Kenniboy's Dream.

The Gritch bear sat on a tree,
And piped his insufferable lay,
While the buzzing Bumble Bee
Played tennis with the Jay.

The Zebra, sitting by the pump,
Was talking with the Moose,
While twenty Kangaroos, a-jump,
Played leapfrog with the Goose.

The Pollywog climbed up the vine
That grew upon the house;
And sliding down a piece of twine
Was one brown Dairy Mouse.

The Fox tossed up a big baseball
The Lion at the bat
Just whacked it o'er the red-brick wall,
And struck the Pussy Cat.

At this the Rats and Dogs did grin;
The Kittens in the setup
Began to cry, and mid the din
Small Kenniboy woke up.

THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER II.

"I WILL LIVE TO CURSE YOU."

Those bitter words, that long had been fermenting in Mrs. Leonard's breast, having once passed her lips, they often passed them. If anyone of her numerous whims was objected to by Dr. Leonard, she never failed to remind him that she was wealthy enough to please herself, and please herself she did.

In the first glow and warmth of his love, the young doctor had never once given a thought to the riches his wife had brought him. His private income was ample enough for them both, and her money had never been touched by him; if it had her taunts would probably have driven him wild. One morning they went very near driving him wild as it was.

An acquaintance, more or less close, had sprung up between the Leighs and them. Mr. Leigh, a broken-down man of the world, living on a very scanty annuity, made sparer still by having to supply luxuries for himself as well as necessities for his child, had come to Fenmore to be out of the way. He had played the game of life in cities, and lost. He came to end his days quietly in this lonely spot where what he had been was unknown, and what he was passed unnoticed.

His daughter, Letty, a motherless girl, had a full share of the faults usual to one, and rather more than a full share of the sweetness. She was young and wild and shy, and lovable withal, and therein lay her blemish in Mrs. Leonard's eyes. She saw that her husband, who had grown cold and grave to her, could unbend to Letty, smiling kindly at her quaint speeches, and odd ways of the child-woman. To her he was always gentle and forbearing; he never frowned on her, he never chilled her by a covert sneer, and all this the jealous woman fancied he did to herself. Her own brilliant blonde beauty was fading rapidly, while day by day, and week by week, the soft flush fired and deepened on Letty's round cheek, and the clear, steady light in her gray eyes brightened.

For months now Dr. Lennard had gone his way; never unkind, always cold; he did not upbraid, but he could not caress the woman who had dashed his cup with bitters. He did not love her; she herself had killed his love; but he could never forget the unleavened joy of the first few weeks of his married life when he had loved her wholly, intensely, with the gathered-up strength of his manhood. He never ceased to remember often with a sigh, the radiant vision of girlish loveliness that had passed through the dim stone hall by his side that fair June morning on which he had brought home his bride.

Everyone but his wife was saying how ill the doctor looked; everyone pitied him, and was considerate to him.

Pauline's jealous nature, ever craving to be fed, had sickened over his neighborly attentions to Letty Leigh for day and days, and this morning the torrent burst.

The breakfast hour had passed in sullen silence on Pauline's part, and quiet indifference on the doctor's. He had got used to these domestic storms, and plainly saw that one was gathering. Breakfast over, he rose to go out, feeling thankful that this one had only threatened, and as he reached the door a clear voice, that both husband and wife recognized as Letty's, broke into a laugh in the hall.

A moment later, and Letty Leigh, still smiling, stood in the door-way, with a merry "Good-morning." The doctor, after returning her greeting, and placing a chair for her, and preceded to select a volume, while he asked what had been amusing her so."

"I have just been walking on the shore," she replied, "and before I knew, a gust of wind came by, and my poor hat went dancing over the waves."

"You should be more careful of your hat, Miss Letty, on so windy a morning," said the doctor, smilingly.

"I know, but I wasn't thinking of it just then," said Letty, "and I couldn't but laugh when I saw it bobbing about like a wild thing. But the tide was coming strongly, and I got my poor old hat again, and that is what brought me here at this hour. I have left it in the kitchen to get dried."

"Miss Leigh cannot have breakfasted yet, Pauline," said the doctor, glancing at his wife, but she did not heed him.

His pale face flushed at her want of courtesy, and Letty's countenance was a most embarrassed crimson as she rose to go.

"Thank you, Dr. Lennard," said she, "I dare not stay. My papa will want me to get his breakfast ready and my hat must be fit to put on now, for it was drying while I talked to Judith."

The girl paused, out of breath, her long speech not serving to lessen her confusion, the doctor's keen eye had glanced from her face to his wife more than once as she made it.

"You must not put on a damp hat, Miss Letty," said the doctor, "or we shall have you taking cold, and then what would papa say? Better he should wait for his breakfast."

"Speak the truth at once," broke in Mrs. Lennard, huskily, her blue eyes flaming. "Say what you would say, if any hurt came to your darling."

