A Friend in Need.

- Gin ye find a heart that's weary, And that needs a brither's han', Dinna thou turn from it, dearie, Thou maun help thy fellow-man. Thou, too, hast a hidden heartache, Sacred from all mortal ken, And because in thine own grief's sake Thou mayn feel for ither
- Gin there's one 'gainst whom unkindly Scorn has bent her bitter blows, Dinna thou join in an' blindly Lend thy doubts to swell his woos. Thou may'st feel the lash o' slander, Know the stings o' falsehood too, Dinna stop to wait and wonder If the thing be false or true.
- Give thy hand while hands are needed
- Give thy trust while trust is scant,
 The sma gifts are doubly heeded
 When they come in time o' want.
 Pity's blind and faith is blinder,
 Hand in hand the brithers go;
 Hope is kind, but love is kinder,
 Dearie, thou wilt find it so.
- Thou wilt find some errors ever, Stead a gird may reap but ill; Wisdom errs, but pity never, Trust misplaced is trusting still. Though thy faith be torn in sunder, Though thy fatth be torn in summer, Wisdom pity's power divide, Heaven will sure forgive thy blunder, Since it leans to virtue's side.
- In this worl' o' seesaw, dearie, Grief goes up and joy comes dow Brows that catch the sunshine che
- May to-morrow wear a frown.
 Bleak December, dull and dreary,
 Follows on the heels o' May,
 Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
 Thou mayst need a friend some day

SHIRLEY ROSS:

-Will Allen Dromgoole

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

- "How provoking you are, Guy!"
 "So you have already told me."
- "It will not lose by repetition. Do you know, or do you not know, Guy?" "Know what?" "Who—who the lady is whom Mr. Rose
- (know several ladies he likes."
- Madge stamped her little foot angrily and snatched away her hand from Guy
- "You are unbearable!" she said petulant ly: and Major Stuart hid a smile under his heavy mustache, but said nothing. There was a minute's silence; Madge came slowly back to Guy's side,
- and slipped her hand through his arm, looking up with a coaxing air of entreaty into his face. "Forgive me, Guy; I am a cross, rude
- 'Are you?" he said, smiling as he looked down at her.
 "Yes—and—Guy, dear old Guy, you will
- tell me, will you not?"
 "Tell you what, you little witch?" he
- said, smiling, although his eyes were dim at the recollection how often Shirley had come to his sideand slipped her hand through his arm in the same coaxing, entreating manner. "What I want to know, Guy dear; do
- tell me quickly. Mamma is coming."
 "What do you want to know?" "Ah, you know! Guy, don't be so un-
- "You want to know with whom Ross is in love. Would it not be a breach of con-
- fidence to tell you?"

 "I would tell nobody, Guy, I promise you."
 "You are quite, quite sure?"
- "Quite," said Madge earnestly.
 "But suppose I am not in his confi
- Madge half drew away her hand, then
- put it back again.

 "Ah, but he has surely told you!" "Now, Madgie, do you suppose for a moment or for a half a moment, that he came to me and told me in se many words,
- 'I am in love with So-and-so'?' Of course not; but you have guessed." "I did guess.
- "Ah, then tell me!" Suppose you guess, Madgie?" he ans wered, looking down into the fair pleading eger face with an indulgent smile "But I can not; I don't know her
- perhaps. 'Oh, yes, you do-vou have met her! "Where? Here, or at Cotsford?"
- "Here, and at Cotsford." Madge looked puzzled.
 "Nt Rosie Venn?"
- "N," Guy answered gravely.
 "Mss Grayling? No? Then who can it be? If Lady Fairholme had been here. or were not married, I should say it was
- "But she has not been here, and she married.' "I give it up, Guy," Madge said, color
- ing a little under his scrutiny.
 "Do you? Let me see; who can it be? It must be some one on the premises
- Madge. It is not Lady Oliphant, let us hope; and he has not seen this pretty school-mistress, and Mrs. Ford is rather old and plump—and—Madgie"—he had dropped his bantering tone now, and was looking at her with grave tenderness—"have you guessed? Yes, I see you have. Well, is it a very hopeless business, dear?' Madge was hanging her head to hide her blushes, and the little hand lying on Guy's arm was a trifle unsteady.
- "Is it, Madgie?"
 "Why should it be,Guy?" she whispered. Jack, poor fellow, thinks it is, because the girl whom he loves is a great heiress and he is comparatively a poor man. 'Does that make any difference, Guy?'
- It makes a vast difference in the eves of many people, dear; and Jack fears that the lady of his love will despise him for a fortune-hunter."
- 'Ah, no-ah, no!" Madge said eagerly. "How can be love her if he thinks so
- "I knew her better," Guy answered, smiling. "So his cause is not hopeless after all, and he need not go away! See—here are the carriages," he added as he went forward to meet Lady Oliphant; and
- Jack came to help Madge into the break, her blushing face lovelier than ever with the new sweetness it gained during the last few minutes. CHAPTER XLV.
- "I am bound on a very disagreeable errand," said Lady Oliphant, sighing as
- Major Stuart turned the ponies' heads down the road in rear of the break.
 "Indeed! I am sorry. What is it?" he asked, looking at her sympathetically.
 "You know Mrs. Grant, the school-mistress, whom Madge goes into such raptures over?" Lady Oliphant rejoined. "And ber myself," she added.

