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TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

Oh ! the wonderful songs to at never are sung With words of an outward token; But go sing ng themselves for aye in the sou In a language that never is spoken. Songs that are sweeter than poets e'er pen All their power and beauty excelling; With a melody purer and tenderer far

Than the notes that their numbers are swell-

Songs every true love sings to his love, Born of his deep-hidden feeling ; Such as sing themselves low in the purmalden's breast,

For fear of an outward revealing. Bongs that the mother-heart sings to the babe In peace on her bosom reclining; That give spirt voice to her hopes and he

fears. Tender beyond all defining.

Wild, thrilling songs, that awake every chord When the soul is exultant with gladness; That eigh through its chambers like voices o pight

When they utter its burden and sadness; That br athe through the spirit with soft whis pering notes

Like winds over June roses sighing. When passion is stilled and peace reigns within,

And the heart hushed and tranqual is lying. Such songs are sung through all the wide world.

And never once known are the singers , But their mu ic is coho d from heart into heart,

And its sweetness and power ever l ngers; And but for the singing of such voiceless

In souls filled with hoping and longing, Oh! dreary indeed would be the dark road Earth's children are hurried;y thronging.

Fo many the posts whose number are formed 'n the unwritten language of spirit, While few are the ones who in words the lips frame

The power to express them inherit; And rare is the voice that is perfectly tuned When words are the outward token, But never a soul but can sweet music make In the language that never is spoken.

At The Last Moment.

It was a fine old room, and fitted up with all the luxury wealth could command. Its two occupants, a lovely girl and an eledrly man, noble in form, but dark and sinister in face, stood together under the full blaze of the great antique lamp, swinging above their heads.

They were discussing a long-disputed question.

Mr. Oriell, flaming with passion at the girl's last words, burst out vehemently:

"You are not bound to marry at my com mand, forsooth! Nevertheless, my independent miss, you are mine by a heavy indebtedness. But tell me what you are, and who? You are called Veronica Vache: but what do you know of yourself beyond that? the making of you? Did I not take you ple time for his preparation. what you are? You are accomplishedwhose money rendered you so? Mine, ungrateful girl! You are beautiful in your silks, jewels and laces-whose money makes you that? Mine, and mine only! I did all this? Because the son I idolize set his boyish heart upon your baby loveliness, and in riper years crowned you with honor by choosing you for his wife. Think you, then, I can be wheedled out of the reward a distant window. I claim? If so, think it no longer. If you have not already learned the truth, learn it now. My son's will is my law. Do you understand that I mean you shall with or without your consent, become his wife? If not, understand it now, and drive from your silly head that boggarly secretary I drove from my doors. I shall choose your husbeggar but for my generous protection. Herbert loves you-therefore Herbert's you shall be! To-morrow he comes to claim his bride; be ready for your bridal!"

There was a sinister threat in the old man's eyes, as he concluded, that sent an involuntary shiver through the girl's slender

But a determination equal to his own marked both words and tone as she implied, respectfully:

"It is true that I am indebted to you for all I possess of worldly good, and I am, God knows, truly and deeply thankful. My daily life stands witness to the sincerity of my words. You bade me call you father; and I have striven to give you all a daughter's duty; but, as I have already declared, I will never become Herbert Orrell's wife! Dote on him as you will, your handsome, gifted son is naught but a habit of using, -for, on analysis, it was polished villain! I would rather die than found that a specimen of sepia contained link my fate with his. Cast me off-let me go out into the world, and battle with the poverty from which you have rescued me, or-

"Enough" thundered the old man; have made you mine, and mine you shall remain, and my will do! My son shall have the bride of his choice! Now go!" And striding to the door, he flung it wide sepia 1.10 per cent, natural sepia 0.98 der open, adding, in deep, threatening tones, as

Veronica passed into the hall: "Go! and remember that for the insubordinate there are means. Our new home here was chosen for its wildness and lone i, ness. Remember that-and likewise, that my son and I are masters here! Now go"

A swift change passed over the girl's have deep voices, and that they are genercalm face as the door closed upon her, and 'ally melodious, full of music, as it were, it was with fleet foot and panting breath that she sped up the stairs and to her cham-

do ?" she gasped, shudderingly, as she that were brave and daring, were also deep dropped into a chair before the blazing fire. "He is deep and unscrupulous, I know. Heaven protect and help me!"

