YOUNG FOLKS.

Mollie's Problems.

There's lots of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try.
One's why the brown cows on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understood why birds eat worms
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums.
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are afraid of little sums.

I cannot understand why doggies bark
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don't shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow
And why they have no wings like little flies;
But puzzlingest of all the things I know
Is why Grandma wears windows on her eyes.

—Harper's Young People.

An Experience With Tramps.

Perry Dakin had been eagerly scanning the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily papers for several days. He needed something to do. His father had died after a brief illness, leaving no property, and a widow and two little girls, besides Perry. The boy must care for them. He was seventeen years old, strong and active.

Perry faced the situation manfully. He had intended to go to college, but he gave up his high hopes without bemoaning. He procured some good letters from men who knew him well, vouching for the sturdy character that he had proved.

He was ready to do any honest work that a boy of his years and experience could do to earn even a small salary. One day he read this notice in a paper published in the city where he lived:

WANTED.—A young man of from eighteen to twenty years of age for a responsible position a few miles from the city. No previous experience required. Must come well recommended as to character, and be ready to go to work at once. Call between nine and eleven the morning at 2913 B Street, Room H.

Perry was at 293 B street, armed with his letters, and standing at the door of room H at eight o'clock, where, by nine, twenty live boys and men had formed in line.

At nine o'clock the door was opened by an elderly man, who gave an exclamation of surprise when he saw how many were waiting. Then he said:

"Well, first come, first served. Sorry I can't employ all of you, but I need only one. I'll talk with you."

He nodded toward a tall young man at the head of the line, who stepped briskly into the room, and the door was closed.

The young man came out five minutes later looking a little crestfallen. Then the gentleman came to the door and said, "Next."

The next young man came out, too, and then it was Perry's turn.

He was asked regarding his age and family, and his recommendations were examined.

"These are all good," said the gentleman. "Now do you know where lake Windom is?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I engaged you, I would want you to go out there and stay until October."

"Very well, sir."

"Have you ever been out there?"

"Yes, sir; I was out there to a picnic one day last summer."

"There are picnic parties at the lake nearly every day from the middle of May to about the 10th of October. The owner of the lake and grounds sent some one to good to rent and take charge of the boats, that are rented by the hour to picnic parties.

"This is one of the things to be done, but nothing that a boy of your age could do. But I want to tell you beforehand that you could have a lonely time of it at night."

"I guess I might be anyone else, there at night by myself."

"Yes, you would be entirely alone. There would be a peanut stand or two, and a man who takes tickets. But these people go to their homes in Cottonwa, town about a mile from the lake, at night. We would want you to stay at the grove for exercise, eh? I think you'd be safe enough, but it would be lonesome."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Perry. Visions of boats, by night, passed through his mind. But he needed money was urgent.

"If I decided to do it, what pay would you give me?" he asked.

"W-ll, I'll give you ten dollars a week and your board at the cafe and a ticket on the boat, so that you can come to the city Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

This was much more than Perry expected. He had not hoped to earn even half as much as ten dollars a week in Saturday's an they paid very big wages, he thought.

"Thank you, sir," he said, "I will report for duty in morning and mornin."

"All right. There is to be a big picnic out at the lake tomorrow, and the young man will be there to show the boat and savings last year will come to you and instruct you in your duties." I would like you to go out on the seven o'clock train. It will have at about three this afternoon and get your round ticket for six months."

Lake Windom, twenty miles from the city, was a clear, deep lake of water about three-fourths of a mile long and half a mile wide. The grove was by the very edge of the lake. It all arranged, and at one side was a big and pretty dancing pavilion for picnic parties. Near position in the grove the grounds.

There were thirty row or sail small boats for hire at fifty cents an hour to picnickers. It was Perry's duty to take full charge of the boats and to collect the money for their use.

There were some wagons with low seats to four per on to the boats. Ten cents an hour was charged for the swings. Then there was a bowling alley in charge of a young man named Hale, who lived in Crofton. He went to his home every evening, after taking over the receipts of the bowling alley to Perry.

The total sum thus placed in Perry's charge sometimes amounted to seventy-five dollars.

Perry's situation was a pleasant one in daytime, when the grounds were often filled with merry picnic parties, but the silence and loneliness that followed their departure were depressing. The lake was secluded, and at night came few sounds were heard except the dismal hooting of owls in the dim woods or the mournful song of the whippoorwill.

