

YOUNG FOLKS.

HUGH MASTERS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

MAUD MEREDITH.

"Well, now I say that's meaner'n pusley! I'd go, 'I was you, any how. Glad I ain't got no old granther with a lot of money to have to stay't home for; 'n anyhow I wouldn't if I had."

"I want to go jes' awful, Will, but I guess I can't. Father said stay, an' I s'pose it is stay. What are ye goin' to have, anyway?" Will thrust his hands into his pockets, threw back his head, and gazed vacantly at the undulating line of purple hills sharply outlined against the red glow of the evening sky.

"O-h—everything; jes' e-v-e-r-y-thing. Goin' ter skate on the pond with awful handsome Japalanters; 'n some'll slide down Bilker's hill. Lots on 'em boys 'n girls; an' there's the Christmas tree in the church, 'n presents for e-v-e-r-y-one on us—you'll have suthin or nuther on that tree, 'n your name'll be called out 'n you not there to get it—an' music, 'n fur' I know, dancin' s' like 's not; 'n there's to be supper, too, after the tree, so Tom jest told me. Jest think I piles o' cakes 'n goodies. Oh, I'd jest go 'I was you. I wouldn't stay to home for no old granther. Besides, nobody ever touches any body hereabouts. He'll be jest exactly as safe without ye. Say, Hugh, come along, do now."

Hugh Masters dug the toe of his heavy cow-hide shoe into the crisp snow, and shook his head slowly.

"I guess I mustn't," he said, but I want'er awful bad."

"Oh, you just wait till granther goes to bed, an' then let yourself down off the shed, 'n come along. I'll go 'n get supper 'n then wait for ye down by the big hemlock round by the Dark Turn. Now be sure an' come, for I'll wait for ye."

Before Hugh could answer Will's outburst darted away down the road, and was hearing.

Hugh took up his pails and entered the stable to attend to his evening chores. His father, mother, and younger sister had gone, early in the day, to the home of an uncle who lived in one of the larger villages some ten miles away, leaving Hugh, a strong fifteen year old boy, to attend to the chores and take care of his grandfather. "Grandfather Masters" was a cheery old man, who divided his time between a big flock of poultry and the newspaper, and who was reputed as having a "whole bag of money" stowed away in a little tin trunk under his bed, and because of this report Hugh's father had told him not to leave the house until the family returned on the following day.

The Christmas merry making at the little village of Fairfield, a mile away, had been greatly exaggerated by his friend Will. There was to be a Christmas tree at the church for all the Sabbath school scholars, to be sure; and a company of young men and ladies had planned for a small skating party; besides, it was understood that Miss Letimer, the belle of Fairfield, was to give a party, and had hired the "Fairfield String Band" (one violin and one bass viol), for the occasion. But how was the lonesome boy to know this, as he strained the milk by the dim light of a flaring candle, and rinsed the pails out by the ice covered spout? So discontent crept in and took possession of his mind, and he muttered to himself; "Will's right! I think it's meaner'n pusley, too."

Grandfather Masters nodded over his paper, and at last drew off his spectacles and declared it was time to "lay his old bones down for a little rest." Looking up at Hugh, who had risen to bring his grandfather's candle, the old gentleman said, with a side glance toward the door; "Better sort o' look up tight to-night, my boy. We live among honest men, but still we'd better keep the latch string out o' sight, I guess, seeing as we are alone."

"All right," Hugh answered, and as his grandfather stood waiting for him, he hurried about, secured all the doors and windows, and, taking his candle, went up to his own room.

The little window moved easily in its worn casing, and for once, it seemed to Hugh, was not frozen down. So he pushed it up, put the stick under it, and leaned far out over the sill. Ah, what a glorious night it was! Clear, crisp and sparkling; no moon, but starlight that fairly danced on the snow.