Her head sunk despondingly on her haud and the silent minutes dropped into hours before she stirred.

At last she arose.

"I will do it," she whispered, "and this very night, or it will be too late. They all sleep by this time, and I have no minutes to waste," she hastily added, as the little mantle clock softly tolled twelve. "If I would escape, I must do so to-night."

Her few prepaartions were hastily made, and she crept stealthily from the room. She paused a moment to listen, but pro-

found silence reigned over the house, and her muffled boots gave no sound as she cautiously groped her way down stairs. At the bottom she stumbled over the

mat, catching her breath sharply in her effort to preserve herself from a fall. The noise was trifling, but, shivering

with alarm, she paused a minute to listen. The silence continued unbroken, and she again groped her way through the dense

Once she paused again, confinedt that she heard a cat-like tread in the darkness behind her.

imagination.

She directed her steps to the back door, remembering that that fastened with a bolt, and consequently offered the possibility of sees in every object its essential character. a more quiet egress.

Her mbling hand had just started the oolt, when there was a sudden quick rush

"So!" hissed Mr. Orrell's voice.

And the next instant, speechless with error, she was caught in his strong arms, and borne back to her chamber.

White as death she stood before him, asne released her.

His deep set eyes flashed angrily upon her beneath his gray eyebrows. But he said nothing-only took her by the shoulder and hurried her rudely to the window. Throwing tack the heavy silken hang-

It was a brilliant moonlight night; and there, pacing the lawn with sentinel alertness, was one of the men-servants. Mr. Orrell closed the window in the same

expressive silence.

Then he turned to her. "Four men have been detailed for that duty to-night," he said, signiffcantly. "All the doors will be left unlocked; try it again And with the words, he strode from the have observed that the bird walked instead if you like.'

How the night passed, Veronica never

But it did pass. The marriage was to take place at cleven

o'clock the next day.

Answer me, if you can! Have I not been between ten and eleven there would be am-Herbert could not reach there till ten, and

> spotless bridal robes in the great drawing-Mr. Orrell eyed her critically.

"You look well-very well," he said;

And his pitiless eye left Veronica's beau-

tiful but dead-like face, and turned toward Almost at the same moment there was a faint sound of distant wheels.

"Ha, at last !" he cried. "And he comes at a mad pace."

Nearer and nearer the wheels came, until they stopped at the grand entrance.

band, and not you. who would to-day be a bride, the impatient father hurried to the There he met a ghastly spectacle.

The dead body of his son, borne by the worthy clergyman (who had accompanied him) and several of the awed servants. "A terrible accident!" faltered the

clergyman, in answer to the anguished gaze of the bereaved father. And without a word or gesture, the father

fell prone before them. When they raised him he was dead. A year later, Veronica becan.e the happy

wife of the beggarly secretary. Polsonous Water Colors.

The singular statement appears in the Chemiker Zeitung that, in searching into the causes of the death of a young engineer, there were found in the corpse remarkable quantities of arsenic, attributed to the colors which the deceased had been in the 2.08 per cent of arsenious acid, one of engineer having been in the habit of drawing his brush, charged with colors, through his lips, it is thought not impossible that the arsenical colors were absorbed by degrees in the saliva. Further investigation of the dark colors of French make showed the following quantities of arsenic: Colored cent. burnt sleuna 1.76 and 2.23, Van Dyke brown 0.81, brown ochre 0.52, sap

Voices of Animais.

green 0.82, bister 0.67.

