shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think themselves too bad to be saved. Here it goes, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be to those who may think I have not yet touched their case. Here it goes, "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will, let him come." And now may God turn on all the electric power into this gospel battery for the last tremendous message, so that it may thrill through this assemblage and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key of this gospel battery just six times and the message is gone! Away! Away it flies! And the message is, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" that is, do you feel the power? Has he melted you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned your face toward the wide open gates of a welcoming heaven? We appeal to thee, O Holy Ghost, who didst turn the Philippian jailer, and Saul of Tarsus and Lydia of Thyatira, and helped John Bunyan out of darkness, when, as he describes it, "Down fell I as a bird shot from the top of the tree into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comforting word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,'" and helped John Newton when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane and mightier than the waves that swept the decks came over him the memory of his blasphemous and licentious life, and he cried out, "My mother's God have mercy on me!" and helped one nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about eighteen years of age, that Sunday night in the lovely village of Blawenburg, N. J., when I could not sleep because the questions of eternal destiny had hold of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most expressive of my own feeling:

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Parental Obligations.

A woman who has spent a long life battling with unfavorable circumstances, says that it seems to her that there is a ... misapprehension about the obligation of children to parents. She believes that the first obligation should be from the parent to the child. If parents have children they are by fact of bringing them into existence responsible for their mental, moral and physical well being up to the time of their majority, and they should under no circumstances forget that such obligations rest upon them. In the first place they ought to be morally certain that they will be in a condition to give their children education enough to fit them for their position in life. If a child shows any particular talent the parents are under just as much obligation to cultivate this as they are to give the child proper food and clothing. As the youngsters grow up the youngsters should have ... good society, and the surroundings to give them a proper familiarity with the usages of the world. "To ... a child in total ignorance of the good ... and courtesies of life is little short of a crime." Of course, if parents are ... themselves, they have just so much more to struggle with, and as children grow older special pains should be taken to bring them into contact with older young people and to put them into society of their own age. Of all the melancholy conditions in life that of a ... young person in a community where there is nothing congenial is about the worst. Such person in a community where there is no course of time ... in nine times out of ten marriage is uncongenial. They do ... beforehand, and when the ... comes it is altogether too late ... then. There has always ... a great deal of talk about a millennium, but it will never come till parents ... their responsibilities to their children, and take some pains to meet the demands that the relation of parent and ... brings upon them.

The Jewelry.

... ornaments to twist around ... a variation of the tiara. ... adjustable diamond ornament is ... of diamonds with buds of ... The ... flying jewels seems to be ... hour, likewise that August ... the grasshopper. ... feathers for the hair ... loops of diamonds up the ... sparkling among the fila... ... of beaten silver with a ... and game around its neck ... that is more artistic ... star was recently seen ... rays of emeralds, ... different places ... diamonds in five point star. ... of long, irregular loops of ... intervals with diamonds. ... These were first ... It is an especial... ... specimens of Indian jewelry ... especially in bracelets. A ... heavy tubular forms, ... with colored opaque ... the ends.

Lady Aberdeen on Servants.

... of well-ordered households ... incompetent and ... pleasure-loving girls who ... have often not a ... very real hardships on ... servants at the hands of ... who do not know themselves, ... cannot train others, or ... good and bad servants ... are full of toil and ... and forget that their ... have any right to interests outside their daily work, writes Lady ... in an article under the heading ... Question of Domestic ... an Endeavor to Solve It," in ... Ladies' Home Journal. Many ... servant and bad woman has been ... by such a mistress. Much ... in the first place. It is there ... to estimate the worth ... and if she be there, ... to realize the importance of her ... of a word of encouragement when she has done well, as well as a word of reproof in the contrary, and if she can ... her mistress' interest in her life and outside ... and pleasures, the probability ... will be well and that one ... servant will have ... select number who ... in which they minister.

Odds and Ends.

... are the stub ends of straw left ... feeding from the manger.

... Fisher, a telegraph operator in ... Philadelphia, has no right hand and only ... left one, but is very expert.

... runaway horse in Canton, N.Y., re... after two miles of good sleighing, ... down a railroad track and crossed ... and long bridge, carefully picking ... over the ties without accident.

French statistician guesses that in ... English will be spoken by more than ...,000 people, German by 120,000,000, French by 120,000,000, Spanish and ... by 235,000,000.

... cards dug up in Herculaneum are ... use to-day, with a pan and a ... graduated scale and a weight ... into the head of Mercury.

... Mexico's first internation exposition ... on April 2, 1896, and continue for ... months or so. An authorized lottery ... of its features.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

SYNOPSIS—Our story opens with the family of a country squire spending the Sabbath morning writing epithets, and as they are all more or less fond of fun, these partake somewhat of the humorous. The family consists of ten children; all bright and bubbling over with mischief. The squire, known among the children as the governor, is a typical English gentleman. The children are very much in awe of him. His will is law to them and any infraction of the law as laid down by him is subject to severe punishment.

(CONTINUED.)

ears, and listening intently to the faint murmur that must, we think, so exactly represent the shoaling noise the sea makes at a great distance. We have listened to the same murmur before at Silverbridge, and nurse always told us it was the sea that we heard.

After breakfast we accompany Amberley and our sisters in a sober trot through the one long street that forms the town of Periwinkle, and sit down on the shingle where, apparently, the beauty and fashion (?) of the place do congregate, for no other purpose than to watch the rows of fat and lean kine who are taking their daily dip in the sea hard by, bobbing up and down in the sun like seals, with snaky locks of hair clinging round their cheeks, and tight, sticky bathing gowns that most lavishly display their charms, or the lack of them.

Jack and I have a hot dispute as to whether a very lean woman or a very fat one looks worse in the water. I say the former, he says the latter, and implores me on no account to submit my person to the public gaze without at least six thick bathing-gowns put on, like an old-clothesman's hats, one above the other.

