THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK

Every Moral Teacher Stands Guard or Patrols the Wall.

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the text, Isaiah xxi. 11, "Watchman, what of the night ?"

When night came down on Babylon, Ninevah and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor, or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat ; silence hung in air, save as some passerby raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night ?"

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch from 6 to 9, the second from 9 to 12, the third from 12 to 3, and the fourth from 3 to 6. I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone they seek

THE EVENING MEAL.

The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping seek the face of mother or wife and child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centres of bargain making. Let idlers clear the street and give the right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants ! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families !"

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who on either side of the white, glistening boards await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sound cuts the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the

THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT !

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary, who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the firstborn. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician, passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night ! What a stupendous thought — a whole city at rest Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night ! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and worriment and pain.

LET THE CITY SLEEP.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep Look about you, lest you feel the garrotter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it ? "God help us ?" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg ?" They do, but get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse ?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse. "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy !" Are they vicious ? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked!" No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look.

BEASTLINESS AND RAGS.

See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah, this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled. It never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match Ah, it is possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes and the worst time the third watch of the night.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire; bring on more drinks;

PUT UP MORE STAKES!

That commercial house that only a little while ago put on a sign of copartnership will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. In the third watch of the night pass down the streets of these cities, and you hear the click of the dice, and the sharp, keen stroke of the balls on the billiard table. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In the third watch of the night also drunkenness does its worst. The drinker will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor, asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better. In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revellers, who try to get him to bed or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it.

HUSH IT UP.

But sometimes it cannot be hushed up when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied. Such a one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife died, and she lay in the next room prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks and shook her out of the shroud and pitched her out of the window. Oh, when rum touches the brain you cannot hush it up!

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing, for the simple reason it is not practical. As after the battle of Antetam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts." We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who went into a hospital with tracts, and, coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing!

But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe there are

FIVE ACTS IN A TRAGEDY.

Act first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go; wagon rising over the hill; farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar; full organ, bright lights; long white veil trailing through the aisle; prayer and congratulation and exclamation of, "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps old garments stuck into the broken window pane; marks of hardship on the face; the biting of the nails of bloodless fingers; neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine; grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity; no light, no music; blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick, quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

JOHN WESLEY'S REMEDIES

TREATMENT FOR ILLS 150 YEARS AGO.

Curious Mixture of Material Remedies and Religious Exhortation.

In these days of hygienic reform and "methods" of treating disease without medicine at all, it is interesting to read of the heroic treatment of 150 years ago. A volume printed in 1747, and compiled by John Wesley, is a curious mixture of material remedies and religious exhortation. There are few copies of the book in existence, but one unearthed recently was the occasion of much amusement at a convention of physicians. The book is substantially bound in leather, and the few illustrations are as primitive as the remedies. The preface deals with the raison d'etre of the work, incidentally recalling how :

"Man was sent from the hands of God perfect, needing no physic, but, rebelling against the Sovereign of all, the seeds of pain and sickness were lodged in the body, and a thousand disorders, increased by everything around us. The sun and moon shed unwholesome influences from above ; the earth exhales poisonous damps from below ; the air itself that surrounds us in replete with the shafts of death ; yea, the food we eat daily saps the foundations of life."

The preface further states :

"As to the manner of using toe remedies here set down, I should advise as soon as you know your disorder (which is easy unless in a case of complication of disorders, and then you will do well to apply to a physician who fears God): First, use the medicine first advised for that disease ; the second, if that is of none effect ; the third, and so on. To persevere in the course is often

MORE THAN HALF THE CURE.

Above all, add to the rest (for it is not labor lost) that old-fashioned medicine—prayer and faith in God."

