- "Ob, I am a jolly old tar," he said,
  "And I've got my sea legs on;
  And they call me Jack as they slap my back,
  Though I was christened John.
- "I walk with a lurch on the solid earth
- Though when I am on the sea Not a single skip is made by the ship That isn't as well by me.
- Oh, yes! it's funny as such fun goes; But I don't laugh, 'Haw, haw! Smuch as you old land lubbers do, That's right!—give me your paw.
- "And you want to know why I walk straight On the ship, and not on shore? It's because on the ship!'m o'er each trip, While on laud I'm but half-seas o'er.
- "And you want to know how I got my name!"
  And he gave his trousers a hitch,
  "We don't go far for the name lack Tar;
  It comes from the vessel's pitch."
- And that was the gcuff old sailor's joke, Which he made as he lufted aboard, And which steadied his jog and sweetened hi

When the wind through the rigging roared. -Farl Marble in Taxas Sillings.

Honest Old Toad.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old tead
A funny old fellow is he.
Living under a stone by the side of the road,
Neath the shade of the old willow tree.
He is dressed all in brown from his toes to his

crown,
Save his vest, that is silvery white,
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day
And walks in the cool, dewy night.
"Raup, youp!" says the frog
From his home in the bog,

But the toad he says never a word. -The Presbyterian.

### TRUCCLE'S CHARITY

# How She Assisted a Broken-Down Landlord.

A FASHIONABLE PHILANTHROPIST

Mrs. Jane Maria Truccle was a most charitable lady. Out of the very considerable wealth which the late lamented Sam Truccle had left her she contrived to spare a good deal for what she considered deserving objects. Unfortunately, however, the direction of her charity was largely influenced by feelings other than those of pure benevolence, and consequently, what she considered deserving objects were often hardly those that excited the sympathy of

the unbiased philanthropist.

The feelings which had most influence in directing or misdirecting her charity were was pleased to entertain on poli-To be sure, she knew nothing in the world about politics. That, however, did not prevent—perhaps, indeed, it rather assisted—her, being a tremendous Tory. She was a Primrose dame of high degree, a liberal subscriber to every anti-Liberal undertaking, a bitter despiser of all parties and persons whom smart people consider "low," and a profound and ecstatic admirer of that fashionable society about the purlieus of which she was delighted to

Her political ideas acted on her charitable feelings in this way. They made her very careless about the sorrows and miseries of the real poor, and very attentive to every cry of distress raised by the unhappy wealthy classes. Reports of destitution in the east of London, or of famine among the cotters of the west of Ireland, moved her very little; but when she heard Lord This or Lady That dilating on the woes of the money lenders and exploiters of Egypt, or of the rack renters and extortionists of Ireland, she was quite overcome with sympathy and sorrow for their troubles, and ready to subscribe any amount to assist

It was the morning following the final meeting for the season of one of these committees—one for the protection of trish land owners-and Mrs. Truccle was seated at her breakfast reading the annual report. In it her name was several times mentioned—and mentioned, too, in connection with those of two duchesses, one marchioness, three countesses and various other ladies of lesser title. As the widow read she could not help feeling, with a benevolent glow on her face, that, after all, virtue is its own reward.

She had just finished the report, and was sitting reflecting how she could further show her devotion to so deserving a cause by the advent of the butler. He brought her a gentleman's card. Astonished at such a very early visit, Mrs. Truccle hastily

took the card, and, putting on her specta-cles, read the name on it.

"Mr. Eustace Burke," she said. "Who is this person, Soker? I never heard of him before."

'Don't know, ma'am." replied Soker "He says he wants to see you on very important business."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Trucole. That's very strange. What does he look like?" "Oh, very genteel, ma'am. Looks like a gentleman a little bit down in the world." The amiable Soker was a shrewd judge of

character, and his mistrees put great reli-ance upon the estimate he formed of strangers and acquaintances.

Well, I'll see bim. He s in the library I suppose? Yes, ma'am,"

When Mrs. Truccle entered the library she found that Mr. Eustage Burke an wered very well to her butler's description of him. He was a tall, rather handsome man, with, in spite of a threadbare coat and an appearance of poverty, a certain air of distinction about him. His maners, too, were refined and high-bred. The bow he gave Mrs. Truccle as she entered the room was so dignified, and at the same time so pathetic, that the good lady's heart quite melted toward him. She saw at once that he was just the sort of person she always pitied—the person who, after hav ing lived for years on other people's labor, is now reduced to the sad necessity of trying to live by his own. After a formal greeting, the stranger

"I trust, Mrs. Truccle." he said, "that you will forgive the liberty that I, a complete stranger to you, have taken in daring o call on you. I assure you that nothing but your reputation for kindness to the unfortunate is to blame. If you will be benevolent and generous to those who have had disasters in the world's struggle, you must expect, Mrs. Trucole, occasion have a miserable being like myself appealing to you for assistance.

Mr. Eustace Burke said this in such nice, flattering way that Mrs. Truccle's already good opinion of him was consider-

"I am always ready, sir," she said, "to assist, as far as my means allow, persons

deserving my sympathy."

