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ON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1899.

little mulatto boy about fourteen years old.

to twist the bands of his trousers, without

who appeared at his call, "did I not desire.

"Yes, master," said the boy, for the Manner of "The Old Hymns.") timidity.

lots of music in the Psalms, the Psalms "And have you done so?" "Yes, master." on the minister reads out some one l "Speak then : who was here last night and this morning before these gentleman came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," Marillo, angrily, to the boy, who continued

you to sleep here every night ?"

"Ah, you don's choose to answer," said hem ringing, singing still, in memo Murillo, pulling his ear. "No one, master, no one," replied the pity as a father bath unto bis children trembling Sepastian, with eagerness.

"That is false," explained Murillo. "No one but me, I swear to you, lilies of the love of God bloomed white master," oried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the d still I hear the solemn strains in the quaint studio and holding out his little hands in greatly blessed the people are the joyful supplication before his master.

"Listen to me, pursued Murillo, singing-books we needed then, for very well wish to know who has sketched this of the Virgin and all the figures which my To tunes and words we loved so well the pupile find every morning here, on coming old Psalm Book through; 'Coloshill" at the Sacrament we sang to the studio. This night, in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if of salvation take the cup, on God's nam by to-morrow you do not discover who culprit is, you shall have twenty-five Also I love the dear old Pealms, and strokes from the lash. You hear-I have

Bore the light has left my eyes, and my alo you, gentlemen, to work." tran only hear them then I'll gladly som From the commencement to the termi--Joseph Hamilton, in Westminister. regarded their occupation, but the moment amends for this restraint and as the un-

"Beware Sebastian, of the lash," Mendez, "and watch for the culprit; but Doe beautiful enmmer morning, about give me the Naples yellow."

known painter occupied all their shoughts.

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez, you have made it yellow enough, already; and that it is the Zombi."

ppils walked up quickly to his easel to what is the Zombi ?" tamine if the paint had dried, or perhaps, "Ob, an imaginary being, of course. admire his work of the previous evening. But take care, Senor Gonzalo, continued Sebastian, with a mischlevous glance at has stretched the left arm of your St. "What an absurd question!" replied ordova. "Don's you recollect that we resembles it, he will be able to tie his shoe-

etring without stooping." "Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz, as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just | stood like a statue before him. and much to the point?"

"Oh, they say that negroes have the face of an ape, and the tongue of a parrot," rejoined Gonzalo, in a tone of indifference "With this distinction," observed Ferdiknow who it is that amuses himself every nand, "that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian has judgment in his

"Like the parrot, by chance," returned "Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding the colors, he may one day "You need not protest," replied Carlos. astonish as by showing he knows one from We all know you are not capable of

> different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and the truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisate, his eye so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting | breath. their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teasing the little mulatto, he was a great favorite with them all; and this evening, on quitting the studio, each, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder counselled him to keep a strict

watch and catch the Zombi for fear of the this studio, which during the day was so cheerful and autmated—was now eilent asthe grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at miduight, leaned against an essel. Immovable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, op receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his

eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome "Why do you come here, father ?" said

he in a melaucholy tone. "To keep you company, Sebastian." "There is no need, father; I can watch ted this bead, gentlemen ?" asked Murillo. osgerly. "Speak, tell me. He who has "But what if the Zombi should come?" sketched the Virgin will one day be the do not fear him," replied the boy with a pensive smile.

> "He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery." "Oh, how sad-how dreadful it is to be a slave ?" exclaimed the boy, weeping hitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied toe negro with au air of resignation. "God !" ejaculated Sebastian, as he It could not, however, come here raised his eyes to the dome of the studio without hands," said Murillo, impatientthrough which the stars glittered. "God I pray constantly to Him, my father (and He will one day listen to me), that we may be no longer slaves. But so to bed, father, go, go; and I shall go to mine there in that

night, father ; good night."

