

shall have asked any man for his daughter,' he said, smiling.

'I should think so, indeed.' 'And it is not a modest request. It always strikes me as rather rough on fathers and mothers. They bring up their daughters, educate them, etc., and then some other man reaps the benefit.'

'But they have done the same thing themselves, and you would not have a man adopt a baby, bring it up, clothe and educate it, and then marry, would you?'

'No,' he returned. 'But I think in olden times a man received a present, at all events, in exchange for his daughter. Didn't Jacob—it was Jacob, was it not?—give the labour of his hands for seven years for each of Laban's daughters? Why have we not something of that sort now?'

'Because a girl goes where her heart leads her, not where her parents wish. Relieve me, Gerald, dear, though it is a state secret, and must not be even whispered to engaged people, fathers are pleased enough to find some one to take their daughters off their hands, without wanting a present.'

'And yet you say that you are sure your parents would not let you come abroad with me.'

'Ah, but I am an only child; that makes a difference. I was speaking of where there are four or five; but, with a little laugh, there will be no objection to you making my parents a handsome present if you wish. I shall tell them that you have an exalted idea of a woman's worth, that you do not think yourself worthy of me, and they will understand.'

'You are right,' he said; 'I do not think myself worthy of you, but I will try to be so. Hope, I think your mother wants you. Good-night, my darling—good-night.'

SAND PIES.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE has written upon many subjects. In a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* he touches a new theme—the making of sand pies. He went to school, he says, when he was about two years old—a private school, and 'a very much "go-as-you-please" sort of place.'

The floor was sanded with clean sand every Thursday and Saturday afternoon. This was a matter of practical importance to us, because with the sand, using our feet as tools, we made sand pies.

You gather the sand with the inside edge of either shoe for a greater or less distance, as the size of the pie requires. As you gain skill, the heap which you make is

more and more round. When it is well rounded, you flatten it by a careful pressure of one foot from above.

Here it will be seen that full success depends on your keeping the sole of the shoe exactly parallel with the plane of the floor. If you find you have succeeded when you withdraw the shoe, you prick the pie with a pin or a broom splint provided for the purpose, pricking it in whatever pattern you like. The skill of a good pie-maker is measured largely by the pattern.

It will readily be seen that the pie is better if the sand is a little moist. But beggars cannot be choosers, and while we preferred the sand on Mondays and Fridays, when it was fresh, we took it as it came.

SUCCESSFUL HOAX.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG, an Irish poet, who died at the age of twenty-three, had in his disposition a vein of rollicking fun, to which he evidently yielded in order to cover the real melancholy of his daily mood. One story of him and his pranks shows not only an extreme love of drollery but also the freedom of Irish life, years ago, in its domestic relations.

One autumn night, after he had been wandering all day among the hills, he arrived very late at his father's house, to find it dark and silent. He knocked and rang, again and again, and at last the voice of a servant was heard from within, demanding:

'Who's there?' The timidity evinced by the tone of voice aroused Armstrong's sense of fun, and he resolved to perpetrate a joke. So he assumed the brogue and manner of a drunken country fellow, and demanded to be let in.

'Let me in!' he called, 'or I'll pull down the house.'

'Go away! Go away!' came the voice. 'Go away, is it?' he cried. 'I won't go away!' And he knocked more furiously than ever.

His father, disturbed by the noise, now descended the stairs, and called: 'Who are you?'

'I'm a poor country fellow, and I want a night's lodging. I haven't a penny to buy a bit of bread with, and I haven't a stitch of clothes on my back, and I've buried all belonging to me!'

'Well, there's nothing for you here, my man; so you'd better go about your business.'

'O charity! charity! Christian charity!' cried Armstrong. 'What's a poor benighted traveller to do at all, at all!'

'Go away, sir, at once, or I'll call the police!'

'The police, avourneen! Ah, masha, masha; there's a nice kind gentleman! But look at here, yer honor! I've got two fine birds for yer honor's lardship! Take them, anyhow. I'll return good for evil, so I will! I'll bear no malice! So take the two little birds!'

'Who are you, and what is your business?'

'My business is pig-drivin', and I want a night's lodgin'.'

'Then, once for all, I tell you to go away.'

'Oh, thin, it'll be the worse for you if you drive poor Tom away from your door. There's dangerous times. Then roaring through the keyhole, 'These is dangerous times, I say!'