They are a gruesome spectacle; these fat matrons and lean old maids; even the young girls, who might be good-looking if their faces were dry, have an unsavory appearance, for salt water seems to have an ugly knack of washing out shains, stripping off borrowed charms and leaving the original visage clear and visible. Aphrodite herself must have found it rather a hard matter to look as handsome under the circumstances as she did. It must be on the principle that there is always something pleasing to us in the misfortunes of our friends that makes these people flock to see their acquaintances au naturel, sans crinoline, sans bustle, sans pads, sans everything, save their own unembellished bodies and countenances. I wish the performers would go through their paces with a little more vigor and spirit, take a good sousing header into space, and look as if they liked it, instead of taking a dip as though they were going to be hanged; coming up not smiling, but with shut eyes and screwed-up mouth, sputtering, coughing, gasping, groaning and holding on to the rope, as though they were being shipwrecked. Others do not go so far as the heroism of dipping; they hug the shore and sit bashly down on the sand, letting the water ripple over them by degrees for decency's sake, one could wish the process were less gradual. Others again shiver on the steps of the machine, and are afraid to venture in at all.

Now and then a daring young woman creates enormous excitement by lowering herself carefully into the water, and bringing her pink toes to the surface in the first position stares up unwinkingly at Father Sol. Gallant creature! the pint or so of salt water that she swallows is but a slight set-off against the glory she achieves, and the admiration her prowess evokes from the lookers-on.

Jack and I soon weary of looking at this raree-show and having promised Amberley not to drown ourselves, not to get into a boat without a boatman and with a large hole in the bottom, not to sit upon a rock until the tide surrounds and flows over us, not to climb to the highest pinnacle of the cliff with the express intention of toppling over it to the rocks below, we take our departure, and speed the morning hours well enough.

Oh! the sea is a rare playfellow, for, unlike many a human one, he never wearies you! Each day he wears some new aspect, compels from us fresh wonder, admiration and fear. He is terrible in his angry splendor of wind-tossed, thundering breakers, when his surface is all deep-green valleys and towering, snowy-crested mountain-tops. He is soft, tender, caressing as a summer breeze, with his shoaling, rippling murmur and lazy, creeping wavelets. Sometimes he is sulky, not angry, that is when the sun has hidden his face; then he catches the reflection of the sky and is sad-colored and dull. Another day he will lie calm as a lake, like a great monster soundly asleep, and we do not love his monotonous peace; dearer far to us is he when he stirs and flushes and quivers in the sun, his kingly breast sown with millions of sparkling diamonds. He gives no sign of the dark secrets he hides away so deep, so deep; of the water-slain bodies that lie below, with the swish! swish! of his green waters, swirling over their pale, drowned faces, of the souls that trusted themselves to his smiling mein and silvern whispers, and whom he has drawn down, down, down! to the sea-chambers, of whose treasures we can but dimly guess from the rainbow-tinted shells and gloomy seaweed that are now and again washed up to us from their depths.

Has not the sea its cities and towns, and gardens, and dwelling-houses? Do not flowers as lovely, as glowing, as fragrant grow in those silent gardens as any the dry land affords? They must have rare jewels down there; jewels such as no mortal impress ever wore; precious stones, common as pebbles on the shore; rare and costly gew gaws, plentiful as the sand, with goodly store of gold and silver, rolled from the gallant ships laden with splendid store of merchandise brought from foreign lands. Oh! it must be a rich land, and might be a fair land if that great and countless array of the dead did not claim it so urgently for its own.

We have not been in Periwinkle a week; we have not learned one-half his moods, one-half his secrets, when something happens—something that sends me shuddering away from him inland, and makes me hate the sound of his voice and the dazzle of his brow.

Jack and I are standing on the beach one morning, watching a haul of mackerel in. The men have been pulling for hours. "It is strangely heavy," they mutter; "the net will break;" but by and by it comes safely in, and we all gather round to where it lies on the edge of the sand, with the waves rippling over it. At first I see nothing but a glittering, brilliant, opal-tinted mass of glistening fish, which sparkle and scintillate in the sun, as they leap to and fro in their restless unknown agony; then I make out a strange, dark, shapeless mass beneath them, that is—what? A dead man, with horribly discolored face and wide staring eyes, looking out with dull and awful meaning from among the quivering, leaping fish for which the net was cast, and which has brought in this. A woman thrusts her way through the crowd and falls on her knees beside the net. "My lad!" she says, "my lad!" He went out alone in his boat a week ago and did not return; but she said she knew he would come back, and she has been watching for him night and day.

"Come away," I say to Jack, dizzily, and we go away, away inland; and it is many a long day before I love the treacherous sea again and can forget.

We do not see much of Alice and Milly, who prefer the town and the shingle to the rocks and the caves; and it sometimes strikes Jack and me as odd that, when we do come across our sisters, all the black, gray and blue coats belonging to the youth abiding in and sojourning at Periwinkle should be in their immediate neighborhood. But then Alice is so lovely, who can help liking to look at her? The very girls turn and stare at her with that grudging, unwilling, breathless interest that I am already learning to know is the highest compliment one woman can pay another, and which I shall never, never wring from any of my own sex. I may even fall to the degradation of being called "nice looking" by them.

Alice looks demure as a ..., for how can the pretty soul help it if young men will stare at and follow her about? All I know is I love to look at what is pleasant to the eye; and if I had been born comely I should have carried about a pocket-mirror with me, and refreshed my eyes with a sight of my charms every five minutes, while nobody would ever have admired me half as heartily and appreciatingly as I should have admired myself.

CHAPTER VII.

