☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD

A WOMAN WHO NEVER GOSSIPS.

"I never would gossip. There isn't a woman
More close-mouthed than I am. There
never could be;
It goes into one ear and out of the other,
And little they'd know if they waited for
me
To tell or repeat what I see or I hear;
I'm a woman who never could gossip, my
dear.

"But, Mrs. Smith, really, I can not help telling you,
My Anna Maria, she's coming home soon
From a visit to Mary Brown over in Templeton;
She says that the wash hasn't been out till
noon
One week since she's been there; now ain't
it a shame,
But Mary's a slattern by nature and name.

"When Harry Brown married I said 'twas no
good to him
Taking a Bennett, they're a shiftless, poor
set;
And the Browns are forehanded, you might
as 'ey're stingy;
I warn 'em beforehand, but small thanks
you get
For advising your neighbors. I've found
that is true;
They're sure to resent it whatever you do.

"Now would you believe Elizabeth Cameron
Flew into a passion and called me a hen,
A meddlesome hen, when I told her the
neighbors said
That she flirted too much with the young
gentlemen
Who here at her mother's? How was I to
know
They were friends of her brothers, and one
was her beau?

"Did you notice Miss White wore a blue dress
last Sunday?
For a maiden of forty don't that look
rather gay?
And M. . Tucker told me—but don't say
that I said so—
She's trying to marry old Dr. Fred Gray.
'No fool's like an old fool,' so may be it's
true;
She'll live to repent it, between me and you.

"The Greens have lost money, and, pray do
not mention it,
But his wife and his mother can never
agree;
He told me so yesterday in strictest confidence.
But I don't want it told as coming from me.
I don't call it gossiping just telling you.
I must go now; come over real soon, please
do."

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

REALLY COLD.

Talk with a Canadian About the Weather in Manitoba.

How the Farmer Dresses—What He Eats—His Daily Life—The Intense Heat of the Summer—Keeping Warm in Winter.

"Cold!" said a Canadian from Winnipeg to a representative of the New York *Sun*, during the cold snap a few days ago. "Cold! Why surely you don't call this cold. Up in my country it is occasionally so cold at this season of the year that the cows give ice cream when they are milked. I tell you that there can be no trifling with the cold up there. Look at the way we dress. In winter we all wear furs. The policemen at Winnipeg have buffalo coats down to their heels, and every man, rich or poor, in the Northwest must wear a fur cap. I have known the cold to penetrate the skull of a man who went out one day with an ordinary felt hat, and brain-fever carried him off in three days. The streets of Winnipeg just now are full of men who move about like animals in menagerie cages. You see nothing but beaver and otter, and Persian lamb and seal, and mink and raccoon, and marten and muskrat, and all the furs that ever adorned the Goths or Ostro-Goths, who first brought the choice furs of the North to Southern and Central Europe. And the sleighs are covered with black and brown bear, and grizzly skins and buffalo robes, while an occasional Astrakhan gives evidence of luxury and costly furs. Without furs we could not live in winter up in that country. We not only use them as articles of luxury, as the Chinese use the ermine, sable or the fiery fox, but we are obliged to use them as articles of necessity. And every piece of skin is utilized. The hardy voyageurs and coureurs du bois dress themselves in buckskin with head-dresses of wolf, lynx, badger or wildcat hides, while silver and blue-fox furs may be seen on the heads of the rich. A man must be very hard up in Winnipeg who does not own a fur coat, cap and gloves or mittens. A walk through the streets may be turned into a lesson in natural history by those who read as they run. In fact a great many people buy more expensive furs than they can afford. Winter is our season of extravagance, and in our attempt to possess costly furs we often go ruinously beyond our means.

"As for the cold," he continued, "it is severe, but we do not feel it as much as you might fancy. We are dressed for it, and our houses are built to resist it. All our houses have double doors and double windows. Fires are, of course, kept going night and day. We are not much out of doors in winter, and yet nearly everybody gets frostbitten at times. When we see a man on the street with a white spot on his cheek or nose we stop and point to the afflicted part. He will understand at once. If the weather is very cold we can't speak to each other very well, for our mustaches freeze to our beards and form a crust of ice over our mouths. We must thaw this off before we can talk. On the plains, sometimes, a man is frozen to death, but this does not often happen. It is no joke to be caught in a blizzard on the prairies. It happened to me once a little north of 'Medicine Hat.' It was in January, and the thermometer was about five degrees below zero, but the wind blew at the rate of thirty miles an hour. I was traveling with a half-breed guide and a dog sleigh. We upset the sleigh, got the dogs and ourselves under it as well as we could, wrapped the furs around us, and let it blow away. The snow soon piled over us until we had an irregular wall a quarter of a mile long and ten feet high on each side of us next morning when the blizzard abated. This may surprise you, but a mound six inches high is enough to enable the snow to lodge and pile up until it forms a blockade five miles long on the prairies. As for the dogs we fed them on fish. We gave each dog a fish at the end of a day's journey. Fish are light to carry, and the dogs like them. We can, too, if near the lake, always get a fresh supply by cutting through the ice and putting a bait down the hole.