The work proper is entitled "a Collection of Receipts," and recites in alphabetical order the "disorders" of that time and their remedies. In the A's are a list of panaceas against ague. To "go into a cold bath just before a fit" is added the wholesome advice : "Nothing tends more to prolong ague than an indulgence in a lazy, indolent disposition." Another remedy for ague is to "apply to the stomach a large onion, split." Still another is, "Make six middling pills of cobwebs. Take one before the cold fit, two a little before the next, the other three, if need be, before the other fit."

Parenthetically are introduced some gentle hints for "tender persons" and "the studious." "Tender persons should constantly go to bed at 9 and rise at 4 or 5. Studious people should frequently bathe and frequently wash their feet."

Tar water is a standard remedy in the Great John Wesley's family medicine book. He gives the formula for making it :

"Put a gallon of water (cold) on a quart of Norway tar, stir them together with a flat stick for five minutes. After it has stood for three days pour the water off clear, bottle, cork. For St Anthony's fire take a wine-glassful every hour."

There is no mention made of flytime in this pungent remedy for baldness : "Rub the part night and morning with a raw onion until red; rub afterward with honey. Tried. Or electrify daily."

How does modern hydropathy compare with this instance : "Miss Bates of Leicestershire, bathed daily, using the cold bath for a month, and drinking only water. This cured her of cancer in the breast, a consumption and a sciatic rheumatism."

"Children," says the wise book, "should go bareheaded and barefooted until they are 3 years old at least. A child should be weaned at seven months, and should lie in a cradle at least a year."

The various "beauty" doctors who set the women crazy trying to follow their directions, should include the following

HEROIC RECIPE

in their collection : "Wash the hands with flour of mustard for chopt hands."

There are various remedies for consumption. After recommending the cold bath, Mr. Wesley says :

"Take no food but new buttermilk, churned in a bottle, and white bread. On every morning cut up a little turf of fresh earth, and lying down breathe into the hole for a quarter of an hour. I have known a deep consumptive cured this way."

He further states : "Mr. Mathers, of Evesham, was so far gone with consumption that he could not stand alone. Dr. Dover (of the celebrated Dover's powder) advised him to lose six ounces of blood daily for a fortnight—if he lived that long—and then every other day, then every third day and so on. In three months he was well."

In these days of the grip here is one that might be tried : "I earnestly desire every one who has any regard for his health to chew, immediately a cough appears, the quantity of a peppercorn of Peruvian bark. Swallow the juice as long as it tastes bitter, then spit out the wood. It seldom fails to cure a dry cough."

"For dull sight : Drop in two or three drops of the juice of rotten apples often."

This one does not sound unreasonable, as rosemary forms an ingredient in many hair restoratives : "To make the hair grow, wash every night in a strong decoction of rosemary."

"For hoarseness : Rub the soles of the feet before the fire with garlic and lard, well beaten together."

"For the iliac Passion (colic) : Hold a live puppy constantly on the breast. Or take, ounce by ounce, a pound or a pound and a half of quicksilver."

The entire list of preventatives of old age are given : "Take tar and water night and morning, or decoction of nettles ; either of these will renew the youthful strength for some years. Or be electrified daily. Or chew cinnamon daily."

For the sting of a bee or a nettle there is the homeopathic remedy of honey for one and the juice of the nettle for the other.

Here is a poultice that will stick : "For a stitch in the side : Apply treacle on toast (hot)."

After again recommending his collection of recipes, Mr. Wesley forcibly adds :

"But I still advise, in complicated cases, let everyone apply without delay to a physician that fears God. For from one who does not, be his fame ever so great, I should expect a curse rather than a blessing."

BITS OF INFORMATION.

A Few Paragraphs Which Will Be Found of Interest.

Great Britain loses on an average 180 people a day by emigration.

Policemen in Vienna must be able to swim, row a boat, and understand telegraphy.

The oldest bank-note in the possession of the bank of England is dated December 19, 1699, and is for £555.

The smallest tree in the world is the Greenland birch. Its height is less than 3 inches, yet it covers a radius of 2ft. or 3ft.

