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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER X.

[CONTINUED.]

He left the lamp with us and disappeared in a direction opposite to that from which we entered.

If Mr. Avery had seen no opportunity to escape from the horrors of this island in twenty years the prospect before Miss Arnold and myself began to look very dark. But it would not do to give way to despair before her. She must be assisted in her noble efforts to be brave and calm. We stood talking in low tones for several minutes, when we heard footsteps on the stone floor of the cave. I heard the gentle step of Mr. Avery and the heavy tread of a giant. From another section of the cave they appeared, Mr. Avery walking ahead with another lamp. After him came a man of stalwart build, brown skinned and with a sullen look in his rugged face. In his hands he carried two chairs.

When this man had set down the chairs he advanced to Miss Arnold, and getting down on one knee, he took her hand and kissed it. He saluted me in the same manner, much to my amusement. Mr. Avery, however, stood silently and gravely assenting to the homage. I divined that it was a part of the plan he had mentioned but had not unfolded to us, to have these simple people regard us as supernatural beings. When the giant kissed my hand he uttered the word "Oolek." I learned afterward that the word meant, in the native language, "Savior," or "Deliverer."

"Let Oso-Bark come with two more chairs," said Mr. Avery, in a tone of mild authority. To my surprise the brown giant seemed to understand English perfectly, and bowing low, march out. The fact he understood English was not surprising, for Mr. Avery, during his twenty years' residence among them, had taught many of these people the language.

"I don't understand where that fellow came from," I said in a bewildered way. "You have a fashion of springing out of the earth here that is positively uncanny. And where did the chairs come from?"

"There is another giant and two more chairs," said the Englishman, with the nearest approach to gayety which I had yet heard from him. And it was so. A man of great stature came in, bringing two chairs. He repeated exactly the performance of the first one and disappeared.

"I did not tell you," said Mr. Avery, "that this cave has two entrances. One by which you came in, and one opening into the channel of an extinct river that runs nearly the entire length of the island wholly under ground. This channel runs almost under the centre of Galneor, and I have had a passage dug from it into my own cellar. Neither the cave nor the subterranean river-bed is suspected by the Chinese."

"How far is Galneor from here?" I asked. "I saw no house when I was in the tree."

"No, you could not see them, though they were not far away. They lie beyond the forest trees."

Again the heavy tread of the two giants sounded in the cave, and they came in bearing a table and some dishes.

I resolved to speak to them.

"What are the names of our friends here, Mr. Avery?"

"Oso-Bark and Garu-Saak," he replied.

"Oso-Bark and Garu-Saak," I said, "we thank you for your kindness. Will you not sit down?"

The one named Oso Bark turned to me, and bowing low, he replied: "Oolek, some time I shall with pride do as you ask. But even now there is much to be done, and Garu-Saak awaits me. We are happy to-day. The songs of the Jumar women are heard to-day for the first time in twenty years. The spirit of the Jumars grows light with hope, for at last our deliverer has come."

Both giants bowed and marched out.

I was astonished. "Why, that fellow speaks better English than I do," I said.

"He is very capable," replied Mr. Avery, "and he is proud of his knowledge of English. I have taught him all he knows."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" I exclaimed. "With an army of men like that empires could be overthrown."

Mr. Avery smiled. "If my wishes could only resolve themselves into action, an army of them would have overthrown Hen-Ko-Hi long ago."

"What! Have you more like these?"

"Yes, plenty. They are in truth the two noblest men of their race, but there is hardly a man among them who is not rugged and powerful. The one other who equals these in intellect is called Bado-Ror. His home is in Bromporrah, the farther city, and we do not see much of him."

A gentle footstep, like that of a woman, was now heard, and a woman it was who came toward us. She saluted us both in exactly the same manner as the two giants had done. She brought cloths and spoons and knives and forks. She was evidently a serving-woman in Mr. Avery's house.

"A woman will remain with you," said Mr. Avery. "It is positively unsafe for you to be in any place but this cave, and it will perhaps be pleasant for Miss Arnold to have a woman who can talk English with her as a companion."