"Yes, it is cold; but it is not the cold we object to so much as the length of the winters. The snow is on the ground for seven months in our Northwest. Fortunately there is not much of it. We never have more than a foot of snow during the winter, or just enough to make good sleighing. At the base of the Rocky Mountains the ground is clear of snow for the greater part of the season. The climate there is as temperate as it is in New York. This is owing to the 'Chinook winds.' These winds come from the Pacific Ocean through the Chinook Pass. They affect the temperature of the adjoining country. Out there I have seen cattle feeding on the plains in January and February. But the region thus affected is small, and we have no other modifying influences in our climate.

"The absence of great bodies of water is, in my opinion, the chief cause of the intense cold in our Canadian Northwest. One of the best proofs I can give you of the severity of the climate is found in the fact that you may travel for hundreds of miles on the plains without seeing a bowlder or a stone. The frost pulverizes them. They burst asunder as though blown apart with gunpowder, and solid materials have thus been converted into soil. The worst of it is that the cold comes so early and stays so late. We can raise neither apples, pears, nor peaches up there. Nor can we raise Indian corn, and for that reason our Canadian Northwest can never be a great pork country. Small fruits, cherries, raspberries, currants and strawberries, however, will ripen, but we can not hope to make fruit abundant. The cold is too severe to enable us to raise anything but the hardiest kinds of fruit and corn those which ripen early.

"We who live in the cities do not suffer from the cold half as much as the farmers. Wood is scarce all over the country, and the farmer is obliged to economize his fuel. This is one of his greatest hardships. Along the line of railway he can get coal, which is now found in great abundance on the Saskatchewan, but when the farmer has to depend on wood for fuel he has a hard time of it in winter. He sometimes makes fuel out of his manure heap in the autumn, after the manner of the Mennonites, by mixing it with straw and working it into the consistence of peat. This burns well, but in the end it will be found expensive. He must let his fire go out every night and light it next morning when the thermometer may be twenty, thirty, or forty degrees below zero. His dog generally sleeps at the foot of his bed. Everything in the house freezes. If he happens to put his lips to any iron substance before he lights the fire his lips stick to it and the skin peels off before he can release them. If his collar is not good he will find everything he has, in the way of eatables, frozen. He never wears boots. If he did his feet would freeze. He puts on three or four pairs of stockings and a pair of moccasins. If he wants to visit a neighbor, who probably lives miles away, he must travel on snowshoes. The air is so rarefied that his coming can be heard a mile away. As he beats down the snow in walking the noise will make a dog bark at the distance of half a mile. The stillness is depressing. He never sees a bird all through the winter, and the sight of a coyote is always welcome. The 'caw, caw' of a crow to him is a messenger of joy, for it presages the spring. That 'caw, caw' is the Northwest Canadian farmers' opera, and no lover of music ever listened to the queen of the operatic stage with more pleasure than he does to the crow as it gives out its 'caw' over the bleak plains of Manitoba, Alberta, or Assiniboia. He has, indeed, the aurora to look at in winter, and he does not tire of it soon either. The great streamers of tremulous light are his only outside attractions. I have seen, more than once, these streamers go up from every point of the compass and meet at the zenith, where a meteor of great brilliancy was formed. This occurred at Prince Albert, which, with Edmonton, is the most northerly settlement in the Canadian northwest.

"The Northwestern Canadian is not a visiting man. He spends all his time in winter between his house and his outhouses, if he has any. He looks forward to splendid fields of wheat and oats to compensate him for the hardships he endures. But he must be careful. These large yields per acre will become less every year unless the farmers manure their lands. In Minnesota and Iowa thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre were not uncommon when the lands in those States were first broken, and now I suppose that they do not average more than sixteen. The American farmers neglect to farm scientifically, and worked the land for all it was worth. It is just the same with us. The summers are short and hot. It is hotter in Winnipeg than it is in New York. But here, too, we are ahead of you people in some things. As we dress for the winter in furs, we dress for the summer in a becoming way. Down here a man is supposed to shiver in a tall black hat and kid gloves in winter with a pair of earlaps making him hideous, while in summer he is expected to change the color of the hat only, while he roasts under an overcoat which he calls a duster. It is very different with us. In summer we wear thick helmets with good ventilation, and we keep the sun off our heads while we have plenty of air. We also wear light clothes, suited to the season, and flannel shirts with flannel collars attached are general even among the wealthy. When these are white they are becoming, and nothing else is so cool. Then we wear white canvas shoes, and if we dress for comfort we also dress with taste. But we are worried with flies. They come in millions. There are black flies, mosquitoes, bulldogs and sandflies or bots, and can't see 'em,' as the Indians call them.

