

self?"

iousty.

arm.

storm, which

superstitions.

with perfect confidence. "I know it for certain. I swear a great oath to

"You swear by Tu-Kila-Kila him-

I swear by Tu-Kila-Kila himself.

That is a great Tuboo," the Shadow

"A very great Taboo indeed.

Felix replied at once, "I swear, with-

went on, meditatively, stroking Felix's

terrible medicine. And you are a god; i can trust you. Well, then, you see,

the secret is this: you are a Korong,

but you are a stranger and you don't

for three days after the end of this

show yourself outside your own taboo-

line why, then, the people are clear

of sin whoever takes you may rend you alive: they will tear you limb from

ful is and; and a volcano ever break-

ing out in fresh places. They could never get at the bottom of its horrible

Because you ate the storm-apple,"

That was very wrong. You brought

the tempest upon us yourselves by your trespass, there ore, by the custom of Boopari, which we learn in the mys-

teries, you become tuli Korong for the sacrifice at once. That makes the sacrifice at once. That makes sacrifice at once. The people will give will say,

you all your dues: then the, will sav.

We are free: we have bought you

are righteous, we are righteous. And

then they will kill you, and Fire and

Only if you go outside the taboo-

hasty assent. "Inside it, till your

term comes, even Tu-Kila-Kila nim-

self, the very high god, whose meat we

quired, once more astonished and per-plexed. "What do you mean by that,

some superstitious (ear, or else inca-pable of putting himself into Felix's noint of view, "Why, till you are full

speaks of some familiar fact, as who

And that was the most that, by dex-

"At the end of three days we will be

safe, though?" he in uired at last, af-

ter all other questions falled to pro-

will then be well. You may venture out once more. The rain will have

dried over all the island, gire and

Water will have no more power over

Fe'ix went back to the hut to inform

Mariel of this new peril thus suddenly

almost worn out with endless terrors.

swered, resignedly. "If only I know that you will keep your promise, and

never let me fall alive into these

wretches' hands, I shall feel quite

you took me in your arms like that last night, in spite of everything, I

About 10 o'clock they were suddenly roused by a sound of many natives.

coming in quick succession, single

file, to the huts, and shouting aloud.

"Oh, King of the Rain, oh. Queen of

Felix went forth to the door to look

the Clouds, come forth for our vows:

With a warning look in his eyes, his Shadow followed him. The natives

were now coming up by dozens at a time, bringing with them, in great arm-loads, fallen cocoanuts and bread

'Why, what are all these?" Felix

fruits, and branches of bananas. fruits, and branches of bananas, and large draggled clusters of halt-ripe

excialmed in surprise.
His Shadow looked up at him, as

amused at the abourd simplicity of the question. "These are yours of course," he said: "yours and the Queen's; they

are the windfalls you made. Did you not knock them all off the trees for

yourselves when you were coming down in such sheets from the sky last

Fellx wrung his hands in positive despair. It was clear, indeed, that to the minds of the natives there was no

distinguishing personally between himself and Muriel, and the rain or

"Will they bring them all in?" he

asked gazing in alarm at the huge

pile of fruits the natives were making

"Yes, all." the Shadow answered:

Receive your presents!"

plantains.

evening?

outside the hut.

terous questioning, relix could ever manage to get out of his mysterious

"Till our term comes?" Felix in-

But the Shadow was either bound by

all are, dare never hurt you.

my Shadow:

you.

sprung upon them.

Water will roast you and boll you.

Sharlow answered confidently

Tu-Kila-Kila has sent

They seemed to live

understand the ways of Boupari.

out doubt. He can never know it.

the young savage asked, anx-

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER THE STORM.