"By jolly! but I wish I could take a run down to the village for an hour or so," Hugh muttered aloud. "I wonder, now, what earthly harm it could do. Grandfather's well, an' sleeps sound, and nobody ever comes anigh. Oh, dear! I want to go, but I s'pose I mustn't. Ought to run down and tell Will not to wait. It won't take but a moment, so guess I'll do that, 'n then I can come back—s'pose I've got to."

Hugh crept out onto the low shed roof, and dropped down into the soft snow at the back. A quick, vigorous run, and then Will's shrill whistle and Will's voice calling out, "good for you, Masters! I knew you wouldn't stay cooped up in the house like an old woman or a settin' hen. Here's ten cents to buy candy or peanuts, and we'll have no end of fun. Say, what are ye hangin' back for?"

"Well I—er—I—say, Will, I jest came down to tell you I didn't want ter go, an' you needn't wait."

"Didn't want ter go! That's a great note. I know better'n that. I'll bet you're afraid to go. Think you'll get strapped if you do."

Now if there was anything on earth that Hugh hated, it was to be accused of cowardice, and directly at Will's taunt his pride was stung, and added only another incentive to his desire to go. "I ain't afraid of nothin', you know that's well as I do, but—then, as a vision of his grandfather came before his eyes, he hesitated, looked up at the stars overhead, looked back at the black little opening among the trees that meant the heavily shadowed road that he must take if he went home; looked down past the Dark Turn towards the village, and decided that he would run down with Will for a little while; not to stay for the cakes and goodies, of course, but just to see the lights and hear the music for a minute."

"Well, Will, I've made up my mind—not to go."

These were the words he heard himself say, and quick as a flash the thought came to him, that as he had made such a blunder, he had better brave it out, and with a "good-bye," he whirled and darted away under the sombre hemlocks. He did not slacken his speed until he had reached his

own yard. Then he stopped suddenly, and stared in blank amazement. Did his eyes deceive him? He rubbed them to see if he could be dreaming. No, his were wide open, and there was the kitchen door that he had locked securely, wide open also. And—could it be? Yes, he was sure he heard the sound of voices within. One thought of his grandfather, and the brave boy—for Hugh was a brave boy, even though he had not given up his holiday in a manly way—caught up a slender stick of wood, and dashed into the house and into his grandfather's room. One glance showed him the whole situation. A short, stumpy man, whose face was masked with a torn bandanna bandkerchief, was beuding above his grandfather, demanding the whereabouts of the money. A long, keen dirk glittered in one upraised hand, while with the other he tightened his grasp on the old man's throat.

With a howl that might have done honor to a Comanche, Hugh sprang upon him, and dealt the man a stunning blow. The man reeled backward, but caught himself, and darted out through the open door, Hugh following closely. At the door the boy hesitated. He could not capture this man single-handed, and he might turn on him and shoot, for of course he was well armed. All this took but an instant to comprehend, and Hugh swung the heavy door together with a bang. He was none too quick, however, for the thief, recovering from his first surprise, became conscious that he had been attacked by a single boy, and had turned upon him and fired. But the ball struck the swinging door and glanced off harmlessly. Hugh bolted the door with shaking fingers, but when he ventured to take a peep out of the window, he had the satisfaction of seeing the man sneaking away down the shadowy road.

Going back to his grandfather, he found that he was unharmed, save for the fright and pretty severe choking that he had received.

"Well, Hugh, my boy, I thought you were never coming," said the old man, fumbling around his neck with trembling hands. "You see, the rascal woke me up by hittin' that seed box agin' that very tin box that's got the money in it. Then he came at me, an' I kep' hollein' in you, and I thought you just never would hear. Why, don't you know, lad, that that trunk has got all the money to pay for my grave—your schoolin'." There's considerable upwards of a thousand dollars there, money that I've made raisin' poultry since I give up the farm, and if you had'n't awoke up just in the nick of time, it would every cent of it be gone."

Hugh hung his head and said nothing.

