Augus Flower

Perhaps you do not believe the statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction to your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the medicine is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the money for the relief of the other, they will say so. John H. Foster, 112 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: My wife is a little Scotch woman, 40 years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it up as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy life. Dyspepsia, she does not dare to show her head it.

AGENTS WANTED, male and female, to introduce our Celebrated Family Knives, Carver, and Knife and Fork Sharpener. Big profits. Sample free. Address, ELAYNE BREAR CO. Lock Box 342 Toronto, Ont.

$1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE. Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

The High Speed Family Knitter. With knit 10 pairs socks per day. Will do all work any from circular knitting machine will do, from homespun or fancy yarn. The most practical family knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Requires no mechanism to do good work. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted. Write for particulars. Dominion Knitter Machine Co. Dundas, Ontario.

Crafting in Longest Lengths. Pulleys. Belting. Belt Lacings. Belt Punches. STEEL, PLAIN AND GRIP. EMEROUS, Brantford, Canada.

HEALTH and clear complexion from use of Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Hypophosphites and a Great Flesh Producer. Prepared by druggists for it, and take no other.

PREPARED BY LOCUM & CO. Toronto.

9 CARAT GOLD PLATE. Nothing black after one days wear can be worn a lifetime. Sell a clock, but a stem winding gentleman's watch, open face—a superior time keeper. Agents wanted. Send fifty cents (stamps), to show you means business, and we will send the sample to your address express office, C. O. D. for the balance. All Express Charges Paid. If you send the full amount, mention our advertisement, and we will send gold, and a Solid Silver Watch for your trouble. Address TORONTO WATCH CO. Toronto, Can.

MUSIC! Every Music Teacher in Canada should know where they can get their Music cheapest. Write for Catalogues, also Sample copy of the CANADIAN MUSIC, a live monthly filled with $1.00 worth of music in each issue. $3 to $6 per day made by canvassers selling our popular lines. We carry everything in the Music line. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. 158 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

Have you Worn Blues? Never get worn out in business troubles. Do you ever have a headache? If you do, nothing is that will cure you like a glass of Stumber of Stomach Bitters. Its action is easy on the liver, regulates the stomach, clears the complexion, invigorates the system. Every physician we know of recommends it. Ask your druggist to have the Bitters. Hygienical Water Co'y, Ltd. 1 King St. W., Toronto. Also dealers in groceries and hotels.

FOR THE SWELLING. This is to certify that I, THOMAS CLUTHE of the City of King's County of York, Ontario, Carpenter, do hereby certify that I was completely cured of a very bad case of Dropsical Swelling in the knee in less than six months. I was able to attend to my business three days after he had placed the medicines in my house. I had been confined to my bed continuously for four months previous to the doctor's visit, and had tried everything that I could hear of without any benefit. This testimonial is given of my own free will and accord, hoping that it may be the means of inducing others to try the same medicine, which I believe to be the best in the world. Dated at Toronto, this 15th day of May, A.D. 1891. Witness, W. H. MCCOMBE. Witness, A. MCCOMBE. Sworn before me at the City of Toronto, this 15th day of May, A.D. 1891. A. J. WHITE, A.C.A. Mr. THOMAS CLUTHE, of 131 Markham St., Toronto, is well known to the publisher of this paper. Address 320 Markham St. Toronto.

BARBERS. Wanted, a good barber, and it has become a by-word throughout the iron, steel and allied trades of Canada, that the best men go to Toronto. Address, Box 1, Office of this paper.

AWAKE SOAP. SHURE MAN IT BATES THIM ALL. IT TAKES THE DIRT, LEAVES THE COLOR. Manufactured only by ARTON & SONS, TORONTO, ONT.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

CHAPTER IV.

TANGIER EPISODES.

But a week went by and the girls were still at the Villa de France Hotel, and Jessica was still Talbot, and had kept up the reputation of a Girton girl. She and Flora were intimate with Mrs. Farquhar; but she invalid, much in her own room, had noticed how constantly John was in their society.

He rode with them daily, for every one rides at Tangier. He escorted them to the bazaars, and bargained for them in Arabic. He got a boat, and took them for a sail. He pointed out the hoopoes fluttering like big butterflies, and the golden bee-eaters flashing overhead in the sunshine. Jessica admired the latter so much that he shot one for her, and had it made into a hat ornament at the hat-setting establishment on the Marshan.

"Oh, you are cruel!" cried the girl. "The dear, little, lovely, swift thing! Why do man always kill anything pretty?"

John took it back quite meekly, with apologies for his manly murdering way; and next morning brought her two living bee-eaters, their legs tied so that they were like greyhounds in a leash, and could fly together about the room. Jessica kept these while she was at Tangier, and tamed them completely. John Farquhar did not tell how early he had risen, nor how many hours he had spent on the mountain with a little Moorish bird catcher, to get the pretty creatures. These trifles he gave to Talbot, but on the whole he divided his attentions pretty equally between her and her friend. The younger girl often tormented herself wondering which of the two he liked best; but Flora had no doubts, for his talk to her was all of Jessica. "He is not behaving properly for an engaged man," thought Williams; "not what I am, fun when he learns the truth!"

