

# SPEAK A GOOD WORD.

## Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells How You May Be Happy.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—Acts xviii, 2, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Here we are on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial centre, belonging at different times to Phoenicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belonging to England. The area of the island is about 100 square miles. It is in the Mediterranean sea and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Aetna, 130 miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck. The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel drifting probably a mile and a half an hour, she struck at what is called St. Paul's Bay.

Practical sailors have taken up the apostle and placed beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island, which has so rough a coast, is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there. When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated and hungry from long abstinence from food and

**CHILLED TO THE BONE,** the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates. Every thing had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality.

My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta and around a hot fire drying themselves and with the best provision the islanders can offer them. And they go into Government quarters for three days to recuperate. Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at the time, his father down with a dangerous illness. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island, watching for a ship and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

**KINDNESS!** What a great word that is! It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched up in the book of Genesis, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will

**WRESTLE ME DOWN,** before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated their victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

**KINDNESS!** All definitions of that magnificent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes; it is an expression of benevolence; it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says, "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness; it is sunshine of the soul; it is affection perennial; it is a climacteric grace; it is the combination of all graces; it is compassion; it is the perfection of gentleness and womanliness." Are you through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined, but we all know what it is for we have felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hands stretched out which "showed us no little kindness."

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it. You cannot play it as a part.

**YOU CANNOT ENACT IT.**

By the grace of God you must have it inside of you, an everlasting summer, or, rather, a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malvolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites, and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever—every man, every woman, every child, every bird, every horse, every dog, every cat, every dog, every cat. Give this spirit full swing, and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing women's associations, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unroll every battery till it could no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration. Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted

and its answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than myrronette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" and they answer, "Where is that flower?" so if you have in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition its perfume will whelm everything.

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet any one, do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or

**DOES HE FEEL WORSE.**

Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it was a dangerous power. First it is chained to the back part of the mouth by strong muscles. Then it is surrounded by teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars, and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then, outside of all, are the two lips with the power of compression and arrest. And yet, notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, scarification and damnation.

There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard of the good thing. Now, there are two sides to almost every one's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta with the words, "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you manifest! You run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this windy month? It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces as soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have had enough work to make a living for ourselves without having thrust on us 276 ragmuffins." Not so said the Maltese. I think they said, "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves. Glad that you all got off with your lives."

**MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.**

You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers. And here is a man with a broken arm; and here is a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And, though for three months the kindness went on, we have little more than this brief record: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. Kindness to all! Surely it ought to be a difficult grace to cultivate when we see towering above the centuries such an example that one glimpse of it ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled and the blind and the cataleptic and the leprous and the dropsical and the demoniac characterized him all the way and on the cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear and hammered the spikes and howled the blasphemous. All the stories of the John Howards and the Florence Nightingales and the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises pale before this transcendent example of him whose birth and life and death are

**THE GREATEST STORY**

that the world ever heard and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the cross with that cruel thump, thump, now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our sermons.

And while we take this matchless kindness from God may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if, by the grace of God, from this time forth, we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text, "He showed us no little kindness." But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of heaven are mounted, and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it

ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God.

**TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY.**

A Few Simple Hints That May Help.—Self-Denial Necessary.

To grow old pleasantly and gracefully it is necessary to recognize the fact that one is getting old and that therefore, one should shape one's life accordingly.

To begin with, to be beautiful one must have a contented mind, and as this has very much to do with the bodily health, this should be taken care of.

One need not be a fastidious or a fidget, but even the youngest girl ought to begin to prepare for a beautiful and healthy old age by using discretion in diet.

Indulgence in quantities of unwholesome, though, perhaps, pleasant sweets will slowly, but surely, ruin the best of complexions, which, as time goes on, will become thick and coarse, or, even worse, pimply.

To retain a good complexion and digestion—for the two generally go together—the food taken should be simple, but nourishing, and at regular hours. Promiscuous meals are to be avoided, and, as a general rule, stimulants should not be taken.

Warm milk will be found an excellent pick-me-up when needed. The elderly woman must remember that she cannot undergo as much fatigue as she could a few years ago, and that she should, while taking regular walking exercise, be careful not to overdo it.

