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MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1894.

Week's Commercial Summary.

The number of failures in the Dominion the past week, in provinces, is as follows: Ontario, 28; Quebec, 20; Nova Scotia, 1; Manitoba, 1; total 50.

The chief Ontario counties in which the largest amount is registered in the form of chattel mortgages are: York, $1,553,000; Grey, $516,000; Simcoe, $415,000; Carleton, $387,000; Algoma, $358,000; Rent, $333,000; Prescott and Russell, $324,000; Wentworth the same. The county with the lowest indebtedness in this form is Haliburton with $13,000. Thunder Bay and Haldimand coming next with $26,000 and $35,000 respectively. The reason that Algoma figures so large is that there are several large chattel mortgages given by lumbering firms that aggregate seven-eights of the above amount.

The judgment given the other day by Chancellor Boyd, in a case bearing on the relations between landlord and tenant, he held that a tenant under covenant to keep the premises in good repair was bound to leave all the fixtures that had been put up or added to premises during time of tenancy. He said his interpretation of the law seemed to bear hard on the tenant, and suggested the advisability of legislative consideration. It would be well for tenants to look carefully into covenants of this nature in the future as the present ruling extends to the shelving, office fixtures, platforms, gas fixtures, mirrors, brass window fixtures and outside awnings.

The successful floating of the Canadian 3 per cent. loan is cause for congratulation. Subscriptions aggregated more than five times the amount asked for, and within a few days the bonds sold at 4 1-2 per cent. premium. In an interview in London, Finance Minister Foster said that "he was not surprised at the successful floating of this loan. No borrowing country has ever fulfilled so scrupulously its obligations towards the money market as Canada, and few countries are more solvent." About $5,000,000 will be applied to public works. The unprecedented amount of idle money in the banks and the current low rates of interest were, of course, favorable to the selling of these bonds.

The reports this week are more encouraging. Quite a number of establishments have resumed work, and though the stoppage in some Fall River and other mills, and strikes are in progress, lessens the working force, there is, on the whole, some increase. The demand for produce appears somewhat better, particularly for heavy woollens, dress goods, boots and shoes. In the iron industry there is more confidence in the east, though the demand is not yet large. It is reported and admitted that the retail trade has not yet met expectations in some important branches, but has been improving with the approach of colder weather, and there is somewhat general feeling that after the election excitement has passed it will materially enlarge.

OUR MARKET REVIEW.

The movement of wheat in the northwest for the past week has been a little larger than for the corresponding week of last year, but not nearly so large as for the same week two years ago. As compared with previous seasons the deliveries at Minneapolis and Duluth, where are undoubtedly the ruling wheat points of the west, have been considerably above the average. This is due no doubt to the fact that the harvest was considerably earlier this season, and the necessity of carrying the grain threshed in the fields at once to markets caused the heavy movement to set in a week or two sooner than usual. Those who ought to be best posted as to the situation have given their opinions to the public, and the concensus of these goes to show that, while in some sections not less than 60 per cent. of the crop has been marketed at other points, only about 15 per cent. has yet been taken out. In Minnesota good judges place the amount sold at from 40 to 46 per cent., and the general opinion seems to be that so far about 45 per cent. of the wheat crop is marketed, and if this be the case there is no very serious cause of alarm to those who have still the bulk of their crop to sell.

What at Ontario points is undergoing no change. There is a small business in millers at 49 to 50 cents for red and white. Stocks of spring wheat are unusually small, the crop of 1894 being the smallest for a great many years, and millers consequently look for better prices. The decline in hogs has been checked by lower prices for cured meats. Mess pork is 50 cents to $1 lower than a week ago.

Visible Supply.

Oct. 29, 1894, 78,193,000; Oct. 31, 1893, 65,227,000; Oct. 31, 1892, 61,694,000, showing an increase for the week of 1,531,000 bushels, which, under the circumstances detailed above, although larger than we expected, is not at all alarming.

Bradstreet's shows no material change from last week's quotations, and the supply has been in excess of the demand.

Peas were lower on the English market at the beginning of the week, but have again regained their place and closed at the same figure as last week.

English markets are firm but very inactive, and the demand has fallen off to a considerable extent. On the continent the demand was poor and sales were made at fractionally lower prices.

Pork, although weaker in feeling than at the close of last week, still maintains a pretty firm grip on the prices, and the Chicago reports do not show any very alarming symptoms of an immediate break.

Potatoes are still at good selling prices, and there was bid on the street, while they were selling out of store at from 55c to 60c. There is no doubt that to those who have potatoes to sell this will afford a good opportunity which we think is not to be lost.

