

BARBARA'S LEGACY.

"If any relatives of the late James Hanford, some time curate of Widston, be still living, they may hear something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Dod & Son, Solicitors, King St.

Barbara Reed put down the paper with a jerk. "I wonder if that means me," she said, thoughtfully. "My grandfather's name was certainly James Hanford, and I know he was a curate, but I did not know there was any money in the family."

"If you think it worth while, go to Messrs. Dod & Son and find out," suggested a sharp featured elderly lady, who sat stitching at the table opposite.

"Of course I will! Why, there may be five thousand pounds waiting for me there." "Or five pounds, more likely," supplemented the stitchee.

Barbara laughed. "I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be much more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more for your advantage than all the money you are ever likely to get from advertisements, if you had but the good sense to see it," returned that lady significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promising pupils in it before that. She was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school ended it became necessary that she should do something toward keeping up the little household, and she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers. Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against that lady's authority, which was pretty much as it had been in the days she was "quite a child," as Barbara often phrased it to herself.

"She never seems to remember that I am grown up and able to manage my own affairs. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once she has any right to interfere in this manner now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out to her own satisfaction, when some one quietly fell into step beside her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist as she looked around.

"What are you in such a hurry for? I could scarcely keep you in sight," inquired the new comer.

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonition, her drawing-master—clever enough at his profession, but of his industry and general dependableness she had not the highest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was fast developing a very warm sentiment for the good looking young artist.

"I am going home to deposit my music, and after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"King street! That is an expedition." "Isn't it! But I have some idea of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that Barbara speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her first announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?" he said, earnestly, with a lingering clasp of the hand, as he left her at the corner of her own street. "I shall be most anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself."

The dingy, jolting omnibus that conveyed Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for all she felt of it. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more of the interminable practising at Mrs. Stewart's for herself, no drawing lessons for some one else. Who could tell but next May there might be a new member at the Academy, a new picture to attract all eyes? No man tied down to mere teaching could have a fair chance. Barbara's face glowed with the thought that it might be her hand that should set the fettered genius free.

The glow was still there when she turned into King street and ran full against a plain, rather commonplace, young man coming out of one of the warehouses. "Why, Miss Barbara, it is not often you find your way to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand. It was a brown, ungloved hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting it with the well-shaped, yellow-gloved one that had pressed hers a little before.

"I came on some business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me; it is advertised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors now."

John Grant laughed. Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara; for myself I never had much faith in legacies since I wasted twenty-five shillings once in answering advertisements about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this," returned Barbara, stiffly. "I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

"And this is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks worth half a dozen like Alfred Lawrence!" said Barbara to herself, as she walked into Messrs. Dod & Son's office.

Her face was several shades longer when she came out again. Messrs. Dod & Son had not received her with any means the respectful enthusiasm she expected. There had been awkward questions to answer and proofs and genealogies that she had not been prepared to answer; indeed she had half fancied they took her for an impostor, they had been so reluctant to part with any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

"And I thought I should almost have had it in my pocket by this time," she said to herself, ruefully. "Well, I must have patience for another week or so. It is sure to be settled then; only—I'd have liked to have something certain to tell Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Lawrence sympathised with her over the delay almost as deeply as she did herself when she told him the result of her visit the next day. Barbara was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her feelings.

"And they did not even give you an idea how much it was likely to be?" he asked.

"Not exactly," admitted Barbara; "but they were so cautious I could tell by their manner that it must be a good deal."

"I don't know if that is altogether a criterion. These old lawyers are very deceptive sometimes," he replied. "However, you can get that paper filled up and sent in; and I would not lose any time about it, if I were you," he added.

John Grant was the next person to whom she had to explain her non-success.

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara," he said, cheerfully. "One is never sure of a chance of that kind till one has actually got it. I would not build upon it in any way, if I were in your place."

"You don't seem to have had a fortunate experience in that way," retorted Barbara, ungratefully. "It is only deferred in this case, and I am in no hurry for a few days."

"Days!" echoed John. "There's a man in our office has waited years, and is likely to wait, as far as I can see."

Mrs. Stewart was another painful thorn in the path at this juncture.

"Barbara, my dear," she remarked one day after school was dismissed, "were you paying any attention whatever to the practice this afternoon?" Barbara flushed scarlet. "I was beside the piano the whole time," she declared.

"Your body may have been there, but your mind certainly was not. Now, my dear, you must really endeavor to put this unfortunate legacy out of your head for the present; you have been fit for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved decidedly the reverse of any advantage to you."