It is nine o'clock, and I am making my toilet for the night, and smiling to myself at the ridiculous story Jack told me just now about an old sailor down here. He would like to be devout, but has not time to save his soul, so has copied out the longest and fittest prayer he knows of and pinned it over his bedstead, and every night and morning, when he turns in and turns out, he looks towards it and says, "Thim's my sentiments, O Lord!" I have time, plenty, so there is no fear of my following his example. As I took a last look out of the window preparatory to jumping into bed, my attention is arrested by the extraordinary appearance presented by the hedge that lies on the other side of the road, which appears to be animated with what may be a row of uneven trees swaying to and fro, if, on this stirless night, there were wind enough to stir anything.

It is growing dark, and in the uncertain light it is difficult to pronounce distinctly on the phenomena; but I, nevertheless, come to the conclusion that the bobbing objects are hats, hats which may be reasonably supposed to have human beings inside them. "Burglars!" I say to myself promptly, and descend to Jack's room, which overlooks the back garden, not the front. He is not in bed, so returns with me, and surveying the enemy with some interest, squashes my theory by saying: "Burglars! Why, you little sawney, burglars hide, they don't hop up and down like Jacks-in-the-box; besides, there are too many of 'em."

All at once a light breaks in upon me. I have surreptitiously read two or three works which have given me some small insight into the imbecile practices of courtships, and now I am able to put two and two together, while Jack is completely at sea.

"I know," I say, nodding my head violently; "I know it's lovers."

"Lovers!" repeats Jack, quite unimpressed, and in a most scornfully contemptuous voice; "how exactly like a girl with her silly notions! Whom do you suppose they'd come after, miss; you?"

"No; but there is Tabitha, you know, and Balaam's Ass" (Balaam's Ass is our under nursemaid, whose obstinacy is so incurable that years ago we gave her the above name, which has stuck to her).

"Very likely either of them would get a lover, is it not?" asks Jack, peering about. "Perhaps you would not mind cook's having a chance?"

"It may be cook," I say, brightening up, "I heard James call her 'an old flirt' the other day, and she was so pleased."

"I should say it was cook," says Jack, grinning, "for one man would not be much use in that quarter; perhaps if they all stood in a circle they might be able to clasp her charms. No, it's not cook, it's somebody or other in the school-room under, for I just saw one beast deliberately kiss his hand toward it. I'm going down to see who is there."

"Wait a minute for me," I say, furling an Elijah-like mantle around me, and, so equipped, go downstairs with him. We go into the schoolroom, but there is nothing there, nothing, that is to say, but Alice and Milly who are sitting by the window in their white gowns. We retire and walk slowly upstairs; half-way Jack stops short and looks at me. "It's not cook," he says, deliberately, "and it's not Tabitha, nor Balaam's Ass; it's Alice."

"Alice!" I stand staring at him. "Are you mad?" I ask at last.

"No," he says, walking on, "but I'm disgusted. To think that those impudent—" The remainder of his speech is lost in a mutter. He is very young, but he has in him the germ of that dislike (so tenacious in the breast of all Englishmen) that every brother, husband or father has, to having his womanhood looked upon too familiarly or too nearly by any stranger.

"What a row there will be when papa comes!" I say, drawing a big breath.

"Serve her right, too," says Jack, as he vanishes into his bedroom, and I retire to bed with a troubled mind and a resolve to give my sister a friendly warning to-morrow. Finding an opportunity, I put my arm around her neck, and, looking into her fresh face, that is not, I hope:

"A violet in the youth of primy Nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more—"

say, "If I were you I would not have quite so—so many, dear; there will be such a row when papa comes!" Alice laughs, blushes, and is about to answer, when mother comes in and no more is said.

We go out donkey-riding this afternoon, everybody except Jack, who is too proud. A small drove of asses has been chartered for the occasion, and at the appointed hour they stand at the door meek and stubborn, each provided with a small boy, whose duty it is to "whip up" the aforesaid beast and make it "go." Amberly's charger staggers ominously as she mounts him; and, when seated, her long legs touched the ground, but she would rather die than be left behind, or prove unequal to the emergency, so she hitches them up and leads the van with dignity, and, I think, much discomfort. Alice has the best beast: it has a broad back with a fat body, and she sits on it at her ease, shaded by her cool straw hat, under which her face takes no yellow reflections as does mine, looking as the Queen of Sheba may have looked in her young and palmy days. Mother has insisted on our taking two or three of the fry, strong-backed, stout-limbed boys of whom there is an endless succession after Dolly, so we make a goodly calvacade as we jog away without our attendant gamins.

Now there are few things pleasanter than to idle among the Devon hill lanes in summer-time on a well-grown, broad-backed peaceable donkey; one is not at the trouble of walking, nor yet at the trouble of riding; one can just amble along at leisure enjoying the air, the sky, and the light that quivers on the path through boughs that meet cooly overhead. There is a dreamy sensation of utter rest as one wanders in and out of the tangle of lanes that seem to have no beginning and no ending, but to indulge this feeling the boy with the stick, whose whacks, regular as the flail on the thrashing-floor, fall upon your animal's hide, must be left behind; there is little romance in these darkly-shaded, flower-starred lanes to the tune of such music. We have a few mishaps by the way. Amberley is painfully thin, so is her beast, and their bones do not agree, so every now and then she slips noiselessly over his head and glides into the ditch or dusty road. We get used to it after a bit; so does she, and takes it as a matter of course. Dolly's steed walks into a turn stile, and is with some difficulty disentangled. The fry have, to our great relief, long ago succeeded in goading their asses into a trot, and have vanished amid clouds of dust, closely followed by their attendant sprites, yelling with delight at the spirit their several proteges evince. At Alice's request our party of beaters have fallen behind, so we pace silently along the dim green lanes, meeting neither man nor horse; it is all as hushed, as still, and as solitary, as an uninhabited island.