As the shadows of the trees lengthened on the lake and the water darkened in the twilight, Perry would sometimes take a boat and row for an hour or two, after walking around through the deserted woods to pick up things lost by the picnickers.

The keeper of the cafe always set out Perry's supper, and then left for Crofton. After eating his lonely meal, time would drag slowly with the boy until nine o'clock, when he "turned in" for the night. He slept in a bare little room at one end of the cafe building—an unpainted and unplastered structure.

As the season advanced, the loneliness of Perry's nights came to an end, but he would have preferred solitude to the company that then resorted to the grounds. Nearly every night the place was visited by tramps, whose jibbers and quarrels and brawls increased the disagreeableness of Perry's situation.

The tramps would wander around the grove, picking up and eating the food thrown away by picnic parties, before going to sleep in the dancing pavilion or on the long seats in the piazza in front of the cafe. Here little food could be stolen or eaten was kept over night by the proprietor, who took his stock in trade to Crofton every evening and returned in the morning before the arrival of picnic trains.

The tramps never came around in the daytime, and Perry tried to believe that they were ignorant of the fact that he had money in his possession. Usually they paid little attention to him.

Perry's instructions were that he should send to the city every Thursday morning his receipts for the three previous days, and bring with him on Saturday night the money taken during the three closing days of each week. On Wednesday night of the fifth week of his stay his takings from three large picnics on successive days amounted to nearly a hundred dollars.

The money made a package of considerable size. Almost half was in silver, and the rest in bills. Perry had it all tied up in a handkerchief.

The third picnic party left the grove at five in the afternoon and Perry was alone on the grounds, sitting in one of the boats counting the money. He had made the silver into piles of five dollars each, and the bills he was running over in his hands. Suddenly he was startled by a shout.

"Hello!"

Perry looked up. Two tramps, whom he had never seen about the place before, had come from behind a small building on the shore, and were looking at him with interest.

"Good evening," replied Perry, gathering up the money and putting it back into the handkerchief.

"Kind o' struck it rich, aint you, young feller?" said one of the men.

"Not much. Perry. I haven't. It isn't my money."

"Oh, it hain't! Whose might it be, then."

"It belongs to the company that owns the grounds."

While he was speaking he picked up the oars and sent the boat out from the shore.

"Where are you going?" called one of the men.

"Nowhere in particular," said Perry, still rowing.

"Well, wait a minute, we want to talk to you."

"I haven't got time," called out Perry, rowing faster than ever.

The two men exchanged a few words, which the boy could not hear. Then they jumped into another boat and rowed after Perry, who now threw off his coat and rowed as hard and as fast as he could.

He had learned to row very well at the lake, and was well out on the water before the tramps started. But they were two to one and he soon realized that they were gaining on him.

They shouted to him to stop, declaring they meant him no harm; but he paid no heed, and rowed on steadily. They were gaining, and Perry feared that the two boats would reach the opposite shore at the same time. But one of the tramps broke an oar. The men became angry and called out.

"We're after that money, and we'll have it, boy! It'll be worse for you if you don't stop!"

Perry's boat grated on the pebble bank about twenty feet in advance of his pursuers. The boy jumped out and ran swiftly through a narrow strip of timber to a wagon road, on the opposite side of which was a field in which a tall, thin, elderly farmer was cutting grass with a scythe. Perry slipped between the rails of the fence and ran toward the farmer.

"Help me to defend myself!" he shouted to the astonished man. "There are two tramps after me. They're after money that isn't mine. Here they are!"

The tramps came running across the road, jumped over the fence and advanced boldly.

"Hand over that money of ours, you young thief, you!" said one, and shook his fist at Perry, who was standing close to the farmer's side.

"Your money?" said Perry, indignantly.

"It isn't your money, and you can't touch it!"

"We can't, hey? See if we don't!"

He advanced a few steps.

"Hold on, my friend," said the farmer. "Jest stop right where you air until we talk this matter over. Now, boy, you go on and give us your side of the case."

"It belongs to the owners of the lake grounds. I have charge of the boats over there, and these fellows have been trying to take it from me."

"Well, if that ain't a good one?" sneered one of the tramps. "But it won't do, boy. The money's ours, and we don't feel called on to say any more 'bout it, 'cept that we're goin' to have it. Stand aside, there, old gentleman."

"I reckon not!" said the farmer. "I've heerd both sides o' the case, an' if you'll 'scuse me for speakin' so plain, I don't b'lieve a word you two rascals have said—a purty pair you air. This is a clean, straight-for-d-lookin' boy, an' you ain't nary the one nor the other—no you don't—no you don't! Not a step nigher!"

