One copy, three months, - - - -

babies, wake with mammy and pray

for daddy on the wild, wild seas?"

-and how I'd fix their hands,

and how we four would kneel down and

say 'Our Father,' and feel sure that the

Lord knew what we were asking for and

would answer our prayer! Didn't Tom

ever know how I must have counted

days, then weeks, then months, and at

last years, wanting him, waiting, watch-

ing for him, ever true in word and

and that I pitied lonely ones that came

to port here and who made friends with

me? For I've gone to them and I've

said: 'Cheer up, my lads! I'm Tom Bol-

livar's wife, and he's on the briny deep.

Let me help you all I can; if you're

sick or lonesome or want little jobs of

woman's work done for you, why, come

to me. I'm Tom Bollivar's wife and he's

on the briny deep!' And how often

and often has this room been crowded

kissed the children, in case they'd

pass Tom's ship, they said, and

would seem to take the kisses

to him; or they'd kiss 'em be-

cause they had little ones of their own

far away who must be looking out to ses

and thinking of their daddies. And I've

helped 'em all I could-indeed, indeed

I have; and me and the children, why.

we've gone down to see their ships off.

and I've made the children wave their

hands and say 'Good-bye!' right loud,

and the men have called. 'Three cheers

and a tiger for Tom Bollivar's wife!

and 'God care for the babies!' And

I've done all this for love o' Ton

And you don't say that he ever thought

of that, only that I didn't care for him

If he didn't know me without words.

thought he did."

" Yes, sailor.

orter know."

went."

him, if nothing else?"

was your husband."

here all alone, now, can I?"

husband he ain't cold yet."

him?"

the papers."

then he didn't love me as I always

And she wiped her eyes on the frock

she was mending. The man looked at

her for a minute, seemed to hold back

something he was about to say, put his

hands nervously in his pockets and

"Well, lass, yes, he knowed it. He

"Well-now don't ye cry out, an' don't

won't never, never come home no more."

"Because-he'd drownded dead," he

"Then why wasn't you drowned, too

"I rather think so. Well-why don't

"But I tell ye, Tom Bollivar ain't

didn't drown him, did I? I'm a widow,

ain't I? Now I'll tell you what I think

"What do ye mean, Widder Bollivar?"

"That's it-that's right-I'm Widow

Bollivar. But I musn't be Widow Bol-

livar all my life, so I must get married."

"Married! My God! woman, your

"I can't wait until I'm cold because

"Do ye mean to say ye don't love

"It would be foolish to love a dead

"Who-who'll have ye for a wife when

they knows all I knows? Widder, I'll

"Bosh, sailor - that's nonsense

Who'll have me? Why, you will, sailor

man and yet marry a live one."

you say he ain't quite cold yet, can I?"

She smiled up in his face.

"Why?" she simply asked.

"I don't believe it, sailor."

thought he knowed it for a truth, but-

The Chatham Becond.

RATES

The History of Life. I saw an infant in its mother's arms, And left it sleeping. Years passed-I saw a girl with woman's

In sorrow weeping. Years passed-I saw a mother with her child. And o'er it languish. Years brought me back-yet through her tears she smiled,

In deeper anguish. I left her-years had vanished-I returned, And stood before her : A lamp beside the childless widow burned

Grief's mantle o'er her. In tears I found her whom I left in tears. On God relying;

And I returned in after years, And found her dving. An infant first, and then a maiden fair-

A wife, a mothera childless widow in despair-Thus met a brother

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part, To meet, oh, never ! beholds the spirit leave the heart. To live forever.

BOLLIVAR'S WIFE.

Somebody knocked at the door. And such a night as it was!-the snow and the wind making it dreadful to think of while you sat beside a roaring fire, let alone being out on the dismal flat where the little house braved the fury of the elemental war. It was quiet inside, the loudest sound being the moan of the wind and the hiss of the feathery snowflakes falling down the wide mouthed chimney to the flaring logs below.

