In the hot streets before a jeering crowd
A man falls fainting 'neath a shower of stones,
The cries, "On, fool I ob, madnan!" echo loud,
And drown his panting sigh and dying groan. The crowd disperse, content to see him. Forgetting there still live the words he

The rack with creaking wheels tears limb from

limb,
The sweating victim dying obdurate,
and as the pall of death falls over him
The tyrants find a limit to their hate,
Strange mone can see their rack has failed to Straige none can see their rack has fa fear The new-born 'principle made holy there.

The fagota piled around the martyr's stake
Are fanned to flame by hightry's hot breath,
And waves of hungry fire around him break
To scorch the sacrifice before its death.
What foots to dream though be to ashes turn,
That flame e'er yet had power a thought to curn!

Fooled Shall the blossym har the coming seed. Fools! Shall the bloss in bar the coming seed,
Or early waves keep back the flowing tide,
Or envious glowworms stay the lightning's speed,
Or mists of morning non day's sunlight hide?
Truth never yet was ripe and will not he,
Her vast proportions span eternity.

And of all these, the racked, the stoned, the Upon the shores of time we e higher waves

That, high carealing, older shore lines spurned To mark an ara with their sacred graves. Too late a garland, column, or a crown Adorns a name the world has trampled down.

—A. T. Worden, in The Judge.

Some Chuckles in Fiendlsh Glee.

A boy tore off a banana stin Ann his small off-ye winked he, Ol hi-soul was dark, and his smule was broad, And he chucklod in fleudish glee.

And he threw it down on the pavement wide O | soft was the peel, ah. me | And he wriggled and kicked and langhed and

And onuckied in flendish glee.

And he cast it down on the pavement wide,
O | hard of heart was he,
And he while | nd he roared and his bad
thoughts soared,
And he chuckled in fiendish glee.

A maiden fair with golden hair,
The pealing perchance did see—
(O I ahe was tair!) and the youth came there,
And she chuckled in fiendish glee.

O I the youth gazed out o'er his collar's tor And the maiden fair spied he.

And he rettled himself to much that maid

And he chuckled in flendish gloe.

And he gazed adown the wide, wide street, And his 'kerchief white waved he, And he winked his eye at the maiden fly, And he chuckled in fandish gioe.

And he stepped him then on the peeling soft, On the peeing soft stepped he.

Meanwhile the maid and the boy aside,
They chuckled in flandish glee

O! the neel was soft and the navement hard: Of the poet was soft and the paveline.

And the youth, Of where was he?

About that time he scornfully ceased

To chuckle in flenging glee.

A Heart Tac Lo'c Me

l want nae chiel wi' pedigree As alld as Noah's mither,
Wi'n acthing in his heed or e'e
But hoo tae scorn his brither,
care na' for new fangled speech—
That's no' the way tae wome,
Fashlon's freaks are owering reach—
I want a heart tae lo'e me.

The squire comes yout wi' coach and twa He oa's me queen an' fairy.
The man has lost his souses a'
As sure's my name is Mary.
He brings me posies fresh an' fine—
That's no' the way tac woo me,
The real thing is na' in his line—
An honest heart tae lo'e me.

He stan's na't as consither,

Syne we sit doon and laugh and then—
We cra. k wi' ane snither.

Tam's a lad that speaks wi' sense—
Weel he kens hoo tae woo me,
An' when it's "gnid nicht" in the spense
I ken there's ane tae lo'e me.

(lid I wad marry wi' the aquire, I ken the lang an' lave o't; He'd set me up in silk attire, An' I wad be the slave o't.

Juist bide awa. ye pampered loon — Tam's leal, true hears can woo me His love is better than a croon— Nae gowden calf sall lo'e me. -Detroit Free Press.

" The Hand That Rocks the Uradle."

They say that man is mighty, He governs land and sea, He wields a mighty sceptre O'er lesser powers that be But a power mightier, stronger, Mat. from his throne has hurled, "For the hand that rocks the crad Is the hand that rules the world,

In deep, mysterious conclave,

Unravelling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds;
Yet all his "ics" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
", for the hand that rocks the cradie
Is the hand that rues the world." Behold the brave commander, Staunch 'mid the carnage stand,

Behold the guidon dying
With the colors in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfur ed, Is the hand that rules the world.

Great statesmen govern nations,

Kings moud a people's fate, But the unseen hand of velvet There giauts regulate. The fron arm of fortune With woman's charm is purled, For the hand that rocks the cradle lathe hand that rules the world."

PLIES.

One Man's Theory and Experience.