He held up the scythe threateningly.

"I wouldn't want a better weepin than this old scythe to defend myself agin a dozen sich fellers as you be. You jest come within swing o' my scythe if you think it'll be healthy for you. Law! I'd cut yo down for the two withless weeds of the earth that ye be! Here, boy; jest slip your hand down into the pocket of my overalls and you'll find a knife there with a blade six inches long. You take the knife, an' I'll hang to the scythe an' I reckon we kin hold the fort for quite a spell."

They did not have to hold it long, for the two tramps soon took their departure. But they were not allowed the privilege of departing in peace.

An hour later the farmer drove over to Crofton with Perry, and notified the authorities. The deputy sheriff there had been looking for two such men, who were wanted for burglary.

A posse was organized, and before nine o'clock the two men were in the Crofton jail. They were tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary.

Perry remained at the lake the rest of that summer, but sent the boat money to the city ever day, and was never molested again.

—J. J. Harbour.

The London Sewer Hunter.

Lower even than the Paris ragpicker are a class of men in London who make a living by walking for miles along the sewers, picking up every sort of refuse that is of the smallest possible value. Before beginning operations each man in a gang provides himself with a bull's eye lantern, a canvas apron, and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end, somewhat in the shape of a hoe. Thus accoutred, they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their naked feet for anything unusual, and at the same time raking the accumulations from the walls and picking from the crevices any articles they may see. Nothing is allowed to escape them, provided it is not valueless. Old iron, pieces of rope, bones, coins of the realm, and articles of plate and jewelry, all is good fish which comes to the net of "mudlarks," as they are called. With "finds" in the way of coins, of course, the "humble penny" predominates. Six-pences and shillings, however, often increase the value of the collection, and at rare intervals—too rare to please the husher—half sovereigns and even sovereigns are discovered. Like the flies in amber, the mystery is how they get there. Among other articles of intrinsic value. Silver spoons are most often found, although shirt studs, diamond rings, silver drinking vessels, and many other quite out-of-place articles swell the list from time to time.

Lucky finds such as these do not deter the husher from keeping a sharp lookout for less valuable articles as they float by. His trained eye, from long practice, is capable of judging the worth of the floating refuse before it would be even discernible to the ordinary observer. Mile after mile does the sewer-hunter travel under ground until a tolerably heavy bag is the result of his labors. Night or day is all one to the husher. Some gangs enter the sewers at night, and work on until morning, while others continue the search during the daytime. Rats abound everywhere, some of them being of enormous size, large enough to frighten any beginners at the business. The experienced husher, however, takes no notice of them, and the rats are only too pleased to sneak away in the darkness.

After the day's or night's work is over, the unsavory husher puts on his boots and tramps back to the alley and yard in Whitechapel where these animals congregate. His bag is handed over to the women and children, who sort out the different finds, while he retires to a ginmill and to sleep.

A Light Supper.

One evening a gentleman in South Africa was strolling in his garden after supper when he saw what he thought was a number of glow-worms behaving themselves in anything a discreet manner. He thought he had better look into the matter, for he did not wish to take away the character of the glow-worms unless they deserved it. On closer examination, he saw it was a frog who was rolling and tumbling about, but a frog in such a state as that he had never seen before, for it looked as if blue flames were coming out of his wide mouth, and his whole body was enveloped in blue light. A frog, as you know, is a creature who likes to slink away in the dark and damp corners, and is very much opposed to anything in the way of illumination. There must be an unusual reason for this very unusual manifestation, and the gentleman opened his eyes wider and stooped his head lower, and then he saw that Mr. Froggie was taking a light supper, one that was almost too light for him, for he was struggling to swallow a phosphorescent worm, and in doing so had smothered himself inside and out with the illuminating matter of his victim. The worm was bigger than he could swallow comfortably, and his efforts to get it down made him look like a mass of intoxicated glow-worms. So startling was the sight that a Kaffir was frightened by it, and rushed into the house and hid himself. But probably no one was more frightened than was Mr. Froggie himself when he suddenly found himself blazing away in another creature's moonshine.

A Hero.

De Long Beach—"Hoffy, I shall marwy Miss Wockingham, after all. It was most exciting. I was on the beach, she was in the watah. A big wave knocked her ovah, the undahtow grwabbed her. She was being carwied out to sea. There was only one thing to do. I—"

Hoffman Howes—"Wushed to her wescue?"

De Long Beach (proudly)—No; "I scweamed for help!"