A woman was sitting by those flaring logs, mending a little child's frock. The six lit le shoes, in various worn stages, placed before the fire, told a story that oftentimes louder noises than the moan of the wind and the hiss of lost snowflakes on the fire disturbed the room. Sitting there sewing, and with a woman's mind far away from what she was busy at, and yet tied all the stronger here by as makes ye look up at that there sky reason of her wandering thoughts, the that seems to be fightin' wi' the mad see the door.

She arose hurriedly, suppressing a cry, and unlocked and flung the door the help o' God for them as he loves. open. A man's voice in the snowy dark- even if the help don't save his own life ness said, harshly: "Where do Tom Bollivar's wife live at

"Yes," she answered, her hand upon

her heart, her eyes peering out in the night; "I am Tom Bollivar's w what do you want of me?"

"Lass, will you ask me in? I've news of Tom."

"You have! Come in, sailor, and tell me what you know."

Into the light and warmth stepped a rough, brawny fellow, dressed in the slipshod manner of a sailor upon shore. He shook the snow from his shaggy coat and his beard. Slapping his slouch hat upon his knee, and looking fiercely down into the little woman's face all the time, as though to intimidate her. She returned the look with an odd expression-not frightened, but startled, bewildered-the look that had come to her face when she opened the door and peered out at the man; then from the bewildered look another came, one of understanding, comprehension,

"Sit by the fire; you must be chilled through this gruesome night."

and she said to him, calmly:

The startled look seemed to have flown from her face to his, but he said, more harshly:

"I am chilled through, Tom Bollivar's wife, and that ain't no lie, 'cordin' to Scripter. Are ye all alone here, woman ?" and glanced about him.

"No," she said, pointing to the six worn little shoes. The man looked at them, and then turned his face away from her for an instant.

"Now, sailor," she said, "what's this great news o' yours?" "Ain't ye afeard o' me, ye a lone

woman ?" "Bosh! Tell me the news!" "Tom Bollivar's wife, ye flustrate me

But it's right, ye ain't afeard o' mewhy should ye be? I-I kinder though! ye might be, though. But-I'm a rough sailor, and-" "Oh, pshaw! hurry up with the

"I-I don't know how to commence

the yarn, wi' you a settin' there so un

"Oh, it is a yarn, eh? Well, wai sailor, till I put some wood on the fire -then fire away." She put the wood on, sat down on the

stool in the red light of the blaze and ook up the little frock again. "Now," she said, "I'm ready."

The man had his mouth open. Despite his bronzed skin and the fire from the sogs, something else sent that flush over his face that now suffused it.

"Be'n't ye a little narvous, anyways?" "Oh, my, no; not at all! I'm steady enough to count the threads while

itch this band of our Susy's frock Nervous! Me? Oh, dear!" "Tom Bollivar's wife, I've that to te as'll not make ye brag o' bein' steady

the children's faces day after day, seeng his likeness there, so that I'd never Tom Bollivar's been gone three year forget his looks and should know him always, no matter when or how I met "If you know it, sailor, what do you him? And didn't he know how, when I ask me for? Don't you suppose I car was timider for him than usual, and lieve ye ever thought o' your husband; with success, though the operation had the desserts that would make them as you awake but wash yourselves in a dewcount the months that make three wanted him more than usual, I'd I don't believe even the babbies thought never been attempted but once before palatable as a plate of pudding in a five- drop, and fall to and eat your bed rate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify

"When did ye hear from Tom last?" He gulped, and his eyes were wrathy. "Six months ago," she said, easily "he was sailing for Madagascar, and hadn't time to say much."

"Tom Bollivar's wife," said the man, solemnly, and suppressing his strange anger, "ye'll not be likely to hear from him agin' in a hurry; he wont writ soon."

"I expect not. There ain't much 156 o' him writing, anyway, seeing I can' thought? Couldn't he tell you that he answer, not knowing if I'd send my guessed I loved all sailors for his sake, letters to sea that they'd find him."

