

IVER'S QUAIN BAPTISM.

The following is a selection from S. Baring Gould's novel, "The Broom-Squire," recently issued by Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

A sailor stopping at a tavern called The Ship with his motherless babe whom he is taking to his sister in another county, starts out at night with some bacon comparisons. At the inn, during the conversation, it transpired that the babe had not been baptized. Young Iver heard his superstitious mother, the bestest, ray of an unbaptized child: "It ain't a Christian, so it can't go to heaven. It ain't done no evil, so it can't go to hell; and so the poor spirit wanders about in the wind and never has no rest. You can hear them piping in the trees and sobbing at the window."

Iver stood in the open air with the child in his arms. He was perplexed. What should be done with it? He would have rubbed his head, to rub an idea into it, had not both his arms been engaged.

Large, warm drops fell from the sky, like tears from an overcharged heart. The vault overhead was now black with rain clouds, and a flicker over the edge of the Punch-Bowl, like the quivering of expiring light in a despairing eye, gave evidence that a thunder storm was gathering, and would speedily break.

The babe became peevish, and Iver was unable to pacify it. He must find shelter somewhere, and every door was shut against the child. Had it not been that the storm was imminent, Iver would have hastened directly home, in full confidence that his tender-hearted mother would receive the rejected of the Broom-Squire, and the Slip Inn harbor what the Punch-Bowl refused to entertain.

He stumbled in the darkness to Jonas Knk's house, but finding the door locked, and that rain was beginning to descend out of the clouds in rushes, he was obliged to take refuge in an outhouse or barn—which the building was he could not distinguish. Here he was in absolute darkness. He did not venture to grope about, lest he should fall over some of the timber that might be, and probably was, collected there.

He supposed that he was in the place where Jonas fashioned his brooms, in which case the chopping-block, the bundles of twigs, as well as the broomsticks would be lying about. Bideabout was not an orderly and tidy worker, and his material would almost certainly be dispersed and strewn in such a manner as to trip and throw down any one unaccustomed to the place, and unprovided with a light.

The perspiration broke out on the boy's brow. The tears welled up in his eyes. He fancied the infant in his arms, he addressed it caringly, he scolded it. Then in desperation he laid it on the ground and ran forth, through the rain, to the cottage of an old maid near, named Sally, stopping, however, at intervals in his career, to listen whether the child was still crying; but unable to decide, owing to the prolonged chime in his ears. It is not at once that the drums of hearing obtain relief, after they have been set in vibration by acute clamor. On reacting the old maid's door he knocked.

For some time Sally remained irresponsive. "I know very well," said she to herself under the bed-clothes, "it's that dratted boy who has been at the Rochiffs's."

"How can I say? I've had precious little to do with babies, thanks be. Now, sharp, what is it you want? I'm perishing!"

"May I have a bottle and some milk, and a lantern?"

"You can have what you want, only I'll protest I'll have no babies foist on me here." Then she added, "I will not trust you eyes. Show me your hands, that you ain't hidin' of it behind yer back."

"I assure you the child is in Bideabout's shed. Do be quick and help. I am so afraid lest it die, and becomes a wanderer."

"If I can help it I will do what I can that it mayn't die, for certain," said the woman, "anything but taking it in here, ar'd that I won't, I won't, I won't." Again she stamped.

Iver provided himself with the requisites as speedily as might be, and hastened back to the outhouse. At the door a cat was miaowing, and rubbed itself against his shins. When he entered the cat followed him.

The child was still sobbing and fitfully screaming, but was rapidly becoming exhausted.

Iver felt the arms and head and body to ascertain whether any bone was broken or battered by the fall, but his acquaintance with the anatomy of a child was too rudimentary for him to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

He held the bottle in one hand, but was ignorant how to administer the contents. Should the child be laid on its back or placed in a sitting posture?

When he applied the moistened rag to its mouth, he speedily learned that position was immaterial. The tabs fell to work vigorously, with large expectation of results. Some moments elapsed before it awoke to the fact that the actual results were hardly commensurate with its anticipations, nor with its exertions.

When roused to full consciousness that it was being trifled with, then the resentment of the infant was vehement and vicious. It drew up its legs and kicked out. It battled with its hands, it butted with its pate, and in its struggles pulled the plug out of the mouth of the flask so that the milk gushed over its face and into its mouth, at once blinding and choking it.

