

"None of Our Business."

(London Christian Commonwealth.)
A little girl was heard to finish her evening prayer with these words: "And I saw a poor little girl on the street to-day, cold and bare-headed; but it's none of our business, is it, God?"

"None of our business," wandering and sinful, all through the streets of the city they go, hungry and homeless in the wild weather—
"None of our business," dare we say so?

"None of our business," children's wan faces, haggard and old with their suffering and sin; hold fast your darlings on tender, warm bosoms, sorrow without, but the home light within.

What does it matter that some other woman—some common mother—in bitter despair, wails in a garret or sits in a cellar,
Too broken-hearted for weeping or prayer?

"None of our business," sinful and fallen, how they may jostle us close on the street! Hold back your garments! scorn? they are used to it.

Pass on the other side, lest you should meet.
"None of our business," On, then, the music; on with the feasting, though hearts break for-
lorn.

Somebody hungry, somebody's freezing, somebody's soul will be lost ere the morn.

Somebody's dying (on with the dancing!) One for earth's pot-ages is selling his soul. One for a bauble has bartered his birthright, Selling his all for a pitiful doll.

Ah! but one goeth a-bird on the mountains, Over lone deserts with burning deep sands; Seeking the lost ones (it is His business!) Bruised though His feet are, and torn though His hands.

Thorn-crowned His head and His soul sorrow stricken (Selling men's souls at such infinite cost), Broken His heart for the grief of the nations! It is His business saving the lost!

The Three Bachelors.

Three bachelors slept in their shuttered room—In their shuttered room when the sun shone high;
Not one of them felt he must rise till noon
Or take his breakfast till by and by;
For singing men may happily sleep—
A pillow is good and breakfast will keep
Till ten o'clock in the morning.

Three fair maids smiled on these bachelors three—On these bachelors three when they came to town;
They waited, they sang, they made high tea,
And had their accomplishments quickly known;
For it matters not if bachelors sleep,
The maids are awake quite soon in the week,
And sometimes rise in the morning.

Three married men jumped when the sun arose,
And left their pillows in a wistful way;
They felt for their boots, they grabbed their clothes,
And thoroughly realized it was day;
For women will never let men sleep—
When there's breakfast to get and a wash for the week,
Though it's five o'clock in the morning.

The Surgeon's Knife.

(By Eliza Cook.)
There are hearts—stout hearts—that own no fear
At the whirling sword or the darting spear—
That are ready alike to bleed in the dust,
"Neath the sabre's cut or the bayonet's thrust;
They heed not the blow that fate may deal,
From the murderer's dirk or the soldier's steel;
But lips that laugh at the dagger of strife
Turn silent and white from the surgeon's knife.

Though bright the burnish and slender the blade,
Bring it nigh, and the bravest are strangely afraid,
And the rope on the beam or the axe on the block
Have less terror to daunt, and less power to shock.
Science may yield it, and danger may ask
The hand to be quick in its ivory task;
The hour with torture and death may be rife,
But death is less feared than the surgeon's knife.

It shines in the grasp—'tis no weapon for play,
A shudder betrays it is speeding its way;
While the quivering muscle and severing joint
Are gasped by the keen edge and probed by the point.
It has reeked in the dark and welling flood
Till purple and warm with the heart's quick blood,
Dripping it comes from the cells of life,
While glazing eyes turn from the surgeon's knife.

Bravants in courage, and boasters of strength,
At the cannon's mouth or the land's length;
Ye who have struggled sword to sword,
With your wide wounds drenching the battle sword—
Oh! boast no more till your soul be found
Unmoved with a breathless silence around;
And a dread of the grave and a hope of life,
That rest on the work of the surgeon's knife.

The Old Bridge Ball.

Gosh 'n' goodness! hain't it fun
When the yaller of the sun
Turns to purple in the west,
When the daisy dits the sun
An' we all can take a rest?
There's the rail with notches cut
Just above the river's gut,
Where the eddies circle round—
Primest place for fishin' ground,
Half a dozen leenies there,
Elbow close to elbow wear—
'Gint the same old cedar rail,
Watchin' boys a-pullin' eels—
Silver grubs they never fail,
Catchin' on to fisher's meals.

Goodness! what a lot we talk;
An' we watch the lovers walk;
Among the willows, o' nest beside
Brushes where the brushers balk
Into foam the river's tide,
'That old rail above the gut
It's good speak a story'd put
Into words to make you smile;
For it's held for years a pile
Of the farmer (bills when sun
Turns its yaller in the west
Into purple an' is dun—
When the folks kum down to rest.

The Cyclone.

All ill-faught calm broods o'er the fertile plain,
The air is hushed and nature seems to sleep;
And in the distance looms the mist of rain,
That hangs o'er space like an outpouring deep.

