a perpendicular position. The stone

On the grave of Parson Williams The grass is brown and bleached It is more than lifty winters Since he lived and laughed and preached

But his memory in New England, No winter snows can kill; Of his goodhess and his drollness Countless legends linger still.

And among these treasured lege ids Most Orthodox, on grace, When a sound of distant thunder Broke the quet of the place.

Now the meadows of the Crosby's Lay full within his sight. As he glanced from out the window Which stood open on his right.

And the green and fragrant haycocks By the acres there did stand : Not a meadow like t 10 . eacon's Far or near in all the land

Quick and loud the claps of thunder Wont rolling through to skies, And the Parson saw his Deacon Looking out with anxious even.

"Now my brethren," called the Parson, And he called with might and main, "We must get in Brother Crosby's hay,

"Tis our duty now most plain!" And he shut the great red Bible, And he tossed his sermon down : Not a man could run more swiftly Than the Parson in that town

With a will they worked and shouted And cleared the fields apace ; And the Parson led the singleg, While the sweat rolled d wn his face

And it thundered floreer, louder ; And dark grew east and west ; But the hay was under cover, And the Parson had worked the best

And again in pew and pulpit Their places took composed; And the parson preached his sermon To ' fifteenthly," where it closed.

A Terrible Mistake.

Seeing my advantage I pursued it, and in a few minutes I saw signs of yielding. She went to a small desk on the table, unlocked it with a key she carried about her, and took a scaled packet from it. It was directed to Max.

"This is the paper I received from Monsieu de Champrose at the Assembly-rooms," she said. "When you have read it, Mr. Edwards, you will know why I left, why I have deprived my boy of such riches and

She broke into a bitter laugh as she spoke. I took the packet, opened it, and as I read it could not prevent a cry of surprise. It was a copy of the register of marriage solemnized Devonshire village between Frederic Maxwell, Baron Danesford, and Ellen Marvin on the 17th of August, 1867. I felt the color receding from my face at the thought which was beating itself into my brain, that Max had married Jeanne de la Mignordin while his first wife lived.

Hurriedly glancing back I recollected that by the death of his brother in the hunting-field Max had become Lord Danesford in 1867.

breaking the silence at last, "had known me before, I-left France, and he said he When I came to Danesford, he followed, and by some chance he found but this, and threatened, if I remained with Max, to assist--to prosecute him for-If I left him, he would spare him. I loved Max too well not to come away. She was living they told me."

She spoke simply and slowly, in a weak timid voice, with her face turned towards me. For a moment, as the past came back to me, and I saw the greatness, the unselfishness of her love for Max, the utter disregard for self and care for him that she has shown, she whom we had thought so base, I could not speak.

"Can you forgive me, Lady Danesford?" "I am not a wicked wife, you know! Oh, Mr. Edwards, you could hardly have thought so? It was too wretched to think of it then, or I might have guessed. You will be his friend still?" she went on pleadingly. "You will not give him up? Too much moved to speak, I bent and kissed the little trembling hand I held.

"I do not give up hope yet," I said, after a few moments. "It was in 1867 that Max came to the title, but I am not sure at what tinig of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added breaking off abruptly.

It was hard to pass that evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his brother's death, but I feared to ask country, but if we went to the town, about for it last I should arouse suspicion. A a mile and a half distant, Jack would remere chance revealed it to me. Alice was main on the walls of the old castle, outside busy with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the round and round the pony's head, finally

known chef-d'œuvre. "What day in August is St. Bartholo-mew's Day?" she asked, innocently, obtaining for me the information I wanted. "The twenty-fourth," Lord Danesford

"Why, Max?" I said, thinking of the seventeenth.

"It was he day on which poor Fred met his death," he said; and I could hardly

The next day I went to Devonshire; the church registry. There, sure enough, was the marriage, and the incumbent, a kindly, simple old man, told me the sad little story of Ellen Marvin, Lady Danesford. She was a young country girl of great beauty, whom Lord Danesford had loved with all a young man's passion and unreasoning attachment. They had been married quietly one fair August morning, just one week before he meet his death. The young wife returned home to her father who knew nothing of her marriage, and in a few weeks had faded away, dying of thatdisease which never kills, they say-a broken heart. That all these circumstances were known to M. de Champrose I had no daubt. He had taken advantage of Jeanne's "jealousy in love," her ignorance of English laws and customs, and her inability to inimparted my happy news to Alice, who them one trial, as n

HOW THE PARSON BROKE THE SABBATH held my dear wife in my arms. "You will do it best : I should blurt it all out and perhaps do him harm. Meanwhile I will go for Lady Danesford.