As for Jessica, the little humbug continued to abuse her betrothed behind his back, but was gay in his society; and now, to Flora's amusement, displayed the greatest ingenuity in inventing reasons for submission to the detested marriage.

"Of course," she said, "I shall never have one moment's happiness; his wife but it is something to gain the crown of martyrdom; and you know, Williams, if I didn't marry him, papa would certainly think he must marry Mrs. Farquhar, and that would make us all ridiculous; and besides, I could not spend any of John's money, of course; and papa says John wouldn't take it back, and to keep it all lying in a bank is just what we are told never to do in the parable about the man and the napkin. I wish always to do my duty, Williams."

"You are a hypocrite, my dear," said Flora; "but telling, as a dead secret, you know, Talbot, don't you beginning to like him a little?"

"Certainly not! certainly not!" cried Jessica, her eyes dancing as she clapped her hands and bounced about the bedroom in her nightgown. "Things looked promising, Flora, though; and she gave her opinion that the joke had now been carried far enough, and that they had better call Talbot again in, the Hercules, and let Jessica Spanish soil resolve once more into Miss Nevill, the heiress.

Sign after this Captain Farquhar, who had been at Gibraltar for two days, and feeling a good deal disturbed in his mind, returned to Tangier. And he, returned grave, with all manner of good resolutions: a certain young lady he would studiously avoid; and all his attention henceforth should be confined to her companion, who, though extremely pleasing, was perfectly harmless to the engaged man.

John was stepping briskly from the town to the Villa de France, wondering how his mother was, when he heard a great beating of tom-toms, and saw a dense crowd round a company of dervishes, who were performing antics before a green, fur-caped saint on a white mule. John had seen this sort of business before, and hardly threw a glance at the half-naked fanatics, who were leaping in the air or rolling in the dust, piecemeal, as he knew, to slashing at their heads after their manner. But his eye fell upon Mrs. Cobbe and the ladies of her family, who were pressing forward to see what in the world was going on.

"Don't get too close," advised John "they are fine-looking sights, poor beggars, are now and then a specially holy person passes almost through the crowd, and may have an authority to unveiled ladies. Have you no one with you?"

"No, but we are all right now you have come. As Mrs. Farquhar has Hadji, she can spare you."

Mrs. Cobbe's exclaimed John, "Jessica and Miss Talbot were all the morning on the terrace, and got quite overset listening to the drums and watching the crowd. My husband advised Mrs. Farquhar to try Hadji's whip, and she got on these few steps, so as to be close to see. There she is, and the two girls and Hadji with her, don't you see? And pray, Captain Farquhar, tell us who these very handsome people are?"

"Oh, Mohammedan Salvation Army, ma'am, and better all come away. My mother, I am sure, had no idea we were going to see. It must go to her." And turning Mrs. Cobbe's entreaties for protection, he abandoned her to Mr. Murphy.

At this moment that three of the dervishes, after rolling on the sand and foaming like epileptics, suddenly sprang to their feet with a yell, and hacked at themselves with hatchets till blood streamed over their naked shoulders. John shuddered, and pushed his way through the throng to the corner where he had heard his mother scream, and saw, even as he did so, that her companions were moving to escape. (The strong-minded Mrs. Cobbe, on the contrary, pressed nearer to the spot, and whipping out a pencil, began a sketch for the Daily Graphic.)

"Such a fright! everything will make mother ill, I know," said John.

But now in the reserved space in the middle of the ring there rushed singly the two girls, with shudders and trembling lips, and eyes dilated horribly, leaping and prancing, while their long hair and their scarlet garments, ragged and gory, streamed in the wind. One of them overturned a slight old merchant, the second upset a donkey, to which he stumbled and fell heavily, then to the left hand and raced forwards again, striking his hats at the bystanders—the barbarian in his hunter's chamois costume, who were fleeing from the ecstasies of the faithful.

Mr. Farquhar's donkey, startled by the hubbub, plunged and kicked, but John was not attending to his mother at the moment. For the moment he had snatched, at Jessica's white arm, and the girl gave a cry of terror; then seeing John, she threw herself impulsively into his rescuing arms, outstretched to receive instantly another protection. Of course there was no real danger; one blow from the fanatic feeling back to his fellows. But in her fright Jessica still clung to John, who carried her clasped tightly to the hotel. So close at Tangier are the luxuries of French civilization!

"Oh, thank you," murmured Jessica, recovering herself and now rather embarrassed. "I am very sorry to have made a fuss. Hadji, look that donkey how he is kicking! It is just fit for Mrs. Farquhar! Please go to her, I am all right." But John Angered, his arm still round the shivering girl.