 "Yes; her name is familiar in my ears
- as household words," said Guy, smiling.
 "The child's enthusiasm on the subject was quite amusing."
- Yes; she took the greatest fancy to her, and conceived quite an affection for her"
 —and Lady Oliphant sighed. "And now —and Lady Oliphant sighed. "And now I fear the poor child will suffer for my imprudence in allowing her to associate with person who is evidently not a fit comnion for her."
- "How is that?" Major Stuart said, with some interest. "Have you discovered any-thing to Mrs. Grant's discredit?"
- "I am afraid we have. Indeed all the village is talking of her conduct, and our rector. Mr. Venn, who was at first as delighted with her as we could possibly be, called at the Hall yesterday about it."
- "Does she ill treat these children?" Guy asked somewhat absently—he was apparently, more interested in the behavior of the two young people in the break before him than in Mrs. Grant's.
- Oh, no, she is most kind and patient and indeed I was quite charmed with the
- way they are getting on!"

 "Then what has she been doing?" "All kinds of things, to judge from the village gossip. Mr. Litton, Dr. Lloyd's assistant, is constantly at her cottage, by day and night—professionally, he says; but

- a woman who is well enough to continue per duties as school-mistress can not need so much medical advice.
- "And she has no relative living with her who could need his service?" "No; she lives quite alone, and at Christmas she dismissed her screant, saying she preferred to live so. Indeed, it is only within the last few weeks that these rumo

have been flying about.'

- "But Mr. Litton is an unmarried man." suggested Major Stuart, with a smile, Mrs. Grant is a very pretty woman, I hear; so that I am afraid it must be a case of what Artemus Ward would call 'affinity.' It would not be such a very wonderful thing for them to fall in love with each other, Lady Oliphant."
 "Not at all," she agreed promptly. "But
- Mr. Litton was almost engaged to Rosie Venn before this scandal; and the rector has sent Rosie away on a visit, the poor child was grieving so much about it." "But why does not some one take Mr. Litton to task?" said Major Stuart. his intentions are honorable, he will not
- hesitate to say so, and if it is only, a flirtation, he ought to be told that he is seriously compromising a solitary woman's reputation, and that he ought to desist."
- "But Mr. Litton's visits are not the only thing we have to complain of ," continued Lady Oliphant, who would have been glad to arouse her own anger against the schoolmistress before reaching her cottage, in order to be able to speak to her with firmness and decision, although she knew that one glance of Shirley's hazel eyes would up set all her proposed speeches and make her compassionate toward her poor erring sister. "So many other strange things have
- been said about Mrs. Grant. Guv. She has peen seen—my husband himself saw her coming out of a public-house on two occasions, and they say other, even things of her in the village."
- "And Madge has been intimate with such a person?" said Guy, with involuntary displeasure.
- "I am grieved to say so," answered Lady Oliphant, sighing. "She used to go to her constantly, and Mrs. Grant gave her musiclessons, and we thought—Sir Frederic and I—that the child was greatly improved since she saw so much of Mrs. Grant, who is a perfectly well-mannered woman, extremely graceful, and, I should think, a lady by birth."
- "But you had references with her surely?" "No," Lady Oliphant said simply. "I am almost ashamed to own it; but we had none. We took her on trust. I will tell you all about it," she added, as they drove on. "It is rather a romantic little story."

 And as they drove slowly up the hill, she told him, in as few words as she could, how they had succored the poor young widow who had lain down by the road-side to
- die; and Guy listened with an interest and attention which pleased her ladyship. "And this is how long ago, Lady Oliphant?" he said, in a quick, eager voice.
 "Just as you went abroad. Don't you emember driving with us to the lodge?"
 "Yes, I remember," Guy said slowly, his face full of grave thoughtfulness and with an eager look in his eyes, which showed that he was searching back into the past; but the momentary eagerness had left his eyes when he spoke again, and
- it seemed as if some glimmer of hope which had brightened them had died away.
 "Would you describe Mrs. Grant to me?"
- he said quietly.
 "I would take you in to see her only am going on such a disagreeable errand," she answered smiling. "Ah, if you saw her, you would not be surprised at Mr. Litton's infatuation! She is very lovely no words can be too warm in praise of her beauty, and whatever Madge has told you on the subject can hardly have been exaggerated.
- "Madge has contented herself by telling me that she is the most beautiful person in the world," Guy said laughingly. "But that descripition is not very graphic. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"
- "Neither, for she has chestnut hair, the sweetest eyes with jet black brows and lashes, and a fair complexion. She has a perfect figure, and moves most gracefully." "And—and her voice. Is it such as Shakspeare would call an excellent thing in woman?" Guy said, trying to disguise his anxiety under an appearance of careless
- "It is such a pretty voice," she answered too much absorbed in her own thoughts to heed the eagerness in his manner, "very ow and s
- sometimes. Ah, the cottage is in sight!
 And there is Mr. Litton's horse waiting."
 Sir Frederic, from the box-seat of the
 break, glanced back at his wife as his eyes fell upon the big bay horse fastened to the school-house railings; but at the same moment Mr. Litton came out of the cottage, closed the door after him with the air of an habitue, swung himself into the saddle and rode down the hill toward them.
- "Oh, papa, there is Mr. Litton! Please stop. I want to inquire after mrs. He has been to the cottage, and she must be ill," cried Madge eagerly; and Sir Frederic pulled up his horse, and Guy ollowed suit.
- Mr. Litton rode up, looking graver and paler than his wont, lifting his hat to Lady Ölinhant. "You have been to the school-house," said Madge eagerly. "Mrs. Grant is not
- ill, I hope? 'She is not very well." he answered. smiling at her; "but there is no need for anxiety, Miss Oliphant."
- "May I go in and see her?" Madge asked, when her father interposed. "As your mother is going to see her this morning, it will be better for you to put off your visit, Madge. It is not infectious, doc
- What is not infectious?" asked Mr. Litton, looking up in surprise; but Sir Frederic's face was impassive.
- "Mrs. Grant's illness," he answe "Infectious, Mrs. Grant's illness?" the young man answered looking bewildered
- then suddenly recollecting himself, he added quickly, "Oh, dear, no, certainly added quickly, "Oh, dear, no, certainly not! She is a little overtired, I thinkthat is all." "Then she ought not to be troubled with
- visitors," said Sir Frederic. "We won't detain you, Mr. Litton. I suppose you are busy just now?' "Pretty well, Sir Frederic," the young surgeon replied, as he lifted his hat once
- more and rode away. Guy Stuart looked after him keenly. Young, handsome, after him keenly. Young, handsome, graceful, it was no wonder that he should attract a woman's love; but, if— Guy's train of thoughts was suddenly cut short by Sir Frederic drawing up again
- at the school-house to say a few words to his wife; and then the break drove on, the girl's pretty blue eyes looking wistfully at the cottage windows.

