

THE DOWN GRADE.

When the engine is a-puffin',
An' a-scorin' an' a-bluffin',
Like it mighty o'en will;
When you hear the thing a-blowin',
Then you know it's hard a-goin',
For it's climbin' up a hill.

When it goes a-whizzin' by you
In a way that's like to try you
If you're just a bit afraid;
When it's runnin' fast an' faster,
Like it doesn't need a master,
Then it's on a down grade.

When you see a man a-workin',
An' his duty never shirkin',
An' a-sweatin' more or less;
When you see him climbin' higher,
An' he never seems to tire,
He's a-climbin' to success.

When you see one goin' easy,
In a manner light an' breezy,
Like for pleasure he was made,
Just remember he's a-showin'
That it's mighty easy goin'.

When you're on the down grade.

HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A man whose dress indicated that he was a clergymen boarded a street car in a western city, and at once found himself surrounded by friends. It was the eve of All-Souls' Day, and he was on his way to church, where he was to preach against superstition, and this being of good-looking girls and stalwart young men was composed of his own people. They were on their way to church also, being destined to a scolding for the sins of former years, when they had kept the eve of All-Souls' in the pagan spirit of Hallowe'en, rioting about with mirrors and lighted candles, melting lead and dropping it into a tub of water, ducking for apples, throwing a ball of yarn down some lonely staircase in some secluded building, all for the foolish purpose of finding out in advance of fate and by uncanny means if lovers were coming to woo. They were going to the little church of St. Winifred, and the pastor was the Rev. David Griffith, and he spoke with his parishioners in an unknown tongue, at least it was unknown to the only American passenger, a man who prided himself upon being almost a linguist.

"May I inquire?" he asked respectfully of a tall brunnete, who stood next to him, "what countrywoman you are?"

"American," she answered in the purest English accents.

"But—but—you speak another tongue?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot," she said, laughing, "we are Welsh, and that is our native speech. But it is only when we come together, as on this occasion, that we use it."

It was very evident that they had no need of a Welsh vocabulary in which to express themselves, for they not only spoke English fluently, but with a musical intonation that was delightful to a cultivated ear.

But it was the wish of the pastor, the Rev. David Griffith, that they should not forget the language that was to him the most musical in the world, albeit its consonantal speech of Taffy-land is as trying as it is fascinating to American tongues.

"Did you look for a sprig of ash?" asked a pretty young Cymrian of the tall brunnete.

"That did I not, Nell; I promised not to anger Mr. Griffith this year as I did last."

"Would he be very angry if you found an even-leaved sprig of ash, think you, Gladys? We would all know what to name it, in spite of St. David's objections."

"H-u-s-h," interposed Gladys, in a whisper, "we are nearing the church. I promised not to engage in any Hallowe'en games this year, so you will not expect me to-night. Nell, after church I may spell out an apple-pieing alone, for the sake of the dear old days."

"I think you are silly, Gladys, to let Mr. Griffith influence you. If amusements that the whole world engages in on this night do not please him, he denounces us all as sinners for participating in them. I think he oversteps his power."

But the car had stopped and minister and people were pouring out and soon had ascended the steps of the little church of St. Winifred.

The sermon was in Welsh, and the minister, a young, handsome man, listened to with close attention, both by the elders of the congregation and the younglings, for he had taken a determined stand against the custom of keeping this one special festival of the year, with particular reference to the ghosts and hobgoblins which have marked for their own, as the Welsh people ardently believe, the invasion of the goblins against whom he had been warning his people, and he started back with a cry, and fell prone to the earth at the bottom of the stairs.

It was now Gladys' turn to be frightened. Springing to the top of the stairway, she called in clear tones:

"Mr. Griffith."

No answer.

"David," very softly.

A deep groan.

Her candle was still burning. She slipped down the steep stairs and saw the helpless form lying at the foot. It took her hardly a second of time to make her cloak into a pillow and slip it under his head. As she lifted his shoulders he groaned again.

"David," she whispered, and then as no answer came she said in a fervent tone, "dear, dear David!"

With that he sat up and laughed—he the grave, dignified person who had so recently rebuked his people for luxury and superstition. Gladys left him indignantly and began to re-mount the stairs, but he called her back.

"No, I assist you, Mr. Griffith."

"No, not Mr. Griffith, my sweet Gladys. I am your 'dear David' from now henceforth, or here I stay the captive of the sweetest pain by which every man was slain. Take me or leave me, I am yours."

"And shall Trelawney die?"

Then thirty thousand Cornishmen Will know the reason why!"

But he didn't die. He came out of the hole into which superstition had led him, leaning on the merciful arm of Gladys, and though he walked with a limp he managed to go home with the happy girl, and made a slight sensation when he entered with her into the midst of the fun and frolic which was raging as furiously as ever. And the Cornishmen never asked the reason why. They merely looked at the pair with a quizzical regard and condensed all speculation into the dry remark:

"Parson munna seen a witch."

