

MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

MORE than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents were poor, and wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would do. So he was allowed to have his way; and his father got a berth for him in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the coast of Africa. It belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of carrying out bales of cloth to sell to the natives of that place. As he went himself in the ship, he had full opportunity of testing the character of his new 'band,' and he very soon found that he was something worth having. Not only was he quick to learn his duties, but what was far better, he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did it in the best way he could, whether anyone was looking at him or not. 'This is the boy I want,' thought the merchant; and Michael rose rapidly. His industry, patience, and honesty were known and honoured by all. At last, one day the merchant fell sick, and could not go with the vessel, which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could entrust his cargo. He sent for Michael and told him that he must go in his master's stead. Michael was young, and the responsibility was great, but it was his duty and he did not flinch from it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he might have been seen swinging his cloth in the market place at Morocco. Now the city was governed by a despot called a Bey; and so despotic was he that he could do what he liked with the lives of his people without anybody to call him to account. On this very morning he came into the market, and, after inspecting the various pieces of cloth in Michael's keeping, he fixed on one and asked the price. Michael named it. The Bey offered half the sum named. 'Nay,' said Michael, 'I ask no more than it is worth; my master expects that price, and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less. The Bey's face grew dark with anger, and the bystanders trembled, for they knew that it was certain death to oppose the wishes of the cruel governor. 'I will give you till tomorrow to think about it,' he cried, and he walked away. Michael put back the cloth and began calmly to wait on his customers. 'I am in God's hands,' he said, when those around him begged him to give in and save his life. 'He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great? If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant.' The morrow came. The Bey appeared as before, only that besides his other servants the public executioner followed behind him. He asked the same question, and he got the same answer. 'Take my life if you will,' added the brave Michael, 'but I shall die with a clear conscience, and as a true servant of my master.' It was an awful moment. Everybody expected to hear the order, 'Strike off his head!' and in a moment it would have been done. But it was not done. The face of the Bey suddenly changed. 'Thou art a noble soul,' he cried. 'Would that I had such a servant as thou art! Give me thy hand, Christian, thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honour as a memorial of thy fidelity.' And the Bey threw a purse of gold upon the table, took up the cloth, and departed. And the young man who was thus faithful over a few things did not go unrewarded. We do not lose sight of him there. He rose step by step till he became an admiral, and he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth, and the name of Michael Ruyter, known at that time over the world, is still honoured and remembered in his native country. And the thing about him which they love best is this, that in the very face of death he dared to do what was right!

DIFFICULTIES OF COOKING.

IN African encampments the question of food is a burning one. How to obtain provisions, how to cook them when procured—these are problems of absorbing interest in a pioneer camp. The authors of 'Adventures in Mashonaland' say that it is curious and interesting to watch the process of victualising a new country. The trader throws the most eccentric provisions on the market. At one time, the author says, nothing but flamed lobster could be purchased at their settlement; and at another time the whole of Manica breakfasted, dined and snipped on *foie gras*.

Our cooking utensils consisted of a three-legged pot and a frying pan. How were we to create a dinner? We boiled the ex fish in the three-legged pot, whence it issued in the condition of shoe leather. Mixing the meal with water, we made the most horrible half-cooked flat cakes by beating the dough on hot stones. There was neither baking powder nor yeast in the country. One day we received a present of venison,

shot by a Mr Teal. Now I had from time to time saved up a small quantity of sardine oil, believing myself to be a famous house-keeper. In a moment of vain self-confidence I undertook the dinner that night, and we invited Mr Campion to come and eat venison steaks.

I fried those steaks in my sardine oil, and served them promptly. They positively looked like real steaks, such as people would eat at home. But, alas! scarcely had two monthials been eaten when every one fled from the table, and my wonderful dinner was abandoned to the little native who waited on us. He certainly enjoyed it immensely, so even that ill wind blew somebody good; but it was unanimously decided that henceforth I was never to be trusted with the preparation of meals.

WHY HE WOULDN'T PAY.

A YOUNG man was standing beside some luggage for a train, when a porter came up to him, and said:

'Sir, that luggage is overweight.'

'Who says it is?' asked the man, who stammered badly.