"Not are you hurt?" he questioned anxiously. "Not frightened? Are you sure? Let me take you safely indoors. You are trembling, poor little thing."

Had he ever called Christian name he would have called it in that new-born tenderness of agitation. But knowing her only as "Talbot" a mere ridiculous nickname, his ignorance saved him from an indiscretion.

"Please go to Mrs. Farquhar," murmured Jessica, blushing with joy at his soft tones; and half yielding to, half withdrawing from, what had become all but an embrace.

And then John glanced round, impatiently, though he loved his mother. What he saw filled him with dismay, and in her turn Jessica was forgotten. For any exertion, any slight physical shock, any alarm, was dangerous for Mrs. Farquhar, as we said, and this was Jessica had said. Hadji's white donkey was the very inconsiderate she ought to have mounted. John looked round in time to see his mother thrown—no more. And then the big donkey broke away and galloped across the Soko; like the fanatics, clearing his way by the mere terror of his approach. Alas for Mrs. Farquhar! John lifted and bore her into the house, unconscious, blue-lipped, rigid; and every one felt instinctively that the accident was no pride.

Flora turned to John Farquhar. "Do you know that this may be a question of minutes? she said, looking very grave and bade him go at once for the English doctor at the Hôtel de Paris. Not a moment was lost. Gibraltar for two days, and Jessica was still Talbot, and had kept up the reputation of a Girton girl. She and Flora were intimate with Mrs. Farquhar; but the invalid, much in her own room, had noticed how constantly John was in their society.

He rode with them daily, for every one rides at Tangier. He escorted them to the bazaars, and bargained for them in Arabic. He got a boat, and took them for a sail. He pointed out the hoopoes fluttering like big butterflies, and the golden bee-eaters flashing overhead in the sunshine. Jessica admired the latter so much that he shot one for her, and had it made into a hat ornament at the hat-setting establishment on the Marshan.

"Oh, you are cruel!" cried the girl. "The dear, little, lovely, swift thing! Why do man always kill anything pretty?"

John took it back quite meekly, with apologies for his manly murdering way; and next morning brought her two living bee-eaters, their legs tied so that they were like greyhounds in a leash, and could fly together about the room. Jessica kept these while she was at Tangier, and tamed them completely. John Farquhar did not tell how early he had risen, nor how many hours he had spent on the mountain with a little Moorish bird catcher, to get the pretty creatures. These trifles he gave to Talbot; but on the whole he divided his attentions pretty equally between her and her friend. The younger girl often tormented herself wondering which of the two he liked best; but Flora had no doubts, for his talk to her was all of Jessica. "He is not behaving properly for an engaged man," thought Williams; "not what I am, fun when he learns the truth!"

As for Jessica, the little humbug continued to abuse her betrothed behind his back, but was gay in his society; and now, to Flora's amusement, displayed the greatest ingenuity in inventing reasons for submission to the detested marriage.

"Of course," she said, "I shall never have one moment's happiness; as his wife but it is something to gain the crown of martyrdom; and you know, Williams, if I didn't marry him, papa would certainly think he must marry Mrs. Farquhar, and that would make us all ridiculous; and besides, I couldn't spend any of John's money, of course; and papa says John wouldn't take it back, and to keep it all lying in a bank is just what we are told never to do in the parable about the man and the napkin. I wish always to do my duty, Williams."

"You are a hypocrite, my dear," said Flora; "but telling, as a dead secret, you know, Talbot, don't you beginning to like him a little?"

"Certainly not! certainly not!" cried Jessica, her eyes dancing as she clapped her hands and bounced about the bedroom in her nightgown. "Things looked promising, Flora, though; and she gave her opinion that the joke had now been carried far enough, and that they had better call Talbot again in, the Hercules, and let Jessica Spanish soil resolve once more into Miss Nevill, the heiress.

Sign after this Captain Farquhar, who had been at Gibraltar for two days, and feeling a good deal disturbed in his mind, returned to Tangier. And he, returned grave, with all manner of good resolutions: a certain young lady he would studiously avoid; and all his attention henceforth should be confined to her companion, who, though extremely pleasing, was perfectly harmless to the engaged man.

John was stepping briskly from the town to the Villa de France, wondering how his mother was, when he heard a great beating of tom-toms, and saw a dense crowd round a company of dervishes, who were performing antics before a green, fur-caped saint on a white mule. John had seen this sort of business before, and hardly threw a glance at the half-naked fanatics, who were leaping in the air or rolling in the dust, piecemeal, as he knew, to slashing at their heads after their manner. But his eye fell upon Mrs. Cobbe and the ladies of her family, who were pressing forward to see what in the world was going on.

"Don't get too close," advised John "they are fine-looking sights, poor beggars, are now and then a specially holy person passes almost through the crowd, and may have an authority to unveiled ladies. Have you no one with you?"

"No, but we are all right now you have come. As Mrs. Farquhar has Hadji, she can spare you."

