#### SEEN IN OTHER LANDS.

ODD INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN TR 4-VEL AND OBSERVATION.

An Unhappy Little Nobleman and His Keeper-Inhospitable Breton Lowly Folk A Wise London Raven and its Embarrassing Pointed Oueries.

LONDON, Jan. 2.-I found him all alone at a table in a snug little restaurant of shadowy Mercery Lane at ancient Canterbury. He was a mite of a thing, but an old young lad, seemingly already broken by all the sorrows of desolate old age. His attire was rich, but his back was humped, his legs were crooked and spindled, his cheeks were sunken and his eyes were crossed and queer. Tears were silently trickling down his face. I could not eat my food until I had asked him if he was in trouble.

', Oh sir" he said in the sweetest tones I ever heard from a boy's lips, and as if completely overcome by his situatiou and unexpected human sympathy, "I wish I was dead and buried!" Pressing him for further explanation, with the hope of allaying his childish troubles, he continued in a scared, hunted way: " I am Lord -

they tell me. But I never saw my father. My mother is a beautiful lady, but they only let me see her once a year; and then she goes away. '

As he piteously spoke a huge mountain of the room. It was nurse Digby. Her dress | tiptoeing about in quest of somebody. and flowers, was very much awry. She that I must take along my umbrella. It was more than "cheery." She had passed stood with others in the great hallway the quarrelsome stage of drink into the re- leading to the dining-room. I somehow gion of bland beatitude. In a moment we felt like a criminal when approaching that fortunately got the best of her native sus- umbrella stand. I fairly trembled lest picion and cunning; she embraced me as a some suddenly-appearing employe should reward for soppositious friendliness; and it pounce upon me when in the act of abwas somehow made clear that little milord stracting my own umbrella. Scarcely had had been brought down from London, os- I got a firm hold of the handle when this tensibly for a "houting" and to visit the fairly shrieked demand rang out beside me: cathedral, but in reality that nurse Digby might revel, with such as she, in the brave brews of tair, hop-laden Kent.

turn falling upon little milord in imbecile protestation of affection. "Digby'll stan' dismayed, I plunged out of the place and by a dear agin' zworld—Sho sh'will d(hic!) arling, m'lord! A sousan' sholdiers couldn' part ush-not hunner sousan', phretty (hic) dear! Gen'l'm' shears me (hic!) swhear | duced to the gleefully malignant raven it!" Then nurse Digby fell in a mass up- whose station was in the hallway, where at on her charge! the little nobleman shrieked | night its cage was covered with some trawith fright and pain! and his tormentor veler's handy rug. rolled into a comfortable ball beneath the

cathedral aside, I at once summoned a carriage; got the deformed boy and nurse Digby into it; drove through the quaint old city up the winding hill to the railway station; and never left the ill-assorted pair until I had seen them safely in the carriage of a London-bound train. But I can never torget that poor lad's pleadings that I should rescue him from the living death of his hopeless environment, and his white, desperate face, as he crouched in his seat like a scourged soul, still appealing while watching the human animal, his endless tormentor, as she lay in temporary harmless- are YOU? ness upon the compartment floor.

"Oh, sir, I shall remember you, if I live to be a great lord!" were his last words that I heard as the train rolled away. The hopeless tragedy it all revealed has never left my heart; and all that sunny afternoon in old Canterbury town, the brasses and effigies of the great cathedral could only be half discerned through the mists of evergathering tears.

If your travels ever bring you along the highways and by ways of Brittany, you must never expect hospitality of the peasant people. It is the only foreign land in which I have wandered on foot where the stranger, and especially the American stranger, is not welcome among lowly tolk with unquestioning cordiality and an almost affectionate regard.

and ask for food and a night's shelter and Lakes, at its eastern base; crossed the the whole family will crowd into the door to obstruct your passage. Then they will silently and sullenly look you over. Whither from? Whither bound? If a foreigner, they are even shrewd enough to demand your passport. No vagabond, deserter, nor ticket-of-leave man will they harbor. Finally assured you are none of these, they set about bargaining for the last sou they can wring from you. The food you are to get to the very color of the coffee is set powerfully against your money. Their own poverty, their bewildering number of children, the lonely road to the nearest village inn, the fact that at the next cottage they would probably murder as well as take you in; all and much more is set forth to make your bargain a hard one. So, too, the toothless old peasant hag mother while eyeing you askance, croons to her husband a running fire of objections to the arrangement, a few of which set you down to your face as a villianous spy; some

wretch that has cheated the gibbet; and attitude of silent scorn towards an innocent certainly no less than the thief of Breton horses who was caught and flogged at the last horse fair at La Folguet.