"I know it, madam," replied Mr. Burke,
"but the assistance I want from you is not
pecuniary assistance; I merely want your
help to put me into a position where I can

earn my bread. "Indeed," said Mrs. Truccle, still more favorably impressed. "May I ask for a little information as to your antecedents

"Certainly, madam," answered Mr. Burke with a sigh, "although the subject to me is a most painful one. I belong to that most unfortunate class of men, Irish landlords. I still nominally possess a considerable estate near Ballymulwacking, and am cousin to Lord Grabmore of that neighborhood, of whom, perhaps, you have

"Oh, yes," put in Mrs. Truccle quickly, "I met him once at a Primrose League

Ah," said Mr. Burke with satisfaction,

knew that you and my distinguished rela-

Well," said Mrs. Truccle, blushing a little at the idea of being thought a friend of the great Lord Grabmore. "Well, we're hardly

"At least acquaintances," said Mr. Burke. But to resume, madam. Some years ago my income from that estate was counted in housands; to day I don't receive from it a penny. My wife, who once had her carriage and her footman, is now actually in want "Dreadful, dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs.

"You may well say so, madam. We have neither bread to eat nor a roof to cover us It is in this fearful state that as a last resort I have come to you to ask you to assist me to obtain a place where I can earn enough to keep body and soul together." And Mr. Burke, as he spoke, nearly sobbed with emo

"Mr. Burke, you may rely on me," cried Mrs. Truccle. "What sort of a place would you like?

"Madame, your kindness overpowers me," said Mr. Burke in a broken voice, "and yet it is what I should have expected. Madame, I was brought up a gentleman, and so know none of the vulgar ways of earning a livelihood. The places I am capable of filling are only humble ones. I can think of one only. Many people of fashion—yourself probably among the number—will soon be leaving town. Caretakers will be wanted to look after the houses. Do you think you could get any of the nobility or gentry of your acquaintance to accept the services of myself and wife in this direction?"

'Certainly, Mr. Burke, most certainly,' said Mrs. Truccle. "As you guess, I'm leaving town myself—for my house at Hastings—and taking my servants with me. I usually get a policeman to live here when I'm away, but I shall only be too happy to have you and your wife in-

Mr. Eustace Burke overpowered the good lady with fervent thanks. He assured her over and over again that she had saved him and his poor wife from absolute starvation, and that he never could, should or would forget her kindness to him. Then at

last he rose to go.

It was only now that he was about to leave that it occurred to Mrs. Truccle that she was acting with hardly her usual pru-dence. In her charitable haste to help the distinguished pauper she had quite for-gotten to ask him for references to show that he was as distinguished as he said. She had heard a good deal in her length-ened experience of the world of rogues who were very clever at passing themselves off as gentlemen, and, in spite of her own and her butler's opinion to the contrary, Mr Burke might not be the broken down aristocrat he seemed to be and said he was. Now, however, that she and he had, as it were, become acquainted, she felt rather embarrassed about asking him for references of character; it seemed like throwing doubt on his truthfulness and honor. she felt that it must be done. As, therefore, he moved to ward the door, she said,

in a hesitating way : "But, Mr. Burke, perhaps you would be kind——" And with this she came to a full stop.

Mr. Burke, in a moment, perceived what she meant, and came to her relief.

"Oh, I understand, madam," he said, with a smile.

"How stupid of me, to be sure, not to have thought of it before! Of ourse, you want references to prove to you that I am who I represent myself to be, and that my sad story's true. I think I have letters with me that will satisfy you I think I on both points."

He took a number of letters from his pocket, and, selecting two from among them handed them to Mrs. Tuccle. One was from Rev. Mr. Mortmain, vicar of Snobton, and Knight Almoner of the Primrose League. lt ran as follows:

Curzon and Swaren Habitation, P. L.

Snobton. Rev. Mr. Mortmain, vicar of Snobton, and Knight Almoner of the Primrose League, is deeply grieved to learn how the perfidious policy of the murder league in Ireland has reduced Mr. Eustace Burke from affluence to poverty, and strongly recommends the case of this unfortunate scion of a noble house, ruined by the disnonesty and covetousness of the lower or ders, to the benevolent consideration of the

happier members of his own class. The other was from the great Marquis of Gooseberry himself—or rather from his private Secretary. It ran as follows: Sir,—The Marquis of Gooseberry directs me to return you the enclosed letter of rec-ommendation, and to forward you a check

for two guineas. Yours obediently "I can produce many others," said Mr. Burke, when Mrs. Truccle had finished

eading these "These are quite sufficient," replied Mrs.
Truccle. "Where the Marquis of Gooseberry sees good to assist, it does not become

a humble person like myself to raise diffi-Mr. Eustace Burke bowed.

"Now, madam," he said, "that you are satisfied with my bona fides, may I ask one light concession from you?'

"Most certainly, Mr. Burke."
"Most certainly, Mr. Burke, with dignified humility, "I have fallen low, but my pride is still as high as ever. May I implore you, then, to spare it by keeping secret the fact that I am forced to earn a livelihood in this menial way?" ivelihood in this menial way?'