"And he might a choked me to death into the bargain, just as like as not," the old man went on. "Powerful blow, that you gave him. I'll tell you, my boy, I'm goin' to give you the money to buy that shot-gun that you're hankerin' arter so, and I'll get it out for ye as soon as ever to-morrow's sun comes up, so as that tramp won't be a watchin' out for us. I tell you what, a boy of fourteen that can down a tramp like that, orter hev suthin to remember the night by. An', anyhow, there's a plenty there. I laid out to buy you a good suit o' clothes, an' send you to school at the village a spell, an' then send you to the agricultural college. I don't allow as boys get any too much learnin'. I know I never had enough. But why, for the gracious sake, hev ye got yer boots on, heh?"

Hugh straightened up his head and looked his grandfather square in the face. He had made up his mind to "make a clean breast of it." His grandfather would not give him the gun, of course, when he knew all about it—and he did want that shot-gun very much—beside, he would not, probably, ever give him any of the money, now, to pay for the schooling, but he had determined to tell the truth, come what would. But his grandfather was old, and very badly shaken with fright, and so he said, "Grandfather, I'll tell you all about it when the sun comes up, cause I think you had better sleep now, an' I'll put up more wood in the kitchen fire, an' jest set up an' keep an eye out for that burglar of our'n."

Grandfather Masters slept late in his room the next morning, and Hugh slept soundly out on the kitchen lounge, until the sun came in and danced over his nose and peeped down into his closed eyes. Then he awoke with a start. There was the fire to build, the cattle to care for, the coffee to make for breakfast. It was noon, and the familiar jingle of bells, as old Fan-the-family horse, jogged up to the door, before Hugh had found time to explain last night's proceedings to his grandfather.

There was a perfect buzz of voices, now, exclamations of horror, oh's and ah's of sympathy and words of praise for Hugh, but when the noise had lulled a little, he walked up to his grandfather's chair and told the whole story. "An' you needn't give me the gun, an' I don't deserve no schoolin' neither," he added, with a little quiver about the lips.

"I sorter s'picioned as how you'n out," Grandfather Masters said, taking the boy's hand in his own. "I've been a boy myself, and I know just how tough it comes to have to stay at home. An' seein' as you have owned it up all fair an' open, I'll give you one of them there new-fashioned Waterbury watches, so you can have the time when you begin school. An' you needn't thank me, neither," he added, as Hugh tried to stammer out a few words of thanks. "I shouldn't have a cent on it to give to any one, if you had'n't a come back to stay with your old granther, instead o' goin' along with the rest o' them to the Christmas tree."

Profited by the Example.

Augustus and Marie had been maintaining an awkward silence for some minutes. At last she remarked: "You are very quiet this evening."

"Yes, I am," he admitted frankly. "I don't suppose many of the young men who visit you are as dull in conversation as I am."

"Some of them talk more than you do. There's Jack Swingerly, he always has ever so much to say."

"What does Jack talk about?"

"That's a subject that I carefully avoid," said Augustus, who was not as much of a fool as he looked.

"For what reason. I'm sure it is not so dreadful."

"I don't know about that. I lost a dear friend once because he fooled with a pistol. He didn't know it was loaded."

"Merchant Traveller."

What Are You Farming For?

How many of our readers can give a satisfactory answer to this question? Come to think it over, what are you farming for? Why are you not in some other business? Do you love farming and find as much profit in it as your friends and relations find in other occupations, or are you just farming because you can't do anything else? Now we believe that these things are worth thinking about. Here we have a great proportion of the people in this country living on the farm. Do you think why they are there? Are they just living along without knowing just why they live as they do? We were led to think of this matter by hearing a man say, with a sneer, that farmers lived in the country because they couldn't do anything but farm. He is wrong, we know, but his words started a new train of thought. "What are you farming for?" It is a plain, fair question. Let the farmers of America answer that question fairly and honestly, and we believe the answer would make one of the grandest and most complete arguments for farm life that can ever be written. We propose to investigate the matter. We invite our friends when renewing subscriptions for next year, to state in a few words or lines why they are farmers. Let us have the facts. Do we live on the farm because we have to? We will keep a record of the answers. We believe the story will astonish a good many of the croakers.

