GRIPPO.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS AND A LETTER.

BY EVERY SIACALPINE.

PART I.

A leafy English lane, lost in the distance in approaching hedgerows and a mist of arching green; a thrush swelling his velvet throat with an ecstasy of sweetness; twilight falling on a golden June day, and not a breath of wind to rock the tree tops where the thrushes were calling to their mates.

At first there was no sign of living being or of life in any form save that of the birds and the leaves; but presently, emerging from the vista of green, a man appeared. He was of medium stature and slight of build. His face was pleasing, with large dark eyes, and hair of deeper hue, which hung in thick curls low on his brow. He walked wearily, and seemed footsore; and no wonder, for he had tramped a good fifteen miles that day in the hot sun with a pack and hurdy-gurdy strapped upon his back.

The lane looked inviting, and so, too, did a shadowy tree with a carpet of moss stretched beneath. The weary organ-grinder unstrapped his burdens and let them fall with a sigh of relief at his feet. At the same time he spoke in a tone of confiding complaint to an indulgent listener.

"Here we are," he said wearily; "get down, my good Grippo, get down! This has been a hard day for poor ol. Marco! What with my lame leg, and scarce a penny's worth of bread to put in my empty stomach, it is a wonder I didn't lie down and die by the roadside. There, my good Grippo! There, my only friend, get down, get down! You, at least, are none the worse for the journey."

All this was uttered in the soft accents of some Southern tongue. While he was speaking two black eyes shone out from a pocket in his tattered jacket, while a grave and age-looking face was raised sympathetically to his. Then Grippo, glad enough to be free, climbed quickly out of Marco's pocket, jumped down, and ran along the ground, glancing in every direction. He evidently thought two seconds sufficient time to become acquainted with any place.

He wore a jacket that had once been red, and gay with tinsel braid and bright blue facings, but now was dull of hue from frequent use. However, little silver buttons shone and jangled as he made quick darting movements from side to side. He could not go far in any direction, for, although he had travelled quite comfortably inside of Marco's capacious jacket, he had also been securely attached to his friend by a strong thin chain.

"Hulo there! Who-o monkey are you?" greeted him as he ran, from an unseen speaker with a childish voice.

Poor Grippo, who ejaculated in much the same tones no matter what happened, "Where are you?" he added in his best English, by way of allaying the voice to take harm and come out from its hiding-place.

Grippo said nothing, but, running the length of his chain, stopped short opposite a hole in the hedge. There his beady black eyes were met by a pair of soft gray ones, whose expression made one think of a mouse interrogation.

"Monkey, where's your hurdy-gurdy?" the voice continued, "and do you know any tricks?"

Grippo understood, for he felt in his jacket pocket; there had been no coppers all that day, so he ran swiftly towards his master, scratched at his knee with an imploring gesture, and then, to his place on top of the hurdy-gurdy, ready for his part in the customary performance.

"Get down, you brute!" from the weary Marco. "Get down, I say! What a fool you are! When will you learn that the little masters never have a penny in their velvet pockets?"

"What a cream! I have, I say," from the lusty voice on the other side of the hedge. "I have two pence this minute, and I'll give them both to you if you will tell me your monkey's name and let him do his tricks."

Marco was tired, but the pence were not to be despised when night was approaching, and his only bed the one on which he sat. He got up lazily and went towards the pair of gray eyes shining through the opening in the green.

"His name, little master? That is soon told. I call him Grippo; but where I got him, far from here—and Marco looked as though he could see miles away—"they made it longer, something like Agrippa. But that's not easy to say; Grippo, I call him."

"Agrippa!" repeated the child, some uncomfortable memory stirring, suggestive of school-rooms and governesses, those unwelcome ghosts to learning. Max had shown a sturdy resistance to the knowledge contained in books ever since his first struggles with his picture-alphabet. He had then spanned up the whole question, so far as he was concerned, in an outburst of childish reasoning: "Fat was letters made for? Fat was I made for? Fat was books made for? And fat have I to do with books?

"I like Grippo best," he emphatically replied to Marco's information. "I shall call him Grippo, and here's your penny," he added, thrusting a brown dimpled hand through the hedge. The owner of the name twinkled a pleased assent from his beady eyes, and seizing the penny with more haste than good manners, dropped it into his pocket before you would have had time to say "knife."

Here the children seemed to think some exchange of confidences called for, and volunteered his own brief history in this wise.