The whole household was now roused.

'Oh, go away, I tell you!' cried the father, really angry at last.

'Thin jist open the door a bit and take the little birds, and I'll go, and joy be with ye!'

'Papa, papa!' came a soft voice from above. 'It's Edmund. Don't you know it must be Edmund? Who else could it be?'

'Let me in, or I'll smash down the door!' called Armstrong, in the greatest delight over his joke.

With that the door was opened, and in he tumbled with a brace of grouse in one hand and his valise in the other, amid a volley of happy laughter.

MR GLADSTONE AS A WORKER.

SOME very interesting notes, contributed by Mr Gladstone's daughter (Mrs Drew), appear in the February number of *Goodwill*. 'There is nothing peculiar or elaborate,' says the writer, 'in Mr Gladstone's method of working. Interruption is almost fatal to him, but his power of concentration is so great that conversation, so long as it is consecutive, may buzz around him without his being conscious of any disturbance. He is unable to divide the machinery of his mind as so many can do, working several smaller parts at once; he concentrates the whole upon the one thing. One reason why he gets through in one day more than most people do in a week is his economy of time. This is a habit which must have been acquired long ago, as in the year 1839—the year of the double marriage of Mr Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton to the sisters Catherine and Mary Glynne—the two

brothers-in-law surprised their wives, and awoke them not a little by filling up all odd bits and scraps of time with study or work. Out of their pockets would come the inevitable little classic, no matter how small the space of time, or how (apparently) inappropriate the situation. "I have known him now for thirty years," said Dr. Dellinger, "and would stand security for him any day. . . . He possesses

A BARE CAPACITY FOR WORK.

I think it was in the year 1871," he continued, "that I remember his paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects, and became, both of us, so engrossed, that it was two o'clock in the morning when I left the room to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence, and this in the small hours of the morning."

No member of the Hawarden household can for a moment compete with Mr Gladstone in regularity and punctuality. Always in his library, his "Temple of Peace," by eight o'clock, he has, if well, never been known since the year 1842 to fail to appear at church, three quarters of a mile off, at half-past eight for morning service. His correspondence is sifted by the son or daughter living most at home, and soon after breakfast a selection from his letters is brought to him. An average of one-tenth only of the postal arrivals is laid before him, and of these he answers about one-half. The whole morning, whether at home or on a visit or holiday, is given up to business; after two o'clock luncheon he resumes work for an hour or so, and still lately occupied the recreation time with

TREE-CUTTING.

which he chose as giving him the maximum of healthy exercise in the minimum of time. But for the last two or three years he has generally spent the afternoon at his new library. Every day he looks over a number of booksellers' catalogues, and there are certain subjects—witchcraft, strange religions, duelling, gipsies, epigrams, the ethics of marriage, Homer, Shakespeare, Dante—which are sure of getting an order. For first editions he has no special appreciation, nor for wonderful or elaborate bindings. His copy of the *Odyssey* has been rebound several times, as he prefers always to use the same copy. He usually has three books on hand at once, of various degrees of solidity, the evening one probably being a novel. Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante, and Bishop Butler are the authors who have most deeply influenced him, so he has himself written. After five o'clock tea, a very favourite meal, he completes his correspondence. Dressing is accomplished in from three to five minutes, and dinner over, the evening is spent in the cozy corner of his Temple of Peace reading, with occasional pauses for meditation, with closed eyes, which not unfrequently becomes a nap. Once in bed, he never allows his mind to be charged with business of any kind, in consequence of which he sleeps the sound and

HEALTHY SLEEP OF A CHILD.

from the moment his head is on the pillow until he is called next morning. He went home in the early morning of June 8th, 1886, after the defeat of his Home Rule Bill, and slept, as usual, his eight hours. Mr Gladstone has been heard to say that had it not been for Sunday's rest he would not now be the man he is. From Saturday night to Monday morning he puts away all business of a secular nature, keeps to his special Sunday books and thoughts, and never dines out that day unless to cheer a sick or sorrowful friend, nor will he ever travel on Sunday. There could not be a better illustration of his mind than his Temple of Peace—his study—with its extraordinary methodical arrangement. During the Midlothian campaign and general election, and through the Cabinet making that followed, a time when most people would have imagined him absorbed in the battle, and in that alone, he was writing an article on Home Rule, written with all the force and freshness of a first shock of discovery; he was writing daily on the Psalms; he was composing a paper for the Oriental Congress (read in September by Professor Max Muller, and "startling the world by its originality and ingenuity"), and he was preparing his Oxford lecture on "The Rise and Progress of Learning in the University of Oxford"—a subject necessitating the most careful investigation. As an example of this patience and thoroughness of work may be given the fact that he spent two hours while preparing his lecture in searching through Hume for one single passage.