She should also be careful to have sufficient sleep, and if she should chance to have to keep late hours, she should take a rest and a sleep during the daytime.

Cold, too, must be guarded against and therefore the elderly woman should wear underclothing of wool or silk.

Wrinkles, of course, will come, but no woman as she gets on in life need wish to be without them, for they really give character to the face. If after forty years there were no lines there, it would surely denote a want of intellect, if not a want of heart.

For the complexion there is no cosmetic to equal rain water, and the daily tepid bath should not be forgotten.

As to the hair, that should be the color nature intended it, for thus it harmonizes with the complexion, and dyeing it is invariably an artistic mistake.

Sleep eight hours every night if you can. Few people realize the value of sleep. Take a warm sponge over every night before going to bed. Use a small hard pillow only, or if you can, do without one altogether. Attend to your general health and take regular exercise every day.

**TUNNEL TO IRELAND.**

Twenty-Five Miles of It Under the Sea.

The proposal to make a tunnel from Great Britain to Ireland was discussed at the Engineering Congress in Glasgow held recently. Mr. James Barton, a member of the council of the Institute of Civil Engineers, read a paper dealing exhaustively with the practical details of the scheme, says the London Daily Mail.

The line proposed in the plans begins at Stranraer Railway station, and passing north enters the tunnel at five miles, and descending one in seventy-five passes under the shore line at the Ebbstone Beacon at nine miles. It passes round a curve of a mile radius at the head of the Beaufort Dyke at sixteen miles, and reaches the shore line at the Island of Magee, Co. Antrim, at thirty-five miles and passing out of the tunnel at 39½ miles, it joins the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway at forty-one miles, and runs 10½ miles along it into the terminus at Belfast.

The total length from Stranraer to Belfast is 51½ miles, of which 34½ is tunnel, and twenty-five of this under the sea.

The working of the line from Stranraer to Belfast will probably be by electric motors from installations near the main shafts, one at each side of the Channel, and it is intended that trains be run at a speed of sixty to seventy miles per hour, so that the time in the tunnel would be little over half an hour, and the whole distance traversed from Stranraer to Belfast under an hour.

The cost of the tunnel is estimated by the engineers and by a contractor at ten millions, exclusive of interest during construction, and this leaves a considerable margin for contingencies. The finance of the project is the present difficulty.

Sir Douglas Fox said he would face this tunnel with more composure than either the Mersey or the Severn tunnel. As to the cost, he believed it would be at least as low as that for the Simpson tunnel, which was about £60 per lineal yard for a single tunnel, or £120 per yard for a double tunnel.

**PROVISIONS.**

The market was dull to-day. Demand was not so strong as yesterday. Prices are unchanged.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$22; heavy mess, \$21.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats.—Long clear bacon, Tons and cases, 11½c; and small lot at 12c; break; fat bacon, 15c; hams, 14c; shoulders, 12c; 12c to 13c; shoulders, 11½c; backs, 15½c to 16c; cured meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces 11½c, tubs 11c and pails 12c.

Mr. Soffleigh (out horseback riding)—Shall we take the bridge path, Miss Antique? Miss Antique—Oh, this is no sudden, Mr. Soffleigh.

# HOUSEHOLD.

**NEW WAYS TO COOK APPLES.**

Perhaps because it is one of the commonest fruits, the apple is not commended nearly as much as it ought to be as a steady article of food. A person who eats many apples in their natural state, will rarely, if ever, be troubled with dyspepsia. One apple a day will go a long way towards keeping a person healthy. The old theory that apples should not be eaten at night seems to be exploded, and nowadays we hear of a beauty doctor recommending his patients to eat a baked apple shortly before bed-time. The apple is its natural state, but even as a cooked article of food it is to be very highly recommended. Apple sauce eaten with pork, will aid the digestion of the meat, and many people who cannot eat pork alone, can partake of it with safety, if it is accompanied by plenty of well cooked apple sauce, not too sweet.

There are many ways of cooking apples to make delicious and palatable desserts. It must be borne in mind, however, that all apples are not suitable for cooking, and that a moderately tart apple is always to be preferred to a sweet one. Indeed, the sweet apple will rarely "fall away" in cooking, as do the Greengings, the Baldwins, and the Fall Pippins.