Next morning the day broke bright And calm, as if the tempes had been but an evil dream of the night, and now past forever. The birds sang loud: the lizards came forth from their holes the walls and basked green and gold, in the warm, dry sunshine. But though the sky overhead was blue and the air clear, as usually happen after these alarming tropical cyclones and rainstorms, the memorials of the great wind that had raged all night long among the forests of the island were neither few or far between. Everywhere the ground was strewn with leaves and branches, and huge stems Fire and Water to pray and vow against, you or the Queen of the Clouds of cocoa paims All nature was drag-gled. Many of the trees were stripped clean of their teliage, as completely as oaks in an English winter on others big strands of twisted fibers marked scars and joints where mighty limb and cut you into pieces."
ghs had been torn away by main "Why so" Felix asked aghast at noughs had been torn away by main force: while, elsewhere, bare stumps this discovery. They seemed to live alone remained to mark the former on a perpetual volcano in this wonderpresence of some noble dracoena or some gigantic banyan. Bread-fruits and co-canuts ay tossed in the wild-est confusion on the ground; the bananna and plantain patches were beaten level with the soil or buried deep in the mud: many of the huts had given way entirely; abundant wreckage strewed every corner of the island. It was an awful sight. Muriel shuddered to herself to see how much the two that night had passed through.

the outer fringing reef had suffered from the storm they hardly knew as yet, but from the door of the hut Felix could see himself how even with a price; we have brought your the calm waters of the inner lagoon cocoanuts. No sin attaches to us: we the calm waters of the inner lagoon had been lashed into wild fury by the fierce swoop of the tempest. the entire atoll the solid conglomerate coral foor was scooped under, broken chewed fine by the waves, or line?" Felix asked anxiously. thrown in vast fragments on the beach of the island. By the easter shore, in | line," the Shadow replied, nodding a particular, just opposite their hut, Fe lix observed a regular wall of many feet high, piled up by the waves like the familiar Chesil Beach near his old home in Dorsetshire. It was the shelter of that temporary barrier alone, no doubt that had preserved their huts last night from the full fury of the gale, and that had allowed the natives to congregate in such numbers prone on their faces in the mud and rain. upon the unconsecrated ground outside their taboo-line.

But now not an islander was to be seen within ear-shot. All had gone away to look after their ruined huts or their beaten down plantain patches, leaving the cruel gods, who, as they thought, had wrought all the mischief out of pure wanteness. pure wantoness, to repent at do my best by you. You have been the harm done during the night very kind to me. I tell you much. leisure the harm done during the night to their obedient votaries.

More than this, it would not be lawful forme to mention taboo-line and walk down to the shore to examine the barrier when Toko, his Shadow, laying his hand on his shoulder with more genuine interest and affection than he had ever yet shown, exclaimed, with some horror, "Oh no! Not that! Don't dare to go outside! It would be very dangerous for you. If my people were to catch you on profane soil just now there's no the storm will have blown over," the storm will have blown over, "the storm will have blown over," the

"Why so?" Felix exclaimed in sur-rise. "Last night, surely, they were all prayers and promises and vows and

The young man nodded his head in acquiescence. "Ah. yes: last night," he answered. "That was very well then. Vows were sore needed. The storm was raging, and you were within received it caimly. "I'm growing ac-vour taboo. How could they dare customed to it all, Fellx." she an-touch you a mighty god of the tempest, at the very moment when you were rending their banyan-trees and snapping their cocoanut stems with your mighty arms like so many little safe. Oh, Felix, do you know when chicken bones? Even Tu-Kila-Kila himselt, I expect, the very high god, last night, in spite lay frightened in his temple, cowering felt positively happy. by his trees, annoyed at your wrath; he sent Fire and Water among the worshipers no doubt, to offer up yows

and to appease your anger."

Then Fetix remembered, as his Shadow spoke, that, as a matter of fact, he had observed the men who usually wore the red and white feather cloaks among the motley crowd of groveling natives who lay flat on their faces in the mus of the cleared space the night before and prayed hard for mercy. Only they were not wearing their robes of office at the moment, in accordance with a well-known savage custom: they had come naked and in disgrace, as belts all suppliants. They had left behind them the insignia of their rank in their own shaken huts, and bowed down their bare backs to the rain and the lightning.