Mrs. Cobbe's exclaimed John, "Jessica and Miss Talbot were all the morning on the terrace, and got quite overset listening to the drums and watching the crowd. My husband advised Mrs. Farquhar to try Hadji's whip, and she got on these few steps, so as to be close to see. There she is, and the two girls and Hadji with her, don't you see? And pray, Captain Farquhar, tell us who these very handsome people are?"

"Oh, Mohammedan Salvation Army, ma'am, and better all come away. My mother, I am sure, had no idea we were going to see. It must go to her." And turning Mrs. Cobbe's entreaties for protection, he abandoned her to Mr. Murphy.

At this moment that three of the dervishes, after rolling on the sand and foaming like epileptics, suddenly sprang to their feet with a yell, and hacked at themselves with hatchets till blood streamed over their naked shoulders. John shuddered, and pushed his way through the throng to the corner where he had heard his mother scream, and saw, even as he did so, that her companions were moving to escape. (The strong-minded Mrs. Cobbe, on the contrary, pressed nearer to the spot, and whipping out a pencil, began a sketch for the Daily Graphic.)

"Such a fright! everything will make mother ill, I know," said John.

But now in the reserved space in the middle of the ring there rushed singly the two girls, with shudders and trembling lips, and eyes dilated horribly, leaping and prancing, while their long hair and their scarlet garments, ragged and gory, streamed in the wind. One of them overturned a slight old merchant, the second upset a donkey, to which she stumbled and fell heavily, then to the left hand and raced forwards again, striking his hats at the bystanders—the barbarian in his hunter's chamois costume, who were fleeing from the ecstasies of the faithful.

Mr. Farquhar's donkey, startled by the hubbub, plunged and kicked, but John was not attending to his mother at the moment. For the moment he had snatched, at Jessica's white arm, and the girl gave a cry of terror; then seeing John, she threw herself impulsively into his rescuing arms, outstretched to receive instantly another protection. Of course there was no real danger; one blow from the fanatic feeling back to his fellows. But in her fright Jessica still clung to John, who carried her clasped tightly to the hotel. So close at Tangier are the luxuries of French civilization!

"Oh, thank you," murmured Jessica, recovering herself and now rather embarrassed. "I am very sorry to have made a fuss. Hadji, look that donkey how he is kicking! It is just fit for Mrs. Farquhar! Please go to her, I am all right." But John lingered, his arm still round the shivering girl.

"Not are you hurt?" he questioned anxiously. "Not frightened? Are you sure? Let me take you safely indoors. You are trembling, poor little thing."

Had he ever called her Christian name he would have called it in that new-born tenderness of agitation. But knowing her only as "Talbot" a mere ridiculous nickname, his ignorance saved him from an indiscretion.

"Please go to Mrs. Farquhar," murmured Jessica, blushing with joy at his soft tones; and half yielding to, half withdrawing from, what had become all but an embrace.

And then John glanced round, impatiently, though he loved his mother. What he saw filled him with dismay, and in her turn Jessica was forgotten. For any exertion, any slight physical shock, any alarm, was dangerous for Mrs. Farquhar, as we said, and this was Jessica had said. Hadji's white donkey was the very inconsiderate she ought to have mounted. John looked round in time to see his mother thrown—no more. And then the big donkey broke away and galloped across the Soko; like the fanatics, clearing his way by the mere terror of his approach. Alas for Mrs. Farquhar! John lifted and bore her into the house, unconscious, blue-lipped, rigid; and every one felt instinctively that the accident was no pride.

Flora turned to John Farquhar. "Do you know that this may be a question of minutes? she said, looking very grave and bade him go at once for the English doctor at the Hôtel de Paris. Not a moment was lost. Gibraltar for two days, and

"trust her to me," she said quietly, as he reluctantly obeyed.

"Oh, Flora, how dreadful!" sobbed Jessica, who had never seen any one so ill before; "and we were all so happy half an hour ago!"

"Hush," said Flora, "we must be very quiet, Jessica."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE DONKEY'S WORK.

Mrs. Farquhar opened her eyes painfully, and looked from one to the other of the two young faces. "Why did she say 'Jessica'?" murmured the sick woman.

"It is my name," answered the girl, too much agitated to keep up the deception. Several moments passed.

"Jessica, what?" questioned Mrs. Farquhar, rising on her arm.

"Your Jessica, Jessica Nevill," said the girl tearfully.

"Oh, do take care!" said Flora, frightened by her patient's wild air of joy, "you must not excite her." For Mrs. Farquhar had sunk back speechless, and her breath came in painful flutterings, so that Flora even feared she was dying. But feverishly she clutched Jessica's hand, drawing her nearer, and the wave struck girl kissed her pallid lips. After which succeeded another death-like swoon; and then, to Flora's intense relief, John returned with the doctor.

"Oh, what have I done!" whispered Jessica. "She will tell John! and what, oh what will he think of me? How can I meet him, again, Flora? I'd give anything if we could escape away this very night."

