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**Back to Grigsby Station.**  
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.  
Papa got his patent right, and rich as all creation;  
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?  
Let's go a-visitin' back to Grigsby Station—  
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!  
The likes of us a-livin' here! It's just a mortal pity  
To see us in this great, big house, with carpets on the stairs,  
And the pump right in the kitchen; and the city!  
And nothing but the city all around us everywhere!  
Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeples,  
And never see a robin, nor a beach or illum tree!  
And right here, in earshot of at least a thousand people,  
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!  
Let's go a-visitin' back to Grigsby Station—  
Back where the latch string's a-hangin' from the door!  
And every neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—  
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!  
I want to see the Wiggenses—the whole kit and billy!  
A-dressin' up from Shallow Ford, to stay the Sunday through,  
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's  
with a-takin' and pillin'!  
Out there at Lizzy Ellen's like they used to do!  
I want to see the piece quilts that Jones' girl is makin'—  
And I want to pester Laury 'bout her freckled hired hand,  
And joke about the widower she come purt' high-a-takin'!  
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.  
Let's go a-visitin' back to Grigsby Station—  
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!  
I want to see Merindy and help her with her sewin'—  
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,  
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me how he's growin'—  
And smile as I have saw her fore she put her mourner on.  
And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower Eighty,  
Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried—for  
Fis own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy,  
As she reads all his letters over, writ from the war.  
What's in all this grand life and high situation,  
And nary pink nor hollyhaw'k bloomin' at the door?  
Let's go a-visitin' back to Grigsby Station—  
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.

**PERVERTED VISION.**  
A Ten-Year-Old Girl Who Reads Printed Matter Upside Down Only.  
A very peculiar case of perverted vision has been presented to Dr. E. W. Brickley, an oculist of this city, writes a York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. A little girl of ten years, the daughter of one of this city's most respected citizens, was discovered by her school teacher to be unable to read her reading exercises unless the book was held upside down. The teacher, Miss Busser, immediately communicated the fact to her parents, and they became very much worried.  
The oculist was called in and an examination made of the child's eyes. The only conclusion arrived at was that the frame of vision was the result of a habit of trying to read with the book pages in an unusual position, a habit contracted some years ago when the child was first sent to school. At this time the child in writing numbers upon a slate always made them upside down, and as it was never observed or corrected she gradually drifted into the habit of reading the same way.  
The only means of cure possible is to teach the child everything over again, as though she never knew anything before. This will be carefully done, and a cure of this really phenomenal case is anxiously looked for in the near future.

**NOTED TUGS FIGHT.**  
Probability that One May Die from Injuries Sustained.  
A New York despatch says: It is reported that "the" Allen is dead. While a game of cards was in progress in a saloon in Bleeker street early this morning a quarrel arose among the party, and John Carreiro, known as "Jap," attacked Allen, and hit off a large piece of his nose and stabbed him in the back and face with an ice-pick. The Jap was pounded by Allen's friends until he became unconscious. He was afterwards removed to the hospital, and Allen taken to his brother's house on 45th street. The latest report is that Allen is in a dangerous condition. Fifteen years ago while Allen was keeper of a faro bank on Broadway he shot and killed Edward Maller, a private detective and gambler. Allen said the shooting was accidental, and as there were no witnesses to contradict him he escaped punishment. For years he kept the "Mobile" on Bleeker street, the most notorious resort for dissolute characters in this city.

**Forty-Four Stars.**  
Here is the arrangement of the forty-four stars in the new flag as it will float on and after to-day. The new star stands for Wyoming, which was admitted into the union just in time to be too late for the re-arrangement of the stars which was ordered a year ago. Every flag floating as the sign of authority of the national government will henceforth conform to this order. The old flag will not all be condemned, but as new emblems are called for, this new arrangement will be observed. "Rah for the old flag and its new setting."—Boston Herald.

The casualties from fast driving in London last year were 250 persons killed and 5,000 injured. This fearful total is declared to be the direct result of smooth, hard pavements.