 "There must be some good in her to
- have won such a love as that," Guy thought, as he helped Lady Oliphant to alight; and, while she knocked at the cottage door, he looked eagerly to see who would open it.

 But she knocked twice without receiving
- any answer: and then, trying the latch and finding it unfastened, she entered the cottage.
 "I will not keep you long, Guy," she said, with a smile; and, entering the little
- passage as she spoke, she met the school-mistress coming down-stairs with a cup and saucer in her hand. Had she heen one sooner Guy Stuart's curiosity would have been satisfied: but in that noment Lady Oliphant shut the door, and so prevented his seeing the woman whose
- description had so greatly interested him.
 "Lady Oliphant!" Mrs. Grant exclaimed her hands trembling so much the cup and saucer rattled against each other, and she
- could barely retain her grasp of them.
 "Yes. I am rather an early visitor; but

- I want to say a few words to you, Mrs.
- In perfect silence the school-mistres s ceded Lady Oliphant into the little sit ting-room. There was no fire, and the chill and comfortless aspect of the room struck her ladyship with a sense of forlorn lation, which pained her; while the figure of the woman who stood facing her with great sad eyes, which had an expressic n of university misery in their depths, see med in keeping with the room. She was dres sed, as usual, in black; but her attire had not the dainty freshness and neatness which generally characterized it: the beautiful chestnut hair was in disorder, and
- wore a large apron as if she had been en gaged in housework.

 M Lady Oliphant did not sit down; and Shirley stood facing her with an air of deprecating sadness and humility which her ladyship could not help regarding as a tacit confession of guilt; but there was something about the slim black-robed figure, with its pale lovely face and pathetic eyes, which touched Madge's mother against her better judgment, and made her task a more difficult one than it had appeared
- even in anticipation.
 "Mrs. Grant," she said—and, despite all her efforts to render it stern, her pleasant voice trembled slightly—"what I have to say to you this morning is very painful to me—so painful, indeed, that I can not think that it will hurt you more to hear than it pains me to say it; but I am forced
- Mrs. Grant made no answer: but into the great sad eyes came a look of intense dread and shrinking terror, and the color faded from the sweet lips, leaving them ashly pale.
- "Will you not sit down?" Lady Oliphan said suddenly. "You do not look well. I fear your duties are too much for you." "No, oh, no!" the school mistress said very eagerly. "They are not indeed. I can perform them quite easily. Pray do
- not think otherwise." "And yet you are under constant medi-cal care," said her ladyship a trifle more coldly; and a great wave of color rose in
- the pale face, then, fading, left it colorless as before.
 "Mr. Litton is here frequently, I under stand." continued Lady Oliphant, "and you can be his only patient here."!

 The fear in the lustrous hazel eyes deep
- ${f ened.}$ ened.
 "Yes," she said faintly.
 "Then how can you be equal to your duties?" said Lady Oliphant more
- "There is nothing the matter with me which would prevent my fulfilling them,' was the slow, pleading answer. "I have been exact and punctual, and have neg-lected none of them since—since—" Her voice failed, and her head sunk for
- ward on her breast. "I am complaining of no neglect. Mrs Grant. I have never had greater reason to be satisfied than at present, which makes me regret all the more bitterly being
- obliged to dismiss you."
 "To dismiss me!" She looked up in sudden terror as she uttered the words
- then after a moment's pause, she said brokenly and tremulously, "Oh, Lady Oli-phant, you do not mean to do that!" "It is with great—the greatest reluctance that I am forced to do so; but I have no "No alternative!" she repeated mechani-
- cally, looking at Lady Oliphant with dazed bewildered, frightened eyes, which seemed to see an executioner in the gentle lady in velvet and furs. "None." A silence followed—a silence so complete
- that it seemed to have some effect on Mrs, Grant's nerves. She glanced around her fearfully, as if she were afraid of hearing some sound in the house or seeing some apparition; but she could not force her ched and trembling lips to speak; and Lady Oliphant went on gently—
- "Mrs. Grant," she said, a little unsteadily, "I do not think I need explain to you my reasons for doing this. It costs me so much, and it will give my daughter so much pain, that I should not have done
- it without being forced to do so."
 "But I do not understand, Lady Oliphant." Mrs. Grant faltered tremulously Why should you send me away?' 'Your ignorance must be feigned. Mrs.

