. Here was the | they were tugging away at opposite ends of -but I mean a loaf of such bread as my cook he had declared he would have in his the bone, the little dog hanging on for dear mother used to make when I was a little own house if he could get her. And he life though the big fellow was yanking him "Ah, Kate, times have changed since I overheard Mrs. Lanark speaking with a each dog his proper share of the bone. A

"Ah, good morning, Miss Lanark. Pardon my intrusion, but I saw the milk pail come in, and I could not resist the temptaforget their joys, and I trust I may never to take from my mother's hand the cup warm from the new milking. This is the "Good," cried the Judge again. "Go at first opportunity that has presented itself for long, long years. I could not let it slip. You will pardon me, I know."

At first Kate had been startled terribly. but when she met the supplicant's warm and radiant look, and the music of the old home love fell upon her ear, and when she saw as ling through British possessions.

He (to his fances): I BAY, JULIA, OLD GIRL, HAVE YOU EVER HOTTOED THIS?

She (Who hates to have people talk to her when she is reading): No.

He: WHAT? NOT SEEN THIS SWEET THING IN CHINA.

She (with enthusiasse); OH! IN CHINA? WHAT IS IT?

He : Sugar. [She breaks the engagement.]

by instinct that the whole scene was pleasant to him, she felt her heart bound with gleeful assurance and touching the flakes of dough from her arms, she went and filled bowl with new milk and brought it to him. "I trust," she said with a beaming smile, that the dust of toil upon my hands will not render the offering less acceptable."

No matter what Roland said. He said something, and then drank the milk. He "Never mind," said Kate with a smile. evidently longed to linger in the kitchen, but propriety forbade, and with more of his real feelings in his looks than in his speed,

he retired. A few days thereafter the young banker sought the Judge in his study, and said, as he took a seat, that he had come on impor-

tant business. "I have come," he went on, "to ask of you that I may seek to gain the hand of your

daughter. "My dear boy," said he, "between you and me there need be no beating about the bush. I tell you frankly, I should be both proud and happy to welcome you as my son. Which of the two is it?"

"Of the two?" repeated Roland curi-

"Aye. Is it Isabel or Bertha?" "Neither, sir. It is Kate I want."

"Kate !" cried the old man in blank astonishment. But quickly a glad light danced in his eyes. "Yes, Judge. Your Kate is the woman

I want for my wife, if I can win her." "But-my dear boy-how did you manage to find my pearl-my ruby among the household jewels? Where and when have you discovered the priceless worth of that

sweet child ?". "I discovered it in the kitchen, Judge. I first fell truly and irrevocably in love with "You get our cook into your house, and her when I found her with her white arms you'd find you'd got a Tartar, my boy," he bare, making bread. It is your little Kate

"God bless you, my boy! Go and win "I remember your mother very well, her if you can. And be sure if you gain her you will gain a treasure."

Roland went away, and half an hour afterward the supernal light that danced in

And Kate, when closely questioned, conciety of them all. If he seemed more eager fessed that the first flame of real love which "Not quite," said Kate, with a nod and to talk to one than to another it was with burned in her bosom for Roland Archworth a smile. "There is one more accomplish- Kate, not, perhaps, because he found her was kindled by the deep and true elements ment which I am determined to add to my more attractive, but because she kept her- of manhood which he had displayed on that early morning in the kitchen.

During the brief interviews that had been! Of course Mrs. Lanark was willing, al-

"To cook !" echoed Isabel and Bertha in sense which had not appeared in the others since at best only one of them could have won And once when he had been speaking of the prize, they concluded on the whole that

ments which his wife possesses, the husband One bright morning Roland Archworth is chiefly proud of that which enables her to

Old Dog Tray-An Incident.