I thanked the old man for his forethought.

"Now I want to show you," said Mr. Avery, "what kind of human beings these are who are kept in this soul-killing slavery. Just examine that tablecloth and see if it is not a clever piece of work."

Miss Arnold and I carried the cloth to the lamp and closely examined it.

What would you say it was?" asked Mr. Avery.

"Silk," I replied unhesitatingly.

"No; I should call it linen, but of a marvelous texture," said Miss Arnold.

"It is neither. You have perhaps heard of China-grass, out of which the grass-cloth handkerchiefs sold in Paris and London are made. A similar grass grows here. It is, correctly speaking, not a grass, but a fiber. The cloth is formed by twisting the threads, first into long pieces and then into plaits, and subjecting them to a weaving process known only to these people. You will notice it is nearly transparent in some places, while in others there are various figures, such as flowers, birds and animals. It is no rude people who do that work."

"Indeed not!" I exclaimed. "It is shameful to think of these people being in bondage. Have they never struck for liberty?"

"No; their spirit is broken. They have no alternative but to slave for their heathen masters."

"Is there not a moment when the vigilance of the guards is relaxed? Never an opportunity to strike a blow?"

Mr. Avery smiled sadly.

"What would they strike with? There is not a weapon on the island save those in the possession of our masters—and these of yours. And in the fortress of Quiental there are thousands of Chinese cavalry."

"But can they keep fifty thousand of a noble race in abject slavery? It is preposterous?"

Mr. Avery shook his head.

"Wait," he said. "You are an American and think of fighting as an easy way to overthrow oppression, but you do not know the awfulness of the condition in which these people really are. Why, to murmur aloud is to be shot for treason."

My blood was up. I was raging within me.

"By thunder, Avery, I'll have that dead in hot water before I've been here twenty years!"

"Be cautious! Be cautious! There is much to be hoped for from your American energy, but you must be careful."

"So I will," I said. "Careful to send Hen-Ko-Hi to meet Cha Fong."

CHAPTER XI.

CRICKMORE HAS A PLAN.

The following day Mr. Avery was a welcome visitor. He came early to breakfast. In fact, he brought the breakfast with him. The woman he had given Miss Arnold as a companion attended solely to her wants. Another woman of the Jumars, sad-faced and silent, waited upon the missionary and myself. The coffee was still hot, showing that Mr. Avery's stove, from which it came, could not be very far away.

"Are all the women here as sad-looking as these two?" I asked.

"Yes—all. The story of these women is but the story of nearly all. It is true, many have their husbands left to them, while the brave husbands of these fell fighting for their homes. Twenty years ago, when the Mantchoos invaded this island, these women were happy wives and mothers. Each had two children—a boy and a girl. In the bloody battle that was destined to be the last fight of the Jumars or the Kaleks, their husbands were cut down by the ruthless hand of the Chinese conqueror. Then the children fell under the eye of the tyrant, and he took them away. The boy of one, she who is now with you, struggled to remain with his mother, and so enraged his captor that he was killed before his mother's eyes. The girls have never been heard of since, and, doubtless, are dead. But the other boy, little Gorget, son of my serving-woman, Haukannan, was taken into the palace of Quiental as a slave. Once, long ago, we heard from him, and since then his mother has not had one joyful moment. At times she breaks out in lamentations, and at others she is as you see her now, silent, stern and sad. She pictures her darling boy as suffering torture at the hands of his cruel masters, and sometimes is frantic in her grief. I am very fearful that the Chinese soldiers will hear her and understand the curses she calls down on the head of Governor Hen-Ko-Hi. Death would be her punishment."

"How terrible!" said Miss Arnold. "This is indeed a sad country."

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Avery. "There are sad hearts in Galneor and in Bromporrah. One story of wrong is but a type of a thousand others. The place is scourged."

"Where are our friends Oso-Bark and Garu-Saak?" I asked.