Grant"-there was a little sternness now in

- the lady's voice. "You cannot conscien-tiously tell me that you are ignorant of my reasons for dismissing you." "I am quite ignorant," the school-
- ore steadily; and he manner vexed Lady Oliphant. "You are a young woman, Mrs. Grant but you are not so unversed in the ways of the world as to imagine that such conduc as yours has not been noticed in the
- village."
 "My conduct!" echoed Mrs. Grant, haughty resentment. "Yes, your conduct in allowing Mr. Litton to visit you so frequently, and at any hour which suited his convenience. you deny that he has been seen leaving the cottage at night, and that you have been seen walking with him at hours when an action at other times harmless, becomes
- a perfect impropriety? He comes here, it would appear, three or four times in the course of the day and night, and his visits have given rise to a great deal of talk in the village." "He is a doctor," the school-mistress said faltering.
- "Yes; but you are not in such need of his professional services; and there can be only one construction put upon his visits "And what is that?" Mrs. Grant said
- vaguely. . " That he is your lover." A peal of shrill hysterical laughter broke
- from Mrs. Grant's white lips, laughter which was terrible to hear, and which rang through the quiet room, startling Lady Oliphant out of her calm self-possession. "My lover," Mrs. Grant repeated in a
- moment—" my lover!"
 "Yes," Lady Oliphant answered gravely. "The supposition is a very natural one; and if Mr. Litton's intention toward you were honorable, no one could oppose your reception of him; but he himself has told Dr. Lloyd that he has no thought of
- Again the shrill bitter laughter broke "Of marriage with me?" the schoolmistress said, with a strange expression on the lovely white face. "No, he certainly
- has not! "Then, why does he come here?" "He comes here professionally," was the almost sullen answer.

 "That is absurd! And this is a very
- useless discussion," said her ladyship angry now, and incensed. "We will settle it. As soon as you can make it convenient to do o, Mrs. Grant, you will leave-"As soon as." Mrs. Grant began, then her voice failed her for a moment; the next she went on huskily—"Lady Oli-
- phant, I entreat you, do not send me away. Indeed—indeed I have done nothing wrong! Oh, will you not trust me a little longer? "How can I trust you, Mrs. Grant? You have already abused my confidence; you cannot have forgotten how, without reference, or any knowledge of you—"
 "I have not abused your confidence-
- have done nothing wrong. Lady Oliphant, if you have any pity, do not ask me to leave the cottage now. I cannot—I dare not face the winter—oh, think—to be house-less and desolate in such weather!"
- "Mrs. Grant, you are paining meterribly," Lady Oliphant said unsteadily. no wish but to be just with you; but really Sir Frederic is exceedingly annoyed at the scandal which has troubled the village for some weeks. Do you know that Miss Venn, to whom Mr. Litton was paying attention, has been obliged to be sent away for a time, she fretted so much at Mr. Litton's and promptly, "Knaves."

- much has been said. nor is it necessary. "But, Lady Oliphant"—the sweet broker voice was husky and strained, and the voice was husky and strained, and the little trembling hands were held out in passionate supplication—"do not send me away now. Oh, I cannot go! It is impossible—oh, be pitiful!—trust me a little possible—on, se pititui—rruse me a none while. I may only have to ask your forbearance for a very little while; but, in mercy, grant it me."