A statistical item of interest to women is that to-day women are two inches taller on an average than they were twenty-five years ago.

The Royal Crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

Barbers for dogs are very much in demand in Paris, and those who are expert are said to earn comfortable incomes. They solicit business on the boulevards.

In place of wedding-cake in Holland, wedding sweets are given—"bruid-zuikers," they are called. They are handed round by children, and are served in flower-trimmed baskets.

Far away from civilization gesture-language is still extant in Australia. Some of the tribes possess such an excellent code that it is almost as efficient as the spoken language.

In some parts of the north of Scotland fishermen turn back if a hare or pig crosses their path; and at sea they never pronounce the name of the hare, the pig, the salmon, the trout, or the dog.

The term "infantry" was first used by the Spaniards in the wars with the Moors to designate the bodyguard of a Royal Prince or Infanta. It was extended to the entire body of foot-soldiers, and finally adopted throughout Europe.

The boiler-tubes of a liner, if placed in a straight line, would reach nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty-five miles. The total number of separate pieces of steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than 40,000.

A Naples laboratory reports a singular case of reversal of habit in a certain aquatic plant When the leaves of this plant were buried in the sand, with its roots uppermost, the roots changed to stems and leaves and the buried portions developed roots.

EGYPT AS A WINTER RESORT.

Africa More Interesting Than Southern Europe.

Every indication is forthcoming that the approaching season in Cairo and on the Nile will be a prosperous one, and visitors will probably exceed the record of last year, when so many English people deserted the Riviera for Egypt. All the hotels promise to be full, and the newer health resorts will not lack for patronage. They now include Helouan within half an hour's railway ride of Cairo, which has sulphur baths, recommended for rheumatism and several first class hotels and pensions, while furnished villas may be hired.

Assouan, which is described as the driest accessible health resort in the world, has two large hotels and an English church, and is growing in popularity year by year, rivaling Luxor, so well known to invalids and others who dare not face an English winter. At Luxor, also, hotel extensions have taken place, and no modern improvements are wanting. Assouan is the starting point for the further voyage to Wady-Holfa.

Sportsmen in search of big game are making up parties for shooting buffalo, giraffe, rhinocerous, hippopotamus and elephant in the district lying between Khartoum and Fashoda. The regulations are now somewhat more stringent, owing to the increase in the number of guns. Dahabeahs, steam and sailing, and modernized—for the type of craft goes back to the days of the Pharaohs—provide the most luxurious and necessarily costly means of conveyance, and the fleet available is always in keen demand for families making application a long time in advance.

ANIMALS AS HOUSEMAIDS

SOMETHING ABOUT FOUR-LEGGED DOCTORS.

New Use For Ladybirds—What the Common Brown Ant is Good For.

In Kent, England, the village people use ladybirds to cure toothache. The insect must be caught and placed alive and uninjured in the hollow of the aching grinder. Absurd as the remedy may seem, those who have tried it declare that it beats any other drug or pain-killer.

Snails are regularly farmed for food. Snail soup is better than any other nourishment in certain cases of anaemia. But there is a wide market for snails for quite another use. They have long been employed in out-of-the-way corners of England for cleaning windows, and this use is now

SPREADING TO TOWNS.

The creatures are dipped in cold water, and then placed upon the pane. They crawl round slowly, devouring all foreign matter and leaving the glass quite bright and clear. They are, of course, used only for upper windows, not easily reached from the outside. Water snails also command a ready sale. Almost every aquarium owner keeps a few water snails. They are the best of scavengers, and keep the place as tidy as a new housemaid.

If you dig up a nest of the common brown ant, you will notice, by putting your face a foot or so above the hill, a pungent odor arising. This is sometimes strong enough to make your eyes smart and your skin tingle. It is the vapor of formic acid, the principle of ant poison. This formic acid has the remarkable property of making plants grow more rapidly than any known fertilizer. Market gardeners, therefore, are using large quantities of this mould, of

WHICH BROWN ANT

hills are composed. As it is necessary to have it fresh, some are even keeping brown ants for the purpose.