"My name is Max Max Harcourt. My father's a soldier out in India, and he can fight like anything. My dear mother is in heaven; and I live on the Hall with Uncle and granny. Well, Essie lives there too, but she's dead, you know; and now," he added, getting back to the main point, "I can begin."

Hearing this, Grippo ran in all haste to the pack which Marco had thrown upon the ground, and began pulling out a long rope attached to some narrow strips of wood. This appeared very interesting to the pair of gray eyes, for they quickly left the peep-hole in the hedge, while their owner shouted back, "Hold on there! don't begin! Wait till I come round."

Presently a boy of about seven years, clad in the costume of a miniature sailor, appeared at the opposite end of the lane. He stood a little distance from his new friends, and watched the preparations, while Grippo, running the length of his chain, came in a frantic way and stood beside him.

It was on the tiptoe of expectancy. This was almost equal to the circus he had been to in the spring. There, too, he had seen a rope stretched, and a beautiful creature in short skirts and spangles venture on a perilous journey across it. The question which now agitated Max was whether the feat could be accomplished without short skirts and spangles. He watched with some anxiety, fingering his remaining penny, and wondering if he were bound to make the transfer in case the performance failed.

But by the time Max had seen the wooden of that rope brought to a conclusion by Grippo's successful journey across it on a tiny bicycle, he was ready to vote this the best "show" he had ever seen. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, bending as near as he dared, that he might lose nothing of what was going on. Occasionally he broke into ringing cheers, which seemed to "shout themselves" as he afterwards confided to Essie. At last Marco began winding up the rope, and Grippo ran with outstretched hand quite at Max's feet.

"That's jolly!" ejaculated Max; "it's worth more'n a penny. I wish you were my monkey; I would show you off every chance I got, and stop playing with molly coddle girls," he added under his breath. He looked at the owner of this desirable companion with a sigh of envy.

"Can't you come up to my house?" he presently asked of Marco. "I believe I can buy your monkey, and your hurdy-gurdy," he added doubtfully. "My Uncle Jack is most awfully good, and he promised me, just the other day, a fox-terrier and a knife. I'll tell him I'd rather have a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey; if it's all the same to you—please, Mr. Organ grinder," remembering his manners just in the nick of time.

"What is it you say? *Pete!* Buy Grippo? No, not for a thousand lire. He is my brother, my mother, my little ones!" Marco exclaimed in one swift breath, using all the terms of relationship which his limited English suggested. "Grippo and I are far from home, my little master. He is the only one in this dark country who remembers Beppo or *mia madre*, or the watermelons or the grapes which one may have for the asking in my sunny Italy."

There were tears in Marco's dark eyes; but whether the memory of *mia madre* or of the water-melons had called them there it would be impossible to judge. At all events, with a conclusive gesture he opened his ample waistcoat, and his multi-relation sprang to his breast.

The audience now being dismissed, the shades of evening acting somewhat after the manner of a drop-curtain, Max bethought himself of the distance he was from home, and also began to recall certain tales he had heard concerning the unreliable society of organ grinders and their kind. More especially was he reminded of these as Marco continued to growl into his waistcoat certain words that sounded very strangely to the ears of an English boy.

"Well, good-bye, Grippo," he ventured, and before taking a final leave made one more bid for the possession of the coveted namesake of the dimly recalled Emperor.

"If you'll bring him up to the Hall to-morrow, to show Uncle Jock, I'll give you the jollicst tart you ever tasted outside of Italy. I'll get Stacey to make it thick," he called back.

Grippo sighed—at least, he looked as though he did; he was thinking of biscuits.

PART II.

Max's invitation to his new friends bore fruit somewhat prematurely in Marco's fertile brain. If he could get a bit of cheese and some bread for his pence at the nearest public, why should he not anticipate the young master's hospitality by making himself comfortable for the night in one of the outhouses belonging to the Hall?

I must confess that this expedient was not a new one with this homeless wanderer, who frequently found himself with no other roof save the heavens above him. He was not averse to a dry bed, however, when it could be easily procured.

Later in the evening, when in the dusky light he seemed only a shadow among the dark tree-trunks, he followed the path Max had taken, and soon came in sight of an old-fashioned, square-looking mansion, which Max had called the Hall. In front and to the right lay a smooth green lawn, broken here and there with bright blooming flower-beds and drooping trees. Behind, and a little to the left, stretched a long row of low-roofed sheds and outhouses. The former, serving merely as a shelter for various farm implements, were enclosed only on three sides, the front being open.