Yes. I saw them among the other islanders," Felix answered, half-smiling, but prudently remaining, within the tabos-line, as his Shadow advised

Toko kept his hand still on his master's shoulder. "Oh, king," he said, beseechingly, and with great solemnity, "I am doing wrong to warn you: I am breaking a very great Taboo. I don't know what harm may come to me for telling you. Perhaps Tu-Kila-Kila will burn me to ashes with one glance of his eyes. He may know this minute what I'm saying here sione to you

It is hard for a white man to meet scruples like this; but Felix was bold scruples like this; but Felix was bold "they are vows: they are godsends: enough to answer outright: "Tu-kilabat if you like, you can give some of Kila knows nothing of the sort, and them back. If you give much back, can never find out. Take my word for of course it will make my people less relix advanced near the line, hold-ing his hand up before him to com-mand silence. As he did so, he was absolutely appailed himself at the per-fect storm of execution and abuse

it. Toko, nothing that you say to me will ever reach Tu-kila-Kila."

The Shadow looked at him doubtfully, and trembled as he spoke. "I like you, Korong," he said, with a genuinely truthful ring in his voice. "You feet storm of e seem to me so kind and good—so different from other gods, who are very cruel. foremost natives beandishing their You never beat me. Nobody I ever clubs and stone-tipped spears, or shakeserved treated me as well or as kindly as you have done. And for your sake I will even dare to break taboo—if most frightful curses of the Polynesian

vocabu ary. "Oh, evil god," they cried aloud with angry faces, "oh, wicked spirit you have a bad heart. See what a wrong you have purposely done us. If your heart were not bad, are indeed a goo, come out across the line, and let us try issues together. Don't skulk like a covered in Don't skulk like a coward in your nut and within your taboo, but come out We are not afraid, who are only men. Why are you afraid of

Felix tried to speak once more, but the din drowned his voice. As he paused, the people set up their loud shouts again. oh you wicked god! You eat the storm-apple: You have wrought us much harm. You have spoiled our harvest. How you came down in great sheets last night! It We would like to You might have taken our That is our duchess whom both of us knew; its and our bananas, if you That is her husband, so tender and true.

Taking her far from her babyhood home. kill you. You might have taken our bread-fruits and our bananas, if you would: we give you them freely: they are yours; here, take them. We teed you we I: we make you many offerings. But why did you wish to have our huts also? Why did you beat down our young plantations and break our canoes against the beach of the island? That shows a bad heart! You are an evil CUREDOF BORROWING You dare not defend yourself. Come out and meet us.'

CHAPTER XIL.

A POINT OF THEOLOGY.

At last, with great difficulty, Felix managed to secure a certain momen-tary lull of silence. The natives, clustering round the line till they almost couched it. listened with scowling brows, and brandished threatening spears, tipped with points of stone or eth or turtle-bone, while he made his speech to them. From time to time, one or another interrupted him, coasing and wheedling him, as it were, to cross the line; but Fellx never heeded them. He was beginning to understand now how to trea, this strange people. He took no notice of their threats or their entreaties either.

By and by, partly by words and partly by gestures, he made them understand that they might take back and keep for themselves all the cocoanuts and bread-fruits they had brought as windfails. At this the people seemed a little appeased. "His heart is not quite as bad as we thought," murmured among themselves, mean. Why did he beat down our huts

and our plantations?"
Then Felix tried to explain to them somewhat dangerous task-that neither he nor Muriei were really sponsible for last night's storm; but at hat the people with one accord, raised a great loud shout of unmixed derision. He is a god," they cried, "and yet he is ashamed of his own acts and deeds, afraid of what we, mere men, will do to him Hat ha Take care. These are to him Ha ha Take care; lies that he tells. Listen to him! Hear

Meanwhile, more and more natives kept coming up with wind alls of frait, with objects they had vowed in their terror to dedicate during the night; and Felix all the time kept explaining at the top of his voice, to all as they came, that he wanted nothing, Korong," he answered, like one who and that they could take all back again This curiously in onsistent action seemed to puz le the wondering natives strangely. Had he made the storm, then, they asked, and eaten the storm-ap de, for no use to himself, but out of pure perverseness? If he didn't even want the windfalls and the obingly; but they dared not cross that great line of taboo. It was their own uperstition alone, in that moment danger, that ke ttheir hands off those defenseless white people.