But Flora had to stay to nurse Mrs Farquhar, who lay in the extremity of suffering. Flora had once been for six months in a hospital, and her quick witted experience immediately made itself felt. John turned to her instinctively.

"What good angel brought you to us!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand. Jessica listened jealously. Why could she do nothing, she who should at such a moment have been everything to him?

Yet poor Mrs. Farquhar, recognizing in Flora the kind, authoritative nurse, had eyes only for Jessica. The child stole to her side and knelt, kissing her hand; and a wan smile illuminated the sufferer's drawn face, while she felt for the warm young fingers, and clasped them appropriatingly. From the first Mrs. Farquhar had petted Jessica. John saw her delight in the young creature now, and his heart swelled within him tumultuously.

But not once would the young man so much as look at the girl himself. Something had happened to John. He was afraid of Jessica ever since the little adventure on the hillside, when she had sprung to him involuntarily, with that look of confidence, of—of love! John Farquhar dared not say the word. He was betrothed to his cousin, to Miss Nevill the heiress, and the word love was not for him in connection with any other maiden. He was afraid of little Miss Talbot now—most horribly afraid of himself. He would not even look at her.

"Mrs. Farquhar has told him!" thought Jessica in agony, noting his coldness, "and now he detests me!" And then clenching her hands, "Oh, it is Flora he loves! She is able to help him. He speaks to her. He watches her. He calls her his good angel. It is Flora he loves! Why—oh, why did we ever come here?"

Flora took up her station for the night by the sick woman's bed. The room was semi-darkened, and everything was quiet; she was ready herself with her medicine bottles and her stimulants—alert, sensible, a tower of strength. Mrs. Farquhar was only half conscious, and she tossed about in the painful restlessness of great weakness, sad to see. The skilled nurse alone was able to quiet her.

"She will be best alone with me," said Flora firmly, "and you must trust me as with my own mother."

John pressed her hand in silent gratitude. Then he sat on the stair outside the sick room, its door ajar so that he could hear even a whispered summons. Oh, that long, cold night of weary waiting!

But after about an hour Jessica, her eyes full of tears, joined him. "Might I stay here with you?" she pleaded timidly, her clasped hands trembling.

John raised his eyes for a moment, and a flush slowly rose and faded on his face.

"If you wish," he said coldly, turning away. And Jessica stayed, sitting on the floor with her back to him, but where he could watch her. Watch she he did, without a word, hour after hour. Jessica cried at first, and he saw her shoulders rise to her sobs like a child's. Then she grew very quiet, and tried to be strong like Flora. Perhaps in after-years, when he was trying to vanquish his dislike to her it would help him to remember that they had watched this strange, sad night together!

It was hear the dawn when Flora stepped out and called him "There is a change," she said quietly; "you had better come."

But the nurse did not return to her post, for she knew that there was no more which she could do, and that it was the son's right to be alone with his mother now. She and Jessica stood outside, holding each other's hands; with pale faces and eyes straining through the silent twilight. And John was with his mother, who slept, slept, till her sleep quietly deepened into the long, untroubled sleep of death.

So trivial an accident had ended Mrs. Farquhar's harmless and troubled life; and now John had only himself to think about and provide for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Seat in the House of Commons.

The House of Commons has some 670 members, and it has seats for little more than half the number. Even if we take into account the members' galleries, which run along two sides of the chamber, there still is not nearly room enough for all the men who are entitled to take their places in the House of Commons. What are the members to do who have no seat? They are to do the best they can—to do any thing they like short of taking seats in the House.

The many crowd the bar—I do not mean any place of refreshment, although they may crowd that bar, to, if they please—I mean they may stand below the bar which is supposed to represent the brass bar that can, when occasion requires, be drawn out from either side, and so conjoined as to represent the division between some poor prisoner or some alleged offender and the House of Commons itself. They may stand in the newspaper room or the tea room; they may fall asleep in the library they may wail on the terrace; they may lounge in the smoking room; but they cannot sit in the House.

As in England there are so many superfluous women who could not possibly find husbands here under our present matrimonial system, so in the House of Commons there are so many members who cannot possibly find seats. The struggle for seats from day to day is a curious and interesting competition, of which, so far as I know, the English House of Commons has a absolute monopoly.

It is in one sense a question of first come first served. The House of Commons usually meets at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A member may come down to the House as early as he pleases and select a seat. If he comes very early—say at 8 in the morning—he has, on ordinary occasions, a fair chance of a good place. He selects his place and he puts his hat into it. Then he goes away, to return at three o'clock, when prayers are said by the Chaplain of the House—at present and for some time past my distinguished friend Archdeacon Farrar.