 Lady Oliphant shook her head sadly;
- Sir Frederic's injunctions had been imperative, and she could not disobey them but her heart ached for the agony and des
- pair on the pleading face.
 "What can I do, Mrs. Grant? You do not justify yourself. You cannot refute the accusations, and I cannot let them pass unnoticed."
- Grant fell upon her knees, and caught at Lady Oliphant's dress entreat-"For the love of Heaven do not leave me thus!" she implored, with anguished ges-tures and wild miserable eyes. "Oh, for
- the love of Heaven, take back your decision! If it were only I who had to suffer, but—oh, if you have one grain of charity, of compassion in your heart, have pity upon me now! I have done nothing wrong. -oh, Heaven, have mercy upon me!"
- Her head sank forward in a voiceles gony of supplication; the little hand still clung desperately to the velvet fur of Lady Oliphant's cloak, which that lady was
- trying to disengage from her clasp.
 "No, no. I will not rise. You shall not go until you tell me that I need not go," cried the school-mistress wildly. "Oh, if you knew—if I could tell you—if I could trust you—oh, have pity, have pity!" Her voice died away in a wail of pain— low, faint, despairing. Lady Oliphant lifted her to her feet; and she stood looking at
- her with dim eyes, panting and exhausted from her passionate excitement.
 "My poor child," her ladyship said tremulously, "you are paining me beyond all words. Let this cease now. I will see you again. You must try to think it over calmly. Believe me, I am only doing what
- I conceive to be my duty, and I will do anything in my power to help you to another home. "It is not for that; it is not for my sake," Shirley said pitifully; "but it would kill—What am I saying?" she added, pressing her hands to her forehead with a
- troubled gesture, "What am I saying? "I am afraid so much excitement will make us both ill," Lady Oliphant said nervously, now anxious only to end the interview. "I must leave you, and you nust try not to distress yourself more than you can help. Do you not think you had netter let me send some assistance for your household work?" she added, glancing at the fireless grate.
- 'Oh, no-oh, no !" Mrs. Grant answered, trying to be calm. "I do not need it. andand I have a fire upstairs."
- "Do you sleep upstairs then? Surely the next room is warmer!" "Yes," was the faltering answer; and, as Lady Oliphant, with a little gesture of farewell, passed out of the cottage, the young school-mistress sunk on her knees by the table and covered her face in a silent agony of tearless sobs, which shook her slender frame like a reed shaken by the
- wind. "What shall I do?" she moaned presently, rising and pacing to and fro in the little room. "It would kill him; and yet, if they insist, of course I cannot resist. Oh, Heaven, help us! What are we to do? Where can we go? Even Mr. Litton has suffered for his goodness to us. Ah, he was very good indeed not to betray us, and rather let himself be misunderstood by the rather let himself be misunderstood by the girl he loves! I bring misery everywhere; but some day I will go to Miss Venn and tell her, and he'll be happy. I must write to Jack—I must write to Jack."
- She broke off restlessly, and stood silent for a moment; then she went into the inner room, bathed her face with cold water, and
- smoothed the soft, chestnut hair. "He must not see me so distressed," she said, with a pitiful, little smile. "And I am never safe from interruption.
 Oh, I am so tired!" she added, with a long, heavy sigh. "My limbs ache with fatigue, and yet I must not be ill-I dare not be
- It was pitiful to see how she tried to be cheerful and to efface the marks of weariness and sleeplessness which were so evident on her face. She went slowly back to the sitting-room, and, even as she had done on Christmas-day, she took out writing-materials to address her brother; bu now the letter would have to be sent to Erindale Hall. Drawing up a chair to the table, she sat down; but the heart weariness overcame her, and her head sunk for ward on her arms in an agony of low, piti
- ful weeping, which, although it exhausted her, eased the burning brain to which the relief of tears was a merciful one.

 How long she lay there she did not know she felt no chill, although the room was cola; nor did she hear the sound of heavy firm footsteps on the little brick paved path at her door; but the door opened quietly, and, when a gentle touch upon her powed head made her start up in alarm she met the earnest, pitying, compassionate, gray eyes which had once made her all sunshine, but which now she would have died
- rather than meet.
 "Guy!" The v The white lips parted to utter his name, yet no sound came from them; but he guessed the word.
- "Yes,' he said very gently. "Shirley, it is Guy l"

(To be continued.)

- Useful Antidotes. As a rule, there is in every household and factory, or at least within easy reach, simple and effective antidotes, writes a New York correspondent. These remedies are of infinite value. Warm water and mustard can always be got, as can also sweet oil, butter or lard. For poisoning by bug poisons, blue vitriol, mercury, water, saltpetre, sulphate of zinc or like substances, milk or white of eggs in large
- quantities is always to be commended. For poisons like rough on rats, Paris green and Fowler's solution of arsenic, one hould tickle the fauces of the victim with a feather, or induce vomiting by copious draughts of salt and water, which should be followed by good sized doses of sweet
- oil or milk Where oil vitriol, muriatic or oxalic acid is the poison, one can easily help matters by scraping some plaster from the wall and dissolving it in water and make the patient drink it. Soap dissolved in water is also good in these cases. When caustic poisons are taken, then water and vinegar, or lemon
- juice and water should be given. Many suicides seek the desired end by means of carbolic acid. In such cases give the person drinks of a glutinous character. Flour and water, for instance, is especially desirable. For chloroform, chloral and such things,

douse the head, chest and face with cold

- water and keep working the arms to promote artificial respiration. Laudanum, morphine and opium arealso in great favor with suicides. Induce vomiting and give all the strong coffee you can get down them. And so I might go on. All these things I have named, you will see, are nearly always at hand and can be employed with good results, if only until the doctor comes. They are things the police
- ought to know at any rate.
- There is a certain little girl in this city who was being instructed by her teacher not long since in regard to the different rulers of the world. She was told that in Europe the people are all governed by Kings and Queens. "And now," asked the the teacher's face and answered earnestly