AN AMERICAN OPINION.

A Leading Financial Paper of Canadian Banking.

What It Thinks of the Canadian System and How it Compares it With That of the United States.

The New York Evening Post on Saturday had the following editorial which is of interest to Canadians at the present time:

The comparative freedom of the Canadian banks from the troubles now afflicting the American banks and the American people, have been discussed of late. In an interview in our columns, Mr. Walter Watson attributed the Canadian exemption to its system of branch banks. He pointed out that Canada, with its few leading banks, but with the branches of those banks extending throughout the country, was in a better position than our own bankers to have exact information about the true state of affairs, and could, therefore, arrange banking matters much better, anticipating and perhaps preventing so great a collapse of credit as we are now witnessing. That the system of branch banks has great merits cannot be denied. Besides the advantage of more precise and extended information, the system lends itself also to a smaller proportion of reserves. The joint stock banks of England with their branches running up into the hundreds, are content with a proportion of reserve to liabilities of but 12 to 15 per cent. Last Saturday's bank statement for the New York Clearing-house, though unusually poor, showed a reserve of about 21 per cent. The percentage of reserve, fixed by statute at 25 per cent. for city and 15 per cent. for country banks,

IS PURELY ARBITRARY.

It is a high proportion judged from a foreign standpoint. It is possible for a bank doing a regular business among conservative men to be safe in ordinary times with but half this legal requirement. The actual percentage needed must vary with the kind of business done. Now the low average of London banks is due in part to confidence in English finance and in part doubtless to the system of branches which seems to require less money in each case, the home banks keeping the reserve for the hundreds of branches. With us to-day our lack of currency is in part owing to the wish of each small bank throughout the country, acting independently, to have on hand a larger amount of cash than usual. So long, however, as there exists a popular, though unjust, prejudice against banks, it is useless to discuss the question of

ESTABLISHING BRANCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

But when the branch plan is given its due praise, there will remain large differences in national conditions which cannot be ascribed to that cause alone. Branches in Australia, for example, did not prevent disaster there. The want of branch banks did not cause our present disaster. The New York Clearing-house Association has been from the day that it began to issue loan certificates, virtually one gigantic institution, larger than any bank with branches in the whole world, except perhaps the Bank of England and the Bank of France, both of which have branches. But the example and weight of the Clearing-house Association had no effect whatever to prevent the hoarding of money when the public began to apprehend a change in the standard of value from gold to silver. The reason is obvious. No bank or union of banks can do more than pay their obligations in the legal-tender money of the country. If causes are at work to change the legal tender, why, they are in the stream and must swim with it. Frightened depositors, however, will try to escape. Everybody who can will lay something aside, in order to be provided for the worst that can happen, and, as we all know the withdrawal of one dollar actual cash removes the foundation of ten to twenty dollars of credit. The primary difference between us and Canada is, that the latter is not exposed to a change of standard, and, hence,

THE CAUSE OF CREDIT IS NOT IMPAIRED.

Moreover, the bank note system of Canada is bottomed upon the true principle that the bank's bills receivable shall provide for and redeem the circulating notes. Bank notes are issued by the discount of commercial paper. A B offers his promissory note at 60 or 90 days for discount. It is for the bank officers to know that this note represents goods produced and actually in the market, either sold or ready to be sold. Any other kind of promissory note is accommodation or speculation. The discounting of the latter is not entitled to be called banking. When the bank discounts the promissory note, it may and generally will pay out its own notes to a corresponding sum. So long as the bills receivable are good the bank-notes must be good, because the one offsets the other. This is the Canadian system. We are at a loss now to consider the safeguards employed. They have been found sufficient thus far, although they do not require a deposit of Government bonds. It is obvious that as long as the safeguards are sufficient there cannot be a "currency famine" like that which we are now suffering from. Another reason why

CANADA IS NOT SUFFERING

like the United States lies in the fact that Canada has not been so progressive as have we. The lack of advancement in mind and in wealth has long been known and bewailed by Canadian statesmen. This is due to a circumscribed territory. It has a physical cause and cannot be helped. In a country which advances in prosperity but slowly, banking cannot well be otherwise than slow and cautious. While Canada has been standing still, comparatively speaking, the United States has advanced by leaps and bounds. Faith in American enterprises has in general been well deserved and well kept. If we had been restricted to a humdrum career, we should, like Canada, have been beyond a credit panic. As it is, it is not the industries and railroads of the United States which are unsound, generally speaking. Suspicion has indeed reached them, but only because of the distrust of all values first engendered by the fear of our currency. Great Britain itself would be in a panic if a law were enacted there throwing doubt upon the standard of value. Loaded with its enormous structure of credit would be the effects of such a law at once and disastrously.