In the meantime our member in quest of a seat must not stir one inch outside the buildings which belong to the House of Commons. His claim to a seat is supposed to rest on his attention to the service of the House, and if he crosses a threshold for one moment outside the precincts of the House, his claim to a seat is forfeit. So he spends from 3 o'clock until 3 lounging about the library and the smoking rooms and the newspaper room, and at 3 he comes back into the House and listens to the prayers. Then, having complied with all that ceremonial and having spent his whole day in nominal service of the House, he is entitled to insert in a little brass frame at the back of his seat a small card bearing the printed word "prayers" and his own name written beneath, and that he has secured that seat for the one sitting only. The struggle has to begin afresh on the very same conditions on the morrow.—Justin McCarthy, in The North American Review.

A Snake Hunt.

Capture of a Monster in an Indian Jungle.

The way was through a swamp with bushes 6 feet high, and there had to be cut away. Finally we came to a place where the grass was beaten down as if a hogshead had been rolled along. The guide went ahead, and then stopped, holding up his bow. Creeping forward we saw an opening with a number of palm trees around, and in a low place lay something a bright yellow in color. This was the snake coiled up, the head, big as a barrel and covered with scales, lying on the edge of the coils, and could see the dead eyes plainly. The Captain sent Gordon, one of the Englishmen, a powerful sailor, and a native hunter around through the high grass to fetch a clump of trees back of the snake, and then get a hitch on the brute's head. The native went up a tree like a cat, and after several passes, got the hitch under the snake's jaw and back on the neck, and both men took a turn of the linen around the tree and pulled. The snake seemed dead, but finally moved and gave a hiss, like a steam whistle, and as the line tightened the coils began to unfold like a line of battle cable, the sun flashing on the golden scales. It was an awful sight. In the middle the snake was as thick as a man's body. The reptile began to lash the reeds down with its tail. It lay quiet for a minute, and a hitch was taken about 10 feet from the head and the men threw themselves on the body to keep it from coiling. If we had been frogs it would have done as much good. The reptile gave one twist and sent all hands flying. I was chucked 10 feet, and fell flat on my back in mud a foot deep. The line was hauled taut. Our object was to make it fast to a tree near by. Hitched head and tail, the snake would worry itself out. For a moment it ceased to struggle. The line was made fast. The snake appeared to lengthen out, when, with a sudden twist, it parted the line and lay in a half circle.

The captain was in the hight, shouting to us to get another line, when, like a flash, the snake threw his tail around the tree and caught him and drew him in, and in a second had three coils around his body. "Good-by!" He gave one gasp and was a dead man. We tried to uncoil the tail. You might as soon have tried to straighten an iron bar. It was a horrid sight. The man's face was like blood in color, and his eyes started out of his head. Gordon yelled out, "Cut the snake in two!" and we went at it. The flesh was hard as wood and tough like gutta percha, but in two minutes we reached the backbone; the long end reared 20 feet in the air and came down with a dash, almost burying itself in the ground. We pulled Capt. Kieller out of the coils. He was very large man, large in the hip, but from the waist down his body was crushed and no thicker than a hand-spike, and the broken bones came through the skin. We dug a grave with our bush knives and buried him, piling all the logs we could find on top and after skinning the snake, which was 38 feet long, we started for home. I don't believe we should ever have brought it in alive. The skin and head weighed over 200 pounds.

A Rough Passage.

The Steamer Ripon City, At Halifax from London, Battled with Violent Seas for Eighteen Days.

A Halifax, N. S., special says:—After battling with gales, cyclones and huge waves for 18 days the Furness Line steamer Ripon City, from London, reached port this morning. Her captain and officers state that it was one of the hardest experiences they had gone through. From the time of getting clear of land on the other side bad weather commenced, and continued almost the entire way over. The day after Christmas the steamer was almost engulfed by a high sea which rolled suddenly down on her. The captain says it was without doubt a tidal wave. The water poured over the deck in tons, causing the ship to careen over until she was lying on her beam ends. She remained in this condition so long before recovering that those on board thought she would never right herself. While in this state the cargo shifted, and a great quantity of packages became broken. By the time the steamer reached more bad weather was encountered, and on New Year's Day the steamer ran into a terrific cyclone. It was impossible to force her ahead, as it was feared the strain would be too great on her shaft, as the ship was then rolling and pitching frightfully. This cyclone lasted Without abatement until Wednesday, January 3. During all this time the steamer was practically unmanageable, and at the mercy of the heavy sea which was running. Her decks were continually flooded, the waves making a clean sweep over the ship fore and aft. The crew had to run great risks in moving about the decks and several of them narrowly escaped being washed overboard. One man was caught by a sea, swept along and dashed against the bulwarks, and badly bruised and otherwise injured, one of his legs being fractured. The steamer's sails, which were set in order to fly and steady her, were blown to atoms. The Ripon City, after landing her cargo here, proceeds to Boston.

Mysteries of Flight.