"They are at their daily labor. Oso-Bark is a farmer. His place is not far from here. That milk you put into your coffee was from his cow. To obtain for me such luxuries as these, he is compelled to resort to stealth—to steal his own products, in fact. The tax-gatherer of Hen-Ko-Hi is always at hand, and Oso-Bark is one of a number of farmers who must furnish the table at the governor's palace. And Garu-Saak is at the mines. He lives on the other side of Galneor, near the road to Bromporrah. His prodigious strength makes him very valuable to his masters, and for that reason he escapes torture that would weaken his splendid frame."

"Hen-Ko-Hi has the grace to leave you at least out of the list of taskdoers," I ventured.

"Not he. I, too, was a laborer at the mines, but I was too feeble to please my taskmasters, and I was punished. Now I am helpless. My arm was burned until it became a shrunken, useless stick. Ah, the cruelties of the Mongols!"

He opened the bosom of his shirt and showed us a sunken breast, scarred with frightful gashes and burns.

"I, too, have suffered," he said calmly.

I could not behold that sight and retain my composure. I rose from the table and paced backward and forward in the cave.

"And is there no hand to smite this murderer?" I asked sternly. "Is there no vengeance in God's will? Cannot the prayers of those who pray trustingly prevail against this monster of crime?"

"We must be patient," said the aged sufferer. "God knows—He is ever wise. I have prayed twenty years for release. Even death would be a grateful boon. I endeavor to be meek and to await God's pleasure, but I fear that I am not without vengeful feelings. Crickmore, old as I am—Christian minister as I am—there is yet in my heart a desire to see the punishment that is due meted out to this murderer of God's people."

"That is but natural," I replied. Then stopping in my walk and standing before him, I continued: "But you cautioned me against rashness. You conjure me to be patient—to wait. Wait! For what? Discovery is but a question of time, and then as a matter of course, death. You have waited twenty years—to what purpose? Would you have me wait twenty more?"

"If you must. Of what avail to lose your life in a vain effort to escape?"

"Better that than be killed doing nothing. Oh, if I only had Langston here to help me! His brain is more fertile in expedients than mine. But I fear he will not seek us here."

"You have not told me the story of your shipwreck—what brought you to this ungodly part of the earth," he said.

I told him the story of Annie Ralston and the search for her. I related ally my misfortune at the hands of Gambok Snell and of my subsequent adventures, the meeting with Miss Arnold, the killing of Snell and Cha Fong, and our landing in the Sacred Forest.

While I spoke the old man listened earnestly. When I had finished, he sat a moment in silent thought.

"Crickmore," he said, raising his bowed head, "there is something in all this that bids me hope. A light is breaking over me. It was a fortunate thought—that of fastening the belief of the Jumars that you were a deliverer come to their rescue. Let me think. Nay, it is useless. I leave it in your hands. I am old and feeble. My strength is gone. You must work out the solution of the problem in your own way. But be careful! Oh, be careful!"

In this way we passed most of our time. Mr. Avery was often with us during the day, and in the evening, having finished their day's work, Oso-Bark and Garu-Saak would come with him into the cave and would talk to us of the past glories of Talmooah. I grew very fond of these Jumars. Oso-Bark especially impressed me as a man of ability. He was a thinker, and I found that his words were generally wise ones.

One evening, as we all sat, as was our habit, in the cave, I threw a bombshell of surprise among my friends. It was about a month after Miss Arnold and I had taken up our abode with Mr. Avery. I had been studying the language of the Jumars under the efficient teaching of the missionary, and I was now able to make myself understood in their peculiar tongue.

We were speaking of our presence on the island and the passive condition of captivity we were in.

"Mr. Avery," I said, "is there anything on the island that will dye to the exact color of the Jumar skin?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. Avery in surprise. "But why do you ask?"

"I am very anxious to know," I answered. "Perhaps Oso-Bark can tell me."

The question was repeated to him.

"Yes," he replied, in the native tongue, "there is a tree that grows on the mountains, the bark of which will stain the color of the Jumar skin?"

"Will you get me some of that bark?" I asked.

"Certainly, Oolek, I will obtain plenty for you."

"But what in the world do you want of it, Crickmore?" asked Mr. Avery.

"I am going to stain my skin," I said. "I am going to become a Jumar and go where the Jumars go."

