dea of Clemen Edinburgh III.

h he doesn't often do, but in not calculated to win him y. On being asked to sign ant of a youth who had shot in a fit of anger, he leisurely the warrant : "Committed penal servitude in Siberia," he same time : "I can par. mitted through love." Cons autocratic majesty calmly and young girls on suspicion nst his own life, it is not him forgive so lightly the

ready the busiest man is e possible exception of Bis ted to have added to his ng of a book on the social working classes, which is after years of hard work Roman correspondent, his ts the doctrine long since cialists that the State should ry and arbiter between the e, employed, and calls upon st their respective Govern. to improve the social condiing classes.

to-day that the Dake of Queen's son, is suffering from occasioned by the use of bad ar. If true, this would inas inherited the curious li ther to blood poisoning and ness will have the effect of se of the radical press, dis onduct in using one of the war as a pleasure yacht for

RET FORTS.

a Failure Against the New Explosives.

l'imes published some time f the experiments in firing pela turrets manufactured St. Chamond, Chatillon, It was explained that the new explosives had induced eers to construct forts comrmous block of concrete, space was obtained necessmall garrison, stores, and turrets, armed with canmply rotatory like those of netimes rotatory, descendg, like those of Chatillon The firing with the turrets t results.

tion of the experiments, and interesting, has just the presence of M. de uestion was whether the great success in firing on themselves stand fire. Had e France, by means of a ild have supplied the gap d stopped the invader long behind the protection of

the experiment does not satisfactory. The turrets the first shot, and became , for the fragments of steel iolence of a cannon ball. true, was at 140 metres siege the distance would etres. There is, however, at the accuracy and force rould be lessened by disresult is very significant, of an effective armament t is said be correct, is

oncrete, indeed, has ren illusory resistance, for s without arms is really obstacle to an enemy's apers to-day argue that be coated with concrete, dous inference. If the s guns are speedly silencle, whether of concrete must be found of arming ive purposes; then only substitute for a strong e march of the enemy. to have cannon without thout cannon, and after Chalons it is apparent ll continue between the ruct and the artillery-

owever, which was not as resulted clearly from -namely, that an iron hickness, does not offer to the new explosives, ips are already practie condemned without nance of showing what many milliards have What labor has been t one experiment being turned to account!

Him Off. o patient)-What you You should walk

for his pocket)—How walked all last night rtant Element.

the family)-So you Bishop, Bobby, when well enough, but as after ma's side of the

'll ever be fat enough

Spring will come, ng trees s and bees, -tum-ti-tum-ti-tan G. A. Kranse, ar from Akrs, C Timbuctoe, early all co

AND UNLIKE

By M. E. BRADDON,

ACTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.-DRIFTING.

Sir Adrian Belfield had been a traveller Ter the face of the earth for nearly two rears pefore he turned his face homewards. had seen most of the fairest spots in the world. He had spent half a year in Greece, and had seen Algiers and Tangiers, Egypt and the Holy Land, and had devoted the best part of a year to a leisurely saunter through Spain and Italy, taking his own time, and living the life of the country, roughing it a little now and then, so far as his delicate health would allow, and seeing much more of people and of places than it is given to the average travelier to see. He ad gone abroad to cure himself of a wound which he had at first thought almost incurand he did not turn his face hometill he felt that he was heart whole occe more, and could meet his brother's wife without one parg of regret, one thrill of passionate feeling.

Yes, he was cured. A love which has its origin in the fancy or the senses is not difficult to eradicate. A love that has no more solid foundation than a beautiful face does not take a very strong hold of an intellectual character. Adrian was too clever a man not to discover, when the glamour of that first love had faded a little, that the woman he had adored was too shallow and light minded to be worthy of broken hearts. She who could so easily transfer her allegiance from one brother to the other, who potent charm of beauty began to lose its power over his memory after a year's absence. Greece showed him women as beautiful, Italy showed him a more picturesque loveliness in the faces of peasant girls by the wayside, while in society he met women who, with a little less than Helen's beauty, possessed the charm of intellectual nower and brilliant accomplishments.