Perhaps the strangest of all uses for ants is their employment as miners. A large species of Rocky Mountain ant builds its nest not of earth nor wood, but of stone, and prefers those most brilliant in color. Miners often transport a whole nest of these insects to some spot where garnet abounds; and when they have built their home, all the best crystals within a radius of many yards are certain to be found in it.

A war of extermination is in progress against rats. They are denounced as the worst carriers of disease and infection, and

REWARDS ARE EVERYWHERE

offered for their dead bodies. Yet even rats have their uses. When an electric cable has for any reason to be withdrawn from an underground conduit, there is frequently considerable difficulty in threading a new one through the narrow pipe. To get over this difficulty, a live rat is caught, a thread fastened round its body, and the captive is turned into the pipe. Once the thread is passed to the other end, it is used to pull a string, the string to pull a heavy cord, and to this is attached the cable.

Even mice have recently found a use. A fire broke out in a colliery at Dysart, and after it was extinguished the air below was in so bad a state that it was most dangerous to venture down. The usual expedient is to lower a candle, and if it burns to consider the mine safe. In this case, however, the depth was too great for such an experiment ; so after some consideration, a cage of live mice was procured, and these were lowered down the shaft. They were pulled up alive from the first level, and the men supposed all was right. Fortunately the overseer insisted on their being dropped to the lower level. They came up suffocated. Their deaths undoubtedly saved a good many human lives.

There was a good deal of excitement in Carnarvonshire lately about a cruelty-to-animals case. Dogs were being used to churn milk, and the magistrates actually visited a farm at Snowdonia to see with their own eyes whether the work was as exhausting as it was said to be. The dog was chained in a wheel, and had to pedal for twenty-seven minutes before the butter was made.

But this is by no means

THE ONLY STRANGE USE

to which dogs are put. In old farmhouses dogs are still employed as turnspits, while there is a small newspaper office in the west of England where a mastiff is kept to work the printing-press. The animal walks round in a wooden wheel eight feet in diameter. He is allowed a rest every fifteen minutes, and seems to enjoy the work.

Newfoundland dogs are superseding the ordinary Esquimaux dog for sledge-pulling. They are much heavier and stronger, and stand the climate equally well. Hundreds are being sent to Klondike.

The British Army is the only one which is not training war-dogs. As spies, sentinels, and message-carriers the German armies have hundreds of Pomeranians and Scotch collies in training. The French Army dogs are used chiefly as ammunition-carriers. One of the big Pyrenean dogs will easily carry 500 rifle cartridges. In the Russian army, St Bernards are trained by the Red Cross Department. They carry restoratives, and are taught to find the wounded, and

BARK TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

Cats are now employed as "watch-dogs ! " Not to frighten burglars, but to protect gardens. In a Herefordshire fruit-garden, near the town of Leominster, the strawberry beds are dotted with pretty little kennels. In each of these is chained, with a very light chain, a cat. The cats are well fed, and quite happy, and birds do not visit that garden.

Many curious experiments have been made with new draught animals, but probably none so risky as that of a Greenlander named Riksen, who has procured a number of young Polar bears, and is breaking them to sledge-work. The Polar bear can shamble along at a very rapid pace, weighs as much as a pony, and is hugely strong. If it can be only thoroughly tamed, it may be most useful to Polar explorers.

Scientists, of course, make frequent use of animals, and sometimes for very curious purposes. All kinds of fireflies, glow-worms, and other self-luminouns insects have lately been in great request. It has been discovered that the light of the firefly has rays which, like the X rays, will pass through flesh, cardboard, and many other substances. The rays of other luminous creatures seem to correspond with the famous Becquerel rays. They offer a new field for research, and may result in new and most interesting methods of photography.