**A FINISHED PRAYER.**  
Sad Parting Scene in the Sick Room—Papa's Boy Dying.  
The sick room was very still; the night lamp burned low, and the watchers made fantastic shadows on the wall, but no one moved or spoke. The doctor said this was the turning point of the disease, and there was nothing to do but to wait—wait.  
The boy slept and his father kept his eyes fixed upon the thin, wasted features and watched for what he hoped would prove a new lease of life. The mother had gone to lie down and rest. The nurse sat near and dozed. At last the sick child suddenly opened his large bright eyes and said in a clear voice:  
"Papa."  
"What, dear boy?" answered the father, softly.  
"Is it near morning?"  
"Yes, dear boy."  
"And will I be well in the morning?"  
"—I hope so," sobbed the poor father, faintly.  
There was a long silence, then the sick child moved restlessly on his pillows.  
"I want to say my prayers," he murmured.  
The father beckoned to the nurse, and she brought the mother, who stole softly in and knelt on the other side of the bed.  
"Lift me up," said the dying child in a full, clear voice; "hold me, papa, while I say my prayers."  
He clasped his little hands together and repeated like one who was dreaming:  
"Our Father—which art in heaven—hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom—come—Thy kingdom—come—"  
"Papa, I can't remember! I can't remember!"  
"No matter, dear boy; you can finish it in the morning."  
Again he lay among the pillows like a pale lily, and his eyes were open wide.  
"I can't see you, papa," he murmured.  
"Will it soon be morning?"  
"Yes, dear boy."  
"And will I be well then?"  
The poor father could not answer. No one spoke and a faint light soon stole into the room that drowned the flickering rays of the night lamp and showed rosy on the wall. Then suddenly a little voice filled the room. It was so sweet and clear that it sounded like a strain of music from celestial spheres. It was the dying boy finishing his prayer! When he came to the last clause he seemed groping in doubt.  
"Forever and ever—forever and ever—"  
and with the words on his lips he drifted off to sleep again.  
The rising sun shone into the room and lighted up its dim obscurity. It lay in golden bars on the white pillows and touched the little face with a mocking glow of health and strength. Perhaps it awakened him, but in the valley of the shadow of death he could not discern, and with wide open eyes that saw not he murmured plaintively:  
"It is nearly morning, papa?"  
"It is morning now, dear boy."  
A smile trembled on the closed lips—there was a flutter of breath that came and went as the child clasped his thin hands together.  
"Forever and ever—Amen!"—Detroit Free Press.

**HOW CERTAIN FISHES BAY.**  
Its Teeth in Its Throat—Chewing With Its Legs—Queer Habits.  
The carp carries his teeth back in his throat, so that when he has a sore throat he does not know whether to send for the doctor or the dentist.  
The horseshoe crab chews its food with its legs, which is a very curious thing even for a crab to do, while the oyster feeds with its beard.  
The jelly-fish hasn't any teeth, but uses himself just as if he were a piece of paper when he is hungry, getting his food and then wrapping himself about it.  
The starfish, on the contrary, turns himself inside out and wraps his food around him, and stays that way until he has had enough.—Harper's Young People.

**A Horse Story.**  
A remarkable illustration of equine intelligence is reported from Buck Hill, Ohio. A man named Marshall was driving into town with a two-horse team pulling a load of hay. He fell asleep, leaving his team to go as pleased. A hired girl of one of the neighbors had been trundling a little child in a low-wheeled buggy, and while stopping to chat with a friend carelessly left the buggy in the middle of the road just as the heavily loaded hay wagon came along. The driver of the wagon was suddenly awakened by the wagon coming to a standstill. The sleepy fellow rubbed his eyes, and saw his two quiet and sensible horses calmly investigating the buggy and its infant occupant, which was directly in their path, and which they had refused to run down. The child's buggy had been struck by the wagon tongue, upsetting it, and throwing the child under the wheels.

**Points About Finger Nails.**  
Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.  
Pale or lead-colored nails indicate melancholy people.  
People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.  
Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.  
Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.  
Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.  
Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.—Medical Classics.

All the fashionable women who wear those great softly-becoming chiffon bows under their chins tie a corresponding colored ribbon bow on the stick of their parasols. For instance, one of the "tall and lovely peeresses" wore a brown fowered gown and a pale blue necktie, and on the stick of her white lace parasol was big bow of the same color. It looked very pretty, and the idea was improved upon by an American beauty, who had her pink ribbon tying a big bunch of mammoth carnations.

Mr. Christian Helgson, of Thingval, near Langenburg, Manitoba, was shooting blackbirds on Friday, and Miss Thodbold, Trustadadotter, passing 50 yards from where the birds were, was struck in the head by one grain, from the effect of which she died on Saturday. The coroner, on hearing the particulars did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest.

