

THE PARSON'S DILEMMA.

The Rev. Arthur Mills sat in his study musing. On his sermon? On no! Only a collection of penwipers, smoking caps, handkerchief cases, and various other things strewn about his study table.

"What am I doing with them," he wondered, "I suppose I might sell them for the benefit of the African mission or some such thing. But use them, never!! and he groaned as he gazed on the collection.

The Rev. Arthur was above medium height, with masses of dark curly hair, clustered over a broad high brow, clear grey eyes, a firm chin, softened by a gentle mouth, not quite hidden by the dark silky mustache; his voice was rich and musical. He was only twenty-eight, and unmarried.

He had come to the little town of Selton, about six months before; and ever since, all the single ladies, young and otherwise, had evinced an intense religious fervour, also a kindred devotion for stylish costumes and hats, and many were the petty bickerings about whom the new parson was most interested in and now on his birthday, they vied each other in the manifestations of regard for the minister.

"Heigh Ho! he sighed, 'I suppose I must have this muss cleared away. But what is this?' and he lifted a large parcel and began to unwrap it, a note fell from it and on picking it up he read: "To our dear pastor from Rebecca and Roseanna Perkins," and as he shook the garment out, it proved to be a huge grey flannel dressing gown showily embroidered with red wool, he gazed over it slowly, then burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh dear! This must be the last surely, and for me! Why it would fit the champion fat man and still be roomy. But that reminds me; I have a message from Miss Rebecca that her sister is ill, and wished to see me. And no wonder! "and he glanced at the heap of dry goods on the floor, "and while I am out I will take that list of hymns to Miss Robinson for practice to night. Dear girl she is too sensible to spend her time on those grimy crabs," and calling his housekeeper to clean the things away, he took his hat and started to make his calls.

He found Miss Roseanna much better than he expected, indeed so far as he could discern, she looked exactly the same as ever, but her sister informed him that she had had a spasm round her heart, but was better now. After a few remarks in general, Miss Roseanna remarked, with a smile, and a tender look which was completely lost on the Rev. Arthur: "You must be lonely up there at the parsonage, with no one to talk to, or help you with your parish work. Ain't you now?"

"Well yes! I do miss my mother and sisters, but I am getting accustomed to keeping bachelor's hall."

"Yes I suppose you are; but it ain't no way for a minister to live. You should get married Mr. Mills; not to a giddy slip of a girl, but some sensible good woman who would be a sort of mother to your congregation."

"Dear me! she continued with a giggle, "Old Parson Lamb used to say that I was just made for a minister's wife, I was so discerning and motherly like," and she tried to look girlish as she traced the outline of a huge red rose on the carpet, with the toe of her slipper.

The Rev. Arthur felt his hair beginning to rise, and at last he managed to say, "I am sorry, that I must leave so soon; but I have several calls to make so I will bid you good afternoon," and he hastily bowed himself out.

As he gained the road he turned, and glanced back toward the house he had just left, and said to himself, as he smiled at the remembrance. "A minister's wife well she won't be mine! A man may not marry his grandmother."

"I don't know," he answered, "perhaps old Deacon Jones may be right, perhaps I should marry, 'twould save me a great deal of embarrassment. I wonder if Carrie Robinson is as indifferent as she seems, sweet little Carrie!" and he smiled as a vision of pretty Carrie rose before him.

Thinking thus, he passed down the lovely tree shaded road which led back to the village, when suddenly a voice proceeding from a pretty white cottage arrested his attention.

"How do you do Mr. Mills! Can't you come in? You haven't been this way for a long time," said a woman with a harsh voice, who sat in the door knitting.

The Rev. Arthur stopped, and turned towards the gate, and the owner of the shrill voice rose, and moved the chair from the door.

"How are you Mrs. Marks!" he said pleasantly, as he shook hands, "and your family; all well I hope?"

"Oh yes! we are all pretty well considering." My old man is up in the five acre lot dosing the potatoes with paris green, but I don't know as it will do any good,—but wasn't yesterday your birthday? I suppose you got some lovely presents," said Mrs. Marks.

"Yes, some," he answered and he was unable to keep from smiling as he thought of the Misses Perkins gift.

"Course you would: You are so popular, with the ladies," said Mrs. Marks with a smile which she meant to be fascinating.

"What lovely weather we are having lately!" said the parson briskly, "everything

seems trying to look its best. Your garden included," and he glanced at the plot of ground in front of the cottage, filled with brilliant, old fashioned flowers, such as one never sees, any where, except in a country garden.