"As for the Indians, they never bother us. But do not fancy that the Indians in the Canadian Northwest are quiet because of the paternal policy of the Canadian Government. That is a popular delusion. The Indians are quiet, or have been, because the Hudson Bay Company, which had judicial and commercial control of the country for nearly two centuries, treated them well. It was to the interest of the Hudson Bay Company to be on good terms with the Indians, and the fact that in their long intercourse with the Indians the company had only one of their number killed is sufficient proof of the friendly relations which existed between the redskins and the whitemen all over the Canadian Northwest. I have heard factors, as the managers of the Hudson Bay posts are called, say that they always gave trust to the Indians in the old days, and that the Indians always paid their indebtedness; that there were very few disputes, and those that did occur were always settled by the legal authorities, and in conformity with the methods of the Indian as well as those of the white man. You see the Hudson Bay Company wanted nothing from the Indian but his furs, and so long as the Indian was not robbed of his land he looked on the Hudson Bay Company as a benefactor, and it was to his interest to carry out his obligations and preserve peace and order. We never had any trouble with the Indians until the Canadian Government bought the Northwestern territories from the Hudson Bay Company for $1,500,000, the cheapest purchase ever made. Now a few of the Indians are uneasy because we are taxing their lands. But it does not amount to anything.

"About immigration—well, we have been disappointed, I confess, and the country will not be peopled as fast as we anticipated. But as we grow the difficulties in our way will be removed, just as they have been in every other country. I am not afraid of our future."

With this the Canadian buttoned his coat and departed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

RACCOONS.

Description of an Animal Well Known to Farmers' Boys.

The family of the raccoons is confined in its distribution to America. There are two genera—*Nasua*, to which the coatimondi of Mexico belongs, and *Procyon*, which includes the common raccoon. The latter animal (*Procyon lotor*) is found in almost every State of the Union, and wherever abundant has the reputation of being a destructive rogue; but not infrequently the ravages ascribed to this species are in reality caused by other animals. To ripe corn the "coon" is particularly destructive, breaking down the stalks to get at the juicy ears, and committing sad havoc. Rarely it enters the poultry-house, but when it does it is apt to leave a sanguinary scene behind it, usually eating only the heads of the fowls, and leaving the bodies untouched. The raccoon also feeds on eggs, ducks and frogs, and is very fond of the common fresh water mussel. Its home is in the thickest woods, usually in a swampy locality; here it makes its abode in a hollow tree, and rears annually a litter of from four to six young, which are born generally in May.

Like the bear, the "coon" hibernates during the winter months, but frequently ventures out even when snow is upon the ground and the weather is intensely cold. This species is easily tamed, and makes an attractive, monkey-like pet; it is readily taught many tricks, especially that of searching its master's pockets for dainties. In captivity it is almost omnivorous, scarcely refusing when hungry anything belonging to the genus *Homo*. The flesh of the raccoon is excellent eating, being fat and well flavored, and many are killed for the table. It is a cunning animal, and exceedingly difficult to shoot even when "treed" in broad daylight by torchlight, however, the case is different, for the animal, after ascending a tree to what it seems a safe distance, stands staring at the light, an unfailing target for a rifle ball. In holiday and night shooting, the "coon" is discovered and driven into a tree by dogs trained for this kind of hunting. In districts where much disturbed, the raccoon is almost as hard to trap as a fox, and my advice is to let the raccoon or let him alone; he is no farm-yard robber, but a truly wild animal, and "gamey," the farmer will gain nothing by the extermination of this handsome animal.

The raccoon is easily recognized. The body is greyish above, mixed with black, and almost white beneath; there is a black patch across each eye; the tail is long and bushy, and is ringed with annulations of black and grey. The teeth are forty in number, the canines (eye teeth) long and sharp, and the whole dentition carnivorous. An old male "coon" will measure twenty-seven inches from point of nose to root of tail, and the tail itself nine inches more, and will weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds, according to condition. The feet of this species are plantigrade, and the soles naked, like those of its near relative the bear.—*Country Gentleman.*

MUSIC-BOXES.