The world's markets still swing upon the corn crop as a pivot, and the uncertainty which has prevailed with handlers as to the exact effect of the Government report is responsible for the dullness and weakness of the markets generally. That report issued containing a supplementary statement as to the meaning of the Government figures on corn. It announced the crops as, 1,115,000,000 bushels, 32,000,000 less than in 1893, and the smallest crop since 1884. This to us is very encouraging, as we feel that the great grain surplus which has been hanging over the world's markets is in a fair way to be wiped out.

Barley was the weakest thing in this week's markets, and in this respect proved quite a disappointment. The report comes from Oswego that a large quantity of Canadian barley is dirty and contains peas, tares and seeds. This has had a very bad effect upon the demand there, as the western barley is in fine condition and splendidly cleaned. That this should occur at this time is most unfortunate for the Canadians who have barley to sell, as it has given their product a bad name, a circumstance which the sellers of the "Yankee" product will not hesitate to take advantage of. It is quoted at from 40c to 44½c on this market. Oats are dull and in poor demand.

HERE AND THERE.

The days will continue to grow shorter until Dec. 22. This gives opportunity to stretch out the nights a little.

× × ×

A wholesale watch dealer says the open-face watch is steadily growing in favor. The people like an open countenance.

× × ×

In a western village the church collection is taken up in a mousetrap. The boys will, with a ball attached to a long pole, knock off the sleepers.

× × ×

A Kansas editor has made the discovery that one way to keep from bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

× × ×

A bat can digest three times the weight of its own body in one night. Not only that, but it can double the size of a man's head the next morning.

× × ×

A well known resident of Bowmanville was recently fined $2 and costs for asking for a hotel drink on Sunday, and he did not get the drink either.

× × ×

The Duke of Bedford recently imported from the United States 2,000 frogs to be placed in the ponds on his estates and clear them of parasites. Why not eat 'em?

× × ×

The following remark has been attributed to Nicholas II: "I am a pious Christian, but my belief in the Saviour does not entitle me to prosecute others on account of their faith."

× × ×

In August, 1894, there were 5,735 steamers flying the British flag, 810 the German, 510 the Norwegian, 503 the French, 462 the Swedish, 430 the American, 359 the Spanish, 213 the Italian and 1,382 the flags of other nations.

× × ×

The Central Art Association of Chicago wants definitions of the terms "idealism, realism and impressionalism." Idealism paints things as they ought to be, realism as they are, and impressionalism as one sees them.

× × ×

The will of ex-Premier Mercier, which was read in the presence of the family on Saturday, practically bequeathes nothing, as the insurance of $22,000 was already made out in favor of Madame Mercier and her children. The insurance, with some lots in Labelle township and the family furniture, are stated to constitute all that the deceased left.

× × ×

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibuses, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was." This is as clear as mud."

× × ×

Chief Justice Armour made a statement at Kingston that should be brought to the attention of every man in the province who owns live stock. The statement was regarding the responsibility of such owners for damages caused by animals owned by them and was made in connection with a case before the court. A man who had been thrown from a buggy as a result of a collision with a cow on a rural highway, brought action to recover damages against the township. The plaintiff was non-suited, the judge holding that the municipality was not liable but the owner of the cow was. Then his Lordship referred to the fact that a freight train had been derailed and three men killed in Northumberland county owing to a stray cow getting on the track, and said that the owner of the animal in that case could be held answerable to the estates of the men killed. Farmers had better in view of this declaration, keep their cattle at home. A stray animal may at any time be the cause of a damage action that will take away the owner's farm.

A Fable.

A certain Monarch, of Violent and Hasty Temper, became offended at an injudicious Remark of his Court, Fool, and drawing his Sword, cut off the Unhappy Fellow's Right Ear.

The next Day, having given the matter Thought, the Monarch approached the Couch where lay the Fool in Much Pain, and apologized Sincerely for his Conduct, expressing Great Sorrow.

"You sorrow is Beautiful to See," complained the Fool, "but it does not restore my Lost Ear."

"The loss of your Ear cuts no Ice," replied the Monarch. "It is enough that I have Expressed my Sorrow and put myself at Peace with my own Conscience in So Doing."

Moral: And that is what apologies amount to as a general thing.

A Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness with the joy of an ambition gratified; a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless, she said, shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh! Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you began to speak I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that, you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither did I."

How She "Worked" the Tramp.

He was a tramp and he didn't look as if he was fond of work, but he had a really artistic tale of woe to unfold to the kind woman who met him at the door. He had suffered all his life. His parents had died before he was born; he had wished all his days to be a minister, but could not get money enough to buy himself suitable clothing for that profession, and finally had come to this.