CURRENT TOPICS

- PROF. ANGELO MOTTA died recently at Turin. He had for years been at work upon a process by which, with the aid of electricity, he honed to be able to conver the human body into solid metal. succeeded with the arm of an infant and with various smaller animals. His secret
- died with him. RECENTLY the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a Whitsun dinner party given in their honor by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The company included the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Ronalds kindly acted as hostess, as Sir Arthur is a bachelor. After dinner some excellent music was performed, the Princess remaining until a late hour.
- THERE are always some who object to raising a window, or sensitive invalids whose lives would be endangered by a direct current of air blowing upon them. What is needed is a system of ventilation which shall be in constant action and which will keep the air of the whole structure, whether large or small, pure and fresh at all seasons of the year, and under all circumstances without exposing the nmates to drafts.
- An excellent new use for the telephor is proposed in the infectious wards of the French hospitals, so as to enable the sick people isolated in their sufferings to have the comfort of hearing their relatives voices without any risk of conveying infection by an interview. The idea may perhaps become further developed, so as to establish telephonic communication beween hospitals and the general vicinity,
- in the same manner as with business establishments. THIRTY years ago a manufacturing firm in Manchester, Conn., made up an immense lot of bandana handkerchiefs for A. T. Stewart, of New York, and he refused to take them on account of some defect. They vere stored away until the other day, when they were put on the market and sold readily. The same firm is now making 1,000 dozen bandanas a day, and can't supply the demand. So much for the selection of Thurman, with his bandans, as Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presi-
- EDWARD ATKINSON states that the Cana-50s. a quarter fifteen years ago, and that at 34s. per quarter in London, Eng., neither Russian nor Indian wheat can come into tion with the general system. If the gas successful competition. This is about one dollar a bushel. Bradstreet's, referring to and factories would go out, and if this, says: "There appears to be little doubt that in the Northwest wheat, by machinery, can be sold at the railway track by the invention of an automatic valve in at 50 cents per bushel, the carefully estile the pipe supplying each fire, which will
- about 37 cents per bushel, or, as flour, at a less rate." EXPERIMENTS which have been made at Newport, Ky., to extract aluminum from clay are said to have been entirely success-The operators obtained aluminum chemically pure. Their method was based upon the theory of substitution and smelting the ore in a water jacketed steel furnace, a crucible being useless to re sist the strong fluoride fluxes. When the mass was quite liquid it was conveyed into a convertor, or covered slag pot, holding about 400 pounds, and the aluminum ex tracted therefrom by a siphon tap. The slag was returned to the furnace, scrying the purpose of a flux with more ore. direct continuous process obviated the necessity of the usual costly intermediary elements, and made the aluminum about
- as cheap as copper. Hon. T. A. Brassey has undertaken to raise the cost of fitting out a new steamer (the Lady Brassey), now building at Hastings, Eng., so that she shall be able to carry guns, the armament being provided by the Naval Volunteer Home Defence Association, with the help of the Admiralty. The vessel will be manned by the local Naval Artillery Volunteers, and is intended for the protection of the shipping of the Sussex coast. nearer Brighton is also nearly completed, and thus two important towns and a good
- the local authorities. Two incidents are related by the London Spectator which seem to indicate that animals are able to think and carry out a the meat from the dog, but had always been defeated. Finally they discussed the matter in a neighboring tree; after which one of them flew down and pecked at the dog's tail, and while he was attending to this matter the other one came and seize the bone. The same dog had a favorite seat, of which a visiting dog had frequently deprived it. One day the terrier, having found his seat thus occupied, flew savagely out of doors, barking at a supposed enemy As the intruding dog rushed out to take
- part in the fray the terrier hastened back to secure possession of his seat. SPEAKING the other day at a missionary meeting in England, Rev. Dr. Post brought the meeting to a close with an eloquent speech in which he said that Moham edanism was the only religion that could at all range itself against Christianity Buddhism and Brahminism were dying but the Koran lived because it had got in it some of the salt of the Old and New Testa ments. The Anglo-Saxon race was at the head of Christianity, and the Arabic race at the head of Mohammedanism. Both were colonising and conquering peoples, and each had a great language spoken over vasi continents. It would be a fight for life between them; Christianity must conque Islam, or Islam with its hordes would sweep away our European civilization as it swept away the seats of 400 Christian bishoprics in Africa, which had never been restored Who knew what fanatical forces might be stored up in Central Asia, to be let loose
- ipon us some day like a devouring swarn of locusts? Mr. FREDERIC VILLIERS, the artist, wrote to the London Times (June 25th): "The news that has lately so much disturbed the Mahdi and comes to Europe via Suakin, of a white Pasha and the victorious army advancing through the Bahr-Gazelle Pro vince,' reminds me of a conversation I had with Stanley shortly after the unsuccessful Nile expedition for the relief of Khartoum. In talking over that campaign one night at Lady Strangford's, Stanley remarked that a native force, with a few white men, advancing north from the Congo would have created a most demoralizing diversion in the Mahdi's rear. The Soudanese never dreaming of an attack in that direction, the mere rumor of an advance would have a great moral effect. I will not say that these were the exact words Stanley used, but the gist of the conversation convinced me that Stanley had conceived an advance on Khartoum from that direction, in spite of the enormous difficulties and hardships
- to be met with en route." In the Westminster County Court, England, the other day, the case of Box vs. Westley came before His Honor Judge Bayley on a judgment summons. The claim was for £4 16s. for boots. The plaintiff stated that the defendant was a justice of the peace, a retired lieutenant, a member of the Junior Club and had estates in Lar teacher, "Who governs the people in this cashire. Mowberry Hall was his property, country?" The little girl looked up into Defendant appeared in person and said all Irvington probably the largest and most that the plaintiff had said was true, varied collection of valuable plants in but, in spite of-that, he was absolutely America

destitute. His property was in the market debts as well as he could; he had walked sixteen miles to get to the court, with nothing but a piece of dry bread to eat. He was so badly off that for some time past be had had to live on dry bread and nuts; it was many weeks since he had tasted meat. It was true that his subscriptions at the Carlton were paid, but they were paid by his friends. His estates were being sold and the mortgages were in possession and in this way. It was on a crowded car at would not allow him anything. His Honor Thirty fourth street. An old lady was said that upon this evidence he should not talking with a young woman. make an order for payment.