'Well, I think it is,' answered the porter, 'but we will weight it.'

During the conversation a crowd had collected around them, and another porter came up, and asked what was the matter. The man stammered out:

'F—irst he says it is overweight; then he—says he th—inks it is overweight, and th—en he says he will weight it.'

The porters then took hold of the luggage, and carried it to the office and weighed it.

'It is over-weight, and you have got to 91 to pay,' said porter No. 1.

'Sh—an' pay it,' the man said.

'Well, if you won't pay it we shall fetch the stationmaster,' said the porter.

'Fetch wh—o you like; sh—an't pay it,' again stammered the man.

The stationmaster was duly fetched, and on arriving asked what the bother was about, when the man again said:

'F—irst he says it is over-weight, and then th—inks it's over-weight, and then he weighs it, and says it is over-weight, and I have to 91 to pay. Sh—an't pay.'

'Well,' said the stationmaster, in a rage, 'why won't you pay it?'

'Because it is n—not my luggage,' answered the man, and walked off.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

DURING the popular excitement and riotous demonstrations in Russia, growing out of the outbreak of cholera, a priest at Saratoff was attacked by a mob. A man had shouted upon seeing him:

'There's the man that seized me and buried me alive! I've only this instant escaped from the grave that he put me in!'

The excited people, thoroughly convinced that there was a murderous conspiracy against them, rushed upon the priest with cries which showed their determination to put him to death.

The priest folded his arms and smiled.

'You have just come out of the grave, you say?' he called to the man.

'Ay, that I have!'

'Then how,' asked the priest, 'does it happen that you've had time to get drunk already?'

At it was found that the man's breath smelled of liquor, the laugh was turned upon him, and the crowd left the priest unmolested.

The same popular excitement in Russia has been the occasion of an example of what may be called poetic and picturesque retribution which would be possible only in a despotic country.

At Nijni Novgorod, where the authorities and physicians were making a strenuous attempt to stifle the cholera, a merchant led a violent agitation which was directed against the doctors. He circulated reports that the physicians were burying patients alive, and endeavoured to influence the people against them.

The governor general of the province caused the merchant to be arrested, and after an examination was convinced that the charge against him was true.

'I am going to give you a government appointment,' said the governor, 'as a reward for what you regard as your exercise of public spirit.'

'A government appointment!' said the man, delighted.

'Yes, I appoint you a nurse on the floating cholera hospital in the river. There you will have an opportunity to see whether there is cholera or not, and also to observe whether any persons are being buried alive!'

The man was sent, therefore, to take care of cholera patients. It is unnecessary to say that he was not highly pleased with his 'appointment.'

MR DUANE, OF AUCKLAND.

WE shall print the whole of Mr Isaac Duane's letter, only regretting that it is not longer. He might have mentioned that June, the month in which he wrote, is the coldest month in the year in his country, and January the hottest. He might also have reminded us that New Zealand is almost as large as great Britain, with a much more desirable climate. He might further have said that it is a wholesome place to live in, as it contains few physical sources of disease, and possesses no insect so noxious as the English wasp. Yet on reading his letter we shall find that those attractive islands in the far Southern Sea are not free from an enemy we are called upon to fight here in England, as elsewhere throughout the world.

'I have much pleasure in writing you,' says Mr Duane, 'as to me it is a privilege as well as a duty to describe an experience in which I am confident you will be interested.'

'Ever since I was a boy I have not only suffered from indigestion in its worst form, but I have been a martyr to it. Such success in life as I have achieved has been in the face of the constant opposition set up by this miserable complaint. All its symptoms are familiar to me as the smoke of London is to a dweller in that rather grim old city. The bad taste in the mouth, the fitful appetite, the distress in the stomach after eating, the pains in the chest and back, the dull headache, the sense of weariness and fatigue, the depression of spirits, the want of ambition to take hold of any labour, the weakness resulting from lack of sufficient nourishment, etc.—all these were part and parcel of my life from my youth to a time I am going to speak of in a moment.'

