CHAPTER IV.

Tom WILSON'S EMIGRATION.

"Of all odd fellows, this fellow was the oddest. have seen many strange fish in my days, but I never met with his equal "

About a month previous to our emigration to Canada, my husband said to me, "You need not expect me home to dinner to-day; I am going with my friend Wilson to Yto hear Mr. C- lecture upon emigration to Canada. He has just returned from the North American provinces, and his lectures are attended by vast numbers of persons who are anxious to obtain imformation on the subject. I got a note from your friend B- this morning, begging me to come over and listen to his palaver; and as Wilson thinks of emigrating in the spring, he will be my walking companion."

"Tom Wilson going to Canada!" said I. as the door closed on my better half. "Wnat a back-woodsman he will make! What a loss to the single ladies of S ----! What will they do without him at their balls and picnics?"

table near me, was highly amused at this likeness. Good night!" unexpected announcement. She fell back same mania,"

Train.

name, will disgust them with his eloquence ; of your discourse. for B --- writes me word, in his droll A lady once told him in jest, that her way, that he is a coarse, vulgar fellow, and younger brother, a lad of twelve years old, creatures.

It might be made a subject of curious in quiry to those who delight in human absurdities, if ever there were a character drawn in works of fiction so extravagantly ridiculous as some which daily experience presents to our view. We have encountered people say to that. Ha, ha, ha?" in the broad thoroughfares of life more eccentric than ever we read of in books; people who, if all their foolish saying and doings were duly recorded, would vie with the drollest creations of Hood, or George Colman, and put to shame the flights of Baron Munchausen. Not that Tom Wilson was a romancer; oh no! He was the very prose of prose, a man in a mist, who seemed afraid of moving about for fear of knocking his head against a tree, and finding a halter and could talk and act as sensibly as other suspended to its branches—a man as helpless folks. and as indolent as a baby.

Mr. Thomas, or Tom Wilson, as he was familiarily called by all his friends and acquaintances, was the son of a gentleman who possessed a large landed property in the neighborhood; but an extravagant and profligate expenditure of the income which he derived from a fine estate which had descended from father to son through many generations, had greatly reduced the cir cumstances of the elder Wilson. Still, his family held a certain high rank and standing in their native country, of which his evil courses, bad as they were, could not wholly deprive them. The young peopleand a very large family they made of sons and daughters, twelve in number-were objects of inverest and commiseration to all who knew them, while the worthless father was justly held in contempt. Our hero was the youngest of the six sons; and from his childhood he was famous for his nothingto-doishness. He was too indolent to engage heart and soul in the manly sports of his comrades; and he never thought it necessary to commence leorning his lessons until the school had been in an hour. As he grew up to man's estate, he might be seen dawdling about in a black frock-coat, jean trousers, and white kid gloves, making lazy bows to the pretty girls of his acquaintance; or dressed in a green shooting. jacket, with a gun across his shoulder, sauntering down the wooded lanes, with a brown spaniel dodging at his heels, and looking as sleepy and indolent as his master.

The slowness of all Tom's movements was strangely contrasted with his slight, elegant, and symmetrical figure; that looked as if it only awaited the will of the owner to be the most active piece of human machinery that ever responded to the impluses of youth and health. But then, his face! What pencil could faithfully delineate features at once so comical and lugburious—features that one moment expressed the most solemn seriousness, and the next, the most grotesque and absurd abandonment to mirth? In him, all extremes appeared to meet; the man was a contradiction to himself. Tom was a person of few words, and so intensely lazy, that it required a strong effort of will to enable him to answer the questions of inquiring friends; and when at length aroused to exercise his colloquial powers, he performed the task in so original a manner, that it never failed to upset the gravity of the interrogator. When he raised his large, prominent, leaden-coloured eyes from the ground, and looked the inquirer steadily in the face, the effect was irresistible; the laugh would come,—do your best to resist

Poor Tom took this mistimed merriment in very good part, generally answering with a ghastly contortion which he meant for a smile, or, if he did trouble himself to find words, with "Well that's funny! What makes you hough? At me I suppose? I don't her." wonder at it; I often laugh at myself."

Tom would have been a treasure to an undertaker. He would have been celebrated as a mute; he looked as if he had been born in shroud, and rocked in a coffin. The gravity with which he could answer a ridiculos or impertinent question com. How he succeeded in the speculation the semed and turned the shafts of quel will show. pon his opponent. If Tom that bede fiance to all competition. He could quis with a smile, and put down insolence an incredulous stare. A grave wink from those dreamy eyes would destroy

the versality of a travelled dandy for ever.

doubtful-but his honesty of heart and purpose never.