Trembling a little, and with tearful eyes, Alice went down. Max glanced up as she entered, and seeing that something troubled her, said quickly-"What was it, Alice? Is anything the

"Nothing," she said. "I have been touching story, Max. Shall I tell it to you? It is a story about a woman's great love for a man, so great that to save him from a

disgrace she gave up all her happiness.' Max smiled increduously. Alice went on, touching lightly on some listed in silence, but with a gleam of inter-

est in his face. "Alice-tell me-it is not her story?"

cannot be !" "The name of that noble wife, so true and devoted, was Jeanne," said Alice, smiling through her tears; "the name of the husband whom she loved so devotedly

was Maxwell. It is all true."

"Tell me all!" was all he could say, and with her bands still in his she told him all hand, Lord Danesford cried like a child. Alice stole away; Jeanne, white and trembling was waiting for her below. Alice took her hand, and leading her to the room where he was, opened the door softly. She watched her enter, and, going to his side, put her arms round the bowed head and draw it to her breast. She saw Max and joy; and, closing the door, Alice came quietly away.

"Max" whispered the slow sweet voice of his wife, after a long pause, during which he had drawn her face down to its old resting-place, and she had clasped his hands in hers, "can you forgive my doubt? Can you love me again?"

"Hush, my dearest!" came the tender terrible mistake; but wife, I have never

There was much to tell and much to had been expatiating on my "generous friendship," and Jeanne, with tears, thanked me for it, while I could only ask her forgiveness for my old doubts of her. She told us her life in London, at first so vance on the best kinds of Japan tea of construct them. lonely and sad-"almost sadder still, if not from 12 to 15 per cent., and a corresso lonely, when our boy came, looking at me with your eyes, Max;" of the news she had heard long afterwards of her maid Flore's departure from Danesford with M. of her husband day and night, and longed had much to tell, too, and together we disand wondered whether he had ever meant

ter so long an absence, the household rejoice to have their lord and lady with them again. Max has regained his old health and spirits, and Evesham-who by the way, has never quite forgiven me my long-past accident—has orders to buy a perfect pony as can be procured for the Honorable Max. who takes to his father immensely, and is never tired of twisting his hands in the silky, golden luxuriance of beard, and of looking into the blue eyes, merry again now, so like his own. Between husband and wife the old love exists, but stronger, truer, tenderer. There is almost a reverence in Maxwell's love for Jeanne, while hers the consciousness of the grave doubt of his truth and honor, makes it yet more intense, more trusting. They are perfeetly happy in each other; and if people say that Lady Danesford has lost the brilliancy of her beauty, there is in her manner now an earnestness, a depth and tenderness, which is infinitely more charming and more fascinating. They have both been through the "deep waters," but save for the natural regrets for the three years which were so bad, but which might have been so happy, there is no necessity to look mournfully at the consequences of that "Terrible Mistake.

Tame Birds. I had a jackdaw that used to follow th carriage for miles when we dreve out in the the town, until we returned, and then fly Huguenot picture, a copy of Millais' world- alighting on the splash-board. If we met any other conveyance, he always flew off into the hedge. I like wise had a little blue tit, who used to settle on the tall trees near the house, and come down when called, alighting often on my head and shoul lers. replied quietly. "I have resaon to remem- A lady, an acquaintance of mine, had, she says, a canary so tame that it used to pull the hair out of her curls to line its nests with. This very severe winter has tamed the wild birds in this neighborhood. My window is constantly besieged by them; robins, finches, sparrows and blackbirds, come flying up directly it is opened, for I am in the habit of feeding them during hunted up the little village, and searched frosty weather. One, a redbreast, is the master. He is such a greedy little fellow : he cats his fill and then sits on the plate, keeping all the other birds at bay, and ut tering such shrill shricks, I am often obliged to go and drive him off so that they may friend of mine put a whole loaf out, a halfquarter cut in two, and it was so amusing to see Bobby, after the birds had picked out the crumbs, ensconce hunself in the