With his hand on the door of the book-case, the doctor stood and looked at her in amazement; and then, as the full meaning of her passionate words and angry looks dawned upon him, he turned and looked at Letty. Her clear gray eyes, widely opened, were fixedly wonderingly on his wife's; but there was no flushing color in her fresh cheek, no tremble of the firm mouth. She had not understood Mrs. Lennard.

"I think, Pauline, you forget yourself strangely," he said. "You must be dreaming to use such war le."

"I am not dreaming," she replied. "I once dreamed, as you know; "but that time is past, and can never return; mark that, Paul Lennard—it can never return. I am neither dreaming nor blind now, and I see more than either of you fancy."

"Whatever you are," said he—"whatever you see, I hope you have enough gentlewoman left in you to refrain from such talk in the presence of a visitor, and that visitor a young girl."

Never had his wife seen him so roused before. It confirmed her jealous suspicions, and the baleful light in her eyes flashed up stronger every instant.

"I know how you cherish the young girl—you need not tell me," she cried. "I was as young as she was when you married me for my money; and now you tell me to bear my wrongs in silence, because the shameless creature who is luring my husband away from me happens to be young."

She laughed a ringing, scornful laugh, and poor Letty, still watching her like one fascinated, shivered.

"You are planning to marry her for love, suppose, when you have buried me quietly," she continued; "but I will live to curse you yet—I will live to curse you!"

She rose up in a tempest of passion, her eyes gleaming, her cheeks burning. A beautiful fiend she looked. With a sharp cry, Letty turned from the room and from the house, flying with swift feet down the road and over the sands to her home, never stopping to get her hat, but off just as she was, her dark curls tossed about by the wind, and her ears still ringing with that vengeful cry.

Mrs. Lennard stood and watched the girlish figure to its headlong flight, and when she could see it no longer she sank back on her seat and began to sob quietly. A new fear of her husband stirred in her.

"I might have watched them and thwarted them," she was thinking as she sat there; "but I should not have spoken out. Oh, dear! I wish I had kept quiet!"

Dr. Lennard stood quite still, his hand resting on the bookcase, his eyes scanning the volumes within it, and no one could have told from his grave, still face the thousand bitter cries that rose up in his soul; cries for peace, for love, for sympathy, help, everything he had not, nor might hope to have.

Presently he crossed over to where his wife sat, and touched her on the arm. She raised her eyes to his face with a start, and kept them there, awed into quietness by the fixed look it wore.

"As soon as Mr. Sharp can draw up the necessary documents," said he, "every farthing of your money, which you know as well as I do has never been touched by me, as it is, shall be legally settled upon yourself, so that I never can touch it. Let that content you. You have sunk lower in my esteem than I thought any woman, much less my own wife, ever could sink. In the future let there be another name like the one of this morning, and we two shall be parted as wholly as the law can let us. Remember this, Mrs. Lennard, and know that I never break my word."

He was gone, with those cruelly steady eyes, that cruelly firm face, and as the door closed upon him, his wife fell to the floor in a faint. So Judith found her when she came in to take away the breakfast things, and her tending was none of the gentlest, her muttered words none of the kindest, as she set about restoring her to consciousness.

The doctor kept his word; every farthing of his wife's fortune was settled upon her before the month was out.

In the early days of spring a weakly ailing little son was born, but meeting no, mother-welcome, the little stranger soon faded away, and a tiny grave in the churchyard was the only visible token of his brief stay on earth. In the father's heart a yearning void was left, and a tender memory of the baby fingers that had thrilled his palm ere they stiffened at the touch of death, and passed away from him forever.

Perhaps if the child had lived the mother might have grown a better, and so a happier woman, and, perhaps, she might not; for she seemed to have no love for the wee blossom, no care for it, even while it was here to cherish, and that brief term of motherhood passed, and left her still the same cankered, evil-hearted, discontented woman she had been before. Something in her husband's manner kept her from any open railing. She felt she dare not try him now as she had tried him in those early days before the love in his heart had dried up. She practised instead a series of petty contradictions, as contemptible as they were spiteful, and yet not without their sting. Did she discover he particularly wanted a certain thing done, that was the very thing she put forth all her power to prevent being accomplished. Did she think he wished her to take care of herself, she went out in all weathers. Was he indifferent, she fussed and nursed herself into a fever.

Never heeding, or rather never seeming to heed, the doctor went his daily round of duties, thankful for even a surface calm. But that he was not destined to enjoy long, though the end was nearer than he could know.

Urged by some wayward fancy of her own, Mrs. Lennard suddenly took upon her to be repentant for the insult offered to Letty Leigh. She walked over to the lonely little cottage one day while her husband was away from Fenmore, and told her how sorry she was for her rash, senseless words; and the simple girl, kindly and true herself, believed her, and freely forgave them, perhaps all the readier that she was conscious of a little secret and harmless admiration for the grave handsome doctor, that had grown up, unknown to herself, at the very core of her innocent young heart.