The question whether man will ever be able to navigate the air was discussed at the recent meeting of the British Association at Nottingham by Jeremiah Head, president of the Mechanical Science Section. The facts and conclusions stated by him seem to favor the problem that the power of mechanical flight may be added to the accomplishment of our race. The more promising experiments at present are those of Professor Langley and Mr. Maxim, who utilize the buoyant principle of a broad, thin plane moving through the air.

In the course of the discussion many curious facts were brought out concerning the flight of birds. By studying the structure and methods of the animals that actually do fly we can best get at the secret, and learn how, with the aid of mechanical appliances, to turn it to our own use.

It has been asserted that birds are able to fly because they are lighter, bulk for bulk, than other animals; but Mr. Head showed that this was not so, and that birds have about the same specific gravity as the other inhabitants of the earth. The real secret of their flying seems to reside in their ability to exert a greater energy in proportion to their weight than other animals. Mr. Head devised, for instance, about three times as much horse-power per pound of weight as either man or the horse can do.

Mr. Head believes that this wonderful energy in birds is due rather to rapidity of limb action than to increase of muscular stress. This in turn implies rapid combustion of tissue in their bodies and large consumption of food. As a matter of fact, the temperature of birds is higher than that of other animals, while all birds that are much on the wing have voracious appetites.

Then, too, birds seem to have acquired, by instinct or practice, a marvellous skill in taking advantage of the buoyant effects of winds and air currents. To this is believed to be due their ability to soar, and to go long distances with great rapidity without any apparent motion of the wings.

The frigate-bird, for instance, can according to the observations of Mr. Lancaster, fly one hundred miles an hour with its wings held in a fixed position. Mr. Lancaster also asserts that this powerful bird can live for a week continuously in the air without alighting by day or night.

If this is so, and the speed of one hundred miles an hour can be maintained unabated, then the frigate-bird should be able to go more than two-thirds of the way round the earth without stopping to rest, and in about eleven days it might circle the planet!

But when a man has contrived machines that will carry him freely through the air, it is not likely that he will be long in discovering other secrets now only known to the birds.

A Doubtful Case.

The garrulous young man's chin hadn't been still for three hours. The last half hour had been devoted to caution in speech.

"It is a very difficult thing," he said, "for any person to say nothing."

"I don't know as to that," dissented the young woman very sweetly. "You have been talking all evening."

Time to Intrude.

Mother—"Is Mr. Kissem in the parlor yet?"

Little Son—"Yes."

"What are they doing?"

"They is sittin' a good ways apart, and talkin' as polite as kin be."—Text.

Agricultural.

Fishin' for Love.

The gals they keep a-hustlin' the fellers crank
Till they wuz almost winded, but there wasn't many more
T' git them fellers from there places, with a line—the fish shore.
T' where my Bessie stood a-fishin', a-fishin' she
Had, for love.

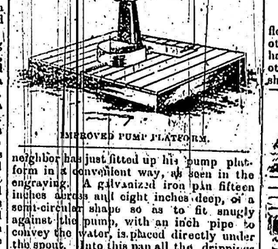
N' when at last they collared me, I felt a steak
Strike me twixt the eyebrows, 'n go hummin' in my feet;
'N I breathed a little prayer, that I know 'us
That I wuz hin't to be turned away, 'n Bessie a-fishin' for love.

'N when the feller by her went a-grinnin' t' his seat,
I never knowed a minnit that I felt us half as sweet
As when I leaned an' whispered, while she
Fumbled with a glove,
"Is my Bessie darlin' fishin', still a-fishin', sweet, for love?"

N' now when dark's a-creepin', 'n the stars 're shinin' bright,
I catch my wife a-dreamin' o' the sweetness of that night;
N' I seem t' hear a message, come a-driftin' down above,
That Bessie's up there waitin', 'n a-fishin' for her love.

A Clean and Convenient Pump Platform.

While travelling among the farmers write J. L. Townsend. I have observed that those who take papers and magazines are alway making something to lessen labor and make home more attractive. A wide-awak



IMPROVED PUMP PLATFORM.

neighbor has just fitted up his pump platform in a convenient way, as seen in the engraving. A galvanized iron pan fifteen inches across and eight inches deep, of a semi-circular shape so as to fit snugly against the pump, with an inch pipe to convey the water, is placed directly under the spout. Into this pan all the drippings and water that slops over fall, and are conveyed by the pipe to a flower garden where the ground is irrigated, by filling a small trough into which the pipe empties to save the supply for the ditches. Behind the pump is a trapdoor, fitted with strap hinges and a hasp, staple and padlock, so as to form a convenient receptacle in which butter, cream, vegetables to be warmed over, and meats can be kept quite as well as in a refrigerator, and without the expense for ice. The platform is made of framework of two by six inch joists, with a floor of matched flooring nailed on both sides, the intervening space being filled with clean sawdust. This keeps out frost in winter and heat in summer, and with the provision for carrying off the drippings, it is always clean and healthful.

Butter Making in Cold Weather.

