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An Interesting Controversy.

Bobby. "They were talking about you last night, Mr. Featherly."

Mr. Featherly. "Is that so, Bobby?"

Bobby. "Yes; about you being humbly enough to wear a chain."

Mr. Featherly (cautiously). "Who said it was, Bobby?"

Bobby. "Ma."

Mr. Featherly (much relieved). "Oh, your ma! and what did your sister Clara say?"

Bobby. "She didn't think so."

Mr. Featherly. "Bless her—him—or—did she think it was handsome?"

Bobby (hesitatingly). "Well—er—no; she said she didn't think you could wear a chain, but she thought you might make it look some way fast."

A Question of Flavor.

Inquiring Missionary (to East African Native)—"And which do you like best, my dusky friend, the English or the Germans?" Native—"Oh, me likee Englee-mans, plenty much more——" Missionary (rubbing his hands)—"Ah, I thought so." Native—"Him am de better the sour, and ever so much more tenderer." ((Missionary is suddenly recalled home.))

A Monster to Himself.

A minister, visiting a widow recently bereaved, found her stricken, in apparently a less despondent state than he expected. "I'm glad to see you bearing up so well, James," he said. "Oh, aye," she answered. "Jim 'ull just be a monnerth hame, but I'm a woman to anybody. I've been greetin' a' day, and when I get this carpet tae, I'm just gaun to begin again."

A World of Friendly Advice.

A festive Scot has been entertaining a "thrifty Scot" in his London home, and towards the small hours he told his brother-countryman a code for this friend, whom he addressed as follows:—"Good bye," sitting the topsyturvy in his chair, and waving good-night with great——"you'll excuse me coming out—I'm a friend of the family," Man," the countryman earnestly, "When you get outside you'll see two cabs. Take the first—the one's no there."

YOUNG FOLKS.

My Uncle Peter.

My old Uncle Peter's a famous relater
Of marvelous stories; but my Uncle Peter
Is a vigorous foe and a rigorous hater
Of wile and of guile; he despises a cheater;
He's frank and sincere on a very large scale,
And this is his manner of telling a tale:

"Oh, once in the chivalric days of old,
In the wonderful long ago,
There dwelt a Giant full bad and bold
(But this is not fact, you know)—
In whose darksome dungeon a maiden fair,
Whom atrociously he had stole;
She languished and wept (to be candid, there
Was no such a girl, nor hole).

"But, lo! on a rapturous morn there rode
A valorous Knight that way;
His snowy palfrey he brave bestrode
(Don't credit this fiction, pray),
And straight he sprang from the noble steed;
His sword it gleamed in the sun,
And the dragon that guarded the gate (a deed
Which he could by no means have done)

"He felled at a blow, and with mighty force
He battered the dungeon wall,
And he seized the sorrowing maid! (of course
It never transpired at all)—
And he slew the Giant, the dauntless youth,
And the beauteous maid he wed
(But you mustn't imagine a grain of truth
In a single word that I've said)."

Oh, my old Uncle Peter's a famous relater!
But I wish, goodness me! that my old Uncle Peter
Could be rather more of a prevaricator—
His stories would be more absorbing and neater;
I wish his integrity didn't prevail
In so stern a degree—when he's telling a tale.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Nettie's Visit to a Cheese Factory.

"What shall we do to-morrow?" asked Nettie.

"Perhaps we'd better stay in the house and get rested," suggested papa, wickedly.

"You might make a square for your quilt, Nettie," added mamma, a tremor of laughter in her voice.

Nettie dropped her knife and fork with a wail of dismay and looked in astonishment and distress from her father to her mother and back again. Her father's hearty laugh reassured her, and with a great sigh of relief she picked up her fork and resumed her neglected supper.