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting much resembling that edible, evidently man, a little more savagely than before, article and then run it into some adver- taken from the gravel walk beneath. tisement that we avoid all such cheats quire into matters, to take a terrible revenge and simply call attention to the merits tach his web to on the walk, so he had an' he would disgrace himself by running to the spider to atfor her rejection of his suit. It was with a light heart that I returned to town and as possible, to indices people give his web being attached to trees on eith-

the exports of green teas from China to fold cord, the strands of which were atthe United States aggregated about 18,- tached to different parts of the stone. 000,000 pounds, while this season, just I visited the web two or three hours afclosed, it will not exceed 13,000,000 ter the spider had finished it, and pounds; a reduction in quantity of found that his ingenuity had been reabout three per cent. On the first of warded, as the web contained, besides January the stock of Shanghai, accord- a large fly, of which he was dining, ing to the mail advices, was only 22,000 more small flies than I have ever behearing a story from illiton which made me make a "baby of myself"—such a 1,420,000 pounds, and these have since, fore seen in a web. Neither myself, meditated. The result of his cognitations must have been satisfactory, for he rose by touching story. May could be a 1,420,000 pounds, and these have since,

according to the cable advises, been showed the web, have ever seen any- his weather-beaten face, and walked into bought up, so the Shanghai market is thing of the kind before. Perhaps now closed. The short crop has your readers will be interested in such already advanced three per cent., and an example of high instinct in a spide, further advances on the present mar- and those who are more versed in natparts, dwelling tenderly on others. Max ket prices are indicated by all the large ural history than myself may be able hear when Alice and I joined them. Max hand at Yokohama was very small, and At the last mail advice the stock on storm 'good medium to fine' has advanced

could be turned to better advantage by

Hare and Hounds.

eribed by an American patron of the sport;

10 minutes; in a fast hunt,' of 30 minutes

The Hares' carry with them bags contain-

distance from 'the meet' is the throw off.

Upon arriving here, 'the hares' begin

throwing out pieces of paper, which is the scent.' The time having clapsed, the

the hunt,' who is likewise, the 'pace mak-

ho!" is given, 'the pack' carrying hunting

horns slung over their shoulders. Then

fields, through woods, over hills, ditches,

brooks, stone walls, and fences, after the

flying hares, who drop 'the scent' at each

100 yards. A certain number of hours are

ing first at 'the death.' In a 'fast hunt'

the slow men are soon left miles behind.

This description is merely a brief outline:

and, in referring to it, Bell's Life com-

ments on the ommission of all mention of

'falses," and says Americans will find the

Westchester uniform of a scarlet jacket and

black jockey cap, velvet leggings, and the

black velvet collars and cuffs, and cap with

gold tassel of the 'master of the hunt,' will

ilso hardly be suitable for bad weather and

ploughed fields, unless, indeed, the compe-

titors put on fresh uniforms each time, and

we think that after a while they will have

to come down to the more servicable rough

Spider Engineering.

On going round the garden, I per-

ceived what seemed a small piece of

cheese apparently floating in the air

straight before me. On coming up to

thought was that this spider had found

its web to eat it. Further examination

however, showed that the substance

was not cheese, but a small pebble

ogue with our packs."

jersey and ordinary 'university' drawers in

hunting horns rather in the way.

Upon finding 'the scent' the 'Tally

The hunt of hare and hounds is thus des-

and preparing of the finer 'chops.'

upon, the members assemble for

Champrose, and of how she had thought

for him again with such a longing-and here Max drew her closer to his heart. We cussed the untimely fate of Frederick Maxwell, Lord Danesford, and Ellen his wife, to bring her home to the Park as his wife and its mistress. I may mention here that, when we went down to Devonshire, Maxwell hunted up the girl's relatives, homely,

brought to an end. In a slow hunt the entire 'pack' keep together under the lead of the 'pace maker.' This is the most popular, as it gives the poorest runner a chance until 'the finish,' when a break is made, and a hard race ensues for the honor of be

meet.