Towards these Marco made his way without attracting attention. Entering the first, he found it contained some farm wagons and ploughs, which would serve to shield him from prying eyes, and so he soon had for his tattered blanket and was ready for the night.

"This will do, my good Grippo, this will do!" he murmured. "Much better is it than a damp hedge-row and an empty stomach."

Grippo munched his jaws and twinkled his eyes, which meant in monkey language, "Where you are, dear master, is home to me;" so he jumped into the warm nest Marco's pocket made for him, and he too was ready for the night.

Marco was very tired, and before long the uncertain shadows of the trees had woven themselves into olive-groves and orange orchards. The lawn melted from tawny shades of green to a shimmering turquoise sea. The tiny heart beating against his own ceased to be that of his grave-faced daily companion, and Beppo's head had come to nestle in his arms, while a baby voice lisped "*babbo.*"

Marco had left his hard bed and had travelled by way of dreams to his own Southern home again.

Not so Grippo. In the first place, he was not as tired as his master, for he had been carried in kind arms all day, and besides, he had much to think about. He was wondering if this was the little master's home, and if Uncle Jock would really buy him and the hurdy-gurdy. He hoped he would; it would be a bitter thing to part from Marco, and strangely enough the little master had not spoken of buying him; yet of what use was the hurdy-gurdy without Marco? Then Grippo, having nothing better to think about, began to wonder in which of those rooms with the double windows the little master might then be sleeping, and, although he blinked very hard, he really couldn't make it out.

Finally, he thought he would slip out from under Marco's tired hand and look about a little. He was astonished to find how easy this was, for Marco had unfastened the confining ring and chain from his wrist before going to sleep.

A rapid thought formed itself in Grippo's brain. Why should he not realize the world and reach the room where the little master, perhaps, lay sleeping? He knew this was very curious and not to be commended, but he yielded to an impulse we call irresistible, and began climbing as fast as ever he could towards the second row of windows.

This was very easy, and quicker than a wink Grippo had crossed the window-sill and stood looking into the room beyond.

But here he did not find what he sought so he hastily ran along the stone ledge which connected the windows, until he reached the next on his left. This, too, was unsatisfactory, for he found the windows closed, and so with the next and the next. Grippo was finding his exploration monotonous, he persevered.

Presently he came to one which stood open; he did not hesitate to make a rapid survey of what lay within. A shaded night-lamp burned on a table near the head of the bed on which Grippo could see Max sound asleep. He looked very intently, taking in every detail, for he believed that he was viewing his future home as well as his new master.

As he watched, the child's lips parted in a smile of dreamy remembrance, and yet every now and then his brow contracted with a frown of some more subtle consciousness. It was a mystery to Grippo why the little master should smile and frown alternately. At presently he was almost inclined to wrinkle his own forehead, there was such a strange suffocating feeling in the air. He couldn't tell what it was, but he had almost a mind to resign his liberty; to run back and hide in Marco's pocket once more. The air of the room, which at first had seemed clear enough, had become strangely blue and thick. It stretched like a veil between Grippo and the sleeping child. Then as it drawn aside by an invisible hand, the misty curtain vanished, and Grippo could see again the bed, the shaded lamp, and the little master asleep. But the suffocating smell continued and increased, until, somehow, Grippo was reminded of a great forest where Marco and he were travelling once upon a time, and where great piles of charcoal were aflame. Yes; this was the same sensation, but what could cause it here? Grippo could not tell for again the curtain of smoke was drawn, this time deeper than before.

Ah Sir was growing light again; soon he should be able to see. But the light! In tiny waves and flickers it ran along the surface of the wall, sometimes shooting up for a second, and then dying away again, as if uncertain of its own strength. Gathering force, the flame grew brighter, lapping the lower panels of the door; in miniature lakes of light it played along the polished surface of the floor, until, meeting with the slender resistance of the carpet, it retired again; then, stealing along the painted surface, new jets of flame appeared, and a long line of flickering fire was established.

This had occupied but the shortest possible time and to Grippo, watching from the window-sill, it had seemed scarce a second. He was but a mere monkey, as we all know, but something told him that what he saw was perilous, and that some one must go to the rescue. This choking smoke! Grippo himself coughed; he couldn't help it; but with quick pattering feet he flew across the space which divided him from the child, sprang upon the bed, and laid his cold thin hand on the warm cheek of the dreamer.