It was nothing to bring a blush to the purest face. No true wife, knowing it, but would have seen that it was a natural, childish liking only; but she frightened girl, knowing little of women, and less of her own heart, had been hurried by Mrs. Lennard's words to the conclusion that she had been guilty of some horrible sin, some shameful folly that had been plain to all.

Ever after, when she had chanced to meet the doctor in her walks, Letty had avoided him; and he, thinking it a sign of her anger against him, had let it pass as one of the least consequences of his wife's ill work; therefore was Mrs. Lennard's olive-branch gratefully accepted, and gradually things were round to their old course, though with a slight difference.

Some people might have thought and said that Mrs. Lennard was laying a trap for her husband, she put Letty so much in his way. Perhaps he thought so too; perhaps he shrunk from exposing the poor girl to a second outburst of jealous fury; but, whatever it was, he kept strictly within the bare forms of common courtesy. He was polite to her as his wife's friend—no more, no less—and if a trap was laid for him, he walked by it scathless.

Mrs. Lennard's health had been ailing for some time. Not trusting to his own skill, and feeling that the advice of another was more likely to be regarded by her than his, her husband called in Dr. Green. He ordered change to a milder climate, and at once. But if Dr. Lennard thought his wife was going to heed any more, he was mistaken. She flatly refused to leave Fenmore.

"No," she said, in one of her old outbursts; "he had brought her there to die, and she would die. She told him how it would be, and now it had come true."

Dr. Lennard said nothing, but his mouth closed, and a little of the pain that was seeing his life out flashed up into his face. He knew that any remonstrance of his would only fix her in her resolve but in his round that day he called at the Leigh's cottage and asked Letty to go up and talk to her, "for," as he frankly said, "if you do not succeed, it is hopeless. My wishes she would not regard in the matter at all."

Letty promised to use her best influence; and that evening, when the doctor came home, he found them both seated by the fire in the drawing-room, busy talking. Letty's dark face was all aglow with earnest eloquence, and Pauline lay back in her chair and listened with a quiet smile.

Pauline had been very ill of late, worse even than the doctor himself knew of; her always slight form was painfully thin, and her large, soft eyes were painfully brilliant. With all her ill-health the twist and curl never left her hair, and now it lay over the crimson cushion in a silken tangle of light. She was very fair, very beautiful, more womanly than ever he had seen her, even in the first sparkle of youth and health; and the great, tender love in his soul yearned toward her as he looked down on her placid, delicate face. It spoke in his voice, in the touch of his hand; it shone from out the depths of his dark eyes. It changed the stern, grave husband into the fond lover of old time. Oh, blind heart! oh, cruel hand! to fling back such a holy offering.

"You are better to-night, Pauline?" said he.

"Yes, I am greatly better," she said. "I am not going to die. I walked down alone; and see, my hand is cooler. Oh, yes, you must see I am better."

Her husband took the little white hand in his, and stroked it tenderly, and though the cold damp of its palm chilled him, he gave no sign. Her eyes brightened with a little of their old fire as she looked across to where Letty sat in the shadow, her head leaning against the mantel.

"Letty came over early in the afternoon to see me," she said," and from then till now here one cry has been that I must go to Devonshire, or Italy, or France, or somewhere—anywhere I think would please her, so that it was far enough from Fenmore."

Letty half smiled as she met the doctor's approving glance.

"It is not what would please me," she said. "It is what Doctor Green says you require. I should not like to see you going away from Fenmore only for that."

Too weak to be angry, Mrs. Lennard grew peevish.

"I shall not leave Fenmore," she said. "I am well enough to go to Lapland, if it is the cold you dread. I shall stay here."

"Well, well, then, Pauline, you shall," said the doctor, soothingly. "You know yourself a change would do you good. But if you took it unwillingly, perhaps half the good would be lost."

Letty stayed rather late that night—later than she usually did or cared to do then; but Mrs. Lennard had been loath to part with her, and when she put on her hat and cloak, and the doctor rose to see her home, his wife seemed as if she would have stayed him just at the last; but she said nothing, and he went.

Their shortest road was across the sands; and to-night, with the moon shining, and the sea calm and as smooth as shaded silver, it was the pleasantest also.

A still night, with a sultry breze blowing from the land that scarcely fanned the cheek as it went by.

Letty was shy and quiet; his thoughts busy with the past, the doctor was in no talking mood, and the greater part of the walk was accomplished in silence. Once, as they left the sea behind them, and turned into the narrow, shadowy lane that led to Letty's home, she thought she heard a cry, half gasp, half sob, as from some injured animal, and she stopped and listened. Dr. Lennard asked what force, and she told him.

"It is the wind that is rising," he said. "See the clouds that are banking up over there! We shall have a storm to-night."