A Story About Nilsson.

When Christine Nilsson first appeared in public, twenty or more years ago, she was a boy and freckled Scandinavian lass like scores one sees in Western towns. Now she is a magnificent woman, commanding in carriage and countenance. Occasionally her temper gets the better of her on the stage, and once, in Chicago, she knocked over the piano stool and stamped angrily because something had gone wrong. If she proved herself ungrateful to former benefactors, retribution came quickly in the treatment which she met at the hands of her first husband's relations, upon whom she had lavished princely donations.

She is a woman of noble impulse, which was once illustrated at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining room she dropped her host's arm, hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, and seizing him fluently by the hand, engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group, when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day labourer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find here under such changed circumstances."

To Our Readers.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance, as "The Independent," of New York. We were obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly "The Independent." It is a newspaper, magazine and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be "The Independent" will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00.

Address, "The Independent," 251 Broadway, New York City.

Dressmaking is no longer simply a business.

Dressmaking is no longer simply a business. It is an art. If a lady have occasion to furnish herself with a new costume for a certain fete, reception or what else it may be, it is not sufficient now that she buy a fashionable material and have it made in a fashionable manner. Women do not, must not now, all dress alike. She must study herself with an artist's eye. If she cannot do this let her employ a modiste who can, and let color, form, treatment, garniture of the attempted costume all be the result of the careful study and end in the climax of perfect adaption to the wearer. But let her also study the time and place, and occasion for which the dress is to be made, her own condition and circumstances, and all the surroundings of the apartments in which the costume is to be worn, as far as possible. All these things and many other points which will occur anon to a sensible and artistic conception and judgment, will conduce to furnish elements that will bear more or less on the costume and should be by no means lost sight of.

Evidence of Insanity.

"Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the enquiry, as it is a matter of life-long consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family?" "You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"I am happy to say she has."

"Then, sir," said the old man, shaking his head dejectedly, "it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that I think Irene is showing decided indications of insanity."

A Suggested Motto.

Snobberly—Mith Bondolipper, I am going to adwopt a motto for my new owoat of arms. What would you thuggest?

Mis Bondolipper—How does "There is Room at the Top" strike you, Mr. Snobberly?"

Quite Too Tidy.

Visitor (to widow de Hobson)—Your new girl seems to be a very neat and tidy person, Mrs. de Hobson.

Mrs. de Hobson—Ah, yes, I am afraid she is rather too much so. This morning she dusted everything out of the little urn that stood on the mantel, and it contained all that remained of poor John.

Confessing by Telephone.

From time to time one may notice events that bring out, with unusual force and clearness, the fact that great inventions are chief among the conditions that shape modern life. This is recognized in regard to civilizing elements with which people have long been familiar, such as the railroad and the telegraph, but is not so commonly accepted with respect to an innovation like the telephone. Yet that little instrument is most remarkable for the new relations into which it brings men and their affairs, and it inciteously calls for novel adjustments of our ideas and actions. The legality of contracts by telephone has been an issue for the courts, and but recently we mentioned a case in which a defendant submitted himself for judgment by telephone and received sentence in the same way. More lately, again, the point has arisen whether gambling carried on by telephone can be lawfully and effectively stopped. In medicine numerous instances have occurred wherein it is unnecessary for the doctor to see his patient, the prescription or advice being such as the telephone shows to be desirable. And now the Catholic Church is troubled to decide as to the efficacy of a confession by telephone. The question has been referred to Rome by the French bishops, and among the Italian priests also the subject is an unsettled one. Some authorities hold that the telephone can be used for confession, but not for absolution; while others consider that as the telephone annihilates distance, the confessor and the penitent are actually together. Evidently the question goes far deeper than the disputes of mere casuistry, and touches all that serves to surround a solemn act with sentiments of awe. And how solemn itself, after all, is the thought that the telephone is thus among the instrumentalities that release us from the clogs and bonds of physical sense and lift us to a realm where mind and soul, as if clarified and disembodied, can have freest communion.