"An' all I asks, ma'am, is enough to get to Brooklyn, where's there a cemetery. Then I can die happy."

"Poor soul," said the sympathetic woman. "Poor soul."

And then she opened her purse; but, alas, it held nothing but samples.

"You see," she said sorrowfully, "you see, I have no money."

A shadow crept over the pang-furrowed face of the man, and he turned away that the woman might not see the tear that was slowly trickling down his cheek.

"Then I must go," he said hoarsely. "I shall go to the river——"

"No!" she cried, her face lighting up with a sudden enthusiasm, which betokened that she had discovered a means of relief; "Do not do that. I have a plan. Wait!"

Saying which, the sweet soul bounded lightly up the stairs, and rushing to her husband's desk, which stood in one corner of the room, fumbled anxiously among his papers for a moment, and then, with a cry of delight, having found what she wanted, rushed back to the waiting sufferer at the door. Her face shone like a sun of happiness as, breathless from her haste, she panted:

"Here, take this, my friend. And may it be the corner stone of a new and profitable life for you!"

Then she closed the door, and the wayfarer glanced at her gift. It was a blank check.

Frank L. Stanton, the Georgia poet, preserves a queer memory of Gen. Sherman. When the Union forces invaded Savannah the general placed a guard at the house of the poet's father, who was a Northern man, and afterwards visited him. While he was there the infantile poet came into the room, and Sherman, taking him upon his knee, said: "This is a fine fellow, but his head's too big." Stanton became a "devil" in a printing office and afterward a compositor before he began to produce the verses that have made him celebrated in the South.

NEWS, CANADIAN ITEMS

THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS.

Reasoning from the Well Known Fact that Like Attracts Like and Kindred Spirits Gravitate Toward the Vicinity of Each Other We Produce Herewith a Number of Paragraphs Relating to Events Happening in This Vicinity.

Everett has a "single skule."

London has a ladies' golf club.

Norwich is having a new elevator.

Blandford, Ont., has a boom in lasts.

Orillia's free night schools has forty pupils.

Stealing bee hives is reported at Lovering.

Clothes line thieves are operating at Orillia.

Raccoons are plentiful in the vicinity of Elgar.

There is talk of an Oddfellows' lodge in Mildvay.

A prairie chicken was shot near Sarnia last week.

Coldwater is actively engaged in building operations.

Four plum trees in a St. Thomas garden are in bloom.

Forty Patron lodges have been organized in Muskoka.

Gananoque is to have a Children's Protective Society.

A night school for girls is to be established in London.

The Clarksburg woollen mills have closed indefinitely.

A Brockville garden has a crab apple tree in full bloom.

Ripe raspberries were picked near Brockville last week.

Hamilton St. Andrew's Society has just held its sixtieth banquet.

A new gas field at Comber, Essex County, is to be explored.

The harbor improvements at Port Dover are well under way.

An Orkney and Shetland Society is to be organized in Winnipeg.

The coal dealers of London, Ont., have put up the price from $5.80 to $6.

Belleville is greatly interested in the formation of its athletic association.

The costs in the Hartley murder trial at Brantford amount to over $5,000.

Angus Macdonald, a ten-year convict, escaped from Kingston penitentiary.

The Reform Club of Toronto is to be reorganized and the liabilities paid off.

Wm. McTaggart, a notorious opium smuggler, has been captured in Detroit.

The inland revenue returns for Hamilton for last month amounted to $51,781.

The G.T.R. auditor has found Fred Pilgiano's shortage to be nearly $20,000.

The Sorby estate near Portage la Prairie has been sold at auction for $21,000.

Mayor Girardot, of Sandwich, has so far manufactured 50,000 gallons of wine.

Mr. Wm. Lang, pumpmaker of Varna, was killed while fixing a pump in a well.

Morrisburg has many young boys on its streets late at night smoking cigarettes.

Grace church, Winnipeg, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire last week.

The officers of Wentworth County have organized a county constables' association.

The immediate construction of the Hudson Bay Railway is said to be assured.

During last month 1,000 head of Northwest cattle were shipped to the British markets.

W. F. Hiscott has resigned the leadership of the band of the Seventh Fusiliers in London.

The urn containing the ashes of the actress Annie Pixley, arrived from England last Saturday.

Mr. Alex. Allison, of Dunbar, Ont., is the owner of a one cent piece, date 787, over 1,107 years old.

The Brockville Carriage Company have received an order for vehicles to be shipped to Santiago, Chili.

A movement is on foot to organize a citizens' protective association in the west end of Winnipeg.