Loathfully we turned homeward at last and are met at the house-door by mother with the intelligence that the governor is coming to-morrow. Our jocund laughter ceases, we all dismount anyhow, and go indoors to sit down under the shock of the intelligence which (though we knew it must arrive some time or other) comes upon us like an ice-cold shower-bath. We all seem to have forgotten our days of bondage during this past fortnight. Farewell, dolce far niente days! We did not make half enough of you while you lasted; and now you are gone, and we shall never get any at all like you again. Farewell, social breakfasts, leisurely dinners, pleasant strolls, and general ease of body and soul! Farewell, donkeys, crabs, shrimps, rocks, seaweed, early walks, and natural conversation.

Now that those happy days are gone, I become aware that Jack and I did not half fill them. We might have got into much more mischief, done so many more things, enjoyed ourselves twice as keenly. How shall we ever pull ourselves together by to-morrow? Morally speaking, we have fallen to pieces during the past fourteen days, but all that must be seen to at once. We must put on our stays, gird up our loins, and look sharply to our manners, morals, and clothes; the very expression of our faces must be altered, and our voices brought down a great many notes. We must get out of that loose and ridiculous habit of laughing at everything and nothing; we must smooth the gay smiles out of our faces, and he or she who has any dimples must put them away for the present. The schoolroom must be put in order and some schoolbooks laid about to look as though they had been used, the dining-room must be polished till it winks again; James must be awakened from the sloth into which he has fallen, and the cook stirred up to punctuality; the fry must be promptly broken of the habit they have lately fallen into of tumbling down and cutting open their heads, noses or legs; in short the whole house and all that dwell therein must be thoroughly revised, weeded, and drilled against the ordeal of that awful to-morrow that is rushing upon us as fast as it can pelt. It does not seem half an hour ago that mother told us the news, and, lo! the night has passed away, the morning has come and gone, one o'clock has struck, and in the distance the smart trot of horses' feet, and we know that behind that cheerful trot sits our uncheerful governor.

We are drawn up in well-brushed, well-scrubbed, solemn-faced ranks, in the school-room. There is not one vagabond smile among the whole lot. And now he is in the hall, he is kissing mother, in another minute stands before us. Why can I not infuse into my salute that warmth and alacrity that I did on wishing him good-bye on the Manor House door-step? Why, indeed! As we pass in review before him, he looks at each from head to foot; but we all pass muster safely until he comes to the last of all, Alice. We know what is coming when his eye lights on a certain portion of that young woman's dress—nothing more or less, in short than a crinoline row. The fact is, Alice loves a big crinoline; papa, accustomed to the strait up-and-down charms of his mother and grandmother, hates it; and sure as ever her petticoats swell beyond a certain limit, there is fearful to do, and the whole house is turned upside down and out of windows. Now, Alice knows the length of tether permitted to her perfectly well, but she is under the mistaken impression that the more balloon like her skirts, the more charming her pretty form appears; and when she wants to look particularly ravishing, puts on a little more crinoline, just as a South Sea islander puts on a little more paint; and in the excitement and novelty of the Periwinkle life, she has forgotten her parent's little prejudices, and stands before him confessed in all her amplitude of five yards and a half.

It is odd that she should be caught, though, for her crinoline is like some magical flower that opens and shuts, expands and contracts, according to the weather, i.e., papa's temper. If he is in an amiable or engrossed mood, she usually lets out an extra reef or two; if he is in a bad one, she collapses at a moment's notice and looks like a folded butterfly; but Alice's admirers have evidently turned her ideas topsy-turvy.

"You disgusting spectacle!" says papa, deliberately, looking at her from top to toe. "you object! Go to your room and take that vile barrel off, and if you dare appear before me in it again, I'll pull it off and burn it!"

Off goes Alice, whisking a pile of books from the table in her passage to the door; she does not mean to do it, poor pretty Alice, it is only an evil trick played her by that fatal combination of whalebone and calico, but the governor thinks she does, and flies after her. Thank God, she is too old to have her ears boxed, and he soon returns, but, oh; we heartily wish we had no ears at all, as we sit for half an hour listening to his tirade against Alice, mother, Amberley, and his own evil fate in marrying to be become the father of such a daughter. (It was the best thing he ever did in his life.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The clock is striking eight, and we are all hunting ventre-a-terre for the family book of prayers. Not once since we came to Periwinkle have we looked upon its goodly face, and now it is revenging itself by refusing to come forth and save us from utter disgrace. If papa discovers that we have eaten our morning meat without the seasoning salt of chapter, prayer and benediction, then woe, woe, woe betide us! We distractedly turn the books over and over, but nowhere does that much-coveted old brown cover meet our eager gaze. Overhead we hear his war-like tread as he walks to the toilet table; he is putting on his coat, now he has opened the door, and is telling mamma she is the laziest woman in Christendom, and a disgrace to her sex; his foot is on the stair, oh!—o—o—oh! We tumble madly over each other in dancing agony, and a pale tear tickles down Amberley's nose, when, hallelujah! I have found it, wedged in with it's back to the wall, between the "Arabian Nights" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." We are saved by the skin of our teeth, and fly to our seats with thankful hearts while Alice finds the place and sets the old marker, "Jesus wept," with its back broken in three places, on the open page. He is in the room before she has done; and having received our morning salutes, and looked sharply at Alice's collapsed charms (she looks like Samson shorn of his strength), rings the bell for prayers. He is half through the chapter before the servants can get in at the door; but that is of little consequence, they would not hear a word if they were present. Breakfast passes over better than might be expected. There are so many safe remarks we can make about Periwinkle; every man and woman we see is of an enemy, the mention of whose name must be shuned as a plague; and I am even able to provoke a smile by remarking that it is difficult to hear the sermon on Sunday evenings because the sail is so loudly.

I think that if we were to travel much we should find plenty to talk to him about; become quite colloquial, in fact. Ah! travel's a wonderful thing for enlarging the mind. No wonder splendid Will said: "Home keeping youths have ever homely wits," (of course he meant that for girls as well).

After breakfast our troubles begin. We go for a walk, and make the depressing discovery that in every deep there is a lower depth, and that, bad as the Silverbridge walks were, the Periwinkle ones are infinitely, immeasurably worse.