come and pick up a few crumbs. A young shell, and scream out defiance to all his

importers of tea. The quantity of Con- to remember other examples of the gou teas exported this season from same kind. That the stability of the China to the United States was less web depended upon the weight of the He caught her hands in his, almost hurting her in his intense eagerness. "But no—it to the United States was less were depended upon the Weight of the than 1,000,000 pounds as against 2,000,—tone was shown when I put my hand that the latter. The result was that 000 pounds last season. The cause of under the latter. The result was that shan't object. the short crop arises from the policy of as I raised my hand the lower part of the Chinese to lessen the production. the web gradually collapsed, but when Tea importers say that the Chinese are the stone was again suffered to fall shrewd and longheaded, no matter what gently the web resumed its proper others may say about them. They shape. The web was about five feet found that large sales did not always from the ground. Spider engineering produce corresponding profits, and is a most interesting subject, and one there was to tell, and hiding his face in his that the cheap prices at which tea had that I have spent hours in studying. I been sold in former seasons had not have worked out most of the problems paid for the cultivation. They there- in connection with it, but the weight for his sinful congregation, upon the subject fore apparently resolved to lessen the dodge I have not as yet been able to examount produced, and pay more at- plain. Some spiders will use ties; but tention to the quality. The result has others, of exactly the same species, sheep of his flock as though he were an been a large decrease in the supply, but will use a weight, although the cirhe 'fine chops' are said to be better and cumstances under which both built are congregation felt guilty terrors. Little clasp his arms round her with a cry of love the quality far superior to that of for- apparently similar. But how does the mer seasons. The unexpected short spider raise the weight? This I could of the pie he had taken the night before supply has caused many of the tea buy- never explain to my satisfaction, as ers in China to find the market closed some of the weights are so large that of the punishment fulminated by the parwithout having secured the quantity of it is secreely possible they could lift son. But he did not settle the matter that tea required by them. The supply of them by a 'dead lift.' Besides, they time, for the minister was suddenly brought Japans, although larger this season will put on one, two or more weights to a full stop in the midst of his discourse, than the last, will not compensate for in a few hours before wind, to fix their the reduction of the crop from China, structures. The industry and ingenuianswer. "There can be no question of Statistics recently received show that ty of the spider passes belief to all forgiveness between you and me. It was a the crop exported this year amounts to those who have seen them at work, but about 24,000,000 pounds as compared to no more profitable day can be spent by rest of the congregation, and poor little Tim 20,000,000 pounds received last season a young engineer than a day after a watching a spider reconstructing its web. This is the legitimate way of seeing the work done, but there are other from three to five cents per pound at dodges, such as breaking down the port. There has been a general ad- webs, and watching the poor devils re-A Chapter of First Things. ponding advance may be expected, and The first schooner launched in this coun has partially taken place in the martry was built at Cape Ann in 1714. The kets. The mixing of teas has already first lime was made in New England and been adopted by some of the import- burned in Newbury, Mass., by James ers, and Japans have been mixed Noyes. The first cotton factory in the with China teas to take the place of the United States was established at Beverly,

shortened crop. The fact will help to Mass., 1787. It continued in operation unkeep up the prices of the Japans, even if the increased importations had not of the capital having been sunk in the enif the increased importations had not terprise. The first cast-iron edifice erected been more than counterbalanced by the in America was, upon the corner of Centre reduced supply. It is asserted that and Duane streets, New York. Samuel F many of the very common tess will not B. Morse, of telegraphic fame, studied appear in the market at all this year, painting in England, and was the first peras the growers had found that the care son to deliver a course of public lectures well hunted up the girl's relatives, homely, honest peasants, and behaved to them with every liberality and kindness.