**AMONG THE POETRY.**  
A Sunday School Lesson in Which the Answers are All Alike.  
"How long at the deluge, children, did it rain?" Forty days.  
"How long till the ark was opened after them?" Forty days.  
"How long upon the mount did Moses fast?" Forty days.  
"How long did the embalming of a body last?" Forty days.  
"How long in the wilderness was Elijah sent?" Forty days.  
"How long gave Johah Nineveh to repent?" Forty days.  
"How long did Jesus in the desert fast?" Forty days.  
"How long did the wandering of the children last?" Forty years.  
"How long was it said Israel should live in sin?" Forty years.  
"How long did Saul as King of Israel reign?" Forty years.  
"How long did David for his people grieve?" Forty years.  
"How long did Abaelom to David cleave?" Forty years.  
"How old was Moses leaving Egypt's land?" Forty years.  
"How long did Othnell keep his Lord's command?" Forty years.  
"How long in bondage was Judah held?" Forty years.  
"How old was that lame man whom Peter healed?" Forty years.  
"How long did Egypt's desolation last?" Forty years.  
"How long did Israel keep her idols fast?" Forty years.  
"How long were the spies in searching Canaan's land?" Forty days.  
"How old was Caleb when he joined their band?" Forty years.  
—J. P. Parke, M. D., in Troy Times.

**AMBITIONS TO BE AN ACTRESS.**  
How Love May Change Into Hate by Un-  
toward Events.  
Toronto World: W. H. Sanderson and his wife, Nina A. Sanderson, are evidently not filled with that affectionate regard which ought to exist between man and wife. Sanderson is a well-known commercial traveller, while his wife is almost equally well known by reason of her handsome dressing, her exceedingly blonde locks and her histrionic aspirations. Her first attempt in connection with these longings was as a member of an amateur company, of which A. H. Collins, Bromley, Davenport and Grant Stewart, who subsequently joined the Rosina Vokes Company, were members. When this organization followed the way of all one-night-stand combinations, Mrs. Sanderson's ambition still remained unquenched, and for the purpose of slaking it she repaired to that lode star of aspiring genius, New York. She returned the other day, and this is the way her husband welcomed her home:  
I HEREBY NOTIFY ALL PERSONS THAT I from this date I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Nina A. Sanderson. Dated Toronto, June 30, 1891.  
W. H. SANDERSON.

A blonde of Mrs. Sanderson's type is not the kind of a woman to be bluffed in this way, and she got back at her hubby in the following eloquent terms:  
I DESIRE TO CALL ATTENTION TO A notice recently published by my husband, W. H. Sanderson, to the effect that for the future I shall decline to pay any of his debts or otherwise support him.  
Signed, NINA A. SANDERSON.  
Then followed legal proceedings. Mrs. Sanderson claims that certain household goods which her husband sold are her personal property, and she has instituted proceedings to recover them. She joins P. M. Coffey, a friend of her husband, as a defendant. In her complaint the wife makes serious allegations in regard to the morals of her husband. Mr. Sanderson and his friend, Mr. Coffey, could not be found by the lawyers yesterday.

**Queer Arithmetic.**  
A strolling brass band of four or five pieces had just got ready to toot in front of a house on the avenue, the other day when the owner came out and curtly asked the leader:  
"How much to play?"  
"Five cent," was the reply.  
"How much not to play?"  
"Ten cent."  
"How do you figure that?"  
"Why, if we no play we no hear de moosic, you see?"

**Force of Habit.**  
A lady who wished to weigh her baby, two months old, but who had no scales at hand suitable for the purpose, took the child to a neighboring butcher shop. The butcher put the baby in his spring scales, looked at the dial, and remarked:  
"With the bones and all, mum, it's fourteen pounds and a half."  
"How dare you make such a suggestion!" screamed the woman, as she snatched her baby, and rushed out of the shop.—Youth's Companion.

**Two Points of View.**  
The papers spoke of him as a "genial, witty man about town."  
A writer of Sunday school books took him as a horrible example, and described him as "a drunkard, gambler, blasphemer, liar," etc.  
In reality he was an ordinary, commonplace individual.

**Cutting Her Off.**  
"Safebind is having the telephone taken out of his house, I see."  
"Yes. He is married again, you know."  
"What has that to do with having the telephone taken out of his house?"  
"Why, he married the girl at the central telephone station."

**A Talk With Pa.**  
George—I had a talk with your father this morning and he read me a regular sermon.  
Ethel—What was his text?  
George—Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth.