The governor is apparently as impervious to shingle as to plowed fields, for he leads the van without a falter, while we flounder, slip and stumble after him like a badly-drilled squad of infantry. The sun is fiercely smiting our backs, blistering our cheeks and noses, making us feel that our bodies have suddenly grown gross, and heavy, and suffocating; our clothes might be of woollen so irritatingly do they chafe us. It is one of those broiling mornings when existence under a green tree is bad enough, but existence taking a race over a glaring shingle is diabolical.

We are bound for the rocks now uncovered by the receding tide, and over them we are going to Cod's Bay, a fishing village of evil reputation and bad smells, that hides its dirty head round the corner of the cliff. It seems near enough, but, judged by the endless succession of slippery bowlders that intervene, we find it a very long way indeed, and groan in our spirits as we slide and scramble after our leader, who bounds on in front, agile as a chamois, and twice as sure footed as his progeny. Not one cropper does he come; but Amberley comes up for him; she slides majestically down the rocks as though born to the accomplishment, and even sits in the pools among the scurrying little crabs, whence she has to be fished out by our united efforts. She makes no complaint though, far from it; her broised shins, damaged elbows, and wet petticoats, all come in the day's work.

We reach Cod's Bay at last, looking as though we had fallen among thieves, and take our way through its one unsavory street and climb a hill that would be trying in mid-winter, but in dog days is simply brutal. In two hours' time we get home, blowsy, footsore, and worn out, knowing that our evil days have indeed begun. Somehow the hours go by, and blessed nightfall comes.

At the present moment I am standing with my hands behind my back, affectionately regarding a crab garnished with frequent prawns and abundant bread and butter, which Jack and I have provided for supper, as a set off against the disagreeables of the day. He has gone to fetch a jug of cider; when he comes back we shall fall to. I walk to the open window and look out. The dim gray of night is creeping over the land; the cold salt smell of the sea blows faintly but most freely up across the town; the lights yonder look like coarse reflections of the bright restless lamps that quiver and burn in the pale vault overhead. I lean my elbows on the window sill and look across the road to the garden that, like many another in Devonshire, is on the other side of the road, whence a fragrant whiff comes now and again, and makes a disastrous discovery. Those moving shadows yonder, what are they? Followers! Not one or two or three, but dozens! O Alice, Alice, do I not know well enough what will happen? In five minutes the governor will come back in from the garden at the back of the house, and sit down to supper (his seat faces the road and the hedge to the left of the road garden), he will see them—he will rush out—and here conjecture fails me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOUSEHOLD.

FOR SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

Shoes and slippers well taken care of will last much longer than if carelessly thrown around, and look well as long as they are fit to wear.

One of the best places to keep them is in the pockets of a strong shoe bag, firmly fastened on the closet door. Fig. 1 shows a good design. The bag may be made of linen twill, cretonne or ticking in fancy stripes. The back of the bag is 25 inches wide and 26 inches long. The top is cut to a point. Two strips, each 9 inches deep and 36 inches long, are cut for the pockets. These are bound across the top with dress braid, then laid on the back with the extra fulness in plaits in the bottom, and stitched across twice,

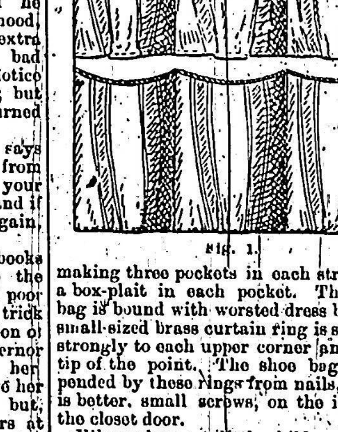

Fig. 1.

making three pockets in each strip, with a box-plait in each pocket. The entire bag is bound with worsted dress braid. A small-sized brass curtain ring is sewed on strongly to each upper corner and to the tip of the point. The shoe bag is suspended by these rings from nails, or what is better, small screws, on the inside of the closet door.

Where there are little children, such a pocket on the inside of the sitting room closet door will prove a great convenience for house shoes and slippers. If the lower pockets are lined with rubber cloth they will be useful for holding rubbers or overshoes. When they become damp or muddy they can be easily wiped out. The better part of a cast-off waterproof or cloak answers very well for lining the pockets.

A handsome slipper case is illustrated by fig. 2. It is designed to contain only one pair of slippers, and is ornamental enough to be an addition to any bedroom. By observing the proportions a paper pattern can be easily cut. The first step is to have a piece shaped for the back out of thin board or very heavy pasteboard, also one for the front out of pasteboard. The piece for the back should be 6 inches across the bottom, 9 inches across the top and 12 inches along the sides. The distance across the bottom and the lengths of the sides for the front piece is the same as for the back, but across the top the distance is 18 inches in a straight line. As shown in the illustration the front is rounded across the top.

The back is neatly covered on both sides with dark brown silesia. The front is covered with golden brown felt on which a design has been embroidered in

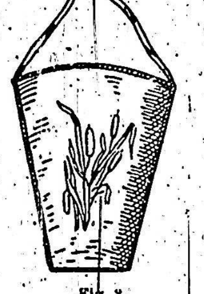

Fig. 2.

outline, using dark brown crewel for the cat-tails and dark green for the leaves. It is lined with brown silesia. The front and back is overhanded together across the bottom and up the sides, and finished with a dark brown cord which extends round the entire case. A ribbon of the same color is tacked to each other upper corner, by which the case is suspended from a strong picture nail driven in the wall.