A REMARKABLE MOTHER

FOURTEEN BABIES IN SEVEN YEARS.

Most Notable Case on Record, But a Hard One for the Frail Mother.

The record of motherhood is Mrs. Joseph K. Ormsby's, of Chicago. In her seven years of married life she has had fourteen children, an average of two a year and she is only 30. Twice twins have been born to her, once her babies have been triplets, and a few weeks ago she gave birth to quadruplets.

Of her big family three children were living when the four came. Only one twin and two of the triplets survived. But the four new babies are all healthy. They weigh three pounds apiece and everybody thinks they will live, though that isn't often the case with quadruplets.

Mrs. Ormsby's is the most remarkable case of maternity ever known in this country, so the Chicago physicians say. All the same it is a hard case for the mother, for the children have only her to look to for support. Her husband became insane last June and disappeared. His delusion was that he had invented a perpetual-motion machine.

He is two years younger than his wife. She is not large—rather a frail little woman, with fair hair and blue eyes. Ormsby was a plumber when they were married in 1894. They went to housekeeping, and in the first three years three babies came. Then it was twins, then still more twins, and finally triplets. The triplets

WON A GOLD CUP

at the Chicago baby show, and the Ormsby children who survived—the first twins and three other children had died—became a sort of curio exhibit in the neighborhood, and the subject of paragraphs in the newspapers.

To help to feed the early comers, the wife persuaded her husband to take out the front of their cottage and build a small grocery store before it. She tended store herself besides doing all the housework and taking care of the children. But with the increased revenue came the triplets. Then the plumber's ideas began to run to inventing things. It was the old delusion of perpetual motion that took hold of him. Day and night he worked on a machine that was never to stop. Last summer he thought he had solved the problem. He had given up work to devote himself to it and he thought he saw success in sight. He finished the machine and started it. It was a wonderful contraption, and it actually ran for sixty-two hours, so the neighbors say. Then it stopped, and the plumber's brain stopped working with it. In one of his fits of frenzy he vanished. Nobody has seen him since.

That was last June. The deserted wife went on tending store, doing her housework and keeping her children tidy. They were the nicest children in the block, so everybody said. Then in the last week of September came the four,

THREE BOYS AND A GIRL,

all at once. Now the mother is almost in despair about how to feed a family double the size of that she had before.

It was a hard struggle then, and how to get along now she doesn't know. Fortunately for her the newspapers printed stories about it, long stories with pictures of all the surviving babies, and charitable people have come forward to help along so remarkable a mother.

"They are the dearest little babies in the world," she said to a reporter who went to interview her, and she glanced over the four little faces in a row in the cot beside her. "I hardly know what I will do with all these children, but I'll do my best."

She didn't look as if she could spare one of them, and there are seven left.

George Dewey, Carter Harrison and Helen Gould were the names given to the triplets. Carter Harrison didn't get over it. He died in early infancy, but George Dewey and Helen Gould are fine, healthy youngsters. So is David, one of the twins. The latest babies haven't been named yet—formally, that is ; but for one, the lustiest youngster in the lot, it is settled.

"What are we going to call him ?" repeated Mrs. Ormsby, when the reporter asked that question. "Why, Theodore Roosevelt."

TWO NOTABLE EXCEPTIONS.

The Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit and an example of this virtue is found in the case of an Irish judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter.

In summing up the case the judge thus gallantly began:

Gentlemen of the jury: Everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter.

There are 439 gas companies in Great Britain, and 222 towns make their own gas.

OCEAN CAPTAIN'S STO

DRAMATIC ENDINGS TO SO HOLIDAY TRIPS.

An American's Prodigality and Its Results.—Plight of a Peer's Son.

The gulf between the saloon and steerage, said the captain of a trans-Atlantic liner, is one that is easily enough bridged ; for it is quite a common experience for a passenger to make one voyage in the saloon and to return in the steerage, as a matter of necessity.