A Bet That Was Paid.

A Michigan Democrat is the only loser of a bet this fall who is in a good humour over it. He made a wager with a Republican neighbour on the general result. The loser was to be kicked unresistingly across the street in public with brass band and bonfire accompaniment and all the usual uproarious nonsense. When the returns were all in the winner came around and laughed and shouted, and then went and ordered a new pair of stogy boots that weighed four pounds apiece. The Democrat tried to beg off and said he was only in fun. But the Republican insisted, and the Democrat finally gave in. The time arrived. The band and the bonfire and the crowd were all there. The Democrat was there, and the kicker was there. The Democrat took a position on the curb, and as the big drum sounded ferociously the gleeful Republican took a running start and fetched him a mighty kick. The Democrat bounced about three feet out into the street, while the kicker lay down and took his foot in both hands and howled, and was finally carried off on a shutter. The Democrat had insouled the seat of his trousers with a forty pound coal-hole cover.

When the Great Sahib Comes.

Till you are in the east you cannot realize the necessity of a "forerunner" to clear the way for a great man. There is no pavement or side path for foot people to walk on, and they scatter all over the road, thronging it thickly, so that it would be impossible to move quickly unless the way were cleared. Your syces, therefore, or a mounted Sepoy orderly, speed ahead in front of your carriage shouting without ceasing: "O wayfarer! O merchant! escape from the road! O seller of cloth, escape! Make the road clear, O people! The great sahib is coming! Make his way clear!" thus clearing a passage through the crowd which closes again the moment you have passed.

Children are often lifted bodily out of the way, while absent minded persons, who have their thoughts in the clouds and their heads in a blanket are apt to find themselves of a sudden sitting by the roadside and wondering how they came there.

Wanted an Injunction.

"Did I understand you to say you wanted a warrant, Remus?"

"Dat's what I wants, jedge."

"Against Dr. Weldon, did you say? Why, he is one of the most reputable men in our town."

"Kyant help dat, jedge; he's bolished my family. Day wuz all sick with immertation er de lungs, an' nary one on 'em died wid it 'long as he lef' 'em erlone, but de mint he come in, jedge, an' 'gan to bed 'em down wid nazuzym and de like o' dat day done keel ober an' shovel off deir mo'tal kille. Jedge, er yer won't gimme a war'nt, gimme a 'junction, perhibitin' dat doctor 'fom bombardin' me wid any medecines an' de like er dat."—[Yonkers Gazette.]

The Book Which Helped Him.

"Have you any special work that you would class among the books that have helped you?" was asked a Milwaukee man.

Yes, I have, an' no mistake," replied he.

"What is it?" continued the interrogator.

"The family almanac," replied the Milwaukeean. And then he earnestly added: "I got track of a patent medicine in it that cured me of kidney complaint."—Chicago Globe.

A Model Young Man.

"Young man, do you use tobacco?"

The speaker was a hatchet-faced female, with her arms full of tracts, and the youth happened to be waiting at the corner for a street car.

"No, mum, I don't," said the young man with a questioning glance, as she did not look like a person who would want to borrow a little fire.

"Do you drink?"

"No, mum."

"Play card?"

"No, mum."

"I am delighted to meet you, sir. In these degenerate days young men of your correct habits are scarce, very scarce. If I send you an invitation to my next party, will you come?"

"Yes, mum."

"Thank you. I should like you to meet my friends and family. Where shall I send it?"

"To Plugugly's saloon. I'm bartender there."—[Puck.]

The Educational System.