"Decidedly," replied Mrs. Trucole, with a generous air. "It is not my nature to trample on the fallen. No, Mr. Burke; I regret deeply that you are forced to earn your living, and I will not add to your humiliation by any act, or behavior, or word of mine." The next day Mr. Eustace Burke brought

round his wife—a most ladylike person. Mrs. Truccle could not but confess to herself—and introduced her to Mrs. Truccle and then the three of them settled the terms on which Mr. Burke and his wife were to become caretakers. A week or so later Mrs. Truccle, after sending all her superfluons jewels to her banker for safe seeping, left for Hastings, and the Burkes were duly installed in charge of her town

Mrs. Truccle was happy and contented. She felt that she had really and truly done a good work. She had assisted a lady and gentleman who had been rich and were poor, who were well born and very smart, and who were nearly related to the peerage. Only one thing detracted from her satisfaction. That was her promise of satisfaction. That was her promise of secrecy. Mrs. Truccle was not one of those who love to hide their light under a bushel. When she did a good work she thought half its moral effect was lost if all the

vorld did not know of it. Still she kept her promise, difficult though the task was. Once only did she in the slightest degree intringe it, and then the temptation was enough to excuse anybody, for whom did she meet but her caretaker's cousin, Lord Grabmore? She met him at a Primrose League reunion at Lady Swaren's house, and had a short chat

with him. Then all she said was this:
"By the way, Lord Grabmore, I met
your cousin, Mr. Burke, lately." "What, Eustace?" asked His Lordship.

Yes, Mr. Eustace Burke." " In Paris?"

No; in London." 'What on earth was he doing in Lon

don ?" said His Lordship, in anything but a pleased tone. Mrs Truccle went very red and hesi

"Ah! I see." said Lord Grabmore drily, and he at once changed the subject.

"He knows that his poor cousin is in difficulties," thought Mrs. Truccle, "and I suppose he knows, too, that he has been "then we are not quite such strangers after applying to me for assistance. He should all. When I called at your door I little be ashamed of himself—a rich man like with many apologies; but her jewels, and

so in Hastings when she received a telegram from her solicitor that startled her. t said "Come to town at once. Want

to see you on most important business."
"What can it mean?" Mrs. Truccle
asked herself. "Can any of my investmenus have gone wrong? I hope not. Mr.
Guiles is such a careful man that that isn't at all likely. But what can it be, I won-der? At any rate, I must go. Soker, der? At any rate, I must go. Soker, when is the next train to London? I want to run up there for an hour or two."

The moment Mrs. Truccle reached town she drove over to her solicitor. Mr. Guiles was engaged in court, but he had left orders that he was to be sent for when Mrs. Trucole arrived. But she was so eager to know at once why she had been telegraphed for that she asked the managing clerk wha was the matter.

"Well, madam, I don't know that any thing is wrong," replied that gentleman with legal caution. "But may I ask who the caretakers are that you have in you

house? "Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Burke," replied Irs. Truccle, with a start. "They are Mrs. Trucole, with a start. "They are cousins of Lord Grabmore's. Why do you want to know?'

"Oh, cousins of Lord Grabmore's, are they!" said the clerk reflactively." they!" said the clerk reflectively. "Perhaps there is nothing wrong, then, after all. It only seemed to us that they were behav-ing very queerly for caretakers."
"What are they doing?" asked Mrs.

Trucole.
"Well, in a few words, happening to pass your house yesterday, I observed with sur-prise that it seemed to be occupied as ūsnal. All the blinds and curtains were up and the windows clean. I knocked at the door, and it was opened by a footman." "A footman!" exclaimed Mrs. Truccle in amazement. "What was he like?" "A tall, rather distinguished-looking

man, with handsome features and dark "Burke, as I'm a woman!" exclaimed

Mrs. Truccle. "Well, his answers—let him be what he may—were so unsatisfactory that when I reported them to Mr. Guiles he sent one of our clerks to keep a look out on the place. He reported that a lady, dressed in great style, drove up to the house and went in, and the servant next door told him that tradespeople were continually calling. So. thinking the whole affair looked suspicious, Mr. Guiles this morning, without waiting for instructions, asked the police to look into the affair."

"He was quite right," cried Mrs. Truccle, much excited. "And I'll go off this minute and have the Burkes agreeted; they are evidently a couple of rascally swindlers!"
"But, madam, Mr. Guiles told me to
ask you to wait until he returned," said the managing clerk.
"I'm quite able to take care of myself, thanks." cried Mrs. Trucole, thereby doing

thanks," cried Mrs. Truesse, thereby doing herself little more than justice.

Accordingly away the good lady drove to her house to bring the Burkes to book. When she reached it she found it as the managing clerk had described. Foaming vith rage, Mrs. Trusole jumped out of the

cab and rushed up the steps.
She rang the bell violently; there was o response. She rang it again; still there was no answer. She was about to pull it third time, when a hand was pla her shoulder. She turned round indign-

antly.
"What do you mean, sir?" she said to the person who had taken the liberty.
"I mean ma'am." replied the fellow "I mean, ma'am," replied the fellow with mock deference, "that the old man has bolted. He got wind that we were on his track, and cut his stick. It was mean of bim to save his own skin and leave you.