Even in animals, there is marked charbravest and largest wild animals always while the small fry, which would run from tones as a rule, and I deduce from this "What can he mean? What will he that the highest order of animals, those in voice, and that their intonations never

Sharp Eyes

ground. Far below, little black pigmy A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, men-so they seem in the distance moving about, but not singly or at random, for closer observation shows that they are but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in working in groups, each group upon a cer-tain well-defined square witch of solid earth, at which it is picking and delving, the birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be se-creted in the bushes, or behind the fence or walking to and fro over it, carrying little buckets of loosened soil In their midst sits or stands a white over the master himself. Spreading over the whole exnear which he alights. I find, I see almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a firt of the tail are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though unquestionally the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind. Nevertheless, the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady, deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharpshooter picks out his man and knows him Then she went stealthily on, assured that it was only the product of her own excited rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individualitythat which separates, discriminates, and This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye firmly in the ground. Thus, a wheel, a wire rope and a 'claim," be it only a sixnotes specific points and differences-ic seizes upon and preserves the individuality in the darkness, and before she could move of the thing. Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard teenth, are inseparable, and equal in num-ber. On these wire ropes the "blue stuff" is hauled in buckets by aid of the windlass. and ask me to name it, but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or up out of the mine. else it is totally unlike any bird found in this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely. Not so the farm The lovers of lawn tennis have for this youth who wrote me one Winter day that season made some new modifications of the he had seen a single pair of strange birds, laws of the game which will not fail to add which he discribes as follows: were about the size of the 'chip pie,' the tops of their heads were red, and the breast of the male was of the same color, while that of the female was much lighter; their rumps were also faintly tinged with red. If I have described them so that you would ngs he opened the casement, and pointed known them, please write me their names.' There can be little doubt but the young ob-

Leopold and Louise.

server had seen a pair of red-polls, -a bird

related to the goldfinch, and that occasion-

ally comes down to us in the Winter from

the far north. Ano her time, the same

showed the youth's discriminating eye and

of lark, and from the time, size, color, etc..

Their Royal Highnesses, Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, when recently in Detroit en route for Chicago, a reporter says, the most noticeable feature about the party was the entire absence of elaborate dressing or any indication of royalty. The Prin- three feet at the center being maintained), A little before cleven Veronica was in her ruching about the neck. Her diess was tunity of return to the side of the court rerather short, and so far as the casuar observer could determine, her jewelry was conher hands were what a woman in the Third But why he should be such a laggard, is a cotton, as sure as you're born." The Prinmystery," he concluded, a little uneasily, cess Louise is not beau iful, but apparently she is a woman with a happy disposition that shines out in what would be called by many a "real good face." Good she certainly looks, and when she smiles she comes near to passing for handsome, which she undoubtedly is not. Of all the conspicuous ones in the party she seemed least affected by her position. Prince Leopold, who has a less intelligent face than his sister, is a fair-skinned young man, who looks younger than he is-twenty seven. He was dressed There was a sound of hurrying feet and in a light suit, with the exception of his subdued voices; and leaving the white-faced small, round, black hat. His dark har has a tendency to curl and is parted very near the middle. A light moustache and goatee serve to relieve an extremely fair face, which would be handsome but for a certain heaviness that robs it of any intellectual look it might have. Generally he strikes one as belonging to that great rank of "extra harmisss," though he is credited with being studious. His walk is some thing terrible; it reminds one of the old "Grecian bend" gait, but is, if anything, more mineing, and, therefore, more comical. The Prince appears like an extremely amiable young man, however, and this he probably is.

A South African Diamond Mine.