'I can only account for it by assuming that I must have inherited a tendency to this disease. At all events it cast a gloom over my whole history up to the date of my recent happy deliverance. The record of the sleepless, wretched nights I passed would make almost a volume by itself. Times beyond counting I have arisen from my bed in the morning, glad the night was gone, and yet in no frame of mind to welcome the day. To the chronic dyspeptic rest does not bring strength as it does to others.'

'You will hardly need to be told that I made every effort to obtain a cure. I tried medicine after medicine—now something I thought of myself and then something advertised in the newspapers. And as to doctors (against whom I desire to say not a word), I tried one after another, and faithfully used the prescriptions they gave me; but nothing more than temporary relief came of it.'

'About four years ago a friend spoke to me of the great reputation of Mother Seigel's Syrup in curing all ailments of the digestion, and urged me to make a trial of it. I might as well say frankly that I had little faith that it would do me any good; but I was in such pain that I was in a mood to try anything that offered the remotest chance of a cure. So I bought a bottle, and the very first dose made me feel better. This was so cheering and hopeful that I continued taking the Syrup, and to my surprise I grew better and better until I was cured. All the symptoms which made my life a burden for so many years are now gone, and I am a different man. If ever, from any cause, I have a temporary recurrence of indigestion, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup produces immediate relief, and leaves me in good health. You have my full consent to publish this letter. I am well known in Auckland, and always glad to tell any one by word of mouth who has a wonderful cure your remedy worked in my case. (Signed) Isaac Duane, coach-builder, Karangahape Road, Auckland, New Zealand, June 25, 1895.'

Our Home readers will perceive that not in England alone but in far distant quarters of the globe this celebrated medicine is known, and is successful where others do not avail. It is the most commonplace of truths that its praises are sounded wherever civilisation extends, and in almost every written language the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup finds an acknowledged place.

VITAL QUESTION.—An exchange prints the saying of a small boy who, without knowing it, perhaps, has begun to apply one of the most important principles of the military art. 'Did you see a boy about my size round the corner?' he inquired of an elderly gentleman who was passing. 'Yes, I believe I did,' said the man. 'Did he look ugly?' 'I didn't notice.' 'Did he look scared?' 'I don't know. Why?'

'Why, I heard he was round there, and I don't know whether he wants to lick me, or whether he's afraid I'm going to lick him. Wish I did.'

Sadder and Wiser.—The ill-natured mastiff that had made a leap at the tail of a passing cow, and got kicked into the gutter for his pains, picked himself up and limped slowly away. 'It never pays,' he said, 'to jump at a conclusion.'

STEADY !!

There is a Run on our Blends.
While we are glad to see it,
And happy to keep pace with it,
We want to point out
THERE IS NO NEED FOR ALARM

THE QUALITY

ALWAYS THE SAME.
And will be just as good next week as this.

We hold an IMMENSE STOCK, and there is ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY.

Please keep calm, WE WON'T FAIL YOU.

Yours faithfully,
EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.,
Proprietors.

READ THIS!

A FRESH "HALL" MARK.

MR HALL CAINE, author of "The Deemster," "The Bondsman," "The Monkman," etc., when speaking on "Criticism," recently said:

"WHEN A THING THAT IS ADVERTISED DOES GREATLY IS GOOD IT GOES, AND GOES PERMANENTLY; WHEN IT IS BAD IT ONLY GOES FOR A WHILE; THE PUBLIC FINDS IT OUT."—See "Idler," September, 1894.

SURATURA TEA

Has been advertised for the past two years. It does, and is going permanently.

THE PUBLIC APPRECIATE IT

Is evidenced by the fact that the Sales of Suratura Tea are Increasing Every Month.

The following is further testimony of ITS EXQUISITE QUALITY, ITS WONDERFUL ECONOMY, ITS DELICATE FLAVOUR:

"Tea Kiosk,
Panama-street, Wellington.

Having used SURATURA D TEA for the past nine months, we have pleasure in stating that the thousands who have visited our Kiosk have expressed their satisfaction of the tea supplied by us. It originally cost us 2s 6d per pound, but since the duty was lowered we now pay 2s 4d; and we have no hesitation in saying that no tea, however expensive, could be more appreciated by our visitors. It is wonderfully economical, and deliciously and delicately flavoured.

"Misses BURNES & PICKERING."