When you met Tom in the streets, he was that this very ugly young man considered himself an Adonis; and I must confess that rather inclined to this opinion. He always paced the public streets with a slow, deliberate tread, and with his eyes fixed intently on the ground—like a man who had lost his ideas, and was diligently employed in

one day in this dreamy mood. "How do you do Mr. Wilson?" stared at me for several minutes as if doubtful of my presence or identity.

"What was it you said?" I repeated the question; and he answered with one of his incredulous smiles. "Was it to me you spoke? Oh, I am

quite well, or I should not be walking here. By the way, did you see my dog?" "How should I know your dog?"

They say he resembles me. He's a queer

hearty laugh. I am certain that most of my ness for light, in all he did or said. He cument, written in the same style in which ted to return and die upon your wave en readers would have joined in her laugh, had must have had different eyes and ears, and it is spoken. Read it; you have a treat in circled shores, and rest my weary head and they known the object which provoked her a different way of seeing, hearing, and com- store." mirth. "Poor Tom is such a dreamer," prehending than is possessed by the genersaid my sister, "it would be an act of char- ality of his species; and to such a length ity in Moodie to persuade him from under- | did he carry this abstraction of soul and | I felt an uncharitable dislike. taking such a wild-goose chase; only that I | sense, that he would often leave you abruptfancy my good brother is possessed with the | ly in the middle of a sentence; and if you chanced to meet him some weeks after, he dress?" "Nay, God forbid!' said I. "I hope | would resume the conversation with the very this Mr. -, with the unpronounceable word at which he had cut short the thread

lacks the dignity of a bear. Oh! I am cer- had called his donkey Braham, in honour of tain they will return quite sickened with the great singer of that name. Tom made have have seen him, he was too big to be the Canadian project." Thus I laid the no answer, but started abruptly away. flattering unction to my soul, little dream- Three months after, she happened to ening that I and mine should share in the counter him on the same spot, when he was between him and the roast pig he was Strange adventures of this oddist of all odd accosted her, without any previous saluta. carving! I was wondering all dinner time

"You were telling me about a donkey, Miss-, a donkey of your brother's- the other leering very affectionately at me. Braham, I think you called him-yes, Braham; a strange name for an ass! I wonder what the great Mr. Braham would | yourself when you arrive in Canada?" said I.

"Your memory must be excellent, Mr. Wilson, to enable you to remember such a trifling circumstance all this time." "Trifling, do you call it? Why, I have an abstemious fello v."

thought of nothing else ever since. From traits such as these my readers will be tempted to imagine him brother to the animal who had dwelt so long in his thoughts; but there were times when he surmounted this strange absence of mind,

doze away seven years of his valueless existence, suffering his convict servants to rob him of everything, and finally to burn his dwelling. He returned to his native village, dressed as an Italian mendicant, with a monkey perched upon his shoulder, and playing airs of his own composition upon a hurdy-gurdy. In this disguise he sought the dwelling of an old bachelor uncle, and solicited his charity. But who that had me see; what was I going to say ?-ah, I in mind and form was alike original. The doing a great deal. I have tried that before good natured old soldier, at a glance, discovered his hopeful nephew, received him into his house with kindness, and had afforded him an asylum ever since.

One little anecdote of him at this period will illustrate the quiet love of mischief with which he was imbued. Travelling from W \_\_\_\_\_ to London in the stage-coach (railways were not invented in these days), he entered into conversation with an intelligent farmer who sat next him: New South Wales, and his residence in that colony, forming the leading topic. A dissenting minister who happened to be his vis-a vis, and who had annoyed him by making several impertinent remarks, suddenly asked

"Seven," returned Tom, in a solemn tone, without deigning a glance at his com-

I thought so," responded the other, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets. "And pray, sir, what were you

"Stealing pigs," returned the incorrigible . Tom, with the gravity of a judge. words were scarcely pronounced when the questioner called the coachman to stop, preferring a ride outside in the rain to a seat within with a thief. Tom greatly enjoyed the hoax, which he used to tell with the merriest of all grave faces.