William Stewart, grain buyer, of Cookstown, sold 10,000 bushels of barley in one lot the other day.

Mr. Frank Murphy, one of the oldest residents of Port Hope, accidentally shot himself with fatal results.

The Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario will hold its annual meeting at Orillia December 4, 5 and 6.

Mr. G. A. Stimson has purchased Ottawa's new issue of 4 1-2 per cent debentures at 102.40 and 104.49.

Canadian vessels caught 95,048 seals in Behring Sea this season. This is said to be the largest catch on record.

Messrs. Mullins & Wilson, of Toronto, shipped fourteen carloads of cattle from Winnipeg last week to France.

Kent County produced 486,000 bushels of beans last year, considerably over half the yield of the entire Province.

Leading colored residents of London have organized for the purpose of holding a jubilee demonstration in August.

The Ontario convention of Universalists has just closed its annual meeting at Bloomfield. The church is growing.

The total value of farm lands, buildings, stock and implements in the Province of Ontario, is nearly $985,000,000.

Hon. Mr. Mercier's funeral took place Friday, and was one of the most imposing that Montreal has ever witnessed.

The Northwest is having its first cold snap of this season. At Prince Albert Saturday there were twenty degrees of frost.

Coroner Joseph Jones of Montreal, who had held the office fifty-five years, died on Saturday. He had presided at 11,400 inquests.

The ducks are coming from the north, and shooting on Couchiching, Lake Simcoe and the Holland River marshes is improving.

In Labrador winter has already set in and heavy snowstorms and gales are raging. Ice formations are on all vessels coming south to Canada.

Simcoe is the leading pea county of the Province, its yield in 1893 having aggregated 528,000 bushels. Bruce came next with 500,000.

Ancaster is being asked for a bonus of $10,000 towards the construction of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway through that village.

The number of chattel mortgages on record in Huron County on the 1st of January last was 444, covering loans to the amount of $178,609.

The market value of all field crops in Kent in 1893 was $3,429,956, and, including wool, poultry and live stock, the farm products were $4,107,617.

Peterboro' schools have entirely adopted the new system of vertical writing, and the students are said to lead the province in efficiency in the system.

J. Fuller, of Thedford, holds the record for the biggest bag of duck ever shot on Lake Smith in one day. He brought down fifty birds to his own gun.

The fishermen in Deseronto section are catching large numbers of white fish. Herring have arrived before white fish this season, something very unusual.

In one day lately Victoria Harbor Lumber Company's mill cut 71,000 laths and tied them in bundles of fifty each. This beats the world's record in the lath line.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

The two year boys of a farmer named Smith, some of the south in Essa, were found on the farm of Mr. Edward Rose, on the Hotchinson road, Wellington, last week.

The Mood revival was inaugurated in Toronto Sunday with meetings morning and afternoon in Massey Hall. Thousands of people were in attendance, and thousands more were turned away.

After a short exciting chase in the early morning horse thieves in Hamilton police caught Joseph Robinson in the act of breaking into and robbing stores. He was sent to the penitentiary for three years.

Mrs. R. T. Hawn, widow of the late defaulting Dufferin County treasurer, who committed suicide in Buffalo some two years ago, will receive $7,000 out of the $19,000 life insurance carried by the deceased.

Percy B. Neale, the Canadian embezzler who was captured in London, Eng., and brought back to Canada, has been sentenced by Judge Richardson of Regina to seven years in Stony Mountain penitentiary.

The Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union, in convention at Cornwall, adopted among other resolutions one expressing the opinion that the details of prize fights, seductions, dastardly outrages, etc., should not be published by the newspapers.

At Friday's sessions of the W. C. T. U. at Cornwall a number of vigorously worded resolutions were passed, and some interesting recommendations made regarding future work. Hamilton was selected as the place of meeting for next year.

Mrs. Orr, an inmate of the House of Industry, Kingston, Ont., will be 110 years of age in a few weeks. She enjoys good health, her mind is clear and she can tell stories of youthful days as early as she ever could.

W. R. Elmenhorst, who committed suicide the other day in Montreal, was in receipt of an income of $70,000 a year from his sugar refinery, and he leaves an estate of over $1,000,000 to his widow, provided she does not marry again.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. I tired one of Heartburn that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

A Slight Difference.

"Now, Mrs. Bancroft," said the attorney as the witness took the stand, "please remember that you are under oath, and what you tell must be the exact truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Yes, sir."

"You keep boarders, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"What's that? I certainly understood that you kept a boarding house."

"That is different, Mr. Smart. I remember that I am under oath, and must speak only the exact truth. I do not keep boarders. The boarders keep me."