Where closets are wanting and room is an object, a very handy combination of the useful and ornamental will be found in an ottoman and shoe-box like fig. 3. Procure a good strong box—the size in which soap usually comes packed is good. Fasten the lid to the box by tacking pieces of leather hinge fashion on the back. It can then be easily raised and lowered. Cover the sides smoothly with any strong plain material. Cover the lid

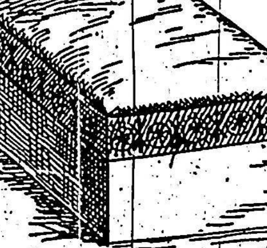

Fig. 3.

in the same manner, first putting on enough excelsior or hay to make it look rounded. The ottoman in the illustration has a strip of felt worked in a simple pattern around it near the top. Inside in one corner fasten by a nail through the bottom a medium sized baking powder can, in which to set the bottle of shoe blacking.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

HINTS AND NEWS NOTES

For City and Country—Clippings and Original Articles which have been Prepared for Our Readers.

AN EFFECTIVE METHOD OF CROWN GRAFTING.

Saw off the branch at right angles to the stem to be grafted, as at a in the illustration. Then cut a clean slit in the bark through to the wood, as shown—the same as in budding. Separate the bark from the wood and insert the cion b, one for each slit. The number of slits for each stock will be determined by its size. We will suppose the stock illustrated to

be six inches in diameter, and that six cions are to be inserted. The stock after receiving the cions is shown at c. A thick paper is wound about the top of the stock extending about one inch above it and securely tied with strong twine as at d. The space above the stock formed by the inch of paper may then be filled to the top of the paper with a puddle of soil and water. This mud protects the surface of the wood of the stock and excludes the air from the insertions, giving every advantage of wax without its objections. Stocks of any size may be worked in this way, and one, two or any number of cions inserted.

A SECTIONAL FARM ROLLER.

One of the most useful implements, next to those of absolute necessity, upon a well-conducted farm is a roller. When the soil is heavy and tenacious the roller helps to crush the clods and level the rough surface, while the light, shifting soil is quite as much benefited by its compressing action. A roller consisting

FIG. 1.—A SECTIONAL ROLLER.

of a single long cylinder works at a great disadvantage in turning corners, the outer end having to travel over a much greater distance than the inner, so that it must sweep over the ground without revolving. This difficulty is largely obviated by making the roller in sections, each one of which turns independently of the others. We illustrate herewith a sectional roller which may be cheaply constructed and effective. It is in four sections. The frame shown in Fig. 1 is of oak or other tough, hard timber, three by four inches. The two side pieces are nine feet six inches long, the two end pieces three feet. A block of white oak or similar wood, eighteen inches in extreme length and nine inches wide,

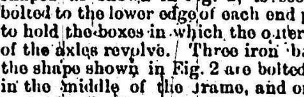

FIG. 2.—ROLLER BOX.

shaped as shown in Fig. 2, is securely bolted to the lower edge of each end piece, to hold the boxes in which the outer ends of the axles revolve. Three iron bars of the shape shown in Fig. 2 are bolted, one in the middle of the frame, and one on each side half way to the end. These hold the boxes which support the inner journals. A stout piece of oak or white elm is bolted across the middle of the frame and extends in front where it serves as a tongue to which the double-tree and neck-yoke are attached. The cylinders may be made of wood or iron.

FARM BOILER FOR TWO DOLLARS.

In the illustration below we give a clear idea how any farmer may construct for himself a boiler suitable for all purposes that a boiler is required for. The box (or boiler) is simply a coarse box made of sound inch lumber of any desirable size, say two feet by four and one foot deep being a convenient size, well secured at the corners, with clips of sheet iron. The bottom is made of one sheet of heavy sheet iron and tacked securely to the edges of the box. The foundation is built of three or four rows of brick of the same size as the box, which latter point, observe, will carry the sides of the box the width of the brick from the fire. It is necessary to lay two or three

bars of iron across to support the bottom, an old sleigh shoe answering the purpose quite well. To complete the furnace two old lengths of stove pipe are all that is necessary, being set up at the back of the furnace, and the back opening closed thoroughly around the pipe with clay, which may be built as high as the top of the box and so protect the wood from the heat. Any farmer who will try the experiment will be astonished at the short space of time required to boil such a furnace. It can be heated with old rails, or scrap wood, such as accumulate around every farm yard.

A silo 10 feet square, 20 feet high, will hold 40 tons of ensilage. Three acres will fill it at 15 tons per acre. One 20 feet square and 20 feet high will hold 160 tons of ensilage, or 10 acres. There are 40 pounds of ensilage to the cubic foot. Some animals will eat 60 pounds, and do well on the ensilage alone. It is better to add bran or cottonseed meal. One hundred and sixty tons of ensilage will furnish the forage food for a single animal for 218 months, or 35 cows for six months.

A man has been known to buy and haul manure five miles that was so firefanged or burned that it was little better than straw. While he was doing this work there were about his barn and yard fertilisers of three times the value of the manure he hauled going to waste. The leaching from the yard was allowed to run into the road, the slops, soap suds, etc., followed suit, while every chance was in his favor to produce abundant fertilizers of the first quality, with half the expense. Upon his farm he had abundance of muck that would only cost the hauling. This with the limited wastes applied would give a most gratifying result and be a lasting benefit.

A good garden is little appreciated by the average farmer, yet nothing on the farm is so valuable in all respects in proportion to the labor and expense, as a well-selected, well-kept garden. Profit, pleasure, and health may be realized and promoted by it. Thorough culture of the garden is of great importance. Frequent culture will insure moisture in times of drought, and it is valuable at all times for supplying mellowness and moisture to the soil for the use of plants. One of the reasons why many farmers pay little or no attention to having a garden is the fact that so many attempt the cultivation of more land than can well be tilled; the consequence is that they are compelled to give all their time to ordinary farm work, and have no time to make a garden. The economy of this course may well be doubted. The better way would be to attempt no more than can be done in the best manner, and in determining this question, one should allow the garden to come into account.