"Leave me!" exclaimed Mrs. Trucole.
"I don't understand you."
"I mean, ma'am," said the man, "that
the cove you call your husband has bolted, but that you won't get the chance of doing the same. I arrest you for obtaining from Messrs. Clinker & Co, bankers, possession of Mrs. Truccle's jewels by means of a

forged letter.
Mrs. Truccle stood dambfounded for a noment or two.
"Do you know, sir," she then said,

that I myself am Mcs. Trucole?"
"No, I don't," said the detective, "but I know that you have been passing yourself off as her, and that you've contrived to swindle a good many folks in that way. You'd better come along quietly now that the game is up.'

"But I am Mrs. Truccle!" cried the poor lady, desperately.
"Now, there's no use making a disturbance. We know what we're about. Mrs. Truccle is at Hastings."

"But I came up from there this morn g!" pleaded Mrs. Truccle.
"All right," replied the detective. "You can tell the magistrate that, but, meanwhile, you must come along with me."

"I shall be disgraced for life," sobbed "Very likely-not to say imprisoned,"

replied the callous constable.

And before Mrs. Truccle knew what was pappening she was burried back to the cab had just left and driven off to Grape street police court. There, in spite of all her remonstrances, she was placed in a cell among a number of women of queer character and queerer manners until the magis trate could hear the charge against her, and by the time she was brought into court the poor lady was so overcome that she could

carcely speak. The detective stated the charge against ner-that she and another person not in custody, by falsely representing them-selves to be Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Burke, had got themselves appointed caretakers of Mrs. Truccle's to wn residence, and that while there they did, by means of a forged order, purporting to be written by Mrs. Truccle, induce Messrs. Clinker & Co., her bankers, to send her jewels to the house, where they made away with them.
The detective pledged himself to prove not only this charge, but quite a multitude of others, nearly as grave. Among these latter were several bad cases of defrauding tradesmen and jewellers, by the prisoner driving to them in a carriage, and by representing herself to be Mrs. Truccle, and getting them to forward valuable goods to the house for approval, none of which goods were ever returned. There were also charges of obtaining money from numbers of public persons—from the Marquis of Gooseberry down by means of begging letters. In conclusion, the detective asked the Magistrate for a day's remand, until he could collect his witnesses and communicate with Mrs. Truccle, who ne understood, was at present living at

Iastings. "Certainly, sergeant," replied the magistrate. "Remanded till to-morrow." But, sir, 'cried Mrs. Trucole desper-

ately, "I am Mrs. Truccie:
"What does she say?" asked the magis-'She says she is Mrs. Truccle, your worship," answered the detective. "Is she quite right in her head?" asked

the magistrate. "I don't know, your worship," replied the detective dubiously. "But she has kept on saying the same thing ever since I "I think the doctor had perhaps better

see her." "But, sir, for goodness' sake--," cried Mrs. Truccle.
"Remove her at once," said the magis. trate.

Mrs. Trucele was just being carried off screaming when Mr. Guiles rushed into court. Reaching his office, and finding that is client had gone alone to her house, he followed her. She had, however, by that time been arrested and taken off to Grape street. When after some difficulty, Mr. Guiles discovered this, he followed post

him to let his poor relative go a begging." the rogues who stole them, have been seen Mrs. Truccle had been about a fortnight no more. It turned out that they were a pair of well-known sharpers and beggins etter writers, for whom the police had been on the lookout for some time. The rea Eustace Burke, Mrs. Truccle has since been disgusted to discover, is a penniless drunkard, who, after spending all he poss essed, now lives on a small pension which Lord Grabmore allows him on condition that he never comes to England -Londo

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Culmination of a Mania for Railway Speci lation in England, Nov. 30th, 1845. November 30th, 1845, is known in Eng land as the great railway mania day Speculation in joint stock enterprise reache ts height on that day, soon to be followed by a collapse that proved ruinous to thousands of people. Railways had become profitable, and hundreds of plans for new lines were brought forward by capitalists. engineers, contractors, and people in almost every walk of life. Some were honest, but many the reverse. A law was then in force requiring that a mass of documents be file n the Board of Trade in London on or be fore Nov. 30th in the preceding year, be-fore any railway scheme could be pushed in Parliament. There were somany of these schemes in 1845 that surveyors could not be found to to prepare the plan and sections in time. Anybody unde standing this kind of work could comman Anvbody under an enormous salary. Nov. 30th, 1845, fell on Sunday, but it was no Sunday near the Board of Trade in London. Vehicles were driving up during the whole day with agents and clerks bringing plans and sections. In the country districts coaches were in greater demand than on Derby day. On the Great Western Railway an express train was hired by the agents of one scheme; the engine broke down and the train came to a standstill at Maiden head, and was run into by another expres train bired by the agents of a rival scheme The opposite parties barely escaped with their lives, but managed to reach London in time. On this eventful Sunday there were no less than ten of these express trains on the Great Western Railroad, and eighteen on other lines. One express train steamed up to London at a speed of eighty miles an hour. An established company having refused an express train to the pro moters of a rival scheme, the latter em ployed persons to get up a mock funera cortege and engage an express train to con vey it to London; they did so, and the plans and sections came in the hearse with solicitors and surveyors as mourners At the Board of Trade extra clerks wer

### What Ensilage Is.

employed, but they had great difficulty

keeping up with the work. In all. 1.263 c

an estimated expenditure of about £1,000,

these railway schemes were filed,

000 sterling.