There is an encouraging element of hope in the fact that public feeling on both sides of the Atlantic seems at last to be less to the necessity of securing the cause of education from the hands of the pedagogue who would make it a mere matter of cramming for examinations, the results of which are to give the best paid situations, and the most promising chances of "a rise in life," to those candidates whose power of absorbing text-book information has been shown to be most highly developed. The correction is rapidly spreading, and deepening in the minds of all wise men that unless something is done to stem the tide of competition examinations, a serious blight will fall upon all intellectual activity. In this new crusade one of the most earnest champions is Mr. Frederick Harrison. Whatever the gentleman's religious views may be, his opinions on education are undeniably sound, and the rising generation owe him a debt of gratitude for the efforts to set them free from the debilitating curse of pedantic examinationism. He speaks truly when he says, in his article in the "Nineteenth Century," which is attracting much attention, that "we want neither distinctions, prizes, nor tests of anything like the profusion in which they are now poured out. Art, learning, politics and amusement are deluged with shows, races, competitions and prizes. Life is becoming one long scramble of prize-winning and prize-hunting. An examination, as re-created into a trade, is having the same effect on every healthy sport." "Stereotyped into a trade"—that is exactly. Mr. Harrison has correctly expressed the abomination in these few words. That is what it has very largely come to. A mere trade. Candidates are crammed for examination, as turkeys are for Christmas eating.

The educational systems of nearly every country under heaven are being crystallized into mere forcing beds for immature intellects which are urged to undue exertions by prizes, scholarships, bursaries and what-not, kept dangling before the eyes of the fevered imaginations much as a bag of cats may be swung out before the nose of a lazy horse in order to persuade him to mend his gait. The simile is imperfect in this respect that the lazy horse gets no harm by the innocent ruse, but many a bright brain of ambitious boy or girl is all but hopelessly impaired by such constant subjection to the influence of the hope of reward and honour, and the fear of defeat and disgrace which are inseparable from the modern system of making written and oral examination the test of all efficiency. There must be a test of the kind to some extent, but the test ought to be applied neither so constantly nor so severely as is now the case. The process of pulling up sprouts to see how growth is progressing is not a healthy one for either vegetable or human beings if done too often. The modern system of educating children by and for the sake of examinations is a nineteenth century Moloch in whose honour many poor children have been forced to pass through the flames. It is in an atmosphere of examination that they live, move and have their being and no wonder that many of them acquire a distaste for books from which they never wholly recover.

Bread a Luxury.

Lady—Bread? No I can't give you any bread, because the price of flour is too high—but you are welcome to a leg of a nice spring chicken and a cup of chocolate.

Tramp—Thanks, Madam, I have had too much chicken lately, and I am dying for a piece of bread.

The Bitter With the Sweet.

Fannie—So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and all its possibilities!

Hattie—Yes, my husband is very rich.

Fannie—And you enjoy it all very much!

Hattie—Very much indeed.

Fannie—And your husband?

Hattie—Oh, well, you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet.

The Mother of Invention.

They were debating some arrangements for the approaching nuptials, when in the course of the conversation he made use of the remark that the necessity of action was apparent.

"That's so, George," she replied, "and did it ever occur to you that necessity is always apparent?"

"No, Nellie, it did not; by what mode of reasoning did you arrive at that conclusion?"

"Because it is the mother of invention," was the happy retort.

Directions on the Bottle.

"I am going to send my boy to your gallery to have his picture taken," said a druggist to a photographer. "Think you can manage him without me?"

"Well, I should say so," was the confident rejoinder.

"I'm not so sure of that. You'll find him a tough customer to manage; however," he added, reflectively, "I can put the directions on the bottle," and he bade the puzzled photographer good-day.

In due time the druggist's son, a mischievous youngster, visited the photographer's gallery, and the artist found him indeed hard to manage. He exhausted all the known devices for keeping the boy quiet and invented several new ones, but in vain.