THE FORCE OF NATURAL GAS. Amazing Power of an Agency that Shakes the Earth.

Although the wells about Findlay are under control, the tubing is anchored, and the awful force is held under the gates and levers of steel, it is impossible to escape a feeling of awe in this region at the subter ranean energies which seem adequate to blow the whole country heavenward. Some of the wells were opened for us. Opening s well is unscrewing the service pipe and letting the full force of the gas issue from the pipe at the mouth of the well. When one of these wells is thus opened the whole town is aware of it by the roaring and the quaking of the air. The first one exhibited was in a field a mile and a half from the city. At the first freedom from the screws and clamps the gas rushed out in such density that it was visible. Although we stood several rods from it, the roar was so great that one could not make him self heard shouting in the ear of his neighbor. The geologist stuffed cotton in his ears and tied a shawl about his head and, assisted by the chemist, stood close to the pipe to measure the flow. The chemist, who had not taken the precaution to protect himself, was quite deaf for some time after the experiment. A four-inch pipe, about 60 feet in length, was then screwe on and the gas ignited as it issued from the end on the ground. The roaring was as before. For several feet from the end of the tube there was no flame, but beyond was a sea of fire sweeping the ground and rioting high in the air—billows of red and vellow blue flame, fierce and hot enough to consume everything within reach. It was an awful display of power. We had a dian farmer is better able to raise wheat like, though only a momentary, display at at 34s. per quarter now than he could at the famous Karg well, an eight million feet well. This could only be turned on for a few seconds at a time, for it is in connec-

improved methods of cultivation over very and an explosion follow an attempt to relarge tracts of land with the most improved light it. This danger is now being removed mated cost of production in some instances close and lock when the flow of gas ceases, being as low as 40 cents per bushel. This and admit no more gas until it is opened. wheat can be shipped to Liverpool for The ordinary pressure for house service is about two pounds to the square inch. The Karg well is on the bank of the creek, and the discharge-pipe through which the gas (though not in its full force) was turned for our astonishment extends over the rater. The roar was like that of Niagara; all the town shakes when the Karg is loose When lighted, billows of flame rolled over the water, brilliant in color and fantastic in form, with a fury and rage of conflagra-tion enough te strike the spectator with terror. I have never seen any other display of natural force so impressive as this. When this flame issues from an upright pipe, the great mass of fire rises eighty fee into the air, leaping and twisting in fiendish fury. For six weeks after this well was first opened its constant roaring shook the nerves of the town, and by night its flaming torch lit up the heavens and banished darknoss. With the aid of this new agent any thing seems possible.— $C.\ D.\ Warner\ in$

Harper's Magazine for July. Mental Effects of Hot Weather. One of the most interesting studies bearng upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive egotistic man, when the thermometer ping of the Sussex coast. A similar ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent steamer for guarding territorial waters upon publishing his personal discomfort.

section of the Sussex coast will very soon moves busily about telling everybody how her her why, the usual studies, I suphave their own naval defence. The in hot he is, with gestures and ejaculations pose," answered the perplexed mother. hot he is, with gestures and auguration of the Brighton steamer will to match. He is a mental radiator, bent take place shortly under the auspices of upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without intending it is generating his own discomfort within others. On the other hand, the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal conit on the gravel drive in front of the bunga. low. Two crows had sought often to snatch the meat from the dow, but had a low. The hears his pervous friend discovered the meat from the dow, but had a low. down his pen or spade and declare that it is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his own conditions.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In this busy season hundreds of Canadian farmers toil in oper fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted from the roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day he will generally reply with drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of on the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promise of good crops. What is true of man is true of beasts. One of the most painful sights to how bad or of how long standing, which a person of kind heart is to see the distress of the horses that pull the street cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best of care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not over taxed so far as mere work is concerned. horse doing the same work on a country road would not perspire much. It is the tremendous strain upon their nerves caused by constant fear of losing their feet on the smooth paving when starting the car that chiefly induces both their sweat and semi-torture. Even with a horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its

power to endure heat and work.

A Joke on Hermann. I once had a singular experience." he said, "while giving a performance at the house of the Governor of Montevideo, in which I had the tables turned on me. During my performance I noticed three half savage Patagonians standing aside from the rest of the company, and I at once determined to have some fun with them. From the nose of the first I took an orange, from the hair of the second I took a number of silver | bottles 25 cents. coins, and the third was overpowered with terror when I extracted a live rat from his nose. Uttering a cry of fright, the Pata-conians withdrew. While receiving the gonians withdrew. While receiving the congratulations of the guests on the success of the entertainment I discovered that ny watch and chain, purse, eyeglasses and handkerchief were missing. In a short time the Patagonians returned, and the one from whose nose the rat had been taken handed me the missing articles. He had picked my pocket at the moment he peared to be overcome with fright."-New

The World is His. Miss Travis-Do look at Mr. DeSmith He seems to be lost in thought. Poscyboy-Yes-lots of empty space for

him to wander around in. Jay Gould has in his conservatories at

Haven Union.