"Lass, he'll never write again no more. Tom won't. There now!" "That's a pity for Tom," she said. biting off her thread, "for he always likes to write a bit about the children. Oh, dear !"

The man looked at her in blank amazement.

"Tom Bollivar's wife, I think I'll commence that there yarn I promised." "Lor', sailor; you don't mean to say with sailor men! And how they've you ain't begun yet? What a tedious one you can be, to be sure! Bless my

Again the man gulped and gritted his teeth. He went on, madly:

"Ye know, six months ago, Tom he sailed around Madagascar, don't ye Well, I was along wi' Tom, I was. Me an' him we was chums; whatsomever he done, that there done I; wheresomever he went, theresomever went I; whensomever he writ to ye, I seen that there letter, true as gospel. When he was a-thinkin' o' ye, I knowed it. But there's storms at sea, lass--oh, sich storms! Why, this here storm outside is a baby squall compared wi' them there at sea, wi' creakin', an' groanin', an' cussin', an' orderin', an'-there's storms as makes ye think o' home an' your wife an babbies, an' to look up in the face o' the angry sky an' try to speer out the pityin' face o' Jesus Christ as walked on the waters an' told them waves to be still; storms woman started-somebody knocked at | that rises up to clinch wi' it, an' falls back all shattered an' broke; there's storms as makes a sailor's heart cry for Who knowed more about storms nor me an' Tom Bollivar? We'd follered the sea nigh on to twenty year, an' never separated. I can't tell ye, for ye'll feel

that bad." "No, I won't, sailor; upon my word I won't. I like it-I like to hear you talk; it sounds old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned?"

"Yes; Tom used to sit where you sit and I sitting in this blessed identical spot, sewing as I do now, and he'd tell his awful yarns and try to make me believe them. You see, I don't swallow all I hear."

"Ye don't think I'm a-deceivin' vet

do ve?" " I don't think much about it, so you needn't have that in your noddle. Go on, do; for mercy's sake, what ails the

Such a look as he gave her!

"Well, there comes a storm one day, an' the skipper he comes to us an' says. says he, 'It's all up wi' us, as ye see. Try to save yourselves.' The ship had sprung a leak, the whole side was stove in on a rock, an' the pumps was no use. an' we was a goin' down, an'-oh, Tom Bollivar's wife, how kin I say it ?-your husband he wouldn't desart that there ship as he knowed, man and boy, since him an' the ship was both young."

"That's right in him," she said. shaking her head and settling herself on the stool, a light in her eyes, "that's right in him. I wouldn't own Tom Bollivar if he'd torsook his work because it got troublesome."

"Yes-but, lass, Tom he was aboard till the last two timbers hung together. He wouldn't go. He got the others off an' helped wi' the cargo; but there he staid; a lookin' out in the direction of his home, and a-thinkin' o' ye an' the babbies."

"True for you, sailor," she said, her voice tremulous and almost glad, "and good for Tom Bollivar."

"But why don't ye get flustrated! Didn't ye keer nothin' 'bout Tom? Why don't ye get into a reg'lar terrer?"

"Oh, I'll get all that way after a bit." Again that dreadful look at her.

"Then ye didn't keer nothin' for

I know you will." "Git out o' my way, Tom Bollivar's "Now look here, sailor," she said wife. Me have you? Lord! I thought vou knew Tom powerful well, you say. I'd find you crazy mad at the idee o Didn't Tom ever know of the time and him bein' dead and layin' rollin' around time again when I sat here all alone wi' the sharks an' sich in Davy Jones's through the night, after I've tucked the locker. An' now to hear ye? Oh, children up in bed, and staid at the woman, woman, ye don't know what window looking out at the raving storm, ye've done! I'll go back to my ship; thinking of my husband? Didn't he I'll hate all women for your sake; I'll ever know at such times that my heart never tell who I-" went away over the cruil sea hunting for him-went further than the sea, up to heaven to Him that holds the sea and the storm in the hollow of his hand? not leave this room till you say you'll Did he ever know how I treasured up have me for your lawful wedded wife." every hope, every dream of him, every word he'd ever said-that I searched