Still the girl stood and listened, her healthy cheek blanching with a terror to which she could give no name; and again, further away this time, but still distinct, the long-drawn breath broke the stillness. This time the doctor heard it, too; perhaps because he had been listening for it. Then was the course he gave to Letty:

"It is nothing but the sough of the wind through those old trees," said he. "You need not tremble so, child. The night is so clear that we should see if any living creature was near which."

Very comforting to the practical doctor, my dear Judith, but not at all so to Letty. She went the rest of the way with her head turned back over her shoulder every few steps to see if anything followed, and her ear strained to the utmost to catch the faintest repetition of that gasping sound, but none came, and the doctor left her safe inside her own door, and laughed at her pale face as it showed in the light of the lamp.

"You will never do," said he," to live your life by the sea, if the rising of the summer storm and the breathing of the summer wind can fill you with superstitious fancies. I thought you were wiser, Miss Letty."

Letty tried to answer his light words, but she could not; and when he was gone, and she sat down on the side of her bed, she could not keep from bursting into tears. A sore pain seemed to lie heavy on her heart, a dim foreboding of evil shadowed her round; and under its sinister influence the girl shivered and moaned as though rent by bodily suffering. And through it all there rose those now half forgotten words;

"I will live to curse you yet! I will live to curse you!"

And then, in the room, by her side, above her, all round her, the air seemed to thrill with that gasping cry, as Letty had heard it in the lane, till the poor girl felt as if she were struggling in some terrible dream, or else losing her reason altogether.

Whether that cry was a reality or a delusion remained a mystery; but whether or no, the wind was rising, and that rapidly, and the doctor remembring it would be high tide that night, went round by the village to his home.

The sky was now one shifting mass of black clouds, that were parted every now and again by long, keen flashes of forked lightning. The sea was sounding so loudly that he heard it even in the heart of Fenmore; and as he went up the little hill to his own house he heard it plainer still, and the wind beat great dashes of rain in his faces every few seconds.

"A bad night for the fishermen," he said, half aloud," and I'm afraid there will be a good many out ere this."

He had gained his own gate as he spoke, and he turned round to look at the angry sea.

The great billows, rising high, dashed furiously on the sands and against the rocks, their crests shivering into foamy whiteness. Far out—as far as the eye could pierce through the thick darkness—the waste of waters spread, heaving and falling like a living thing—a terrible sight—while over all played the sickly glare of the lightning.

Dr. Lennard turned hastily from it and, turning, stumbled over something in the path. Stooping, he saw that it was a woman lying prone on his doorstep, her light dress clinging closely to her, her long hair trailing over the ground. He pushed the door open, and lifting her in his arms, carried her into the lighted hall, thinking with pity that it was some poor night-wanderer who had lost her way, and perhaps fallen from exhaustion.

As the light fell fully on the figure, the doctor staggered under his burden, and a deadly chill stole over him. He recognized the pale silk dress, the flossy golden hair. No need to raise the still, white face to know that it was his wife.

The banging to of the hall door, and the flicker of the lamps as the rough wind rushed in, roused him, and he carried her up to her own room, and, laying her on the bed, rang for Judith. The old woman came, and her fresh face blanched suddenly at the sight that met her eyes.

Mrs. Lennard lay on the bed, her hands tightly clinched, her face rigid, with her wet hair falling in tarnished masses round it. Her pale silk dress was stained with sand and water, and of her shoes one was missing altogether, while the other had plainly been up past the ankle in a sand puddle; and standing by the bedside, more worn and haggard than the old woman had ever seen him, even in these last miserable years, was Dr. Lennard, looking quietly but sternly down on the strange figure of his wife.

But he did not stand long thus. No stranger could have gone about restoring consciousness more promptly and coolly; and when, after a weary time, life came back to the still face, and the small hands trembled and unclosed, like a stranger he left the room, and sent the boy for Dr. Green.

Mrs. Lennard opened her eyes on Judith's ragged face as it was bent over her pillow, and, like one waking from a troubled dream, she raised her head to look round on the familiar objects, as though to convince herself of the reality of the present. But even that exertion was too much; and as her head touched the pillow again, she gave a low, sharp cry, and with the cry came a rush of blood, staining her parched lips, and making her white face appear still more ghastly; and Judith, startled into pity, went hastily out, and called the doctor. When he came his own face was as white and set as the dying face before him, for he saw that she was dying.

When the blood had ceased to well out, and Pauline was as well as she might ever be, the doctor was stealing softly from the room to see if his messenger had returned, but she put out her hand and stayed him.

"Don's go," she whispered; "I am dying. Don's go—don's!"

The few broken words made the ominous red tide rise again, and Dr. Lennard, bending over her, and meeting the terrified, beseeching eyes of this woman he had loved so passionately, felt his own scorch with an agony too deep for tears.