A series of strangulating coughs and gasps ensued, and the creature turned the color of a mulberry. Iver was more alarmed than he had been before. He did his utmost to rescue the contents of the bottle from being entirely spilled, and he replaced the plug.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?" he exclaimed, and began to cry with vexation.

The cat now came to his assistance. It began to lick up the spilled milk. Iver seized the occasion.

"Look, see, pretty puss," said he caressingly, to the child. "Groke pussy. Don't be afraid. You see she likes the milk that you wouldn't have. Naughty pussy cats like little licks and mousies. But she won't touch babies."

The cat having appropriated the spilled milk looked at the infant in an uncanny way out of her glowing green eyes, as though by no means indisposed to try whether baby was not as good eating as a fledgling bird, as toothsome as a mouse.

Iver caught up the cat and scratched her under the chin and behind the ears.

"Do you hear? The pussy purrs. Would that you also might purr. She is pleased to make your acquaintance. Oh, do, do, do be quiet!"

Then casting aside the cat he endeavored slowly to distill some of the milk down the child's throat without suffering it to swallow too much at once, but found the task difficult, if not impossible, for his hand shook.

"Wait a bit," said he. There are straws here. I will cut one and put it through the rag, and then you can tipple like a king upon his throne."

He selected a stout barley straw, and finding a knot in it endeavored to perforate the obstruction with a pin. When this failure looked about for another straw, and at last discovered one that was strong, untruncated by knots, and sufficiently long to serve his purpose.

For a while he was so engrossed in his occupation that the child remained unnoticed. But when the straw had been adjusted satisfactorily, and the apparatus was in working order, as Iver ascertained by testing it himself, then he looked round at his charge.

The baby was lying silent and motionless. His heart stood still.

"It's dead! It is going to die! It will become a wanderer!" he exclaimed; and putting down the feeding-bottle, snatched up the lantern, crept on his knees to the child and brought the little face within the radius of the sickly yellow light.

"I can not see! Oh, I can see nothing! There is no light worth having!" he gasped and proceeded to open the door in the lantern side.

"What is to be done?" he asked, despairingly. "I do not know if it is dying or be in a fit. Oh, live! do, do live! I'll give you a brass button and some twine out of my pocket! I promise you my next lollipops if you will. Nasty, cross, disobedient thing!"

He went to the barn door and looked out, saw that the rain was coming down in torrents, came back. "Is it true, asked he, 'that you must be a wanderer, if you die unchristened? Shall I ever hear you yowling in the wind? It is too, too dreadful!"

A child came over the boy's heart. Iver had never seen death. He was vastly frightened at the thought that the little soul might fleet away while he was watching. He dared not leave the child. He was afraid to stay. If he were to desert the babe, and it expired—and to run home, would not the soul come flying and flapping after him?"

He considered with his hands to his head. "I know what I will do!" exclaimed he, suddenly; "I'll make a Christian of it, anyhow."

It Makes a Good Breakfast. Above all drinks for the morning meal Coffee stands supreme. The odor of it, rich and pungent, prevades the house like an incense. It is our claim and pride that we supply the homes of the land with Coffee of the finest quality. The best the earth affords we give them. There is no variation in the quality of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, every package is of the same high grade. On its reputation stands. Packed in air tight tin cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Down went the contents of the bowl over the babe, which uttered a howl lusty enough to have satisfied any nurse that the baptism was valid, and that the devil was expelled.

In at the door came Mrs. Verstage, Iver's mother. "What's up?"

"Oh, mother!"

"Where's that babe?"

"Here, mother, on the ground. Scused, soaked through and through! whatever have you been doin'?"

"Holdin' it under the spout?"

"Baptizin' it, mother."

"Baptizin' of it? The woman stared. 'I thought the creature was dyin'.' 'Well, and wot then?' 'Mother. Lest it shud take to wanderin'."

"Baptizin' of it. Dear life! And what did you call it?"

"Mehetabel. 'Tain't a human name. 'Tis, mother. It's a Scriptur' name. 'Never heard on it.' 'Mehetabel was the wife of Hadar.' 'And who the dickens was Hadar?' 'He was a dook—a dook of Edom.'"

At the time the murder aroused the greatest possible excitement in the parish in Thursday. As shown by the wording of the inscription on the tombstone that covers the victim, his name never transpired. No relations claimed the right to bury him. None appeared to take charge of his orphan child.

The parish fretted, it fumed, it protested. But fret, fume, and protest availed nothing, it had to decay the cost of the funeral, and receive at lap the child in its parochial mercies.