The lightning darts in multiform around
The black reverent cone that whirling flies;
And the dark thunder up-ake in muffled sound
And warns the rustic where his safety lies.

With mighty rush it comes, ruin in its path!
It roars and whirrs the debris in the air;
The rustic's work is blighted by its wrath,
And many a mangled wretch is groaning there.

The prett' cots that once the plain adorned,
And boughs were luscious fruits in plenty hung
The storm hath razed and garden growth up-
turned
Confused in wreck is art and nature flung.

Saturday night the policemen of the Bow street station, London, Eng., refused to go on duty because a constable who had taken a prominent part in the agitation for the improvement of the condition of the police force had been removed to another district. Eventually this constable was reinstated, and the Bow street men returned to duty. Yesterday 49 of the recalcitrant policemen were suspended. The others went on duty last night. As the men left the station house for their respective posts they were hooted at by a crowd which had gathered outside.

"Papa," said a talkative little girl, "am I made of dust?" "No, my child. If you were you would dry up once in a while."

THAT BABY.

A Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars.

Then as she became used to the roar and rumble the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother where the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home."

But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several other passengers had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that the old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and checked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents were to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he could kiss it just once, the old lady returned the carfare had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-bye over the shoulder of her papa, to which everyone responded, including the newsboy who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-byes all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.

—Orphan's Friend, House of Angel Guardian.

Newspapers of the Present.

No doubt the present tendency toward trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the same of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power the leader who has adopted the readiest means has often imposed his best means. The fault of a lower tone here and there is not properly chargeable to the great body of workers, for in the profession of ability and conscientiousness, the advance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature. All that the newspapers of to-day are doing for every good cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are of course essential for the success of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which they, as private individuals, would be willing to endorse in every part as men of character, refinement and self-respect.

—Century.

Prince Lobanoff.

Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, who is about to succeed M. de Giers, is a man of rare intellectual endowments. He will receive the rank of Chancellor of the Empire, a title never accorded to M. de Giers, and a general belief prevails that under his guidance Russia will rapidly recover the prominent position in the councils of Europe which she held when Prince Gortschakoff was at the zenith of his career. A perfect type of the grand seigneur, the only fault that can be found with Prince Lobanoff is his aversion to hard work. His manners, although courtly and dignified, are, nevertheless, remarkable for their independence, and he stands on record as having on several occasions taught the Czar's brothers lessons in good form and breeding that they are not likely to forget in a hurry. His social prestige in Russia is very great, for his family is of more ancient and noble origin than that of Alexander III., who treats him with great distinction. The prince is a wealthy bachelor, and has only had one "grande passion" in his life, namely, that for Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, of whose letters and relics he possesses a remarkable collection.

Mr. Carnegie has donated \$10,000 for a library at Ayr, Scotland.

The Duke of Fife has a dozen suits of clothes in constant use, and a gossipous chronicler says that he keeps his various pairs of trousers on shelves labelled "Monday," "Tuesday," and so on to the end of the week.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AT HOME.

How He Manages His Immense Household and How He Eats.

It is estimated that over 6,000 persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtche palace when the Sultan is there. One who claims to be well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's housekeeping in the *Letter to the Hour*. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for that, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity, and the labor about the palace is so subdivided that no one works very hard except the lord high chamberlain and treasurer of the household.

The treasurer of the household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders, and has an organized force of buyers who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each paying his helpers, servants and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and as to furnish fish for at least 6,000 persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in other large cities, he has to have about 20 men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy.

About ten tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly 18,000 pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread-eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, but no other touches it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

Speed of Locomotives.

It seems to be quite clear that if steam enough could be supplied to a locomotive engine any speed could be attained, unless the resistance to its progress augmented in such a proportion that the boiler pressure was not great enough to overcome it, says the "Engineer." The engine would then be, to use a marine phrase, "locked up."

We know that at a velocity of as much as 72 miles an hour on a level a well-designed single driver light engine will run with the throttle but little open, and apparently exerting very little power indeed. It is not easy to see why an addition of eight miles an hour should pile up the resistance as it is said to do. The question seems, however, to bristle with anomalies and contradictions of the most vexatious and puzzling character, and we are at times tempted to believe that these difficulties have no existence in fact—are for the most part the creations of fancy.

Von Molthe on Beer.

Count von Molthe, in reply to an enquiry as to whether he had made the statement attributed to him that beer was the greatest enemy of the Germans, has given the following reply: "I can never have made such a statement. On the contrary, I wish a good, cheap, light beer for our people could be supplied. I myself abstain altogether from alcohol. I do not consider it necessary or helpful, except, perhaps, after fatiguing work, when the principal thing is to revive one's strength at once. Certainly one of the greatest enemies of Germany is the misuse of alcohol. A healthy man needs no such stimulant, and to give it to children, which is often done, is absolutely wicked. I should like to see tea and coffee and light beer cheaper than they are and brandy a good deal dearer."—*London Daily News*.