What pests they are, to be sure! yet says Dr. C. E Page, the remedy is a very simple one. Flies are scavengers, and only enter—at least take up their abode in—dwellings from which the sunlight and air are wholly or largely barred out. Even screens are objectionable, for it is impossible for air to enter as freely as through a wide open window; besides, the creatures will get in by hook or crook, and when they have endured the stuffy indoor air as long as they can with due regard for their health (i) and eigh for the pure atmosphere withcut, they are kept in by the screens, to which they cling and do their best to obtain fresh air by breathing with their noses through the meshes, while the human inmates, starving and poisoning, growing weak and predisposed to sickness, are conthe devital zed air their only respiratory food, like drink m a stagnant pool. The that sunlight and fresh siz, if allowed the freest entrance to any home, will shortly leave nothing for the flies to do, and these little friends will simply make occasional excursions, singly or in pairs, to inspect the premises, not resting even to disfigure the paint; while the main body of the army will make their too often pneucoess'ul fight against diphtheratic virus in the homes, whose indwellers restrict themselves to quarter rations of oxygen. and prefer darkness rather than light. Sufferers from headache, sleepiness, lassitude, or other of the " ordinary slight ail-(that, however, so often develop into serious and even fatal sicknesses) may be certain that their troubles arise largely if not chiefly, from the wrong conditions indicated in the foregoing. Toe writer happens to know of a few, a very few inhabited dwellings, where visitors remark upon the almost entire absence of flies, and arpear perplexed to account for it, seeing no means for their explusion. In these homes the ever wide open windows are never blinded, the shades are run up out of sight and never a screen detains the fly police when they have concluded their round of inspection.

When a man stops at a railway station with three minutes for refreshments, and is banded out a scalding hot cup of or fise, it is dangerous to ask him: "Is this hot

London is going to celebrate the 1 000th anniversary of the restoration of the city by Alfred, King of the West Sixons, in 886, after it had been destroyed by the Danes and other barbarians in 839 A D. ducad.

JEAN.

Sweet and dainty as the wise-eyed daisies pinned against her breast; slender and graceful as the tall nodding grasses that brush against her skirts; sweet and fair and lovely as the June morning itself

-that is Jean. Big, solemn, blue eyes like a bit of the summer sky above her sunny head; a curved, tender mouth, where dimples lurk and lovely little smiles creep in and out; tof muslin draperies and a gipsy hat set above the blushes and the dimples—that is Jean. And the sweet summer morning seems sweeter for her presence and the fi ld flowers nod in friendly way and the small brown birds along the path sing little confidential songs to her whom they both

know and love. The country road is grass-grown and deserted. It is a "chort out" to the village b youd the hill, to which a broad, white tirn-pike sweeps and leaves the shorter road so quiet and repose; the grass is soft boross it and the ground sparrow has her

nest in the waggon tracks.

The grass is studded with daisies, white and yellow, and sweet williams blossom gayly among the purple thistles. Bayona, in the fields, the corn waves, a dark, green shimmering sea, over the clope and out of sight. A clear green sea, broken only now and then by a stately mullein stalk which rears its yellow head above the shining corn and seems to look, with an air of

negenation, over the broad fields. In the shadow of the fence the dew is not yet dried, and glistens bravely as stray sunbeams find their way to it. The birds sing their merriest, the sun shines its brightest and through it all walks Jean

with downcast, happy eyes. "While you are away, you will not for-get-you know what?" her companion Bave holding closer her warm right hand.

"You will not forget, Jean?" 'As if I could, you foolish boy," she says with a happy laugh. "But you may

Yes, when I forget to live," he says. "O., Jean! what would the world be to me without you?" lovely world still," she says,

but he shakes his head and they walk on in They walk on, down the hill and through

the village streets and up the rickety plat-form where, once a day, a roaring express train stops and brings, for a moment, some of the city's smoke and din to the quiet country.

The station master, in flapping straw

hat and patched corduroy trousers, lounges on a truck in the morning sunshine. A good natured old couple his close together in startled anticipation of departure, and a blase young fellow, whose satchel hangs hy a strap from his shoulder, smothers a yawn and opens his dull eyes further to take in more of Jean's fresh loveliness, as

she comes forward.
"It is the last time, Jean," her lover whispered. "You will never go away from me again. Think of it, my sweetheart! The very last 'good-bye' that we

need ever say."
The sweet, red blushes chase each other over her rose leat face and soft white neck, which the linen collar guards so

The very last," she repeats softly. "Let me pin this daisy on your coat, Don. Now! You will think of me when it is withered and you throw it away. And I will keep there in my hand until they fade and think of you every minute and know that you are thinking of me." And so they talk and laugh, and his fond eves watch her flower-like face that smiles and blu-hes under his tender gazs.

And, at the last, he holds tight her

rlim, soft hands, as if he would never let them yo, and says: "I can hardly let you go, but it is the last time, dear. Our last good by; are you not glad?"

"Good-by," she whispers. "For just a little time. I shall keep the flowers,

His lips touch Lers, and the train speeds away He catches a last glimpse of the fair, flushed face, a last smile and a last wave of her haud; then the gipsy hat has vanished and fair-haired little Jean has

It is strangely dark and dreary as he walks away. He walks slowly back the way they came, but the sun is hot and glaring; the dew has dried away; the birds sing harshly and the color and the beauty have faded from the flowers. It is a very dull and prossic world, much unlike listle while ago.