"You! Why, you will be discovered and killed."

"No. I will be neither discovered nor killed. I will be free. Friend, what has become of your faith?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Talks About Womankind

Honolulu's Odd Club.

The Hawaiian Women's Club deserves a word of praise. It is unique in more ways than one. It is a flourishing association, is not in debt and its meetings are characterized by peaceful intercourse between members. It is five years old and was born in Honolulu. Its founder was an American school teacher, who formed the habit of inviting young girls to her home once a week for informal conversation on some topic of current interest. These informal meetings crystallized into a club of thirty-four members, most of them Hawaiians. Several members were from the United States, China and Portugal. This year the President is a Chinese girl, who wears her national costume when she presides at the club's meetings.

Women as Cabinet Makers.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, there are two women who are actively engaged as cabinet makers. Both of them—Fraulein Sophie Christensen and Fraulein Katherine Hoersbill—are from poor families, and have reached the positions they now occupy only through their own efforts. They served a regular apprenticeship of several years, just the same as if they had been men, and thereafter obtained employment in the leading Danish and foreign works. They both started in business for themselves on a very modest style, but now have establishments in which many journeymen and apprentices are employed. Their productions are marked by particularly good artistic taste. A short time ago Fraulein Hoersbill was named member of a Patent Commission by the Minister of the Interior.

A Revival.

Corduroy, which has been somewhat in disrepute for a while, as suitable only for knickabout trousers for growing boys, is now enjoying a revival. It is used not simply for odd trousers of brown or gray, but for whole suits for lads of tender years. Dark rich green, royal blue and chocolate brown are the preferred shades. These are made up in two-piece suits. The coat is remarkably long. It is cut single breasted and is surmounted by a big turnover sailor collar and shield of white silk. Such a coat will have one shield and silver collar of white silk for "best," and a supply of white duck collars and shields for every day use. Corduroy rarely wears out, and no doubt these suits will be passed on to the next younger boy, be he brother or cousin, when the original owner outgrows the pretty costume. These corduroy suits are provided with white leather belts. The full sleeve is gathered into a straight waistband.

A Woman Buyer of Game.

Miss Emily L. Marden, of Milwaukee, Wis., makes an excellent income as a buyer of game, and in all probability is the only woman engaged in this business. She takes out a hunter's license and goes up into the northern Wisconsin woods and makes her purchases directly from the hunters or the dealers to whom the hunters bring their game. For three months a year she travels from shipping point to shipping point, and when she has gathered a sufficient quantity of birds to make the trip profitable she returns to Milwaukee, to dispose of her purchases. Under the Wisconsin laws no shipping of game is allowed, and consequently every consignment of game to the towns has to be brought down from the woods as the personal baggage of some one holding a hunter's license. Sometimes Miss Marden's personal baggage of this kind reaches 2000 birds, although her consignments are not confined to birds. She does not hunt herself and started out as a game buyer last fall. Her success encouraged her to buy more extensively this season and the results have been very satisfactory.

Fashions in Flowers.

The favorite flower for wearing on the street has long been the violet, much marred last season by the inartistic tasseled ribbons or ropes confining the stems. When one cannot afford to give roses, or conventional relations do not admit of an expensive gift, violets are always a choice offering. This season the bunches for wearing are ungracefully large. Huge bunches will also be worn in the hair—as also of other flowers—pointing forward until they project somewhere over the brow. It is an ugly style, and good taste, let us hope, will soon mic it out. Violets quickly lose their fragrance if exposed to the air, and if sprinkled will part with their freshness. The best way to keep them is in a tight box with moist paper about the stems. Orchids are of late supplanting violets for street wear, because of their keeping qualities and their delicate and exquisite colorings. They are easily broken, but if handled and worn carefully will last several days.

For the theatre bright flowers will be worn, as pale or subdued tints are lost when seen across many feet of space.—Ellen Morris Kretschmar, in the Woman's Home Companion.

The Newest Fans and Ribbons.