Gen. Harris, the Republican nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, is 55 years old. He entered the Union army as a private soldier at the outbreak of the war and left the service a brigadier-general.

William Reed, a newspaper compositor in New York, dislocated his jaw the other night while laughing at a joke which he was putting in type.

**HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?**  
A Few Easy Questions to Test One's Extent of Information.  
"General ignorance questions," as they are called, being now in favor with those who are entrusted with the duty of educating our boys, says the London News, the private schoolmaster has taken the trouble to suggest a string of appropriate tests of knowledge of familiar things.  
The chief of these are: "Why does an apple fall to the ground?" "What is a jury and how are jurors elected?" "Explain as you can the action of the electric telegraph." "What keeps the earth in position?" "How would you spend a present of five pounds sterling in books?" "Why do most leaves turn color in autumn?" "What is the difference between tradition and history, art and science, parable and allegory, murder and homicide, simulation and dissimulation, bill and act?" "Name some of the chief English daily and weekly newspapers." "Name some of the planets that move round the sun." "Why does marble appear colder to the touch than wood?" "How many senses have we?"  
The author of this little plot does not conceal the fact that he looks forward to eliciting some "amusingly original answers."

**CAN HE CALL DOWN RAIN?**  
An Inventor Testing the Efficacy of Gas Explosions at High Elevations.  
A Washington despatch says: Col. Dyrenforth, of the Department of Agriculture, with two assistants, left here to-day for the interior of Texas, where they will make further experiments in the feasibility of producing rain in arid regions by exploding balloons charged with oxygen and hydrogen at a considerable height in the air. Tests will also be made in exploding dynamite attached to the tails of huge kites, in connection with the theory that rain may be produced by the concussion of high explosives in mid-air. The dynamite is to be exploded in the same manner as are the balloons, that is by a slender wire leading to the kites, and connected with an electric battery worked on the ground. Col. Dyrenforth will seek some sequestered spot in Texas where the noise will not disturb any one, and will make thorough and exhaustive experiments.

**DOSE TREES WITH SULPHUR.**  
That's the Way to Get Rid of Caterpillars and Such.  
The tying of a piece of wool round a tree stem to down the bugs and vermin is a poor idea, because it is based on the supposition that all these nuisances ascend from the ground, whereas in most instances the eggs are laid in the foliage above the supposed ground. The only actual preventive involves a delicate operation, which, however, can be successfully performed by a man with a steady hand. It consists in boring a small hole in the tree near the ground and filling it with sulphur. The sap carries this over the tree, and there will be few insects settle or crawl on any part of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Reading Aloud.**  
Too little attention is paid nowadays to the superior advantages to be gained from correct reading aloud. In the schools this highly necessary branch of education is too often considered as simple as not to require any special study, and the practice of reading aloud is almost entirely neglected. It is an accomplishment far more indispensable than almost any other, for it is a known method of averting consumption or entertaining one's friends, and of showing the true quality of the mind. It is one of those exercises which combine mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. To read aloud well one should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice and feel within him that every syllable is distinctly enunciated. Every public speaker ought to know whether he is distinctly heard by the farthest auditor in the room; if he does not it is because he does not understand the proper use of the voice. Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as singing does. The effect is to induce the drawing of long breaths oftener and deeper than is done in reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.—Jennens-Miller's Magazine.

**Too Strict.**  
In Germany the police regulations are very strict, and any violation of them is promptly punished. The people have a holy terror of the law. Two gentlemen happened to meet in Berlin and the following conversation took place:  
"Have you heard the dreadful news about Miller?"  
"No, what is it?"  
"He was in a boat on the river. He fell overboard and was drowned. The water was too deep."  
"Didn't he know how to swim?"  
"Swim! Don't you know that all persons are forbidden by the police to swim in the river."

**The Baby Basket.**  
A nice present for a little girl is a baby basket for her doll. Every little girl enjoys washing and dressing her doll, and this basket is just what she needs; it can be easily made. Buy a small basket and line it with some pretty shade of satin or silk; around the sides of the basket make pockets to hold the small cake of soap, the comb and brush.  
In the centre of the basket make a pin-cushion for the babies' pins; tiny towels can be made for the basket, and a sponge or small wash-rag, used for washing.  
Around the outside of the basket gather some pretty lace, and tie a bow of ribbon on one of the handles.—Doll's Dressmaker.

Mr. Felix Delenze, a wealthy Parisian widower, adopted twelve years ago sixteen orphan girls and gave them homes under his own roof. Five have married comfortably, each bride receiving \$4,000 as a dowry; two have taken the veil and nine remain. Such Delenzians sweeten life.