At last a happy idea seemed to strike he crowd. What he wants is a hid?" they cried, effusively. "He the crowd. child?" they cried, effusively. thirsts for blood! Let us kill and roast him a proper victim!

Felix's horror at this appalling prop-sition knew no bounds. "If you do," osition knew no bounds. "If you do," he cried, turning their own superstition against them in this last hour of need. "I will raise up a storm worse than last night's You do it at your peril. I want no victim. The people of my country eat not of human flesh. It is a thing detestable, horrible, hateful to God and man. With us, all hu-man life alike is sacred. We spill no If you dare to do as you say. I wid raise such a storm over your heads to-night as will submerge and drown the whole of your island. The natives listened to him with ers.

profound interest. "We must spill no blood!" they repeated. looking aghast at one another. "Hear what the King says We must not cut the victim's We must bind a child with cords and rosst it alive for him!'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Chaplain's Cane. The Rev. E. B. Bagby, chaplain of the House has received a novel grangers dispe sed to their homes. present It is a walking stick on which are drawn the heads of half a do en members of Congress in addition to that of the reverend gentleman himself. It was the work of a convict in the Montaga penitentiary, who writes that the heads were drawn from pictures of these gentlemen which appeared in an illustrated paper The only implements at his command were a broken penknife, a bit of window glass and red ink. The heads are drawn in relief, and the work is highly creditable from an artistic standpoint. The faces of Mr. Caruth, of Kentucky: Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio; Sibley. Pennsylvania: Everett of Massachusetts, and Mr. Maguire, of California, are among shoes reproduced. Those of the th ee gentlemen first named are especially good, and would be recognized even without the name, which appear is surrounded by a handle of horn.

A Curlous Pact in Botany.

It is a remarkable fa t in botany that no species of flower ever em- a happy world." braces, in the colors of its retais, the whole range of the spectrum. Where there are yellows and reds there are started for home. no blues; when blue and red occur there are no yellows, and when we the coffee-grinder, and declared that have blue and yellows there are no sne would not be in a hurry to rereds. Tulips come nearer to cover- turn it. While they were breakfasting the whole range of the spectrum ing they heard the clatter of wheels, than any other spec.es. They can be found ranging through reds, ye'lows, the door, and pu ples, but a blue one has never "Come found. - Popular Science

PRAIRIE CHILDREN

is the Ductors of Lulisby Land

After awhile he will sail on the sea.

Little red duke on the prarie asleep.

Daring the shot and the shell, he small be
Admiral, fighting for you and for me.

Flying the flag o'er the dangerous deep.

Down at the Lido, where billows are blue Back through the vineyards to Florence

Children at play on the prairies to-day ira ely to-morrow will en er the race,
Trusting the future whose premises say.
Courage and enert will work out a way.
Fortune and fame are not matters of place.
McClure's Magazine.

There was a meeting of the Grange. The farmers came in one after another, and soon the little schoolhouse was filled with an anxious, happy assembly.