They are shrewd and canny, these simple tolk, and they will make you very miserable until the price is set and paid down in hand, for they will not trust you with the sum until morning, lest your appearance belie your ability to pay; but the lugubrious transaction once settled, and a few sous scattered among the children, which are immediately snatched away and hidden in the farmer's strong box, the atmosphere suddenly changes. You are the guest now. All the inn-keeping politeness, suavity and attention of Paris itself are yours; and until you leave, every soul in the cottage puts every other duty aside to minister unto your wants and comfort.

There is a glib-tongued raven, the pride of a certain otherwise delightful, oldfashioned inn beside Covent Garden, London, much frequented by Americans, against which many of us who have suffered from its ill-timed speculations and maledictions possess feelings far from a benign and friendly character.

The morning after my first arrival at this hostelry, I wished to take an early train she cries and I cry, and its dreadful when for Brighton; and as no one, save costermongers and market porters, is astir in "May be you saw nruse Digby? Nurse | London before eight or nine o'clock, I was Digby minds me, and they make me live compelled to awaken and get away without with her, and say she must keep me uctil I | the pleasant formality of being called. am a great lord. But she drinks and beats | Anxious not to miss my train, I hastily deme. She's drinking to day, sir; and I'm scended to the office floor. Here I found sure she'll almost kill me. Oh, sir, do take the street-door ajar, but the dining-room, me to America. and let me be plain and the office, the reading room and apparently rough and happy like all the other boys! all the minor offices were still closed and -There she is, sir! Please, please don't dark, and no servant whatever could then be summoned by call of voice or bell.

The idea of leaving the hotel without flesh slid down a stairway and reeled into reporting the fact worried me. I began was disheveled, her wrappings were upside | This of itself impelled a feeling of guilt and down, her hat, a tossing sea of feathers dread. I was late, but it occured to me "Who are you? - who are You? - who

Ichabod Crane when pursued by the "Shz'are's a dear!" she blubbered, in Headless Horseman never flew; over old stud beside it" Pocantico bridge faster than, startled and into the clutches of a Southampton street police officer. Explanations followed; I missed my train; but was formerly intro-

That is a strange principle of human na-ture which finds mitigation of our own humiliation in the embarrassment of others; Casting all thought of my own visit to the but the same evening I almost forgave the vicious bird for selecting as another victim one of those particularly aggravating American females who prance and scold about the world as professional "agitators." The lady was big and broad and pompous-a familiar figure, I am told, in the New England States. Wherever she moved she proceeded in a series of stately pauses and snorts, as if to say: "I pause that you may have opportunity to fully realize who

She was passing in this manner through the hallway to the dining-room. The raven was evidently impressed and curious. He promptly shouted, almost in her ears, Who are you? - who are You? - who

The agitator was agitated. Trembling from rage she wheeled and shouted back to

the office torce and tittering guests:

'Who am I? Bless me, everybody outside of this disgraceful country knows who I am! This is an outrage. I shall see Minister Lincoln about it!" Then she maj stically snorted herself into dinner.

An irresistible but repressed outburst of laughter followed the contretemps. As it died away I noticed the raven craning its neck to this side and that, and blinking demurely. Then it gave its ugly beak a few smart raps with its claws, sent an unearthly whistle after my disappearing countrywoman, and, as it finally settled itself for a bit of quiet reflection, purred hoarsely but still softly and ruminatively.

"Who are you? - who are YOU? - who are

Speaking of interesting Americans abroad, reminds me of a curious incident of my recent years' wanderings in Ireland. From the western slope I had crossed the crags Call at a roadside cottage in Brittany of Carrantuohill mountain to the Killarney vagrant Owenreach river; and, scrambling over hill and heather, finally reached the great highway from Bantry and Glengariff, called the 'Prince of Wales' Route' from

Cork to the lake region. Just where this magnificent road first turns the mountain side, tourists by longcar, or legs, are given a first glimpse of the surpassing panorama, which at one sweep comprehends the great mountains on either side and the witching lakes between-the most entrancing of all views of Killarney. I was sitting here, rough, ragged and travel-stained, upon a ledge of rocks, resting in the sweet April day and dreamfully contemplating the scene before me, when I to the effect "that a thing of beauty is a was pleasantly disturbed to afterwards first (jaw) forever." know by actual experience the substantial

rewards of a vagrant's life in tourist lands. small mountain of hampers piled above the good temper cannot go together, and the "well" between the hanging side seats, most prevalent breeder of ill health is a lumbered up the southern ascent from Kenmare, and came to its customary halt to rubber coat a damp, clammy feeling with enable tourists to enjoy the unusual prospect. Among the passengers were a couple of Etonian graduates and an English milord possibility, because Rigby is warm, light, and milady with their children and servants, porous, and perfectly waterproof. P.-I all of whom were in an aggressive-defensive - Please Investigate.

pair from our own loved land.

The latter were a little bald, nut-headed gentleman with a bent, poddy body, suggesting a polished pebble set in the end of aj banana, and his good, honest American wife, twice his height and four times his girth. The man was the embodiment of nervous activity and enthusiasm; the woman, of adipose and repose; and both, having duly paid their "booking," were placedly oblivious of the ethical injuries they had inflicted all the way from Cork upon their tellow travelers.

Everybody alighted but the calm American woman. In serene composure she watched her side of the long car settle nearly to the ground; but she kept her seat. "Come down, Maw, do;" urged the little man, bringing into instant use a pair of field-glasses, each tube of which was as large as the "Lone Fisherman's" stage telescope. "Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!'

At the sound of these last three words milord winced, milady elevated her eyebrows, the Etonians readjusted their eyeglasses, and the servants looked dignified and grave. "No; guess I'll let well enough alone;"

murmured the little man's large wife. Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! repeated the American, sweeping the scene with his glasses, filling the English delegation with another series of shudderings, and backing into me as he spoke. "You'll step on that man there, Paw, it

you don't use your eyes;" cautioned the wite from the long-car. "Bless me, yes; -wonderful, wonderful,

wonderful! Peasantry right here in the mountings. See here, Pat, "he continued addressing me, "you good-for nothing dynamite Irishmen don't deserve this wonderful kentry, darned if you do!" "Thrue for yez, yer honor;" I replied

humbly. "See that, Maw?" with a cunning wink to his wife. Thinks I'm one o' them high rollers. Well, well! Pat here's aa-guess its a halt crown, or something 'r other. There, now, brace up. Go to my country. Get a clean shirt. Be a-awell, 'git there '!"

"God bless yer honor!" I responded, thanking him heartily. "May the top o yer head never folly yer hair!'

"Maw! - say, Maw? Did you hear that Irish wit, by Golly? Well, well, well! Wonderful, wonderful! Live long 'round here, Pat?'

"Indade did I. For ages."

" Wonderful !-The English contingent winced; the worthy man gave me another shilling; and his good wife from the tilting long-car wished the little man " would'nt make such a tuss over every poor creature in Ireland. "Well, well, Pat, what's the name o that mounting?"

"Carrantuohill's the same, sor." "Some sort of-er-story-er-legion

about it, I s'pose?" "Divil doubt that, sor. But wan mountain stud there at first, sor. St. Patrickmay all the saints bless him !-- was carin' for two hills. So one fine mornin' another

" Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the American, writing the same down on a business-card as big as his hand, while his traveling companions writhed again. " And that furder one?"

" Tore sir. Tore bekase that's a wild boar, an' ye'll find 'em there this blissed minute, with tusks on 'em the length o'

ver arm, sor.' "Goodness gracious! But that is won-

derful. Maw, did you hear that? And that mounting over there, Pat ? " " Mangarton, sor.' " Jess so. Kinder Dutch, haint it? pose some Dutchman settled there, and garden'd it long ago, eh? Wonderful

ow these things stick to places!" He had me there, and I should have broken down entirely if milord, with a loud guffaw in which the undergraduates joined, 49 KING ST. W., TORONTO, Ont had not ascended the car, and with illysuppressed snorts and indignation, ordered the driver to proceed. This took my little friend from me on the run; but after his able-bodied wife had dragged him from the ground to his seat on the long-car and held im in it by one arm, he turned and gesticulating enthusiastically with the other and the field-glasses, yelled from the rapidly disappearing vehicle: "Come to my hotel. Pat! Don't know the name. Best this wonderful kentry. Make it all right. Darned if I don't!

EDGAR L WAKEMAN.

Caravans in the Desert.

I have heard, says Mr. Spurgeon, that in the desert, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance: then, after a little space, follows another; and then, at a short interval, another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud "Come!" The next one, hearing his voice, repeats the word ' Come!" whilst the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!". So in that verse, the Spirit and the Bride say, first of all, "Come?" and then let him that heareth say "Come!" and whosoever is athirst let him come, and take the water of life freely.

Giving Bitter Medicines.

In the case of small children, or any sick person where great nausea is present, or there is a weak, delicate stomach, it is both possible and easy to administer bitter or otherwise disagreeable tonics, such as quinine, by absorption: in fact, it is some-times much better to do so, and it is always safe. In the case of quinine, wet a triple dose with alcohol and rub it gently all along the spine, over the stomach and under the arms. This method is especially valuable to mothers and nurses in "home doctoring." and a lesson on its practice should be taken from the family physician.

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CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR. Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld., Rheumatism. Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw. By. McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Goitre.

Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation. James H. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neural-

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If dough or paste, wax or starch had been first put on the edges of these cards and allowed to dry, it would have been broken and chipped off in the bending, and probably would have torn or broken the cards.

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