Noise, confusion and excitement. Ories, sobts and eager questions.
"How did it happen?" "Who was to lame?" "A broken rail?" "An open

blame?" switch?'

A crowd of swaying, jostling and sorrowful people.
Elbowing his way through them comes a

white-faced man, with a drooping daisy in his buttonhole. He strides straight to the door of the waiting room from which come moans and sobs; thrusts aside the official who would bar his way and who shrinks back from his drawn, desperate A soiled white dress, a crushed gipsy hat

and a white, upturned face. He takes her in his arms and, with no word, bears her out from the noise and crowd. People make way for him and turn their eyes away, and eyes are dim and lips quiver.

Out of the crowd he goes and lays her gently down on the grass.

There is blood on her white forehead, he wipes it tenderly away and smoothes back

the fair, tangled bair. Her limp hands still hold the flowers that have hardly withered. He kisses her small, cold bands, ber still white line and calls her by the old, fond.

bender names—and there is no reply.

Holding fast her flowers, with the happy emile the still lingers on her lips Jean has gone swiftly—terribly—out of all possible harm and misery. Her head is heavy on his arm, and to his passionate ories there is no answer, and he buries his gray. baggard face in the cool grass and holds

last her dear hand. "The last good bye that we need ever say," he moans. "Oh, Jean, my darling, it was. But take me with you-come for

Bat her lips do not answer or move. though he watches them and warms them with his breach. Then he folds her bands apou her breast and clasps her fingers about the faded daisies and bows his bead, while the shadow, that never will be lifted, comes lown and takes him into its embrace.

Why He Dropped His Bister.

In the club window : " Pretty girl that."

" Yaas. "She looked at you as if she knew you." Yaas.

" Does sha ?" "Well, the fact is, me boy, she's my sistaw. But she mawied a fellaw that wuns a staw, aw something of that sawt, and they live in a bawding house, so I cawa't affawd to wecoguize haw in public. But I always send haw my cawd at New

Yeah's. Paw giwl! She has been foolish

wathaw than cwimin al, don't chew know.' -Town Topics There is a breach of promise in prospect to ourage and skill in hunting in which they for the Middlesex Fall Ass z.s. Some use poisoned arrows. They lead a nomadic ntensely affectionate letters may be pro-In one of these was enclosed a duoed. look of hair with a few veries imploring that a kiss may be sent in return, and on paper would be better than no kies at all. This is a point This is a point of some scientific interest, and, no doubt, will engage the best attention of the court. It is said the defence will demand that the kiss be pro-

DISENCHANTED.

"And there's nobody here to meet me after all !" said Felix Courtenay, pulling dis-contentedly at his silky brand. Presently, however, the noise of wheels was beard, and what Mr. Courtenay thought a curious little turn out drove up. In 10 there sat a girl wrapped in a gray cloak, with a scarlet ribboned hat tied securely under her

"Oh, there you are," she oried, and without a word he got up by her side. By the waning twitight Mr. Courtenav ould see that his fair charloteer was rosy country girl, with large, long-lashed eyes, masses of black wavy hair, and a

eyes, masses of fined wavy hair, and a dimple in her chin.

"Are th y expecting me at the farm?"

"Ou, yes," said Losty Blessom, for that was her name, carefully guiding her donkey past the beeding edge of a prec pice, "your room is quite ready, though. We whitewashed it yesterday morning, and Barbara will have the carpet down today."

" Barbara!" 'She is my sister, and the prettiest in the family. She is almost engaged to an elegant Londoner, and the strangest part of it is that she don't care for the man a bit."

"Not a bit," repeated Lotty. "Barbara save her city beau is old and wrinkled and has gray bair in his moustsche."

"Dreadfui!" remarked Mr. Courtenay, rather chagrined. 'Isn't it!" chimed in Lotty. "Though, of course, as she says, the older he is the sonner he will leave her a rich widow." Don't you think," she added, suddenly, that the kitten would be quieter if you

were to take the basket in your lap? And then she began to chat about other things-the distant glow of the iron foundry against the sky, the song of a far distant ouckeo in the glen, the name of the buge picture que crage which stood like sentinels

along the road.
"I suppose," she said, presently, "the children are coming up to the next train?"
"What children?" said Mr. Courtensy, with a start.