as the growers had round that the provents had required for their cultivation had been, to a great extent, thrown away, and experiment of burning anthracite coal in an open grate by Judge Jesse Fell, of Penngiving more attention to the growing sylvania, February II, 1808. The tulip was first introduced into Europe by the celebrated botanist, Conrad Gesner, about the year 1559. Its beauty soon made it so much of a favorite, and there was so great cribed by an American patron of the sport; a desire to possess it that what is still known as the "tulip mania" sprang up in Holland. One plant was regarded as mak-A couple are selected as the ing its possessor rich, and was often given hares,' the rest of the club form 'the pack as a munificent marrriage portion to the of hounds.' A start is allowed the hares in bride. More than two thousand dollars advance of the pack-in a 'slow hunt,' of were given for a single plant-a great sum in that country and in those days. Inflammable gas was first evolved from coal from ing pieces of white paper. At a certain 1786 to 1739. A use of the gas was first attempted at Cornwall in 1702. The first display of gaslights was made at Boulton & Watt's foundry, at Birmingham, on the occasion of rejoicings for peace in England pack start under the lead of the 'master of in 1802. Gas was permanently used at the cotton mills in Manchester, where one thousand burners were lighted in 1805. Gas-light was first introduced in London, August 16, 1807. Pall Mall was lighted the chase ensues across meadows, ploughed in 1809; London generally in 1814. was first introduced at Baltimore in 1821: at New York in 1823. The first Methodist meeting-house built in New England was erected in Stratfield parish town of Strat fixed, at the expiration of which, if 'the ford, now Trumbull, New Haven county, hares' are not run down, the hunt is Conn., in September, 1789, and was called "Lee's Chapel," from Rev. Jesse Lee, the apostle of New England Methodism. next was in Lynn, Mass., 1791, a few months after Mr. Wesley's death. It was begun June 14th, raised on the 21th, and ledicated on the 26th, the frescoing, carpeting, cushioning, and putting in of racing pace is maintained throughout, and gas and other "dainty flxings" being o course omitted. The first annual confe rence of the Methodists in New England was held in this house by Bishop Asbury, August 1, 1792, the precureor at a great number on the same spot. The first Methodist Conference in America was held in

Grandfather Licksbingle's View of It. Grandfather Lickshingle threw down the aper in disgust, and exclaimed:

"It makes me sick, by gracious; makes me sick!" "What makes you sick, grandfather?" asked James. "Why, here's another coachman runs

away with his employer's daughter."

'It is certainly too bad," said James "And they get married the minute they are of sight of her father's house.' "The poor, silly thing." "Well, I should say 'the poor, silly

it, I found that it was suspended from thing!' I should also say the sap-nead, the a spider's web, which was spun right becile," continued grandfather, in a toweracross the path. The first hasty ing rage. "The poor creatures are just from boar-

a piece of cheese below, and, taking a ding school," said James," fancy to it, was then drawing it upinto heads full of romantic-"Who's just from boarding - school?" yelled grandfather.

"The poor silly girls are." Who's talkin' about girls?" yelled the old "It's the coachman I'm a-hittin' at. If I There was nothing for the spider to at- had a son, an' he was a good coachman, nows er side of the walk, and weighted be- to rub against another. Now you hear your eried for very joy and gladness.

them one trial, as in nows or side of the walk, and weighted be- to rub against another. Now you he "You must tell him, Alice," I said, as I their value will ever use anything else. low by the stone, so as to be in nearly old graudfather quote Shakespeare."

The Farmer's Strategy.

Last season, ending in January, 1878, was connected with the web by a three Farmer Evans walked round his woodpile and surveyed its dimished proportions with a considerable lowering of his shaggy "Somebody's helping themselves," he thought; "I must set my wits to work to discover the offender." He sat down on a log, rested his elbows on his knees, and after scratching his head awhile, by way of brightening his ideas, he settled his temples in the palms of his hands and the house, chuckling, "I'll do it; that'll let the cat out of the bag!"

He found Harry Bailey, a young likelylooking farmer, in the kitchen with his

"That young fellow is courting Jennie, sure enough!" thought the old gentleman as he discreetly passed into the sitting-room. 'Well, he's as likely to make her a good husband as any one. If she likes him, I

And he fell into a fit of musing over the nemory of the gentle wife who had been lying under the flowers since Jennie's birth. Meanwhile, in the kitchen Jennie was tripping about, engaged in some household work, and Harry was watching her with love-lit eyes, and could not make up his

mind to tell her he loved her. The Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Orthodox Church in Belton, had prepared a discourse of endless punishment. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus was his basis, and he hurled the anathemas of wrath at the black avenging angel, and many members of his Tim Bates shivered in his shoes, and thought and then told his mother a lie, and debated whether he should confess, or run the risk and the congregation electrified, by a tremendous crash and report in their midst, as if heaven and earth had come together.