Many persons have a decided preference for "grass" butter, or that made while the cows are at pasture, writes Ella Rockwood, claiming that it has a superior flavor, and preferring that made in June and September or October, beyond that made at any other time of the year. This presumed superiority is, I think, largely governed by circumstances. If the cows are kept upon dry feed alone in winter, and are long in lactation, or perhaps some of them farrow, the butter will naturally be lacking in the rich, nutty flavor which is always to be found in the gilt-edged article.

Grass is the most perfect food for the production of finely-flavored butter, yet some persons object to the flavor of that made when the cows are first turned into rank, luxuriant pasture in early spring, claiming that it has a "cowy" flavor that is objectionable. All these features are largely under the control of the dairyman or woman. If in winter the cows are fed upon silage that is clean and sweet, with plenty of grain, or, lacking the silage, either well-cured, green cut clover, or corn-stalks that have not been exposed to the weather until all the goodness is bleached out of them, and if in addition to these a good ration of bran, linseed meal and a goodly proportion of corn meal are supplied, the butter will not be lacking in flavor, especially if there is a new milk occasionally throughout the winter. One new milch cow will improve the flavor of all the butter from a small herd.

For my own part I prefer winter-made butter to that made in autumn and "packed down" for use after May or two or three months old. Butter ought to be consumed as soon as possible after it is made. It gains nothing by being kept more than a few weeks, and loses much in delicacy of flavor by such treatment. Under even the best of conditions, butter makers should discourage customers from the practice of laying in a supply in the fall for the ensuing winter. Tell them you can make just as fine butter in the fall, and can keep it sweet and of a good shade of yellow, but do not overdo the matter. Let the tint be but little darker than that of the butter in the churn, and so interfere with its free separation from the buttermilk. Salt assists in the separation. Always add a handful or two to the contents of the churn before drawing off the buttermilk.

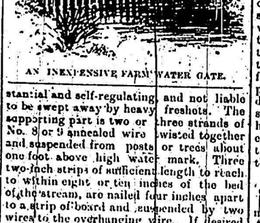
It is more difficult to make a prime article of butter in winter than in summer. More care is required in feeding the cows and more handling the cream to secure the right flavor. Nothing is more insipid than white, yellow-looking butter, for it will have something of a dead taste. Butter made in the winter, and by the aid of butter color is as tempting to the eyes as to the palate.

Temporary Shelter for Stock.

A very cheap and warm shelter may be made by setting posts firmly in the ground and covering with a roof of poles or log rails. Over this lay a covering of straw or coarse hay. Cover this with a few poles or boards to hold the straw in position. Set other posts two feet outward from the first ones. Wire a few poles to each set, filling in the spaces with straw firmly crowded into position. By having a door at one side the result will be as warm a room as can be made from boards and straw in a barn basement. For shedding rain properly, make one side three or four feet higher than the other, or make it level, putting a load of straw on top in the form of a pyramid to shed the rain. While this and other forms of temporary shelter are cheap and require no direct outlay for material, yet rather than follow up their construction year after year a permanent structure of wood should be erected. This should be built in a substantial manner, making the foundations solid, and nailing each piece firmly in position. The roof should be not less than a quarter pitch, and, if possible, obtain all boards a year in advance that they may become properly seasoned. If convenient place the surface of the boards to be exposed to the weather, and by giving them a coat of paint the general appearance of the premises is improved, and the durability prolonged. Not infrequently a farmer who has a surplus of grain and coarse fodder can gain more money in feeding it on the farm than in selling it, thus needing additional room, which is readily provided by temporary shelter.

A Cheap and Effective Flood Gate.

In sections where streams abound, the flood gate is quite as important as any other division fence or gate, and those that have experienced more or less trouble with other forms of flood gates will find the one shown in the illustration to be cheap, substantial and self-regulating, and not liable to be swept away by heavy freshets. The supporting part is two or three strands of wire twisted together and suspended from posts or trees about one foot above high water mark. Three two-inch steps of sufficient length to reach to within eight or ten inches of the bed of the stream, are nailed four inches apart to a strip of board and suspended by two wires to the overhanging wire. If desired four or five strips may be nailed to form one section, using enough sections to span the stream. It is plain that in low water the sections will stand perpendicular, while as the water rises, the lower one conforms to the rise and fall of the stream. Floodwood or other obstructions are allowed to pass uninterrupted. To lift the upper end of all the short suspensions wires firmly around the main wire, that the sections may not move endwise, or connect all the pieces of wire that will detain them in position yet allow the sections to move down stream during the high water of the rainy season.



AN INEXPENSIVE FARM WATER GATE.

Some Dairy Pointers.

Feed the cows as regularly as you milk them.

When the frost glitters in the stable the cows will be poor before the Springtime.

Beware of big horns and a fleshy udder on a milch cow; they are bad points.

If you want to make the straw stack benefit the cow, put some of it under her for bedding.

Let the cow frisk in the dew in air once in a while; continuous stable life is not good for her.

Hay green in color and swe