**Baked Apples with Nuts.**—Black walnuts or hickory nuts are best. For eight large apples, a cupful of nutmeats will be needed. Allow two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar to each apple. Chop the nut meats fine and add them to the sugar. Core the apples, and fill the centres with the sugar and nuts. They should be baked in a dripping pan and placed not too close together. Put three or four of vanilla into each apple. Pour a cupful of boiling water in the pan, and bake in a quick oven until the apples begin to fall. Let them cool just a little, and then take the apples up carefully, and place them in a deep glass dish. Pour the juice which has run out into the pan over the apples. Whip the white of two eggs to a stiff froth, beat in thoroughly the three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla. Garnish the apples with this when they are quite cold, and if liked, add a handful of preserved cherries.

**Apple and Rice Pudding.**—Cook a large cupful of rice in boiling salted water fifteen minutes. Drain, add two cupfuls of milk, and cook very slowly till the milk is all absorbed, being careful that the rice does not scorch. Add three eggs, a pinch of salt, and a piece of butter the size of an egg with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix well, but carefully, so as not to break the rice grains. Well butter the bottom of a pudding dish, and place a layer of tart apples, peeled, cored, and sliced, sprinkle a little sugar and a dust of nutmeg over the apples. Fill the dish with alternate layers of rice and apples, having rice on top. Cover closely and bake twenty minutes, after which remove the cover and let the pudding brown. Serve hot or cold with hard sauce or sweet thick cream.

**Apple Tapioca Pudding.**—Cover a cupful of flake tapioca with cold water, place a moderately cool oven over it. The tapioca is soft and jelly-like. Peel and core half a dozen tart juicy apples. Cut them in quarters, and put them in a deep, well-buttered pudding dish. Sweeten the tapioca, flavor it with nutmeg, add a pinch of salt, and pour it over the apples. Dot the top with little pieces of butter and bake in a moderately hot oven, till apples and tapioca are thoroughly done. This may be eaten hot or cold, with cream.

**Whipped Apples.**—Boil half a dozen Greening apples, in their skins, until the skins burst. Take the pulp away from the skins and the cores. Set aside till cold. Whisk half a pint of thick cream and the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth. Stir the apple pulp and whip thoroughly all together. Sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla. Place in a bowl or mold on ice until needed.

**Baked Apples with Bananas.**—Prepare the apples as for ordinary baking, but make the hole, from which the core is removed, large enough to hold half a banana. If it may be shaved down a little, stuff each apple in this with a teaspoonful of sugar and a drop of lemon juice on it. Bake in a moderately hot oven. The flavor of the banana is imparted to the apple, making a pleasant change from the ordinary baked apple taste.

**Apple Scramble.**—Two cupfuls of flour, a cupful of finely chopped suet, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, four peeled, cored and chopped apples, a pinch of salt, milk enough to moisten. Mix well, place in a buttered bowl or mold. Serve with melted butter sauce flavored with vanilla or nutmeg.

**Apple Mould.**—Place half a dozen Greening or Baldwin apples in a pan and add water enough to cover them, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a piece of dried lemon or orange peel. Cook the apples very quickly till they burst in their skins. Mash them through a colander. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth. Add the apples and a little more sugar if needed. Pour all into a mold, and stand it in an oven for about five minutes, taking care that the whip does not brown at all. Serve cold with cream.

**Apple Filling for Layer Cake.**—Peel and core four large apples. Grate them fine on a clean horse-radish grater. Add to them the juice of a lemon and the grated rind of a lemon. Sweeten to taste (do not make it too sweet), and place between the layers of the cake which should be a plain sugar cake

flavored with vanilla and baked in three layers. Spread an icing on the top, made with the juice of half a lemon and sufficient confectioner sugar to make an icing which will not run.

**Apple Snowballs.**—Pare and core half a dozen large apples. Into the cavity of each, put two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a tiny piece of butter, and a pinch of nutmeg. Boil cupful and a half of rice in milk till it is nearly but not quite soft. Take six pieces of muslin or cheese cloth and spread each thickly with the rice in such a way that it will cover apple all over. Put an apple in the centre of the rice, and draw the cloth up all around it, tying it at the top closely. Put the snowballs into boiling water enough to cover them and boil gently till the apples are cooked. Serve with a lemon or hard sauce.