The Parasol.

Before marriage—Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?
"Oh, no, my dear; it would be a pleasure if it did."

After marriage—Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out.

"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol."

There isn't any right side of a woman with a parasol.

Boys in Corea.

Every man who goes to Corea should be, or should get, married. Every unmarried man is considered a boy, though he should live to be 100. No matter what his age, he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact, perhaps, of having lived years enough to be their father. The only parallel to this in America is in our politics, wherein every man active in the profession is a "boy," even if he be as gray as Gen. Spinola.

Chatter.

George Augustus Sala draws \$10,000 a year for dictating four editorials a week for the *London Daily Telegraph*.

To prevent your glass jars from cracking when putting in hot liquid, stand a tablespoon up in them. There is a prevailing idea that this process has something to do with electricity, but the true solution is that the spoon absorbs some of the heat and also carries some of it out into the open air.

New York's new aqueduct is 30 miles long. It cost \$22,000,000, and eighty lives were lost in its construction.

WHAT AMMONIA IS GOOD FOR.

Various Domestic Uses to Which the Article May Be Put.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin. Spirits of ammonia will often relieve a severe headache.

Door-plates should be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet in ammonia and water. If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia and water; lay soft white paper over and iron with a hot iron.

When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the color.

Keep nickel, silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a scrub brush; rinse in clear water.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth with ammonia before washing with soap.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by the fire.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water they bathe in every day it would keep their flesh clean and sweet, doing away with any disagreeable odor.

Flannels and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little soda. Rub as little as possible, and they will be white and clean and will not shrink.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry; a few drops of clear aqua ammonia rubbed on the under side of diamonds will clean them immediately, making them very brilliant.

The Stove of the Future.

"That looks neat," was the remark to the stove man. "What is it?" "It is the new gas stove. The day will come when all the world who can get at it will want to do its summer cooking by gas, and maybe its winter cooking as well. This stove, you see, has burners for all the stove holes and two ovens. It admits air into the gas at the point of combustion and makes a bunsen flame of each. We ran all the burners full blast for two hours the other day, having the meter taken before and after, and it cost exactly twelve cents. We can raise a kettle of cold water to boiling in seven minutes and all you have to do is touch a match to the gas and your fire is going. Handsome, too, isn't it? Looks like a stylish fancy range."—*Leiston Journal*.

Worthy of Imitation.

A story that is almost too good to be true comes from Chicago, and concerns Miss Fanny Gary, a daughter of the famous judge of that city. She is a member of the Girl's Friendly Society of St. James Church, which has a number of poor persons under its care. One of these, Mary Anderson, aged 15, was broken down and was unable to take a vacation in the country offered by Miss Gary because the tailor who employed her threatened to discharge her if she went away without providing a substitute. Miss Gary sent the girl away and worked herself for the tailor shop two weeks, leaving her luxurious home at 6 o'clock in the morning and returning at 7 at night. Truly, this is practical Christianity.

Cupid and Cupidity in Brittany.

In Brittany a curious matrimonial custom prevails. On certain festive days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, denotes 100 francs per annum, and each yellow band denotes gold and betokens 1,000 francs a year. Thus a young man who sees a face that pleases him has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat to learn what amount accompanies the wearer.

Baldness Due to Indigestion.

Of all the causes of premature baldness none is so common as indigestion. Dyspepsia and weak and falling hair go hand in hand. As the other affection has increased so has the one, and not all the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease of Siberia nor the cantharides of Spain will prevent a man's hair from shortening and thinning whose stomach is badly out of order. Indeed, anything which debilitates the nervous system has a weakening effect on the scalp tissues, which shows that loss of hair may proceed from general as well as local causes.—*New York Telegram*.

The Nizam of Hyderabad paid \$65,000 for the big Gordon-Orr diamond to wear in his head-dress. Before cutting, the stone weighed 87½ carats, and after cutting, 24½ carats. It is said to be the best, purest and most brilliant stone known.

Cumso (reading the newspaper): An African explorer has discovered a wonderful race of hardy dwarfs at Hohm. Mrs. Cumso (weevely): That was much better than finding them away from home—at the club, for instance.

The Empress Frederick's youngest and prettiest daughter, who is soon to marry Prince Adolph, of Schaumburg-Lippe, is a girl of attractive figure, with blue eyes and fair hair. She is devoted to out-of-door exercises, and rides, plays lawn tennis and drives a four-in-hand in fine style.

CAN THEY BE TEEN?

How Some Ministers and Clergymen Behave Themselves.