Ten days later came the much looked for communication from Messrs. Dod & Son. "They were in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and could assure her the matter should have their best attention, and were hers most obediently," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It was tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would hardly know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the upshot. John Grant's indifference, not to say scepticism, on the subject, threw up his rival's superior qualities in full relief, and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled that Mr. Lawrence went no farther. With all his solicitude, and looks that said more than words, he never absolutely committed himself, to anything more binding than friendship.

"I can't ask him," she said one day, under her breath, as she walked slowly home after one of these "accidental" meetings. "But, oh, I do wish he would say straight out what he means, or else keep away altogether. It makes one feel so unsettled."

Poor Barbara was to feel more unsettled still before she reached home. It was a lovely summer evening, and fifty yards farther on she was joined by another cavalier—John Grant this time. She shrank back at first, half afraid of some jesting inquiry after Messrs. Dod & Son, but she speedily discovered that he seemed to have forgotten their very existence. There was something else in his mind, and he lost no time in saying very "straight out" indeed what it was.

"I may not be able to offer you a fine house and luxuries," he said, "but I have saved plenty to begin in comfort, and I think we might be very happy together if you would only try. I have thought about it for the last two years and worked hard to be able to tell you so."

Barbara looked up at him with genuine tears in her eyes. "I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing—at least, not in serious earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Stewart's. "Besides, there's lots of other better girls you might find."

"That is not the point," he interrupted; "it's you, not other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. I don't want to hurry you, but let me have a line as soon as you can; it means a good deal to me."

Barbara went home in kind of a haze. She had never thought so highly of John Grant and his straightforward dependableness as at that moment; but, on the other hand, there was Mr. Lawrence, with his handsome face and dashing manner, and there was a little undefined sense of resentment against Mrs. Stewart, who had always been a strong, if not entirely judicious advocate for John Grant; and—then there was this probable fortune that might be coming to her. Barbara looked at the peaceful evening sky in sore perplexity as to what she ought to do, or what she really wished. "He said he didn't want to hurry me," she decided finally. "I'll just wait and see how things go."

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disapproval. John Grant was invisible. Only Mr. Lawrence was to the fore with his sympathetic inquiries, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of having the same response: "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his admiration of her. They did not go deep enough. "If he has nothing more to say than that he ought not to have said it at all," she reflected, contrasting it half unconsciously with John Grant's very opposite line of conduct.

At last, one Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's she met the postman, who gave her a blue official-looking envelope. Barbara stood still on the steps, holding her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs. Dod & Son's compliments to Miss Reed, and beg to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake has been proved the nearest kin, and consequently heir-at-law to the £500 left by the late Mr. James Hanford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it soberly into her jacket pocket. She had scarcely realized before how much she had been counting upon it. There was nothing left now but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

"Mrs. Stewart," she said, knocking at the door of that lady's sitting-room before she began her morning practice. "I want to tell you I have heard about that legacy at last."

"Well?" Mrs. Stewart looked up from her desk, pen in hand.

"It's not well," said Barbara, trying to smile. "There is some one nearer than I am—Mrs. Elizabeth Drake. She gets it all—it was £500."

Mrs. Stewart laid down her pen and patted the girl's shoulder kindly. "Never mind, Barbara; you may be glad to have missed it some day, though it's not pleasant

now. There are many other good things in the world beside money."

"It would have helped very nicely, though," sighed Barbara. "No doubt; but it's not to be, so just try and forget it. You know you are not utterly dependent upon it."

As Barbara crossed the hall to the school-room that afternoon she encountered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his light gloves. She saw at a glance that Mrs. Stewart had told him of her disappointment. She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to him.

"You see I am not to come into a fortune after all," she said quietly.

"So it seems," he said coldly, not looking up from a refractory button. "But it was not much of a fortune after all. I thought it was to be five or six times that amount."

"I wish I had never heard of it," spoke Barbara, looking at him in scornful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and annoyance."

"Yes, it is rather a pity—disappointing and waste of time, too. Well, I am going into the country for a few weeks, Miss Reed, so good afternoon if I don't chance to see you again."

"Good afternoon," returned Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the school-room door.

A tiny note was dropped into the pillar post that same evening addressed to Mr. John Grant.

"Dear John," it ran, "I'm not half good enough for you, but if you still wish it—I'll try."