Commercial Value of Mummies.

Even dead men have a commercial value nowadays. From the mummies of ancient Egypt is manufactured a kind of paint called "mummy brown." It can be purchased at any shop where artists' materials are sold. For some time it was alleged that the mummies employed for this purpose were those of birds and beasts, such as cats and ibisies; but an ostiologist who interested himself in the subject found in some of the raw stuff imported from Egypt certain bones which were unquestionably human.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

He Preferred Ancient Towns.

The Saunterer was in the front car of a fast express train travelling to New York last week, and, as he had grown rather too red of reading the morning paper, he began to amuse himself by studying his fellow-passengers. Just in front of him sat two men. One wore a wide-brimmed, stiff straw hat, and his know-it-all manner seemed to indicate that he had just finished his junior year at college. The other, who was much older, the Saunterer recognized as a well-known professor of archaeology at Harvard.

They were talking about the wonders of this wonderful land.

"I wish you could see our town of Pokerville, professor," said the younger of the two men. "It is a most interesting town—only twenty years old and with 50,000 inhabitants."

"Ah—yes—very interesting, no doubt," replied the professor, drily. "But, strange as it may seem, I should prefer myself a town 50,000 years old with twenty inhabitants."

Agitation in the world of homœopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individualities of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of those bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to general debility and languor "Quinine Wine," and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant, to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to their importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skillful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

Uncle Sam's Capricious Purse.

Two hundred and fifty freight cars would be required to carry away from Washington the silver dollars which are stored in the the single vault of $93,000,000. Putting it that way gives a more vivid notion of the bulk represented by the stores of coin accumulated beneath the treasury. No wonder that the counting, conducted by sixty experts, occupies from two to three months and costs $6,000. The operation is performed in the presence of a committee, one member of which is appointed by the outgoing treasurer, one by his incoming successor, and the third by the secretary of the department. The treasurer gives a bond of $250,000, but no bond is supplied by any of his subordinates. If one of the latter should prove a defaulter, the treasurer would be obliged to make up the deficit out of his own pocket. However, Congress would doubtless pass a bill for his relief in such a case. J. N. Huston, President Harrison's first treasurer, said that no trust company would assume the responsibilities of his place for the $6,000 per annum of salary attached to it. Nevertheless, there have been many applicants for the position under Mr. Cleveland. When the count of the money is completed, the new treasurer will sign a receipt in full. The receipt signed by Mr. Nebeker was for $664,816,445.55.

An appletree owned by a Baltimore fruit grower produces apples every one of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other.

Many a cut-and-dried scheme has to be returned to the pickle barrel.

MISCELLANEOUS READING

GRAVE AND OTHERWISE.

Lighter Moments Can be Profitably Employed in Carefully Reading These Interesting Selections.

Sub Ends of Thought.

Cupid is an artful dodger.

A good dinner is cooked music.

A torpid liver is a dreadful tyrant.

It makes a man lonesome to be too honest.

Good society is not always the "best" society.

Some Christianity bags considerable at the knees.

Most women think it is romantic for men to deceive them.

What a man thinks a woman thinks he misses it a mile.

Courtship is not a training school for marriage, more's the pity.

The handsomer the husband, the harder he is to keep in the traces.

They All Were Glad to See Him.

When Holmes passed thro' the golden gate
They all were glad to see him.
And when he joined the good and great
They all were glad to see him.
And Homer great came forth to say,
I've read your works for many a day,
Just come with me and step this way.
Ah, he was glad to see him.

And Homer told the great produced him,
And they were glad to see him.
To famous ones he introduced him,
And they were glad to see him.
Samuel Johnson's big right hand
Made him welcome to the land,
And all that splendid, glittering band
Were very glad to see him.

"Here are people that you know,"
They were glad to see him:
"Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe,"
Yes, they were glad to see him.
Said Scott, "Your blooms will never wither."
Said Pope, "Thou modern man, come hither,"
Quoth Burns, "I know you for a brother,"
And Burns was glad to see him.

And Dante bowed his reverent head,
For he was glad to see him;
"Remember that we are not dead,"
Oh, he was glad to see him.
In one long weep, no one sigh,
The Autocrat is in the sky,
Amid the folk who never die,
And they are glad to see him.

The Mystery of Atmosphere.