Jonathan Fuller, the chairman. rapped for order and called the roll. Every man answered to his name, with the exception of Mr. Haynes. Mr. Fuller announced, at the conclusion of the preliminary business that there was no patticular theme for discussion and moved that John Bangs make remarks upon any subject be might choose. The whole meeting seconded the motion with a

Mr. Bangs arose and looked at the cobweb in the corner of the room as if he thought the e was an inspiration in its dusty drapery. He then glanced at the Loor and said he be lieved he had nothing to say. The crowd stamped and velled, and amid the discord could be heard cries of "lo on." "You must say somehe didn't want them, what did he thing." "Hurran for Bangs," and so jorth, all of which quite took the old farmer by surprise, and before he knew it he was standing an I balancing himself against the desk. The uproar ceased and Bangs cleared his throat

Well, I'm not that sort o' citizen as wants to make hard feelin's 'mong each other, but when I sees a screw loose I wants to take a screw driver and tighten it. The audience tittered and stamped. Bangs fixed his eyes on the cobweb, then glanced at the chairman, who acted as if he had been s ot, and turned his eyes from the speaker to a crack in the ceiling. Now it is a good thing to have a Grange. It is a useful thing to have it made strong; in fact, it is the best screw-driver we ever had. Loud laughter.] There has been a screw loose for a long time in our neighborhood. Deep stience | It is time to commence turnin' your screwuriver on it. You all know what a botheration it is to bo ow, and w at jects vowed to him, why had he beaten a still disagreeabler thing it is to down their cross and broken their lend. [Loud dapping and stamping.] As I said. I don't want any hard feelin's, but if any of you have been not blameline for saving Caleb Haynes He borrows everything. His wife is cated the same day was a mystery getting into the same habit, and the she couldn't seem to make out. joungsters too. He is the screw that's good at heart; besides that, I want me not long ago, for my woman is about to take up the carpet."

This brief, extemporaneous address excited stamping till the whole room was one cloud of dust. No one minded it but the spider, who scampered over his swinging mansion's delicate carpetings and settled himself disgust at the behavior of the grang-

The plans suggested for curing Caleb Haynes of borrowing were numerous, none of which seemed entirely satisfactory but the one set forth by Mr. Bangs. It was unanimously agreed to begin the tightening of the screw the next day, and that a fool! Do you hear?" the novel method should be started by Mr. Bangs

The accting then dissolved and the Caleb Haynes was feeding the pigs. Looking toward the hill his eye caught the wagon of John Bangs, loaded with something. "Good morning Cateo," said John.

"Good morning, John. Going to market?" "Oh, no. I just merely thought I

would bring you over a few things. You weren't at the Grange last night?" "No. I couldn't come. Had to go to town last night with my old we-

man's cousin Ann, to borrow a fluting muchine. I knew there was no such thing around the neighborhood.' Wish I had one. I would loan it to you. But I guess there is someis a new ax I will let you have ttil ing.

"Oh, you are too kind-" "And a coffee grinder, and a firstdouble-shovel plow, just what you want for your new corn "

you get ready to return it, and-'

"John, you are a Christian. If two newspapers!" everybody was like you, this would be

But before he could say anything as beads on a string." more, John whipped up his horse and Mr. Haynes was delighted with

and soon after some one knocked at deal."

'I am on my way to market, and I | "Why, of course we can; and if we

thought I would stop and loan you a "How clever y u are," said Mrs. Haynes.

"Here is some sugar and nutmegs my w fe put in, and a bottle of vinegar.

"How thoughtful she is. Why, I was just coming over after those things for we want a dumpling, and we can't eat lettuce without vinegar. you know."

"Of course not." observed Mr. Fuller. "And there is a spool of thread she said she thought you were out."

"Yes, I am. Now I can finish

Bobby's panta' Mr. Havnes smiled and remarged that Mrs. Fuller would have a bright spot in Heaven. Mr. Fuller drove on and wondered what sort of a nook Mrs. Haynes would have in the same

William Boynton was none the slower for his gray hairs. He rushed into the yard like an antelope. "Why, what's the matter?" asked

Caleb. The fact is," said the old man. 'I'm in a sort of a hurry, and I

thought I might as well be a little livel . Here is a string of dried apples my wife thought you would like to try: and I thought I'd save you the touble of coming after the weekly pa er. There is a good d ai of news in it. An here is a scitne to cut your grass. Good day."