Wby, yours; the four little ones," said Lotty 'I think," said Mr. Courtensy, after a few minutes' puzzled meditation, "that you are under a false impression. You are nerhans taking me for-

"Aren't you Mr. Rodney Ralston, mammale cousin, from York-hire?" she saked turning abruptly toward him. "Not at all," said our hero. "My name

s Courten ay - Folix Courtenay." Lotey gave a little shrick and nearly dropped the reins.
"Then," she oried, "you are Barbara's

lover?' "Unfortunately, yes," he answered, with something of bitterness in his tone. "Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say

"Oh!" cried Lotty, checking her steed within eight of the cheery lights of the farmhouse. "What have I done! It'e just as mamma and Barbara are always telling me-my horrid, bateful tongue has run away with me! I thought you were our cousin, and that you would like to know all the news of the family, and now-and

"Stop. my child." said Mr. Courtensy, sincerely touched by her gounine and evident grist. "There is no occasion for all this trouble. We will keep our own scoret, von and I. I am not engaged to Barbara, and probably never shall be. But you and I shall always-mind always-be friends."

The two went into the house together.
The his sitting-room was empty, but the fair Barbara screamed from au adjoining apartment: Lotty! Lotty! Turn Nad's head

around, quick! Drive to the station as fast as ever you can. That tiresome old Courtenay has telegraphed that he will be up by the 5 o'clock train, and not a sou "Hush! Barbara," said Lotty, with

composure that astonished herself. "He has come already. He is here."

Barbara hurried in, forgetful of her curl aper and general deshabille.
"Oa, Mr. Courtenay, what a very, very

delightful surprise this is!"
"Yes," he said, carelessly, "I was going on up to Sky Top mountain and thought I woold stop here on the way. I hope you are pretty well?"

was gone the next morning, almost before daylight, thanking Providence for his lucky escape. Miss Barbara Blossom never knew why the fairy land that he passed through a his admiration had grown so suddenly cold

And little Latty kept her own counsel. "But I never, never will charter so folishly to a stranger again," she inwardly vowed.

And a few years afterward, when she became Felix Courtenay's wife, she became more reserved about herself and her hus band than ever.

We've Got 'Em on the List,

Every newspaper knows the man who is always ready to smuggle an ad. into the newspapers unfer the guise of local news He is naturally a mean, unprogressive citizen. He is never willing to advertise, and therefore cannot possibly know anything about the value of advertising. Yet he is the very man who so readily volunteers the information that adverti ing don't pay. He hasn't sense enough to see, or if he sees, he hasn't honesty enough to acknowledge, that the most successful men are they who advertise the most—yet be does acknowledge it in a mean and underbauded manner by everlastingly laying for the reporter with a well in sheep's clothing, in the shape of a "puff 'dressed out as a losal. He is numerous and he is everywhere. His business is of the slow order. All his methods are old, placed ont. autiquated. His shop is dusty, and nobody more than five miles away ever goes to his commercial deadhouse to buy anything. He is a nuisance in the community, and is always opposed to local reforms and progress. Every town has him, and his only good is of the negative order, it consisting in the fact that his dusty windows, his stagnant style of business, and his general backwardness give out a ghastly warning to young men of the practical results of the foolish motto: "Don't advertise." Although this kind of man, aft oted with dry rot, is with us, it is doubtful whe her our grandchildren will know him. L ke the noble red man, like all things whose vary existence is a protest against the progress of this age, he "must go." Meanwhile the man who advertises akes in ducats, which is eminently in accordance with the law of natural fitness, merely another proof of the theory of "the survival of the fittest."—Summerside Journal.

African Dwaris. Several African travellers having reported the existence of a race of dwarfs in the northern part of the Kalahari Dassert, near Lake Ngami, Mr. G. M. Farini under sook a journey to Africa for the purpose of verifying these statements. The expedition was attended with considerable difficulty and danger, but Mr. Fari i was successful in attaining his object, and has returned, beinging with him six appoints of the "Akkas," as the race is called, who are now being exhibited in Berlin. The tallest of these African dwarfs is 4 feet 6 inches but they are well formed, active and intelligent. The Akkas display great courage and skill in hunting in which they tife, and at night dig a hole in the ground, throw up the sand round the sides of it and thus receive all the protection required. The Akkas have no marriage ceremony and not live in tribes. They are bronz s-colored, and their language is composed of inarticulate sounds and combinations of sounds. aided with many gestures.

A GERATION OF DETY.

Stories Interesting to Returning Ameri-

can Tourists. (Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.)

It has been said that a man will travel all over the world and retain a pretty good opinion of him-elf, but the moment he arrives in New York he is taught how insignificant a person he is when the customs officers get their work in on him. Od tom-house in the world to pass is the one in New York. Personally I must say I never found is so. I have falled into the hands of very gentlemanly officers who put me to as little trouble as possible, made a tolerably thorough overhauling of my goods and chattels, and then chalked the trunks. I never paid a cent in bribes at any ou-tom-house I ever passed. English people are generally very bitter against the New York custom-house. A London lady told me that the officer who attended to her tranka said, as he bent over the open a-sortment of miliuery, etc.: "If you will let me know at what hotel you are stopping, and if it is worth \$10 for you to have your trunks passed through without its favor. The practice was inaugurated at examination. I will call this afternoon. She gave him her address, he called and

got \$10 A Manchester man who somes to America every year with carpet samples told me that be always gave the officer at New York \$10 and that his trunks and samples passed through all right. In rendering his account to the firm that em ployed him they objected to this item. He said the item had been allowed for years. Soill the senior partner objected. objected on high moral grounds. It was bribery and they couldn't countenance The traveller said that it saved him that. a great deal of time and trouble. paid it, but gave their traveller to understand that no more items of that sort would be approved. Next trip the traveller teld the customs man that there would be no more bribery and corruption. officer had the goods appraised and the carpet man had to pay \$75 duty on his samples. When that item was presented the home firm the senior frowned, rubbed his nose a bit and said Well, perhaps it is better to pay the man the \$10; it seems to be the custom of that

wretched country."