Of course we have ourselves to thank for the unfortunate position in which business is placed. Yet, as compared with Canada, our distress is great in proportion to our previous prosperity. Our aim should be to strengthen our credit by a good banking system, though not necessarily by branch banks, so that we may have the old-time prosperity, and yet will safety. It is certainly the duty of Americans to go on utilizing the great advantages which our country offers to the enterprising; but if we are to succeed in this, we must take special pains to support the credits by which alone great advances in wealth and prosperity are easily possible. We can thus secure our future, while having Canadian conservatism and security to

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens.

My first view of Dickens was at an evening party, when he was standing in the midst of a circle of ladies, relieving himself in very energetic terms of his *impressions of England*. His hair was long and light, and looked as if it had not recovered from the tangle incident to days of seasick misery. He had brought with him two velvet waistcoats for full dress, one of vivid green, the other of brilliant crimson; these were further ornamented by a profusion of gold watch-chain. In 1841 a black satin waistcoat was almost the national costume of gentlemen in America, so that Mr. Dickens's vivid tints were very conspicuous.

Mrs. Dickens was a small woman of about thirty. Her position as the lion's mate seemed embarrassing to her. She was not accustomed to dwell in "the fierce light" that shone upon every deed and word of the popular idol, and she evidently found satisfaction in quiet talks with me concerning the best shops in Oxford street, and other such homely and familiar matters. There was no sign then of any disagreement or incompatibility between husband and wife. On the whole, I should have said that in those days Mrs. Dickens showed signs of having been born and bred her husband's social superior. After their return to England I saw several amusing and familiar letters, written by Dickens to his Boston friends, —letters in which repeated and affectionate allusions were made to "Kate,"—and it struck me with the greatest surprise when several years afterward I learned that conjugal difficulties in the Dickens household had led to estrangements and separation.—[September Lippincott's

Not Quite.

Tom—"You went to seb your girl last night, didn't you?"

Jerry—"Yes."

Tom—"It was a bootless errand, wasn't it?"

Jerry—"Not altogether. Her father had on No. 14's."

The first Latin Bible with a date was finished at Memby by Faust in 1462

IN A SICK SILVER CITY.

Scenes of Distress and Lawlessness.

A correspondent of the Montreal Witness says:—I can give you a few facts which will enable people in the East to realize the condition of Denver and it is only a sample of all cities in the mining states at the present time. This city is the principal supply point for all towns and mining camps in the state. There is also a large quantity of general merchandise, mining machinery, etc., supplied from Denver to New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Wyoming. Denver has been favored with an exceptionally prosperous time for several years previous to the present one, and on account of this the depression in values is felt most keenly. The cause of the crisis in Colorado is attributed to the drop in price of silver. The action of the British Government in closing the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver, had an immediate and disastrous effect upon one of our most important industries. Silver dropped to 70 cents and closed a large majority of our mines; the demand for supplies immediately ceased, and orders placed were countermanded. Six national and four savings banks closed their doors, demands for payments were made upon merchants, which they could not meet, and they were compelled to make assignments or be closed on attachments. Every business in this city immediately curtailed expenses;

MANY EMPLOYEES WERE DISCHARGED,

wages were cut down; mechanics' hours were shortened, and a most deplorable condition of affairs was created. The sidewalks of our principle streets are crowded with idle men, tramps, but good, honest working miners, mechanics, clerks, etc. The charitable institutions are feeding hundreds of destitute people every day. How long they can continue to do this I cannot say Freight and other trains are crowded with men trying to beat their passage out of Colorado, with the hope of finding the Eastern country in better shape than the West. Every city and town in the state is suffering equally with Denver; over 1,500 miners have gone out to Leadville alone during the past week, and there are hundreds of others thrown out of employment in the different silver mining camps throughout the State. In the early part of this week, the State Boiler Inspector went into the mountains to inspect boilers; out of 107 inspections of boilers that he visited in California Gulch which is Leadville, only three were in use. The banks that are closed have tied up a great deal of money, this has added largely to the seriousness of the situation, it is confidently expected that most of the suspended banks will resume payment, but when and upon what terms is a question just now.

A MURDERER LYNCHED.