If you don't know what ensilage is yo night as well be told now and have it don with. Ensilage is winter food for the patient and nutritious cow. The exhibitor exclains all about it. It is really prepared oorn. The corn not planted in the usual hills," but in rows—drills is the technical term. This gives more of it to the acre but it knocks poetry out of the cornfield it doesn't leave any room for pumpking and a field without yellow pumpkins is a pretty poor affair. Just before the ears o corn harden and begin to whisper of huskin bees, and going home with the girls afte they are over, the ruthless hand of the modern improved farmer cuts the stalks of close to the ground, and the whole crop i carried to the barn on a patent waggo and run through the latest ensilage machine which chops up stalks, leaves, busks, care of corn, and sometimes the hired man's fingers. There is no busking, no finding red ears; no pumpkins, no jack-lanterns nothing but the steady hum of th steam ensilage machine, and, perhaps, sometimes, a few earnest remarks by the hired man. After the corn is chopped up it is put in the silo, where it remains like canned fruit in a glass jar till it is taken out and introduced to the cow. There is no silo exhibition, but the man says that the farmer buys the ensilage and makes his own sile. Cows are very fond of ensilage, at Mariborough House and at entertain and it is said to be a rare and beautiful sight to see a cow hold up her plate for Portsmouth. The fashion of piping shoes more. The man says that one farmer near Albany keeps his cows in the barnyard and feeds them ensilage and nothing else. He predicts that everybody will do this in a predicts that everybody will do this in a few years, so it seems that the pasture with the daisys and lazy bumble-bees will shoes worn very many years have to "go" with the daisys and say bumble-bees will shoes worn very many years have to "go with the genuine cornfield. Pretty soon a farm will consist of one machine painted red, white and blue, and an invention of modern days. small box of chemicals. Between scien. tific farming and India rubber flowers the are extremely smart, and most becoming soil is fast becoming superfluous, and in a to the foot. For the evening, broade few years we can lay out the surface of the

## tracks.-N. Y. Tribune.

Questions as to the candle power of electrio lights of the arc system have been raised in Berlin, as in this country. The lamps used in Unter den Linden are required to give a light of from 2,000 to 5,000 candles. It is asserted that they did not actually exceed 500 candle power, so an elaborate series of photometric tests were made. The results varied with direction from which the candle power was mea sured. The naked light gave very little light in a horizontal direction (196 candles) at an angle of 20 degrees about 1,15 candles, and at an angle of 42 degrees 2,01 candles. From that point the candle power sinks rapidly, and at 60 degrees there is no light, but shadow. The average without globes is about 1,228 candles. When globes are used the intensity of the light is more apply distributed at the different shadow. evenly distributed at the different angles but is greatly reduced, the loss amounting to from 40 to 53 per cent., and even with the use of reflectors the loss by the globe is 32 per cent. The ultimate result of the experiments is the estimate that the lamps nstead of being either of 5,000 or 2,00 candle power, give an average lighting power of 834 candles. Stated in a more under standable way, when the lights are 26 fee 8 inches above the pavement, the ligh necessary for reading is obtained at the height of a man's head, and at a distance

of 53 feet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scotch Church Moderators, The new moderators for the Scottis Church assemblies have been nominated and both are in their way well-known men The Church of Scotland will have Rev A. K. H. Boyd, D.D. LL D., who is aps more familiar to the reader of Britisl literature for his articles signed "A. K. H B." than for his clerical position. The Free Church moderator will be Rev. Dr Brown, of Edinburgh, one of the minister who "went out" at the disruption in 1843 and who has written the "Annals of the Disruption," an historical account of the troubles of those times.

Bayville Visitor-I would like to get you Boatman-Sail a boat? Why, it's easy as swimmin'. Jest grap the main shee with one hand an' the tiller with the other an' if a flaw strikes, ease up or bring 'er to, an' loose the halyards; look out fer the gaffan' boom, or the hull thing 'll be in the water, an' ye'll be upsot; but if the wind is steady y'r all right, onless y'r too slow in luffin' to; 'cause then y'll upsot sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe .- New York

Flat Ireny. Shirt to Wrists—So you are in trouble again with the cuffs on? Wrists to Shirt-Well, you are well-

ironed.-N. Y. Sun.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

t Lies as Much in Manners as in Features.

What has beauty to do with love? Here is a question that is harder to newer than to ask. We all have known that there is some sort of connection between them, but it is hard to define Poets have often tried to define it, but, like other mortals, have failed. John Keats comes as near it, perhaps, as any of them when he says:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. That which we know to be true is more eautiful than that which we know or susect of being false.

Haven't you known persons who seemed peautiful in your eyes until you discovered that they were not what they seemed? As long as they impressed you as being true they were beautiful, but the first line of mistrust made them ugly.

You cannot love the false in nature. You

may admire it, and you may be fascinated by it, but you cannot love it. A millinermade, hand-painted woman may win you dmiration, and she may fascinate you, but she can never win your true love. This is true, because nature has made it so. The true and the false go side by side, but never hand in hand.