Farmer Evans rose to his feet simultanewas not sure for a moment that his future in a path through the gorse had not begun. The cause of the noise was through the infernal agency known as gunpowder. How it came there was a mystery to all except Farmer Evans. Harry Bailey, who made the fires and found the wood for a stated sum, came forward with a white face and explained that the thing was unknown to him. The farmer walked. homeward thinking, "Bad, bad! I'm very sorry that he's that sort; I never suspected

him of all others; and Jennie likes him. The farmer's first impulse was to nip in the bud the acquaintance between Jennie and young Bailey; but his natural kindly feeling ultimately prevailed over his anger, and on his next meeting with the delinquent abruptly addressed him.

"You are courting my daughter?" Harry Bailey admitted the fact bashfully. "And you make the fires for the Ortholox Church?" continued the old man.

Harry assented. "And furnish the wood?" "Yes," said the young man, growing red

and white by turns. "Perhaps you would like to have the mysterious explosion in church last Sunday explained? I knew my wood-pile was gong somewhere, and I put a small charge of powder in one of the sticks. I need not say that I was surprised to find you were

the thief, and you dared to come courting my daughter !" Harry quailed before the stern, clear glance of the old man.

"I know I'm too mean to live, much less to love her," he broke out. "I don't expect you to over-look it. I-I had a hard year on the farm; you know what losses I met. I meant to pay it back again, but I don't expect you to believe me. One thing I beg—don't tell her anything about it; I couldn't bear to have her think so badly of

The old man regarded the ashamed, repentant face with pity.
"Look here, Harry," he said; "I'll for-

ive you and will not mention it to a soul you'll look me in the face and promise solemnly to be strictly honest from this time Bailey caught his hand gratefully, and he

felt his reward begin as he saw the shadow of a new hope dawning on the troubled face. 'I solemnly promise," he said, "never again to touch a penny's worth that is not lawfully my own.

"At the end of the year you can have Jennie if you want her, and we'll unite the farms.

With an overflowing heart Harry stammered his thanks, and the farmer never regretted that he had given him a chance to redeem his self-respect.

Just in Time.

When Charles Hollingworth, then only a young clerk, married a banker's heiress, against her father's will and took her home Philadelphia in 1773. It was consisted of to the few poorly furnished rooms he was able to hire, they were very happy for a

> All seemed to go smoothly until a small legacy was left to the young husband, which was expended in furniture far too fine for their present condition, and in dresses which were unsuitable for a clerk's wife. Then, indeed; the young people began to compete with more wealthy families, and the young wife never knew into what terrible debts they were plunging.

Charles went home one evening to find Rosa in tears. "I've been so frightened, love," she said.

'A dreadful crazy creature has been here, declaring that our great mirrors are not paid for. I ordered him out of the house, and e shook his fist at me. He said he would be paid, and that we owed him for every-

thing. What did it mean, Charles?"
"That he was crazy as you say, dearest."
"Oh, I'm so glad," said foolish little Rosa, smiling. "I thought there might be something at the bottom of his talk; and since it isn't so, you will give me that new | while their noses turned up disdainfully. garnet velvet dress that I spoke of, and a new pearl spray for my hair—pearls be-come me so well. You'll let me have it to-platform. When the car stopped to allow morrow, Charles, in time for Mrs. Rushland's dinner?"

"If I can, Rose," said Charles; "but what would you say if I were to ask you to wear your old dresses this winter?"

"What a joke!" cried Rosa. "But you told grandpa I should never want anything. You can't be growing all."

"You shall have the money, Rosa," said

harles. His face had turned very white, but she did not see it. After a while he arose and put on his coat.

"I must go out a while." he said. "I have business to attend to." And she saw him unconsciously take from his bosom the keys of his office desk.

"Going to the office to-night !" asked. "No, no. Why should you think so?"

he said, and turned flery red. Rosa felt frightened. She could not tell why. She went to the door with her husband, and watched him down the street. Then she went back to the parlor, and picked up the daily paper. The first paragraph her eyes fell upon was the arrest of the confidential clerk of a certain firm for embez-

"He was honest until extravagant women made him their prey," added the writer.