He learnt his lesson in those years of exile, and thanked God that he was able to

"I have been away from you an unconscionable time, dearest mother," he wrote. knowing how keenly Lady Belfield had felt his absence; "but the purpose of my banishment is fulfilled. I am going home to ever make a difficulty between Valentine and me, or put Valentine's wife to the blush. I can be to her henceforward as a brother.' This letter relieved Constance Belfield's

mind of a heavy burden, the fear of bad blood between those two sons who were her all upon this earth. She loved them both too well to have been happy while there was any shadow of ill-feeling between them. However she might lean to Valentine, she knew that Adrian was in all things the finer character and the better son; and the sorrow that had fallen upon him through his gether.' brother's rivalry had been a source of deep est pain to her.

It was not till he had gone from the Abbey that she knew how dear that elder son had been to her, or how essential to the happiness of her life. His wayward brother had occupied more of her thoughts, and had been a constant source of maternal anxiety ; but Adrian had been the companion of her days, had sympathised with her in all her pursuits, entered into all her plans for the good of others, joined in her every aspiration and elevating thought. He had been her second self, and she only knew it when he vas gone.

The letter announcing his return made her to her that he should write in good spirits; galleries, the latest conjuring trick, that he should be full of hopefulness about

"I should like to see what the world is doing before I bury myself at the dear old Abbey," he wrote; "so I have engaged rooms at the Alexandra for the second and third weels in June, with the notion that you would not mind joining me there. We can do the round of operas and theatres and see all the picture galleries in a fortnight, leaving a margin for your dress maker and my tailor."

Lady Belfield had not been in London days.' since she went up to see her invalid daughter-in law. Valentine and his wife had visited her at the Abbey twice since their marriage, and Valentine had been there for the hunting and shooting several times, without his wife; running down to hunt or shoot for a few days, and going back to London at the first unfa vorable change in the weather. He treated the house as if it were his own, telegraphing to announce his arrival, leaving at half an hour's notice, and standing upon no kind of ceremony. Lady Belfield had been pleased that it should be so. She was glad that her

son should treat her house as his home. She came to London a day before Adrian gravely. was expected, so that she might be at the hotel to receive him, or meet him at the terminus. She had brought books and scent bottles, paper-cutters and workbaskets enough to give a home-like aspect even to an hotel sitting room. She had brought a great basket of flowers from the Abbey gardens and hot-houses, and she and her maid were at work nearly al the morning after her arrival filling vases, and building up a bank of bloom in the fire-

place. Adrian was not expected till six in the evening, when his train was to arrive at Charing Cross.

Lady Belfield ordered a carriage and drove to Wilkie Mansions about an hour after luncheon. Mrs. Belfield was not at

Lady Belfield's card and the lady's look of disappointment. "Or I can fetch her if you

"She is at Mrs. Baddeley's, you mean?"

"Yes, my lady." "Thanks, I'll go there at once."

A silvery ripple of laughter greeted Constance Belfield's ear as the door was opened by the very smallest individual of the page | shelf." genus—the smallest and the smartest. His livery was in perfect style, his innocent Haxen hair was brushed as carefully as if he had been in a crack cavalry regiment.

The lobby into which this infant admitted Lady Belfield was picturesque in its arrangement of oriental drapery and tropical palms; but it was very small, and only divided from the drawing-room by a curtain, through which the visitor heard masculine voices

and laughter before the page could announce

On the curtain being lifted she saw the sisters lounging gracefully in low bamboo chairs, dressed almost alike in limp white muslin morning gowns, lace betrimmed, dia phanous, ethereal. Helen's heavy plaits of auburn hair had fallen down, and were hanging on her shoulders. Her dress had altogether an air of deshabille, which Lady Belfield did not approve in a lady who was receiving masculine visitors.