"Sailor, you shall have me now." " Let me out o' this here b- house. "Sailor, I'll lock the door. You shall

"Let me out! I'll never say sich words to you. Woman, you're a bad lot, that's what ye are-a bad, ungodly, wicious creetur. Ye've lied to me about lovin' your husband so ye'd get me to marry ye; ye've saw so many sailors, an' thinks we're all green alike. I don't be-

"Not of their deceived father, sailor," she said, coming toward him, the tears raining down her cheeks, her lips smiling; "but their father, who must always believe me to be true and loving -their father I saw this blessed night. "Who-who-their father-this night?

Where is he?-where is the-?" She threw herself upon his breast, her arms clasped wildly about him "Here, here," she cried, rapturously, here is their father-my Tom, my dear old boy." And then cried aloud: "Babies, children, wake up! Come to mammy, for daddy's come home from the cruel, cruel seas, and he's tried to make mammy believe he was somebody else, and that daddy was drowned, Oh, Tom! I knew you when I opened the door; I never could be mistaken in you. never, never!" And the patter of the children's feet, the crying of the children's voices, drowned Tom Bollivar's voice deeper than any sea had ever drows ed Tom Bollivar.

Indian Education in Virginia.

The effort has been for a natural, allround growth rather than a rapid one. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail, and object-teaching, pictures and blackboards take their place, with every other device that ingenuity is equal to, often on the spur of the mg ment, to keep up the interest and attention of the undiscipled minds that, with the best intentions and strong desire to know English, have small patience for preliminary steps. A peripatetic class was thus devised to relieve the tedium of the school-room, and had, to speak literally and figuratively, quite a run. It usually began with leap-frog, and then went gayly on to find its "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," etc. Geography is taught with molding sand and iron raised dissecting maps; arithmetic at first with blocks. The Indians are particularly fond of each, and the advanced class is quite expert in adding up columns of figures as long as a ledger page, and equal to practical problems of every-day trade and simple business ac-

and now comes the all-firedest awful counts. charm of the printed page. It has the old mystery of "the paper that talks." ve flop down-but Tom Bollivar he "If I cannot read when I go home." said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The gratitude of the St. Augustines over their first text-book in geography was touching. Reading, writing and spelling are taught together by the word method and charts. Later "But I was wi' him all the time, 1 attractive little primaries have been very useful, and unbound numbers of children's magazines, such as are used If you thought so much of him as you say, why didn't you drown trying to save in the Quincy schools. Most of the Dakotas can now read at sight as simple "I-I well, I was washed ashore. But En lish as is found in these, and arr beginning to take pleasure in reading poor Tom !-oh, lor'! poor Tom, he's or in listening to easy versions "Oh, dear! if that's the case. I might of our childhood classics of Robas well make up my mind to be a inson Crusoe, and Christopher Columbus, and George Washington with his little batchet. One of their teachers ye get flustrated, Widder Bollivar?" who tried the hatchet story on them in cried the man, aghast; "ye promised preparation , for the 22d of February, says: "Such attentive listeners I never saw before. They were perfectly en-"I'll get that way after awhile. raptured. They understood everything. even to the moral. A few days after no more; he's drowned dead, him that this I was annoyed by talking in the class. When I asked who did it, every one blamed his neighbor. I said: 'Now, "Well, I can't help it, can I? I boys, don't tell a lie. Who will be a George Washington?' Two boys at about it. You see, sailor, I can't live once stood up and said: 'We did it.'"

Another teacher was less successful with her moral, in trying to explain a hymn they had learned to recite:

"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin; Each victory will help you some other to win. The next day one of the girls came to her, exclaiming, triumphantly: "I victory! I victory! Louisa Bullhead get mad with me. She big temptation. I fight her. I victory!"-Helen W. Ludlow, in Harper.