"Extravagance is the road to ruin." The paper fell from Rosa's fingers. Sudlenly a flood of light scemed to illuminate

the darkness of her life. "I am an extravagant woman," she said. I am driving my dear husband to ruin. To-night he may do something to supply my foolish wants that will cover him with infamy and part us forever. I will follow him.

A great waterproof cloak with a hood lay on a chair near by. Rosa seized it and wrapped it about her, and flew out into the

She turned her steps as if by instinct towards her husband's place of business. It was a large building, and the janitor stood at the door.

"My husband is in the office, is he not?" she asked. "I'm to meet him hore."
"Yes. Walk up, ma'am," said the old nan, and Rosa flew up stairs. She opened the door. The gas had been lit, and its rays ell over the head of her husband as he sat t his desk. She crept softly up behind him und peeped over his shoulders. An empty check lay before him, and opposite stood a up there. But he was afra paper bearing the signature of his employer, which he with careful strokes was copyng letter for letter.

"Charles!" shricked Ross, and her white and descended upon the paper. "Charles!" The man started to his feet.
"God led me here, Charles," sobbed his

wife. ime?" "The very first, Rosa," said the man.
"It is my fault;" said Rosa. "My exravagance has maddened you. Burn that

aper and come away. In a moment more the cheek was a little

neap of ashes, and Rosa sat upon her husband's knee, hiding her head on his shoul-"We will sell all the furniture, all that we own. The rest we will give back. My jewels shall go. I will wear calico. We will be honest and forget our vanity,'

said

she, "and I will be a true helpmate to you instead of being your bane and curse, as I have been." Then they went home together.

Neither ever forgot that evening. And hough people pitied the banker's daughter for her humble surroundings, she was happier than she had ever been in her life Why Lamps Explode.

The Scientific American tells wherein the danger of kerosene lamps consists, and rope with the scythe; when of course her gives these valuable hints in regard to preventing explosions: "All explosions of pe- and when she entered the door he was troleum lamps are caused by the vapor or gas that collects in the space above the oil. Of course, a lamp contains no gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and after burning a shorr time sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited In this respect it is like gunpowder.

Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous. The flame is communicated to he gas in the following manner: The wick tube in the lamp burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass through t. It would not do to have the wick work tightly in the burner; on the contrary, it is essential that it move up and down with perfect case. In this way it is unavoidable that space in the tube is left along the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and exolode the gas. Many things occur to cause he flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp. 1. A lamp may be standng on the table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window or door may cause an explosion. 2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mante and instantly exploded. 3. A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a draught, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues. 4. lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs or is raised quickly to place it on a mantel, resulting in an explosion. In these in stances the mischief is done by the air movement, either by suddenly checking the draught or forcing air down the chimney against the flame. 5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion. 6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady. 7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving considerable space along the edges of the wick. 8. An old burner, with its air draughts closed up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final results is an explosion.

A Sharp Retort. Some thought it saucy; others considered

it a well-deserved rebuke; but all smiled. It was in a horse-car, one rainy evening. A man entered and asked a pleasant-looking youth comfortably settled in a corner, to rive up his place to his female companion. A cheerful answer in the affirmative was iven; but for this politeness the accommodated parties returned no thanks. On the contrary, they appeared to take it for granted that every attention would be shown them; kept up a silly chatter which greatly annoyed the other passengers, ordered the conductor in a lordly way to leave them off at a certain street; cast scornful glances across the aisle at a poorly dressed widow, with her arms full of bundles, and, after a little whispering, looked again at her, then at each other, and then burst out laughling, The young fellow who had surrendered his platform. When the car stopped to allow platform. When the car stopped to allow the obnoxious pair to get off, the lad stepped aside to let them pass. But this did not suit the fastidious passenger. Pretending that there was not room enough, he can be claimed; "Don't you know and off and let the lady by?" aged came the innocent of to the peg ady?"