Besides being a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and always imagining himself in love with some unattainable beauty, he had a passionate craze for music, and played upon the violin and flute with considerable taste and execution. The sound of favourite melody operated upon the breath ing automaton like magic, his frezen faculties experienced a sudden thaw, and the stream of life leaped and gambolled for a while with uncontrollable vivacity. He laughed, danced, sang, and made love in a breath, committing a thousand mad vagaries to make you acquainted with his existence.

My husband had a remarkably sweettoned flute, and this flute Tom regarded to follow the suggestions of the latter. with a species of idolatry.

"I break the Tenth Commandmant. Moodie, whenever I hear you play upon that flute. Take care of your black wife." (a name he had bestowed upon the coveted gotten. treasure), "or I shall certainly run off with

"I am half afraid of you, Tom. I am sure if I were to die, and leave you my black wife as a legacy, you would be too much overjoyed to lament my death."

Such was the strange, whimsical being who contemplated an emigration to Canada. It was late in the evening before my hus.

object of ridicule to many, band and his friend Tom Wilson returned he had a sol quietly ridiculing others, from Y \_\_\_\_\_. I had provided a hot supper and a cup of coffee after their long walk. and they did ample justice to my care. Tom was in unusual high spirits, and ap

peared wholly bent upon his Canadian ex pedition.

cellar, having deliberately turned out its soul breathes forth its aspirations in a lancontents upon the table-cloth. "We were guage unknown to common minds; and hungry after our long walk and he gave us that language is Poetry. Here annually, an excellent dinner.

substance of his lecture."

sure it took him half the day to make his Moodie, laughing; "and his audience seem whistled from among his bower of May toilet), that it led many persons to imagine ed to think so, by the attention they paid blossoms. Here, I had discoursed sweet to it during the discussion. But come, words to the tinkling brook, and learned Wilson, give my wife some account of the intellectual part of the entertainment.

"What! I-I-I-I give an account of the lecture? Why, my dear fellow, I never listened to one word of it !" ious voice of Nature, bearing aloft the choral "I thought you went to Y --- on our

searching for them. I chanced to meet him pose to obtain information on the subject of emigration to Canada?"

"Well, and so I dia; but when the fel low pulled out his pamphlet, and said that it contained the substance of his lecture and only cost a shilling, I thought that it was better to secure the substance than endeavor to catch the shadow-so I bought the book, and spared myself the pain of listening to mother, holding out her living arms to ento the oratory of the writer. Mrs. Moodie! fold to her bosom her ening but devoted he had a shocking delivery, a drawling, vul- child. gar voice; and he spoke with such a nasal

yourself, Mr. Wilson, during his long ad mother of the orphans of civilization. The

lected together to listen to one greater than adoption, and of my children's birth; and, the rest. By the way, Moodie, did you oh, dearer still to a mother's heart-land of notice Farmer Flitch ?'

" No; where did he sit?" "At the foot of the table. You must overlooked. What a delightful squint he had! What a ridiculous likeness there how that man contrived to cup up that pig; for one eye was fixed upon the ceiling, and It was very droll; was it not?"

"And what do you intend doing with "Find out some large hollow tree, and live like Bruin in the winter by sucking my paws. In the summer there will be plenty of mast and acorns to satisfy the wants of

"But joking apart, my dear fellow," said my husband, anxious to induce him to abandon a scheme so hopeless, "do you think that you are at all qualified for a life of toil and hardship?"

"Are you?" returned Tom, raising his large, bushy, black eyebrows to the top of his forehead, and fixing his leaden eyes On the death of his father, he emigrated steadfastly upon his interrogator, with an to New South Wales, where he contrived to | air of such absurd gravity that we burst into a hearty laugh.

"Now what do you laugh for? I am sure asked you a very serious question."

