

AN ENGLISH VIEW.

"Cassell's Journal" Tells of the Mistakes of Settlers in Canada.

It is a common thing to hear of young men of good family and position going out to the colonies, generally with the idea of turning farmers; and it may be interesting to follow some of these gentlemen emigrants across the Atlantic, and see how it fared there.

B., trained at a public school, in London, and in luxury, made arrangements to learn farming in the "Far West," at the rate of a hundred pounds a year. When he arrived at his destination, he found that farming, as far as he was personally concerned, consisted of cooking for the family, and doing all the "chores," or odd jobs, about the place, an experience for which he was scarcely prepared.

On day the farmer came to him and said—

"We will have a chicken for dinner," meaning a prairie chicken or wild grouse. "But," remonstrated the pupil, "I have never killed a chicken in my life; how shall I do it?"

"Take a gun and shoot it, of course," was the scornful reply.

Doing as he was told the young man took a gun and, providing himself also with a handful of corn, proceeded to the poultry yard, where he soon gathered all the roosters together, and then, while they were busily feeding, fired into the midst of them, wounding numbers, but not killing one.

The farmer, arriving upon the scene just in time to see this interpretation of his orders, made use of language such as B. had never heard before; and during the next few days the pupil had a bad time of it, for the wounded birds were found dead all over the farm, and the poultry yard had to be restocked.

Another pupil on one occasion was discovered trying very hard to attach an ox to the handles of a plough, under the impression that they were shafts.

Sometimes, farming not proving satisfactory, the pupils give it up and seek other spheres of labor. One gentleman took a situation as gardener, having never handled a spade in his life; but he thought he could do what was required, until one day the lady of the house asked him if he could paint.

Forgetting his present position, and thinking only that she must want something to adorn the walls, he begged to be excused, saying it was a long time since he had done anything of the kind. The past faded away again when the mistress explained that she only wanted him to paint the garden palings!

In the colonies men do things that they would not dream of at home; and one young man, finding nothing better to do, engaged himself as assistant in a pork shop. On a certain occasion, the messenger being out, he had to take some sausages to a house where he was going to a dance in the evening!

While there are men who are ready and willing to turn their hands to anything, there are others who will not work, and others again who seem only able to squander money which would be a fortune to some.

As an illustration of this, an English gentleman sent his son out to a farm in Canada, providing him with funds to purchase and stock a farm; but the son, finding he could live very comfortably without work, provided himself with a house, and left the farming operations to the imaginations of those at home.

This answered very well until the father announced that he intended to pay a visit to the farm. On his arrival he was delighted to see large herds of cattle, cowboys riding about in every direction, and every sign of busy life; and he went back to England never dreaming that all this fine show of cattle, etc., had been lent by an accommodating neighbor for the occasion.

A man who buys a farm for fifteen thousand dollars and sells it soon after for two thousand dollars is not cut out for a colonist; and the same may be said of many who think fortune will favor them without any efforts of their own. It is not to be wondered at that the native Canadians jeer at these failures, as they undoubtedly do.

He Had Sworn Off.

A game of billiards was attracting considerable interest in the bar-room of a western hotel. Grouped about were a number of spectators watching the progress of the game.

"I'll bet you a fiver that Christmas wins," remarked an old-timer to a new-comer.

"No, I guess not," was the answer.

"I'll bet you \$2 to \$5 that the game's his."

"No, I guess not," repeated the new-comer, dissenting.

"I'll bet you \$10 to \$1, then," was the emphatic retort. Will you take that?"

"Can't do it," replied the stranger. "I never bet."

"Missionary or parson, perhaps?" suggested the old-timer, with a grin.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "I've simply sworn off. I bet \$10 a month ago that I could get a billiard ball in my mouth."

"Lost your bet, of course; any fool would."

"Oh, no. I won the bet; but it cost me \$15 to have my front teeth extracted to get the ball out. Since then I have quit betting."

A Competent Physician.

A Missouri physician received the following letter from a friend who is engaged in the practice of medicine in Arkansas:

"Dear Dock—I have a patient whose physical sides show that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lung has dropped into his stomach. He is unable to swallow, and I fear his stomach is gone. I have given him everything without effect, his father is wealthy, honorable and influential. He is an active member of the M. E. church, and I don't want to lose him; what shall I do? Answer by return mail, yours in need."