. He went in and saw Kate Lanark at the | Early last fall a very big dog was strugmoulding board, her white arms bear to the gling with a saucy little dog for the possesas some of our friends make of cream of She did not see him at first, and he had a the saucy little cur was Zanzibar, and the tartar and saleratus-nor yet a loaf of the moment for thought-and in that moment bone was a large slice of East Africa. While could now understand the blushing of the all over the premises, England stepped in Mrs. Lanark was mollified, but not con- maiden, and the laughing rejoinder of the like good Old Dog Tray to act the mutual Judge. And he remembered now of having friend, calm all ruffled feelings, and give to member of her family about the sickness of month later it was announced that a friend-"For the worse," muttered the Judge. her cock-how unfortunate it was, and so ly agreement had been reached, Zanzibar surrendering its claim to the large inland With a clear sense and quick comprehen. regions where Germany had planted a dozen "You had better leave the making of sion, aided by keen powers of analysis and stations. On the other hand, the Germans you have a home of your own I trust you had come too far to retreat, and he pushed eighty over a coast strip ten miles wide and several hundred miles long, Germany having access to her possessions only through the ports of Darles Salaam and Pangani, for the use of which she was to make a yearly pay-

> The latest news from Zanzibar is decidedsee the joke, as they are the victims of it. The Sultan of Zanzibar, the cable tells us, has ceded his entire coast region to the English. Old Dog Tray who figured in such a benevolent role last fall, has appropriated the best part of the bone for himself. England takes the water front, and Germany cannot reach her hard-won territory without travel-

Cast Away. A tropical glow flushed the breast of the ocean,
As on it there rooted a rule raft in the foam;
The ees, undulating in subsited examination,
Spread limitless round till it touched heaven's blue
dome; But not the least sign slong the horison Of recous the sight of the dataways met : The sharks which in horror they cast bloodshot ever

Were all to be seen as the sun sudden set. The stars shone in twilight—the moon's pallid gleam-

Illumined the face of a fatherless chila : While some of their far-away homes were a-dream-

She lisped low a prayer in a voice sweet and mild. Ere the morning was dawned to smile on calm water, Or despair with another day's light changed to

A cry of delight from the drowned captain's daugh-Aroused them from stupor in which they did mope.

To windward a frigate, her sails bulging stately, To succor them steered with a true, steady course And the keen privation endured by them lately Prompted huzza until their parched throats were

Long years have gone by since they all safely landed, And the child to a silver-haired matron has grown, Yet still they narrate how their vessel was stranded, And how their dire peril to God was made known.

Homeless.

And Jesus saith unto him : -- "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but

Matt., 8, 20. (Revision.)

" The birds of the heaven have nests;" So said the dear Saviour, of yore: A place where each sheltered one rests Securely on meadow or shore: But He, who gave strength to the wing That bears them the low earth above,-Who taught them to soar, and to sing In gladness, of peauty and love ; Whose light makes the morning rejoice Whose life weav s the wealth of the wold : Whose music gives gladness a voice; Whose garners are gleaming with gold; The Lord of them all; by whose grace These bounties so freely are spread :-

"He hath not". (oh, hear Him!) "a place"
"To rest or enshelter His Head." He left the bright Home in the sky-The Throne and the Glory above-For sinners to suffer and die,

Redemption to bring; and in love The meanest and lowest of all Had more of the Earth-life than He,-A place when the night-shadows fall For refuge and resting to flee. No home, but the canopied sky; No couch, save the rock or the sward For Him, who came down from on high; For Earth had "no room" for the Lord.

But out of the want and the pain " He learned how to succor the tried ;" And every need is a gain That through Him may now be supplied. He conquered by dying, and all The forces of Earth tribute bring,-

Surrender their gifts at His call, And crown Him, Redeemer and King.

A Contrast.

BY REV. WM. ALEXANDER.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music, Wailing from the woods and by the shore, Burdened with a grand, majestic secret Which keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth With eternal threads of golden sound, The great poem of this strange existence, All whose wondrous meaning hath been found Down below, the grave within the church jard

And the mourner, ever as it dusketh, Rocking to and fro with low sad wail. Up above, a crowned and happy spirit, Ordered in his place among his peers,

And the anguish on the young face pare,

Who shall grow in light and love forever, Like an infant in the eternal years. O, the sobbing of the winds of autumn ! O, the sunset streak of stormy gold ! O the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,

Night is coming and the grave is cold !