Max stirred, but did not wake. Grippo took stronger measures. He slapped the pink cheek with all his small might. Max rubbed his eyes, but did not open them. The room was now unbearably hot and stifling. Grippo knew that there must be no delay. Taking one of the child's yellow curls in his fingers, he pulled with all his strength; nor did he stay at that, but in sheer desperation began to nip his soft flesh with repeated pinches until Max awoke with a scream of pain.

Seeing the room ablaze around him, and catching sight of the unnatural apparition astride of his shoulder, Max added shriek to shriek as he sprang from the bed, dashing Grippo aside. Flying to the window, he cried in an agony of terror:

"Uncle Jock! O, Uncle Jock, come quickly! Come and get Max! Max is burning! Please, please be quick—quick!"

His shouts soon aroused the household, and even penetrated to the shed where Marco was just awaking to a sense of Grippo's absence.

THE LETTER.

"To Major James Stanley Harcourt, 9th Leicestershire, &c., Poonah, India.

"DEAR PAPA,—Uncle Jock says that grippo is to stay, and I hav my knife with 2 blads and I hav my fox terrior too. I had em becos I was in the fer.

marco is to stay too and be uncle Jock's moddel he says he is butifull, not grippo you kno. he saved my life I mean grippo for if he hadn't pulled my Hare I wood hav been Birned to a Scinder, it is lucky I ran away from Lizbeth that day and made his acquaintanz or the house wood hav been birned to another Scinder. I know all about Ia Mis Madre and Beppo & the watermellons they grow in italia and are to eat grippo doesn't sleep with me becos uncle Jock says 2 monkeys in a room are I too many but I lov grippo and when I grow up if you don't mind my not being a soldier I shall grind the musick while he picks up the pence. Uncle Jock is very well excep where he Hurt His Hand when he came threw the birning door to get grippo and me that knight and granny is well only she had to go to bed from Fright, she says housemaids are a tryal, Essie is well too—girls allays is and I remane,

"Your dutyful son,

"MAX STANLEY HARCOURT.

"P.S.—grippo is well too.

"P.P.S.—Marco likes tarte very mutch."

HOLIDAY HUMOR.

A Hamilton man who is afflicted with some intellectual impediments spent a few months on the other side of the water, recently. In referring to the many curious things he saw while abroad, he is wont to assert that "the Giant's Causewhy on the coast of Ireland takes the cake."

Gilhooly—"There is something wonderfully realistic at the scene where you smother Desdemona. I don't understand how you can make it appear so realistic." Actor Friend—"Easy enough, my dear boy. All I have to do is to imagine that Desdemona is my mother-in-law."

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Fergersen to Jergersen, as the two were contemplating a midget in a dime museum. What have you to say to that, old fellow?" "There's one thing I can say," returned Jergersen. "It's evident the youngster hasn't been well brought up."

"My dear sir, you have travelled in Africa. Do the African ladies suffer as much as we from the tyranny of man?" "Oh, no; the ladies have special privileges—" "How long to be there?" "As I was going to say, at all the banquets the lady captives are always first eaten."

"It's fairly sprisin' what pig-headedness some folks has," exclaimed Mrs. Bungle looking over some election returns. "Here's this man Scatterin' has been running for office for fifty years to my knowledge, allers the last man in the rumpus an' yit never gettin' discouraged. It does beat all!"

I tell May that the freckles,
Which she thinks such disgrace,
Are only where the sun and wind
Have stopped to kiss her face.
But, oh, how very lucky
I am not like sun and wind!
For how she'd look, if I had left
Each time a mark behind!

Beware of Your Thoughts.

I wish that every one of you, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Ladies' Home Journal, may try to realize during the new year that it are growing some by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year, to be like your thoughts. Whatever you are thinking most about, however secretly, or unknown to those about you, you are becoming in soul. If you are fretting over household matters constantly and worrying over trifles, your thoughts are like little sharp knives scraping away and reducing your souls to half their original size. If you are hiding selfish and jealous thoughts in your breast, they are forming a green mole over your soul which will cause it to wither and decay. If you are harboring sad, despondent and gloomy thoughts, they are shutting your soul in a gloom where it is slowly suffocating.

Perhaps you will tell me that your circumstances and surroundings render it impossible for you to do other than worry, fret and be despondent. I tell you it is not so. Remember that if no one in the world was cheerful save those who had nothing to worry about, there would be no cheerful people. The most cheerful and unselfish woman I ever saw was one who had sorrow and worries enough for a dozen lives.