Bebastian ?" "My father, that is superstition of our country. Father Pugonio has assured me lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth." "Why, then, when the pupils asked who

corner, and I shall soon full asleep. Good

"Are you really not afraid of Zombi

sketched the flaures they find here every murning, did you may it was the Zambi ?" bern laugh: that was all " "Then, good night, my sou." And hav ug kissed the boy, the negro retired. The moment Sebustian found bimself

"Twonty-five lashes to-morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhape, more if I do. Oh. my God. come This is certainly a curious affair, gen- to my all i" And the little mulatto throw sleman," observed Muritto; "but we shall himself upon the mat which served him for

only three oclook: any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again ... Not so with Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian !" exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine-buly three hours! Then profit by them, the rest belonging to the master slave. Let most least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced." And seizing a brush be approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful

than ever. "Efface this!" he exclaimed. this! No : I will die first ! Efface thisthey dare not! Neither dare I. No-that head -she breathes -she speaks -it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No. no. no: rather let me

finish it." Scarcely had he uttered these words when, seizing a patette, he seated himself at the easel and was soon totally absorbed at his occupation. Hour after hour passed unbeaded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful oreation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time.

"Another touch!" he exclaimed. soft shade here; now the mouth. Yessaid it, now go and grind the colors ; and there! It opens those eyes; they pierce me through! What a forehead! delicacy! Ob, my beautiful-"nation of the hour of instruction Murillo | Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot the dreaded punishment-all, allow a word to be spoken but what all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, he disappeared the pupils made ample saw nothing, but his beautiful picture. But who can describe the horror and

consternation of the unbappy slave when, the conversation naturally turned to the on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils, with his master at their head. said standing beside him ! Sebastian never once dreamed of justifyng himself; and, with his palette in one hand and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the

Are these negroes fools or asses with their | ed; for if Sebastian was confounded at Zombi?" said Gonzalo, laughing. "Pray | being caught in the commission of such a flagrant orime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they Murillo, having with a gesture of the

> of the Virgin to the terrified slave who "Who is your master, Sebastian?"

y audible. "I mean your drawing-master?" said "You, Senor," again replied the tremb-

"It cannot be ; I never gave you lessons," said the astounded painter. "But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master. "And you have done better than listen; you have profited by them I" exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal

merit punishment or reward?" At the word "punishment" Sebastiau's heart beat quick; the word "reward" gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes toward his master. "A reward, Senor !" oried the pupils in a

"That is well ; but what shall it be ?" Sebastian began to breathe. "Ten ducate, at least," said Mondez. "Fifteen !" oried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo: "a beautiful new dress for the next boliday." "Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards Is was night, and the studio of Murillo, seemed to move. "Are these things not to His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and most celebrated painter in Seville- | your taste? Tell me what you wish for. I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition that I will grant any request

you may make. . Speak, then; do not be "Ob, master, if I dared-" And Sebas-

Is was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy and his sparkling eyes some devouring thought within, which timidity prevented him from attering. With the view of encouraging him, each

"Ask to be received as pupil, Behastian." pance of the slave at the last words, but he bung his head and remained silent. "Ask for the best place in the studio." said Gonzalo, who, from being the last

"Come, take courage," said Murillo

"The master is so kind to-day," sald Ferdinand, half aloud, "I would sisk something-ask your freedom. Sebastian." At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of appoint; and, rateing his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked

"The freedom of my father-the freedom of my father ?" "And thine, also," said Murillo, who, no onger able to conceal his emotion, three his arms around Sebastian and pressed

that you have a heart; the artist is comnot only as my pupil, but as my son. paint-I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Bebustian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, because one most celebrated painters in Spain. may yet be seen in the charalres of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found paluting, by his mester; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a hoty Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others joy. Then auddenly checking himself, he of the highest merit.

.Though the deed be never so fair,

It is not the deed we do.