The man who mistakes fascination for love is in great danger of being led into a path of misery. His affections will not be returned, neither will his kindness nor gentleness be appreciated. She alone is truly beautiful who is true.

Her face may not be pretty, nor her form exactly sylph-like, yet she is beautiful in the eyes of him who believes in her. May the sallow not use a little powder or the pale-cheeked indulge in a tinge of

rouge?
Certainly they may, because it is the duty of every woman to look well.
It is the duty of every girl, young lady, married woman and old maid to be just as

andsome as she can. To do this she need not resort to exces sive padding, extensive dyeing, or lavish painting. Indeed, she need not resort to padding at all, because fashion is liberal that the thin are allowed to wear loose, flowing gowns, while the stout may wear theirs as tight as the skin. Tan and sunburn are also fashionable, as that dark nd even tawny complexions are not only allowable, but quite the thing.

Beauty lies as much in manners as in If our girls and young women keep this in mind, and strive to be well-mannered, they would not be so much inclined to paint, powder, and dress in a fussy

It is the well-mannered lady who feels most at ease in public, and attracts the most respectful attention. She may not excite as much comment as her more flashy and highly colored eister, but her chances for happiness and prosperity ire much better.

Some ladies feel flattered to have gentle-

men turn and look after them on the street, to gaze at them in public and make remarks about their shape. Could they hear the side remarks that are made they might not feel as highly flattered. Neatness in dress and quietness in man-ers are two things that never fail to win

the honest admiration of respectable, vir uous men. Many a woman has won the affection of good man by the neatness and tidiness of her dress, and lost it by becoming negli-

gent and sloyenly after marriage.—Pittsburg ommercial Gazette. SWELL SHORS. What the Fashionable London Dames Ar Wearing on Different Occasions. The most fashionable London shoes, for very smart occasions, are in silk. Suede, or morocco, corresponding with the gown, with contrasting heels, rands, and either ribbon tying the side laps together on the instep or a handsome buckle, says the Home Journal. Gray silk or morocco, with white heels, rands and a silver buckle, dark-green with white, reseds with pale-pink, black with red, gold color with gray have all been popular combinations and have been worn at Goodwood, the garden party

with color comes to us from the commence ment of the 18th century. The black patent leather shoe, with colored satisfied style shoes worn very many years ago, the shape and general fashion being adhered to, though the patent leather is withered heels and handsome gold buckles shoes, made with the contrasting heel and earth into baseball grounds and two mile | rand, with dainty bows, lined with the color of the heel, or with cut buckles, are in the height of fashion. Some of the bows are smartly set up, each one lined with color, drawn together at the base, in form somewhat resembling a mouse's ear, while others are laid over, upon the shoe, times with three pearl or crystal studs placed down the centre. The brocade i usually that of the gown the shoe is to be worn with, and the heel and rand that of the color in it, such as gold and white brocads, with a gold satin heel and piping and so on. For ordinary evening wear, kid shoes are more fashionable than satin. For afternoon wear, colored and embossed morocco shoes, after the Louis XV. period with high pointed instep flaps and hand some buckles, are much worn. shoes are often worn with historical cos-

If you have goods to sell advertise th fact. If any advertising canvasser wants to advertise your business in a fancy frame at a depot pay him 200 per cent. more than it is worth, and let bim put it there. When a man has three quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye. Patronize every can vasser that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory, dictionary or even an advertising Bible, if one is off red. But don't think of advertising in a well-established legitimate newspaper. Your advertise ment would find its way into all the thrifty ouseholds of the region where the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman and other live, and into the homes of the wealthy and refined—all of whom need articles and have the money with which to buy them; and in the quiet of the evening, after the news of the day had been digested, it would be read and pondered upon, and the next day people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a big business; but, of course, it would be nore expensive.—New Haven Register.

Johnny-Say, pa, are you in favor of the Bible in the public schools?
Father—Of course. Why do you ask?
"Nothin'. Goly I notice you never have

Has a man a right to kiss his wife in heatre? This is the burning question of the hour in K nees C ty, where the author ities have decided in the negative. Dr. A M. Goldstein and his wife prepared a test case, and after some controversy were es-corted outside by a policeman. The subect is a delicate one, but we are inclined to think the Kansas City decision is right.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, nee Endicott has left London with her husband and step children for a winter in Egypt. Christmas will be spent at Luxor on the Nile. SOME LARGE TIMEPIECES.

Wonderful Ingenuity of Ancient and

Modern Olockmakers.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CLOCK. The ordinary, everyday tower clock is not a very complicated piece of machinery. It is in fact an ordinary house clock on a big scale, and its multiplication of dials is merely a matter of pinions and adjustment of weights. But there are clocks into which much ingenuity and years of labor have been put and a description, however brief, of some of them may be of interest.