Before ordering your seeds make up your mind how much ground is to be planted with each kind of vegetable or flower, and calculate accordingly the amount of seed required, ordering sufficient to allow you to err on the side of thick sowing rather than thin. It is better to have no surplus which you will be tempted to save for the following season, since there are few seeds, when kept over, which give as good results as those ordered fresh every year. Should the seeds you receive meet with your approval, recommend them to your neighbors, advising them to send for catalogues, and you will find you will lose nothing by so doing for an enterprising seedsman is not slow to appreciate and reciprocate such favors. You should also make sure, before blaming your dealer for the failure of his seeds to germinate or to yield profitably, that you yourself are well posted as the proper time and method of planting each variety, as well as its subsequent requirements.

A cold frame is simply a construction of boards in an oblong form, similar to a garden hotbed, and differing from it only that in the latter bottom heat is furnished to force the growth of the plants. The frame may be made of common boards four feet wide and as long as required. Whether for a cold frame or a hotbed a southern exposure is the best, and each must be covered with sash, or canvas, which is sometimes substituted for glass. The back should be fifteen and the front six inches high with a cross tie every three feet. The frame should be settled into the ground a little and be banked up around on the outside. Then excavate the inside a foot or more and form the bottom into a plant bed of fine, rich earth. On warm pleasant days leave it uncovered and exposed to the sun and air. Much the same care about watering and ventilation is required as for a hotbed, from which the early forced plants may be transferred and their growth continued until the season is far enough advanced for them to be transplanted into the open garden without further protection.

BERTIE F. V. SHORTIS.

A DUDE DEVIL.

The most interesting man in Canada to-day is Cuthbert F. V. Shortis, the youth whose bloodthirsty slaughter of two men, and his fiendish attempt to kill a third, have shocked the whole Dominion.

A more cold-blooded man than Shortis now is would be hard to find. If he has any feeling he masks it well. His sole thought seems to be his present comfort whether he is warm or cold, well fed or hungry. The grief of those who loved his victims, or the despair of his own parents in Ireland, affect him not at all. He even seems to enjoy his horrible notoriety.

"I say," he shouted yesterday to a newspaper artist, "it isn't fair, you know, to sketch a fellah behind the bars, with his coat off. Just wait a minute, and the warden 'll let me out in the corridor."

But the warden wouldn't.

"This is a beastly place," he said. "Not enough clothes—not enough to eat—won't even give a fellah a toothpick after dinner. I've caught a horrid cold too."

The prisoner is a tall athletic fellow with a small blonde mustache and an English accent, although he is an Irishman. His antecedents are not generally known, but it is said that he was born in Waterford, Ireland, Feb. 14, 1875. His father is said to have been a wealthy business man. Shortis "came out" on the steamship Laurentian in the autumn of 1893. He carried letters to some of the leading people of Montreal, but never presented them. First he hired an "office bedroom" at 206 Commission street, in that city, and advertised himself as a dealer in bicycles.

ALSO A DEAD GAME SPORT.

But he had no bicycles. His chief occupation was writing letters, applying for agencies and talking "bicycle" to people who called thinking him a regular dealer. He seemed, in fact, bicycle mad, always wore a bicycle suit and displayed a pair of top hunting boots and other sporting paraphernalia in his room.

When the murderer first visited Montreal he put up at the Windsor Hotel, the finest in the city. When his mother came to visit him later she put up at the same place. Subsequently she moved to the Queens, and her son came to visit her there. She was a nice-looking middle-aged lady, very genteel in appearance, and seemingly well off. She was well liked at the hotel, but her son was not.

Bertie talked loudly and often about his coming wealth, wore knickerbockers and a scarlet silk sash, walked with an absurd swagger and made himself generally unpopular. Mrs. Shortis finally started home, after leaving a considerable sum with George H. Matthews, the steamship man, to be paid in installments of $20 a month to her son.

At the same time George Bury, of 419 Sherbrooke street, a friend of the family took young Shortis up and made much of him. He gave him work as checker on the wharf and subsequently got him employment in the Montreal Woollen Mills. At this time Shortis was a frequent visitor at the Bury mansion. He was pleasing in manner, well dressed, courteous and a favorite with the ladies.

WORE MOCCASINS WITH A DRESS SHIRT.

After a party he always sent flowers to those who had been kind to him. At the same time he was full of eccentricities and wild fads. He tried to persuade young Edgar Bury to go west and kill Indians and buffalo; he once expressed a desire to turn diamond smuggler and carry gems over the border concealed in a bicycle, and to crown all on one occasion he came to a big dinner party in a faultless dress suit and with coarse buckskin moccasins on his feet.

After a time friends secured "Bertie's" transfer to the Montreal cotton mills at Valleyfield, and then George Matthews gave him the balance of the sum left by Mrs. Shortis. In this term Shortis stayed at a first-class hotel and carried himself with a great deal of bounce and swagger. He was a big fellow, handy with the boxing gloves, and was always looking for a bout. During the first part of his sojourn in Montreal he wore knickerbockers and preferred a "sweater" to a starched shirt. He was always buying guns and revolvers, and was very expert in their use. Fishing was also a favorite sport. His eccentricities were still marked, and on one occasion when somebody suggested that he should break a window he dashed his fist through it with as much coolness as though it had been tissue paper.

MISCELLANEOUS READING

GRAVE AND OTHERWISE.

Culled From Many Sources but Each and Every One Worthy of a Careful Reading.

Has God Forgotten the World.

Up from the rock bound eastern coast,
And mountain terraced west,
From northern ice clad crystal lands,
And vine wreathed southern homes,
From mystic sounds that fill the air,
A picture to my vision comes:

I see the victim's lifeless form
Of the suicidal hand,
And murder with its reeking blade
Goes striding through the land,
I see the ocean's ceaseless wave
With its deep unfathomed bed,
Where lie the wrecked and ruined ships,
And the vast, unnumbered dead.
I see the mourners bowed in grief,
While the death flag flies unfurled;
And hear the anguished questioning cry:
"Has God forgotten the world?"