"Indeed my garden is more due to Melinda's care than any thing else; that girl is most powerful fond of flowers. Really Mr. Mills you'd be surprised to see her round the house, she is the most thrifty girl of her age that I know of anywhere, it she is my own daughter, and she is an awful good religious girl too. Oh Mr. Mills that reminds me! When are you going to get married? Surely you must see some young lady who would gladly share your work. "Course you don't want an old maid, but some young girl who is kind and sensible. Dear me! Melinda was nineteen last March. How time flies. It don't only seem a little while since she was a little mite of a girl," and Mrs Marks stopped for breath.

"Yes, time flies very quickly, and perhaps before Christmas I may introduce you to Mrs. Mills, but I can't stay longer now as I have some business up at deacon Robinson's, and the afternoon is almost gone, so I will bid you good afternoon," and the parson rose to go.

"Certainly Mr. Mills; I am sorry you can't stay longer, but I suppose you must go. But who is the young lady? Of course I won't tell a soul," said Mrs. Marks confidentially.

There has been no announcement made yet," the Rev. Arthur dryly remarked, "good afternoon," and he was gone leaving Mrs. Marks to wonder if by any possible chance, the lady might be her Melinda. "Things are getting serious," thought the parson, as he wended his way to the village. "And now I am in it for sure, well faint heart ne'er won fair lady and I must know my fate sometime. Besides, it that report gets out it will be all up with me. I hope she is in," he thought as he neared the neat white house where the deacon resided.

He rang the bell and the neat maid who answered the summons, informed him that Miss Carrie was at home, and showed him into the pretty parlor to await her coming. Everywhere around were evidences of her skill and tasteful arrangement; even the fresh flowers which filled the vases, told of a skillful hand and dainty touch. He had not long to wait for in a few moments he heard her light step in the hall and in another moment she stood before him, looking like a ray of sunlight, her sweet, gentle face framed in its halo of golden curls, and the dainty rosebud mouth breaking into a smile as she saw her visitor.

She was clad in a pretty house dress of delicate pink cambric with snowy lace at the throat and wrists, and on the whole she looked as sweet and cool as a dewdrop.

The Rev. Arthur's heart leaped to the vicinity of his throat but he managed to say, "Good afternoon Miss Robinson. I have brought up that list of hymns for practice."

"Oh Mr. Mills! I am so sorry to give you so much trouble I should have sent Harry down for them, but I neglected it."

"A circumstance for which I am decidedly thankful as it has given me an excuse for coming here to-day which otherwise I should not have had," returned the parson smiling.

"An excuse! as though you needed one, a papa a deacon," laughed Miss Robinson.

"Perhaps not. But there I did not come to see your papa just now but you," he answered, giving her a quick look.

"M!" echoed his companion in surprise.

"Yes, you! Some of my congregation think it is time that I should get married, and so do I, but what do you think Miss Robinson?"

"I—I don't know, why do you come to me for advice?" she cried her cheeks growing crimson with confusion.

"Do you wish to know why I ask your advice?" he quered growing bold and coming to her side, "Why darling I love you so much that I can't live without you, and I want you to be my wife. Will you dear?"

His handsome plaiding face so near her own, removed whatever scruples she might have had, and a low spoken, "yes" was his answer, and in another moment she was clasped in his strong arms, and he sealed the promise with his first lovers kiss.

"Carrie, my love," he said a few minutes later, "couldn't you arrange to have the wedding before Christmas?"

The earth had donned its first white mantle, when the bells rang out to proclaim the marriage of the Rev. Arthur Mills to Miss Caroline Robinson and Mrs. Marks, told her most intimate friends that "Indeed it that Robinson girl hadn't fished for him every way that she could she never would have got him."

The Rev. Arthur has long since told his wife of his dilemma, and among his collection of curiosities is a large parcel labelled "to our dear pastor, from Rebecca and Roseanna Perkins," which on examination, proves to be an enormous dressing gown.

Plutarch says the only balance in which to try friends is that of Adversity. It is a scale that seldom fails.

BIGGEST WHEEL ON EARTH.

That Gigantic One at the Exhibition in Chicago is Now Surpassed.

The big wheel at Earl's Court, England, after the plan of the Ferris wheel at Chicago, is a steel structure which reaches an altitude of 300 feet from ground level to summit, and which, in clear weather, is visible for many miles around. The gigantic wheel is an enlargement upon, and a modification of, its prototype which attracted so much patronage at the Chicago Exhibition. The present structure consists of the largest wheel ever built, the axle being carried on eight supporting columns 150 feet high, at which level there are large promenade or recreation rooms, having balconies around them, and communicating with each other by a passageway through the axle, which is seven feet in diameter. Around the periphery of the wheel are suspended at regular intervals on steel shafts 40 cars, which are rather larger than ordinary train-cars, being 24 feet long by nine feet wide and ten feet high externally.