A preacher recently asked a friend what he thought of his sermon. "I heard it in what I hope never to hear again." "What was that?" "The clock strikes twice."

ORDERS AND ARROWS.

When the captain of a ship orders some hands aloft to furl the main royal the main jump to obey as a matter of course. A sailor can climb up on a yard without having a shilling ashore or a penny in his pocket. In fact, Jack seldom signs articles until he has made up both cash and credit.

But when a doctor—who is a sort of captain when one is laid up in the dry dock of illness—orders a patient to go abroad for the benefit of his health, it is quite another thing. A trip and a sojourn away from home is an expensive prescription, and most of us can't afford it. If the doctor says it is a choice between that and the graveyard we shall have to settle on the graveyard; it is handy by, and easy to get to. But are we really so hard pushed? That is, as often as the doctors say we are? Let's turn the matter over in our minds for a minute.

Here is a case that is put to the purpose. It concerns Mr Arthur Whiddon Mellish, of 3, Regent's Terrace, Poloua Road, Exeter; and for the details we are indebted to a letter written by him, dated March 7th, 1893. He mentions that, in obedience to the orders of his doctor, he went to Cannes, in the south of France, in November, 1890, and spent the winter there. He also spent the following winter at the same place. He felt the better for the change; we will tell you why presently. But he obtained no radical benefit, which also we will explain later on.

It appears that this gentleman had been weak and ailing nearly all his life; not exactly ill, not wholly well—a condition that calls for constant caution. In March, 1890, he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Now I want the reader to honour me with his best attention, as I must say in a few words what ought properly to take many. Shoot an arrow into the air—as straight up as you can. You can't tell where it will fall. It may fall on a neighbour's head, on your own, or on a child's, or on the pavement. Everybody's blood contains more or less poisonous elements. These are arrows, but unlike your wooden arrow they always strike on the weakest spot or spine in the body. If they hit the muscles and joints we call it rheumatism and gout; if they tick the liver we call it liver complaint or biliousness; if they hit the kidneys we call it Bright's disease; if they hit the nerves we call it nervous prostration, epilepsy, or any of fifty other names; if they hit the bronchial tubes we call it bronchitis, etc.; if they hit the air cells, we call it inflammation of the lungs, or by-and-by, consumption. And inasmuch as these poisonous arrows pass through the delicate meshes of the lungs a thousand times every day it would be odd if they didn't hit them—wouldn't it?

Now, wait a bit. It follows that all the various so-called diseases above named, are not diseases at all in and of themselves, but merely symptoms of one disease only—namely, that disease which produces the poison! Good. We will get on to the end of the story.

After the attack of lung inflammation Mr Mellish suffered from loss of appetite, pain in the chest, sides, and stomach, and dangerous constipation. He could eat only liquid food and had to take to his bed. For weeks he was so feeble that he could not rise in bed. He consulted one physician after another, obtaining no more than temporary relief from medicine. Then he was ordered abroad as a last resource.

His letter concludes in these words: 'Whilst at Cannes, I consulted a doctor, who said my ailment was weak digestion, and that I need not trouble about my lungs. But I never gained any real ground until November, 1891, when I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. This helped me in one week, and by continuing with it I got stronger and stronger, and am now in fair good health. Thus, after my relatives thought I should never recover. (Signed) Arthur Whiddon Mellish.'

To sum up: This gentleman's real ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia, from which the blood poison comes that causes nearly all disorders and pains. The air of Southern France helped him temporarily, because it is milder than ours; it did not remove the poison. By care and the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup he would have done better at home, as the result shows.

So we see that it isn't the climate that kills or saves; it is the condition of the digestion. If, therefore, your doctor orders you abroad for your health, tell him you will first try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Hostess: It's but a poor lunch I can give you! But my cook has got influenza! Infant Terrible: Oh, mommy, you always say that!

"I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter meekly.

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