Six-year-old Nettie, with her father and mother, had come to the country for two weeks' outdoor pleasure. They were not stopping at a hotel in town, but at a farm-house about two and a half miles out, and Nettie was wild with delight. She was up with the birds in the morning, caressing the kittens, playing tag with the dog, watching the milking and frying like a humming bird all over the place. After breakfast she would go with her father back of the wood-pile, where, scratching vigorously in the black earth, she imagined that she helped him dig bait. The result was, however, that she always surreptitiously ran away as soon as his spade brought up the angle-worms. Then she would wait at the gate till papa and mamma were ready and trudge after them to beautiful Silver Lake, where, anchored in a row-boat, they would spend the morning fishing. If Nettie was so fortunate as to catch a sun perch you may be sure that she thought nothing ever had caused half so good as that same little fish, when it was brought to her fried brown and crisp for her breakfast.

Then came the long delightful drives in the afternoons down the winding roads, past the lovely lakes, each seeming more beautiful than the one just left behind; back again in time for Nettie to "help" the ways induce tea. Then, after almost meddling at the tea table, she would go away to pleasant dreams and an early awakening the next morning. She wished that it could last forever and papa and mamma almost wished so too.

"You mustn't eat any more cheese to-night, Nettie." Nettie regretfully drew back her hand from the large plate she was going to take. She liked how things tasted.

"How would you like to see cheese made, Nettie?" asked Mrs. Brown, with whom they boarded.

"O, how nice that would be!" cried Nettie, and papa and mamma both asked, "Where?"

"Beyond's you noticed that large barn-like building with so many windows, that you pass in going to Silver Lake? That's the cheese factory. All the farmers around there send their milk there and it is made into cheese every day."

"We'll go to-morrow," said papa.

So the next morning, instead of digging bait, Nettie pumped her inquisitive little head into the open door of the cheese factory. They were surprised to find only one man at work and that he made five cheeses in a day. He told them that during the busy season another man worked there, too, and together they made ten a day. He was very thoughtful—this lonely cheese man—and seemed glad to tell them all about his interesting work. After carefully wiping their shoes they stepped on his shining floor, which was even cleaner than Bridget's in the kitchen at home. Mamma said it was clean enough to eat off of. He was a wonderfully neat housekeeper and always washed each utensil as soon as he finished using it. On a high platform at the end, with doors opening into the cheese factory and others opening out to the road, stood the scales, for all the milk is bought by the pound, not by the quart or gallon. In front of this platform stood a large tank two-thirds full of milk and cream, mixed with a little coloring matter to give the cheese its rich, attractive yellow. Steam pipes were under the tank and kept the temperature up to ninety-eight degrees.

"How much milk is in the tank?" asked papa.

"Three thousand pounds," answered the cheese-man.

"Three thousand pounds!" exclaimed papa. "Nettie, do you know that this milk weighs as much as a coal scuttle full of coal?" Nettie opened her eyes very wide and began to wonder how long it would take her to drink that much milk, and if she would weigh three thousand pounds when she got through.

"Take ready to-commence," said the cheese-man, and he got his knife, which didn't look the least like a knife, but like a beefsteak broiler, or one of the skeleton shelves in a refrigerator. This he drew slowly through the milk, which the heat had made as thick as custard. Back and forth he walked till it had been cut one way. Then he cut it across like so many white caramels. Then up and down, then across again till Nettie thought it was almost as much cut up as hash.

"The cheese will not be ready to press until about one o'clock," said the cheese-man. "The curd has to be subjected to the heat awhile longer and I drag the knife through frequently, so that it won't stick to the bottom."

"All right," papa replied. "We'll go fishing awhile, Nettie, and then come back to see the cheese finished."

Hand in hand they went down the shady road, Nettie prattling eagerly about the cheese making, and telling her father about the pretty little striped gopher that had looked in the window and then darted off like a flash when she turned her head.

"I do wish we could catch a nice string of fish this morning," she exclaimed, squeezing her papa's fingers, "and give them all, every one, to the cheese-man."

"Quite a good idea, little daughter," said papa, smiling.