On dark or lifeless days the lighting of the fire works a kindred miracle in the study; it fills the room with life, color, change. The four walls are unchanged; the books look down in the old order from the shelves; the table overflows as of old with magazines and volumes in the act of being read; it is the same room; and yet it is not the same, for it is pervaded by a different atmosphere. Nothing is more elusive than this intangible thing we call atmosphere, but nothing holds more of the magic of beauty and the charm of life. It is, indeed, a very subtle and pervasive form of life; the form which finds its delicate and fadeless record in art. Those transparent dawns which the lover of Corot knows so well are but marvelous impressions of atmosphere; the wonder is not in the earth or sky, it is in the fusion of light and air. There is no bit of nature that a man loves which has not this spell for him; rocks, trees, and running stream remain to-day as they were yesterday, but they are changed, for a different atmosphere enfolds them. There is no symbol of permanency on this perishing earth of ours so impressive as a mountain range; but there is no created thing so full of the mystery of change. Distance, height, mass, and relation are never the same two hours together. On some mornings the hills are remote, inaccessible, impalpable, of unbroken surface, and when the afternoon comes, behold! they are near, soft of tone, with outlines that seem almost fluid in their mobility, and with fissures, full of golden light, opening their very heart to the day.

When Paper Was Scarce.

In these days of cheap paper, but few know of the costliness of that useful article when newspapers were first published, and equally few are acquainted with the difficulty experienced by old-time paper manufacturers in obtaining sufficient raw material.

An evidence of this difficulty may be seen in the following notice published in the Boston News Letter in 1769: "The bell cart will go through Boston before the end of next month, to collect rags for the paper mill at Milton, and all people that encourage the paper manufactory may dispose of their rags."

Clothes Helped Her Recovery.

"One of the things that helped my recovery," said a woman recently, who has just regained her health after a serious illness, "was a pretty bed jacket which my sister brought me one day in lieu of jellies and fruit. It was becoming and I enjoyed it.

"The doctor, when he first saw me in it, said I looked 20 per cent. better than the day before; than like he didn't appreciate the reason, and my spirits, and, consequently, my condition bettered in proportion.

"Too often invalids are wrapped in any old thing that is handy. I remember laughing once when a friend in robust health showed me a dainty, lace-trimmed sick gown, 'for me,' she explained, 'if I ever need it.'

"The notion struck me as absurd, when she was never ill, but after my experience with that bed jacket I appreciate better the value of attractive environment under depressing circumstances."

A Conscientious Parson.

A wedding took place a short time ago in a large town in the north of England, the service being conducted by a rather eccentric vicar. The happy couple in question called at the house of the bridegroom's mother, but she happened to be out, so he said he would call again, which he did later on in the day, carrying two large bags under his arm.

This time he found her in. So he began by asking them to clear the table a little; then he opened the green bags, from which he took the registers. These he opened and in a most solemn tone said:

"Mrs. Williams, you have forgotten to dot the 'i' in Elizabeth."

The family breathed once more.

Caught a Bird.

"A strange thing happened to me when I was trout fishing last year up in northern New York," said Andrew Bishop, of Bridgeport, Ct. "The fish were very wary, as the stream was narrow and the pools were but lightly bordered with bushes or cover of any kind. Consequently when I would reach a promising-looking spot, I would get as far from the bank as possible, and at the same time be able to drop my fly over in the water. I had followed this plan with poor success, getting only one or two strikes in as many hours, when suddenly my line began to run out with a whirr. No trout had ever carried off a fly for me in such a way before, and I was nonplussed but in a moment I saw that it was not a fish that was making my reel sing. Rising from the surface of the stream and flying above it was a bee martin, which had gobbled my fly as I cast it over the bank, and he was making away with it. The bird had nearly all my line out, and not caring to lose it, I began to play him as I would play a fish. He struggled gamely, I tell you, but the hook had caught in his beak and held him firmly. At last, after a full hour of fighting, the bird fluttered helplessly to the ground, and I possessed him. You may think this a fish story, but it's true.

Dangerous When He Ate Cheese.

Sam Pemberton, who had been in his younger days captain of a whaling vessel, was invited with his wife to take tea at a neighbor's and during the meal someone passed the captain a plate of cheese, whereupon his wife became much agitated and exclaimed: "Sam Pemberton, you be very careful how you eat cheese; you know how I have to suffer when your poor dear father was seasick about this. Twenty minutes to a hour. Now it was that Mrs. Pemberton should suffer when Mr. Pemberton ate cheese, and so the captain explained after this manner:

"I'll tell ye what Mariar meant. Ye see, about a week after I'd left th' ship we were visitin' our daughter Jane down in th' city, an' one night we had for supper some cheese or good dest like that, and as I like cheese, I ate quite er lot on it. Well, after I'd gone to bed I had th' greatest dream you ever heard tell of. I dreamed that I was aboard the ol' ship, an' there cum up such er storm as ye never see. I see there wasn't but one thing fer do, so I yelled ter th' furst mate: 'Heave over th' bow anchor.' Wall, he tried, but somehow he couldn't do it; whereupon I sprung up and yelled: 'Stand aside, ye land lubber, an' see me heave it,' and after tugging a good deal over it went. But would ye believe me, thet ol' bow anchor begun to holler: 'Sam Pemberton! Sam Pemberton, what ye yew er-doin' of!'