The diamond buckle has won. "New art" enamel must take a back seat. Paste reigns supreme, not only for buttons, but for buckles. The shapes are floreated but Etruscan in their origin or borrowed from the last century. Some are like lyres, some are square, some oblong or oval, but they are far more graceful than those worn during the few past years, and more minutely worked; indeed, stone setting even in paste has wonderfully improved.

The newest fans are neither large nor small, though there are many in the Empire style and some a little bigger. Amber sticks with point lace and painted silk and lace are the fashion. A novel notion, or rather a revived notion of the past, takes the form of a couple of eye-shaped holes introduced into the silk in order to look through if desired. They have a most curious effect when taken advantage of.

Tinsel embroidery is the great feature in ribbons, silks, laces and trimmings of every kind, and tinselled ribbon in gold or silver is to be had in various widths. Some of the gold ones are effectively edged with black. Other ribbons have tinted spots, or a gold coral pattern running all over, and for ties this season the different soft ribbons are employed, finished off at the end with a few ticks; these look well in crepe de Chine, soft plain satins, or the soft satins in all colors with a black check upon them. There is a great many panne ribbons, and a new idea is to have panne squares in delicate Chine patterns, which are to be used for millinery purposes or for revers to the autumn costumes, and there are Chine ribbons of every description.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS

The Society of American Women have opened a permanent club room at Prince's restaurant in London.

Mrs. Jane K. Sather, of San Francisco, has added $100,000 to the funds of the University of California.

It is estimated that during the last sixty years the Baroness Burdett Coutts has given $3,000,000 in charity.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist, is to be married soon to Dr. Charles Freeman, a physician of Metuchen, N. J., and their home will be in Metuchen.

It is a singular fact that of all the distinguished women keenly interested in politics queen Victoria has never seen the House of Commons in session.

The Empress of Germany is said to be one of the most conscientious of royal diary keepers, and the daily record he has on ever sees, not even the Emperor himself.

The new drop curtain for one of the largest theatres of Chicago has been painted by Mrs. Margaret West Kinney, and is said to be a particularly fine piece of artistic work.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind young woman who has just entered Radcliffe College, finds geometry and algebra her hardest studies, but all of the languages she takes to easily.

Mrs. Paul Reinke occupies a signal station on one of the loftiest peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Her duties are to watch with a field glass for any fires that might break out in the snow sheds that skirt the railroad.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Allburn, of Chicago, is the Superior Recorder of the Degree of Honor of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. She has under her supervision twenty-one grand lodges and thirty-five subordinate lodges.

At the annual distribution of awards at Trinity College, England, Miss S. Alice Fish received the gold medal. It has not been awarded in two years, as none of the musical compositions were adjudged sufficiently good to merit it. Miss Fish also took the medal for harmony.

FADS AND FANCIES

Buttons of gorgeous hues and odd designs are shown in the bauble shape.

Blue, in all its beautiful shades, is one of the most fashionable colors of the season.

Bracelets are worn over gloves, and bangles and curbed chains still continue the favorites.

Quite the newest thing in card cases is that made of gaily colored beads. Beads of jet are used for some of the new girdles and for necklaces to match.

The use of lace is increasing day by day. Revers, collars, jumpers, boleros, garnitures, every possible application, is seen, while the robes become more and more lovely as the season goes on.

The beret, modeled after the French students' beret, which in its turn was modeled after the priest's berretta, is one of the military novelties, and is extremely becoming to fresh young faces.

A new tailor gown has the skirt fastened in front with interlacing of black silk cord and black satin buttons. The jacket has revers, collar and cuffs of white stitched cloth and is cut in Eton fashion, ending at the waistline.

The craze for velvet has reached the lowest ebb—the feet. Boots made of colored or black velvet, to match the velvet costume, is the extremest flight of fashion, and evening slippers of velvet look contemptuously upon those of satin as passe.

One of the prettiest of materials for an evening gown for a young girl is a sort of point d'esprit with a larger figure in addition to the usual dot, and at intervals small silver spangles. There is a daintiness and delicacy about it which is charming.