A clergyman, writing on "Bad manners in Church," gives the following description of the conduct of the choir and minister: "To begin with the minister. Mark how often he is restless and inattentive when not himself directly engaged in leading the service. Who has not seen him leave the pulpit after entering it, and skip down to confer with this or that church officer? While seated and awaiting his 'turn,' he nods to various familiars in the pews. During the parts of the service rendered by the choir he busies himself in turning the pages of the hymn-book or fumbling with the paper on the side-table. If a brother clergyman sits beside him, he chats with him while the service of song proceeds. If the other clergyman offers prayers, his eyes are wide open and wandering. What an utter lack of reverence! What an object-lesson in bad manners, visible and demoralizing to the entire assembly!"

We have attended service in a great many places in Canada and are thankful that we never saw a minister behave in that way. We hope the number of those who do conduct themselves among our neighbors is small. Still, there must be some ground for complaint, or a staid conservative journal like the *Christian at Work* would not publish the clergyman's letter. Here is what he says about choir:

"Pass to the choir. The example of ministerial indecorum naturally corrupts the singers. They regard themselves as performers and the service as a performance. As soon as their duties are discharged, sometimes while they are proceeding, their by-play is noticeable and annoying. When the sermon is reached the curtains of the choir loft are hastily drawn. The soprano places a box of caramels in her lap, draws a novel from her pocket and regales her palate and her mind at the same time. The organist scribbles notes to the contralto. The bass closes his eyes and nods assent to the minister in the wrong places. Meantime, the tenor slips out and speeds away to an adjacent saloon to wet his whistle. All are alert, however, when the last hymn is reached, and the curtains are drawn back to display the choir once more. True, the bass's hair is unkempt, the soprano is chewing suspiciously, as though she had not had quite time to dispose satisfactorily of that last caramel; but the organist is seated decorously at the key-board; the contralto stands demurely in her place; while the tenor displays an amount of white shirt front which is calculated to mislead observers into imagining he means to make a clean breast of his evil doings.

Better a thousand times over to have no singing at all than have the Sabbath profaned and the House of God desecrated in that way. Canadian congregations cannot watch too closely the beginnings of such scandalous practices."—*Canada Presbyterian*.

A CHICAGO SCANDAL.

How Unfortunate Women are Said to Have to Contribute to the Public Funds.

Startling revelations were made last week by the Woman's Alliance of Chicago to the judges of the Circuit and Superior Courts. It was proven that the Police Courts were fostering a system of fining unfortunate women for revenue only—that for this purpose women and girls are arrested in droves, fined only in their capacity to "earn," and all for the purpose of giving the professional "bailor," the "shyster" and the judge each a fee, leaving \$1 besides for the City Treasurer. The Alliance claims that the whole machinery of the police force of Chicago is run on this plan. The order is issued to an officer to go out and bring in a "load," because, forsooth, these who live off the trade of law enforcement need a little money, and in gathering the "load" innocent girls, married women in company with their husbands, have been arrested and in spite of all pleading and remonstrance placed in the wagon and driven to police headquarters. When taken before the judge it has been proven that they were "doing nothing," but the fine was levied just the same and their names entered on the long roll of convicts. The Alliance also claims that on the other hand a procuress who has enticed scores of innocent girls to her den—who has made \$30,000 off by dress and shame, when prosecuted by distracted parents, has been allowed to go free on some technicality. Judges Tuley, Altgeld and Shepherd replied to the ladies charging them to push the cause of girlhood against the city boldly, Judge Altgeld saying: "You should not hesitate to mention the names of those who are to blame, be they high or low, in or out of office."

The U. S. Wheat Crops.

The Chicago Farmer's Review says: The prophecies of a shortage in the winter wheat crop are confirmed by the late reports of private correspondents relative to the yield and condition of the grain. Winter killing and the ravages of insects reduced the crop in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi. In Kansas drought prevented the perfect development of the berry, while the wheat fields of the Pacific coast, as also those of the Southern and Eastern States, were drowned out by the excessive rainfall experienced during the early spring months. It may safely be said that the average condition of the entire crop when harvesting commenced was 20 per cent. below the average. The Review estimates a total of 273,444,436 bushels as the entire wheat crop of the United States, but adds that, considering the low condition of wheat at harvesting time, the merchantable product will be considerably less than that figure.

An Agreeable Speech.

Miss Redingote—Mr. Ponsonby, you are very quiet this evening. Do say something agreeable.

Ponsonby (with an effort)—I feel all out of sorts, and I believe I'll say good night.

Miss Redingote (sighing)—There! I knew you could say something nice if you tried.

They have a curious custom at the burial of an unmarried woman in Brazil. The coffin, hearse, and the liver of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and the scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.