"That waked me up, and what dew ye spose I did?

"Inside of throwing over the bow anchor, I'd pitched Mariar out of bed!"

SEVERED.

IS IT TRUE, Ruth, that you are going into Mr. Roselyn factory to work?"

"Yes, Amy, it is true. I can earn much more that way than by being a governess, and the more money I have the more comforts I can get for my dear father."

"Well, I must say I am surprised—such a menial position."

Ruth flushed as she answered proudly:

"It is no disgrace to earn one's living as long as it is done honestly. There is no use talking about it, for I have already applied at Mr. Roselyn."

The elder sister rose and drew her silken draperies about her tall figure with an indignant rustle.

"Very well, if you choose to disgrace yourself, you shall not drag me down. I thought, when you told me you were going out as governess, it was bad enough; but this is worse. There is no use in your pleading about necessity; for only a while back you refused Henry's offer to take care of father."

The hot blood again sprang to Ruth's cheek at her married sister's taunting words, but she answered, gently:

"I am sorry you feel so about it, Amy. As to our refusing your husband's offer, we could not have done otherwise. You know that father never liked Mr. Maitland, and opposed your marrying him. Besides, both father and myself had much rather be independent, and I thank God that He has given me good health and strong hands."

With an angry "Very well, go your own way; I washed my hands of you for the future," Amy Maitland took her departure.

She had never been a dutiful daughter or a loving sister, yet Ruth sighed as she saw her go. In the past years life had been very different with the Marvins. Mr. Marvin had never been wealthy, but had always been in comfortable circumstances and able to give good advantages to his daughters. Amy was the oldest, and soon after she had passed her twentieth year her hand had been sought in marriage by a wealthy city merchant, whom Mr. Marvin distrusted, and Amy forbidden. Amy was willful, and at length the father yielded, although he made no secret of his disapproval.

After that misfortunes had come one after the other. First the bank in which all his money was deposited failed, and then his health (which had never been strong) succumbed, and at sixty-five he became a confirmed invalid, stretched upon his bed by the dread foe, paralysis. Then Mr. Maitland had offered his son's father a home, but, as he had expected, his offer had been rejected.

For our heroine, too, the change had been great; but the girl possessed one of those natures which rise superior to trouble and with a cheerful smile on her sweet face she wended her way each day to the factory where she had obtained employment. Never disdainful nor proud, her fellow workers soon learned to love the gentle girl; and even the proprietor, Mr. Roselyn, grew to look for the graceful figure in its simple dress, and to feel conscious of a sense of loneliness if the corner which Ruth usually occupied were vacant.

From the broad plate-glass windows of the Maitland's elegant city home streamed out a radiant glow, and the sound of a gay and brilliant scene presented itself to the vision—a shifting panorama of lights and flowers, exquisite toilets and flashing jewels. It was the hostess's birthday, and as Amy Maitland received her guests, she was only conscious of a thrill of pride. No thoughts of her invalid father and hard-working sister in their distant country home troubled her.

"Amy, here is an old acquaintance of yours," her husband remarked as he approached her accompanied by a tall, elegant-looking gentleman.

"Well, Mr. Ellington, I hardly recognized you! When did you return?"

"Just this week," Gerald Ellington replied, taking the cordially extended hand. "I did not know, when I consented to accompany a friend here to-night, that I should find a friend in my hostess. How are your family?—your father, and Miss Ruth? Is she well and happy?"

The young man's dark face flushed slightly as he spoke.

For an instant Mrs. Maitland hesitated. She had kept her promise, and had neither communicated with nor heard from her father and sister since the day she had last visited her old home. But her self-possession quickly returned, as she replied:

"Thanks, they are quite well. But tell me about yourself. Are you going to stay now you are here, or has your own country lost its charms in comparison with foreign lands?"

Thus, through Amy's intentional misleadings, Gerald might never have known of the altered circumstances of the friends with whom he had once held warm and near relations; for, after a few months the old feeling of unrest again took hold of him and he decided to accept the invitation of a friend and join him in a yacht-ing cruise to Italy. But fate, in the shape of a letter intervened.