Boynton was off as quick as he came, and had not got ten steps be fore young Robert Danvers came riding down the road on a gallop and leading another horse. Calebbanded the string of dried apples to his wife, and went to the gate to see what was wanted.

"Pa sent me Jown with the bay mare, Mr Haynes," said Danvers, 'He said he knew you didn't like to borrow, but he thought you needed a horse or a while."

Before Caleb could utter a word the young man had galloped away. Caleb led the animal to the barn,

and then walked slowly to the house "Tell you what it is" said be to

his wife, "I'm growing 'spicious." "Of what?" she said. " If the neighbors I can't tell

what's the matter with them: they're getting too good, besides-" He was interrupted by Ben Topham yelling at him from the front

gate. Caleb left his wife and asked his friend what was up. 'I'm goin' to town to see to some susiness. My wife told me to be sure and call at your house as I came along for she winted your woman to

try our new coffee gr nder." We've alrealy borrowed one this morning," said Caleb, with a puz-

zled face. "That won't make any difference. You can use both. Let me see. Oh. yes! here is the weekly pater. thought, perhaps you would like to read the news.'

But I've got a copy already. Bill Boynton brought me over one not long ago "

'Oh, that doesn't matter! You can read one while the woman is reading the other. I must go. Good-by!" "good-by" returned Caleb

The coffee-grinder and newsbothered as much as I have, you'll paper sat Mrs. Havnes to thinking. how these two articles should is the worst husance we have have happened to have been dupli-

Mr. Haynes was, thoughtful, also, loose. Now let's talk up some way and he hitched the borrowed horse it may Have Faults, but it is a Powerful to cure Caleb, for we all know he is to the borrowed doubled shoveled plow in a manner that would lead to get a screw-driver he borrowed of any bystander to think that Caleb had committed some act of which he was deeply ashamed. He worked hard and ate but little dinner. The was followed by wild cheering and officiousness of his neighbors troubled him more than the probability of a short crop of corn. When the sun

started for home. "Well," said he, coming into the down in his back chamber in per ect back door, "has anyboty else been over to loan us a paper?" "Caleb, you're a fool"

set Caleb ce sed work and wearly

The farmer's hands dropped to his lap as if they had received an ele : tric shock, and he gazed at his wife in mute astonishment.

"Yes, Caleb, ou're a fool. 1 am a fool, and anybody that bor ows is "I hear. But what has come

across you so suddenly?" "I don't think it has come so su !denly. If we had not been fools

we'd seen it before this." "Say, Susan, I wish you'd explain your nonsense, and stop acting so

much like a fool! I'm hungry. The most sensitive point of Caleb's feelings was touched, and he arose from his chair and walked the room impatiently.

"I'll give you to understand," said his wife, that you shan't have a mouthful till I have had my say!" "Well, hurry up," said Caleb.

"All right. In the first place, neither you nor I were at the meeting last night, were we?" "No."

"Well, now, to come down to business, I know very well they talked thing here you will like. Now, he e about us and our habit of borrow-'Don't believe it."

"I do. I know it. I've been thinking about it ail this afternoon. How in raised letters beneath. The cane rate grind-stone. Yes, and here is a could it happen that they'd bring us so many things the same day? And think of it-two conce-grinders and

"Susan, I begin to believe you." "You'd better. It's just as plain "What can we do?"

"Do? Why, take everything back as soon as you get through supper. "But don't we need the things?" "What of it? Take them all back, and say we can buy our own things."

"But, Susan, it will cost a good "Come in," said (aleb.
"Good-morr. ng," said Jacob Fuller.

I am or my way to marks."

"Can't help it. We must act independent. We'll buy our own things

can't, we can go without," said Caleb brighten ng

"That's right. Pll jound up the coffee with a hammer before I borrow another grinder."