An occurrence that happened here last night in the shape of what is called in this state with a sadly reckless kind of humor a necktie party will reveal the temper of the people in this trouble. On Tuesday evening about six o'clock, a man named Lightfoot, about 60 years of age, a war veteran and an old resident of Denver, went into an Italian saloon and drank a glass of beer; some dispute arose between the proprietor and the man Lightfoot about the pay for the beer. The Italian jumped on to Lightfoot, pounded him into insensibility with a glass, dragged him to the back part of the saloon, and stabbed him. Last evening about 8.30 an immense mob of men moved toward the county jail cheering and howling "Hang the Dago." When they reached the jail there was probably not less than 8,000 people in the mob. The leaders made a demand for admittance, the jailor refused, and in a few minutes afterward the attack upon the door commenced. The attack was made simultaneously on three separate entrances, the mob using railway iron for battering rams; sledge hammers and picks were also at work. The guards in charge of the jail turned on a stream of water from their hose through the wickets of the inner doors, and kept playing constantly on the workers. The only effect this appeared to have was to exasperate the men and make them work with still greater energy. It took about two hours of battering to effect an entrance, the doors finally gave way, and in a few minutes a thousand men were howling on the inside. The same tactics were adopted in breaking down the doors of the cell containing the murderer. He was dragged out taken over to a public street, Santa Fe avenue, and there hanged on a tree and also riddled with bullets from revolvers. The body hung there for about 15 minutes while the crowd passed in review underneath it. The lynchers then let the body down, and with a shout started on a run dragging the Italian's corpse over the ground and accompanied by a yelling crowd, until they reached 17th and Curtis streets where they again hoisted the body up on to a telegraph pole. At this point the police were allowed to take possession of the body and the party broke up. The city was in a disturbed condition all night, and the excitement was intense. It is an easy matter at the present time to congregate a mob, there are so many idle men walking about the streets who are ready to follow a crowd at any moment, all that is necessary is a leader and you can mass an army of men in 15 minutes. The citizens interested in the welfare of Denver deplore and condemn the proceeding. Of course it is a serious matter for a city of 130,000 inhabitants to have lawlessness so rampant and be apparently powerless to prevent it. The whole performance, however, is attributable to the unsettled condition of affairs in existence.

I will be among the moonlighted after the first of the month, my employer's business has flattened clear out, and there is nothing for me to do only draw salary, so the boss concluded to stop that. I tried to convince him that it was entirely wrong, but he would not be convinced. The Denver Hardware Co. made an assignment this morning.

Prevention of Consumption.

I think it is evident that proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the inactive stages of pulmonary consumption, says Dr. Thomas J. Mays in the Century. The more simple the method the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose the following movements are very valuable: The arms being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration, and brought together in front on the same level during each expiration. Or the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring, and gradually brought down alongside the body while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration, and held until the arms are gradually moved forward, or downward, or longer, in order to make both methods fully operative.

Another very serviceable chest exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and, during expiration, in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest can count up to sixty or eighty, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is somewhat reduced. Practise of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on within the chest. Or again, the taking of six or eight full and deep breaths in succession every hour during the day, either while sitting at work, or while walking out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect.

The breathing of compressed and rarefied air is attracting wide attention at the present time in connection with the prevention and the treatment of pulmonary consumption, and is another mode whereby the chest capacity can be decidedly improved. When air is breathed in this manner there is felt during each inspiration a gentle distension of the whole chest, while during expiration a feeling of emptiness is experienced.

Consumption is not a disease which originates in a day, but it is the outgrowth of morbid habits and agencies which may even antedate the birth of the individual. Defective breathing is one of these habits and its pernicious prevalence is more widespread than is generally supposed.

Accounted For.

The other day a gentleman entered a restaurant in P——, and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the gentleman with his coat off and in a great state of perspiration.

"Waiter," he said, "the chicken is very tough."

"Very sorry, sir; but you see that chicken always was a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so at last we had to shoot it. It flew on the housetop, and—"

"Ah, by Jove, that accounts for it; you must have shot the weathercock by mistake!"

Debtor—"Don't get scared, the account will be paid in time." Creditor—"That's what I'm afraid of."

HEALTH.

Development of Consumption.

Doctor Pepper, in a clinical lecture recently delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, took occasion to note the influence of surroundings upon the development of consumption in certain individuals.

Some persons have an undoubted tendency to this disease which tendency they have inherited from one or the other parent. If both parents have suffered from the disease the tendency is more pronounced.