ALWAYS KEEP AN EGG ON HAND. n Old Lady's Advice to a Young Friend

- Overheard on a Train, Strange things are sometimes heard the elevated railroad trains, but it is seldom that a conversation overheard is interesting and beneficial as well. It was reserved for a reporter of the Mail and Express, bowever, to discover that such a thing could be, and the discovery was made in this way. It was on a crowded car at
- Inity-fourth street. An old lady was talking with a young woman.
 "Well, Mary Jenkins," remarked the former, "did I ever! Why, Molly, I hain't seen you for almost a year. 'Spose you're keepin' house. Yes, I thought so. Well, Molly, don't forget to always keep an egg in the house. You can do without your in the house. You can do without von pianner, and y' needn't be over particular bout a carpet for the front room, but y'
- can't 'ford to be without eggs."

 "Well," returned Molly, "Jim and I have thus far managed to have a piano, carpets and eggs as well. But why do you lay such stress on keeping eggs at hand? One must be without them occa-One must be without them occasionally."
- "Never do it, Molly; an egg is worth its weight in gold. 'Sposin' you're warm and fan yourself or cookin' crullers and the grease spatters up an' scald you, the white of an egg is the most soothin' thing you can put on it. If you're chopping kindlin's and bark your fingers, nothin' like egg. Sposin's Jim gits a Job comforter. That little skin that lines the inside of an egg shell 'el do more in one day than all th bread and milk, flaxseed and soan and sugar poultices or cobbler's wax you can use in a week. For cleanin' your flatirons and mahi' 'em smooth use the yolk of the egg, an' for riddin' your head 'dander—well, Molly, there hain't nothin' to compare with it. For corns and bunions nothin' so coolin' as the white of an egg. For toothache it can't be beat, while in cases of dysentery I don't want no other medicine. Beaten up slightly with er without sugar and swallowed at one gulp, it helps to allay the inflammation of the stom ach and the intestines, and finally brings you around all right. If you don't want to drown love's young dream in a cup of muddy coffee, use eggs to clear it—and Molly, do you know anythin' in the world so good in cases of poisonin' as the white
- of eggs? I guess you don't. Then consider the value of eggs in ——" The rest of the old lady's lecture on eggs was lost, for at this juncture the guard called out, "Chatham square, change for City Hall and Brooklyn Bridge; this train goes to South Ferry!'

Dying of a Spider's Blte.

Mr. Russell, the engineer of the piledriver at work on the track of the "O.K. ine at Milan, has met with a singular misfortune. A few days ago, while at work, he drank water out of a dipper and felt a sting in the end of his tongue. Looking into the dipper he noticed a spider in it. At first he took no notice of the bite, but his tongue commenced to swell and soon became so large that it filled his mouth. A doctor was summoned and he did all in his power to relieve the suffering of Mr. Russell, but all his efforts were ineffectual, and on Wednesday his condition was so critical that his wife and child, who live in this city, were sent for .- (quincy (Ill.) Whig.

One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers But they whom Truth and Wisdom lead Can gather honey from a weed."

Those who are wise, and who love the Those who are wise, and who love the truth, will believe what we say when we tell them that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than all other medicines now known to science. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper,

and faithfully carried out for many years.

"What did your daughter graduate in?" asked a friend of another. " White silk. with a satin corsage and elbow sleeves," was Instead of sitting still and cooling his the prompt answer. "I mean what mind through work or genial diversion, he branches," said the startled guest. "Oh,

- " Logic is Logic." Now there was the case of our friend McKay: He said to himself, in his resolute way, That a cough which was growing from bad to Must be cured, in spite of a slender purse
- An occan voyage was out of the question, A Florida trip a useless suggestion; Yet die be wouldn't! His money he paid For the "Golden Medical Discovery," by Dr Fiorce made; Proree made;
 And as sound as a nut is his health to-day—
 "Logic is logic, that's all I say." Was Ashamed to Come Out.

Mr. Meadow Brooks (opening the door of

bathing-house) - Why, Clarence, old boy, I've been looking everywhere for you. You've been away from the piazza for three Mr. Mickaskel—Oh, Dicky, you really don't know! While I was in the watah some horrid thief came into the bathing-

iouse and stole me necktie, and I've been confined heah ever since. -Judge.

Will You Road This For \$500 ? For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by inquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter

A Scotch judge having sentenced a sheep stealer to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month, the prisoner called out to

current month, the prisoner called out to him—" My Lord, my Lord, I hae na got justice here the day!" The judge, who was arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, looked up with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, and consolingly answered—" Weel, weel, my mon, ye'll get it are the 28th." on the 28th !" Will You Try Nerviline For all kinds of pain? Polson's Nerviline is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago and head-ache. For internal use it has no equal

Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following com-

plaints, viz.: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a ten cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug

store and test the great remedy. Large

Mrs. Featherly — Oh, my dear Mrs. Sprongie, where are you going to spend the Mrs. Sprongie-I don't know, I'm sure. It all depends on Charley's business. If he can only make a fashionable failure we'll rent a cottage at Newport. — Rochester Herald.

D C N L, 30 88.