Many poor people, ambitious of social distinction, are kept down by trying to keep up.

**HOW THE JAP VOTED.**  
Something That May Make the Average Canadian Smile.  
The polls had opened at 8 o'clock, and one by one the Japanese had come straggling in from the surrounding country. The greater number gathered in the small meeting hall just outside the polling room, whence arose a quiet buzzing. It was a reminder of the gathering in the churchyard on Sunday, in old times, between the morning and the afternoon services. There was little laughter, less loud argument and no angry disputing. Every now and then, like bees leaving a hive, a figure was seen to separate from the rest and move off toward the polling-room.  
A gentleman in every act, the Japanese voter bows as he enters to the official at the door, carefully writes his ballot and affixes his seal, then with great deliberation folds it and places it in the oblong official envelope. When this is finished the long-elevated voter walks over to the tachianin, or inspectors. Here further effusions of politeness take place, while the voter gives his name, number and address, and is checked off on the register. Then, with another gesture of courtesy, he turns to the ballot-box, and with a bow, perhaps in duplicate, to the kind old mayor, who sits behind the box, he carefully deposits his ballot and quietly retires by another door.—Scribner's Magazine.

**A LITTLE CHINESE BABY.**  
A Daughter Born in the Family of the Minister from China.  
The birth of a girl baby in the family of the Chinese Minister has been the subject of general rejoicing at the legation for ten days. The tiny maiden is kept in the strictest seclusion for the first month of her existence, in accordance with the laws of the Celestial Kingdom, which also require the seclusion of the mother for the same time.  
The Minister has already selected a name for his daughter, but until the expiration of a month this will be kept a profound secret. This is the second child born to the family of Chinese nobility in this country.  
The first child was named Mea, which, translated, is alleged to signify Beautiful American. She was the daughter of the present Minister's aged predecessor.—Washington Special in New York Times.

**Origin of the Song "Darling Nellie Gray."**  
The old plantation favorite, "Darling Nellie Gray," was published first in this city. I do not know by whom. I was at a little musicale the other night, and some folks were there who were better posted about the origin of songs which have become famous than they are about music. One of the party said what I have just told you. And then he added some information which was new to me.  
He said that the author was Benjamin R. Harnby, of Butler county, O. He was a preacher and an avowed abolitionist. He read an account of a young colored girl whose name was Nellie Gray, who had been sold and taken away from her colored lover. He wrote a song from the incident and sent the words to a Chicago firm, but never heard anything from it.

A long time after the sending of the words he was a visitor at the house of a young lady who lived at Columbus, O. He asked her to play something. She said she had nothing new except a negro song which had recently come out. She then played and sang "Nellie Gray." Harnby asked to see the music, which was granted of course. He then pointed out his name on the music. She had not noticed that, or if she had she had not connected the name with the song. It was the first time he had ever heard it. Harnby wrote to the firm that published the music, calling attention to the fact that he wrote the words. The publishers sent him six copies of the song, which was all the pay he ever got. The publishers, according to the gentleman who told the story, made a fortune out of it.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

**Novelties in Furniture.**  
A handsome mahogany parlor suite is in empire style, picked out in gold.  
A choice pair, Louis XV. style is done in carved gilt, with a delicate peach and soft olive coloring.  
Dead gold combined with burnished gold is a distinct and strong feature in the finish of the new goods.  
One of the most beautiful parlor suits is decorated with an exquisite Watteau upon the backs of the various pieces.  
Jewel cases of the daintiest and most delicate forms, beautifully covered, are made particularly for "mamselle's boudoir."  
An Egyptian booth, with elaborately designed fretwork top, is a striking oddity for a hall stand, and a full-length mirror in the rear reflects the first to good effect.  
A massively carved bull's head forms the back of a curious hall chair. The polished back and seat and carved legs closely resemble the cloven hoof of the bovine.—Upholsterer.

**Something To Be Avoided.**  
We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that would put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts, says the New York Ledger. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression you would not use for any money. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and, though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impressions had been indelibly stamped upon the heart.

The Duke of Athol, the chieftain of the Murrys, adheres to the antique kilts of the Highlands. Once a year he gives a ball, to which the chieftains of all the neighboring clans come clad in plaids and accompanied by their pipers.

The friendship of the bad is like the shadow of an overhanging bank, ready to crush him who sits beneath.