There had been a railroad wreck, two passengers were killed, and five or six injured, and among the latter was professional tramp who had been stealing a ride. To the doctor who examined his injuries he said, smiling feebly, and with that manner peculiar to his class: "Well, pard; what's the verdict of the jury? "You are very badly burt," was the reply. "Are my lege off?" "No; you are are fatally injured, however." "That means I'm a goner. My pard was on the car ahead. Is he burt t" "No, here he is." At that moment a ragged, unkempt, and typical vagabond came forward, and, bending over the victim, said : "Well, Jim, they say you have to go. How are you feeling over it ?" "Borter! No use

to kick, Tom." "Kin I do unything for you ?" The dying man gazed a moment in silence, and then whispered : "Tom, you are the only pardner I ever had as knowed the Lord's Prayer. Just say it over to me." The old tramp pulled off his cap and knelt down, and, as the bystanders uncovered and bowed their heads, he repeated the prayer word for word, and with such feeling as astonished everybody. When he had fluished, he rose up and said : "That's it, Jim ; more for him," auswered the doctor, as he | end of the year. looked down upon the pale face. "Your partner is dead."

Who will say, after reading this tramp, and that it is useless to work for him? Why, the very tramps themselves this instance.

would put us to shame if we did-us in For our part, we would rather be the ragged wretch kneeling by the side of his dying partner, and holding just before him the faintest rushlight of hope to illuminate the darkness that was cettling down on him, than to stand in the pulpit of the near-by church and to preach a gospel of good taste to a congregation of a hundred and fifty plous souls, who had calling and election their

NO EXCUSE ALLOWED.

A successful business man told me there were two things he learned when he was ighteen years old which were afterwards of great tise to him-namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain

suppose that I should happen to lose it, what then shall I do?". "You must not lose it," said the lawyer,

rowning. "I don't mean to," said the young man; but suppose I should happen to?" "But I say you must not happen to.

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found that equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it. there, and made it stay. He need to say: something. I tell him he might as well course of his remarks he asked his business to take the trouble to think of it country he came. again.' I once had an intelligent young "From Maine," returned the gentleman man in my employment who deemed it briefly. sufficient excuse for neglecting an impor- "I was sure ob it exh !" said the barber, tant task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him | with enthusiasm. "I come from Bangor, that would not answer; if he was Me., myself, sah, and there's something enfficiently interested, he would be about a Maine man you can't mistake. careful to remember. It was because he | We all look atike, sah, in a way, as you did not care enough that he forgot. I might say, we dat's born and brought up drilled him with this truth. He worked in de state ob Muine. It's a most cu'ous

careless habit of the mind, which he pared." - Country Gentleman.

SOURCES OF CONTAGION. A little girl, six years of ago, was taken by her mother into a street car. The car was prowded, and a deligate-'ooking man lifted the little one to his kneen. She sat there a moment, then slid down, and clung

to her mother's skirts. After they had left the ear, she said "Mamms, I couldn's sit thire, that man

breathed in my face and made For days afterwards, she complained that she could not get that dreadful taste out of her mouth. In due time she was attacked with typhoid fever and died, There was no question, whatever, in she concluded her remarks Abram the mind of the physician that the man exclaimed, "Law, Mist is, whar you gwins 2

who took the child up was in the first stages of typhoid. Believing that this disease could transmitted by the breath, he took pains to make experiment. A sufferer from typhoid breathed a number of times into a glass vessel containing sterlized water. - From this water cultures were made, and the true typhoid bacilli developed in enormous

quantities. It is generally supposed that typhoid is due -to-contaminated water, but evperiments of this sort have made it certain that the breath, especially if thown out auddenly as by coughing, is likely to be laden with the deadly germa

REFORMING A PARROT.