Women seem always flustered at the thought of passing a custom house. I guess most of them have reason to be. It is claimed that no woman ever passes a cus-This is a tom house without smuggling. libel on the ladies. On the top of the cupolaed custom house at Vanice there is a woman who seems to be hurrying along over the dome. I think every one will admit that that woman is smuggling nothing. I am only too pleased to be able to give this instance of a woman who is continually passing the custom house and yet amuggles no article of clothing, old or new.

The last time I passed the oustom house in New York there was an Eogitch woman who seemed in great terror of the custom officials. Sue declared she had nothing dutiable that she knew of. I assured her that in that case she had nothing to fear The efficer made a very thorough examina tion of her belongings, and fished out some boxes of gloves and a few knick knacks that he said he would have to charge duty on, and, after ascertaining the price, told her what the amount would be. She paid it with a trembling hand, and when he had chalked the trunks she slipped some thing into his palm. He thanked her and slipped it into his pocket.

I felt that the bonor of my country was at stake. I said to her: "Did you give that fellow any money?" "I gave him two pounds. Please do not

say anything about it. I am so glad that vorry is over." "But that is an outrage. He didn't favor you any. I never saw a more thorough

search of a trunk.'

"I was told it was the custom of the "It is no such thing. The fellow is a hound to take so much from you. I wouldn't mind it if he had favored you any, but he didn't. Make him disgorge. 'Now I agains you," said she earnestly. that I don't at all mind the money,

and only want to get out of this herrid Nevertheless I went up to my man and tapped him on the shoulder.
"I'd be much obliged to you," said I, "if

you would have the kindness to return that She gave me nothing.

"I saw her give it to you."

Did she say the gave me anything?" " Yes, she did."

'I don't believe it." " Come back, then,' We went to where the lady was sitting anxiously on her trunk. The officer spoke

"This man says that you said that I received money from you. I denied it. Was I right? "Cartainly, officer, it is all right and I am sure I am very much obliged to you,

inderd.' "Now are you satisfied?" he said to me "Yes," I answered, and I turned away. saw the lady was very much frightened being alone in a foreign country, and I did not want to give her further trouble. But resolved to bring my friend, the officer,

up with a short turn for his piece of 1mponition and intimidation.

When we were out of hearing of the lady I said: "I suppose you think this ends the matter. Now, my man, we will go together to your chief and if I don't get that £2 out of your clothes it will be because you have slipped them through the wharf; in either case the cash won't do you much

good." The officer smiled grimly and cynically. His hand was in his trousers pocket and he actually jingled the coins there as he looked me straight in the eye.

"I will take you to my chief with pleasure," he said. "I suppose you have really no idea what a darned fool you are making

of yourself. He slowly drew his hand from his pocket and showed me five golden sovereigns.
That is the amount the lady gave me. She ain't afraid of the Custom House just now, but she's frightened to death of you. Just look at her. She is about ready to faint and she is probably wishing you were at the bottom of New York Bay at this moment. That woman has over \$5 000 worth of new wellery at the bottom of her trunk. It is with me with her eyes and without open-ing her lips, but she's convinced she can't pound the state of affairs into your thick skult with a sledge hammer. Young man, you should travel a little and try to accumulate some sence and some knowledge of the world. Or else you should stick to a farm and keep away from New York. It's a wicked place, my sou."

"I guess you are about right," I answered. What do you drick?" "I never take anything, thank you. Take my advice and avoid the flowing bowl vourself.

"All right. Perhaps in time I may beme an honest and incorruptible citizan There's nothing like trying," he replied.

A remarkable accident occurred in New York city a few days since. A woman was walking along the east side of Six'h avenue, when suddenly she was seen to whirl up into the air to the beight of thirty feet or more, and fall, bruised and sense-less to the payament. The cause of this no religion of any kind. The largest and strange casualty was a telegraph wire, strongest of each family is the recognized which had been out and allowed to drop on chief, there being no head chief, as they do the sidewalk. A swift passing train struck the wire, twisted it about the woman's head and burled her into the air. Although seriously injured, the victic of this start. In order to add it to yours."-Philadelphia ling calamity may recover.

CURRENT TOPICS.