Popular Airs Concealed in Common Articles Which Bring Fancy Prices.

"The demand for fine music-boxes is greatly on the increase in this country," said a salesman. "During the last four years we have doubled each year on the sales of the preceding one. Perhaps Patti's famous music box, which was manufactured for her at a cost of $20,000, set the craze going. I know that no matter how expensive an instrument we import there is sale for it. Novelties in music-boxes are being constantly turned out by skilled workmen. They are all made in Switzerland, either at St. Croix or Geneva. They find there way to America, of every quality and price, from fifty cents to $2,500. A Chicago brewer bought one from us not long ago which would play sixty-four tunes. He paid $1,500. I sold one to a La Crosse (Wis.) man for $1,250; it played twenty-four airs. Of course the expense of an instrument can be greatly increased or decreased, the same as a piano, by its case.

"How long will one of these instruments last if kept constantly in motion?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, a lifetime, with proper care. They are just like a watch. If a portion of the mechanism wears out it can be replaced.

"The demand is greatest for boxes ranging in price from $75 to $300; more, however, at $200 than $75. There is something very fascinating in a music-box. Frequently people come in from some inland town with the intention of buying a music-box which will cost $50 or $100. When they listen to the different instrument they are not satisfied with anything cheap, and invariably take one running up into the hundreds in price."

"What are the airs which most of those boxes are arranged to produce?"

"Tunes made for our trade nearly all play operatic airs or tunes popular in America. This box, however, turns out two German airs."

He held up, as he spoke, a large beer mug of clear cut-glass. It would hold a out a quart of liquid, and was provided with a glass cover like a syrup-pitcher. It was designed for a tankard from which beer could be poured into smaller glasses. The action of lifting it and pouring out the beer would set the music concealed in the transparent bottom free. A wine bottle constructed in the same manner was seen. Little revolving ebony cigar-holders, ornamented with hammered brass, served as another device for the easing of musical machinery. They were likewise provided with two small cups for cognac or curlid, and two tiny glasses. Other cigar-holders were in the form of brass cannon, which, as they recited off tunes, fired the cigars from their receptacle. Bouquet-holders containing bunches of artificial flowers are arranged to perform the same feat. In fact, it seems as if there is scarcely anything manufactured for household use or ornament which may not be utilized for a music box.—*Chicago News.*

—Quill pens are again in fashion. They are well adapted for the large, angular penmanship now in favor among ladies.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

JOE'S WISHES.

I wish I was a Hottentot,
Or else an Eskimo,
For then I'd need no home at all,
Or, just a house of snow,
I'd never have to wipe my feet,
Or stop to shut the door,
Or even sit up in a chair
When I prefer the floor.

"It's 'Joe, look out!' You'll knock that vase
Or, 'Joe, any boy, take care!'
Do put that book up in its place,
And don't tip back your chair!
Do brush your hair and wash your hands,
And stop your whistling, Joe;
Look how you're wiggling on the floor."
And now I'd have to know

What is the use of lots of things?
And so much "taking care!"
The world's so big we might as well
Just hang up anywhere.
And, then, there's school! It makes me sick
To think what I endure;
For grammar and arithmetic
Will kill me, I am sure.

I think I'll be a savage man,
And roam about the wood
With this sling-shot I'd kill enough
To keep supplied with food.
Hurrah! I hear the dinner bell;
I smell a chicken-stew.
I'll wait to be a savage man
Another day or two.

—Mrs. S. M. Wells.

A "REG'LAR BEAUTY."

How the Boys' Jack o'Lantern Saved a Railroad Train.

"There, boys," said Aunt Prue, laying her knife upon the table and stepping back, "it is finished now. How do you like it?"

"It's a reg'lar beauty," said Dan, with his head on one side and both hands in his trousers pockets, a favorite attitude with him when especially pleased. "Aunt Prue, you're a—a brick."

"Thank you, Dan!" said Aunt Prue, with a smile. "I'm glad you like it. And you, Jack?"

"I'm pleased all through," said Jack, mightily. "And I love you a heap, Aunt Prue."

"For the land sake, Pete Downey! what have you been doing?" asked a voice in the doorway, as a tired-looking woman came into the little kitchen and set the empty clothes-basket on the floor. "I should think you would be tired enough to rest after the big washing we've done today. What is that horrid thing?"

"Dan says it's a regular beauty," laughed Prue, her clear, sweet voice filling the little room with merry music. "A beauty!" exclaimed the boys' mother. "It's perfectly frightful!"

"Please, mamma," began Dan, "can't we go over and show it to Tommy Jones?"