A new feeling came over Mr. Haynes. His manhood seemed to have returned, and his heart seemed

to be lightened of a heavy load. After supper he hitched his old mare to his wagon, and started on his journey to return everything that was brought to h shome in the morning. Harry, the oldest son, rode the borrowed bay.

The neighbors were dumfounded. There was not one member who thought the trick would be found out before a week. No one had an oppo tunity to question him. He merely announced that he had come to reture the articles borrowed, and that he hoped to never get in the miserable habit again.

It was - o'clock before he returned home, and by the time the chores were finished the clock struck 10. The next morning was a bright one, and Caleo declared he felt better than he had for many months.

"It seems so much better to use your own things " he remarked "You are right," assented his

By the time the month had passed Mr. Haynes had bought another horse, subscribed for the weekly paper, and furnished the house and farm with the necessary implements and con-

At the next Grange meeting Mr. and Mrs. Haynes answe ed promptly when Jonathan Fuller came to their names on the roll, and when there was order and quiet Caleb arose and said he would like to say a few words. The whole audience was silent. They seemed to think they were in the p esence of a man whom they had in-

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Caleb, his voice coming with an etfort. "I was not present at the last meeting, and I am glad of it. You have done a great good. I don't want anybody to feel bad because he might have taked about me behind my back. I am cured of the miserable, beggarly habit of borrowing: and that is enough. I move to speak upon another sub ect."

At the conclusion of this brief speech, which was uttered with a great deal of seeling, Mr. 1 oyuton stepped forward and pressed Caleb's hands. Every one in the room followed the example of the agile old man, and Haynes selt that he was

honored beyond his merits. At the end of the unusual perfo mance some one suggested that singing should be the next thing in order. Not an objection was offered, so Jonathan Fuller hunted around ta while for his tuning tork and started. "There is Rest for the Weary." in as high a key as he could maintain

without supturing his windpipe. To be sure some said "we-ar-ry" and others let melodious sounds pass through their no es, but their hearts were enraptured, and their souls aspiring above the sordid earth. Even the little black spider came out of his dark chamber with three other little spiders and listened intently to the music, and did did not seem half so disgusted as dur ng the last meeting, when they raised such a dust-Waverly Magazine.

MODERN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

Influence for Good.

The development of the newspaper has been something phenomenal. The whole number is nearly 15,000, a out one in ten published every day. They have many faults, has the newspaper -which is only the history of each day, written before its close-must have. The faults are, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated with us, owing to the wider range of news topics. Their sensationalism, scrappiness, and dogmatism produce something of mental dissipation in cases of overindulgence. But the major ty of newspapers everywhere and of every grade, are conducted with honesty and conscience by men who have learned | oth what the public wants and in what they can hope to lead it.

The influence of this history of a day-read by millions of people-is incaiculable, and, in general, it is good. It leads many persons further into the study of some questions about which they had received a hint or a scrap of information. Nowhere is this great engine of modern civilization better used and appreciated than with as. In addition to the news it pours into its columns day by day, it publishes every year thousands of articles on the most important and interesting topics. Nowhere is it thoroughly encyclop dic. It was once the fashion to insist upon the truth of Pope's line, "a little learning is a cangerous thing," but the field of knowledge has become so vast that we must recognize the limitations of time and insist that if a little be a danger none at all is fatal. Our newspapers give thousands of

persons first a faint idea of the existence of something before unknown, then a little insight, and, last of all, the thirst that can only be quenched by deep draughts at the fountain of knowledge. In brief, they draw out the faculties of uncounted millions who otherwise would neither learn nor have the desire to learn.

Defrauded.

A short story, but very much to the point, is one tild of John Alien, an English clergyman. He had heard that a brother minister kept his congregation waiting, and kindly remonstrated with him.

"It was only ten minutes," said the offender, apologetically.
"How many people had you in church?" asked Mr. Allen.
"About 300."

Thee hundred? Well, then, you wasted 3,000 minutes!