The one difficulty that solved itself—ambulando, was that as to who would take charge of the child. This was solved by the hostess of the Ship.

The parish endeavored to cajole the good woman into receiving the babe as a gift from Heaven, and to exact no compensation for her labors in rearing it, for the expense of clothing, feeding, educating it. But Mrs. Verstage was deaf to such solicitations. She would take charge of the child, but paid she must be. Eventually the parochial authorities after having called a vestry, and sat three hours in consultation, and after three hours of the entertainment of the little wail.

So the matter was settled. Then another had to be determined. What about the christening performed in the shed by Iver? What about the outlandish name given the child? The landlady raised no question on these heads till it was settled that the little being was to be an inmate of her house, and under her care. Then she reasoned thus: "Either this here child be a Mehetebel or she baint. Either it's a Christian or it's a heathen. What is it? Is it fish, is it a fish, or is it good red herring? It ain't no use my calling her Mehetebel if she baint nothin' of the sort. And it ain't no use teachin' her the catechism, if she ha'n't been made a Christian. I'll go and ax the parson."

Accordingly the good woman took Iver by the shoulder and dragged him to Witley Vicarage, and stated her case and her difficulties.

"The boy gave a name—" said the parson. "He did, your reverence, and such a name."

"What is it?"

"Mehetebel."

"Wherever did you pick up that name?" asked the vicar, turning to the boy.

"Please, sir, we was doin' the Dooks of Edom in Sunday-school. We'd already learned David's mighty men, and could run 'em off like one o'clock, and—I don't know how it was, sir, but the dimes slipped out of my mouth w' out a thought. You see, sir, we had so many verses to say for next Sunday, and I had some of the Dooks of Edom to repeat."

"Oh! So you gave the name of one of the duks."

"Please, sir, no. Mehetebel was the wife of one, she was married to his Grace, Dook Hadar."

"Oh, no, sir! I did it in sober earnest. I thought the child was going to die."

"Of course," said the vicar, "lay baptism is valid, even if administered by a Dissenter; but—it is very unusual, very much so."

"I didn't do all that about the cross," observed Iver, "because the cat jumped ar'd upset the bowl."

"Of course, of course. That belongs to the reception into the church, and you couldn't do that as it was—"

"In Bideabout's barn," said Iver.

"You are certain the water touched the child?"

"Soused her," responded the hostess. "She caught a tremendous cold out of it, and has been runnin' at the nose ever since."

"I think the very best thing we can do," said the vicar, "is that I should baptize the child conditionally in church,—conditionally, mind."

"And call her by another name?" asked the woman.

"I do not think I can do that."

"It's a terrible mouthful," observed Mrs. Verstage.

"I dare say that in practice you will be able to condense it. As for that boy of yours, mam, I should like a word with him, by himself."

"So, the creature must bide Mehetebel?"

"Mehetebel it must be."

RHEUMATISM'S VICTIMS.

AFTER SPASMODIC EFFORTS FOR A CURE USUALLY GIVE UP.

There is One Medicine That Has Cured Thousands After Other Medicines Had Failed—A Released Sufferer Adds His Strong Endorsement of This Wonderful Remedy.

From the Trenton Courier.

What an innocent sounding name has rheumatism, and yet how terrible a reality to the thousands who suffer with it. Doctors agree that rheumatism results from poison in the blood, but as to just how they can be reached and eradicated, it would seem that their knowledge fails. The usual treatment is a long series of medicines which may give temporary relief, but do not cure, and then the patient usually gives up, thinking that there is no medicine that will cure him. This is a mistake. Rheumatism is not a necessary evil, and because one is growing old it is not imperative that one should accept rheumatism as a natural accessory to advancing years.