"After night," suggested Jack, "when we can put a light inside. It'll show off big, then won't it, Aunt Prue?"

"One would think you had something nice to hear you go on about it," said Mrs. Martin, peevishly.

"They have so few enjoyments, you know, sister," said Prue, softly. "And they'll never have another childhood. It seems to me that we ought to brighten this one up all we can. It takes so very little to make the dear boys happy."

"Can we go, mother?" interrupted Dan.

"I'll see," said Mrs. Martin, wearily.

"That means yes. Oh, goody!" cried Jack, turning a somersault on the kitchen floor.

"We'll put it on the gate-post, and then we'll whistle, and Tommy will come out to see what's going on, and it'll scare him," said Dan, gleefully. "What's it's name, Aunt Prue?"

"It is called a jack-o'-lantern."

"That's right down mean," said Dan, disapprovingly. "Ain't there any Dan-o'-lanterns, too?"

Aunt Prue laughed, and the tired mother was compelled to join in the fun. This was a great help to the boys. They were sure of obtaining their desires when mother smiled.

"Get the candle, quick!" said Dan to Aunt Prue, fearful lest the golden opportunity might not last.

An hour later, two very happy little boys might have been seen trudging along the road, taking turns in carrying the precious jack-o'-lantern, with its square eyes and crescent-shaped mouth filled with sharp, irregular teeth. A wedge-shaped hole served for a nose, and, with the flaring candle inside, it presented a truly terrific appearance.

The road was very muddy on account of the recent heavy rains, and the boys took a short cut across the fields.

A brook flowed along between the boys and their destination; but they utterly ignored bridges and stepping-stones. They could cross at any place they chose, if only being necessary, for this purpose, to roll their trousers a little higher and wade in.

"What's that roaring, Jack?" asked Dan, when their merry chatter had ceased for a moment, and the space was filled with a rumbling, rushing sound.

"It's the creek," cried Jack, making a sudden, impetuous start for the place where the creek used to be.

"It's the biggest kind of a river now," he called back to Dan, who reached his side a moment later. "We can't ever wade across it."

"Well," said Dan, who didn't mean to have his pleasure spoiled by such an insignificant circumstance, "we can go across on the railroad bridge—can't we?"

"Course we can!" said Jack, stoutly. Who cares if it is most a mile further?"

The boys turned away from the noisy creek, which, as Jack said, "was the biggest kind of a river." At least it was the noisiest kind of a one. They soon came to the railroad track.

The creek at this place wound about considerably, and there would be a long walk on the track before the boys would reach the bridge.

"Mother'd be frightened to death if she knew that we were on the track," said Dan.

"Guess we can take care of ourselves!" replied Jack. "Hark! I hear the train a-coming now. It's lucky we ain't on the bridge."

"It's coming from behind us," said Dan. "Let's get up on this big stump, close by the track, and show the folks our lantern."

"He would not call it a jack-o'-lantern. It seemed like giving the biggest share to his brother.

"I'll bet a dollar their eyes 'll stick out when they see it," chuckled Jack. "May be they'll think it's a ghost."

They had scarcely got themselves in good position when the night express came thundering down toward them.

Dan held the jack-o'-lantern aloft, and waved it to and fro, the better to attract the attention of the people on the train.

"They're stopping the train," cried Jack, in great surprise. "They want to get a better look at it."

Sure enough, the great engine puffed and wheezed and snorted as though terribly frightened at the two little boys and their jack-o'-lantern and finally came to a "stop" quite near them.

"What's wrong?" exclaimed the conductor, coming up to the boys.

"Nothing, sir, but we thought the folks would like to see our jack-o'-lantern," said Jack, proudly. "We'll let you take it in for 'em to look at, if you want to."

At which generous offer the conductor was impolite enough to say very harsh and disrespectful things of their wonderful lantern.

He was just about to wave his lantern as a signal for the engineer to "go on," when a shrill little shout was heard down the track, and a hatless boy came running toward the train, waving his arms in the greatest excitement.

"The bridge is gone! the bridge is gone!" he shouted, and the conductor heard him just in time to prevent the train from starting.

It was Tommy Jones, but there was no time for him to examine and admire the jack-o'-lantern just then. Even Dan and Jack forgot all about it, and left it on the stump, while they joined the crowd from the train, who went forward to examine the place over the creek where the bridge had been.

The heavy rains and the sudden rise of water in the creek had washed the bank away on each side, and the further end of the bridge was loosened. It was not entirely gone. Tommy had crossed on it, but the weight of the train would have carried it away.