You can change the nature of your thoughts if you are willing to try. No matter if your fleeting moments weighed down with trouble, say to yourself the first thing in the morning, and over and over during the day, "God, in the original word, meant good. God rules—there is nothing for me to fear." No matter how gloomy you feel, say, "I am cheerful, joyous, contented." Say it over aloud over, and all at once you will find new thoughts emerging your soul and changing your life.

Be of good cheer, and may this be a Christmas of resolution to you to found your lives on one of God's great laws.

A Dirge.

If then will ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hung upon your eyelashes
Lie still and sleep.
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim of the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But will thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die:
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of eyes stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

What Mike Did.

First Housemaid (who has never had a lover)—"Sure an' phwat does Mike be doin' all the evenin' whin he comes to see ye?"

Second Housemaid—"Oh; the Turk talks a lot of coorsing' he always layes me under the impression that his mustash is the finest wan I iver encountered in me life."

Proof Positive.

Tramp—I understand that a pocket-book containing $20,000 has been found on the street and you have got it.

Police Justice—You must proof have you got that you lost

Tramp—This big [illegible] in my pocket.

Good Wishes under Difficulties.

Jawkins—Happy New Year!

Old Coggins—(very deaf)—Hay?

Jawkins (shouting)—Happy New Year!

Old Coggins—Avenue here? Why no, it's half a block west.

The Best Way Out.

"How do you manage with your wife when you go home late nights?"

"Easily enough. I don't go home."

Different Degrees of Temperature.

Bagley—"Nice, pleasant day, Bailey."

Bailey—"Yes, here, but I tell you it's scold down at my house."

Fool Questions.

When you know your nose is freezing and
you tears are running fast
As along the street you're passing meeting
Bores' bitter blast,
It doesn't make you amiable to meet upon
your way
A friend who, laughing, asks you, "Is it
cold enough to-day?"
Of all the bores who bore you with their
idiocy or gall,
The bore who asks "fool questions" is the
greatest bore of all.

It is, Indeed!

Cora: Yes, Hettie says that Jack made her a most impassioned declaration—actually threw himself at her feet—

Dora: Really? Refreshing change, isn't it, when one remembers how often she's thrown herself at his head!

Oldest of Christmas Puddings.

It is said of good King Arthur in rhymes familiar to us all that:

A box pudding the King did make
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as his two thumbs.

The recipe is not given in detail except that "three bags of barley meal" were used as a foundation.

Only a Trifle.

Poet—My dear Miss Fanny, allow me to present you with this little token of my regard.

She—Excuse me, I never accept any presents.

It is a volume of my poems.

That's altogether different! If it had been something that had any value whatever I would have refused it, but as it is I accept with pleasure.

The Little Listener.

"Mamma (to her little daughter)—"There now, I'm busy. Run away and play with the old cat."

Little Daughter—"Why, mamma, that's just what the new nurse-maid said to papa yesterday when he kissed her."

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LITTLE CABIN-BOY.

A Fairy Tale for Children.

Once upon a time there was a poor beggar woman who had a child, a beautiful boy, named John. She went from house to house in the village, and, as she often found the people almost as poor as herself, she went to the city and one day presented herself at the Lord Mayor's house. The Lord Mayor was a good man, very rich and very generous. He had only one child, a daughter, whom he adored. Everything little Lucy asked was immediately granted her. When she saw little John with his pale face she said that she would like him for a companion. The poor beggar woman readily consented to be separated from her son, for she knew that he would be well treated and taken care of. So John became Lucy's companion. He played with her, went to school with her, and there never was the slightest quarrel between them.

One day, as they both started off for school the wife of the Lord Mayor watched them from a window. The recent rain had flooded the street, and John took Lucy gently in his arms and carried her to the other side, and, as he put her down, he gave her a brotherly kiss upon the cheek.

At the sight of this, the proud lady uttered a cry of anger. A miserable beggar kiss the daughter of one of the first families in the city: how horrible!

In vain her husband tried to calm her. She vowed that the boy should be driven from the house. Weary of contention, the Mayor ended by yielding and sent the child on a merchant vessel, where he was to serve as cabin-boy. But before he went Lucy came to him and, breaking a gold ring, she gave him half and told him to keep it and bring it to her on his return. The other half she herself would keep.