Luther Laffin Mills, the Chicago criminal lawyer, says that when he was a boy he was frequently accompanied by his father, who was a wholesale merchant, on collecting tours through the northwest. They had to travel by wagon, and as his father would have large sums of money about him it was often a problem where they could safely put up for the night. "My boy," the old man used to say, "it is safe to stay at a house where there are flowers in the window."

The chief doctoring is with the

Laflin Mills, the Chicago criminal lawyer, says that when he was a boy he was frequently accompanied by his father, who was a wholesale merchant, on collecting tours through the northwest. They had to travel by wagon, and as his father would have large sums of money about him it was often a problem where they could safely put up for the night. "My boy," the old man used to say, "it is safe to stay at a house where there are flowers in the window."

merely shook their high-batted heads, and went home to prepare for a roaring farce in their own homes with such embellishments as they might deem proper—behind the pastor's back.

Neil Gwynne could not prevail on Gladys to accompany her home, so she went on without her, and David Griffith, waiting, as was his wont, offered to see Gladys safe to her own door. But the girl shook her head.

"I am not afraid," she made answer, "and I could not enjoy the walk after your sermon."

"Has it made such an impression on you?" he asked, forgetting his clerical intonation in a tenderer cadence.

"It has made me unhappy," said the young woman, regarding him with sorrowful, uplifted eyes.

"I am glad," he said with the fire of an enthusiast. "I am tired of preaching to deaf ears. I am glad that one soul is convinced."

"I am convinced in one way only—that you are fighting a great war against evil with straws."

Then she left him, riding home, that he might have no excuse to follow.

Rev. David Griffith had received such a blow straight between the eyes that he saw nothing but a firmament of stars, and leaving the old sexton to close the church, he, too, went home, a humbled and disappointed man, for he dearly loved this same Gladys Allyn and was set on having her for a wife if she would consent. He knew that the Welsh women make the most faithful wives in the world, but he had not found courage to declare himself, and there were several likely young Cornishmen in the field.

Gladys went home and found the house holding high carnival. Her younger brothers and sisters had not attended church, and instead were carrying out all the unholy rites, as David Griffith called them, of Hallowe'en. Bonfires were burning in the yard, and in the kitchen a twirling stick with a lighted candle on one end and an apple on the other amused the youngsters. Three dishes were on the hearth, one empty, one filled with soapy, and one with clear water. Bob, her brother, invited Gladys to try her luck.

"Dummo bout you mount get th' parson," he said with a grimace.

But the girl had no heart for the usual festivities since they had been denounced as sinful, and went up to her own little room and sat there alone until at last love and superstition got the better of her resolution.

"I'll try it just this once," she said to herself, "and never again."

Then she went to an old chest and took out one of the high chimney-pots, worn by the Cymri, and a short mother Hubbard cloak and attired in these slipped out and wended her way to the church.

Under her cloak she carried a candle and this she now lighted, and shielded it from the wind she began a circuit of the building. If there was anything in the stories they told she would see an appearance—the wrath of the man she desired to marry. She carried out this Hallowe'en ritual to the letter, and then in the gloom and shadow of the church Gladys saw a figure approaching and an immediate fear took possession of her.

It was a tall figure wrapped in the folds of a Llandudno shawl, the figure of a man, and a very resolute one, too, for he threw open a door which led to the basement and producing a round object from his pocket began an incantation of some sort.

"I wind, I wind, I wind, who holds?" he cried out excitedly, and Gladys recognized the voice, and a great joy ensued.

"I hold, I hold, I hold," she answered boldly.

But her voice had exactly the opposite effect of that which she anticipated. It was the young rector as she knew who was holding an end of the yarn, the ball of which he had dropped down the basement stairs. When she spoke in answer to his question he wheeled round and beholding, as he supposed, an ancient woman, he made no doubt that she was one of the goblins against whom he had been warning his people, and he started back with a cry, and fell prone to the earth at the bottom of the stairs.

It was now Gladys' turn to be frightened. Springing to the top of the stairway, she called in clear tones:

"Mr. Griffith."

No answer.

"David," very softly.

A deep groan.

Her candle was still burning. She slipped down the steep stairs and saw the helpless form lying at the foot. It took her hardly a second of time to make her cloak into a pillow and slip it under his head. As she lifted his shoulders he groaned again.

"David," she whispered, and then as no answer came she said in a fervent tone, "dear, dear David!"

With that he sat up and laughed—he the grave, dignified person who had so recently rebuked his people for luxury and superstition. Gladys left him indignantly and began to re-mount the stairs, but he called her back.

"No, I assist you, Mr. Griffith."

"No, not Mr. Griffith, my sweet Gladys. I am your 'dear David' from now henceforth, or here I stay the captive of the sweetest pain by which every man was slain. Take me or leave me, I am yours."

"And shall Trelawney die?"

Then thirty thousand Cornishmen Will know the reason why!"

But he didn't die. He came out of the hole into which superstition had led him, leaning on the merciful arm of Gladys, and though he walked with a limp he managed to go home with the happy girl, and made a slight sensation when he entered with her into the midst of the fun and frolic which was raging as furiously as ever. And the Cornishmen never asked the reason why. They merely looked at the pair with a quizzical regard and condensed all speculation into the dry remark:

"Parson munna seen a witch."