"I was coming over to your house," explained Tommy, "and I saw that the bridge was most gone. Then I thought of the train, and if they hadn't stopped to see your lantern—"

He paused abruptly, seeing that the conductor was standing close behind them.

"Not a soul of us would have been alive at this moment," said the conductor, finishing Tommy's sentence solemnly.

The railroad company did not forget the three little boys who had been the means of averting such a terrible catastrophe, and one day Aunt Prue received a small, mysterious package. On opening it she beheld a beautiful gold watch for the young lady who made the jack-o'-lantern when saved the train.—*Rose Eastwood, Thorpe, in Golden Days.*

A GRAND WASHING.

How Mattie and Nettie Managed to Make Pleasant a Very Dreary Day.

"Dear me!" said Mattie, "this is a very dreary day."

"There's not a thing to do," said Nettie. "I'm tired of every one of our plays. How I wish we could go out in the snow!"

At last Mattie had a happy thought. "Let us have a grand washing," she cried. "I'm sure our dolls' clothes need washing."

"Oh, yes," said Nettie, "and we can dry them before the fire."

Nurse said they might do as large a washing as they pleased. She spread an old rug down in one corner of the nursery, and gave them the small bath-tub, and two washbowls. Then she fixed the light clothes-lines in front of the grate, so they could dry their washing on them. Nurse tied a large spotted apron on Mattie, and a large checked one on Nettie, then they were ready to go to work.

"We will have a very large wash," said Nettie. "Josephine McDonald has been so careless she has not one pair of clean stockings left. She kicked off her last pair into the coal-hod this morning, and they are a sight to see. Twinkle Eva Dalis is about as bad. She's worse on her skirts."

"I believe my Amy Ruth gets her aprons dirtier than anything else. Baby Bunting is just awful on her socks, and Daisy Dimple gets every single thing she has soiled in no time, said Mattie.

"Doll children are a great deal of care," sighed Nettie.

The two little girls gathered up all their dolls' clothes. They took off some the dollies had on. So one little doll, who had but one arm, had to be wrapped up in a blanket; and another, who was weak in the back from loss of sawdust, had to be put to bed. Daisy Dimple had to be wrapped up in a towel, and placed near the grate to keep warm, and Josephine McDonald had to sit with her feet under her, because she had all her stockings in the wash.

"It will teach them to be more careful," said Nettie."

Mattie and Nettie made a splendid suds and went to work with a will. They washed the clothes in the suds, then rinsed them, and hung them up to dry on the bars before the fire. They had such a large washing that the bars were quite full. When they were dry they folded them down ready to iron the next morning. Nettie and Mattie were so tired when their work was done that they had to sit down in their rocking-chairs to rest. Then mamma came in and then; so she told them a story to help rest them.—*Our Little Ones.*

COY OF THE BURNING DECK.

Youth Albert Casabianca, a Hero Whom All Folks Feel Sorry For.

Few but know the very pretty piece of poetry by Mrs. Hemans, "Casabianca," commencing "The boy stood on the burning deck." The poetess states that the lad was the son of the admiral commanding the flagship L'Orient, which took fire and exploded, that young Casabianca perished in the explosion, refusing to quit the position allotted him by his father, pending the battle of the Nile. I have been looking into the official account of the incident. The admiral was Brueys, who was wounded in the head and hand early in the action. He continued to give orders until cut in two by a cannon ball; he uttered the request to be allowed to expire on deck, which he did in the course of some minutes.

Oliver Casabianca, the father of the poetic hero, then took command; his son was a middy, but only aged ten not thirteen. At that period life entered the navy very young. Casabianca was also a deputy. Pending the action his son was by his side; the father was mortally wounded in the head by a splinter and became insensible; he gave no injunctions to his son, but the latter would not the less quit his wounded parent. By this time the ship was on fire. Several of the sailors had left and saved themselves on spars till picked up by the English boats. Aided by the purser young Casabianca and his father were lowered down by a piece of a mast floating by, but they had only got a short distance from the 120-gun Orient when she blew up, and nothing more was seen of the Casabiancas.

"But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart."

—*Paris Cor. Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

—Connecticut's contribution to the New Orleans Exposition contains a lot of wooden nutmegs made out of the original Charter oak.

RELIGIOUS READING.

WEARYING THE LORD.

Mal. ii: 17.

From the fruitful valleys of promise,
From gentle Canaan's shore,
Are your hearts turn-ing backward to Egypt,
We said you were the pride more sacred
Jus-ter-ous. It is easy then we serve Him.
And useless to Divine Ho-ness,
Insomuch as the wicked are prospered,
And the just a sunbeam without sunset.