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THE REIGN OF THE BICYCLE.

It Puts the Rich on a Common Level With the Poor.

What may be called, not improperly, the bicycle passion has full possession of several leading countries of the world. England and France, notably those parts of them in and about London and Paris, have been so given over to it for some time that a large proportion of their population come and go on their errands of business or pleasure "on a wheel." Americans who have recently travelled abroad have been astonished at the general use of the bicycle there, and have been still more astonished on returning to their own country to find what headway the passion had made here. It is said to be a conservative estimate by competent authorities that during the year now closing a quarter of a million bicycles have been sold in this country, and that the number of riders approaches a million. There are said to be over 50,000 in New York and its neighborhood, and fully half that number in and about Boston. The latter city caught the passion from Europe some time before New York did, and has a larger proportion of its population, male and female, regularly devoted to it.

Observers of the phenomenon are wondering whether it is merely a passing whim, or whether it "has come to stay;" whether those who have taken it up will continue it after the novelty has worn off or whether they will drop it for the next new fad that shall come along. There are many reasons for thinking that its stay will be permanent. Undoubtedly many of those who take it up because of its vogue will tire of it after a while, but these will not constitute a large proportion of the whole number. The great body of riders find in the bicycle a new pleasure in life, a means of seeing more of the world, a source of better health, through open-air exercise, a bond of comradeship, a method of rapid locomotion either for business or pleasure, and many other enjoyments and advantages which they will not relinquish. The bicycle has, in fact, become a necessary part of modern life, and could not be abandoned without turning the social progress of the world backward. Few who have used it for a tour through the country would think for a moment of giving it up and returning to pedestrianism instead. Aside from the exhilarating joy of riding, which every bicycle devotee will assure you is the nearest approach to flying at present possible to man, there is the opportunity of seeing a constantly changing landscape.

The bicycle is indeed the great leveler. It puts the poor man on the level with the rich, enabling him to "sing the song of the open road," as freely as the millionaire, and to widen his knowledge by visiting the regions near to or far from his home, observing how other men live. He could not afford a railway journey and sojourn in these places, and he could not walk through them without tiring sufficiently to destroy in a measure the pleasure which he sought. But he can ride through twenty, thirty, fifty, even seventy miles of country in a day without serious fatigue, and with no expense save his board and lodgings. To thousands of men and women the longing of years to travel a little as soon as they could afford it is thus gratified, virtually without limit; for a "little journey in the world" can be made on every recurring holiday or vacation.

Disadvantages of Writing a Novel.

The man who writes a novel which attains any degree of success must be prepared to endure a host of annoyances. Directly favorable reviews begin to appear a number of seedy looking individuals will call singly at the author's residence—how they sometimes discover his address is a mystery—and ask for employment, such as copying MSS., or translating into foreign language. Several of them generally say they have been sent by the novelist's publisher. The young writer is naturally flattered. It is very pleasant to think that he is already so well known, and he usually extends pecuniary relief to these applicants. Then begging letters will begin to come in from authors who say their works have never received fair treatment, and probably half-a-dozen or so battered MSS. will be offered him for a few shillings, the senders of them giving the young novelist permission to use them in any way he thinks fit. Last, but by no means least, he will be expected to reply to a daily batch of letters from ambitious person of both sexes, asking for advice as to how they are to get their efforts accepted by stonyhearted editors and publishers.

Complimenting the Vicar.

A Sussex vicar, who ministers to a very rustic congregation, was recently the recipient of a singular compliment. Sunday morning service was over, when, leaving church he encountered a trio of humble parishioners, one of whom came forward with beaming countenance to act as spokesman for the group.

"Thank ye, thank ye kindly, sir; your sermon this mornin' was powerful good for the likes of us to listen to."

"I am very glad to hear you say that, Mr. Hodge," responded the smiling vicar.

"Yez zir, vez zer, I was jes' sayin' to my neighbors here, there ain't no stand-off nonsense about parson; in the pulpit he's just a ignorant man talking to ignorant folk."

"Rival Commercial."

Two commercial travellers were trying to sell a merchant a fireproof safe. The first said—"A cat was put in our safe, and the safe was put in the middle of a fire for twenty-four hours, and afterwards the cat came out alive." Said the second—

"We put a cat in one of our safes and piled a fire round it for forty-eight hours, and when we opened it the cat was dead."