It was not perhaps a great achievement in the way of composition for a young lady who had been under Mrs. Stewart's guidance for so long, but it perfectly satisfied the person it was intended for, and much loftier epistles have often failed in that respect.

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advantage, after all," Mrs. John Grant said some months later: "I don't know what Mrs. Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the getting it ever could."

Farmers' Sons as Successful Men.

Why is it that most of the great and successful men, either in politics, finance or letters, in this country, are the sons of the farmer, or of poor parentage? This is a question of fearful import to the wealthy and business men now treading so successfully the paths of wealth. Whence cometh the Lincoln and the Grants of the political field? What wealth or royal prestige of parental position bolstered up their early or later successful struggles? Or where was the education or the surfeited exchequers of the ancestors that laid the financial foundations of Gould, Stewart, Vanderbilt and thousands of others scattered all over the country? They were orphans, or sons of farmers unknown to fame, and whose signatures were unknown to bank counters.

As a general rule, successful business men (merchants, politicians or bankers) were members of large families. No hotbed influence of wealth, or the petted training of an only child, dwarfed their early efforts of self-reliance. No extravagant use of unearned money smothered the great lesson of economy, without which no solid foundation of wealth was ever laid. In early life no lesson of caste or exclusiveness of blood chilled their sociability, but their minds were imbued with the idea that true worth made men and women of the first class.

The farmer's son raised on the scanty farm, or the half-orphan of a poor widow, has no carriage in which to ride, so the son soon learns to walk to fame and fortune. In his youth no wealthy hand reaches out to sustain and steady his steps, so he learns to save himself, and pushes forward with self-reliance and conscious ability to distinction. His father, with his scanty purse, sets an example of economy which clings to the son through life. In this way the poor boy from the farm, removed from the fashionable vices of society, comes to manhood and strikes out boldly with a determination to hew his own way to character and comfort. Look around you, poor toiling son of the farm, and read the history of those whom the world now worship for their learning, their talents and their purity in the day of trial. In early life they trod the same thorny path you are now trying. Self-reliance is the foundation on which to build, adding industry, honesty and perseverance. How good it is to feel in life's young manhood, with the smiles of Providence, we can enter the arena of conflict, uncontaminated with evil associations, and not enfeebled by an early life of idleness, and be permitted, unaided, to hew out, with a strong and willing heart, a position with our country's true nobility.—(Ben Perley Poore.

Cologne. Cologne is chiefly interesting to visitors on account of its Cathedral and its Cologne water. To see the one and to buy some of the other are the two great objects of travellers. But, apart from these principal attractions, you will find the city very interesting. Most of the streets are queer and old, some of the houses dating from the thirteenth century; and the Rhine, which is here crossed by a long bridge of boats, presents a very busy and lively scene with its craft of many kinds.

The real Cologne water is made by Johann Maria Farina, but when you go out to buy some, you may be a little perplexed by finding that there are some thirty or forty people of this name, all of whom keep shops for the sale of Cologne water. There are a great many descendants of the original inventor of this perfume, and the law does not permit any one to assume the name who does not belong to the family; but the boy babies of the Farinas are generally baptized Johann Maria, so that they can go into the Cologne water business when they grow up. There are two or three shops where the best and "original" water is sold, and at one of these you buy some of the celebrated perfume, generally sold to travellers in small wooden boxes containing four or six bottles, which you get at a very reasonable price compared with what you have to pay for it in America. You cannot take much more than this, because Cologne water is classed as spirits by the custom-house authorities in England, and each traveller is allowed to bring only a small quantity of it into that country.

Isaac Jeans, a Philadelphia Quaker, who has made a fortune of \$3,000,000 as a fruit importer, began his business career by selling oranges and apples at retail.

HEALTH.

AVOIDING SICK HEADACHES.

Very many attacks of sick headache can be prevented if those who are subjected to them are careful about their diet and largely restrict the same to vegetable and fruits easy of digestion. They must forego meat, cheese, pastry, beer, wine, etc.; in fact, neither eat nor drink anything which is stimulating in character and at all likely to tax the digestive organs.

SLEEP A PREVENTIVE OF HEADACHE.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time a sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides, will eventually prevent the headache. If not taken just then, it will be too late; for, after the attack is fairly under way, it is impossible to get sleep till far into the night. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes around, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease—better than tonic regulators and stimulants."

LAWS OF HEALTH.

The human constitution has its laws, as definite and certain as those of astronomy. Cheerfulness and good will are of the first importance. Therefore, take the generous side and study benevolence and the welfare of others, as much for your own sake as theirs.