**Apple Roses.**—Prepare some apples as for apple snowballs. Make some good short paste and cut out some small rounds. Put an apple on each. Roll the paste out thin and cut in strips about an inch wide. Tuck one end of the strip under the apple and wind the paste round and round the apple until it is nearly covered. It will help to make the roses a nice shape if the strips of paste are brushed with white of egg before they are wound round the apples. Make leaves from the paste, and lay three or four of each on the circle at the bottom of the apples. Bake in a moderate oven till done. It should take from twenty minutes to half an hour. If the apples are nice red ones, the rose effect will be deepened by leaving the skins on.

**Apple Charlotte.**—Butter a deep pudding dish and cover the bottom with thin slices of bread and butter. On this spread a layer of apples, peeled, cored and sliced. Sprinkle with a little sugar and nutmeg. Continue with the bread and apples in layers, making the top layer of bread. Pour over the top a custard made of two eggs and a pint of milk, a pinch of salt, and sugar to taste. Cover closely and bake till done. Remove the cover and let the top brown. Serve with sugar and cream.

**Apple Omelette.**—Peel, core and slice three or four large tart apples. Place them in a clean frying pan with a good sized piece of butter. When they have browned on the underside turn them over. Have ready three eggs well beaten with a cup of milk and a teaspoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Fry till the omelette has set, and turn out on a hot dish. Serve at once with powdered sugar, and slices of hot lemon.

**Apple Roll.**—Chop very finely half a pound of suet. Add to it one pound of flour, a little salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well and add enough cold water to make a smooth pliable paste. Divide it in half, and roll out each portion to a thin sheet. Have ten or a dozen apples peeled, cored, chopped fine and sweetened to taste. Spread the apples thickly on the paste. Then take and roll the paste over and over. Wet the ends so that it will stick. Enclose each roll in a piece of muslin or cheesecloth which should be liberally sprinkled with flour before the roll is put in. Tie the cloths closely at each end and plunge the roll into boiling water. Boil at least two hours, taking care that the water covers the rolls all the time. Serve hot with lemon sauce.

**HIS WIFE A MORNING GLORY.**

A fine compliment was paid to a woman by her husband when he said, in speaking of her: "We always think of her as a morning glory, because she looks so bright, cheery and pretty at the breakfast table." How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no effort to be dainty, and there are a great number who are at once untidy and even unclean. Household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives a helping hand in the kitchen, a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress, and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work. That woman commits an error who looks uncared for and badly dressed in the morning. The other woman who wears any old thing to the breakfast table, is also making a mistake, for that is the time when the household ought to see a woman at her best, and not specialy rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light of lamp will hide many defects.

**AN UNGRATEFUL MAN.**

Mr. Blossom had been very ill, and by the time he was able to get downstairs again his hair had grown to a considerable length. Then it was that Mrs. B. volunteered to cut it for him, and Blossom, probably owing to his weak condition, consented to the experiment. Mrs. B. fastened the tablecloth under Blossom's chin, and got to business. Then Blossom repented his rashness. "Great Kruger," he jammied the point of her scissors in his neck, what the dickens do you think you're doing? Am I hurting you, dear?" murmured Mrs. B. It's only these corners behind your ears that bother me. Do keep still, and then she sliced a bit off his ear.

Thundering Jumbo! shouted B., jumping about the room like a cat on hot bricks. Oh, no, I'm only doing this for fun, and he dashed up the stairs and plunged his head in the bath.

That's the worst of Tom, sighed Mrs. B., as she took up her knitting. He's always so ungrateful!

**NEVER TOUCHED HIM.**

They say she's just crazy to marry him. She is, indeed. She is continually fighting again, Johnnie? Good little boys don't fight, Johnnie—Yes, I know that. I thought he was a good little boy, but after I hit him once I found he wasn't.

# RUINED BY HONEYMOONS.

**YOUNG ENGINEER WAS MADE A BANKRUPT.**

Unfortunate Solicitor Lost in a Speculation and Committed Suicide.

When a man is on his honeymoon he does not expect to make money; on the other hand he certainly does not expect those early days of wedded bliss to quite ruin him. But a cruel fate decreed that a honeymoon should ruin a young electrical engineer who recently passed through the English bankruptcy courts.