The old clock of Prague, built by one

Hanusch about 1470, is one of the wonders

of clock making ingenuity. The disl was egg-shaped and nearly eight feet across. It was covered with hands, each hand having its particular duty to perform. So intri-cate was its mechanism, and so fearful were the citizens of Prague that some other city might have a similar, or better one they declared poor Hanusch insane and put out his eyes. This wonderful clock told the centuries, years, mouths, days, hours, minutes and seconds. The hours were tolled on a bell by a skeleton, who, as he pulled the rope, nodded to a figure beside him as if to intimate that his last moment had come; while the figure shrugged his shoulders and looked up pitifully as if begging a other hour's respite The clock was provided with figures of the twelve Apostics, and at intervals of an hour they appeared to the spectators, "in tunics and tights," and performed a kind of drill for the benefit of the citizens of Prague.

I think it is in St. Mark's Cathedral Venice, that a peculiarly designed clock is yet to be seen. The dial plate hour-marks are the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. The Madonna is scated on a stage over the dial, and on religious festivals an an one cones out, salutes, and blows a trumpet; then the Magi come out and offer salutations and retire; then two giants appear. look up at the winged lion of St. Mark, all strike the hour on a huge

AN ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

The astronomical clock of Strasburg is probably the most famous of the world's great timepieces. The present clock was begun i. 347 and finished in 1574. Its original designers died while it was building its correlation for its completion, and the work was done under David Walkenstein. It is in perfect order to day. In size it is 30 feet high and 15 feet wide at the base. On one side is a winding stair, topped by five Corin-thian columns; on the other side is a gothic pillar, puaelled, each panel filled with paintings of human figures. In front of the base is a huge globe, showing the equinox s and relative positions of the sun and moon, while another arrangement shows the movements of the planets, fast days, holy days and feast days. Above the base is a stage on which figures repre-senting the days of the week pass in order. On each side of the dial sits a cupid. One strikes the hours and quarters on a bell, while the other reverses an hour glass at the proper moment. Above is the dial w h the zodiacal signs and which shows the noon's phases, and surmounting that a cannot of automata that appear at noon. At 11.15 a cupid taps the bell, and from the upper cabinet a little child toddles out with a wand and strikes one on a bell and retires. At the second quarter Youth comes out, and with a shepherd's staff twined with flowers, strikes two. At the third quarter Manhood strides forth, strikes the bell three heavy blows with his made and eaves. Twelve o'clock sees a tottering

While this goes on the twelve Apostles pass in order before the Saviour, who blesses each; and a cock, perched on the Gothic pillar, crows lustily three times, one cupid strikes the bell and the other reverses his hour glass. This is probably the most complicated and wonderful clock in existence. There is a clock in Paris which consists of a glass dial and two hands. The hands are balanced by a ball on the short end of each, and in these balls, which are only about an inch in diameter, is contained the mechanism of the clock. You can turn the hands to any point you like, and on re leasing them they will swing back, oscillate for a moment, and then show the correct time just as if they had not been touched There are some very beautiful and ingeniously constructed clocks made in Paris and Vienna. I saw one a few years ago in which the only evidence of motion, save the movement of the hands, was the performance of a cat that at intervals cau-tiously extended her head and snatched with her paw at an almost too ventures me mouse, whose tail always disappeared just in the nick of time down a hole in a corner of the structure. Another clock presented a very rotund man eating potatoes with evident gusto, but, judging from the man-ner in which he rolled his eyes, he had

four clumey taps with its crutch and stagger off the stage. Then the skeleton

Death, which has been looking on all the

time, raises his baton—a humar femur—and slowly strikes the hour of 12

some difficulty in swallowing them. THE WORLD'S GREATEST CLOCK. The largest clock in the world is in the House of Parliament, the train being fifteen feet long and five feet wide. The dials are 180 feet from the ground, and are 22½ feet in diameter. The Cathedras at Malines has a larger dial, but has only one hour hand. The minute hand of the Westminster clock does not proceed regu-larly, but at its point jumps nearly seven inches every half minute. It telegraphs its time twice daily to Greenwich Observatory The dial train is wound weekly; the strik ing train twice a week. The hour bell is nine feet in diameter and weighs fifteen tons It is distinctly heard at ten miles distance The quarter hour bells weigh 8,000, 3,700 2,800 and 2,300 pounds respectively. clock has been running since 1859, and cost. with the bells, \$110,000. The striking

movement cost \$20,000, and that of the hands and dials, \$26,500 The "Columbus Clock," made in Columbus, Ohio, occupied eight years of its builder's life. It is eighteen feet high by eleven long at its base. It shows th earth in its diurnal and annual movements and the position of the planets in their orbits, together with miniature models of the signing of the declaration of independ-

ence, Lincoln emancipating the slaves, a walking man, etc.

There is a clock in Hazelton, Pa., which shows forty-eight moving figures. It gives all the planetary movements, the moon's pbases, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, Time and Death, each performing a part. Christ and Apostles, the three Marys, Satan, sentinels, and figures which play on the harpand organ, the battle of Monmouth, and Molly Fitcher and her water keg. These figures perform almost incredible ments, among them being the Temptation and Peter's denial of the Saviour, the latter act being marked by the crowing of a cock while Satan appears at an open window,

rubs his hands and smiles gleefully. THE RITTENHOUSE CLOCK.