Some of the new French belt buckles are quaint and effective in design. A trooper bird with outstretched wings covered with fine cut jewels is one of the fashionable devices. The clasp is concealed beneath the body of the bird, and the whole buckle fits on to the figure with a pretty curve.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

And Psyche Sighed—Virtue in Silence—Getting Information—Proud of the Pedigree—Apprehension—Monotonous—An Expert—It Would Surprise Her, Etc.

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,
Whose lips were as red as red;
"Are you ever going to marry me?"
I said
To steal a kiss," I said.
She cast a roguish look at me,
And then she whispered low
With just the sweetest smile, "The clock
Is fifteen minutes slow."
—Indianapolis Press.

Virtue in Silence.

He—"Miss Reeder is a very bright girl."

She—"Yes, when she reflects." Harlem Life.

Getting Information.

"Have you read Omar Khayyam?" asked the young woman with glasses.

"No," answered the young man with short hair. "Who wrote it?"—Washington Star.

Proud of the Pedigree.

"Maudie, I've found out my dog's pedigree!"

"What is it, dear?"

"Uncle Jim's blind man says he's a full-blooded monarch!" Harper's Bazar.

Apprehension.

First Dyspeptic—"You saw the doctor, did you? I suppose he's started in to regulate your diet?"

Second Dyspeptic—"By Jove! No; I think he's started in to eliminate it."—Puck.

Monotonous.

"Mosle plays only for her own amusement."

"It amused me, too, the first time I heard her; but jokes like that grow serious with much repetition."—Detroit Free Press.

An Expert.

"Blowhard is always boasting of his driving abilities."

"It comes natural to him. He has been handling the ribbons behind the counter at Gimmelich's for six years or more."—Rider and Driver.

It Would Surprise Her.

Bashful Willie—"I presume there is a chance for me to kiss you, would it take you by surprise?"

Knowledgeful Nellie—"There is no doubt I would be surprised if you did such a thing."—Indianapolis Press.

A Loaf.

Assistant—"There are more dispatches about that battle in the East."

Editor—"What do they say?"

Assistant—"It appears that both sides were greatly outnumbered, but each defeated the enemy with severe loss."

The Final Trial.

Corinne—"Beulah is so plain that I can't understand where she got the name of The Suspense."

Miriam—"Since no young man goes to her much thrown over by the rest of the girls, we call her the court of last resort."—Denver News.

She Was an Ingenue.

"I should think your mother would punish you for that," said the neighbor's little girl to the sunburned and disorganized.

"She can't," was the confident reply. "I've been sick and I'm not well enough to be spanked yet."—Chicago Post.

His Hire.

Mike, opening his pay envelope—"I think that's the stingy'st week I ever worked for."

Pat—"Phwat's the matter wid ye? didn't ye get as much as ye expected?"

Mike—"Yis, but I was counting on getting more than I expected."—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Way.

"Do you want a dressing?" asked the sandwiches.

"What for?" asked the man with the alligator face.

"So that you can take another one?"

"No, no. I have waited twenty minutes for this one and I propose to hang on to it."—Washington Star.

Difference Shown.

"What," asked the professor of language, "is the difference between the significance of the words 'look' and 'see'? Mr. Bellows, you may tell."

"Well, Professor, to illustrate it I would say that you do not wear spectacles because you look better, but because you see better."—Harper's Bazar.

When He Met the Villain.

Mrs. Gillingsby—"George, I scarcely have the courage to tell you, but our gas bill for the month is $20."

Mr. Gillingsby—"Good heavens! There must be some mistake!"

"Oh, no. There isn't; he read the meter."

"Read the meter? Wait till I meet the reader!"—Ohio State Journal.

The Agent's Motto.

"You told me," said the infuriated purchaser, "that that brush on the farm you sold me never ran dry."

"Guess I did," said the real estate man.

"It has been dry all summer."

"When it was my brush it didn't run off it. Therefore, it could not run dry. We never deal in—"—Indianapolis Press.

The Lecturer's Vanity.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the undersized man at the stereopticon entertainment, who was trying vainly to see the pictures on the screen, "but the lecturer asked the ladies to remove their hats."