"But your method of putting it is so unusual that you must excuse us for laughing.' "I don't want you to weep," said Tom "but as to our qualifications, Moodie, I think them pretty equal. I know you think otherwise, but I will explain. Let once seen our friend Tom could ever forget have it! You go with the intention of "May you prove as lucky a pair as Whithim? Nature had no counterpart of one who | clearing land, and working for yourself, and in New South Wales, and I know that it won't answer. Gentlemen can't work like labourers, and if they could they won't-it is not in them, and that you will find out. You expect, by going to Canada, to make your fortune, or at least secure a comfortable independence. I anticipate no such results; yet I mean to go, partly out of a whim, partly to satisfy my curiosity whether it is a better country than New South Wales; and lastly, in the hope of bettering my condition in a small way. which at present is so bad that it can scarcely be worse. I mean to purchase a farm with the three hundred pounds I received last week from the sale of my father's him, with a sneer, how many years he had property; and if the Canadian soil yields only half what Mr. C-says it does, I need not starve. But the refined habits in which you have been brought up, and your unfortunate literary propensities—(I say unfortunate, because you will seldom meet to tell one safother! It will be capital people in a colony who can or will sympathise with you in these pursuits)—they will make you an object of mistrust and envy to those who cannot appreciate them, and will be a source of constant mortification and disappointment to yourself. Thank God I have no literary propensities; but, in spite of the latter advantage, in all probability I shall make no exertion at all: so that your energy damped by disgust and disappointment, and my laziness will end in the same thing, and we shall both return like bad pennies to our native shores. But, as I have neither wife nor child to involve in my failure, I think, without much self-flattery, that my prospects are better than yours." This was the longest speech I ever heard Tom utter; and, evidently astonished at

himself, he sprang up abruptly from the table, overset a cup of coffee into my lap and, wishing us good day (it was eleven o'clock at night), he ran out of the house.

There was more truth in poor Tom's words than at that moment we were willing to allow; for youth and hops were on our side in those days, and we were most ready

bustle of a sudden preparation to depart, two berths in the ship, that he might not rushing along in the mad chase of the almight.

Tom and his affairs were for a while for Tom and his affairs were for a while for- chance to have a person who snored sleep ty dollar side by side with those who sit at gotten.

anticipation weigh upon my heart! As the ion! Besides, Charles, quoth he, 'I caners, given lectures, write novels, speculated time for our departure drew near the local restaurance of a snoring companies their holy calling they find time to the local restaurance of a snoring companies. I caners, given lectures, write novels, and in time for our departure drew near, the not endure to share my little cabin with stocks and real estate, run farms, and in thought of leaving my friends and native others. The not endure to share my little cabin with stocks and real estate, run farms, and in thought of leaving my friends and native others. thought of leaving my friends and native others; they will use my towels, and combs, various ways engage in money-making put land became so intensely painful that it land became so intensely painful that it and brushes, like that confounded rascal suits.

into leaf, the meadows and hedge-rows were flushed with flowers, and every grove shall sleep in the state of were flushed with flowers, and every grove and comfortable as a prince, and Duchess accumulation of a fortune is his chief and copsewood echoed to the warbling of cueen. And the after-berth, and be my and copsewood echoed to the warbling of queen.' And so we parted," continued Capbirds and the humming of bees. To leave tain Charles (125 parted), and be my up treasures on earth when he is gathering England at all was dreadful—to leave her at for he never could take care of himself." such a season was doubly so. I went to "That puts me in mind of the reason he take a last look at the old Hall, the beloved Tom was not without use in his day and of Mr. C must have been very alo. generation; queer and swisward as he was, quent, Mr. Wilson, while I we engage the soul of teath and honour. You your attention for an assignment was while reposing personal their make the was while reposing personal their make make making a matter always "Perhaps he was," returned Tom; after

a pause of some minutes, during which he licious dreams which are a feretaste of the seemed to be groping for words in the salt- enjoyments of the spirit-land. In them the from year to year, I had reneyed my friend "But that had nothing to do with the ship with the first primroses and violets, and listened with the untiring ear of love to "It was the substance, after all," said the spring roundelay of the blackbird, from the melody of waters the music of natural sounds. In these beloved solitudes all the holy emotions which stir the human heart in its depth had been freely poured forth, and found a response in the harmon

> song of earth to the throne of the Creator. How hard it was to tear myself from scenes endeared to me by the most beautiful and sorrowful recollections, let those who have loved and suffered as I did, say. How ever the world has frowned upon me, Nature, arrayed in her green loveliness, had ever smiled upon me like an indulgent

Dear, dear England! why was I forced like, twang that I could not bear to look at him, by a stern necessity to leave you? What One of my sisters, who was writing at a dog, too; but I never could find out the or listen to him. He made such grammatic heinous crime had I committed, that I, who cal blunders, that my sides ached with adored you, should be torn from your sacred This was at noonday; but Tom had a laughing at him. Oh, I wish that you could foreign clime? Oh, that I might be permitin her chair and indulged in a long and habit of taking light for darkness, and dark. have seen the wretch! But here is the do- foreign clime? Oh, that I might be permitheart beneath your daisy covered sod I took the pamphlet, not a little amused last! Ah, these are vain outbursts of feelat his description of Mr. C-, for whom | ing-melancholy relapses of the spring home sickness! Canada! thou art a noble, free, colored, is composed of little eggs. It "And how did you contrive to entertain and rising country—the great fostering off pring of Britain, thou must be great, "By thinking how many fools were col- and I will and do love thee, land of my their graves !