"The Rittenhouse Clock," owned by a

well known Philadelphia editor, who has a

taste for curiosities and the wealth to

indulge it, is perhaps a more ingenious work than some I have mentioned. It has six dials. One shows seconds, hours, minutes days of week and mouth, correcting itself for leap year variations and giving the moon's phases; the second shows the movements of the planets, each being represented by a golden ball; the third shows the moon revolving round the earth the fourth shows Saturn on his 29-year orbit; the fifth keeps sun time compared with meridian time; the sixth regulates the chimes and gives the choice of ten tunes

any one of which may be repeated by sing a knob on the dial.

A Hindoo legend tells us of a clock owned by a prince of the far away times. A large gong hung by the dial, and before it a great heap of human bones, in all mough to make twelve complete skeletons. "When the hands of the clock indicate the boars of one" can the legend the effects." hour of one," says the legend, "out from the pile crawled first the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with a quick click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When 2 o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up and, marching to the gong, struck one after another his blow, making twelve in all; then, returning, fell to pieces

Nowadays we have clocks driven by water, by compressed air, clocks arranged so as to rewind themselves by an air current carried through a flue. Recently a Canadian, Mr. George Hess, of Arich, obtained a patent for an electric clock. In all probability, however, for some time to come the propelling power of our ore clocks will be of the kind that quires a daily or weakly expenditure of energy to be stored up in weights and paid out y grav-tation, just as in the clocks of the fifteenth century.

LINCOLN AND LEL.

Lord Wolse'ey's Estimate of the Centra Figures of the Civil War.

The perusal of these paper has revived my remembrance of this great straggle and of the impressions it left at on me at the time. The routine of military duty had stationed me in the neighboring Dominion of Canada while this mighty fight was of Canada while this mighty fight was going on. It is not easy to describe the breathless interest and expitement with which from month to month, almost from day to day, we English soldiers read and studied every report to t could be obtained of the war as it proceeded. No doubt many of our impressions i the facts, as we reof our impressions i the facts, as we received them at the number, required to be corrected by subsequent investigation. It takes a long time before the facts can be thoroughly threshed out from the mass of evidence bearing upon the complicated events of a great war that spread over a mighty continent. Nevertheless, in one respect, at all events, the broad impressions then formed are confirmed by the conclusions since arrived at, both from the more elaborate histories and from this most elaborate histories and from this most valuable series of papers. I refer to the opinion that, amid the crowds of able man. of gallaut so diers, and of clever statesmen whom the epoch of the American civil war produced, the two men, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Lee, stand out a head and shoulders above all others. Neither of them were free from human error. Experience and the teaching of history warn us that perfection is a myth But how great were both of these two great men in their several spheres! How modest, how wise, how self-restrained, how generous, how large in their views, and how grandly

-Article in North American Review.

patriotic, as each understood patriotism

Little Lizzie may not have made such a mistake after all, when she told her playmate that mamma was ever so much better since she begin taking "Golden Medal Discovery." Lizzie meant Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but many a restored sufferer has felt that the discoverer was wortny of a golden medal. Better than all the medals, is the consciousness that thousands of cases of Consumption, "Liver Complaint," Kidney Diseases, and diseases of the blood, have been cured by it. Lizzie's mamma was one of a countless army who have learned by experience the virtues of the "Discovery" for diseased Livers and consequent impure blood. It cures all Skin, Sealp and Scrofulous Affections, Saltrheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments. It is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be re-

When the Forty-Second Highlanders Had

the Worst of It. When the Forty-second Highlanders, or end of 1857, they were marched to the Scotch Kirk on Sunday in their full dress, with kilts and bonnets, to the great admiration of the public. But the mosquitoes from the large tank near the kirk smelt fresh blood, and invaded the sacred builling, and soon found their way to the unprotected parts of the Highlander's legs, especially about their naked knees. For a while the men endured it bravely. Then one soldier and next another began to slap at the mosquitoes, until so many of them were fiercely slapping at their knees that the noise overwhelmed the preacher's voice, and he stopped his discourse, so that the men could be marched away to their

barraoks. - Longman's Magazine Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilions Granules, Laxative or Catharic according to size of dore. Purely vegetable.

A great lawyer having died, some one asked Daniel Web ter how much of an estate he left. The answer came quick: "Like all great lawyers, he lived well and died poor." This was called to our mind by the remarkable statement lately made in by the remarkable statement lately made in a newspaper that all men of intellect accumulate property. Everyboly knows that money sense frequently, although not always, goes with a low order of brain.—

Dayton (Ohio) Democrat. Den't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusing everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Johnny Doesn't See the Point, "Hi, Johnny Henpeck, who wears of trousers in your house? "First me fader has 'em, 'n then I git

The Prince of Wales, on his present trip, drinks nothing but German mineral

water, Mr. Stanley is expected to spend Christ mas either at Zanzibar or Mombassa, where he will be welcomed by Colonel Ewan

Smith and George Mackenzie Ignatius Donnelly is said to be a dis-appointed man. He had confidently ex-proted that the world would accept his Baconian cipher at once and shower upor its discoverer the wealth and fame he longs for. But instead of taking Donnely seriously the world is inclined to look upon him as a brilliant humorist. It is strang that Donnelly should not be satisfied with

DONE 51 89

this reputation.

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