For three years this gentleman had employed most of his spare time, and all his spare capital, in perfecting an electrical device he had invented. It was not a very big invention, but its production in experiment after experiment was costly and difficult. For this he was compensated by the knowledge that if he succeeded he would reap a fortune. Three times he deferred his marriage because he had not completed his invention; he wanted the thing done ready to be looked into himself a wife.

A week before he saw himself with a wife he had his marriage fixed in sight of the end of his labors, and hoping to complete the invention in that time he allowed the date of the happy event to stand. He did finish the invention, but he had not time to patent it, which he did, however, six weeks later, on returning from his honeymoon.

He was granted a full patent, and felt assured that his future was safe. Almost directly, however, he attempted to dispose of his right, he became aware that his patent was covered by another invention. He looked into the matter and found that three weeks before he had applied for his patent another inventor had applied for security for a precisely

**SIMILAR DEVICE.**

Thus his invention was valueless, his time wasted, and some \$15,000 thrown away because he had not had time to apply for a patent before leaving for his honeymoon. There was no hope of contesting the validity of the inventor's rights.

Infinitely worse was the case of a young solicitor, who, on the strength of having a friend in a position to give him most valuable financial advice, was given to speculating on the Stock Exchange. At his friend's suggestion he bought a considerable quantity of "wobly" stock to hold for a rise in price. The rise failed to come, but he was so confident that it would come in time that he was willing to wait.

He was in Italy, on his honeymoon when the shares went up slightly, and he, having lost some faith in the speculation, wired to his broker to unload. But between the time the shares rose and the solicitor's hearing of the fact and having time to instruct his broker there was a slump in the market, and the solicitor's speculation was at the bottom of the slump.

By his own instructions he had incurred \$17,000 liabilities, instead of making \$5,000 profit as he would have done if he had known of the rise in the moment it occurred. His bankruptcy, and some of his clients who had entrusted money to him, hearing of his speculation, began clamoring to know whether he had misapplied their funds. He had not; he was far too honorable a man, but it chanced a few months before his marriage he had paid a lady client a small sum she had entrusted to him, and he had not obtained a receipt for it nor recorded the payment in his books. In the meantime

**THE LADY HAD DIED.**

leaving nothing to show the money had been repaid her. The executors commenced an action to obtain the money, and the unfortunate solicitor, realizing his helplessness to defend the action and that to lose it would result in him being struck off the rolls, committed suicide.

When a Derby tradesman, a few days before his marriage, learnt that an uncle had died in Brisbane, leaving him some \$150,000, he naturally felt that he could afford to spend his honeymoon in style. To raise the money necessary for him to do so he pledged his furniture and stock for every penny they would carry, intending to redeem them, to sell for a bigger amount, when he could obtain something on account of the legacy.

With the glitter of \$150,000 ever before their eyes and the best of everything money could buy at their command they were verily a happy pair. But their happiness ended where pessimists would have us believe all matrimonial happiness ends—with the honeymoon, for returning to their house they found awaiting them a letter from a Brisbane solicitor acquainting the husband that, whereas his uncle had certainly bequeathed to him by will \$150,000, on being looked into the entire estate was found to be worth less than as many pence, and the debts exceeded the assets. It was ruin; his husband's cash had been spent, his entire assets pledged to pay for the honeymoon, and nothing could save him. Very shortly afterwards he was serving as assistant in a rival tradesman's shop.

**BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.**

Buffalo, October 1.—Flour, good demand. Spring wheat, little doing; No. 1 northern, old, 77c; do, new, 74c. Winter wheat firm; No. 2 red, 75c; No. 1 white, 76c. Corn steady; No. 2 yellow, 62½c; No. 3 do, 62c; No. 2 corn, 62c; No. 3 do, 61c. Oats firm; No. 2 white, 40c; No. 3 do, 39c to 40c; No. 2 mixed, 38c; No. 3 do, 37c. Barley 61c to 63c for choice to fancy. Rye, No. 2 in store, 56c. Canal freight higher; wheat, 3½c; corn 3½c, oats 2½c, to New York.

Only two Crown estates have been demolished or sold since time of the Commonwealth. Carlton House; the other is the villon, Brighton.