The chief doctoring is with the

A SHIP'S LAUNCH.

First Preparations When the Keel Blocks Are Laid.

It has often been said that man begins to die the moment that he begins to live. It might also be said that a ship begins to be launched the moment she begins to be built. The first thing in the actual construction is to arrange the keel-blocks on which the ship is to rest while she is building. They must be placed at certain distances apart, and each must be a little higher than its neighbor nearer the water. These blocks are usually of the stoutest oak, and are placed from two to three feet apart. They must have a regular inclination, or the ship cannot be launched.

"It has made such an impression on you?" he asked, forgetting his clerical intonation in a tenderer cadence.

"It has made me unhappy," said the young woman, regarding him with sorrowful, uplifted eyes.

"I am glad," he said with the fire of an enthusiast. "I am tired of preaching to deaf ears. I am glad that one soul is convinced."

"I am convinced in one way only—that you are fighting a great war against evil with straws."

Then she left him, riding home, that he might have no excuse to follow.

Rev. David Griffith had received such a blow straight between the eyes that he saw nothing but a firmament of stars, and leaving the old sexton to close the church, he, too, went home, a humbled and disappointed man, for he dearly loved this same Gladys Allyn and was set on having her for a wife if she would consent. He knew that the Welsh women make the most faithful wives in the world, but he had not found courage to declare himself, and there were several likely young Cornishmen in the field.

Gladys went home and found the house holding high carnival. Her younger brothers and sisters had not attended church, and instead were carrying out all the unholy rites, as David Griffith called them, of Hallowe'en. Bonfires were burning in the yard, and in the kitchen a twirling stick with a lighted candle on one end and an apple on the other amused the youngsters. Three dishes were on the hearth, one empty, one filled with soapy, and one with clear water. Bob, her brother, invited Gladys to try her luck.

"Dummo bout you mount get th' parson," he said with a grimace.

But the girl had no heart for the usual festivities since they had been denounced as sinful, and went up to her own little room and sat there alone until at last love and superstition got the better of her resolution.

"I'll try it just this once," she said to herself, "and never again."

Then she went to an old chest and took out one of the high chimney-pots, worn by the Cymri, and a short mother Hubbard cloak and attired in these slipped out and wended her way to the church.

Under her cloak she carried a candle and this she now lighted, and shielded it from the wind she began a circuit of the building. If there was anything in the stories they told she would see an appearance—the wrath of the man she desired to marry. She carried out this Hallowe'en ritual to the letter, and then in the gloom and shadow of the church Gladys saw a figure approaching and an immediate fear took possession of her.

It was a tall figure wrapped in the folds of a Llandudno shawl, the figure of a man, and a very resolute one, too, for he threw open a door which led to the basement and producing a round object from his pocket began an incantation of some sort.

"I wind, I wind, I wind, who holds?" he cried out excitedly, and Gladys recognized the voice, and a great joy ensued.

"I hold, I hold, I hold," she answered boldly.

But her voice had exactly the opposite effect of that which she anticipated. It was the young rector as she knew who was holding an end of the yarn, the ball of which he had dropped down the basement stairs. When she spoke in answer to his question he wheeled round and beholding, as he supposed, an ancient woman, he made no doubt that she was one of the goblins against whom he had been warning his people, and he started back with a cry, and fell prone to the earth at the bottom of the stairs.

It was now Gladys' turn to be frightened. Springing to the top of the stairway, she called in clear tones:

"Mr. Griffith."

No answer.

"David," very softly.

A deep groan.

Her candle was still burning. She slipped down the steep stairs and saw the helpless form lying at the foot. It took her hardly a second of time to make her cloak into a pillow and slip it under his head. As she lifted his shoulders he groaned again.

"David," she whispered, and then as no answer came she said in a fervent tone, "dear, dear David!"

With that he sat up and laughed—he the grave, dignified person who had so recently rebuked his people for luxury and superstition. Gladys left him indignantly and began to re-mount the stairs, but he called her back.

"No, I assist you, Mr. Griffith."

"No, not Mr. Griffith, my sweet Gladys. I am your 'dear David' from now henceforth, or here I stay the captive of the sweetest pain by which every man was slain. Take me or leave me, I am yours."

"And shall Trelawney die?"

Then thirty thousand Cornishmen Will know the reason why!"

But he didn't die. He came out of the hole into which superstition had led him, leaning on the merciful arm of Gladys, and though he walked with a limp he managed to go home with the happy girl, and made a slight sensation when he entered with her into the midst of the fun and frolic which was raging as furiously as ever. And the Cornishmen never asked the reason why. They merely looked at the pair with a quizzical regard and condensed all speculation into the dry remark:

"Parson munna seen a witch."

The chief doctoring is with the

flowers which, as a rule, have little or no scent. First of all these are put into a metal box with ice, and then by a very simple process they are subjected to a continuous current of carbonic acid charged with perfumes of the required vivacity. There is an immense amount of profit made by scenting those violets which in the order of nature have no perfume.

"In certain