> Whilst talking over our coming separation with my sister C-, we observed Tom Wilson walking slowly up the path that led to the house. He was dressed in a new shooting-jacket, with his gun lying carelessly across his shoulder, and an ugly pointer dog following at a little distance.

"Well, Mrs. Moodie, I am off," said Tom, shaking hands with my sister instead of me. "I suppose I shall see Moodie in London. What do you think of my dog ?" patting him affectionately.

"I think him an ugly beast," said C-Do you mean to take him with you?" "An ugly beast !- Duchess a beast? Why, she is a perfect beauty !- Beauty and the

beast! He, ha ha! I gave two guineas for her last night." (I thought of the old adage.) "Mrs. Moodie, your sister is no judge of a "Very likely," returned C ---, laughing.

And you go to town to night, Mr. Wilson? thought as you came up to the house that you were equipped for shooting." "To be sure; there is capital shooting in

Canada.' "So I have heard—plenty of bears and wolves; I suppose you take out your dog and gun in anticipation?'

"True," said Tom. "But you surely are not going to take that dog with you? "Indeed I am. She is a most valuable

brute. The very best venture I could take.

My brother Charles has engaged our passage in the same vessel." "It would be a pity to part you," said I. tington and his cat."

"Whittington! Whittington!" said Tom, staring at my sister, and beginning to dream, which he invariably did in the company of women. "Who was the gentleman?"

"A very old friend of mine, one whom l have known since I was a very little girl, said my sister; "but I have not time to tell you more about him now. If you go to St. Paul's Churchyard, and inquire for Sir. Richard Whittington and his cat, you will get his history for a mare trifle."

"Do not mind her, Mr. Wilson, she is quizzing you," quoth I; "I wish you a safe voyage across the Atlantic; I wish I could add a happy meeting with your friends. But where shall we find friends in a strange

"All in good time," I said. "I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you in the backwoods of Canada before three months are over. What adventures we shall have

"Tom has sailed," said Captain Charles Wilson, stepping into my little parlour a few days after his eccentric brother's last "I saw him and Duchess safe on board. Odd as he is, I parted with a full heart : I felt as if we never should meet again. Poor Tom! he is the only brother left me now that I can love. Robert and I never agreed very well, and there is little chance of our meeting in this world. He is married, and settled down for life in Wales: and the rest, John, Richard, George, are all gone—all!

"Was Tom in good spirits when you

"Yes. He is a perfect contradiction. He always laughs and cries in the wrong place. 'Charles,' he said, with a loud laugh tell the girls to get some new music against I return : and, hark ye ! if I never come back, I leave them my Kangaroo Waltz as a legacy.'"

My husband finally determined to emihis oddities. He has very little money to In these years of money worship do we
rate to Canada, and in the human and grate to Canada, and in the hurry and take out with him, but he actually paid for not continually see ministers of the depart near him. Thirty pounds thrown away their feet as disciples! Amid the duties of How dark and heavily did that frightful upon the mere chance of a snoring compantheir holy calling they find time to edit participation weigh upon my heart! As the long to Participation weigh upon my heart! As the long to Participation weigh upon my heart! without finding my pillow wet with tears. ing from New South Wales, who had the follows his pupil's ideal? How can a teacher for the glory of May was upon the earth—of improduced to the same berth with me com- Is not the master becoming weak teacher for the follows his pupil's ideal? How can a teacher for the glory of May was upon the earth—of improduced to the same berth with me com- Is not the master becoming weak teacher for the glory of May was upon the earth—of improduced to the same berth with me com- Is not the master becoming weak teacher to the same berth with me com- in th The glory of May was upon the earth—of impudence to clean his teeth with my tooth- of religion, of morality, a searcher for the brush. Here I also brush Her an English May. The woods were bursting brush. Here I shall be all alone, happy truth, maintain his high purposes when the into leaf, the meadows and hedge-rows and comfortable and comfortab birds and the humming of bees. To leave tain Charles. "May God take care of him, his own grain into barns?

gave for not going with us. He was afraid home of my childhood and youth; to wan that my baby would keep him awake of a der once more beneath the shades of its night. He hates children, and says that he

(20 BE CONTINUED.)

the body.