Joy for Nettie, sorrow for the fishes. The little swimmers greedily caught at the bait, and when noon came Nettie's string was so heavy that papa had to carry it to the factory for her. Nettie was so anxious to keep her 1 o'clock engagement that papa could hardly persuade her to eat her dinner, and she came tumbling into the factory, quite breathless, five minutes ahead of time.

The milk was now very much curdled and a light yellow. The man adjusted a trough so that one end was by the tank, the other over a small sink. This sink had a pipe through which the whey flowed into a cistern. The farmers pumped it out for their hogs, these animals being especially fond of it. The cheese-man now drew the whey off by means of a bent tube, with one end in the tank, the other in the trough. When as much as possible had been drained in this way, he, using a large tin pail, emptied the curd and remaining whey into a tank which had down the middle a little gully covered with finely perforated tin, also connecting with a trough. The whey could drain through this without wasting any curd. With sleeves rolled up he then kneaded and worked it much harder, Nettie thought, than Bridget ever kneaded dough. He worked it this way until the curd was almost dry. Then sprinkling salt over it, until it looked as if it had been out in a snowstorm, he kneaded it again until the salt was mixed all through and the curd was as dry as possible. He then put it into the molds. There were large tin cylinders covered with cheese-cloth and placed within large iron cylinders standing in a row on thick, strong boards. When all the tin cylinders were gently drawn out, leaving the cheese-cloth next to the curd. The top of the mold was put on and the press screwed down as tight as the cheese-man could make it.

"Now" he said "I shall leave them just way sixteen or eighteen hours. You see, little girl, the 300 pounds of milk made five sixty-pound cheeses, ten pounds of milk making one pound of cheese."

Nettie sighed; the figures puzzled her.

"How long do you keep them before marketing?" asked papa.

"Well, that depends somewhat upon the demand. They are fit for shipment, however, in fifteen days. Would you like to see those up-stairs that are finished?" he asked, turning again to Nettie."

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

So they mounted the steep, narrow steps and saw 300 like huge lumps of gold arranged in orderly rows along the shelves.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" was all that Nettie could say.

She was very quiet as she walked away holding papa's hand, but presently he said, "What is my little cheese-eater thinking about?"

"Why," said Nettie, deliberately, as if weighing every word, "mamma thinks I eat too much cheese. I guess if she saw all those she wouldn't think I eat so very much. Why I never ate all of even one. Besides, she said I wouldn't want any more if I saw it made, but I do. I shall like it better than ever now that I have seen it all and know how nice and clean it is."

A Monkey That Talks.

The New York Sun says: Charles E. Ball of this city owns a monkey which is astonishing considerable attention. The animal is 5 years old and weighs 6 pounds. All of his joints are double. Among the many accomplishments of the monkey is his ability to call, not only can he say "papa," "mamma," and "cousin," as well as any parrot, but he will when hungry say, "Jack wants his grub."

Mr. Ball is the proprietor of a shooting gallery, and whenever he leaves the rifles in disorder Jack places them in their proper places. He is afraid of dumb-ten men, and whenever one enters the gallery and begins to practice with the rifles Jack seizes a place of safety behind the stove, evidently fearing the will be hit by a stray bullet.

A boy whom Mr. Ball employs in the gallery is often left in charge of it. For some time Jack would scream as if he were receiving a whipping whenever he was left alone with the boy. Mr. and Mrs. Ball believed the boy did abuse the monkey, but upon watching him one day, they discovered that he was sitting in a chair screaming for his own amusement.

Jack is full of tricks, and likes nothing better than to get at Mrs. Ball's paints, when he will daub himself all over, always choosing red in preference to other colors.

Be Courteous, Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hall.

His employer had just reproached him because he did not attempt to arrange our entertainment by offering a word of welcome.

"How often go there and be treated, unless one?" asked Hall again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind it. I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if persons came to see me and I showed no attention to them."

"Well, that is different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hall, thinking a word, said he didn't exactly mean that, but was getting, which had turned, now quite.