From whatever direction one comes from the surrounding plain, the most prominent sight is the lotty range of sand mounds, rising up from out the centre of the town and overtopping everything. composed of earth from the original thirteen surface acres of the Kimberly mine, and thrown up from around the edge of the gradually deepened pit, just as the ant on a smaller scale piles up a circular ridge terra di sienna, 8.14 per cent, and one of Africa is meant a pipe of several acres superficial area and unknown depth, running straight down through stratified layers of shale. Each pipe, and there are only four, is filled in to the level of the general surface of the plain with sand, tufa, and a diamond-bearing breecia or soft rock. The Kimberly pipe or mine has now been excavated to a depth of about two hundred and fifty feet. Most of the streets of the town converge to it. We walk to the edge of rocks which surrounds it, called the "reefs," and before and beneath us extends an abyss-a huge oval-shaped caldronopen full to the skies. Over its edge lies a sheer descent of two hundred and fifty acter of voices. I have observed that the feet; across it, from side to side, a stretch of a thousand feet, or a fifth of a mile. Coming even as one does from the life and stir of the town, the first look into the mine is a fascinating and bewildering one. Lita common cur, have high, sharp voices, the by little the facts unfold and steal upon. The bravest hunters of the West have heavy the attention. One talks to his neighbor as to a deaf man, for a stead hum or roar fills the air, chiefly made up of human voices and the whir of buckets ascending and descending on their wire ropes. Ten thousjarred on the ear. Deep-toned men are and men are working below and around us,

cavation or pit, caldron, pot or basin,

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whichever conveys the clearest idea, like a spider's web on a dewy morning, run in-numerable little white threads, so they seem as they glisten in the sun. Follow one such thread to our feet, and it will be found to be a shining wire rope, worn white with constant use. And here on the edge or brim, called, as we know, the 'reef," we find a scene of life and labor even more animated than below. All around, but chiefly on two opposite sides, is erected a strong framework of timber called the "staging," estimated to have cost \$250,000. It is built in three tiers, like a three-story house, and each tier is floored to afford standing room for laborers. Firm. ly set all along each tier of this staging are hundreds of wooden wheels, about four feet in diameter, with crank on each side, to be turned by four Kaffirs. The iron ropes run from every part of the circumference, but d iffer greatly in length, -some extending vertically down the reef, some far out into the centre of the mine, and others to varying intermediate distances. but each to its own claim. Such a rope is stretched from the bearings of each wheel on the staging to its corresponding claim below, where it is made fast to a post sunk

Lawn Tennis Laws.

to its interest. The revision of the old code has been made by direction of the famous English clubs, the Marylebone and All England, and their sanction will go far to secure a general adoption. Uniformity of practice, if it can be secured, is, of course, desirable. The disposition of amateurs thus far seems decidedly favorable to the innovations. The rule that excites the most discussion, perhaps, is this: "Either player loses a stroke * * * if he touch the net, or any of its supports, while the ball is in play; or if he volley the ball before it youth wrote that he had seen a strange has passed the net." Some objections are bird, the color of a sparrow, that alighted made to the severity of depriving the striker on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground, and that walked. This last fact of his stroke when he has to pick up a "short" ball on the rebound and touches the net, either by the impetus with which settled the case. I knew it to be a species he has to run or by the proximity of the ball to the net. But in cases of touching the net by body or racket in volleying the penalty is by all considered just. The rule raises a new difficulty for the umpire, who will have to decide the nice question whether the ball has actually passed the net at the moment of contact of the racket with the ball. By further rules the height of the net has been reduced to four feet at the posts, and the service line has been brought in one foot. The reason for lowering the net at the posts (the height of was dressed in black, with a white is that it gives the striker out more oppor mote from the server. To further equalize the game the power is given to the umpire spicuous solely for its absence. She wore a to direct the players to change sides at the dark hat with a red facing in front, and on | end of every game instead of set, if, in his "quite worthy your handsome bridegroom. street depot characterized as "nothing but cotton, as sure as you're born." The Prinby the server when delivering the service is more accurately defined than in the termer code, and it is made a fault if he does not stand as directed. Also it is stated directly, in the former code only inferentially, that it is a fault if the ball is served from the wrong court. A fault delivered before the striker-out is ready, counts for nothing; but it does not cure a previous fault, as formerly. Another amendment is made in the case of a service which touches the net and drops in the proper court. This was previously a good service, and many were the heartburnings which resulted in consequence of the delivery of services impossible of return owing to the accident of the balls touching the net en passant. It is now ruled that such a service, if otherwise good, counts for nothing. A notable point in the code is the omission of the alternative mode of scoring, viz, racket scoring is entirely dismissed. Tennis scoring has been found to give so much variety and interest to the game, and is now so generally adopted that very few will protest against this dropping of the alternative method. Another point that may be noted is in the plan of the service-court in the three and four handed games. Service-side-lines are drawn parallel to the side lines of the four-handed-court, and four and a half feet from them, and thus the area of the service-court is made the same in the four handed as in the single game. This is by many considered an important gain. The interest in this game is increasing year by year in this country, and although the pastime may never take the same rank here that it does in England, it is doubtless destined to hold an important