Ye have wearied the Lord, O ye faithless!
Ye have wounded the Saviour anew!
Ye have treated the Master shamefully
As if He were servant to you.
O sad that the weight of lost souls
Should find ever Him a soldier astray;
That the patient Redeemer of sinners
Finds his own lock turned from the way.

If, 'mid the absences to be garnered,
You have been taking your rest,
Or if, on the Master's altar,
Ye have offered less than your best;
If, in His appointed service,
Ye have borne an unwilling part,
Ye have wearied the Lord, O ye chosen!
Ye have grieved His loving heart!

O not not the Lord of His treasures
Nor the service which he is right,
For the gifts of His loving children
Are precious in His sight.
But serve Him with love unbounded,
And your names shall be given a place
In the book of gracious remembrance
That is kept before His face.

—Chicago Standard.

FAITH DESTROYED.

The Dreadful Consequences Which Would Result to the World from the Destruction of Religion.

Since "The Blank Bible" was written there has been no more powerful delineation of the dreadful consequences of the destruction of religion than Frances Power Cobbe's article on the above theme in the *Contemporary Review*. It is a refutation of Mr. Justice Stephen's assertion that "we can get on equally well whether there is, or is not, a God or a future state." The writer says this assertion seems to her as grotesque as that of the woman who said: "We owe a vast obligation to the moon, which affords us light on dark nights, whereas we are under no such debt to the sun, who only shines by day, when there is always light." The light of religion is so diffused that it is possible for some to forget how we come by it. On the other hand, all the moral-like things, "love, friendship, ambition, science, art, politics and commerce," which are proposed by Mr. Stephen, in common with all arguments, as substitutes for religion, have a very limited area wherein they shine at all, and leave the darkness around much the same as they found it. Unlike these, the belief on religion is not in one case veiled, but universal, ubiquitous, not moon-like, appearing at intervals, but sun-like, forming the source, as the unseen of all our light and heat, even of the warmth of our house-hold fires. Strong or weak as men's influence on us as individuals, religion is the greatest thing with which we have to do from the cradle to the grave.

From the respectable character of many avowed atheists the inference is drawn that they would be no worse if religion were universally exploded, but we must first see the conduct of a whole nation of atheists. The present stock are no more samples of the outcome of atheism than a little party of English boys who had lived a few years in Central Africa would be samples of negroes. Our whole mental constitution has been built up on food of religious ideas. It would take several thousand years to make full-blooded atheists out of the descendants of an ancestry that has been Christian for forty generations. Atheists have been hitherto like children playing at the mouth of a cavern of unknown depth. They have run in and out, and explored a little way, but always in sight of the daylight outside, where have stood their parents and friends calling on them to return. Not till the way back to the sunshine has been lost will the darkness of that cave be fully revealed.

The first visible result of the total destruction of religion, of faith in God and immortality, would be the suppression of public and private worship, and of preaching, the destruction everywhere of houses of worship, and the extinction of the clerical profession. All religious observance of Sunday would cease, and it would become simply a holiday. Judicial and official oaths of all sorts, and marriage and burial rites, would be entirely abolished. The Bible would be reduced to the rank of a literary curiosity. Among less obvious consequences, the writer mentions first "the belittling of life." Take thoughts of this world as God's world, and of ourselves as immortal beings, between them, lighted up in rainbow hues the dull plains of earth. When they fade away, all things, nature, art, duty, love, will seem to grow gray and cold. Everything which gives feasts and significance to life will be gone. Art has always derived its best inspiration from religion, and its highest ideals will die when religion dies. It will canalize life to take religion out of it. The bestial tendencies in us, which are scarcely kept down while we believe ourselves immortal, would have it still more their own way if we were convinced that death ends all. Life, belittled and carnalized, would become cowardly, and patriotism would be unknown.

She next considers the consequences to the individual of the destruction of religion. Many of the nobler sentiments of the soul would perish. Aspiration, the sacred ambition to attain the crowning heights of truth, goodness and purity, can not live without faith in a perfect God and an eternal life of progress. Repentance, which causes flowers of sympathy and charity for other erring mortals to bloom in hearts pierced by it, would disappear under the snows of atheism. Prayer, all effort at communion of the finite spirit with the Infinite, would cease. Christian charity, which says: "The strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and blessed are the merciful, the unselfish, the temperate and the humble-minded," would be superseded by the creed of evolution: "The supreme law of nature is the survival of the fittest, and the remorseless crushing down of the unfit. The strong and gifted shall inherit the earth, and the weak and simple go to the wall. Blessed are the merciless and the self-asserting, for theirs is the kingdom of this world, and there is no world after it."