Hour after hour he stayed by her, exerting all his skill, but in vain, to stay the ebbing life; and when skill failed, soothing her with fond words, echoes of the glad music of past days, and tender touches, eloquent of love, of forgiveness, too, to poor, dying Pauline.

Dr. Green came, but he could do nothing; she was past all earthly aid, and in the ghostly gray twilight of the early morning she died.

With the last up-flushing of her life Pauline had forced strength to tell her husband she knew she had wronged him always—this last time most of all, and to beg of him to forgive her.

A racking vision of what this fair woman might have been to him rose up as he bent over her dying bed, mixed with a yearning thankfulness for the justice and the love that had come, though so late; and so he kissed her and held her closer in his arms, and with his forgiveness and his love sought to let her die in peace. But in peace she could not die. In vain he bade her put her trust in her Saviour, and fix her hopes on His tenderness and mercy; but her heart was closed and hard, and the holy words fell on heedless ears.

In vain the doctor looked and spoke as if the cruel past was a dream, and she was the fondly loved young wife of those early June days; she could not die in peace, and she did not. There was a want and a crying need in her dying eyes terrible to see; and it was under the burden of an unuttered longing that she struggled into eternity.

(To be Continued.

Count Von Moltke, the world's greatest general, has fought his last battle and been defeated. He died at 9.45 last night from heart failure, after having attended the Reichstag. His death was sudden and painless, and has caused profound sorrow throughout the whole German Empire, where he was worshipped as the greatest of living heroes and the saviour of his country.

Count Helimuth von Moltke, Marshal of the German Empire, was born at Parchim, October 26, 1800, a member of a well-known Mecklenburg family. His father was formerly an officer in the army, and possessed an estate in the neighborhood of Parchim. Shortly after Helimuth's birth, his parents removed to Holstein, and when 12 years old the boy, designed for the military profession, was sent to Copenhagen and entered a barracks there. In 1822 he became a lieutenant in a Prussian infantry regiment. Having passed some time in the school of Division in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Moltke was received into the General Staff of the Prussian Army. In 1835 he made a tour of Turkey, and there attracted the attention of the Sultan Mahmoud, who requested him on the reorganization of the Turkish army. In 1839 he took part in the campaign of the Turks in Syria against the Viceroy, Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, and he adopted the Turkish Pasha. In 1840 he became adjutant to Prince Henry of Hesse, and after the death of the Prince in 1847 was engaged in numerous works of fortification on the Rhine. In 1858 he was made member of the Grand General Staff, and in 1859 Chief of the Staff of the 4th Army Corps at Magdeburg. In 1862 he was advanced to the rank of Chief of the Guard General Staff of the Prussian Army, and in 1866 was created a Lieutenant-General. In 1864, when war with Denmark broke out, he sketched the plan of campaign and assisted in its execution. He performed similar services in the war against Austria in 1866. His achievements during the Franco-Prussian war are still fresh in the memory of the people. In September, 1871, he was made the Count Moltke of Danish Empire, and in the following year he was created a count. In October, 1870, he received from the Czar of Russia the Order of St. George, and on March 22nd, 1871, the Grand Cross of the Iron Cross from the German Emperor.

If you want to stick money get into the police.

THE KINDERGARTER.

A Sketch of This Important Section of Training.

Children Who Learn by Doing and Seeing—Clay Modelling, Sewing, Weaving and Designing Lay the Foundation for Self-Respect—The Kindergarten a Foundation for Science, Art and Ethics.

(By a Hamilton Kindergartner.)

The work of the kindergarten can be summed up in one brief sentence: "During the first six years put into the child the foundation of all knowledge necessary to life." This indicates the scope of Froebel's educational idea and suggests the innumerable lines along which the work of the kindergarten lies.

The senses are the gateways of knowledge, and through them the child must receive the first nourishment for the development of mind. The world is full of sounds, colors, forms and all materials which affect the senses in varying combinations; but enlightened people have outgrown the thought that children should be left alone and unaided to find the necessary food for mental growth until they are old enough to go to school. It, when the senses are first awakening, their training is neglected, all after education will show a defect which can never be wholly removed.

There is nothing formal in the education of the kindergarten; everything is done in the play spirit, because play is the activity which is natural to the earliest stages of man's development. In the children's minds develop as their bodies do, without their being conscious of the process. They learn by doing and seeing.

The kindergarten Gifts, with which the children play they are building and designing, are the means of giving them a knowledge of elementary geometry, number and form; such knowledge is the inevitable result of handling them and playing with them. There is a logical sequence in the development of the Gifts, each one containing suggestions of the preceding and foreshadowing those to come.

The first consists of six worsted balls with long strings attached, in the three primary and the three secondary colors. From those the youngest children gain a definite basis for knowledge of color, direction and form. All this is taught as the children play with the balls. Direction, for instance: From, back; right, left; up, down; they learn as they keep time to some rythmic song, moving the ball in the direction indicated by the words of the song.