place in our round of recreations. A New Puzzlo with Words. Students at the Boston Institute of Technology have designed a rival to the Gem puzzle, which is beginning to excite considerable interest about town. Given two words of an equal number of letters, the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, continuing the alterations until the desired result is attained. The conditions are that only one letter shall be altered to form each new word, and that none but words which can be found in English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes

East to West-East, vast, vest, West. Boot to Shoe-Boot, soot, shot, Shoe, Dog to Cat-Dog, dig. fig, fit, fat, Cat. Milk to Hash-Milk, mile, male, mate, nate, hath, Hash.

Road to rail-Road, rood, root, coot, coat, coal, coil, toil, tail, Rall. Soup to Fish-Soup, soul, soil, foil, fowl, fool, foot, coot, cost, cast, fast, fist,

The game is becoming quite popular in offices as well as in family circles and at generally braver than those possessing light in the pit and around its edge. All is in firesides, and seems to furnish instruction plain sight, for there is no burrowing under | with amusement.

Curious Cases of Sleop-Walking

One bright moonlight night I was on deck, as was frequently my wont, chatting with the lieutenant of the middle watch. It was nearly calm, the ship making little way through the water, and the moon's light nearly as bright as day. We were together leaning over the capstan, chatting away, when W-suddenly exclaimed:

"Look! H-, at that sentry," and pointing to the quarter-deck marine who was pacing slowly backward and forward on the lee-side of the deck.

"Well, 'I replied, after watching him somewhat inattentively as he passed once or twice on his regular beat, "what of "Why, don't you see he is fast asleep?

Take a good look at him when he next I did so, and found W-was right, The man, although pacing and turning

regularly, at the usual distance, was fast asleep, with his eyes closed. When next the man passed, W-stepped quickly and noisely to his side, and pacing with him, gently disengaged the bunch of keys which was his special charge—being the keys of the spirit room, shell rooms store rooms, etc. -from the fingers of his left hand, to which they were suspended by a small chain; he then removed the bayonet from his other hand, and laid it and the keys on the capstan head. After letting him take another turn or two, Wsuddenly called:

"Sentry!" ."Sir?" replied the man, instantly stopping and facing around as he came to the 'attention."

"Why, you were fast asleep, sentry."

"But I say you were."

"No, sir; I assure you I was not." "You were not, ch? Well, where are

the keys ?" The man instantly brought up his hand to show them, as he supposed, but to his great confusion his hand was empty. "Where is your bayonet?" continue

The poor fellow brought forward his other hand, but that was empty also. But the puzzled look of astonishment he put on was more than we could stand; both burst out laughing, and when the keys and bayonet was pointed out to him, lying on the capstan, the poor fellow was perfectly dumbrounded. W-was too merry over the joke, however, to punish the man, and

he escaped with a warning not to fall asleep Sentries and lookouts must be very liable to fall asleep from the very nature of their monotonous pacing, and this may in some degree account for the facility with which sentries have at times been surprised and secured before they could give an alarm. In this instance, the most curious fact, I think, was the regularity with which the man continues to pace his disances and turn at the right moment. have known other instances of sentrics and others walking in their sleep, though the end has not always been so pleasant to the victims. In one case, the quarter-deck sentry, in the middle of the night, crashed down the wardroom hatchway with musket and fixed bayonet, with a rattling that started us all out of our cabins. The fellow fell on his back upon-top of the mess table, but not much the worse for his exploit. On another occasion a messenger boy paid us a visit in the night; he fell upon a chair, which he smushed to pieces,

out the sleeper escaped unhurt. These can hardly be considered true cases of somnambulism, but show how men may continue their occupations when overcome by sleep. Nothing but seeing this bayonet and the keys lying on the capstan could have ever convinced the marine that he had been sleeping; no mere assertion to that effect would ever had convinced

Perseverance and Bealth.