The Cause of Her Grief.

Some time ago, on the Norman coast, bather was drowned. Up to a few days ago his body had not been recovertell the whole town, I'll tell the whole ed. Every morning the young and disworld, I'll put ye in the 'log'-I mean consolate widow of the drowned man comes and seats herself on the beach, questioning the unreplying ocean with eyes red with weeping. It is in vain that her friends try to dissuade her from this painful practice.

"No," says she; "the sea has taken him from me, and the sea must bring him back to me."

They began to fear at last that the woman would lose her reason, and a distant relative was appointed to bring her around to thoughts of resignation. "Come, come, Henrietta," said he,

'you must give a reason for this." "A reason!" exclaimed the widow. between her sobs. It is very easy for you to demand a reason, but-boo-hoohoo !-if they don't find his body I can never get married again!"

The remarkable surgical operation a woman, and forming a healthful it TORTURING WITH ELECTRICITY. The Ageny which the Killers of the Czar Were Compelled to Undergo.

According to advices from Geneva. Russakoff and Jaliboff, the killers of the czar, were mercilessly put to torture in the presence of General Loris Melikoff. batteries, and forced by the intolerable agony he suffered to answer the questions put to him.

Park Benjamin, the scientific expert, said to a New York reporter: "The ides of torturing criminals by electricity is a British invention, and was first suglish mechanical journal, in commenting upon the execution of criminals by electric shock instead of by hanging. The English writer wanted to do away with the cat-o'-nine tails, which is administered in England to garroters and other criminals of certain classes, and use the electric battery, as he somewhat grimly expressed it, so as to produce absolutely indescribable torture (unaccompanied by wounds or even bruises). thrilling through every fiber of such miscreants. There was an American inventor who had a design for inflicting this species of punishment. He fitted brackets of iron on the arms and thighs of the criminal, and placed in them wet sponges. When connected with a current of electricity the shock would by this system pass through the less and shoulders, and avoid the vital parts of

the hody. "The torture inflicted by electricity is one of two kinds-by contraction of the muscles at rapidly recurring intervals and by burning with sparks. The tortures of old days, when not done by fire or compression, were the straining and tearing asunder of the muscles. Of this kind were the rack, scavenger's daughter, and the cages of Louis XIV., in which a man could stand up or lie down. The electric shock exactly reverses these conditions. It produces an enormously tive." rapid contraction of the body of the | It was the young lady's turn to be muscles at very short intervals. The degree of pain produced is about the "To what remarks do you refer?" she Nothing, however, can equal the same. The force of the electricity has said. to be nicely graded, as a too powerful shock would numb or kill a man.

same time produces contractions of the muscles. If put to the side of the jaw

it would make every tooth ache." A distinguished surgeon of whom then you will know exactly how it feels. maliciously. Here is a Faradic induction coil. I pull cut this tube a little way. Now, et me place this electrode to your hand There. "Oh!" exclaimed the inquirer, as

every finger, and his hand closed in an involuntary grasp.

"Does it hurt?" asked the doctor. "A little."

"Well, we'll try again. Now you see pull this tube further out. I again touch it to your hand, and-"

"Whoop!" shouted the victim; "take it away!" The feeling was as if the hand was crushed in a vise. Every the liberal, large-hearted man who is nerve ached and trembled with pain.

different sort," He fastened to one wire a small wet sponge and to the other wire something all. It is not possible for the entire like a paint brush, with the brush part machinery of housekeeping to work made of fine wire. He put the sponge in the visitor's hand and then touched the back of the hand with the wire brush. The pain was unbearable. The surface of the skin was scorched and the muscles of the hand were contract

ed in a violent manner. "That is called the electric scourge," said the doctor. "If it were dark you Imagine the effect if the electricity were ten times more powerful."

"Could any man bear that torture?" to escape the agony."

"It would be the same as burning alive."