The visitors were two. Lord St. Austell and Mr. Beeching. Helen started up from her chair and ran

to welcome her mother in law. "Dearest Lady Be field, what a tremen dous surprise ! ' she exclaimed. "You di not say a word about coming to London in your last letter."

"I had no intention of coming when I wrote," replied Constance, shaking hands with Mrs. Baddeley and then with the two

She told her daughter-in-law of Adrian's return, and of their residence at the Alexandra. Helen blushed faintly at the mention of her jilted lover, and a flood of memories rushed across her mind at the sound of

Oh; how long it seemed ago, that old time when she and Adrian were engaged, when her heart was light and glad with a Come at ten o'clock to-morrow. That will fruit which is comparatively harmless, childish pleasure in her conquest, and her could break faith at the first temptation, lover's devotion, and the sunny future that was not a woman to die tor. And even that lay before their feet. All was altered now : she had loved and suffered; her pride had been crushed, her spirit broken; and then, all at once, like the awakening of Spring, life had seemed to begin again, as if all the world were newly made.

Mrs. Baddeley brought forward her most upon Lady Belfield. luxurious chair, and established Lady Belfield in a shady nook by the oriel window, while Helen stood dreaming.

"You find us in rather a dishevelled condition," said Mrs. Baddeley; "we were late coming home from our ride this morning. Our horses were very fresh, and we ed woman in this world," protested Helen, were obliged to give them a little extra work. Row, weren't we, St. Austell?'

you cured. No hidden feelings of mine will freedom which was very objectionable to watching Lady Belfield's hired Victoria as it ture; though, of course, there is a great Lady Belfield.

"I am glad you are riding, Helen," the eyes almost blinded by tears. mother-in-law said, gently.

"Yes, it is very nice to ride in the Row Valentine was so kind to buy me a horse." blushed crimson as she mentioned her hus- influences. band's gift. "He rides with you, I hope?"

"You have a good groom, I hope." " No, we have no groom. The man comes round from the livery stables to mount us, Mrs. Belfield by her Christian name? and we generally have an escort of some kind," concluded Mrs. Baddeley. "We are perfectly safe, I assure you."

wife to ride without proper attendance," she said gravely.

and what was she going to see. He ran "Helen, my Helen." over the names of the Theatres—he talked newest thought-reader.

"I am not very rabid about amusements." said Lady Belfield. "I want to see as much as I can of my daughter.' Helen's eyes filled at that word "daugh-

ter," spoken with extreme tenderness. "You are too good to me," she faltered. "I wish Valentine were in London to help me make much of you; but he has gone over to Paris for the Longchamps races. You know how devoted he is to racing. suppose he will be back in two or three

"You don't know when he is to be back? "I never know till within an hour or two. He is so erratic. He says he never likes to forecast his life, to forfeit the privilege of changing his mind. He comes back from Newmarket, or York, or Paris, just as

unexpectedly as he comes from his club." " He is the best of fellows, but I really think he was made for a bachelor," said St. Austell airily. "He has such a thorough really and desperately in love. appreciation of manly liberty. You must have exacted very little from him in his

boyhood, Lady Belfield." "I hope I never exacted anything from either of my sons," arswered Constance.

That light tone of St. Austell's jarred upon her. The man's presence in that room, had spoken so confidently.

morrow evening, Helen?" she asked. Helen looked at her sister.

we are booked for a dinner in Park Lane, and a dance in Grosvenor Gardens."

"The next night, then."

the Opera before my dances.

"It is a wretchedly exhausting life for any young woman," said Lady Belfield. "It is a wretchedly exhausting life, but

thoughtfully for a few moments, and she did not think that the expression of that lovely face was one of perfect serenity. There was a troubled look in the large violet eyes, a nervous restleseness about the mouth.

Mr. Beeching sat in a low chair, teasing Mrs. Baddeley's poodle all this time, and did not committ himself by speech. He had aquired almost a reputation as the most silent man in London.