A Pitteburger, who spent a part of las summer in England, tells an incident "Your pencil." he continued, "shows | which sadly disturbed the religious peace that you have talent; your request proves of a parish in Penzance. A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which someplate. From this day consider yourself how, acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at present intervals: "I wish Happy Murillo ! I have done more than the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to ber curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter." replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteony bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot and I trust that his influence will reform that profession, and the som in question had a deprayed bird of yours." The curate's parrot was placed in the same from the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked; "I wish the old lady as he had just received a good salaried offer would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up bie eyes and in tolemn appents added : "We beseech thee to best ne good Lord!" . The story got ont in the parish, and for several Sundays it was

PRICE THREE CENTS

QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Now lade and lassies take of what I gather, Como pluck a thistle, open wide your cars; nd get your bearts in tume for purple heather. For Bruce's spider and Queen Mary's tears. deten, young people, while I tell the story Of Bootland's kings and quoons in olden times tale of hard blows, poverty and glory, Of stirring noble doods and blackest crimes

f Scotland, rugged land of ald romance. Bich with the blood of many a well-fought The land of sword, and battle-are and lance. Of Tartan plaid and pib room, dirk and shield. Land of grim castles, catavacts and streams,

Mountains and stormy bills, torrents and Land of old ballads, stories, p oblo droams, Land of broad tongues, warm bearts and

ontou caked. If Highland flings, and rook, and sword dances Of screening pipes, and snumle-blokering burn, I haggis, Athole brose, and wild romanees, Of coronache, and walls of Highland kerne.

Of fairy-folk and witches, flory crosses, Of ruins all alive with old world fore, Of broken paths o'er treacherous peats and And great rocks just as im the days of yore. .. Land of brave lands and very bonnie lasses, Of checked aprons, and of boungts blue;

delight of wild doge, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and the consequences. One of the most thrilling moments to the homen houter (and doubtless to the osnine), and one lig with that most polynaut of all delights. anticipation of pleasurable excitement combined with mutclar activity, is when the presence of game is first detected. As we have seen in watching the behavior in a pack of for bounds, this is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wasging is an almost invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in the wild state, owing to surne inosculation of the nervous mechanism , which at present we cannot unravel. The association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the mo vement of the tail follows the emotion, whatever may call it forth. An explanation of a similar kind can be found for the fact that dogs depress their tail when threatened or scolded. When running away, the tall would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be selzed. It was therefore securely tucked away between the bind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture

superior force .- Popular Science Monthly.

CURIOUS FACT. A "down east" man tells of an amusing encounter he had in a barber's shop in a

of putting the tail between the lege

becomes an invariable concomitant of

retreat or submission in the presence of

The burlior was a very tall, very black. negro who rejoiced in the emphonious name of Carolinus Washington. He When a man tells me that he forgot to do seemed disposed to conversation, and in have said, 'I do not care enough about your new quatomer from what part of the

MASTER OF THE SITUATION. In the days of slavery Abram was a

served as a valet from Bis youth. At his master's death his mistress granted him many privileger, and at the period of emancipation he resisted every temptation to leave the old plantation. In the exercise of his privileges he become obnoxious to the other negroes, and Their frequent complainte excited remoustrance on the part of his mist ress. But Abram pursued bis own way, in spite, of expostulation. Finally, his in terference with her own plans exhausted who particuce of his mistress, who determined to dismiss him. "Abram, said she one day to him in a very kindly tone, "I see that you and I cannot live in peace on the same place, and I have decided that we must reart ---- but before

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BOY. A conversation was held a short time ago

mercantile life. The father's reason for being opposed to his son entering professional life, was that e had a brother, who, while very clever, had nothing to show for his years of labor but a mere living and a good, big account on the debit side-the money spent in

The father, although not having the ducation of his brother, had some years ago engaged with the Bradley-Garretson Co., Limited, of Bramiford, Ont. first as canvassing agent, being promoted from time to time until now he was in the very ront rank with this company and making lots of money. He ham also seen a lot of the world, having been sent to Australia. South Africa, Eogland and the United States. It was therefore not to wondered hat he was opposed to his son taking up a liking for money and cravel, it was finally decided that he ought to follow in the footsteps of his father and outlet with this old reliable Publishung House, o-pecially

from them. 's op in arms.