"Ah! said the first traveller triumphantly."

"Yes! added the second. "The cat was frozen to death."

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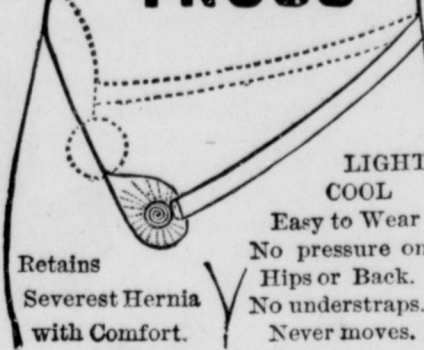
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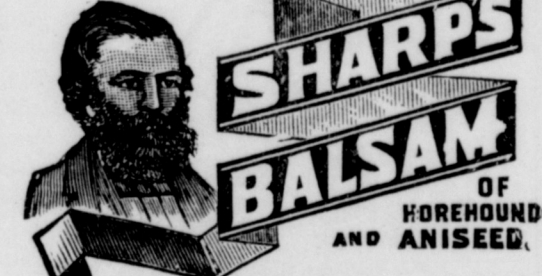
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"OUR BOYS."

A Mother Tells how She Teaches Them About Themselves

"What shall we tell our boys?" asks Emma Vane. Why not train them to believe there is but one code of morals for themselves and their sisters? If we teach our children rightly, there will be no need for the crusades, speeches and alarms of this generation. Begin with the boys and girls (we cannot begin too young), and the men and women of the coming generations will not need reforms. But it is hard to make some mothers see it so; good mothers in that they take pains to feed and clothe the body, but with cruel unconcern, they leave the mind unfed, leave their innocent children to stumble blindly on through the most critical period of their lives, to learn evil and then when the seeds of sin, scattered in youth by bad playmates, begin to bear fruit, the mother wonders, after all she has done for her children, that they should give her so much trouble.

When my little boy, not yet four, asks me any question about himself I explain it to him as carefully as possible. I show him what a wonderful creation his body is. I explain the uses of every part and how to take care of it. I tell him that God has given this perfect body and soul, clean and whole in every respect, into his care and he alone can keep them so and return his soul to God's keeping as white as when he received it. Yesterday after dinner, he sat, evidently deep in thought. Suddenly he asked, "Mamma, where does my dinner go to when it goes down my throat?" In simple words, I explained to him the progress of the food to the stomach, the action there, the absorption of the nourishing parts by the blood and the use of the bowels to receive the waste and the necessity of getting rid of this waste every day. It interested him very much. A child with a capricious appetite, he now tries to eat heartily of wholesome food, for as he remarked at the table: "Potatoes and bread and butters are good for my blood."

I teach him that he is always to come to me with any puzzling question, and, as the years go on I shall try to answer every one with plain truth. There is knowledge that must be learned, evade it as we may, and do you know how and where your boys learn it? Is it not better to so teach it that it will leave them with more reverence for God and more respect and care for their own bodies than to allow them to find out for themselves and feel that it is mentioned and thought of in a gross way.

Let the body be neglected, if something must be, but feed the mind with wholesome food which will sustain it through life and make it impervious to poisonous knowledge and advice.

No Knowing What He Might Say.

A good story is told of Mr. Chamberlain, which goes to prove that his caustic humor was developed early in his career. When he entered the house of commons he was anxious to try his oratorical powers. A certain leading politician, who was piloting a bill through the house, was approached by one of Mr. Chamberlain's friends, who said—

"Chamberlain would like to speak on the bill; can you give him a chance?"

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. He's a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens he might say!"

Time went on. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain gained ground—becoming a power in Parliament. The leading politician, on the contrary, had made a series of blunders which had imperilled his position. An election was imminent. Forgetting his previous record, he thought that if he could get Mr. Chamberlain to speak for him, he would strengthen his position. He, therefore, applied to the right hon. gentleman. The latter calmly surveyed him through his eye-glass, and said—

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. I am a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens I might say!"

Why Children Hang Stockings.

The custom of hanging stockings on Christmas eve, like that of preparing the Christmas tree, is derived from the Germans, who have a fable that while the stockings of good children are filled with toys and sweetmeats by Kris Kr