John departed. He sailed far, far away. One day the captain and the men left the ship to visit a city near which they lay at anchor. Left alone upon the vessel John heard a plaintive voice calling for help. He lowered a boat and rowed toward an island whence the cries proceeded. There he saw an old woman who said to him:

"At last! I have been here so long, weeping and begging for pity. You alone have listened to me; and, if you will take me across the water to my sister's house on the hill which you see there, you shall be well rewarded."

"Come on!" replied John.

The old woman not only wished to be taken to the house which she had first pointed out, but further on to another, and still further to a third. John feared that he should be absent from the ship too long, but she said to him:

"Have no fear! they will not scold you. I have been on this island a hundred years waiting in vain for a charitable hand. You alone have aided me. You shall be well rewarded by my sisters for your kind deed. Of the first you will ask for the old napkin which is in her wardrobe; of the second, an old fiddle; of the third, an old singing-book. The napkin will make you food; the blade of the sword has a black side and a white side; the black side kills and the white resuscitates; the singing book cures all diseases."

The little cabin-boy faithfully followed the old woman's instructions, and returned to the boat with the three fairy gifts.

He had not yet returned from the city. He spread the napkin on a table, and it covered itself with appetizing food. He touched a dog with the black side of the sword and it fell dead on the deck; with the white side he immediately restored it to life.

He had an opportunity to try the singing-book.

The ship started again on its voyage, and, after experiencing a terrific tempest, it arrived at a city which neither the captain nor the officers had ever seen before.

The vessel had hardly arrived in port when the king of the country came in great despair and begged the captain to call up all his skill, for his only daughter was very ill, and he asked if any among them would undertake to cure her.

"No, there was no one.

"Is this all your crew?" asked the king of the captain.

"Yes, with the exception of my little cabin boy."

"Call him!"

John came, as soon as he learned what was wanted, he replied modestly that he could cure the princess.

"Little fool!" cried the captain, angrily. "Say no need to him, your Majesty. You see he is only a child. He does not know what he is saying."

"Wisdom," replied the king, "is sometimes found in infant minds. I have confidence in him; permit me to take him with me."

"Oh! certainly, if your Majesty desires."

The king took the cabin-boy to his palace. The little princess lay extended upon a bed, silent and motionless, and so pale that one would have believed that she was already dead.

John sang a hymn from his old singing-book. She made a movement. He sang a second one; she rose up in the bed. He sang a third. She was cured.

The king looked at him in amazement and cried in a transport of joy: "You shall marry the child, girl whom you have saved, or you shall have half my kingdom!"

"I will not refuse the fortune you offer me," replied loyal John, "but I cannot marry the princess. I have a sweet-heart in my own country."

Suddenly war was declared. A formidable army was marching against the kingdom where John had effected his marvellous cure. He advised against the enemy with his singing book, and in a few moments sang to rest a great number. The others fled in terror. With the white side of his sword he resuscitated all those he had killed, and they all asked to serve under John's banner. Food was wanting for this new legion, but John spread his napkin upon the ground and it produced everything necessary.

After passing some time with the king, to whom he had rendered so many services, John had an ardent desire to return to his own country, and he departed with four great ships magnificently equipped, and when he entered the port from which he sailed a poor boy, salvos of artillery made the earth tremble.

The Lord Mayor, learning of the arrival of so distinguished a person, hastened to pay his respects and humbly invited him to dinner.

John accepted, and a few moments later he entered the house from which he had been formerly driven away.

At the table he sat between the Lord Mayor and Lucy. Toward the end of the dinner he placed in the young girl's glass the half of the ring she had given him when he departed. She trembled and grew very red. Without saying a word she went to her chamber and returned with the other half, which she handed to the handsome sailor. Her parents looked at her in astonishment. Then John said to them: "I am he whom you knew poor and friendless. I have become rich and powerful, and I ask you for the hand of this sweet girl whom I formerly accompanied to school. She has not forgotten me and I have not forgotten her."

His demand was received with joy, and John's mother, who had been wretched and unhappy for so long a time, arrived to share the happiness of her son. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp and splendour, and the two young people never ceased to love each other, and were very happy.

The Fame of Intellect.

Mrs. Lionchaser (giving a five o'clock tea)—"Could you want to introduce you to Professor Knowall, of England, who is delivering that fine course of lectures before the Institute, you know."

Mrs. Giddy—"Yes, but before you take me up tell me what he lectures on, so I can talk to him."