"He didn't say anything about bonnets," snapped the matron with the towering headgear, who sat directly in front of him.—Chicago Tribune.

CHILDREN'S GUILD OF PLAY.

An Interesting Experiment That Has Succeeded.

The founder of the Children's Guild of Play, recently organized in London, says that it was started "as an attempt to solve the problem of giving the children of our slums a chance of a cleaner life than would seem to be their lot by inheritance." Its proceedings include not only games, singing and music, but the telling of fairy tales. Its meetings are held on one evening in each week, and it is generally found that the managers of board schools are willing to throw open one or more of their rooms for these occasions, thus avoiding the expenses of rent.

The Bermondsey settlement guild is managed by three women—musician, play mistress and story teller—and the exercises are conducted as follows: "Our guild evening," says Sister Grace, the founder of the guild, "begins with the opening of the doors, when the little girl children of all ages march in twenty two, four abreast. They may have long waiting outside in fog or rain for an hour beforehand. After every one has made a curtsey and said 'Good evening' the games begin—similar old English song games, with pretty words, rightful tunes and dainty gestures—and then come fairy tales and songs, the three together providing continual motion for restless limbs, voices and brains. And before we go away we kneel together for the beautiful closing prayers and benediction. That is all. The guild has no punishments save those which follow as the natural penalties of broken laws, no rewards save that greatest of all pleasures, the working for others. There are no lotteries or oranges, no costly toys, no magic lantern shows, no direct religious teaching; there is not even the giving away of moral information, while the highest prize, ever offered is the privilege of being allowed to go and play before the children's own parents or before old people in the workhouse or infirmary. It is intended that the guild shall supplement the brain training of the day school, and it is considered essential that every helper should personally know and then be able to cooperate with the spirit of all her play-hour children.

"The benefits arising from such cooperation will not be all with the children," says the guild, "nor as regards teachers and helpers will they be one-sided. Such enthusiasts are truest socialists; such workers truly are pioneers in the march of the coming century."—The Outlook.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Knowledge is the eye of the soul.—Watson.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.—Napoleon.

Daylight and truth move us with clear down.—Milton.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—Carlyle.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness.—Fuller.

No one can cheat you out of substantial success but yourself.—Emerson.

The best way of recognizing a benefit is never to forget it.—Bartholmey.

The love of beauty is an essential part of all healthy human nature.—Ruskin.

The end and aim of all education is the development of character.—F. W. Parker.

Every soul should take the helm of his own life and never succumb of drifting.—C. C. Everett.

The difference between one boy and another is not so much in intellect as in energy.—Dr. Arnold.

The important thing in life is to have a great aim and the determination to attain it.—Goethe.

The world is full of thoughts and you will find them scattered everywhere in your path.—Lillie Barclay.

Quick-Witted.

"I was simply an exhibition of brave and quick wit," said the old hunter, who was chasing a lion with a number of friends. "No one but the paying teller knew what was happening at the time, nor what might have been a tragedy transformed into a comedy by his quick wit.

"During the noon hour the other day an old man approached the paying teller and presented a check for a million dollars. With it was a kindly written letter to the effect that if the immediate payment of the check was not feasible there the teller would have his head blown off. He was nothing but a crank, but he had some reason for fearness, and it was up to the paying teller to do something for an instant there seemed to be no tragedy. For the paying teller coolly took up the check, glanced at it and then turned it back with the remark that the cashier had authorized him to put a revenue stamp upon it. In an instant the crank was lost in apologies for his oversight and departed to get a stamp. It took him a minute or more to the police, and the crank is now where there is no danger of his demanding the payment of any more million dollar checks at the point of a gun."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Valuable Hint.

Teacher—"Bobby, can you name the parts of Waterloo bridge?" Pupil—"I don't know." Teacher—"It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate criminal memory. Remember two or three arches. Add half their number to them. That's eight-een. Multiply by two. That's 1815. Take the twelve apostles single. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add to it last year's age. That's 1815. There, the thing's simple, and you ought to remember it if you will only stick to my system."—Teachers Journal.