THE HEARTHSTONE.

MARTHA PHILLIPS.

SHE was dead; an old woman, with silvery hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forchend, and snowy cap thed under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle

about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired lands, crossed with a restful look. That was all.

Who, looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romaner, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long ago?

Fifty years she had lived under that roof a farmer's wife. If you look on the little plate on her coffin lid, you will see "Aged 70" there; and she was only 20 when John Phillips brought has home, a bride. her home, a bride.

A half-century she had kept her careful

watch over dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that full to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttoniess shirts or undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and seedding wife. His trim, tidy Martha had been his pride; and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted some times of the model housewife that kept his home in order.
But underneath her quiet exterior there was a

story that John never dreamed of, and would hardly have believed possible had he been told. She did not marry for love. When she was 19, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their little village, and that summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village

artist, and fell in love with the simple vittage girl, and won her heart; and, when he went away in the autumn, they were betrothed. "Pill come again in the spring," he said," "Trust me, and walt for me, Mattle dear." She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time, if need be; and, with a kiss on her cutyering thes he want away.

quivering lips, he went away.

Muttle Gray the not tell her father and mother of her love, for they had no liking for London folks, and had treated Paul none too hospitably when he had ventured inside their

Spring-time came, and, true to his word, Paul returned; he stayed only a day or two

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy, to study," he said. "I shall be gone two years, and then I shall come to claim you for

my bride."
They renewed their vows, and parted with

they renewed their vows, and parted with tears, and tender, loving words; he put a tiny ring on her finger, and cut a little early tress from her brown hair; and, telling her to be always true, and wait for him, he went away. The months went by, and Mattle was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so that she might be worthy of her lover, when he should return to make her bis wife.

"It must be about the time he is to start,"

she said to herself one day.

And by and by, as she glanced over a newspaper, her eye was attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride, instead of

coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul, Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!" She covered her face with her hands, and wept

bitterly.

An hour afterwards, as she sat there in the twilight, with the fatal newspaper lying in her lap, she heard a step on the gravel walk; and, looking up she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had, of course, received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working-furmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough-would give her plenty to

Now, he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; for he took a chair, and, seating himself beside her, after a chair, and, scating infiscit beside her, after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath, began, in his business-like way, to converse. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her; would she be his wife? His manner was hearty enough; there was no doubt he really wanted her-would rather marry her than any other woman he knew; but that was all.

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but as she let fall her eyes from the crim-son-hearted rose that swang from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines

Married!" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him. If I marry him, I can be a true wife to him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were eyes, and answered quietly, "Yes, I will be hausts you, and the sun never ceases to make

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was all settled, and they were married that same summer. People thought she sobered down wonderfully: more than that, nothing was said that ould lead any one to suppose any change had

taken place.
Yes, she was sobered down. She dared not think of Paul. There was no hone ahead. Life was a time to be filled up with something, so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got so wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to horself, "I must work harder; plan and fuss, and bustle about as other women do, so that I may forget, and

grow like John." Two years went swifty by. A buby slept in the little cradle; and Murtha—nobody called her Mattle but Paul—sat rocking it with her foot as she knitted a blue woollen stocking for the s father. There was a knock at the half-

I have got into the wrong road: will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped

She rose to give him the required direction but stopped short, while he came quickly for

" Paul !" " Mattle !"

Ilis face lighted up, and he reached out his arms to draw her to him. With a surprised pained look, she drew back.
"Mr. Gardner, this is a . Gardner, this is a most unexpected

meeting. "Mr. Gardner?" he repeated. "Mattle, what

do you mean?"

"I nit call me Mattic, if you please," she replied with dignity. "My name is I'nillips."

"Phillips!" he cchocd. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this

time for another woman's husband?—that I was keeping my faith with one who played me false so soon?" "Played you false! I have not. I am come

as I promised you. The two years are but just past, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you indeed married, Mattle

was trembling like an aspen leaf. For but he was contented with his lot.

unswer, she turned and pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her, with white face and folded arms,
"Tell me why you did this! Didn't you love

me well enough to wait for me?"

Sho went and unlocked a drawer, and took out a newspaper, Unfolding it, and finding the place, she pointed to it with her singer, and he

"What of this?" he asked as he met her questioning, reproachful look. "Ch, Mattle! you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not marriad, nor in love with any one but

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked,

in an eager, husky voice.

And then, as he replied, "It is true," she gave a low groun and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! It nearly broke my heart! I didn't know that you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you; but 'twas there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married

With bitter tears, she told him how it all happened. With elemened hands he walked to

happened. With elenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopped beside the cradle, and bent over the sleeping child. Lower he bent till his lips touched its wee forchead, while he murmured softly to himself, "Martle's baby."

Then he turned, and, kneeding before her, suid, in a low voice, "I forgive you, Matthe; be as happy as you can," He took both her hands in his, and looked steadily, lovingly, into her face. His lips twitched convulsively as he rose to his feet. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye—God-bless you!"