The Man Who Took Care of

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Once upon a time there we was always grumbling and an the thought that his wife did especthe household. One ever spec-time, he came home an years. swore in a terrible ma young friend, be not so angry, feared man; "to-morrow we com in han; 'to-morrow we want I will go out with the mer field, and you can look and tim-Well, he liked this, and said he glad to do so. Early the following hing the old woman threw the soytheher shoulder and started out in the with the harvest hands to work. The hand was to take one of the house band was to take care of the house. commenced first to churn butter, but he had been churning a little while he came thirsty, and went down in the c to draw some beer. White he was fill his pitcher, he heard that the pig was in house, so he started with the faucet in hand up the cellar steps, so as to catch pig before he could turn over the chur but when he saw that the pig had alrest overturned it, and stood lick skere cream that was running on the came desperate, forgot the beerran for the pig as fast as he coolor caught him in the doorway, wher other thim dead on the spot. Just the black, lected that he had the faucet implied, I but when he returned to the cellickly beer had already run out of the brane then went into the milk-roon mough cream to fill the chirty y began to churn, to get by a ner. After he had chest he stall and had not he drink, although it was thought it would be to pasture with her, so he d up on the roof, as there

churn, as the baby was cray the floor, and would perhaps so he put the churn on his b out, but first to water the distribution the roof. For this pail to get some water fro when he leaned over the "Oh! Charles, is this the first flowed out of the churn d and into the cistern. It was getting noon, and still he had no butter, so he concluded to cook some mush, for which he hung a pot filled with water on the fire. When that was done ne thought haps the cow might fall down from the roof haps the cow might fall down from the roof When that was done he thought that perup on the roof to tie her. One en

which grew some grass.

standing close to a steep

if he placed some planks

to the roof it would be eas

letting the other end down to chimney fastened it round his own the water began to boil in the pot an had to stir the mush. While he was doff this the cow fell off the roof and pulled him up in the chimney; there he stuck fast, and the cow dangled outside between heaven and earth, also unable to get loose. His wife had waited and waited for her husband to come and call to dinner, but nothing was heard from him. At last she found the time too long to wait, and started to the house. When she found the cow hanging in such a dangerous position she cut the

husband fell down through the chimney, standing on his head in the mush pot.

"Who was Guy Fawkes ?"

The name of Guy Fawkes is known to every child, taught or untaught, but of those elders who are acquainted with the great nistorical fact which has rendered the name of Guy Fawkes notorious, few know who the man really was. It is not unfrequently said of him that he was an Italian by birth, and that his real name was Guido. Not so. "Guye" was the name bestowed on him in baptism. He was a native of York, and it is in that grand old cathedral city that his family associations still linger. There is abundant evidence to show that the parents of Guye, as also his grandmother, were members of the Protestant Church. In one of the earliest books of the parish of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, in which they resided, occur the following entries. Among the names of those who were communicants on the 27th of July, 1573, are Mr. Edward Faux, et mater ejus et uxor ejus; and the same entry occurs on the 2d of February, 1573-4, and again on Christmas day in the same year. Guy's mother was a member of the Protestant Church during her first husband's life, but there is every reason to believe that her second husband, Dionis Baynbridge, was a Catholic. His relatives, he Percys of Scotton, were also zealous Catholics, and it is supposed that Percy, the after-accomplice of Guye Fawkes, belonged to that family. His wife was Mar-tha Wright. These had become perverts to the Catholic religion through the influence, it is believed, of their brother-inlaw Percy, who, a convert himself, is described as "an enthusiastic devotee." Guye Fawkes, during his residence at Scotton, would naturally be thrown into the societyof Percy, his connections the Wrights, and that of three others of the conspirators, namely, Thomas, Robert and John Winter. These brothers belonged to an old Roman Catholic family who held large estates in Worcestershire, and were sufferers from the severe persecutions to which Catholics were at that time exposed; but their mother was a sister of Sir William Ingleby, of Ripley,

him to play so prominent a part in that memorable plot known as the Gunpowder A Clo k-Face.

Treason.

whose property lay in the immediate vicin-

ty of Scotton, and who had intermarried

with some of its families. Surrounded by

influences such as these at the very outset of his career in life, it is hardly to be won-

dered at that Guy Fawkes was led to desert

the religious principles in which he had been

educated, and to become imbued with that

spirit of fanaticism which eventually led

English photographers avoid the strain on the sitter's eyes, which usually result in a ghastly stare, by having a clock-face as the point to which they are directed, the eyes being allowed to travel slowly from the figure XII. all around. The rotary moment of the eyeball in adapting itself, step by step, to the figures upon so small a circle at such a distance, is so excessively fine as to cause no interference with the