"DEAR GERALD," it ran, "I find business is so pressing that I cannot run up and spend a couple of weeks with you, as I promised. You write me that you intend starting off again very soon; can you not visit me before you go? It is a quiet place but I will try and make you enjoy yourself. Now, I shall expect you; so, yours till we meet,

"HUGH ROSELYN."

One day, as Ruth sat in her accustomed place, her soft fingers flying busily about her pleasant work of pasting gay-painted pictures upon the lids of the small boxes which were piled before her, Mr. Roselyn accompanied by a gentleman, entered the workroom. As he came to her Mr. Roselyn paused and spoke in his usual friendly manner. As Ruth looked up to answer, she met a startled, surprised look from the dark eyes of the friend who was with him.

The girl's face glowed with a sudden crimson, while Gerald Ellington, with an evident effort, recovered his composure, spoke a few courteous words, and then passed on.

"Why, Ellington, where did you ever meet Miss Marvin?" inquired Mr. Roselyn, as the two friends drove away from the factory.

"I once knew her very well," replied Gerald. "But how is it she is here in your factory?"

Then Mr. Roselyn told Gerald all he knew of Ruth's circumstances—of her father's losses and illness, and of her proud refusal to be dependent. And as he finished he hinted something else.

"Do you know, Gerald," he said, "that never in all my life have I met one I thought such a true type of what a good woman should be. I have never considered myself a marrying man, but if I ever do take unto myself a wife, I hope she will be just such a one as Miss Marvin."

"I was thinking of little Estie."

"Always of him, but never of me. I am tired of being neglected for a baby. Besides, he does not need you."

"No," she said pitifully, looking at a face sketched on the rough boards of the

child's face, angelic in its expression, that makes it so much harder to bear.

Crying again, always crying. Why, if I did not must, and seen now how much we have to live. Curse this fever, a chills me to a chair like a dead woman. My, my, mouth is parched like shirt—I am starving for a draught of water.

She had put on her slender figure a plain shawl and a cheap hat, but these articles of her toilet could not disguise her beauty. A frown drew her husband's brows together as he looked at her seriously.

"You will not go near a studio?" I have deceived you, Harlow, you don't know. I would kill you if you did know what I mean. Before I would be a model for any of those men."

He was an artist and had married his wife. His jealousy was as cruel as the sea, but Estelle lived only to please him. Yet he tortured himself with speculation if she was out of his sight a moment, and compelled her to give a literal account of everything she did or did not do. Illness had taken everything, and he did not permit her to leave him to look for employment. He was an egotist, and yet he loved the undeserved good fortune he had gained in being loved by a beautiful woman. Yet he was jealous of her, and the demon of ill-health tortured him with jealousy. He was sleeping here. The afternoon sun dropped low on the horizon and the room grew empty. A young moon appeared in the sky—to the happy, a sacred sight. The eyes of the artist noted the coming of the night, but his passion was for the moon. Estelle had left him as long as this—perhaps some fatal accident happened her, and she had no friends, there would be no one to send and tell him the unwelcome news. His heart softened to her, his girl-wife, the mother of his dead child, and he commanded her to veil her face and go home. She went out alone.

Evening passed into midnight, and the profound stillness which is the prelude of dawn. The fever burned in the artist's veins, and the thirst consumed him, but he dragged himself to the window to the chill from the chill night air, and when it was the cold light of morning she came, with softly like a spirit, whiter than the petals of a lily. Something seemed to chill in her right hand—she walked feebly as she walked, and exposed a crushed band to her husband. Quick as a flash, with impotent force he saw that it was crushed in the fingers as great roll of money. Then he sat his feet, limp and inert, he turned with pain and love, fixed on her face.

"I was a model," they said, when I found her lying dead at his feet, a picture painted by the hand of genius we'd where he had sketched the head of the child. The doctor, gaping crowd saw that it was a work of art, and an exact reproduction of the scene before them. But before I was taken away I permitted to copy the picture. "She was my model," he said, "the fatality of madness in the picture 'Devotion.'"

DEVOTION—A PICTURE.

AMONG the pictures which commanded the greatest attention at the World's Fair was one which will be remembered by its solitary title, "Devotion," well as for a certain fascinating horror it possessed, like the representations of the drowned, which painters often produce from imagination. As it happened, I know the history of "Devotion," and that it was not a composition, but a study from the real.

The picture was that of a young woman lying full length on the floor of a bare room, a slim, extended figure, lifeless, with pallid face, and one bared arm from which a small stream of blood was trickling. Above her head was the angelic face of a child, painted on the canvas like an artist's proof, and the close observer could not fail to see that the two faces were those of mother and child. An old