There is a remedy for rheumatism despite the general belief that it cannot be cured—a remedy that has cured thousands of the most severe cases. A noted instance of the truth of this assertion which has just come to the knowledge of the editor of the Courier, in the case of Robert Francis, Esq., formerly of Trenton, now retired from business in Rat Portage, Ont., and still residing there. He has been a victim of rheumatism for over three years. Last winter he visited his friends in Trenton and was then contemplating a visit to the south in search of relief from his constant foe. He had to use a staff in walking and went at a slow pace. This Christmas he was here again on a visit to his friends, smart and erect and without the stick or the sorrowful look of a year ago. His friends and acquaintances all congratulated him on his new and congenial life on his healthy, fresh and active appearance in contrast with a year ago. He has been cheerful and gratefully given the following statement of his efforts after a cure. "My home is at Rat Portage, Ont., where for four years I was engaged in business and where I still reside. For three years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried several highly recommended remedies to no purpose, as I continued to grow worse till it was difficult for me to walk. I was for thirteen weeks confined to my bed at home and in the Winnipeg hospital. I was then induced to try the Mount Clemens Springs. I took six courses of baths or twenty-one baths each without any seemingly beneficial result. I read of several cures in the Courier from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale People, and friends who used them with benefit to themselves urged me to try them. I did so and after a short time I felt an improvement in my condition. I have taken twelve boxes in all and my improvement has been continuous and satisfactory, so that I need the same no longer and I have increased my weight from 140 pounds to 175 by the use of Pink Pills. I am not entirely free from rheumatism but I am a new man, one thousand percent better than I was a year ago and I attribute my health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many

women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sorrowful cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

AMERICAN WIVES OF EUROPEANS.

Reasons Why They do not Always Find Europe a Paradise.

The American girl or young widow as a marriageable person has come to be appreciated in Europe as much as, nay more than, on the Continent as in England. There are several reasons for this, says a German correspondent of the N. Y. Sun, one being that the average American girl is handsomer than the average European girl; another being that she—or her papa or guardian—is supposed to have, and often does have, more money than her European sister; and still another, though not so potent factor, being that the American girl is intellectually more gifted, brighter, a more interesting creature than is her European sister, on an average. The above three facts have just begun to be generally known in these European circles coming here under consideration; hence it is probable that the marrying and giving in marriage of the American girl to well-connected young Europeans will increase, instead of decreasing, hereafter.

In most instances American girls, when marrying Europeans, do so for two reasons, one being that they wish to spend their lives in a highly cultured, more or less aristocratic, and exclusive society, and the other being that they believe the life of this society to be a more enjoyable one than would be the case in American and with an American husband, other things being equal. In this two-fold supposition the American girl is often quite wrong, rarely quite right. If she marries, for instance, into a family belonging to the privileged classes, she is regarded to the last in the light of an interloper. And this, no matter what she or her husband, or even the whole family may do to the contrary, caste spirit in Europe being too strong and too insurmountable to be overcome even by a very "smart" American girl. Again, where she escapes, by her European marriage, a number of peculiarly American annoyances, the exchanges them for as many, or more, peculiarly European ones.

The whole life of the upper class is, just to mention one thing, so highly artificial and so full of the minutest care to be taken at every step, that few American-born women, even after a long training, grow accustomed to it or learn to accommodate themselves thoroughly to it all. There are, of course, exceptions—I personally know of some—but the above is the rule, even if the girl, on marrying, be still young and impressionable. Again, Europeans of both sexes, but more especially the women, do not like the independent, unceremonious ways of the American woman, and they never forgive her for exercising more freedom of speech and manner and motion than they themselves are, by the custom of a thousand years, permitted to enjoy.

A recent incident at one of the court balls in Dresden comes to my mind to illustrate this. The young American girl in question is the daughter of wealthy and distinguished Baltimoreans, and she, being very pretty besides and highly gifted in mind as well, found no great difficulty in obtaining an invitation to the evening that night (court rules and etiquette being often somewhat relaxed on the Continent at the smaller courts for the pleasure of receiving some charming little Americaine). Her costume that night was, of course, above reproach; of that she had taken good care, and at first she was much admired; and she had also an irreproachable chaperon with her. But her manners—b-r-r. Without intending to do so, without being aware of it, she transgressed that evening nearly every paragraph in the code of behavior, until she was, when supper time arrived, fairly taboed and ostracized. Her final faux pas—she said, rather audibly, though in English, that the trifled pleasant on her plate was not as good as an American canvastack duck, and said this just when a royal prince, nephew of the King, conversed within her hearing—broke her neck, so to speak. At any rate, she was shunned by all for the rest of the evening, and the King personally requested the court marshal to be a little more careful in the matter of invitations for the future.

All this was simply due to the fact that the girl was not used to such a higher artificial atmosphere as obtains at courts, and probably never could get used to it, her very blood, her mode of thought, being against it.