"THE late A. T. Stewart," says Harper's Weekly, " found it to his advantage to give to each head of a department of his busi-ness a percentage of the profits made in that department, in addition to a guaran teed salary. One year the head of the lace department earned \$27,000 and the head another department \$29,000, the percentage being I per cent. of the profits of the department.

It is on the bills that Lady Maud Ogilvie, daughter of the late Earl of Airlie, of London, Ergland, is soon to marry an American. Since the death of her father Lady Maud has spent the summers in Estes Park, Colorado, with her brother, who owns immense tracts of land in the West, purchased by the late Earl. The marriage is to take place in this country and the dowager Ludy Airlie will come from England to be present on the occasion. That picturesque rural rite, sheep wash an early day, and it is a relie of old times when the wool shorn from the small flocks in the Eastern States was largely used up at home. Then it was necessary to wash either before or after shearing, to prepare it for carding or spinning. Those days are past, and both the sheep and their owners ought to be glad of it.

London society has been dreadfully disturbed. It appears that the two youngsters, the Prince of Wales' boys, who sailed round the world and then wrote their precocious observations in "The Oruge of the Bac chante," have been found guilty of plagiar-izing from Charles Kingsley. Mr. Labou-chere tries to comfort the boys by telling them that other great men have been found guilty of similar wicked practices, among others their royal grandmother's great friend and adviser. Lord Beacon-field, who stole his oration on the Duke of Wellington from Thiers. EMPRESS ELIZABETH of Austria has been

Bavaria, almost wholly prostrated her The doctors have accordingly recommended her not to ride any more, and Her Majesty has decided to let her fine stud go to the hammer. The Empress was one of the most during horsewomen in Europe and took much more interest in her stables than in palace affairs. It was from her English scablemen that Her Majesty learned English, which she talks quite fluently. FRENCH statistics just published contain alarming information concerning the increase of crims among children of both sexes. The demoralization of the young idea has evidently reached a point in France which demands the serious attention of all intersested in the future welfare of the country. The number of offenders

under 16 years of age has augmented from 2,235 to 5 579 for bys, and from 418 to 908 2,235 to 0 073 for boys, and from 315 to the for girls. From 16 to 21 years of age the number of criminals has increased from 5 936 to 20 489 for boys, and from 1 046 to 2 839 for with. The ratio of crime among offunders under age has therefore considerably more than doubled during the past ive years. The statistics register for the first time numerous cases of suicide committed by children. In a pamphlet recently published by Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, United States Navy, much information is given as to the

use of oil in quelling storm waves. The writer argues the philosophy of the subpot. The oil with its less specific gravity floating on the surface fo ms a fim, which the writer compares to "a thin rubber blanket over the water." Because of the viscosity of the oil the friction of the wind does not rupture this film, but while the speed of the undulation is increased its form is changed from the overwhelming storm wave into a heavy swell. This effect, Lieutenant Wyck ff claims, can always be obtained at sea if a suitable oil is used. He has examined one hundred and fifteen reports of the use of oil in marine storms and finds that all the trials were very successful except four. The greatest success is obtained with the heavier oils spread well to windward Mariners about to sail for the tropies at this season should go prepared to try the efficacy of oil in case they encounter hur-

It is certainly quite strange, says the London Ather sum, after all that has been written on the religion of Baddha, to flad, as one does, a considerable number of fairly well-informed persons who suppose that genuine Buddbism still exists in the plains of India. Perhaps this impression may be partly due to the continued existence. everal widely separated regions, of the Jains, who certainly to any observer bear. in their strict maintenance of monastic usage, far more resemblance to the four ders of Buddhism than the degenerate Buddhists of Nepal or some of the countries beyond. The contrast in the fortunes of the two religions is one of the strangest in history. Both trace their origin to the same region of India, and both have in some periods of their career counted adherents in all the parts of the country inhabited by the Aryans; and yet the one, perishing utterly in its birthplace and leaving there not so much as a popular tradition, has now overapread the further East so as to he n some sense the greatest religion of the world, while the other, arising from conditions similar, if not identical, remains in India to the present day much as it has ever been, not wholly obscure nor destitute of unfluential members, but, as a system, wholly apart from the main currents of the

THE statistics of the world's production of sugar show that there is a steady and large annual increase. The amount of cape sugar produced in the season of 1885 6 was 2,905 000 tons, an increase of 733 (0) tons over that of 1884 5, and 1 078 583 some over that of 1875 6. Cuba led the list with 600, 000 tons this season, which was a falling off of 27,000 tons from the year before and 61 058 cons less than in 1875 6 Tuere was also a decrease in the product of Java, the next greatest source of surply, of 60,000 tous from the yield of 1884 5. But in the production of almost all other cane-growing countries there has been, as shown by true I made a good search and charged her the totals, a marked advance. The yield for a few things. She made her bargain of beel root sugar (2014 000 tons this with me with her eyes and without open last annual report, but comparison with the statistics of 1875 6 shows a growth of 702 689 tons in ten years. These reports do not recognize glucose and grape sugar. or sorghum sugar, or maple sugar, and are evidently made up from the basis of commercial statistics concerning the sugar that has entered the market. Beyond this there are vast quantities of cane sugar produced for domestic use in all tropical countries and consumed by the producer and their immediate neighbors, which do not enter into the computation. The most notable increase in any country is the beet root sugar yield of Russia, which has rown from 222 000 tous in the season and 386 000 tons in 1881 5 up to 525 000 tons in 1885 6

> He Was Enti-cly Too Argumentative. " Say, Groug, I've had my salary raised."