The second Gift is a concrete illustration of a great educational law. It consists of a wooden ball, and, sharply contrasted with this, the cube, and then to relate these two opposites, the cylinder, because it possesses the qualities of both. The ball is the symbol of the earth, the sun, the moon and all the heavenly bodies; the cube symbolizes the mineral kingdom, because all the crystal forms only are modifications of it, and the cylinder is found to be the typical form in the animal and vegetable worlds. When the children's attention has been directed to these facts in some simple and interesting way, they are always quick to observe how everything can be classified under one of these forms. One little boy, after he had been in the kindergarten a few months, suddenly discovered that his house was full of oblongs, and that his horse wasn't anything but a lot of cylinders put together.

Following these are the building Gifts, which are adapted to that stage of the child's development when he desires to investigate, and to analyze the forms which he handles. They are cubes which are subdivided by cutting into various geometrical forms, and their analysis progresses from the simple to the complex. The parallelopiped, the triangular prism, the square prism and the rectangular prism are found among these divisions and subdivisions. So in building miniature houses, barns and hotels, the children finding in these fundamental forms playthings to amuse them, are only too glad to know and to remember their names. Succeeding these Gifts are the tablets used to represent surfaces; the square, the half square, the equilateral, the right-angled scalene and the obtuse-angled triangles. Following these are the steel rings, the stick used to inclose space and the beads to represent points. The possibilities with the Gifts are inexhaustible, and it is only necessary to show a child a few of their possibilities in order to call forth his inventive faculty. The choice of the Gifts is based on a thorough understanding of science, and there is nothing in the world of form which can be wholly unfamiliar to a child who has been trained in the kindergarten. The Gifts are also valuable for manual training, as most of them require skilful and delicate handling. It is in true that impression must precede expression, but is equally true that expression must follow impression. To learn by doing is one of the principles of the kindergarten, and doing in an orderly and logical manner, seeing the dependence of one on another, leads to orderly and logical thinking. The occupations correspond to and follow the Gifts in their development, and are in miniature the industries of the race. They give the child an opportunity for the expression of the ideas which he has gained. Clay-modeling, sewing, weaving, paper-folding, cutting and designing are occupations which delight the children, for in them they find the means to express themselves, and this lays the foundation of self-respect, since the children see the tangible results they have produced by their own thought and skill. If a kindergarten were conducted under ideal conditions, the kindergartner would spend some part of each day with her children in the open country, near to nature's heart, discovering her secrets, observing her wonders, cultivating in the children the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and stimulating them to intelligent inquiry. This in itself would be laying an educational foundation deep and wide. But this is not often possible, so field and forest contribute their treasures and the children are surrounded in the kindergarten by as many natural objects as are available, for the purpose of awakening their interest and curiosity in natural phenomena. So in the kindergarten we always may find seeds sprouting, plants growing, the chrysalis waiting to turn into a butterfly, the cocoon in which the silk caterpillar has rolled himself away, specimens of quartz and other minerals, and perhaps a piece of tree which grew in the coal period. About each of these things a pleasant little story is told to interest and teach the children, thus fostering the germ of a scientific mind. These stories are very entertaining, and at the same time they give some idea of the climatic divisions of the earth's surface and of the manners and customs of the people living in different parts of the world. Stories about animals, if judiciously told, foster in the child a love of natural history, and give him the facts which form the ground work for this study. In stories and conversations with the children the kindergartner finds her best opportunities for seed-sowing; for by means of stories and simple experiments there is no department of science which cannot be simplified and made interesting to children, and in conversations with them they are led to express their thoughts and taught to express them in correct language. The fundamental principle on which the method of work is based is found in one of Froebel's own sentences: "It is not by teaching and imparting a mere variety and multitude of facts that a school becomes a school (in the true sense), but only by emphasizing the living unity that is in all things." The acorn is not the oak, although it contains within it all the elements and possibilities of the full grown tree, and so the kindergarten is not a school of science, art or ethics, nor the kindergartner a teacher of these things. But she can say, as such child leaves her influence, "I have laid the foundation though another buildeth."

A Chief at Police.

There is no body of men more liable to suffer from exposure than the police. But as an example of how they get rid of their maladies the following is cited: Green Island, N. Y., U. S. A., Feb. 11, 1889: "I suffered with neuralgia in the head, but found instant relief from the application of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me." E. P. Bannerman, Chief of Police.

—It isn't the clothes a woman wears that turns her head; it is the clothes other women wear.

—A man is satisfied to drop into the first saloon to spend ten cents, but a woman will make it show her through every store in town.

When a horse rears it is very much alive even if it does seem to be on its last legs.

Two heads are better than one; but when we come to the "thirdly," argument grows monotonous.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO HER.

How the Queen Consort Heard of King Kalakaua's Death.