He turned, as he went out of the door, and saw her standing there in the middle of the room, with arms outstretched. He went back, and, putting his arms round her, pressed one kiss on her cheek, then left the house, never And she went down on her knees beside her

sleeping baby, and prayed for strength to bear her great trial. They never saw one another again. Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and

bright-eyed daughters romember her as a loving and devoted mother, her grey-headed husband as a most faithful wife. "Never was a woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewsfe as ever was," he said, as he brushed the back of his old brown hand

across his eyes while looking down on the peaceful face.
And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor ever dreamed of the sorrowful load she had borne through life,

A JAPANESE ROMANCE.

Our cosmopolitan age, so eager for new commercial outlets, will also acquire new sources of intellectual interest. Our European literature will lose nothing by issuing from its somewhat restricted horizon. Already the cotemporary poetry of Germany has been enriched with many a jewel drawn from the mexhaustible stores of Persia and India; but the extreme Orient is still an untouched mine. Prom the little that has been given to the world, we take the following Japanese story, which is quoted by a Dutch author, Dekker, in his "Max Havelaar."

THE STONE-CUTTER.

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, be worked much gained lit-tle, and was not at all contented with his lot. "O, if I could only be rich enough to rest,

"It sheeped himself in a kirimon of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel intercepted it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a kirimon of soft silk.

It hungened that the emproon passed by

It impened that the emperor passed by.
It was preceded by herelds on foot and horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavallers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with "What good does it do me to be rich?" mur-

mured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and my head protected with a golden parasol? Why am I not the em-

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the emperor. He and an escort of cavallers before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with his ardent heams dried up the country, and the dusty road, quiver-

ing with his brightness, fatigued his eyes.

"It is no great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day ex-

you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"
"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel
asked. For he had become the sun, and he
darted his beams up and down, right and leit
and all around him. And he scorehed the herb-

age of the earth and the faces of princes upon the carth. now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun

and prevented them from falling upon the carth's surface "There is strength," cried the sun-

cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud!

"Very well!" said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accom-

The new cloud placed itself haughtily plished. between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers and water-sponts to fall on the lands, so that the torrents burst their bounds and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock delied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the beliewing waters beat it in their fury the rock yielded not, but the foaming water

"A rock, theu, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place." " You shall be," said the angel. And he was transformed into a steep, un-

shaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun. indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished at his feet a

man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with those instruments, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting

What is that?" cried the rock; " has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that

"Have your will," said the angel; and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-outter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much and gained little,

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

UNDER the general title Sundries, Marion Harland in her capital text-book for housewives gives some good practical hints, a few of which we copy for the bound of inexperienced housekeepers:

good practical hints, a few of which we copy for the benefit of inexperienced housekeepers:

Knivks.—Clean with a soft flannel and Bath brick If rusty, use wood-ashes, rubbed on with a newly-out bit of Irish potato. This will remove spots when nothing clso will. Keep your best set wrapped in soft white paper; then in linen, in a drawer out of damp and dust. Never dip the ivory handles of knives in hot water.

Cleaning Pors, Kettles, and Tins.—Boil a double handful of hay or grass in a new iron pat before attempting to cook with it; serab out with sone and sand; then fill it with cold water, and let it boil half an hour. After this, you may use it without fear. As soon as you empty a pot or frying-pan of that which has been cooked in it, fill with hot or cold water (but is best), and set it back upon the fire to scald thoroughly.

Now time should stand near the fire with boiling water in them, in which has been dissolved a spoonful of soda, for an hour: then be secured inside with soft-sone; afterward rinsed with hot water. Keep them clean by rubbing with sifted wond-ashes, or whitening.

Copper utensils should be cleaned with brickdust and flannel.

Noverset a vessel in the pot-closet without cleanand winds it the fire it, it

and finned.
Noverset a vessel in the pet-closet without clean-and wiping it thoroughly. If grease be left in it, it will grow rancid. If set aside wet, it is apt to fust.

and wiping it thoroughly. It grouss he left in it, will grow rancid. If set aside wet, it is ask to rist.

Silver.—Wash, after each meal, all that is soiled, in very hot soft water, with hard soap. Wipe hard and quickly on a clean towel; then notish with dry flannel. If discolared with egg, mostard, spinnels, or beans, or by any other means, rub out the stain with a stiff troethirush and silver soap.

After rubbing with a stiff lather made with this, wash off with hot water, wipe and polish while hot. There is no need for the weekly silver cleaning to be an event or a bugbear, if a little care and watchfulness be observed after each meal. Silver should never be allowed to grow dingy. If Bridget or Chlos will not attend properly to this matter, take it in hand yourself. Have your own soap-cups—two of them—one with common soap, the other with a cake of silver soap in the bottom. Have for one a more, for the other a stiff brush—n tooth-brush is best. Use yourseftest towels for silver.

Besides being clean and easy of application, the silver soap will not wear away the metal as will whiten or chalk, or plate-powder, however finely putverized.

ing or chalk, or plate-powder, however finely pulverized.