Mrs. Lionchaser—"Bless me! don't you know what he lectures on! Why, I thought everybody knew that."

Mrs. Giddy—"Well, I don't."

Mrs. Lionchaser—"He lectures on—he lectures on—why, he lectures on the platform of course. Come on."

Feats of Strength.

Jawkins—"Have you seen this man who allows rocks to be broken on his head?"

Hogg—"No; but I saw a woman yesterday who stopped a street car with one finger."

Is Marriage a Failure.

He (at 11.55 p. m.) "I declare, the lamp is going out."

She. "It has some regard for time."

Her Reason.

"Bridget, why don't the landlady have sweet-potatoes any more?"

"S-s-h! Oi'm thinkin' the price av sugar has ris."

PERSONAL.

The death is announced of Lionel, the elder son of Dr. S. M. and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and the brother of the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy. He died in Paris, of consumption, and the result of an attack of la grippe from which he suffered last winter while in Washington. He was taken abroad in the hope of saving his life, and was at a health resort in Silicia until the cold weather came.

Mr. J. H. Van Dorn is making plans for a large Edward Bellamy apartment-house, to be built in Omaha, Nebraska. It will contain twenty-five apartments, and the plan of living will be co-operative, all the cooking being done in one kitchen. It only remains to plan the proper kind of housecholder to live in peace and quietness under the new dispensation.

The Prince de Joinville has the reputation of being, with the exception of the Comte de Paris, the most parsimonious noble in Europe. He will not have extra fires lighted in his chilly Paris mansion when he comes from the country to spend a day or two there, and he sends round the corner to a cook-shop for a bowl of soup and plate of meat rather than waste coals in the kitchen range. Both those royal economists have a veritable creation of fairyland. Santa is a dispenser of candybags and bonbons, and is always welcomed by the little ones. If he has a fund of Christmas rhymes, stories and songs to mingle with his gifts, he is all the more welcome.

Great fortunes made by advertising Napoleons are often referred to. Men who has counted the moderate fortunes, the comfortable competencies, and the steady sources of income that are to be credited to newspaper advertising? To dispense with advertising would dry up commerce and turn back civilization.

Why his Wife is "Fidgety."

I have the best cook in the town,
Whose bread is delicious and white;
Her coffee is fragrant and brown,
Her pastry a perfect delight.
But she daily complains of the worry they bring—
She's my own darling wife, but a fidgety thing!

Your wife is worn out, and needs the Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only medicine *guaranteed* to cure debilitated women. How many overworked American ladies we see with lack-lustre eyes and haggard faces, growing old before their time from those exhausting ailments that men know nothing of. They can be permanently cured by this remedy, as numberless grateful women will attest. Price reduced, $1. Guarantee to give satisfaction in every case. See *guarantee* printed on bottle-wrapper.

The weight of the smallest known bird is thirty grains.

A Love Song in A Flat.

"My modest, matchless Mateline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans:
Much may my melting music mean
My modulated monotones."

This young man stayed out too late, serenading his lady love. He caught a cold, which developed into catarrh, but he cured it with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a sovereign specific for chronic cases. "Cold in the Head," "Catarrhal Headache." It corrects the taint of breath, stops the offensive discharges, heals the irritated throat and lungs, leaving the head clear, and smell and taste unimpaired. It costs but 50 cents, and the proprietors offer in good faith $500 for a case they cannot cure.

Marigold plants grow four feet in height in North America.

Some Strange Misnomers.

Much of the Russia leather comes from Connecticut, Bordeaux wine from California, Italian marble from Kentucky, French lace from New York, and Spanish mackerel from the New Jersey coast. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes from Buffalo, N.Y., but there is nothing in its name to criticise for it is truly golden in value. Thousands gladly testify. Consumption is cured by its use, and it has wrought many positive cures. It corrects torpid liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, banishes dyspepsia and scrofula, renews the lease of life and tones up the system in nothing else will do. What is more, it is *guaranteed* to do all this, or the price is refunded.

White cambric pocket handkerchiefs edged with a deep real black lace are a novelty.

Recommended to Sufferers.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Price 15 cents.

"Does the cellar leak?" "No, sir. Last two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop has got out."

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for Coughs and Colds is the most reliable medicine in use.

The flower bonnets which have been so popular during the summer are being replaced by leather toques.

Nasal Balm has cured cases of Catarrh when doctors failed. It is the greatest Catarrh Remedy of the age. If you are troubled with this disease give Nasal Balm a trial.