Oyster Life

A writer in Murray's Magazine and the readers into examining an oyster, at the dissection, but merely by turning its over with a toothpick, and endeavered make out as much of its structure without difficulty be seen. For, in cant as he may seem, the oyster has a ret complex organization. "I suppose" and Professor Huxley, "that when this slipper morsel glides along the palate, iew people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery far more complicated that

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, seemed to love as well as observe the non uninviting specimens of nature's handivort used to declare that eysters, like horne

"The points of an eyster," he says, "to first the shape, which should resemble the petal of a rose-leaf. Next, the thickness the shell; a thoroughbred should have a shell like thin china. It should also possess a almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opela cent lustre on the inner side. The holler for the animal should resemble an egg-ca and the flesh should be firm, white, and me

There may be a good deal of poetry in this description but it is nevertheless tre that an intimate acquaintance with an on spect and admiration for the little creature

come "sick," and are then out of season at But if a sick oyster be examined under the microscope, it will be found to contain slimy substance, which first white and the said that the number furnished by a single varies from eight hundred and twenty-ning to two hundred and seventy-six thousand.

On some fine, hot day, the mother oyster opens her shell and the little ones except from it, like a cloud of smoke. They are provided with swimming organs composed of delicate cillia, and by means of the they enjoy for a few days an active en they become fixed and station upon then being, and the practical advice is nev they become fixed and stationary, and ver soon might reasonably be expected to decine come insane, unless you have caught a " Do not choose

To leave the oyster bed." The oyster's food consists of such minus organisms as float freely in the water, a constant current made by tiny hairs, sweeping unsuspecting minutiæ into its slit likement It does not lead an untroubled existence Sponges tunnel in its shell, dog welks bon neat holes in it, and suck its juices, and the liant, but tenacious, and study was star-fish waits for it to gape, and then is serts an insinuating finger in its home. But the young oyster is exposed to still

and yields readily to an inclement seam. It is a savory morsel, and likely to be say ped up by some marine monster, and wha it would fain settle down, a current is like ly to sweep it to some unfavorable spot where it may choke in attempting to find a safe location.

## Mammoths in Siberia. The existence of ivory in Siberia in a

subfossil condition, but still sufficiently durable to be used for all the purposes to which recent ivory is applied, has been known since the Middle Ages, and formed one of the earliest exports from Siberia China. The very name given to the gigutic creature which produced it, mammoth or mammont-probably a corruption of be tim of the forcing system so preval moth-was introduced by the Arab traden who initiated the traffic in fossil ivory in the tenth century. It was not, however, und the middle of the eighteenth century that the trade became considerable. In or about 1750, Liachof, a Russian merchant, discovered vast stores of elephant tusks and bones the northern districts of Siberia, and especially on the islands off the mouth of the Lena, which have since borne his name The ivory brought thence, says the travelle Wrangell, "is often as fresh and white that from Africa." Since Liachof's discorery it has been computed that the tusks of at least 20,000 mammoths have been export ed, while even a larger number are too much decayed to be worth removal, and others are so large that they have to be sawn up o the spot where they are found. These buried hecatombs of elephants abound throughout the frozen soil of Siberia, but they are mon numerous the further we advance northward, and most plentiful of all on their lands above named and in those termed New Siberia. More remarkable still are the mammoth mummies—several of which have been disinterred, whole carcasses not infrequently standing upright in the frozen soil, with their flesh "as fresh as if just taken out of an Esquimaux cache or a Yakout subterranean meat safe." The most widely known of these is that discovered in 1900 by n English botanist named Adams, and the skeleton, or such parts of it as could be recovered -for in the interval between part of it being laid bare and the information reaching Adams wild animals had preyed on the flesh and carried off many of the bones is now in the museum of St. Petersburg. Carcasses of the rhinoceros have also been tound under similar conditions.

Ministers and Money.