It must not be supposed that everyone inheriting a consumptive tendency succumbs to it. It is during the years preceding maturity that the danger of poor, unhygienic surroundings is greatest; but "if such persons can be kept strong until their forms have developed, they may become the very strongest of the strong."

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when "the system gets run down," then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissues, and spread."

Speaking of the influence of dusty occupations and of the dust which is inhaled from the streets and in travelling conveyances, the speaker said: "There is no one here who has not had tubercle-bacilli enter his air-passages, but there must be some resisting power which has made it impossible for the organisms to gain entrance into the system, and which has prevented them from spreading."

When the surroundings of an individual are unhygienic, the occupation uncongenial and depressing, or such as to prevent sufficient sleep, the health often becomes impaired. Then the strongest constitution may offer but little resistance to the ingress of consumption. It is safe to say that every case of consumption is first ingrafted under just such circumstances.

"Let a person fax his strength, let a growing child become weedy, lank and below weight, and the system relaxed, and there is developed a field where tuberculosis, if implanted, will spread."

Persons in whose families this disease has existed should recognize the fact that there may be a constitutional lack of resistance in themselves. Fatigue and excesses of all kinds should be avoided. As much of life as is possible should be spent in the open air, and the rules of health, which are applicable to all alike, should be carefully observed.

HERE'S SOME GOOD ADVICE

Which the United States Should Consider.

Mr. Weir, president of the Ville Marie Bank, of Montreal, and one of the ablest Canadian bankers, addresses an open letter through the press to the President and Congress of the United States on the financial situation. Mr. Weir expresses the opinion that the National Bank Act of the United States is the principal cause of the present financial trouble. He suggests as a measure of immediate relief that Congress pass an amendment to its bank acts providing that all chartered banks in the United States whose capital and surplus amount together to $1,000,000 and upwards, shall be declared to be banks of issue and be authorized to issue circulating notes of the denomination of five, ten, twenty, fifty, and one hundred dollars, to the extent of half their capital and surplus, such issues to be a first lien upon the assets of the bank in case of its suspension, the issue to be free from any federal or state tax, but to be liable to an assessment of not more than 1 per cent. per annum should such be required to redeem the notes of a suspended bank. Banks of issue to be obliged to keep one-half their cash reserves in treasury notes of the United States, that is to say, the treasury note reserves shall always be equal to the gold and silver reserves of such banks of issue. This latter obligation, which exists in Canada in a modified form, would tend largely to the gold reserves of the United States, treasury, without in any way impairing the strength of the banks of issue. A third provision to authorize banks of issue to establish branches in various parts of the country if they deemed it advisable so to do, limiting the number of branches to one for each hundred thousand dollars of capital and surplus. Mr. Weir says that such a measure would remove the present stringency within 24 hours.

Lord Roberts on Highland Regiments.

Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, the gallant British soldier whose carreer in India as commander-in-chief of the army is the source of so much enthusiasm in the Mother Country just now, has lately been honored by receiving the freedom of the city of Glasgow. Although an Irishman by birth, Lord Roberts boasts Scottish blood in his veins, and in his address at the Glasgow City Hall took occasion to pay some handsome tributes to the Highland regiments and soldiers he had known. Said he:

"The characteristics of the Scottish are enterprise, hardihood and tenacity of purpose; it is these qualities which render the troops drawn from this country second to none in Her Majesty's service, and which enable Scotsmen who seek advancement and fortune in civil life to hold, aye, and more than hold, their own in every part of the world. (Applause.) During the last war in Afghanistan so many regiments, both British and native, distinguished themselves in the field that it would be invidious to compare their relative merits and achievements, but this much I can say, without fear of contradiction, that in marching or fighting no regiments were superior to the 72nd and 92nd Highlanders. (Applause.) The same may be said of the Scottish regiments which took part in the great mutiny. I shall never forget the gallantry displayed by the 93rd Highlanders at the attack on the Secundrabagh in November, 1857—(applause)—and it would be difficult to imagine a more heart-stirring sight than the advance in line of three Scottish regiments—the 42nd, 79th and 93rd—against the enemy's battery at Cawnpore in December of the same year. (Applause.) I was not with the force under Outram and Havelock during the advance on Lucknow, but we all know the splendid service which the 78th Highlanders performed on that trying occasion. (Applause.)"

The electric light has been introduced into a new flour mill near to the supposed site of Calvary, and close to the Damascus Gate at Jerusalem.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. But worry is rust upon the blade. It is not movement that destroys the machinery, but friction.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY

A Prominent Minister Relates His Remarkable Experience With the Grippe.