"Stockton, now did you manage it?"
"By argument. He was giving you \$30 a wask and myself but \$20 I convinced him of the injustice, and be's going to pay me \$5 more. That was liberal, wasn't it?

It equalizes things you see."

Yes, Spokton, and that's precisely what I object to. I wish you had been less argumentative. He took \$5 a week off my salary

LAWN TENNIS.

The Modern Reverite Amusement a Descendant of the Old French " Fives," Football never broame naturalized in France, but various other games flou ished there. The most important of these was ur questionably the jeu de paume - the parent game of fives, rackets and tennis. The backward and forward by players ranged in two opposing lines. Later padded in two opposing lines. gloves were introluo d, and later still the racquet. In 1424 a girl named Margot ex-delted all men players of the game. Shwore no gloves, and struck the ball indif-ferently with the palm and back of her hand. The name " fives" seems to point to a development jeu de paume in which there were five players a side; and it is on record that a match of this description was played at Elvetbam by the Marquess of Hertford's servants for the edification of bγ servants for the edification of Queen E izabeth, who, as in duty bound, xpressed herself vastly delighted with the performance. But long before the days of Queen Bess tennis proper had burst into and father were both great exponents of the game, and it is to be noted with sorrow that the former pursued the repreheu sible practice of having "something on the game." There may still be seen a paper of accounts with the entry, "Item, for the King's loss at tennis, twelve pence; for the loss of balls, three pence." The memory of Henry Vill's great game is still green in the annals of tennis. He played with the Emperor Maximilian against the Prince of Ocabge and the Margrave of Branden-burg; and eleven games were played, and then the parties agreed to leave (ff and consider the contest as undecided; though on what ground this last step was taken is not very obvious to the modern, a not very obvious to who has a tendency to believe that one side must have the advantage after an uneven number of games. The direct descendant of tennis in the game known as lawn tennis. Though of comparatively recent origin, its authorship not less obscure than that of Junius letters; and the warfare already waged in in failing health for some time past and the pamphlets on the subject is probably but shock she suffered on hearing of the tragi-cal end of her cousin, the late King of foretaste of the d spute that will be raised in a few hundred years hence, when there will have been time for several more inventors to have claimed the credit of adaptng tennis to the open air. Tennis proper fortunately still survives, though not with the same vigor which characterizes the equally ancient king of ball games—cricket Filt, hookey and even trapball yet flourish in their two places; but bandyball, stool-ball, ringball, clubball and pall mall are merely names to the present generation;

> statutes, have left off playing the game on the steps of the schools. Brother Gardner's Short Sermons. It am easier to govern a State dan to

and croquet—the offspring of pall mail-

bles sull afford amusement, though not,

perhaps, in the same pirotes of society as in

the fifteenth century; and the under-

graduates of Oxford, in obedience to the

seems tottering into an early grave.

opes a Sunday skule picnic. I) man who gives you thirteen cents fur abil in' will borry yer tea an' coffy an' pay nuffin back. A photograph doan show de deviltry in a man's eye nor de pimples on a woman's

Damo' good clothes you kin heap on yer beck de less your bad grammar will be commented on. Di public nebber stop to queshun de troof of a scandal, and de man who climbs

above us am nebber quite forgiven. De aim of de philauthropist am not to preserve de good eggs, but to work de bad on:s over an' pa'm 'em off again. De room which a man takes upon de

sidewalk am no criterion to judge of de

You can't h'ar de jingle of gold pieces baif as fur as you kin h'ar de rattle of tin pans. De man who announced his own honesty sometimes gits into Canada wid de boodle.

amount of brains in his head.

an' sometimes he am caught in 1) stroit or Buffalo. Let two life long from begin a discussion as to the color of Adam's hair or de size of Noah's head, an' de chances fur a row am fust class. What men doan' know am what

they refuse to let go of. Sift down de talk of the world's greatest men, an' when you cum to extract de bigotry, egotism, prejudice an' self-interest, you will have to look far de quotient wid a spv-glass. Luv am a beautiful sentiment, an' de

game of three-keerd monte am a swindle, but fifty people are downed by luv for ebery one swindled by the keerds. Industry am a rack in which dar am

always a peg to ang up one mo' workin'. When you come to let de gas out of a baloon you am surprised an' disgusted at de shrinkage.