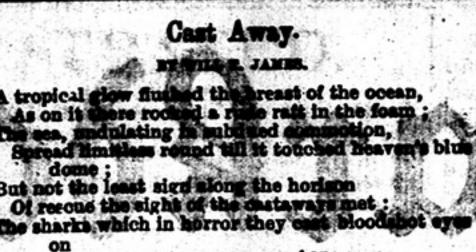
O, the rest forever and the rapture ! O, the hand that wipes the tears away! O, the golden homes beyond the sunset, And the God who watches o'er the clay !

A Man's a Man for a' That. A NEW VERSION.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that, and a' that," But though the song be clear and strong. It lacks a note for a' that. The lout who'd shirk his daily work, Yet claims his waye and a' that, Or beg when he m'ght earn his bread, Is not a man for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blust ing sot. Who swaggers, swears and a' that, And thinks, because his strong right arm Might fell an ox, and a' that. That he's as noble, man for man, As duke or lord, and a' that He's but a brute, beyond dispute, And not a man for a that.

A man may own a large estate, Have palace, park and a' that, And not for birth, but honest worth, Be thrice a man for a' that :



THE FATHERLAID

Alarming reports of the renewalia form of the throat affection of Con-Frederick William have been Paris and Vienna sources The definite and detailed that they have much anxiety. Dr. Mackenzie reco the Prince's throat, but there is m tic report of an operation having formed. Before going to Tobled kenzie visited Milan and other making inquiries regarding the ture and moisture of various health in the north of Italy. The cold Toblach has hastened the Prince's Austrian and German medical persist in regarding Dr. Mackenis gnosis of the prince's malady as an his treatment as insufficient to effect The Reichs-Anzeiger, referring to h the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." kenzie's examination of the Prince tones down its import. The part that while traveling in Germany benefit of his own health, Dr. v. paid a visit to the Prince and, examination of the latter's throat, of the improvement of the affected The paper also says the Doctor in visit before his return to England assurances, however, do not quite à the popular alarm over the Princip

For a' that and a' that

Interesting News from Pine

relapse and that the state of his the less promising. and France at the present moment a tree been going on for centuries. von Munster has returned to his trembling earth." Prince Bismarck to M. Flourens, is said Dupont "but as we are interview with M. Flourens, Com that as well explore a little." to aid.

A semi-official reference to the mon his own hook.

between Germany and Russia Schouvaloff visited Prince Bisme Ross," gasped Sam, "I mus' Friedrichsruhe on Thursday before heah." from France on his holiday. Their made a run toward the raft, when

reflection of the German sentiment is said Dupont. "There is danger Russia. It says that faith in Russiage leg in one of these fissures, a ally is dead, and that if the Emper see why a man could not be swallo under existing circumstances their

regime of the prison is severe. employed at carpentry and Greben ting stockings. The prisoner Schechtel, convicts

murder of his first and second with beheaded at Stargard. The execut place in front of the prison.

Locomotives for Righ Speed

A contemporary says: the recollection of the young mover again. day that the horse which trotted

2:40 was one of the fast ones, talk of a steam locomotive making minute was received with expreincredulity. To day the limit for tive is little more than half that 9 in the phrase, 'a mile a minute.' John Hogan, on the Philadelphia! Railroad engine No. 134, has the astonishing speed of a mile eight seconds. Other engine Reading engines Nos. 296, 411, 96, 99, have made miles in forty forty-four seconds. Hogan's speed rate of over ninety-four miles those of the others are respective three and a halt and; almost a miles per hoar. These high rates were made under circumstances were favorable to a successful test

"These are extreme limits of the for short distances, but locomoting are emulous to increase the spec machines so that an average special miles per hour shall replace limit of sixty. "A novelty in the line of engine

is just now attracting the engineers and builders. Itis designed by M. Estrade, which L'Ecole Polytechnique, experimented with on the souther France. The locomotive dependence large-sized driving-wheels for its seventy-eight miles per hour, expected to attain. The and coaches are fitted with wheel a half feet in diameter. The the outside-cylinder type, with on top of cylinder and all the locomotive is expected to make seventy-two and seventy eigh hour with a train of loaded one the speed expected, she will make 'spurts' exceeding record."