One of the most celebrated divines in New York city is a millionaire, and the great sum of money of which he is possessed was wholly earned by himself. In Toronto the names of clergymen are very frequently met figur. "Strange, indeed; you don't know half ing as principals in real estate transfers

Is not the master becoming weak when he

Money is good; money is important, but wealth is not for the prophet or teacher who would rightly lead men up to a higher plant of thought and actions

A house is no home unless it costs food and fire for the mind as

A STRANGE DELUSION.

the strangest malady that a he human being is that which by the dethronement of reaso called insanity. on the increase generally all ov and in certain localities t of the increase is absolutely alar Hundreds of volumes have be upon the subject in which mu and wisdem appears, toned do ith a good deal of nonsense. Athei upon the definition of the term, a

but withal we are JUST AS MUCH IN THE DARK

were a thousand years ago, with facilities for study and investigation buy causes are given for the disease, joy, brooding over troubles, dis id, joy, brooting and other import etter, and many other things, but no yet been able to explain how it is t existence of these conditions in any widual takes hold of the brain and gi such a twist that the ideas will be so ried that a shop girl will imagine t

QUEZN VICTORIA, AND A LABORER ill believe that he is a Vanderbilt. the brain act upon the mind? The During the summer months, oysters be knotty problem that must be solved be knotty problem that must be clearly one "sick," and are then out of search the cause of insanity can be clearly ermined. Disease of the heart, lungs, li companied by a disordered mind, but his should be so, and what subtle for that emanates from the body and prod cental contortions of the wildest kind i

> ALL THAT CAN BE KNOWN that certain things will produce inst

fallowed to remain at work in the hu do anything injurious and you will neve like the wise oyster of the poem, that the dency from a defunct ancestor which bloom on its own account without assist One of the most peculiar conditions that ever developed a disordered mind wa cently found in Mary Ellis, an inmate of Bloomingdale Asylum, and most remark because unsuspected. She was a stude the Normal College in New York and ex el to graduate this year. She was not

HARD WORK TO HER, but what she knew would never slip a

greater dangers during this period of sein Hours of hard work were thrown into life. It is exceedingly sensitive to cold day, and when she began to have to pains in her head, it was said that sh everworked and broken down. She st studying and took plenty of rest and t but the pains continued with remor force. They were neuralgic in char and, as a matter of course, the dentis to get in his fine work and polish up old teeth. But the nerves in the teet jaw were all right. The awful buzzi the head remained, and the darting that shot through the head became every day. The natural result fol Cast-iron could not stand such a ra and nature gave up resting. Miss

from a calm, happy girl, with a happy disposition, suddenly

BECAME VIOLENTLY INSANE It was alleged that she was anoth schools, which in fact was miles from truth. Dr. Burnet, the family phy took charge of the case with the a trained nurse, but at the end of aw came convinced that it was a useles as the violent manifestations indicat there was something more than ten derangement, and the poor girl was to Bloomingdale. There were so fe ing points in the history of Miss Ell

Dr. Hammond was completely at a THE CAUSE OF HER CONDITION Overstudy and worriment, if long cor would have brought her there, but a strong physical constitution, and l perament was such that she could st amount of brain work without injur had many delusions, the most pec which was that a locomotive was ru full speed in her abdomen. She often ed from the pain in her head. was set upon her, and a lookout w for pernicious habits. After the had been in the asylum for a week t found maggots creeping on her p the morning. Maggots usually are I thought of ; they are too yulgar ; bu case search was made for their abidi

and led to a wonderful discovery.

THERE WERE NO SORES on the girl's body to nourish the ve strong light was thrown into the throat, and with the aid of a laru it was seen that the maggots wer out of the left Eustachian tube course was downward, and when maggots followed each other like But how did the maggots get Eastachian tube which, it will be bered, has an opening into the tim the cars? The external car was An ear speculum was introduced canal and revealed the fact that mination was a mass of creeping. objects. The timpanic membrane perforated and the maggots had gon sand in this way got into the There were also maggots in the the timpanic

MEMBRANE WAS INTACT. This discovery afforded a soluti ent's mental disturbance. ght discharge of pus from the wals since she had the scarle didhood. The fly (muscida sca attracted by the pus, der at the entrance of the ear or maggots, were speedily great numbers. They crawle story canal, hanging fast wil apparatus, with which the and made an opening throu membrane. This membran tive, the slightest touch o intense pain, and it was the repping and boring into it to terrible suffering that na relief only by

DESTROYING THE MIXD ort was immediately m the larvae. It was a te solutions were injected i egote, the most eff and rectified sp diled they could not heir books were firm! and each maggo