Each car is capable of carrying 30 passengers, giving a total complement of 1200 persons. Ten of these cars have been elegantly fitted and furnished at a cost of about £100 each and will form first-class cars, five being for the smoking and five for the non-smoking portion of the public. The remaining thirty cars have been finished in a plainer style. Passengers have access to the cars from platforms erected a short distance above ground level. There are eight of these platforms on either side of the wheel, so that eight cars can be relieved of passengers on the one side and a fresh complement of passengers taken in on the other side. Thus, with five stoppages, the whole of the 40 cars can be loaded with a total freight of 1200 passengers, when a complete revolution, without stoppages will be made, and this will constitute the usual ride given to the public. As the cars leave the platform the passengers are raised above the ground gradually and enabled to overlook the surrounding house and then to look down upon them, and, in clear weather, to obtain a splendid view of London, with its enormous public buildings, whilst from the summit the surrounding country, stretching away even as far as Windsor Castle in one direction, is within view.

Access to the promenade at the top of the columns forming the towers which carry the wheel are gained by a double tuncular railway or water-balanced lift. This consists of two cars connected by hauling gear and each having a water tank in its base. These cars balance each other and slide up and down two of the columns which are rectangular in section, and are placed at an angle. At the top of each column is a storage tank for water, which is pumped up from a reservoir under the ground. When a car at ground level has received its complement of passengers the best tank of the car at the top is filled with water, and on the brakes being released the car glides down the columns at a moderate speed, and at the same time hauls up the freighted car on the other leg. Arrived at the ground level, the water in the car tank is discharged into an underground tank, to be again pumped up to the top of the towers.

The wheel is rotated by means of powerful chain gearing driven by steam power. Two endless chains are used, each passing around either edge of the wheel through a series of guide brackets, over pulleys, and through a subway to the engines. The chains are of the short-link type, and each one is over 1000 feet in length and weighs about eight tons. They are operated by two 50-horse power Robey underframe engines placed in an engine house at the foot of the wheel towers. Either of the two chains is capable of driving the wheel by itself, so that their need be no fear of stoppage. At night the wheel will be lighted by electricity. A double line of glow lamps encircle the periphery of the wheel on either side, in addition to which the cars, promenade rooms, etc., will be brilliantly lighted by electricity. The weight of the wheel and the empty cars is about 1500 tons; with the cars loaded it will be about 100 tons more.

FOR THE WHOLE OFFENSE.

The Reasoning of a Prisoner in Regard to the Result of His Trial.

"Once, when I was practicing law in the State of New York," said the veteran lawyer, J. B. Doolittle, "I was retained as associate counsel with the celebrated Marcus Grover, the famous advocate of West New York, to defend an Irishman named Byron, who was charged with the crime of murder. The facts were that there was a great strife between two parties of laborers employed on the New York and Erie Railroad, through the county of Allegany, and the strife raged so high that one party got hold of some muskets and actually forced themselves into a semi-military company and surrounded some of the camps of the other party, when a shot was fired and a man was killed. Byron was arrested and indicted to be tried for the alleged murder. He was a young man, lately married, and his wife was a young Irish girl, the only one I ever met that spoke Irish and did not speak English. As the case was somewhat doubtful, the District Attorney proposed that if the defendant would plead guilty to manslaughter the plea would be accepted and the defendant would be punished with imprisonment, whereas, if he did not do so, and was tried for the principal offense, he might, if convicted, have to pay the forfeit of his life. Under the circumstances Mr. Grover and myself thought that it might be wise for our client to plead guilty of manslaughter, and thus save his life, it might be. As his wife could not speak English, we laid our views before her through an interpreter, and she joined with us in advising him to enter that plea; but despite her appeal and our advice, he persisted in entering a plea of not guilty."

"Put me in for the whole offense," were his words. "If I am convicted of man

slaughter, and sent to prison, my poor wife will be crying and worried; but if I am hanged, why, it will be all over in a week. Put me in for the whole offense."

"We, of course, obeyed his positive instructions, and went to trial. A very long and hard-fought battle it was, but at length we succeeded in getting from the jury a verdict of not guilty. Then ensued one of the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed in a court of justice. When the wife, who was sitting by her husband's side, was informed of the verdict, she sprang up and threw her arms around her husband. Then, unable otherwise to express her gratitude, she rushed toward his counsel and embraced them also, uttering as she did so what were evidently expressions of hearty thanks and jubilation in her native tongue, while tears of joy streamed down her cheeks. Nothing like that scene, so impressive and dramatic, has ever since come under my notice."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE WORLD RUNS AWAY FROM US.