One amusing case of this kind came under my notice only a few weeks ago. A young American came aboard at New York, arrayed like a modern Solomon, and before he had left the harbor began to fling about his money in the most regal fashion. He tipped the steward lavishly, every small pretext, distributed choice cigars by the handful among the men, wanted to stand champagne to the whole ship, and talked of millions as other people talk of dollars.

About six weeks later I was amused to see my prodigal friend among the steerage passengers on the return voyage, as pitiful and pathetic a spectacle as you could see. I got into conversation with him, and he told me that he was "stony broke," that a month of London life had "cleaned him out," and that he had had to pawn his watch and rings to pay for his steerage passage home. It was not long before he was discovered by the steward to whom he had been so prodigal, and I can assure you he never lacked a cigar during his penitential voyage home, and I know that he left the ship with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, subscribed by the men who had profited by his

FEW DAYS OF PROSPERITY.

Last summer we brought over one of the richest men in the world, a man who can almost count his income in millions, in the steerage. Of course, he was travelling under an assumed name, and no one who did not know him well would have recognized in the plain, shabby little man a millionaire.

I recognized him, though ; and, though I tried to keep the fact from him, as I knew he wanted to preserve his incognito, he saw it. Before he left the boat at Liverpool he pressed a $25 note into my hand and whispered, "a small reward for a discreet tongue." Two months later he crossed to New York with his family in regal style ; but he never showed any sign of recognizing me. After all, it was no business of mine, and if a millionaire cannot spend a whim, I should like to know who can.

Of course, millionaires in the strict sense are by no means common, and I never saw another ; but I can assure you many men, from one cause or another, find their way from saloon to steerage within a very few weeks. One young man, the son of a wealthy New York stockbroker, was robbed of his money just as he was on the eve of returning. It was necessary for him, for urgent business reasons, to return home by the boat which was on the point of sailing. So he borrowed sufficient money from the proprietor of the hotel where he was staying to pay his steerage passage, leaving his luggage by way of security, and landed in New York without a dollar in his pocket.

But you must not run away with the idea that it is only Americans who get into financial difficulties on their holiday trips. Many English men who cross to the States with sails flying come home again under very

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Not long ago the eldest son of a peer fell into bad company in New York, was robbed of his last dollar and as he had not the courage to explain his predicament to the people at home, worked his way back on a cattle-boat, landing in England in as disreputable a plight as sure any aristocrat ever found himself in.

These land-sharks are often the cause of these sudden reversals of fortune. I have known several men who were members of a gang of card sharpers have accompanied one or more of these prodigal young men on their return to England or America, and become intimate with them within a few days of landing, and stripped them of their last cent.

One pathetic case of this kind came public about two years ago. The son of a rich American merchant was sent for a few weeks' holiday in England. Three weeks after he had sailed his parents were horrified to learn that he had committed suicide in a Liverpool hotel. The poor fellow had left behind him a letter stating that he had been robbed at the last cent by two men whose acquaintance he had made on the crossing, that he was absolutely stranded, and that the shame of it all had driven him to the rash act of taking his life rather than face his parents' grief at his disgrace.

IN THE BALLROOM.

She—"Do you dance, Mr. Ashton ?"

He (modestly)—"Well, my mother said I did when I left the nursery, but those ladies I have danced with since express a different opinion."

CLOSE DESCRIPTION.

He was spirited away, he said Gildersleeve to Sterling. That was about it. They drunk and carried him off.

"So you say you were [illegible] by Arabs ?" said Ethelind, bashful lover George. "[illegible] plied George, "three of us [illegible] ed an entire day by a band of [illegible]." "And you received no injury?" "We got away from them, but [illegible] a pretty tight squeeze." "[illegible]" "A tight squeeze." "What [illegible]" "You don't know what a squeeze is? Well—er—[illegible] —bless me, you know [illegible] it's about time you [illegible] —will give you an idea [illegible] he did.