These are the morals of evolution, and should they ever obtain a general acceptance, the old doctrine of the barbarous ages that might makes right will be revived with more deliberate oppressions, and the last state of civilization will be worse than the first. The writer then shows how the loss of faith in God and immortality would leave no chance for virtue and human sympathy and make life unendurable, and says:

"As to human love and friendship, to which we are often bidden to turn as the best substitutes for religion, I feel persuaded that above all other things they cannot endure in a faithless world. To ripples of feeling grant all their sweetness turn from the hour in which men recognize their transitory nature. The warmer and more tender and perennial the affection, the more intolerable must become the idea of eternal separation; and the more beautiful and admirable the character of our friend, the more maddening the belief that in a few days or years he will vanish into nothingness. Sooner than endure the agony of these thoughts, I feel sure that men will check themselves from exchanging into the purer and far less selfish love of the heart. Affection, nevertheless, to be real at all, will grow out no more assiduous, but will diminish every wave of passion or caprice. The day in which it becomes impossible for men to avow they will love forever will almost be the last day in which they will love purely and nobly at all."

—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

How the Butt of the Camp Proved What a Power Lies in a Christian Faith and Life.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen.

In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits, who had arrived in camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a-praying, or I'm a sinner!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks, and I'll show you how to take the religion out of him," said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man, the ringleader in mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, impressed by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little parter is no better than the rest of us!" answered the ringleader. "He's only making believe pious. When he gets under fire you see him run. These pious folks are all alike. Like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment left the camp, marched toward the front, and reached the Wilderness and joined in that terrible battle. The struggle, which the young recruit had dreaded, was a desperate struggle. The regiment was driven back, and when the line was formed behind the breastworks which had been built in the morning, he was surrounded by enemies, but held on desperately. At the side of the brave fellow were lying many of his comrades, who had given up the fight, and even the ringleader was seen trying to stanch the wound in the prostrate form of the young recruit, bearing the dead body of the ensign. Reverently he laid the body down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't have him with us! Religion—he's got it!" Then he carried a dead flag.

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and buried the remains therein. There, on a tree, cutting the name and regimental number of the brave boy, the big man said, with a choking voice:

"I guess you'd better put the word 'Christian' before it, somehow. He deserves the title, and may be it will help him for our sakes."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men, as they gave the hastily carved board at the head of the grave, and, again and again, looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier if there ever was one!" And, turning to the ringleader, he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's the use of standing up for weak-kneed boys like a man, and never sending a word back? He just stood to his flag and let us peg away per him. He did!"

When the regiment marched away that ruler head-board remained to tell what power lies in a Christian life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Patience.

It would sometimes seem that of all the virtues patience is the one that is the hardest of acquirement. We can forgive, forget, struggle and toil for, wait, to plot or perseveringly, but to be patient! It has been truly said that "it is glorious to suffer, it is noble to wait," but it is only by this process of continuance in well-doing, this maturing process, that the heart can ripen and become perfect in the sight of God. When the patience and forbearance of God appear to us in all their wondrous strength and endurance, we can but recognize the right He has to require true patience on the part of His children.—*Golden Rule.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—Learn to say No. It will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—*Spurgeon.*

—The living Christian—pure of heart and unspotted by the world—is the best preacher of the Gospel in these days.

—When you cry out for God, He will cry out for you. There was never a heart homeless for Heaven that Heaven was not homesick for it. Never did a soul long for God that God did not long for that soul.—*Bonar.*

—The glorious thought that all things work together for good to them that love God, when accepted by the believer is an absolute truth; it is applied into his own case, it is an antidote against all fear, and the destruction of all doubt.—*Exchange.*

—Every-day religion is the foundation of thoroughness, which is another word for truthfulness or honesty. Workmen that slight their work, whether they make shirts for a living, or sermons, build houses or ships, rear flocks or raise families, will be some day or other found out. We want clothes that will not rip, vessels that will not leak, and bridges that will not break down. So we want characters that will stand temptation, and not snap asunder under the sudden pressures of life.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Many parents who to-day are bringing up their children in carelessness will one day wonder why their children are such a care to them. Careless words, careless deeds, careless example, and this is equal to careless children. What harvests are being sown by parents, to be presently reaped by themselves and their loved ones! My father once saw a mother follow her son to the gallows. She filled the air with her wild lamentations. Presently he turned upon her with savage countenance, and roughly said: "Yes, now you cry and take on! but when I was a child you taught me even to say the Lord's Prayer." So Absalom, had he [illegible] life again, might have said: "Yes, now you say that you died for me. But had you, for me, I should not have come to the end a sad end."—*S. S. Times.*