But imagine for a moment that a full-grown American girl of wealth and position, and corresponding bringing up, was married to a European of more or less aristocratic family. It is true that such girls often possess that flexibility and adaptability of mind necessary to conform to the new surroundings, to the novel way of looking upon life and one's fellow beings. If she does adapt herself to these altered circumstances, she ceases, and must cease, to be an American in all essential respects. She must above all bow down to that grand European fetish—caste spirit—and observe in all minute de-

tails those rules of dividing and subdividing classes and species of mankind which her own forefathers in 1776 successfully levelled in the young republic. Nearly all American girls, however, are unable to completely Europeanize themselves, and hence their life is an untraced series of compromises between their consciences, their minds, and the demand of their new home.

It may be well to state here, though, that while it is true that among a European married an American it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is true probably in the same percentage that he treats his American wife well and indulgently. Among the American wives I have met in Europe married to natives, I do not recollect personally a single case where the husband was brutal, or where the union was an out-and-out unhappy one. On the contrary, I know or have heard of quite a number where there seemed to be happiness on both sides.

An intimate friend of mine here, for instance, still cherishes the memory of his young American wife with a devotion which is as steadfast as it is deep, and that young wife, while she lived, often declared her union to be an ideal one. But she had become thoroughly Germanized within the first eighteen months of her marriage. Another young American I know of here, the wife of an officer in the staff major, takes such a pride in her husband's profession, and such an interest in it, that she knows by name or looks nearly every officer in the German army. Countess Walderssee, nee Lee, is intensely happy in her German life, and very proud of her lord. The other day an American young widow, nee Budd, married a Major in the German War Ministry, Herr von Harbou, having been, as she says, so happy with her first German husband. Frau von Rottenburg, daughter of the late American Ambassador Phelps, is a happy medium, neither too German nor too American, but withal a happy wife. Countess Max Pappenheim of Bavaria, who is an American girl, told me last winter that she felt sure she could not have been happier with an American husband, and her life in Europe she likes immensely. Count Alex Gerdtorf of the army is the second son of the old imperial Chamberlain, Count Gerdtorf, who married an American, a Miss Parsons, while his elder brother married a Miss Loomis, and though he, too, married for money, the union may be quite a happy one. In this instance, as in so many in Europe, the sons are simply forced to look out for a "goldfish," the social standing of the family requiring large means, while their estates are heavily encumbered. And the American people being quite productive of "goldfishes," these high-born but penniless young men look for their game in that direction, not because they bear America any special grudge.

There is one elderly American lady in Germany who has been quite a match-maker for impoverished but aristocratic young German army officers, delivering up to them a number of these self-same "goldfishes." That lady is Princess Amelia Lynar, nee Parsons of Columbus, O., who is a widow since 1886. Her husband was a distinguished Prussian diplomatist. Her son is now twenty, and entered the German army as officer the other day. He is the picture of his handsome mother.

From all the individual cases I know of both in Germany and in Austria and the Scandinavian north, I should say that marriages between natives of those countries and American girls are much more likely to be happy—or, at least, not unhappy—than with natives of Italy, Spain or France, whose estimate of women differs much more materially from the American estimate than does the German one. However, high spirited, self-willed American girls are not advised ever to marry even a German, or Austrian, or Dane, or Swede, as they are not nearly so liable to have their way as when they marry an American. Here the wife—the well-tried, orthodox, average wife—is expected to bow down and submit to her husband, figuratively at least. She must not attempt to set up her ways of thinking above his, as he is supposed to do the thinking for her. And the law goes even further than custom; by law a German husband is allowed to chastise his wife—"mildly, so as not to permanently injure her." Even the new civil code now being considered in the Reichstag has retained this provision. And divorce is difficult to obtain here, and only for a few reasons.

Lucky Thirteen.

"I believe that the number 13 brings me good luck," said P. T. Thornton of Louisville at the Metropolitan. "I don't know whether or not it was because I was born on the 13th of the month, but I have watched it for years, and whenever there is a combination in which 13 appears it is a lucky one for me. I am as much of a crank in favor of the number 13 as anyone can possibly be against it. If I am having a dull business on the road I ask the hotel clerks to give me room No. 13. It is remarkable how many hotels there are that have no room with that number, and I am told that I am the only man who ever asks for a room with that number. Most men object to being given such a room."

Didn't Want His Share.

Perry Patic— "What do you think of this here idea of the progress of the country bein' mostly doo to the division of labor?"

Wayworn Watson— "Oh, I guess it is all right, but they needn't take the trouble to divide no labor with me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD