

THE MILLER'S SON.

Why is the birds sing sweeter to-day?
Why is the sky so bright?
Why is it that time flies fleet to-day?
And the moments are winged with delight?

All the day long
She is thinking of one,
None so handsome and strong—
The miller's son.

For he loves her, he loves her; and, whisper it low,
'Twas only last night that he told her so!

To what is her heart set dancing to-day,
Hark to that glad refrain!
How oft in the glass she glancing to-day,
And eagerly watching the lane.

Home, home again,
All his duties well done,
Comes the noblest of men—
The miller's son!

Oh! he's coming, he's coming, he's well on the way;
And to-morrow, to-morrow's the wedding day.

Why is it she lies there so cold, still and white?
What is it has turned her glad noon into night?

Off into space
The swift engine rushed
With a mighty leap!
Then down, down down!
To kill and draw;
No moment of grace;
But mangled and crushed,
Heap upon heap!
And the foremost one
Was the miller's son!

More bright grow her eyes and more faint grows her breath;
And she marries, she marries the bridegroom—Death!

Stress of Weather.

Of course it was very cold, but fine, reasonable weather. So said each of the three middle-aged gentlemen as they drew themselves up for a final warm at their dining-room fires, waited on by such feminine slaves as happened to exist for them in the shape of wives, daughters or housekeepers. What a hero a man must feel who sees his mittens laid in the fender, his great coat heated, and regretful admiration in the surrounding countenances!

Arrived at the railway station, and deprived of their natural worship, these three men were just as ordinary, comfortable-looking citizens as you could well meet with. They were all strangers to each other, and chanced at the same hour to book themselves for Paddington; all doing it cheerily, for how could they tell what was going to happen! There was a look of having outwitted somebody—a complacent look—on Mr. Dolman's countenance as he pocketed his ticket and purchased his newspaper. "I'll drop in upon them before breakfast," he muttered to himself, with a self-satisfied nod. Mr. Weaver secured neither a *Times* nor a *Telegraph*, but the latest edition of a scientific journal. Mr. Podbury supplied himself with *Punch*, *Fun* and *Truth*; laughter and polite lies being his usual requirements for a happy journey.

Then these three middle-aged gentlemen got into the same first-class compartment, obtained steaming hot tins for their feet, and occupied the minutes before starting their sixty-miles journey in rolling themselves in a soft railway rug. The whistle sounded, the train moved with a prophetic groan, and each man, like a true Briton, opened wide his newspaper and shut out any possible sight of his fellow-travelers.

An hour later the newspapers are dropped, and the gentlemen are all engaged in forming their own private opinions as to the meaning of a very fierce wind that has risen, and is now engaged in blowing snow as fine as sifted sugar through the cracks in the carriage windows. Mr. Podbury, indeed, changed his seat, having a clear objection to being ornamented like a Christmas cake. At last he—the most genial of the three men—spoke.

"Never saw such a sky! Full of snow!"

"Humph! think it's getting thicker!" inquired Mr. Dolman.

"Hiker, sir?" broke in Mr. Weaver, solemnly. "There are evidences about us that the elements are preparing for a struggle—a great struggle, sir."

At this pronounced opinion from so evidently scientific a man, Mr. Dolman looked in amazement at his opposite neighbor. Mr. Podbury laughed cheerily.

"Good gracious! Cats and dogs, I dare say, in snow form!" A great swirl of wind drove the snow hard against the glass as he spoke, and, for a minute or so the windows were blinded. Slower and slower moved the train, and finally stopped.

"What now?" cried Mr. Dolman, as he and Mr. Podbury thrust their heads out of opposite windows and as suddenly drew them in again. A guard plodding his way along and bending to the tempest, showed the most remarkable instance of railway-official-forbearance on record, for he waited to hear and answer the two heads out of one and the same window.

"Why have you stopped, guard?" asked the one.

"Why don't you go on, guard?" asked the other.

"We're fast in a drift, sirs, and can't get no further."

At this astounding news the questioners became momentarily dumb;

even from Mr. Podbury's cheerful face the light died out.

"It's disgraceful!—to-day of all days, guard—I shall be too late, after all!" burst forth Mr. Dolman in angry reproach. But the guard passed quietly onward, and the gentlemen shut up the window.

The only one of the three who wore an air of comfort and composure was Mr. Weaver. He read a short paragraph in his scientific journal, and murmured to himself:

"Most interesting! Wonderful!"

"What is, sir?" testily inquired Mr. Dolman. "Our being stuck in the snow?"

Mr. Weaver glanced up from his reverie with a mild remark: "I have been engaged for some years in the study of the Glacial period, sir. As it was in the past it will undoubtedly be again. I see a beautiful corroboration in the scene around me of the evident near approach of the extraordinary cold phenomena we are led by the most learned of our men to expect."

"Every one to his taste," cried Mr. Podbury, shivering. "I hate ice myself," and he drew out a well-filled pocket-flask. Mr. Dolman, evidently put out by some private, serious complication, frowned and glowered silently. The snow was getting uncommonly deep, and presently the guard appeared again.

"No chance of moving, gentlemen, till we can get some men to dig us out. Nearest station just one mile off." And away he went.

"Does the fellow think we can walk?" demanded Mr. Dolman of Mr. Podbury.

"No, no. We must grin and bear it."

"I can't bear it, sir!" said Mr. Dolman, unreasonably. "If I don't get to Paddington in an hour, my niece and my niece's fortune will be lost to me forever."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Podbury, with keen pleasure at this chance of a little amusing scandal, "how's that, sir?" Even the Glacial Period man looked across with mild interest.

"My niece, a charming young lady, is also my ward," said Mr. Dolman. "I have always intended that she should marry my son. Unfortunately I was persuaded to allow the girl to visit her aunt—one of those dreadful women who act for themselves and think they are cleverer than men; and, under this misguided person's roof she has been permitted to renew a girlish love affair of which I had entirely disapproved and put a stop to. The result is that they are to be married this morning at Paddington Church at half past 11. A clerk of mine found that, out and telegraphed for me, so that I might be in time to stop the mischief. And I should have been in time but for this—this—!" and finding no adequate word ready to express his wrath, Mr. Dolman glared fiercely out at the fair but impeding snow wreaths.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," smiled Mr. Podbury, with an attempt at pleasantry, which the aggrieved uncle bitterly resented.

"How jolly glad the young couple will be, sir, when they hear that you stuck fast on the right side of Reading!"

"Ugh!" growled the miserable Mr. Dolman. "Her money's all tied up! That's one comfort. Young Weaver can't make ducks and drakes of it!"

"Weaver, sir?" said the scientific gentleman, with difficulty recalling himself from antediluvian dreams; "That's my name—and my son, Tom Weaver, of the Engineers, is going to be married to-day. I was on my way to be present at the wedding. He is a downright good fellow, sir, and the pretty young girl is Mary Dolman."

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Podbury, laughing heartily, "one on his way to assist, the other to prevent, and both stopped by the snow! Ha! ha! ha! I must say it's good!"

If Mr. Dolman could have roared Mr. Podbury and converted Mr. Weaver into a permanent glacial monument he would have done it. That he should in his storm-bound desperation have confided his hopes and their disappointment to the father of that young rascal, Weaver!

But the snow got worse and worse. They reached Reading toward nightfall, and there Mr. Dolman stopped, wildly desirous to send off telegrams; one of reproach to his wicked niece, one to his home to say he was not lost. As the wires were damaged by the storm he could not send either. He made his way to a hotel in the town, and went to bed, roughly desiring the chambermaid not to call him until the line was clear for him to get home. As the young woman did not know where he lived she wisely remarked that it might be a week or more to which he sulkingly replied he didn't care if it were ten. The girl looked a moment at the door as it closed, and then nodded her head knowingly.

"E looks old, but there's no mistake in the symptoms. 'E's bin and proposed to some one, and she won't have him!"—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

Children's Droll Sayings.

Children's remarks are at times even more entertaining than their comical queries and replies.

A BLUE COW.—One of the two children who were amusing themselves by coloring pictures, suddenly exclaimed:—

"How stupid of you to paint that cow blue!"

"Oh, it's blue with the cold!" quickly observed the other. "Don't you see it is winter, and the poor thing is most frozen!"

A GOOD TIME TO WRITE IT DOWN.—A little girl on being told something which greatly amused her, said that "She would remember it the whole of her life, and when she forgot it she would write it down."

VERY CONSIDERATE.—A gentleman had a cat which had five kittens. On ordering three of them to be drowned, his little boy said: "Pa, do not throw them into cold water. Warm 'em first; they may catch cold."

OPINIONS OF OLD FOLKS.—The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering:—

"Oh dear," she exclaimed to her doll, "I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for awhile?"

In contrast with this was the delicate compliment which a little boy paid to his mother. The family were discussing at the supper table the qualities which go to make up a good wife. Nobody thought that the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother and said:—

"Mamma, when I get big enough I'm going to marry a lady just exactly like you."—*Christian at Work*.

A GENTLE HINT.—A small boy of four summers was riding on a hobby horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause he said: "I think if one of us gets off, I could ride much better."

DEATH AND LIFE.—A little four-year-old boy was greatly troubled with the idea of dying, having been told that everyone must die sometime. "Will papa die sometime?" "Yes." "Will grandma die too?" "Yes, dear, sometime." "Will Auntie die?" "Yes." So he went through with the family, mournfully asking about each one, then suddenly brightening up, he said, "Then God will hab to make some more folks!" He will hab to!—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

Artificial Dimples.

Learning that there was a place in the city where dimples were made to order I went there out of curiosity. I was shown into a parlor somewhat resembling a dentist's operating room. To me presently came a dapper little man. I wanted a dimple in my arm, and told him so. My arms being bare, and the exact spot being indicated, he placed a small glass tube, the orifice of which was extremely small upon the spot. This tube had working within it a piston, and was so small that when the handle was drawn up the air was exhausted from the tube and it adhered to the flesh, raising a slight protuberance. Around this raised portion the operator daintily tied a bit of scarlet silk, and then took away his suction machine. The little point of skin that was thus raised he sliced off with a wicked-looking knife, bringing the blood. I tried hard not to scream, but it was so unexpected that I had to. Then he bound up the arm, placing over the wound a small silver object like an inverted cone, the point of which was rounded and polished. This little point was adjusted so as to depress the exact centre of the cut. Then he told me to go away and not touch the spot till the next day. When I came at that time he dressed my arm again, and this operation was repeated for five days, when the wound was healed. The silver cone was removed, and there, sure enough, beneath it was the prettiest dimple in the world! All I had to pay was \$10.

His Lordship Declined.

Like many other professional "wits," Sergeant Ballantine never takes a joke against himself kindly. On one occasion he had a lady client with the peculiar name of Tickle, for whom he appeared before the late Baron Martin in a breach of promise case. A point of law arose, and Mr. Ballantine began an address to the Judge in these words: "Tickle, my client, my lord—" Here he was interrupted by his lordship's saying: "Tickle her yourself, my learned brother." Everybody in the Court roared with laughter except Mr. Ballantine, who looked glum and was very grumpy throughout the day.

Recent Legal Decisions.

SALE-WARRANTY-REPRESENTATIONS.—The purchaser of a reaping machine sued the vendor for damages upon the warranty he had given. The defense was that there was no warranty given. On the trial of the case—*Neave vs. Arntz*—the plaintiff proved that the defendant in the negotiations for the sale represented that the reaper was one of the best machines made and of great efficiency, and he got a judgment. The defendant appealed to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, which affirmed the judgment. Judge Cassaday, in the opinion, said: "Undoubtedly any assertion or affirmation made by the seller to the purchaser during the negotiations to effect the sale respecting the quality of the article or the efficiency of the machine sold will be regarded as a warranty if relied upon by the purchaser in buying. Here the negotiations were conducted by the seller in person; the words employed were his own. While he denies giving a warranty he admits using the words proven, and as these words were representations constituting a warranty this denial is simply that the law is what it is."

CONDITIONAL SALE—GOODS TO BE SOLD BY DEALER—TITLE TO GOODS UNSOLD.—Merchants sold liquors to a retailer upon the condition that the title to the goods should remain in them until paid for, with the understanding that sales might be made in the course of business, the condition to be enforced against the unsold liquors. No payment whatever was made, and the vendor, learning that the creditors of the vendee had attached the liquors which remained in the store, brought suit to recover them. In this case—*Lewis vs. McCabe*—the defendants had judgment, and the plaintiffs carried the case to the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut. Judge Loomis, in the opinion in favor of merchants, said: "The title of the vendors to the unsold stock is good against the attaching creditors. The Courts of this State are in harmony with those of Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts on this question, who hold that the condition that the right of property shall remain in the vendor until payment is good, not only as between the original parties but also against purchasers from and creditors of the vendee, even when possession goes with the sale and there is nothing to indicate that it is not absolute. There is much contradiction of reasoning and decision relative to the validity of conditional sales in the different States, and often to some extent in the same State. In Pennsylvania the Courts have firmly established the rule that a sale and delivery of personal property, with an agreement that the ownership shall remain in the vendor until the purchase money is paid, is fraudulent and void as to creditors of the vendee and innocent purchasers; and the Courts of New York concur in holding conditional sales void as to purchasers, but give them effect against execution creditors assignments for the benefit of creditors or security for the payment of antecedent debts."

SHARES OF STOCK—CERTIFICATE WITH POWER OF ATTORNEY—ATTACHING CREDITORS.—A creditor of a shareholder in a national bank sued him in Connecticut, where the bank was located, on July 20, 1899, and attached the stock. He recovered judgment and sold his shares in execution, and on the Sheriff's certificate of sale, the bank transferred the stock to the purchaser, issued to him a new certificate and paid him the subsequent dividends. On May 20, 1903, the owner of the shares assigned them to D, giving him a power of attorney to make the transfer, and he (D), in the following January, assigned the stock to S, and delivered to him the power of attorney. In August, 1899, S, went to the bank to make the transfer, but met with a refusal, on the ground that by the Sheriff's sale the interest of the owner had passed to the purchaser, to whom a certificate had been issued. He then brought suit against the bank for the value of the stock—*Scott vs. the Pequonock National Bank of Bridgeport*,—in the United States Circuit Court, Southern District of New York, and recovered a judgment. Judge Shipman, in the opinion, said: "In the absence of positive provisions of law or rules of evidence whereby transfers of property made without notice to the public or without registry are declared fraudulent and void as against attaching creditors without notice, or whereby certain specified acts are made prerequisite to the vesting of a new title, creditors take their debtors' property subject to all honest and bona fide liens and equitable transfers. There is no statutory provision or by-law here, and no fraud can be made out from the failure to transfer under the power of attorney. The delivery of the certificate, and the assignment, and the power to transfer is a sufficient delivery at common law. The tendency of modern decisions is to regard certificates of stock attached to an executed bank assignment and power to transfer as approximating to negotia-

ble securities, though neither in form nor character negotiable."

CHattel MORTGAGES—OWNERSHIP—KNOWLEDGE OF MORTGAGE.—A mortgage certain goods to B to secure a note, and there was included in the property some goods of A's wife, which fact was known to B. The mortgage contained the usual covenants of ownership and warranty. In an action to recover the value of these goods, which the mortgagor refused to deliver up, he set up as a defense that they could not be mortgaged by him, as he was not the owner, and on the trial he offered to prove that the title to them was in his wife. This evidence was rejected as conflicting with the covenants of the mortgage, and the plaintiff had judgment. Defendant appealed the case—*Harvey vs. Harvey*—to the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, which affirmed the judgment. The Chief Justice, Durfee, in the opinion, said: "For the sake of the wife we should be glad to hold that the plaintiff was himself estopped by his misconduct from claiming that her husband could not contradict the mortgage, but we do not see our way clear to do it, for the deed, though ineffectual to convey the wife's property, was valid between the parties, and the wrong committed or contemplated against her was committed partly with the plaintiff, and, therefore, in a case which affects only the defendant we do not see how he can be permitted to take any advantage of the estoppel."

Sanitary.

Dr. Playter, of Toronto, has gathered facts in regard to consumptives from 250 doctors. Their replies showed that the average age of patients was twenty-seven; 46 per cent. were males, 54 per cent. females, and 28 per cent. were married. The average size of the chest was 31 inches; the chest of persons of the same average height, 5 feet 5 inches would usually average 37 inches. About 56 per cent. had light hair and eyes, two-thirds did indoor work, had slept in small rooms and wore no flannels. Only 46 per cent. had consumptive ancestors, and the majority were of the nervous temperament.

M. Pasteur for the past ten years has been spending much of his time in the company of mad dogs, in order to test the value of his inoculation theory. He has just communicated the most recent results of his investigations to the French academy of sciences. He states that all the dogs that he had inoculated with the virus, and had been cured of the disease thus communicated, enjoyed perfect immunity from a second attack. Hence he argues that dogs, being the originators of hydrophobia should be compelled to pass through the ordeal of inoculation, in order that they might thenceforth be powerless to drive man mad.

Alcohol for Catarrh.—The Rev. William H. Bergfelds thinks he has discovered a simple and certain remedy for catarrh, which has so long baffled medical science. Mr. Bergfelds was pastor of the Baptist church at Lyons Farm, New Jersey, but in 1872 he was compelled to give up preaching on account of a severe catarrhal affection. He is a member of a nickel-plating company, and one evening, after using in his business a lacquer composed of alcohol, he found that his disease was not so bad. He then put alcohol into an inhaler and tried breathing the vapor arising from it. He did this for a month, night and morning, and was greatly relieved of the catarrhal trouble. A few months later he was cured, and he is now again pastor of the Lyons Farm church. His family finds that the vapor from alcohol also prevents colds.

Fourteen Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is great a mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our infirm minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

Drudge-Mothers and Lady-Daughters.

Everyone blames the lady-daughter, and pities the drudge-mother. The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes, and elegantly arranged hair, dawdling over a novel or chatting with companions or friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen, or fretting her soul in the vain attempt to reduce the pile of "mending," and at the same time looking after the tumbling baby. The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has pulled her hair askew, she still wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning, when the baby woke her up from her weary sleep. She is tired! She is always tired. She is tired on Saturday; she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning; and tired in the evening; and goes to bed and gets up tired. It is hard not to get angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look on her exhausted mother's face, and know how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth a hand to help her. Nay, she is going out to tea this evening, and will come to her mother to have a dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength. In all our modern world there is not an uglier sight than this—no, not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard, such a girl called by indignant acquaintances. She is to be pitied, rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to herself: "She shall not be the drudge I was. She shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. She shall have a good time when she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterwards." And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her; all difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if only her mother's daughter had a good time. She learned that lesson thoroughly, and frightful selfishness was developed in her. Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say, "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes for her mother's indulgence and generous care."

The Missing Link.

A Race of Hairy Men with Tails.

There is now being exhibited at the royal aquarium in London, a strange, hairy little creature named Krao. It is described as a very bright-looking, intelligent little girl of about seven years of age. She was caught, according to the account given of her, in the forest, near Laos, and brought to England by Mr. Carl Bock, a Norwegian, who, since the expedition described by him in "The Head Hunters of Borneo," has been exploring Siam and the wilder states to the north-east. Hearing in various quarters of the existence of a race of hairy tailed men, similar in appearance to a family kept at the court of Ma delay, he offered a reward for the capture of a specimen. A man was caught, and with him the child now exhibited, and a woman of similar appearance then allowed herself to be taken. When the little one attempted to wander, the parents called her back with a plaintive cry of "Kra-o," and the call has been adopted as her name. The eyes of the child are large, dark and lustrous; the nose is flattened, the nostrils scarcely showing; the cheeks are fat and pouchlike, the lower lip only rather thicker than is usual in Europeans; but the peculiarity is the strong and abundant hair. On the head it is black, thick, and straight, and grows over the forehead down to the heavy eyebrows, and is continued in whisker-like locks down the cheeks. The rest of the face is covered with a fine, dark, downy hair, and the shoulders and arms have a covering of hair from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is, it is said, a slight lengthening of the lower vertebrae, suggestive of the caudal protuberance, and also points in the muscular conformation which will provoke discussion. Krao has already picked up a few words of English. She is said to be of a frank, affectionate disposition, and shows truly feminine delight in her clothes, jewelry and ribbons. The showman exhibits her as "the missing link."

The New Jersey State Board of Agriculture closed a two-days' session in Trenton. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas H. Dudley; Secretary, P. T. Quinn; Executive Committee—T. H. Kinney, William S. Taylor and Edward Burroughs.