The poodle was an artificial personage, spoiled by London hours and high living, blase, cynical. He wore three tufts on his thaven back, and three tufts on his aspiring sail, silver collar, and silver bracelets, and would bite his dearest friend. He had been over educated and was supposed at these times to suffer from pressure on the brain. He played the piano, walked upstairs on his hind legs, shut the door, and insulted Mr. Gladstone in dumb show whenever a piece of sugar was offered to him coupled with that statesman's name. It may be supposed, as the performance must have been irksome, that he really detested Mr. Gladstone.

No doubt there are Liberal poodles in London to whom the name of Lord Salisbury is equally odious; but the Tory poodle is the more general ornament of a lady's bou-

"Come to breakfast with me to-morrow morning, Helen," said Lady Belfield, when she was going away, after half-an-hour of the shallowest talk, in which Mrs. Baddeley and Lord St. Austell were the chief performers. "You can hardly be engaged at

breakfast time.' "If I were I would give up my engagement for you," replied Helen with her caressing smile. "I will give up my dance to-

morrow night, if you like." "No, no. You shall make no sacrifices.

not be too early, will it?"

"No. I always wake early. I never sleep more than four or five hours." "Very different from me," said Mrs. Baddeley. "I sleep like a dormouse till it is time to put on my habit for the Row." She gave a great yawn and a sigh of relief presently when the outer door closed

"That dear soul is utterly charming in Devonshire," she said, "but she rather palls

Leonora-end walked to an open window at | and drinking anything whatever has

St. Austell followed her to the window. "What a sensitive nature it is which when there is no better riding possible. every chance touch can move to pain," he ed to a fatal extreme the coolness of the said. "You ought not to expose yourself corpses resulting there from would be ad-"He only did what was right," said Lady to this kind of thing, Helen. You ought ditional proof of the soundness of the Belfield, wondering why the young wife to be far away from the possibility of jarring theory. Not to dwell upon the irra-

"Oh no; his hunters are at grass. He time, and was exchanging muffled remarks dering their condition warmer than it would says he hates the Row. Leo and I ride to- with Mrs. Baddeley, as they shared the at- otherwise be, let us speak of the true source tentions and chance snaps of the Tory by which a rising thermometer may be suc poodle.

When had Lord St. Austell begun to call

Helen could not remember the exact moment of that marked change from conventional respect to privileged familiarity. Lady Belfield was not to be assured upon was in a waltz perhaps, when, lured by exquisite music, she had held on too long, and "I think my son is wrong in allowing his had been almost fainting on his shoulder, with the world all melting round her, as i there were no more reality in life, only a St. Austell turned the conversation into sweet vague dimness, the perfume of golden a pleasanter channel. How long did Lady lilies, golden lights glimmering in a pale Belfield contemplate remaining in town, haze, and his voice murmuring tenderly,

Was it thus, or in some other way, the feel ten years younger. It was so delightful of Hurlingham and Ranelagh. The picture change came about? She hardly knew. Nothing in her life seemed to have had a beginning. She had floated along she knew not whither, lulled in balmy zephyrs, lapped in warm sunshine; she had drifted down a tropical river in an atmosphere of dream. land. He called her Helen now as a matter of course; and he told her every day and many times a day that there was something amiss in her life. That which was wrong was her feeble hold upon propriety, her last tenacious clinging to her duty as a wife. Her footsteps were faltering just upon the hither side of the line that severs innocence from guilt. She could still hold up her head and say to herself, "I may be passion ately in love with St. Austell, as he is with me; but I am true to my hasband all the same, and nothing could ever tempt me to betray him." Telling herself that she lived in daily commune with the tempter, the man whose name was a synonym for seduction: and who was so much the more dangerous in her case because this time he was

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chivalry on the Wane, and Why.