I see the wine cup's ruddy glow,
With it's hydra-headed woes;
The wretched homes and dens of sin,
As the poisoned liquid flows.
And hecatombs from east and west,
Of fire, wind and storm,
Sweep o'er the land with giant force
And leave the earth to mourn.
Then comes again with bitter tears,
As it feels the chastening rod—
"Why oh why, is this ruin wrought?
Is the world forgotten by God?"

I see the prison's darkened cell,
And the hangman's ghastly stand;
And crimes of every type and hue,
Are rampant through the land.
I see the hovels of hunger and want,
Where men in misery groan,
I hear the wail of the helpless babe,
And the starving woman's moan,
And I hear them say in feeble tones,
With a faint and feeble cry,—
"Has the Father left His children alone
To perish and starve and die?"

As long as the earth around the sun,
In its orbit yearly rolls;
As long as the fleecy clouds above;
Are seen in their silver fold;
As long as the flowers, trees and grass
Are verdant on hill and plain,
As long as you plant the seed in the ground,
And it sprouts and bears again,
So long you may know that the Father reigns
With power on the Heavenly throne,
So long you may know that God is here,
And loves and cares for His own.

As long as the sunshine brightens the day
And the raindrops molten the earth;
As long as the moon sends its mellow light,
And the stars have their nightly birth;
As long as the azure vault above
By the bow of promise is spanned;
So long you may know God holds the earth
In the hollow of his hand,
Though we bend and reel 'neath the shock of the storm,
And the blow of the smiting rod,
In justice and mercy He rules the earth,
And the world is remembered by God.

John Paul Jones's Name.

The son of John Paul, a poor Scotch gardener, John Paul Jones, was born at Arbigland, in Kirkcudbrightshire, on July 6, 1747. The reasons for his adoption of the name of Jones have never been explained. That he did not wish to sink his identity is shown by his retention of his original name. In his earlier career he signed himself "John Paul Jones." Afterward he signed himself "J. Paul Jones;" but when he became the hero of Paris and Varsailles, and Europe resounded with his fame, his cards read simply "Paul Jones." This gradual emancipation from the self-made man's fondness for titles and dignities is strikingly shown in his will, where, after a lifelong struggle for honors and precedence, during which he contended for them in a manner at once fierce and childish, on the day of his death he described himself only as "John Paul Jones, a citizen of the United States."—Miss Molly Elliot Seawell in the Century for April.

A Shrewd Rejoinder By Lincoln.

But among the various incidents of the conference the world will probably longest remember that recorded by Alexander H. Stephens, one of the three commissioners, who, after writing of the event, said that Mr. Hunter made a long reply to the President's refusal to recognize another government inside of that of which he was President, by receiving ambassadors to treat for peace. "Mr. Hunter," says Stephens, "referred to the correspondence between King Charles I. and his parliament as a trustworthy precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face, then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: 'Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I do not pretend to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head.'"—Noah Brooks in the Century for April.

Remarkable Fire Screens.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess a fire screen made of tanned human skin, exquisitely embossed and over 200 years old. The skins were those of twelve faithful servants who rescued one of his majesty's ancestors from a blazing wing in the palace, afterwards succumbing to the effects of their burns. A less gruesome, but almost as remarkable fire screen is made up, not of skins but of human faces, these faces, 157 in number, all photographically portraying Sir Augustus Harris at different times of his career.

Fast Enough.

An employe of a large granite company was driving from the station with several kegs of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his sled, and overtook a young man walking. Without waiting for an invitation the pedestrian sprang up into the wagon and sat down upon one of the powder kegs.

He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon, or the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said cheerily. "That is, everything that is stationary."

Not receiving a reply he continued:

"I was half a mind to hire a landslide or a glacier, just for speed, you know, but I guess we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time, then he broke forth again.

"I say, stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to scratch a match on the keg. The driver spoke rather lazily.

"If you are goin' my way this is just as fast as it will be; but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road just light that match on that powder—and you're there now."

The young man decided to walk.

A Doctor's Certificate.

A good story is revived on a physician not a thousand miles from Toronto. Some weeks ago an old lady died in one of the institutions of the county. It was desired to send the remains to distant relatives, but the railroad company would not transport the corpse without a certificate that there was no infectious disease. No doctor attended her, but, a certificate being required, our M.D. furnished the following: "This certifies that I knew the deceased many years. She came to her death from dumb palsy of long standing which gradually run her down, and she died without the necessity of a physician."

The Inventor.

Artificial grass is a new English industry.

A music box in which a disk instead of a cylinder carries the little pegs which strike the keys is now.

A new finger moistener for bank tellers, paper counters, etc., consisting of a sponge and receptacle, can be attached to the clothing.

A fire or water proof paint composed of coal tar, petroleum, benzine, rosin, sulphate of zinc, sal soda and linseed oil in fixed proportions is the latest.

An improved clothes pounder having inner and outer perforated funnel shaped attachments, which permit of rapid passage of suds and water, is on the market.

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It will be found a valuable recuperative agent in convalescence from wasting diseases, improving the appetite and promoting digestion—and being very palatable, is acceptable to the most sensitive stomach.

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THE MORPHINE HABIT,
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AND NERVOUS DISEASES

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" I—6 Dahlias, select show variety's " 50c.
" G—8 Montbretias, handsome . " 50c.
" O—6 Roses, everblooming beauties " 50c.
" F— Window Collection, 1 each, Fuchsia, Dbl. Fl. Musk, Ivy and Sweet Sc'td Geranium, Manettia Vine, Tropæolum, Mex. Primrose & Heliotrope " 50c.
" E—6 Geraniums, finest assorted " 50c.
" R—12 Coleus, fine assorted colors " 50c.
" S—6 Iris, finest varieties . . " 50c.
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WHEN your grandfather
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ARE before you used
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DOUBT As they were the
best then, they
are the best now.
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