One half the great men expect deir speeches to be read by posterity an' der

lebts to be paid by deir onil'en. - Detroit

Modern Proverbs

From the writings of the Rev. William Scott Dawney.) When hunger pinches poverty braves the

It is better to be innocent than to be oanitent. It is better to live and die a mouse among mice than a fox in a p lace. Mules and jackasses are as ant to kick at

aints as they are to kick at sinners. Works of art, however grand, sink into neignificance when compared with woman, bat wonder of creation. He who lays a claim to true piety ought

to be vigilant, because the higher the pinacls the more fatal will be the fall. As the odor of the rose cublives its eauty, even so with a virtuous couple, do hatender feelings of youth outlive the decay of years.

A Wise Conclusion. O e summer evening after Harry and his

little sister Helen had been put to bed, a evere thunderstorm came up.

Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. Taey told each other their fears. They trembled afresh at each neal.

But tired nature could not hold out as ong as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow Well, I'm geing to trust in God.'

ug it over, and then faid her own little head down, saying: "Well, I dess I will too 1 And they both went to sleep without more words .- Youth's Companion

Little Helen sat a minute longer think

Look Here-

Dayou feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at naive and ou cle, and have you been disappointed in finding a r mady that will afford carte n and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug stora and buy a sample nortle of Polson's Nerviline, Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neural ia, cramps, heada he, rosumati m, and all internal o: Marrichurg, writes: "All the namtics I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a tegind lot.'
Polson's Nerviline is sold in sample bookes
at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try a ten cent bottle.

A swarm of Dakota grasshoppers stopped twenty minutes for refreshments and ate up a filty acre field near Fargo.

THE PARIOUS BLUE LAWS

Whence They Gained Their Name and

Their Extraordinary Harshness These laws were coacted by the people the "D minion of Now Haven,"

became known as the blue laws they were printed on blue paper. They are as follows: "The Governor and magistrates con-

voned in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

"No one shall be a freeman or have a

vote unless he is converted and a membe of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

"Each freeman shall swear by the lessed God to bear true allegiance to this domittion, and that Jesus is the only King. "No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or

any officer. " N : food or lodging shall be offered to a

heretic. "No one shall cross a river on the Sab bath but authorized clergymen. " No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, out hair or shave on

the Sabbath day.
"No one shan siss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days.
"The Sabbath Day shall begin at sunset Saturday.
"Whosever wears clothes trimmed with

gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand juiors, and the select men shall tax the state £300 "Wacever brings cards or dice into the

dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

'No one shall eat minee pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp.
"No gospel minister shall join people in

marriage. The magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less sound I to Christ's Church. " When people refuse their children con venient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

" A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10 "A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs. "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 panalty for the first effence, ten for the second, and for the third imprisor ment during the pleasure of

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. TH MAS, sproiled last year 180 sindents. Its courses are thorough and practical, its faculty composed of graduates and certificated teachers and its record unsurpassed. Rates low. For 60 pp. announcement, address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN B. D.

Palmer Stevens, of Canasn, Conn., who died recently, aged 93 years, was one of a family of ten, of whom all but one lived to be 70 and four were over 90 when they died.

Only Thirty-six Per Cent.

of those who die from consumption inherit the disease. In all other cares it must either be contracted through carelessness r, according to the new theory of tuberbular parasites, received directly from others as an infectious disease. But in either case, Dr. Pierce's "Gilden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for the diseases in its early stages. It is delay that is dangerous. If you are troubled with shortness of breath, spitting of blood, night sweats or a lingering cough, do not hesitate to procure this sovereign remedy at once.

A large cave has recently been discovered in the Oregon range, forty miles north of El Paso, which in 121 and in the beauty of its stalactites and stalagmites bids fair to rival the Mammoth Cave.

The Spiender of Bress

and the artificial effects of cosmetics, no matter how deftly applied, can never make beautiful or attractive one who is subject to emaciation, nervous debility, or any form of female weakness. These must reached by inward applications, and not by outward attempts at concealment, and the ladies may take hope from the fact that thousands of their sisters have made them-selves more radiant and beautiful by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription

than they could ever hope to do by the aid of the appliances of the toilet.

Teacher-" What would in all probability have been the result if Julius Car ar had not been assassinated ' Pupil-" He would probably have died

The cleansing, autiscpite and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are nacqualled.

subsequently.



Alma Ladies' College ST. THOMAS, ONT.,

Literary Work, Music, Fine Arts and Commercial Science. Largely patronized by all the denominations Attendance last year, 180.

RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th.

PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, D.D. CURE F

For 60 pp. Approuncement, address,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St.. Toronto.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE HAMILTON, CANADA.

The First of the Ludies' Colleges. Has graduated over 2.0 ladies in the full course. Has educated over 2.00. Full faculties in Litera described building in the Province Will open on Sept., 1st 1886 Address the vincipal A. Battan, D. D., L. L. D.