"It is a curious fact," remarks the Bosand his easy familiarity with both sisters, ton Transcript, "that the more we become gave her an uncomfortable teeling. She like the Old World, and the further we get found herself wondering whether he was away from the crude period in which our often there; and whether he was chief Western brethren are supposed still to among the "escort ' of whom Mrs. Baddeley remain, the lower the standard of men's chivalry toward women seems to sink. "Can you go to the opera with me to- No lady stands in a street car in Deadwood or Leadville; but in Paris, the capital of civil zation, there is no such thing as only in the intelligent use of the oriental "I'm afraid not," said Mrs. Baddeley, chivalry to unknown women in the public bath. streets." Our contemporary need not have gone further than New York to find a low standard of men's chivalry towards "There is another dance,-two dances," women. In New York it is a rare thing for replied Helen; "but I can go with you to a man to give up his seat in a street car to a lady. The reason for the decay of "chiv-"No, I will not allow that. You look alry" is not difficult to find. In propor-"I think you will find my mistress over the fragile enough as it is. I won't cause you tion as the rights of women are demanded way, my lady," said the maid, when she saw any extra fatigue. But do you really go out and conceded the chivalrous sentiment be- most of the common articles of diet combine "My dear Lady Belfield, just think, it that if the ladies have equal rights with men is the very height of the season !" said Mrs. they cannot expect to have the privileges Baddeley. "If we had not a good many en- which were so cheerfully accorded them in gagements now we should be indeed very the age of chivalry. In Toronto the women's little in request. When I cease to be want- rights movement has not made much headed at three or four different houses every way, and, as everybody knows, the ladies night in June I shall know that I am on the are never allowed to want seats in street

> Irritated Frenchman (to American who whole suffers, and if one part is overfed, the one must endure it for a month or six weeks has mistaken him for a waiter)-Sir r, you others will be underfed. in the year, unless one wants to fall out of haf gr-r-rossly insulted me. There is my the ranks altogether. Helen moped horribly card. My seconds vill vait upon you, sir-r-r." till Valentine and I took her in hand, and American-" Never mind your seconds. Pass me the Worcestershire sauce, and be Lady Belfield contemplated her son's wife quick about it."

HEALTH.

How Some Girls Live.

They go to bed at night and fall into sort of stupor; why not? Is there one breath of fresh air in their sleepingbox ! Do they ever, except in the heat of summer. have so much as a crack of the window open? If there is a fireplace in their room or a stovepipe hole don't they close it up as tightly as they can? No wonder it is so hard to wake up in the morning. I can hear them groan and moan and yawn and scold now, at the imperative summons to get up. And what do they find on the break fast table? Sweet fried cakes, something in the shape of meat, generally fried, potatoes, either fried or stewed, hot coffee, and probably "griddle cakes," fried of course. Now, I am not going on a crusade against the frying pan, for it has its uses, but when I see a girl ait down at the breakfast table with dull eyes, a sallow face, a listless manner and proceed to make that early meal of strong coffee, sweetened cakes, fried pork, and potatoes, with a sequence of griddle cakes liberally buttered and drowned in molasses, I feel like shutting her up for a week's must add: starvation on bread and water.

Then there is dinner; tough meat, baked vegetables, pie, any kind of a pie with a crust either tough or sandy; tasting strongly of lard and filled with things most convenient. A favorite pie in some country homes is constructed of sliced lemon, flour, and molasses, baked in a mass as unfit for the human stomach as a stewed rubber over

Tea-time brings cakes of various sorts, probably more pie, cheese, fruit preserved, and so ill done it is fermented, or canned strong tea and hot biscuit.

Keeping Ocol.

With the advent of hot weather, the pu suit of bodily coolness becomes the aim every intelligent person. The majority of men are wholly given over to gross delusions concerning this matter. There is the delusion that claret, not to speak of stronger liquids, is the proper thing to drink in hot upon one in London. She requires to be | weather. Now, inasmuch as alcohol hastset off by the back ground of a mediæval eng the process of combustion and increases the heat of the body, to drink iced claret "She is the most unselfish and pure mind- in order to cool the system is about as sensible as it would be to place a few pounds warmly, and then she turned her back upon of ice on a hot stove, and sit by it until the think we were the very last people in the the trio-Mr. Beeching, St. Austell, and ice should melt away. As a rule, eating She called him St. Austell, tout court; a the end of the room, and stood looking out tendency to increase the bodily temperaturned round the corner of the street, with difference in the heating form of different articles of diet. The less one eats or drinks the cooler he will be, and it is hardly necessary to remark that were this process carritional means by which men who are Mr. Beeching had found speech by this anxious to become cool only succeed in ren cessfully defied. The bath, in its various forms, is the sovereign defense against excessive heat. There is the bath taken by the small boy at the river side, the efficacy of which is shown by the success with which the bather subsequently defies the intense