The Englishman who "armless" was wrong. It's One of the attractions of Cal., is a mummy show people of the Aztec race, it is

And Donald herding on the Who beats his wife, and a A HORRIBLE PLACE. Mor half a man for a that Time Ever-Quaking Oke "The soul and heart and a' flat
That makes the king a cention
And not his crown and a' that
with man, it sid heart of Oke had seemed the spot And man with man, if rich or par.

The best is he, for a' that e of a lake whose black ionling in a curious fashion w Who stands erect, in self-respe And acts the man for a' that hans two hundred acres. of perhaps two bushes. All over the columns of brown smoke this columns of brown smoke a slowly rising.

en't anderstand what keep distarbed, "said one of the is no breeze." it am de debbil's own pot, " said looking wild-eyed and nervous. quieted Sam, and put him to dead trees which were lying a andance. In a short time the medy, and we paddled oursely exclaimed Dupont,

e first to land. was the next one on shore, bu stepped back on the raft. Lawd hab mussy !" he said stan' dat. all followed Dapont and found and was trembling quite percep

erhapsit is a floating island," sugg my companions. is nothing of the kind, " I reman eve heard of it-before, but w less the first white men who here in forty years. "

That do you know about it?" When Sir Charles I able to announce a gratifying continuous British geologist, visited , he explored the swamp and ex his very spot. He found it sha his intention of paying the Prince time, with fissures in the ntly opening and closing, with peculiar smoke rising from them. to the conclusion that the crust o tion. It is believed that he has had was thinner right here than in y of the globe. The volcanic a he surface causes the smoke and The relations exsisting between & tinual bubbling of the lake.

Paris charged with a pacific message Vell, I can't say that I care to c Munster said that the views of the was the general opinion, and Government were that the state of I rounded to leave his quarters on justified the hope of the mainten d trust himself to the unstable la peace, which Germany would do her have found a geyser," reported explorers, who had been ramb

the lad Schnaebele, received three led by him we went to a little spr French Embassy by Count Herbert ling water that was gushing for marck, elicited from the latter at the centre of the island. With that in disposing of the case the parties in steam, sand and h the culprit would be taken into on At this place the shaking was that it made us stagger, and There is no improvement in the min hear under our feet a muffled roar

was without special importance, but soure in the earth about a foot w recurrence of the ramor that in front of him. The poor fell was to be a conference of the En don the ground in speechless terr The public, however, now pay me led him up and tried to reassure hi this idle talk. The Cologne Gazett, was no use. As soon as he was ca article entitled "Ohne Freundschaft to walk he made a break for the ra Ohne Feindschaft," presents an mis the only sensible fellow in t

would not have any political significant significant would not have any political significant significant with the count Von Moltke is going to learn the significant significant with the significant significant with the count von Moltke is going to significant significa

birthday anniversary.

Dr. Schweninger, Prince Bismard ted. The fissure which had frighted sician, has gone to Constantinople, what closed up completely. I dr request of the Sultan, to advise the breath. In the midst of such phenomena. of the harem as to the regime aman feels small. Before I cou obesity

Klein and Grebert, who were to the coming out of the ground was of treason, are now in prison at his oke coming out of the ground was nat we were almost stifled. Undou was a genuine shock of earthquake ing altogether different from the li previously felt.

must run for it," I shouted. then another shock came and the vily to the ground. We rose ondition, and saw within a few f yawning chasm fully three feet w n, and with inconceivable rapid up with another jar that nes

tarted on a run for the raft. asked this question at once. in night, but Sam was the We faced about, but could of the missing man. Had he in heathe wrong direction? It wo

to leave him, and there was noth del ont his name, and traver to the island. There was no on friend. We looked at e ith terror-stricken faces. The s was appermost in the minds of bost been swallowed up in remained our search, but with success than before. Then our way to the raft be the other shore. I suggest that rushed off when the shore had by the smoke, he had not the lake.

see Rose," said Sam, gloom Hit done happened befo'.

Me dat Injuna and hun

i just dat way. I uster la

but I members de troof." around the lake c Sam's explanation of march withou the to face. Pe story. At first

we had ki Wassoon abando triend had drow es there discussing We left ag to their b ke lake somewh knew anyt

inte the ing so fier