The easy quiet way in which THE SOLICUM'S ONYX-ENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL has gone into public favor speaks volumes in its merits. At the office of the company, Toronto, Ont., can be seen scores of valuable testimonials while any druggist will tell you that for all pulmonary difficulties it stands unrivalled.

Plaids, when used for dresses, are made up on the bias and finished with a broad hem.

Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable, is the verdict of all who have tried Nasal Balm for Cold in the Head or Catarrh. A trial will convince you of its merits.

Large buttons are often covered with cloth and embroidered so as to display the colors in the gown.

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company, is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, coldness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with a bounding, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A VALUABLE PATENT—Recently granted, for sale or on Inventors' Union, Toronto.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S and foreign countries J. G. MARKHAM, 1 Yonge St., Toronto.

CATARRH CURED FREE for testimonial after cure. Address THE GERMICIDE CO., Toronto, Ont.

CANCER Book free. G. H. MCMICHAEL, M.D. 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.

MONEY Do you want to make money? Then engage with us quickly—fill your walet and be happy. MONEY? E. N. MOYER & CO., 60 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

GOOD HEALTH HOW TO GET IT: HOW TO KEEP IT! HEALTH HELPER. Send stamp for sample copy to the editor, Dr. JNO. H. DYE, Buffalo, New York.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial BOTTLE. THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. FREE.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they are a condensed form of the substances Nature needed to enrich the blood, curing diseases coming from poor blood and Nervous Troubles, such as Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, and also those arising from a disordered condition of the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork or worry, disease, excesses and indiscretion. They have a direct Action on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN who is pale and weak, nervous and irritable, should take them. They will restore the roseate glow of health to the pale cheek and impart the fire of youthful vigor to the system. They cure all such troubles as Paralysis, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Back, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Sudden Rushes of Heat, Flushing and Depression of Spirits, Nervous Prostration, Want of Energy, Want of Ambition, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, Wasting in Children, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Pimples, Blotches, Sallow Complexion, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Back, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Sudden Rushes of Heat, Flushing and Depression of Spirits, Want of Energy, Want of Ambition, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, Wasting in Children, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Pimples, Blotches, Sallow Complexion, Loss of Appetite.

YOUNG MEN who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, or who are weak and nervous, should take these PILLS. They will restore the vigor of youth, cure all nervous troubles, and make life a pleasure.

YOUNG WOMEN suffering from suppressions, or any irregularity, should take these PILLS. They will cure the most obstinate cases.

Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, at all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, addressing: DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Brockville, Ont.

LEATHER BELTING. Best Oak Tanned. E. DIXON & CO., 30 King st., Toronto. Price List free.

FOR SALE Terms reasonable. Good Farms. Address "Farm," Post Office.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted in every township in Canada. Apply to Dominion Engraving Co., 5 Queen St. East, Toronto.

WANTED Agents in every township in Canada. Apply to Dominion Engraving Co., 5 Queen St. East, Toronto.

WARNER'S COUGH DROPS. Are the best for the throat and lungs. Sold everywhere. Price 25c. per box.

ASTHMA CURED. Sufferers should try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents.

Tea Importers, Dealers in Teas, Coffees, Spices, Tinware, Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Spice Tins. MACDONALD MANUFACTURING CO'Y, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED! PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, CLOTHES WRINGERS, LINEN. Address Dept. A, Toronto.

WORMS DAYSON'S VERMIFUGE. Sweet Dreams, Healthy Children. Recommended by physicians. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 25 cents. DAYSON'S VERMIFUGE CO., Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company. Office—Toronto St., Toronto. Subscribed Capital, $2,000,000. Paid up Capital, $1,000,000. Reserve Fund, $1,400,000. Total Assets, $3,600,000.

The Company's Debentures are issued in sums of $100 and upwards, bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and are a LEGAL INVESTMENT for Trust Funds. Money is also received on Deposit, and interest allowed thereon at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, without any deduction. The Company also acts as Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Guardian, Trustee, Receiver, Agent, etc. Apply to the Company's Office, Toronto Street, Toronto.

ENGRAVING ILLUSTRATIVE OF EVERY KIND. J. L. JONES, WOOD ENGRAVER, 8½ 10 & 12, KING STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

J. RATTRAY & CO. WHOLESALE TOBACCONISTS, MONTREAL. Manufacturers of all kinds of T