"Would it injure the man?" insane. If the battery were too power-

hurts more than on others." Fun For the Boys. Mrs. Lewis, the English lady who has

recently come to this country to regulate its domesticity, wants to introduce verly Magazine. thirteen-year-old boys as house servants. Good idea. Lots of fun in it. How the boys would enjoy playing pitch and toss with the crockery, "pass ball" with the lately performed by Theodor Billroth, biscuits, and squirting water from the the illustrious pupil of Langenbeck, of kitchen faucet all over the house. And fume as never rose from human censer. removing a cancer from the stomach of then the well known tendency of thir- Fancy again the fun of tucking yourreduced stomach, has been attended absolutely clean would add a relish to of the summer air, nothing to do when

She Read Her Title Clear. At a church sociable some time ago a theological student was detailed to assist a young lady, whom he had long admired from afar, in making out a new Sabbath school library catalogue. The prospective minister found the task by Russakoff was electricized by powerful no means an unpleasant one, as the

charming young creature read him the title of each book from the title-page, while he delightedly copied it into the catalogue before him. In fact, there flitted through the mind of the sedate and rather bashful youth several times not original with the Russians. It is the question whether the aforesaid maiden, with her pretty figure and gested about five years ago by an Eng. bright eyes, could not be induced to become the "sharer of his labors and

toils." "I believe I would ask her to-night if I only dared," thought the young man "But I don't dare, so there's the end of it." And with gloomier face than before he continued his work, calling out, "Next book?" almost as mechanically as fast as he had transcribed the forme, title. He was aroused from his reverie by the following rejoinder to one of his demands for "next book:"

"Why don't you do it?" He started as though the girl had

een reading his thoughts. "Do what?" he inquired, by way of drawing her out. But the young lady replied not a word. To gain time he again said:

"Next book?" "No time like the present," said the

maiden, with an encouraging smile. "I see it is of no use to hide my thoughts from you Miss M.," he said. struggling with his embarrassment. "Your last two remarks have shown me how perfectly you realize my state of mind. I will, therefore, follow your advice and embrace the present opportunity of asking you whether you are willing to accept me as your partner for life. Your answer, I am confident from these remarks, will be affirma-

embarrassed.

"To the two sentences in which you so delicately blended words of advice and "The other method is by condensing encouragement on this most important a number of intermittent sparks on the of subjects, when you said, 'Why don't present."

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a merry laugh. "Why those were the titles of questions were asked concerning the the books you called for. Well, you machine said : "The best way to ex- have got yourself into a pretty fix," and plain it is to give you actual experience, she laughed at the discomfitted student

"Miss M.," said the young man, springing up with sudden earnestness, "I beg you will consider the words which I cannot now recall. Be mine and I shall be supremely happy. Retingling, thrilling sensation ran through | fuse me and you will make me miserable for life. Will you be mine?"

"Yes, yes; don't make such a noise about it or somebody will overhear you."

Domestic Men.

Some people like domestic men. don't; they too often degenerate into 'Bettys," and take entirely too much interest in household affairs. I prefer only home long enough for him to re-"That hurt, did it? Why that's main agreeable there-who does not nothing. Here's something of a very stay till things grow monotonous, and till he grows critical on a thousand little matters that he never need notice at actly as he wills it day in and day .at, and we would prefer the man of the world, who goes in and out and enjoys in a jocular way the pleasures and privileges he has, to the critical, domestic man who thinks he deserves so much credit for staying at home and grumbling while there.