SUNLIGHT—is as essential to animal as vegetable life. Physicians say the number of patients cured in hospital rooms exposed to the rays of the sun, are four times as great as those confined in darkened rooms.

EXERCISE—is best if taken in some employment for an object. *Begin and end slowly.* It is well to carry our exercise to the point of fatigue if the system soon rallies from it; but for health, no greater fatigue should be incurred than a night's rest will remove. To sleep well and gain strength, the body must be fatigued.

FRESH AIR—The air is the only agent which keeps the blood pure, and enables it to circulate and impart life-power to the system. It no less sustains life, by imparting this wonderful property to the blood, than by expelling the impurities or worn out matter which the veins have collected, and brought to the lungs for expulsion, and which, if left in the system but a very few moments, would cause death.

BATHING—Much cold bathing exhausts vitality. Much warm bathing produces undue relaxation and sensitiveness. Hence, to secure the best results, avoid these extremes. The temperature of the water and surrounding air should be such as to allow a bath to be taken deliberately. With these conditions, and a moderately coarse towel, a yard in length, to supply the water, a very thorough bath may be taken. The towel bath affords excellent exercise for those engaged in sedentary employments.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

FOOD—A free use of palatable fruit is essential. We must learn to distinguish between a real appetite and a mere superficial taste. The taste of sugar, for instance, may be agreeable, when there is no real need or appetite for it. Take few varieties of food at one meal. It is well, now and then, to omit by turns the use of every article of food—even bread, thus preventing the system from becoming tied to any injurious routine. It would not be amiss to make an occasional meal of some palatable fruit or vegetable in its season; when best relished.

WATER—An abundant supply and free use of pure soft water is essential to health. Water is the only fluid capable of circulating in all the tissues of the body, and penetrating its finest vessels without irritation or injury. No other liquid than water can dissolve the various articles of food taken into the stomach. It is water alone which forms the fluid portions of the blood, and thus serves to convey the nutriment to all parts of the body for its growth and replenishment. And it is water which takes up the decaying particles, and conveys them, by a most complicated and wonderful system of drainage from the body. When good soft water cannot otherwise be obtained, a small outlay for a cistern and filter will secure an abundant supply of pure rain water, equal to any.

Coaling in Japan.

The traveller whose point of departure from a Chinese port has been a nest of dirty hovels is agreeably surprised, on entering a Japanese harbor, to see the order, cleanliness, and good taste which mark the town. The native craft, which surround the steamer as soon as her anchor is dropped, are characterized by the spotless whiteness of their wood-work, by their unsoiled oars, masts, and cordage, and by their picturesque sails, which resemble dainty linen.

An English officer, who watched the coaling of a steamer in Nagasaki Harbor, says that the coal-junks are cleaner than English yachts, and that the prosaic operation was made poetical by the style in which the Japanese performed it.

"Queer, undersized mannikins briskly fill rows of baskets, each about as big as a small flower-basket, and holding a small shovelful. These are snatched up by old hags, and passed along a double row of bright young girls, who hand them rapidly up the gangway ladder, and empty their tiny contents into the ship's bunkers.

"Lilliputian urchins collect the empty baskets, and redistribute them throughout the junks.

"A more lively scene, coupled with energetic work, it would be difficult to imagine. The entire occupation is accompanied with never-ceasing merriment and cracking of childish jokes.

"A piece of coal is too big for the baskets—it is tossed up bodily amidst screams of laughter. A girl topples over into the sea. She swims like a cork on the surface of the warm, clear, blue water, and is dragged out, a dripping little Venus."

The number of women who really care to vote is about equal to the number of men who like to put the baby to sleep.

The women of the Presbyterian church in the United States have raised during the past sixteen years about \$2,456,000 for missions.

STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

A STRANGE BIRD.

Kiwi-kiwi is the creature's real name, but scientific men call it apteryx, which is a Greek word meaning wingless, because, though a bird, it has no wings. That is absurd enough, but it does not satisfy the Kiwi, who seems to have tried to be as unbirdlike as possible, and, in order to be so, has gone to very ridiculous extremes.

It not only has no wings, but it has no tail—not even so much as an apology for one. And, as if that were not enough, it has no feathers worthy of the name. Its quills are covered with soft down for about one-third of their length, and then are fringed with hair-like webs out to the ends, which are sharply pointed. It is only as large as a common domestic fowl, but it has much stronger and stouter legs and bigger feet.