Finally he remembered the apothecary's odd remark about the directions, and upon inspection of the boy he discovered pasted upon the back of his neck the legend: "To be well shaken before taken."

Acting at once and vigorously upon the suggestion he succeeded in intimidating the boy and obtaining a picture.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. It is likewise more expensive.

An exchange says that the doctrine of a election has been a stumbling block to a great many people, but we have never seen the practical side of it better put than by a colored waiter, of whom a celebrated politician once asked: "Do you think, Massa elected to be saved?"

"Sossly know, Massa elected to be saved," was the prompt answer, "but I Vances," was the prompt answer, "but I never heard of any one bein' elected that was'n a candidate. This is the gist of the whole matter, and the most learned theologian could add nothing to that statement of the case."

Why suffer a can get immediate external pain by ine, the great never been known sample bottle commended. N headache, and by a pear as if by a Large bottles of druggist

One of the very best sources the farmer may get for useful information of the "American Agriculturalist" in New York.

Information has reached necessary to go so far as to find an instance of cheap that at Jackson, Mich. reduced on the last of October 1,000 feet. The gas is a manufactured on what Swedish system. It is stated, is soon to be supplied on the same terms as is gas. If gas can be profitably consumers in a small plant for 30 cents per 1,000 feet Toronto would like to know charged \$1.25.

The Grey Nuns were religious order in Canada about fifty years ago, the mother Montreal. A La Miner contains an interesting progress of this order, from that it now numbers in the persons, namely, 1,080 novices, and 88 postulants, hundred and two establishments of the country, and three Roman Catholic dioceses.

Some of the Democratic United States have been though President Cleveland not securing a majority College, he did get a majority vote. In the Democratic figures of 1,200,000, and so forth, than the total gain of the latter, however, the figures from the South fairly included in making vote, for Republicans voters are not allowed in the solid South.

A Mr. Tuke, of Roth in 1812, by his last will a penny to every child his funeral, who didn't kept, were in attendance men of the parish were bequest of one shilling. ers were left a half-guinea of grand boys' at body was inearthed; as navvies were to have a him up" in his grave. had for eleven years in bed, "was made rich guinea. His crowning endowment by which leaves were to be through church steeple at Christmas Day forever.

The following is the in some well-known barley, 5; oats, 16; (field), 15; beans (kidney turnips, 88; carrots barley-flour, 14; m corn-flour, 14; oatmeal 44 to 48; rye bread, 15; linseed-cake, 10; fish variable, 7 to 20; mutton, 7; pigeon, 7 80; sole, 79; tea, 5 70; swiizel, 85; cabbage (stem), 84; mushroom potatoes, 75; water-cocca, 5; manna, 10 96; vineger-plant, 95 96; 5; manna, 10 96; appis, 80; gooseberries eggs (entire), 74; m gastric juice, 97; c horn, 9 to 11; bran rum, 30; beer, 90.

There are many te tion of the United S divorcees for example well for the future tendency to seize and belt for a fore It does not confine and civic officials, ranks of society, even young girls fall vailing rage. A gi been taken back to mother, having be city. She got hold and fled with it. T be double-locked i these.

The crop of anar no signs of giving also first-rate. E against certain pri had some connecti plots. During the cases an informer giving testimony Hronek, one of "Hronek told me a bomb ready to t land's carriage who and would have th and Nekolanda di give rise to the im of Presidents assas dom may not be narrowly escaped.

From Zanzibar English and Ger tan's name, have to the effect that at noon on Sunday to take their pos vessels on the sea and the English to Lamer Island.

Heavy and const mainland yesterday els Sophie and the shore, and coast. They also found two dead wounded. It is chief Bushiri, wing the tribes attack.

There is renew tain in favour o to members of th

Why suffer a can get immediate external pain by ine, the great never been known sample bottle commended. N headache, and by a pear as if by a Large bottles of druggist