"This is not what at's disoked up to be,"

The Acton Free Press

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CANADA

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used to know. o join with all the rest who swell the note of praise, nds to God in joyful sounds aloft voices raise." excepting the Yukon District, at theble at lots of music in the Pealms, those dear. sweet Psalms of old. isions bright of lands of light, and shin-

Poetry.

THE OLD PSALMS.

of long ago,

ing streets of gold ;

soft and clear.

sweeter days,

in all the ways;

old meeting flow,

sound that know."

toars would fall,

my time shall come,

upants my longing soul, O God, that com

Relect Family Reading.

Murillo's Slave.

e year 1680, several youths of Seville

presched the dwelling of the celebrated

finter Murillo, at which they arrived at

Autations, they entered the studio. Mur-

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed leturitz,

ingrily, "which of you remained behind

was not yet there, and each of the

early the same time. After the usual

ing lips are domb,

will'I call."

thee I may."

dear." _

we know

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HARDWARE. SPRING HAS COME

ill came away together ?" "This is a foolish jest, gentlemen, newered leturitz. "Last evening cleaned my palette with the greatest care, We can give you just what you want aund now it is as dirty as if some one had need it all night." "Look !" exclaimed Carlos. "Here is small figure in the corner of my canvas. and it is not badly done. I should like to

the studio last night ?"

on my canvas, sometimes on the walls. There was one yesterday, on your easel, Ferdinand." "It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen," replied leturitz "I pro-

morning with sketching figures, sometimes

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have ever made a sketch as bad-as that of yours; one would think you had done it in "And my pencils are wet," said Gouzalo, n his turn. "Truly, strange things go on during the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro, Go-

ketching such a figure as that."

mez, that it is the Zombi who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturits. "Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in different parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my "Descent from the Cross."

clamrtion of astonishment escaped him, and be gazed in mute surprise on his vas on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful bead of the Virgin : but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the lines by which it encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly

less air, approached his easel, when an ex-

"Ab, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectable obesiance to the great manter. "Look, Bener Murillo : look !" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the essel of Mondez. "Who has painted this-who has pain-

visitant had descended among them.

master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch ! What delicacy.! What skill ! Mendez, my dear pupil, was "No. Sepor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone. "Was it you, then, Isturits or Ferdinand or Carlos ?" But they all gave the same reply as

Mandez.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange plotures are very alarming; indeed, this is not the first unaccountable ovent which has happened in your studio. To tell the trath, each wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still

by the unknown artist. "According to your orders, Senor," answered Fordinand, "we never leave the studio without putting everything in order. cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes and arranging our camis; but when we return in the morning, not only is everything in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches (beautiful akelohes to be sure they are), sometimes of she head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young | said : girl or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself,

alone, he uttered an explemation of

as to the culprit, I have already told you punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevail-

his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who hand imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly refrain themselves from John to such a length, that, if the right | giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while be looked alternately from the beautiful head

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarce

"To know one color from another, and | admiration. "Gentleman, does this boy

tian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master.

of the pupils suggested some favor for him "Ask gold, Sebastian." "Ask rich drosser, Bebastian." A faint smile passed over the counte-

come pupil, had the worst light for his

him to his breast.

But the love that the dear Lord looketh Hidden with holy care

THE TRAMP'S PRAYER

Of bloody dirks, and bogs, and wild morasses, Mind and remember all I tell to you. The above is Miss Leslie's introduction to her new volume of Kings and Queens of kin I do anything more?" "Nothing Scuttand, to be issued from the press about the

THE LANGUAGE OF THE DOG'S

The Missionary.

nstructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young

shall make no provision for such an courrance : you must not lose it."

with me for three years, and during the fact, ash!"- Youth's Companion. last of the three he was atterly changed in in this respect. He did not forget a thing.

than dis ; take ole Abe 's advice, Mistis, en stay right whar you is-". between husband and wife concerning the future welfare of their only son. The nother was for giving him a profession. but the father thought the professions were growded, and suggested starting the boy in

You ain't gwine git no bettah plantashun

educating bimself.

Sometimes a baby im most peaceful when