The other day we had a talk with a man who knew as little of the world around him as a baby. Yet he was a man of naturally fine intelligence. He had just been relieved from prison. Ten years ago he was incarcerated under a life sentence. Recently, however, circumstances had arisen which proved his innocence, and he obtained his freedom. But nothing seemed as before. He had been stationary while the world moved on. Many of his old friends were dead, and all were changed. A big slice of his career was lost, and worse than lost. Could he ever make it up? No, never. Besides, although he had committed no offence, the mere fact that he had been convicted of one, would always place him at a disadvantage.

Different as it is in all outward conditions long illness produces results which resemble those of entire solitude. When confined to our homes by disease we are virtually out of the world. Friends may, and do, pity us; but they do not lie down by our side and suffer with us. Ah! no. They go their own ways, and leave us alone. In the midst of company we are still alone. Enjoyment, food, sleep, fresh air, movement, work, &c.—these are for them, not for us. Alas! for the poor prisoner whose jailor is some relentless disease. Who shall open the iron doors and set him free?

"I never had any rest or pleasure." So writes a man whose letter we have just finished reading. "In the early part of 1888," he says, "a strange feeling came over me. I felt heavy, drowsy, languid, and tired. Something appeared to be wrong with me, and I couldn't account for it. I had a foul taste in the mouth, my appetite failed, and what I did eat lay on me like a stone. Soon I became afraid to eat, as the act was always followed by pain and distress. Sometimes I had a sensation of choking in the throat as if I could not swallow. I was swollen, too, around the body; and got about with difficulty owing to increasing weakness."

"At the pit of my stomach was a hungry, craving sensation, as though I needed support from food; yet the little I took did not abate this feeling. My sleep was broken, and I awoke in the morning unrefreshed. For four years I continued in this wretched state before I found relief."

This letter is signed by Mr. Charles H. South, of 18, New City Road, Glasgow, and dated February 15th, 1893.

Before we hear how he was at last delivered from the slavery of illness, let us listen to the words of a lady on the same theme. Mrs. Mary Ann Rusling, of Station Road, Merton, near Gainsborough. In a brief note dated January 3rd, 1893, Mrs. Rusling says she suffered in a similar way for over fifteen years. Her hands and feet were cold and clammy, and she was pale and bloodless. She had pain in the left side and palpitation, and her breathing was short and hurried. No medicines availed to help her until two years ago. "At that time," she says, "our minister, the late Rev. Mr. Watson, told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and urged me to make a trial of it. I did so, and presently found great relief. It was not long before the bad symptoms left me, and I gradually got strong. I keep in good health, and have pleasure in making known to others the remedy which did so much for me."

Mr. Smith was completely cured by the same remedy, and says had he known of it sooner he would have been saved years of misery.

The real ailment in both these cases was indigestion and dyspepsia, with its natural consequences. Throughout the civilized world its course is marked by a hundred forms of pain and suffering. Men and women are torn to pieces by it as veses are by the rocks on which they are driven by tempests. So comprehensive and all-embracing is it that we may almost say that there is no other disease. It signifies a life transformed into death, bread turned into poison. Watch for its earliest signs—especially the feeling of weariness, languor, and fatigue, which announce its approach. Prevention is better than cure.

But, by the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, cure is always possible; and poor captives in the loathsome dungeons of illness are daily delivered as the hand of the good German nurse swings open the doors.

French Revolutionary Victims

Barthelemy Maurice gives the number of persons sent from the Conciergerie to the guillotine as 2,742. Of these 2,742, 344 were women, 41 infants, 102 were over 20 years of age, while one man, D. T. G. Dervilly, epicier, rue Mouffetard, was 93 years of age. Taine suggests that the numbers given are understated, and it is more than probable that such records, at least during the Terror, were badly kept, and are unreliable. For anything like a correct record of the total number of victims of the Jacobins we must consult Fane. The error surely consists in our estimating greatly the number of persons destroyed; and the traditions of the Conciergerie as to the numbers butchered in the September massacres are doubtless untrustworthy. Of those butchered no full record was kept.—Quarterly Review.

He Knew the Man.

Travers—Did you go down to my tailor's and tell him I would settle that little bill? Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Travers—And did he seem convinced? Office Boy—He did. He said he was convinced that you wouldn't.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on

wash day without boiling or scalding the, clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes

them. How little hard work there

is about the wash. How white

and smooth it

leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.

Turn Up Your Toes!

Look at them, Sir. Note each horny, corny declivity. Ill-fitting shoes did it. Putting your feet into boots that fitted your eye only. Now, how does your eye like the look of your toes?

WEAR THE SLATER \$3.00 SHOE

which is made to fit feet. It cost \$5,000 to produce the first perfect pair, but you can have the five thousandth pair now for \$3.00. Made of best imported calfskin in Tan or Black, with the famous Goodyear Welt. Six shapes; all sizes; any width.

Name and Price Stamped on Sole of Every Pair.



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