Many women and men had been busily engaged in decorating the palace for His Majesty's reception, says a Honolulu letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. They had been assembled for several days and worked under the Queen's personal supervision. Early on the morning of January 29th the silling hands began their labor of love. Soon the Queen appeared at the top of the wide marble staircase of the main hall, clad in a kaloku, the native dress. Slowly and stately she joined the workers, contributing smiles and salutations to all.

Standing among the native workers and directing them to add touches here and there, she was a picture of majesty, but while every inch a queen, she seemed to take an almost childish delight in the thoughts of the gratification with which king would greet her work.

"He will be so pleased," she cold.

The Hon. Samuel Parker entered and announced to Her Majesty that the Charleston had been reported off Koko Head. At this intelligence work ceased, and the attendants read in the face of Mr. Parker the sad news he had come to break.

"Ah! my King has prepared a surprise for me and I shall not be outdone. Why do you stop your labor? Begin again, and we will finish before His Majesty arrives," said the Queen, and she began with her own hands to entwine some maili in the meshes of the rich drapery.

"But, Your Majesty," said Mr. Parker, "the flags on the Charleston are at half-mast, and I am afraid something has happened."

"How sad! They must be mourning for some one who has died aboard," answered the Queen.

"But the Hawaiian flag is at half-mast also, Your Majesty."

"Ah! my king should grieve with them should anyone be dead."

The attendants understood the worst, but Kapiolani refused to understand, and still urged them to complete their decoration.

All were silent and bowed their heads, but Mr. Parker broke the silence, and in a calm, sympathetic voice announced to the Queen the death of the King. The transition from the simplicity of her delight to the paroxysms of grief was so sudden that she almost fainted, and would have fallen to the floor had not loving arms supported her. She gave a shriek, and began wailing in a mournful and most pitiful manner.

Others added their cries of wailing to the sad and bitter moaning of the Queen, and the scene brought tears to the eyes of the strongest present. Mr. Parker wiped the tears from his eyes, and raising the Queen supported her to her apartments.

Goodness Pays.

At any rate, this is the teaching of decision rendered in the court of appeals the present week, said to be the first of the kind ever given there, although the principle involved has been passed upon by other tribunals we believe. The facts are as follows: On March 20th, 1869, William Storey, a wholesale liquor dealer of Buffalo, told his nephew, William E. Storey, then a lad in knickerbockers, that he would give him $5,000 if he would not smoke or drink until he became 21 years of age. The uncle added several other conditions, even coffee, cards and billiards being tabooed. As the old man made his money in appetizing liquors his injunctions to his nephew were the more remarkable. The incentive of a golden reward caused William to lead an exemplary life. On January 31st, 1886, he attained his majority, and wrote to his uncle claiming the $5,000. The uncle replied, acknowledging the indebtedness, but said he desired to hold the money on interest until a future day. Soon after Mr. Storey died, and his executor, Franklin Sidway, refused to pay the claim. The case was tried in the Supreme Court and judgment recovered for $9,585 89, principal and interest. This judgment was reversed by the General Term, but this week was sustained by the Court of Appeals, and William E. Storey will get his money.

Before You Clean House.

Long before the calendar says it is time to begin house-cleaning, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, you should look over the magazines, papers, disabled furniture, discarded garments, and household ornaments which even twelve months accumulate so wonderfully. Be brave, and do not save an indiscriminate mass of articles against the possible needs of the seventh year of which we hear so much. Give away the best of the old garments and sell the remainder to the junk man. The magazines and papers which you do not intend to have bound or to utilize in your scrapbook will be eagerly read in some hospital or other institution. Even the furniture and ornaments will greatly brighten the dreary surroundings of some poor family. Have the courage of your convictions in dealing with the contents of trunks and boxes. Dispose with the remainder, and your systematizing the remainder, and your reward will be a delightful sense of space and a feeling of almost physical relief.

What He Wanted.

Cloak Review: "I have come in here sir," said the angry citizen to the superintendent of the horse-car company, "to get justice. Yesterday as my wife was getting on to one of your cars, the conductor stepped on her dress and tore off a yard of it."

"Well, sir," calmly replied the superintendent, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do—get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," grimly replied the other, brandishing in his right hand a small piece of cloth. "What I propose to have you do is to help me match this cloth."

Refinement of Cruelty.

"You look sad, Birdie; what is the matter?" were the words addressed to Birdie McHenjpin by her friend, Mollie Squeers, as they met on Austin avenue.

"I am not feeling well."

"Are you sick?"

"No, I am not precisely sick, but I feel tired—overworked."

"Do tell me about it."

"Well, you see our colored cook is sick, and now poor mother has to do all the cooking and scrubbing and washing and ironing, and it makes me feel so tired to see the old creature work. She is so slow."

The steamer Milwaukee struck on the Lime Kilns, near Amherstburg, yesterday morning. She is now lying at Amherstburg dock in a leaky condition, but the pumps keep her free.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Bothwell, of Brooklyn, accidentally swallowed a small cork the other day, which lodged in his left bronchus, and physicians have been unable to reach it. A fatal result is feared.