A man who inherits wealth may begin and worry through threescore and ten years without any definite object. In driving, in foreign travel, in hunting and fishing, in club houses, and society, he may manage to pass away his time; but he will hardly be happy. It seems to be necessary to health that the powers of man may be trained upon some object and steadily held there day after day, year after year, while vitality lasts. There may come a time in old age when the fund of vitality will have sunk so low that he can follow no consecutive labor without such a draught upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them. Then, and not before, he should stop work But so long as a man has a vitality to spare upon work it must be used, or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that, he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself, and fashioring his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in-regular limbits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim-a tend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or, for a long period, healthy. Said a rich lady to a gentleman still labo, ing beyond his needs, "Don't stop; keep at it." The words that were in her heart were: "If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day. And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or šettled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.

Fungold Origin of Whooping Cough, It is worthy of note that the funguid origin of whooping cough, asserted some years since by M. Svetzerich, seems to be confirmed by the researches of M. Yschmar, who states that he has found certain lower organisms in the spittle of whooping cough patients-organisms not met with in any other disease accompanied by cough and expectoration. He asserts, further, that the organisms in question are identical with those which, by their agglomeration, form the black points on the skins of oranges and the paring of certain fruits, especially apples. Thus, M. Yschmar, by inoculating rabbits with this dark matter, or even causing it to be inhaled by men, produced fits of coughing several days in duration, and presenting in every respect the peculiar characteristics of the convulsive whooping

-The present British Parliament four years. I contains about 150 non-Episcopalians. New Zealand.

A Handy Man to Have Around.

There was a looked of bowed care about the man, as though he had at some time sat down to meditate under a pile-driver, and had been suddenly disturbed by some one starting up the machine. He walked into the counting-room of a morning paper, leaned his elbows on the counter, rested his chin in his hands, looked solemnly at the clerk, and said:

"I understand the care of horses, young man; and when it comes to landscape gardening, I can tell you I ain't no slouch.'

"I can't see as that interests me any," said the clerk, with a yawn that endangered his ear. "I don't run a livery-stable, nor I ain't a Park Commissioner.

"I'm a handy man to have around the proceeded the intruder, with smile that seemed painful. 'I can turn my hand to most anything, from building a fence to keeping the baby quiet."
"Nobody disputes you," remarked the

young man, drily. "I also understand prunning, and a good many people think I'm surer than certainty itself when it comes to graft-

"Well, this ain't a nursery, old man! And we don't pay for the gas we don't burn. So you might as well close the con-

cert and meander." "It might be mentioned that I know how to milk, and for keeping a churn-dasher busy I'm right on deck every time. Now you can just charge your mind with that, never dodge hard work, no matter what shape it comes at me in. All I ask is plenty

of it, and meals regular. The clerk was growing fldgety and red in the face. He pointed to the door and nodded sideways with the air of a man who had about made up his mind to stand no more foolishness. The man reclining on the counter continued calm and undisturb-

"In house-cleaning time I'm the handlest man you ever saw. I can beat a carpet till you wouldn't know it, and at washing windows and scouring up generally I won't take a back sent for anybody. In shoving around heavy furniture and taking down stoves, I'm right at home; and I also know all about whitewashing, and can go over a carpet without spilling a drop."

Well, who said you couldn't?" demand ed the clerk, "Clear out! We don't want any more of your lingo, and we don't want none of your help. We never clean house here."

"I'm the most willing man you ever saw Just put down that I'm always ready to make myself useful, and that a good, steady job, with plenty to do, is the one I want to tie to. It don't matter about the wages —we'll never fall out on that head." "But I tell you we don't want you!