heat of the sun's rays as they fall directly upon the shadeless piers. Better than the river bath is the surf bath, which is usually succeeded by subsequent resting under shady arbors, by which its cooling effect is made to last for several hours. The sponge bath is better than no bath at all, but it is actended with difficulties which nullify to some extent its good effects. The strain upon the intellect involved in the effort not excitement consequent upon the perpetual his search for the soap, which eventually loses itself and evades recapture with aggravating slipperiness, seldom fail to quicken the pulse of the person attempting a sponge bath such an extent as to render the bath of but the Nile?" slight efficacy as a cooling process. But above and beyond all other baths, antagonists of summer heat, are those admirable

inventions, the Turkish and Russian baths. Every one knows that in the former hot air and in the latter hot vapor are the agents employed to produce the profuse perspiration which is the distinguishing feature of these baths. By their action the temperature of the body is rapidly lowered, and the subsequent processes of the bath, being wholly devoid of all possible fatigues, tend to keep the body in the cool condition in which the bather emerges form the hands of the shampooer. One of these baths taken at the end of the day insures a cool and comfortable night, or if taken at midday enables the bather to endure with something like contentment the heat of the hottest July afternoon. Like other blessings, however, they can be indulged in to excess. A too frequent repetition of the Turkish or Russian bath has a perceptibly weakening ef fect, and there are certain diseased conditions in which even the moderate use either is fraught with danger. A person in ordinary health, however, can find no luxury that is to be compared with the cooling and invigorating bath which he receives in a perfectly managed bath house conducted upon either the air or hot-vapor systems and in the hot weather which we must anticipate for the next two months, the secret of almost perpetual coolness will be found

Muscle-Forming Food. "What is the best food for producing muscle?" This question, asked frequently, is a legitimate one. Some foods are particularly muscle-formers; others produce fat, and still others brain and nerve, while

But the question, to cover our entire physical needs, requires to be broadened into this: What combination of food will best nourish the body? Even then the answer must be modified to suit individual cases. For the digestive power differs greatly in different persons. Moreover, there is an interdependence between the different bodily organs and tissues, so that the body must be built up as a whole. If one part lacks, the

Thus a person who becomes unduly fat shook her despondency out of her; and now Frenchy. You can wait on me just as well. in muscular strength. So, too, muscular It was written on feelscap paper, the sheets as to impoverish the brain, and also to re- feet 10 inches long.

duce the fat of the body below what is no cessary both as surplus food laid up for emergencies, and as a protection against sudden changes of temperature.

The best food for producing muscle, must, while being duly appetizing, contain a large per cent. (1) of nitrates for the muscles, (2) of phosphates for the brain and nerves, and (3) of carbonates for the fat. Of the first class, the nitrates, beans stand at the head at twenty-four per cent. ; then pease at twenty-two; cabbage and salmon at twenty; oats at seventeen; eggs and veal at sixteen, and beef at fifteen.

Of the second class, the phosphates, salmon stands first at seven; then codfish at six; beef and eggs at five; beans and veal at four, and cabbage, pease and oats at three. Of the third class, the carbonates, butter stands at the head at one hundred; rice at eighty; corn and rye at seventy-two; wheat at sixty-nine ; oats at sixty-six ; peas at sixty; beans at fifty-seven and cabbage at forty-

Fresh codfish fried in fat or served with butter gravy about equals beef in all respects and so do eggs fried in fat. Beef with cabbage makes a very nutritious diet. But we

1. The mere eating of food cannot make muscle. The muscles must be called into vigorous daily exercise, yet without over-

2. Excessive eating isweakening, and must be avoided. It is the amount digested and assimilated that tells, not the quantity taken into the stomach.

3. All the laws of health must be steadily

Misplaced Energy.

Overwork is an American disease, and women are the greatest sufferers from it. Much of this suffering is uncalled for, and wholly unnecessary. Many women have become drudges to the prevailing humor of the day, and give their best energies to fancy work and the over-ornamentation of their homes. Hundreds of women cannot read. or develop themselves mentally, because they "do not have time." Yet it is the houses of which these women are mistresses that are overcrowded with furniture, and are painfully suggestive of the labor involved

in caring for it. Wrinkles used to indicate age, but now they indicate worry. We have our schoolgirls with wrinkled foreheads and harassed expression, already being trained to live under the "no time" pressure. One is almost tempted to say, Blessed be they who have nothing and expect nothing! Looking at life from this standpoint, one is led to feel that St. Paul was the most enviable of men, for he had learned contentment in the present tense. Discontent is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the overwork and hurry among women; they must make just as good an appearance as their neigbbor, whose income is far more, or whose necessary expenses are far less, than their own. Unless we are independent enough to make standards of our own, and live up to them, refusing to give up the liberty of ornamenting and dressing as best suits our position and tastes, life degenerates readily into a competitive struggle for the first place in our set, let it be rich or

Parson Green was one of the school committee in the town of Briarfield, and one of his hobbies related to the study of geography. He contended that very little time should be spent over foreign countries, but that each pupil should leave a common school with a clear and accurate knowledge of his own State's resources and topography. Not only was he devoted to this theory, but

he lost no opportunity of promulgating it. "Visiting school" one day, with a colleague who ventured to differ with him on this to sprinkle water upon the carpet, and the point, the minister undertook to illustrate his views by practical example. Selecting a particularly bright little girl in the geography class which had been reciting about

Africa, he said to her: "What do you know about the source of

The little maid thereupon gave a vivid account of explorations and hardships, at which her teacher smiled approvingly. "Do you know where Liberia is?"

She answered promptly and correctly. "Can you tell anything about the ancient city of Alexandria?

It proved that she could tell a great deal, and when she had distinguished herself, in the eyes of her classmates, by enlarging upon it, the minister suddenly changed his tactics. "What town in your State manufactures

most cloth?" he asked. The child hung her head. She did not

"How many mountains are there over three thousand feet high?" She had apparently never been told. The

minister looked triumphantly at his friend. "Now, you see," he went on, "this child doesn't even know enough about her own State to utilize its advantages when she grows up. Tell me, my little girl, if you wanted to go from your home to New York, what line of railroad you would take, and what bodies of water you would cross.

"I don't know, sir," sorrowfully said the "Then you see yourself that you don't know anything about your own State," said he, determined to drive the question home. "Well, if you wanted to take such a jour

ney, what should you do?" The child was driven to the wall, and, like many a weaker creature, she turned at bay. Her eyes were full of tears, and her lip quivered, but she replied bravely, " should just ask my papa to take me to the

station, and buy my ticket !" She was questioned no more that day.

Altogether Too Communicative.

A very pretty little girl, only three years old, attracted the attention of passengers in a Montreal train for Toronto the other day, and finally one gentleman succeeded in getting her upon his knee.

"Where are you going, sissy?" he in-"I'm going to Toronto," said the child. adding eagerly: "I've dot on a new pair of flannel drawers! Did you ever have a pair of flannel drawers?" Further inquiries were

smothered in the laughter of everybody

within hearing.

A man in Lima, O., recently received loses in muscular fibre, either in quantity or from friends in Wattsville, Pa., a letter quality. One who overfeeds the brain loses that it took him nearly all night to read. development may be carried to such excess being pasted together, and was exactly 27