How he Was Affected and How He Was Cured. An Article That Every one Should Read and Remember.

(From the Philadelphia Item.)

Rev. Thomas L. Lewis, who resides at 2549 Neff street, and is pastor of the Richmond Baptist church, relates a very interesting account of his experience with La Grippe and how he secured relief by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Lewis is thirty-nine years old and is recognized as one of the most popular preachers of Philadelphia.

He is an alumnus of Bucknell College at Lewisburg, Pa., where he attained the degree of Master of Arts. With his other work he edits and publishes The Richmond Baptist, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the church. He looks upon the practical side of life, both preaching and publishing, the importance of good health, and when asked to tell what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for him, he went before Eugene Ziegler, a Notary Public at 2738 Neff street, and cheerfully made affidavit to the following narrative:—

"I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People two weeks ago this Sunday. I had the grippe for more than two weeks. I had great trouble during that time with my eyes and head. The disease also affected my appetite and my stomach. It required great determination and effort on my part to do my work as pastor, and I did it when I should have been in bed.

"In a week's time the effects of the grippe were completely removed. I then continued the remedy on account of my stomach difficulty, being confident that it would remove that. I want to recommend the use of Pink Pills to all those who are affected as I have been. I believe they will build up grippe patients.

"As for myself, I cannot say too much for them. I went on the scales two weeks ago to see what I weighed, and again to day, wearing the same clothing. I found I had gained two pounds—a pound a week.

"On account of the sedentary habits natural to my occupation, and to some internal injuries sustained years ago, I have had a severe stomach affection, and have been troubled, beside, a great deal, with indigestion. Since taking the Pink Pills my appetite has improved, my digestion is better, and my stomach has been relieved of its pain.

"I was struck accidentally in the stomach by an iron bar and once I was kicked by a mule in the same place. I was 20 years age when I was hurt. Since that time I suffered much from stomach difficulties. I was treated frequently, but not cured. I feel better now than at any time since I was hurt, and I am so pleased with my improvement that I am glad to let the public know of my bettered condition. I have heard of other cures effected by the Pink Pills, but I prefer to speak only of my own case.

"Thos. L. Lewis.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 29th day of April, A.D., 1893.

EUGENE ZIEGLER,
[seal.] Notary Public.

The Discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the sufferings of humanity than any medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest benefactor of the present age.

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Although prepared in quantity and handled in the drug trade as a proprietary article, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription, and used as such in general practice for many years before they were offered to the public. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Amenities of the Road.

The driver of a vehicle who attempts to pass another on the road does so at his own peril, for, if an accident happens, the man he is passing, the rear driver is held responsible. This does not mean that the man in advance is not obliged to yield part of the road when notified but that the burden of care rests on the rear driver, who is in a position to see and avoid danger, while the other is not. If injury to the leading vehicle results from an attempt to pass, whether on a county thoroughfare or on a country road, the driver is held responsible.

Spotted Him.

Customer—"I want a new vest, but can't not take it unless you give me ninety days."

Tailor—"That will be all right, sir. How did you enjoy the fair?"

Most of the fine coral known to commerce is obtained by divers along the coast of Italy.

No Disappointment

Can arise from the use of the great sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's Extractor removes corns painlessly in a few days. Take no substitute. At druggists.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire string.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by that Tired Feeling derives from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." A. S. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe pain in my stomach, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with Dyspepsia complicated with Liver and Kidney Troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. A. S. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

Hood's Pills cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

IMPROVED central Toronto Properties to exchange for farm lands. Money to loan. Beatty, Blackstock, Kendall & Chadwick, 58 Wellington Street E., Toronto.

TEACHERS and older Scholars can make money canvassing for "Home and Friend and Account Book." Send for circulars. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher Toronto.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL OFFERS thorough knowledge of Cutting in all its branches; also agents for the McDowell Drafting Machine. Write for circulars, 128 Yonge St.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY BUY A NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE

Agents everywhere.

Extinguished!

Two friends were talking, one of them had been in a railway accident, when they were joined by one who had the reputation of being a most inquisitive peat, and who instantly made the inquiry—"What is the time?"

"I was saying," one replied, "that there had been a dreadful accident—"

"When?"

"Why, last Monday, as the train——"

"What train?"

"Bless my life, I'm telling you as fast as I can. As the train which leaves London——"

"Was it a passenger train?"

"Yes—as the train——"

"Wait a moment; what morning did you say?"

"I said Monday mor