The yacht Enid Granville is a pale-faced lad of 16. He is at present a student at Eton, and cannot take his place in the House of Lords until he attains his majority.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

Figures Giving Ontario's Record for June 1889.

SOME STRANGE REVELATIONS.

The annual report of the registration of births, marriages and deaths for the year ending December 31st, 1889, which has been prepared in the office of Mr. Dryden, the Registrar-General, was laid on the members' desks in the Provincial Legislature Thursday afternoon.

It shows that during the year 1889 there were registered 49,536 births, 14,880 marriages and 23,329 deaths. Compared with the registrations made during 1888 the births show an increase of 1,585, the marriages an increase of 329 and the deaths a decrease of 405.

The male births in the Province numbered 24,797, the females 23,801, an excess of 996 males, showing a proportion of 103 5 males to 100 females. There was a small increase in the number of twin births registered. Three cases of triplets, the same number as in 1888, were registered, one each in the counties of Haldimand, Peterborough and York respectively.

The report says: "Of the 49,589 children whose births were registered during the year 1889, 47,591, or 96 per cent., were legitimate and 958, or 2 per cent., illegitimate. In 1888 there were 46,953 births registered. Of these 45,335, or 96.7 per cent., were legitimate and 618, or 1.3 per cent., illegitimate, showing a large increase in the number of illegitimate births registered in 1889."

The marriages of the four principal denominations were as follows: Methodists, 9,920; Presbyterians, 6,022; Episcopalians, 5,041, and Roman Catholics, 4,816. Little change took place in the months chosen for marrying. October, December and January are still the favorite months, especially December, which heads the list with 1,753 weddings, nearly 13 per cent. of the whole number celebrated during the year. Comparatively few marriages took place in August, only 913, or 6 per cent. of the whole number returned during the year.

The returns show that 42 persons were married at the age of 70 years and over; 40 bridegrooms and 2 brides. Only two brides were older than their bridegrooms; one was 82 years old and the bridegroom 62 years, the other was 70 years and the bridegroom 61 years. The united age of the oldest couple married in 1889 was 148 years. The bridegroom was 81 years and the bride 67. Four persons were married at 80 years of age and over, three males and one female. In contrast to those marriages of persons advanced in years the following youthful marriages were recorded, viz.: Nine girls of 14 years of age united themselves to youths under 19 years, and thirty girls were married at 16 years of age. The youngest couple married was a girl of 14 years of age to a youth of 18 years. The greatest disparity of age exhibited in any marriage was that of a man aged 79 years who married a maiden of the age of 15 years.

The ten highest causes of death were consumption, to which 2,417 deaths were due; pneumonia, 2,286; nervous diseases, 2,268; general debility, 1,995; heart disease, 1,639; diarrhœal diseases, 1,199; fevers, 953; enteritis and gastritis, 831; diphtheria, 801; and kidney diseases, 592. The report contains colored diagrams, which present the death rate in each county, city and town. The ratio in York, Carleton and Frontenac was high; 20, 19 and 15 per 1,000 respectively. In contrast to this the following counties returned a low ratio, viz., Bruce, 7 per 1,000; Grey, 7 per 1,000; Huron, 7 per 1,000; and Norfolk, 7 3 per 1,000. In the cities and towns the death rate was generally higher than in the rural districts, owing, no doubt, to more complete registration. In Kingston, Ottawa and Brampton the rate of mortality was unusually high, viz.: Kingston, 27.1 per 1,000; in Ottawa, 23.8 per 1,000; and in Brampton, 23.6 per 1,000. The lowest death rate in 1889 in the cities and towns was reported from Port Hope, 8 per 1,000.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND.

How This Great Turf Patron Makes His Bets.

Sir George Chetwynd, the great English turf patron, is a clever bettor, says an exchange. Sir George is tall and square. He once belonged to the Guards. When he stalks through the betting ring a crowd of penny plungers and touts follows at his heels to see where he puts his money. He approaches Steel, the head of the book makers, and the crowd hangs on his words.

"Well, Steel," he drawls, "what price, Galopin?"

"Three to one to you, Sir George," says Steel.

"Is that the best of the market, Steel?"

"The very best, Sir George."

"Ah? Well, you may put me down two monkeys, Steel."

"Thank you, Sir George."

Sir George moves on. Two monkeys are £1,000. A small plunger rushes up to Steel.

"What price, Galopin?"

"Five to two," says Steel.

"But you've just laid 3 to 1!"

"That was to Sir George Chetwynd. Always give the best of the market to Sir George. Great patron of the turf."

How to Lay a Carpet.

Lay the linings on the floor, putting a small tack here and there to keep them in place. Put the carpet on the floor, unrolling it in the direction in which it is to be laid. Begin