We've got nothing in the world for you to do here. "Well-Lord bless you man !- who said you had? I never asked you to give me

no job—did 1?"
"Well, that seems to be about the drift of your gab, if I can understand plain English," said the clerk, petulantly. "Gracious me-no! I never thought of

such a thing. What I'm trying to come at is, that I want you to write it down, and to print what sort of goslin' I am in your "On! I see!" said the clerk.

want to advertise for a situation?" "Yes: that's it exactly The folks, I s'pose, worrying and fretting because they can't get hold of just such a sort of man as I am. Handy men are mighty scarce these times, sure's you live! I s'pose that had better go at the top, in great big letters; and where you say that I'm wiking, put it as loud as you have room for. They'll always find me willing, whoever finds me-specially at about mea times. You might throw in that I have seven characters, and some of 'em as much as four years long. Horses is my preference; but I'm not above drivin' a pair of mules, or shovelin' gravel, if nothing better offers. Fix it all up so's somebody'll have to hire me, and I'll divide the first month's wages with you. Pile it all on just as this, it must be borne in mind that he never strong as you want to, and PH back it up when I get the job-every word of ju! I ought to know how to work, I should think

-I'm just out of the work house from a twelve month's trip. But I suppose that hadn't better go in. If I had the chink to spare I'd pay extra, and have you slam it in poetry-blamed if I wouldn't. But place where they live on 'style' and toothpicks, and that wouldn't hardly suit me now, just at first. I'd rather have & chance to fatten up a little. Make it plain and plunt, and that'll strike the livers!"

Modern British Regicides. During Louis Philippe's reign and the four following years, attempts were made upon the life of Queen Victoria by Oxford in 1840, and by a workman named Francis in 1842; upon the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, in 1814, and again in 1850; upon the present Emperor of Germany, then military commander of Coblenz, in 1849; and upon Isabella, Queen of Spain, in 1852. None of these attempts succeeded. Oxford, who shot at Queen Victoria while she was passing on Constitution Hill, was clearly a lunatic, and consigned to Beulam as such. He remained there about twenty-five years, and whilst in confinement showed himself invariably rational, working industriously as a carpenter, and expressing his deep remorse whenever he was questioned about what in termed his "wicked piece of foolery." O. ford is still alive, but he is residing out of England. Not so Francis, the carpenter, who assaulted the Queen in 1842, and made a large wale on her face. This man died shortly after he had been lodged in St Luke's, Bethlehem. He was unquestionably mad. Nevertheless, after his offence, Par liament passed a bill enacting that flogging should be inflicted in future upon any one seeking to inflict bodily harm upon the Queen, or to threaten her. It was by virtue of this act that the young fool O'Connor, who leveled a pistol at the Queen in 1869, was sentenced to be imprisoned for s year, and to receive twenty strokes with birch. The Queen kindly remitted the whole punishment, and caused the boy to be supplied with funds that he might emigrate to Australia. But within less than a year after he had been shipped off to South ampton, O'Connor returned to England, and your employer. was found prowling within the precincts of Buckingham Palace at night, evidently with evil intent. This time he was certified to be out of his mind, and was sent to an asylum, where he remained under treatment four years. He is believed now to be in

Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City, the Mormon capitol! Let us look at it. It lies deep in the valley—in a valley which is 6000 feet above the level of the sea. To the right, to the left, to the north, the south, the east, and the west-mountains! Lying in the midst of them, the city. America has no other like it. Surveyed from the distance, it wears a distinctly Oriental appearance. So we of the far West, who have only dreamed of the East, imagine how Damascus may look. White houses shining amid rich masses of green foliage. A dome, a tower, a spire that may answer for a minaret, deep gardens, buildings with flat roofs, a faint mist of dust marking the line of a traveled street, a sky of more than Oriental softness overhead, and an atmosphere so pure that to breathe it is a luxury, and to look through it is to gain such power of vision that the peaks of the Wasatch Range, twenty miles away, seem within the reach of the pedestrian who has five minutes to spare. In the city there are broad streets, covered with gravel. Upon each side, where the gutter should be, there is a stream of pure and delicious water hurling fiercely along with the impetus gained at the top of the Twin Peaks. The dwellings of stone, of wood, of adobe or sunburnt bricks, are far apart, and enshrined among mighty trees. Shops, here and there, thrust themselves out to the edge of the footway, and offer their wares to the passers-by. It is a queer crowd that is thus tempted. Such a one as on no other street in this broad earth can gather. Here is a Mormon saint, a patriarch with twelve wives, and so many chil-dren that he is compelled to refer to his memorandum-book for a list of them. Stout, rugged, coarse in nature and in features, he is of the kind that found this valley a wilderness, and transformed it into a luscious garden. There is a Utah Indian, clad, perhaps in a stovepipe hat, a blanket and buckskin breeches. He wears huge earrings, long straight hair, thick and black as midnight. Here is a Mexican, dashing along at break-neck speed upon a shagged pony. He wears a dress as picturesque as that of a Greek, and he is as fine a horseman as the Arabian Desert knows. There go two army officers, wearing blue coats, and looking as if they were in authority. They he to the camp upon the hillside, from whence the guns that they control can level the city in a day. Gentile miners, with whiskers, broad hats, trowsers tucked in boots, and pistols thrust in belts, swaggering about in search of firewater. Mormon policemen, quiet, reserved, but keen as hounds, stand upon the corners. Huge wagons, drawn by six, eight and ten mules come lumbering down the street, bringing from outlying settlements of the saints the tithes for the Prophet's storehouse. Hurrying past them, dash graceful and elegant pleasure carriages, such as Hyde Park might be proud of. But where are the women? Of men there are enough. Now and then a Gentile woman passes, but not often; and the Mormon women appear still less frequently. It is Orientalism in the ex-treme Occident. There is the polygamy of Turkey, with an approach to the custom which keeps the women under a veil. It is a strange city, a new city, born within the last half century; a city of its own kind—

Sims Reeves, the Tenor. The famous English tenor, Sims Reeves,

a city that is as striking as novel, as inter-

esting, as unprecedented to the view of the

American who lives east of the Rocky

Mountains, as it is to that of the citizen of

contemplates retiring from his profession. As he rust be nearly sixty years old, and is very rich, the wisdom of such a course eems undeniable, though he is still without a rival in oratorio singing. About fifteen years ago his voice deteriorated considerably, but soon regained its power. It is an open secret amongst the profession that he is obliged to have all his songs transposed a couple of tones lower than he used to sing them. Sims Reeves was, curiously enough, both idolized and hated by the English public. To account for could be depended on to fulfil his engagements. This gave a start to all sorts of stories about his being a confirmed drunkard. But they were utterly untrue, as the fact that he has retained his voice to his present age conclusively proves. The truth is that his throat was always most delicate; a simple journey by rail was often then, hold! that might fetch me up in a sufficient to make him "as hoarse as a crow." In the height of summer he did not dare to walk across Hyde Park without as many wraps around his neck as an ordinary man would wear with the thermometer be low zero. Reeves was a native of Wootwich, and as a boy attracted the attention of the officers of the garrison by his musical talent. He began his career as a baritone, and the real register of his voice was not discovered for some time. Even in those early days his throat was most susceptible to cold and fatigue, and after any severe exertion he was liable to spit blood. Much of his subsequent success was due to the care taken of him by his wife, who sacrificed her own musical career for the sake of looking after that of her husband. She took as much care of him as a trainer does of the favorite of the Derby, and during years and years waited for him behind the scenes with beef tea, gargles and other restoratives. The report about Reeves' habits of intoxication arose from his tongness for beef tea. He was accustomed to carry about with him a pocket flask of that nutritious but insipid beverage, and persons seeing him constantly interviewing the little bottle, jumped at the conclusion that it contained brandy.

Would You.

Would you keep your rosy complexion, vear thick soled shoes. Would you enjoy quiet content, do away vith airs and pretences.

Would you have others respect your opinions, hold and never disown them your-Would you have good health, go out in

the sunshine. Sickness is worse than freckles. Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.

Would you retain the love of a friend, do not he selfishly exacting. Would you gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of

Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions. Would you sleep well and have a good

appetite attend to your business. Would you have the respect of men. never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.