These domestic men often think that could see sparks fly from each wire their home and their wives are their particular property, and that they can't be master of their own houses if they don't complain at every turn and look "I think not; any man would confess around them as soon as they enter the under it, but it is a question what con door, for some omission or commission fidence could be placed in such a con that they can construe into a cause for fession. A man would confess anything some sort of censure, and then begin at once to assert themselves and keep all "What could you compare the pair around them on the defensive for hours

Now, who would not prefer a man who would go to the "lodge," "club," or anywhere his fancy led him, and "No-not unless the pain drove him there stay till his growling mood was over, to one who brags of his domestic ful it would kill at once. Applied to traits, stays at home, site by his fireside some parts of the body the scourge and growls? Men at home are great

A Jolly Life. Insects generally must lead a truly iovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with a pillar of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perteen-year-old boys to keep their hands selves up for the night in the folds of a clothes!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Canadian house of commons has passed a resolution to exempt beet sugar from excise duty for eight years. This is to encourage the manufacture of beet sugar in Canada.

Texas will find plenty of elbow room, if nothing else. One of them writes that he has "the Rio Grand for a bath-tub and all Mexico for a back-yard " Mussels swim by a slight opening and

Land of the free-The new settlers in

closing of the shells. They grow by line particles which form around the edge. These lines are said to indicate the yearly growth of the creature.

It is said there are 11,825,000 cattle killed in the United States annually, the meats from which amount to 4,088. 300,000 pounds, and their total value when killed for food is \$608,200,000.

The Lancet says that the actual caus of the Czar's death was loss of blood, and thinks it most extraordinary that a mouarch who always moved in the shadow of death had not a surgeon close at

At Washington, D. C., the young wcman who is each day shot from the catapult, making four revolutions before reaching terra firma, had her arms and hands considerably lacerated. She repeated the act, though, the next day.

A Philadelphia society is wrestling with the question: "When a man has his life insured for \$100,000, is his wife justified in refusing to prepare a mustard plaster for him when he is seized with a sudden and severe attack of the cramps 9"

Men who exercise their freedom of choice by insisting upon going to destruction themselves and inflicting all the harm possible upon public order and security of life, cannot safely be sentimentalized over, but must be dealt with as their crimes deserve.

Prince Rudolph entered the Holy City of Jerusalem on foot, as a pilgrim, and walked bareheaded to the Holy Sepulchre. The Catholic Monks of Hebron having given to the Prince a curiously carved walking-stick, cut from a tree in front of a spot where tradition says Abraham used to dwell.

Turned the Joke on Him.

Among many amusing anecdotes of flesh. This burns the skin, and at the you do it? and No time like the Russian Imperial family related in the late Kar Bender's Memoirs is the following highly characteristic story of the eccentric Grand Duke Constantine. While residing at Warsaw Constantine gave a splendid banquet to a number of great Polish nobles, to each of whom at the conclusion of the feast an ordinary tallow candle was served on a plate by the attendant lackeys. As soon as all the guests were supplied with these pcculiarly unappetizing objects the Grand Duke, who had given orders that an imitation candle, admirably executed in marchpane, should be placed upon his plate, rose from his seat and exclaimed. "Gentlemen, let us eat, to the honor of Russia, the favorite national comestible of my country. Look at me. This is the way to do it." So saying, he threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and inserted therein two inches or so of the dainty in question. As he closed his teeth, however, the expression of his countenance suffered an extraordinary change. One of the noblemen sitting in his immediate vicinity had contrived to substitute his own genuine tallow candle for the marchpane imitation set before the Grand Duke, who, not choosing to betray himself to his guests, found himself condemned to chew at least one copious mouthful of good Russian tallow as an example to all the victims of his detestable jest, none of whom, of course, dared to abstain from doing as the terrible Constantine did .- N. Y.

Influence of Children.

"I am fond of children," said the late Dr. Binney once. "I think them the poetry of the world-the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes-little conjurors with their 'natural magic,' evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think-if there was nothing anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into this world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald luxuries in the domestic circle if they of good tidings, whose office it is to behave themselves; if not, let them ab- turn the hearts of the fathers to the sent themselves, while strangers suffer children, and to draw the disobedient from their badly-balanced brains .- Wa- to the wisdom of the just.' A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting by its gentle presence: it enriches the soil by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of life, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, freezes the affections, roughens the rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigoand sustain the charities of life."