Of course you can not be surprised to learn that such a bird looks at first sight like a quadruped. It carries its head low and hobbles along in a most uncouth fashion, moving so swiftly when pursued, however, that it is very difficult to capture this ridiculous bird.

When it sleeps in the daytime—for naturally it is odd enough to choose the wrong time for sleeping—it rests its long bill on the ground, and so makes itself look like a strange sort of three-legged stool. Most other birds use their beaks or their wings or their spurs to fight with, but it would be foolish to expect any such natural proceeding from the kiwi; and, in fact, its plan of fighting is to kick. It is very fond of earth-worms; and one of its ways of procuring them is worthy of so odd a bird. It thumps the earth with its big feet, and if there are any worms in the vicinity, up they come to discover what is the matter.

It is a cousin of the ostrich, and though its plumage has no such value for us as its large relative's has, it is very highly valued by the natives of New Zealand. The kiwi has a very tough skin, which, when it is properly dressed, makes good leather.

THE SENSE OF SMELL IN DOGS.

It is, I think, of some interest to supplement the very striking and exact experiments on the scent of dogs by an account of some experiments made with a pug bitch. She was taught to hunt for small pieces of dry biscuit in a good sized dining room. The dog was put out of the room and a small piece, not much bigger than a shilling, of dry Osborne biscuit was hidden; and as long as the hiding place was accessible to the dog, she never failed to find it. Sometimes the biscuit would be placed under a heap of a dozen or more newspapers on a dinner wagon, sometimes under a footstool, or soft cushion, or fire shovel, and on two or three occasions in the foot of a boot which had been just taken off, the hiding body being always carefully replaced before the dog was admitted into the room, and without exception the biscuit in a very short time was discovered. It was over and over again proved that the dog did not follow the trail of the person who had hidden the biscuit; often the dog went by a different route, and in some cases one person hid the biscuit and another opened the door.

The experiment which has now special interest is the following one. A small piece of biscuit was placed on the floor under the center of a footstool which was one foot square and six inches high, and standing on feet which raised it one inch from the ground. The dog, from the way in which she would set about moving the stool—not a very easy thing to do, as it stood in an angle of the wall—was evidently certain that the biscuit was beneath, and as scent seemed the only means by which she could have come at this conclusion, I thought to entirely mask this scent and prevent her finding the biscuit by pouring eau de cologne on the stool. I found, however, it had no such effect. The biscuit was as readily and surely found when the eau de cologne was there as when absent. It seems, then, that not only well worn boots leave behind a recognizable odor, as Mr. Romanes proved, but also that to us at least so odorless a substance as dry plain biscuit emits so much and so characteristic a smell that it immediately spreads, even through considerable obstacles, to a distance of several inches in a few seconds, for in most cases the biscuit was found in thirty to sixty seconds after it had been hidden; thus time was not allowed, one would think, for all the surroundings of the hiding place to become saturated with the scent.—[W. J. Russel.

He Knew the Boy.

Once upon a time there was a schoolmaster who was placed over a new school. His pride was aroused, and he wanted to make that just the best school that ever was. He pondered over it a good while, and then he concluded that the best way to get at his object was to arouse a spirit of self-respect and self-improvement in the pupils. So one day he talked to them quite earnestly, and finally he said, thinking he made the subject very plain to them all: "Now, boys, I believe there's just one way to do this thing. If each one of you will make up his mind to mend one boy of his faults, the whole school will be improved in a very short time."

"All right, sir," spoke up little Jimmy Eaton, who had been very much interested in the discussion, "I'll mend Jack Wyeth."

The whole school laughed aloud, for it seemed funny that the only boy who had not understood what the teacher meant was the one to be so eager to answer.

But, boys, I wonder how many of you, if your name had been Jimmy Eaton, would have made up your mind to mend Jimmy Eaton instead of Jack Wyeth? It is so easy to try to amend other people's faults instead of your own. If you see faults in your schoolmates, don't talk about it to them, but say to yourself, "That looks pretty bad in Jack. I wonder if I do anything like that?" If, on self-examination, you find that you do, just struggle your best to mend it. Or if you find you haven't that particular fault, pick out some other from your own, and the chances are ten to one that by the time you have corrected yours, he will have corrected his, especially if he notices you are trying to break yourself of the habit, whatever it may be.

George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake, is worth \$9,000,000. This is believed to be the largest fortune ever made out of wind.