Mrs. Gabbie—Mrs. Upton has servants in her house now, old standing. Mrs. Hiram O'Brien—That's true; we invariably have two our house—one going and the other coming.

Now, said the physician, you have to eat plain food and not out late at night. Yes, replied patient, that is what I've been thinking ever since you sent me a bill.

# FORTUNATE INVESTMENT.

**SOME PLEASANT INSTANCES OF HUMAN GRATITUDE.**

**Andrew Carnegie's Generosity**  
**Two Ladies—A Patient Remembers His Nurse.**

Millions are sunk yearly in companies which fail and hundreds of thousands lent or invested with very slight prospect of any return for the money. Every now and then, however, rich ore is found in the half-deserted mine and dividends amaze the speculator, or the borrower turns a lucky page of Fortune with interest.

Those who read of the millions of Mr. Andrew Carnegie can hardly realize the fact that when Mr. Carnegie's father and mother left Scotland in 1847, they were so desperate poor as to be obliged to borrow small sums to aid them to emigrate. The other day Mr. Carnegie discovered that a sum of \$3, lent by a Mr. Lennox, of Dumfermline, had never been repaid. Mrs. Lennox bore her two daughters very young, and her one wife of a joiner in Dumfermline, the other managing a little drapery shop in Edinburgh. The debt at compound interest amounted to \$45, but, not content with merely repaying the sum, the great ironmaster sought out the two ladies, thanked them in person, and endowed them with such a sum as will keep them both in comfort for the rest of their lives.

Another pleasant instance of human gratitude was reported some months ago from Berlin. Many years ago a wealthy clothing merchant of that city was stricken with what appeared to be consumption. He was taken to hospital, and there was lucky enough to be nursed by a charming and accomplished young woman. Owing mainly to her care he recovered, and before he left the hospital

**ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM.**

But she refused. In 1898 the nurse, having lost her savings, got work in an American hospital, and went to New York, and there last spring the news reached her that her former patient had died and left her his entire fortune, \$3,000,000.

A Lancashire doctor has recently come in for a most pleasant increase of income to the amount of \$385 a year, which he owes entirely to a kindly act done seven or eight years ago. It was one snowy winter night that the physician had come in after a hard day's work, and was dressing to go to an important dinner, when a word arrived from an old woman, an alms-house near the city, begging him to come to her. She was mad with neuralgia, and he had once relieved her of her pain when she lived near some time before. The doctor put on his wet driving-coat again, ordered out a fresh horse, and spent three hours on his errand of mercy, missing his dinner and catching a fearful cold. Last January the old woman came in a quite unexpected way for house property worth \$7,000, and when she died in March left the doctor every penny of it in token of her gratitude.

A Scotsman named Gillespie, went to the Transvaal eleven years ago and obtained work on a gold mine. The company, who were doing very poorly, paid their men partly in cash.

**PARTLY IN SCRIP.**

Eventually the Scotsman got tired of working for these beautifully engraved, but worthless, pieces of paper, and left the company's employ. His wife, meantime, used the share certificates to paper the walls of their cabin. The couple were in very low water when a broker hunted them up and made an offer for their curious wall-paper. The amount mentioned was so large as to excite the miner's suspicions, and he made enquiries the result of which was that he found himself owner of a large share in one of the best-paying mines of the Rand.

One of the happiest instances of an investment turning out trumps was the following: A girl living near Plymouth, England, became engaged to a clerk on the Stock Exchange, who was down in Devonshire for his holiday. The young fellow induced his fiancée to invest \$500 which had been left her by a godmother in certain West Australian mining shares.

The couple were to have been married the following spring, but a terrible accident shattered their hopes. The young clerk was knocked down by a cab in London and so badly injured that he died. Some years passed and the lady became engaged again, this time to a lawyer. They were married and lived in London. The lawyer's partner failed at something very like ruin stared the girl in the face. In realizing all this could the old shares were discovered. Their owner had made enquiries about them before her marriage, but could learn nothing definite, and had since forgotten their very existence.

To the surprise and delight of the wife she now found that her original \$500 had increased to nearly \$100,000, a sum which was sufficient to restore matters to a satisfactory footing.

Ecuador has a record in canoes—3 active, 5 dormant, 12 tinier. Eleven of these peaks have never been climbed.