"A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."

Bill of Particulars.

Good Minister (a married man)—"Do you wish to marry this woman?"

Man—"I do."

Minister—"Do you wish to marry this man?"

Woman—"I do."

Minister—"Do you like the city as a place of residence?"

Man—"No, I prefer the suburbs?"

Woman—"No, indeed, I prefer the city."

Minister—"Are you a vegetarian in diet?"

Man—"No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef."

Woman—"I can't bear meat. I am a vegetarian."

Minister—"Do you like a sleeping room well ventilated."

Man—"Yes; I want the window way down, summer and winter."

Minister—"Do you like so much fresh air?"

Woman—"No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed."

Minister—"Do you like a light in the room?"

Man—No; can't sleep with a light; want the room dark."

Minister—"Are you afraid in the dark?"

Woman—"Indeed I am. I have always had a bright light in my room."

Minister—"Do you like many bed-clothes?"

Man—"All I can pile on."

Minister—"Do you?"

Woman—"No; they suffocate me."

Minister—"I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

A Future Blessing.

Miss Ethel—And so you are really engaged, Clara, to the Count Spaghetti del Vermicelli?

Miss Clara—Yes, dear.

Miss Ethel—Does he speak English well?

Miss Clara—He doesn't speak a word of English.

Miss Ethel—Why, isn't that very inconvenient?

Miss Clara—A trifle so just now, but think what a blessing it will be after we are married.

A Billet Doux.

She was a winsome country lass,
So William, on a bright vacation,
More pleasantly the time to pass,
Essayed flirtation,
And, as they strolled in twilight dim,
While near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she'd like to have from him
A billet doux.

Of French this simple maid knew naught,
But, doubting not 'twas something nice,
Upon its meaning quickly thought.
Then in a trice
Upward she turned her pearly head,
Her rosy lips together drew,
For purpose plain, and coyly said,
"Yes, Billy, do!"

Different Points of View.

A minister, with a rather florid complexion, had gone into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was consequently unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to, he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." "Ay," replied Thomas, "it mak's the skin warra tender."

A Telling Mistake.

The door of Mr. Banting's office opened and a lady stood irresolutely on the threshold.

"Thunder and lightning, Nancy!" Shut the door!" exclaimed Mr. Banting, bounding hastily up from his account books. "Were you raised in a barn? Do you suppose I want to freeze to death on account of your confounded—I beg your pardon, madam. I thought it was my wife. I was expecting her at the office about this time. Certainly, certainly, madame. I'll subscribe for the magazine with pleasure. Put me down for two copies!"—Chicago Tribune.

Wouldn't Tempt Fate.

First Tramp—Let us go up to this house and see if we can get a bite. Second Tramp—Not by a long chalk. F. T.—Why not? Is there a dog? S. T.—No; there's a newly married couple there. The young wife gave me one off her plate the other day—her own making, I suppose.

A peculiar line of art is pursued by Mr. J. W. Fosdick of New York, that of pictures and decorations burnt on wood. It is an art particularly adapted to the decoration of seaside cottages and Summer villas of a light style of architecture.

Considerable discussion has been called forth by the statement attributed to one of the leaders of the Mormon Settlement in the North-West, that the members of that Society do not propose to give up the practice of polygamy in Canada. As the delegation who recently came to Ottawa to interfere the Government were prompt and explicit in giving assurances that the laws of the country would be observed, it is probable that the rumour is unfounded, or that the Mormon in question does not truly represent the sentiments of the community. The whole matter is, however, in a nutshell. Monogamy is the law of Canada. The law makes no exceptions and neither Government nor people will tolerate any. The moral well being of the country is, in the opinion of the whole people, involved, and no compromise can be made. So long as the Mormon settlers obey the laws they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Whenever they, or any individuals among them, transgress the law, they subject themselves to its penalties, and there is every reason to believe that those penalties will be rigidly enforced.