Washing China and Glass.—The right and only neat method is quite simple and easy. Ringe the greasy plates, and whatever is sticky with sugar or other sweet, in hot water, and transfer to a larger pan of very hot. Wash glass first, next silver, then china—one article at a time, although you may put several in the pan. Have a mop with a handle; rub upon the soup (over which the water should have been poured) until you have strong suds; wash both sides of pour hand, Draining leaves stronks which can be felt by sonsitive finger-tips, if not seem. If China is rough to the touch, it is dirty. Hot, clean suds, a dry, elean towel, and quick which, leave it bright and shining. Roll your glasses around in the water, filling them as soon as they touch it, and you need never crack one. A lady did once explain the dingriess of her golects to me by saying that she was "afraid to put them in hot water. It rots glass, and makes it so tender! I prefer to have them a little cloudy." This is literally true—that she said it, I mean. Certainly not that a year's soaking in hot water could make glass tender.

A Michigan arithmetician computes that the num-ber of clothes sent to the sufferers by the forest fires in that State would furnish each man with about two hundred pairs of old pants and one hundred pairs of old boots.

FARM ITEMS.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A distinguished Parti physician rays — I believe that during the recent years after the thoracted the tenny extract in the counterfrees a secrific to the material property of the property

The folling of a bell is like the prayer of a hypocrito-it is solomn sound by a thoughtless tongue. It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, it is worth some sacrifice of individual will. Sormstay is like a window cortain—it pleases us as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

To flatter porsons adroitly one must know three things—what they are, what they want, and what they want other people to think they are.

FALSE happiness renders menstern and groud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

WHATEVER teaches the boauty of goodness, touches the heart with pure emotion, is religious in its tendency, and only needs embracing in its true spirit to be religious in its result.

FLATTERY is an ensuaring quality, and leaves a

very (angerous impression. It swells a man's ima-gination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to doting upon his own person.

SENSUAL pleasures are like soap bubbles, sparkling, evanescent. The pleasures of intellect are calm-beautiful, sublime, ever-cadaring, and climbing up the borders of the unseen world.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. A coarse, rough nature at home be-gets a habit of roughness which cannot be laid aside. SATIBLE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with

It is quite the fushion to drop now and then a lump of picty into personal conduct, but too often there is little care to "work it in." A life properly seasoned with grace has a uniform flavor.—[.]I. W. Buecher.

Beccher.

It is not enough that we wish well to others. Our feelings should clothe themselves with corresponding actions. The sirfus which has no outlet been one a stagmant pool; while that which pours itself ar in the running stream is pure and living, and is the cause of life and beauty wherever it flows. THINGS YOU WILL NOT BE BURRY FOR.

THINGS YOU WILL NOT HE BORE For hearing before judging. For thinking before speaking. For holding an anary tongue. For stopping the ear to a tattler. For being kind to the distressed. For being patient to all. For asking purdon for wrongs. For peaking ovil of no man. For being courtoous to all.

For being courtoous to all.

Do your own thinkins. Yes that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weight what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false notions, and in cradicating unprofitable and viegous ideas, and in time making you better men and women. What you thus gain from surroundings, you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be, that you will do your share in the giorious work of clevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

Shadows.—No human footstons have ever ver

clevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

Shadows.—No human footstops have ever yet trodden in a pathway leading through perpetual sunshine. Shadows belong to the earth-life, shutting out the blue sky of delight, and purpling all the golden fields of gladness, their raven wings are spread at times, ever every human life. The shadow reveals the substance. The shadow of the eak lies darkly over some lonely wouldend nook, while its branches are kissed by the sunlight and the breeze; and shadows upon human lives reveal the existence of a something above or beyond that holds the gleam of the Maker's own glery, and it southed by the breath of His choicest good, howseever little of this great truth our servewful souls divine.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A PRITTY hood-Childhood. A Funsion Tale - The cat's.

"Max over-bored -an editor. Eastly pearl-A baby's tooth.

OPERATIVE Spinners Spiders, A CRACK corps-The burglar's. A Finan of Labor - A brick-field,

RELATIVE beauty-A pretty consin. Laxy Services - Barrowed sermons

Tue Foot Guards - Boots and shoes. PRESENTED at Court-Being sued for debt.

Curv-Does a dumb man always keep his word? How to keep your Head Clear-Shave your hair

Whits Boss Tweed disappeared, he was a non est

man at last.

How should you address a man who had lent you forty pounds?—As "my xi.-lent friend."

Wito are they that cannot resist the temptation of sugar plants?—Those who succently (suck) all. Owing to the high price of rent in New York, the Heart's African correspondent has moved to Brooklyn.

The latest sentimental ballad a sweet thing-is "Bory your dogs in the garden. It will make the grapevine grow."

The entire assets of a New York hankrupt were use children. The creditors did the handsome thing, and let him keep every one of them."

A westers journal offers this inducement: "All subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-class obituary notice in case of death."

A Untry to policeman poisoned a dog. His master—the dog's "twisted his car" the policeman's "and he now wears his eye; the man does—in a sling.

A MAN from San Francisco, who had not heard of the Calengo fire, arrived there fast week. After looking at the ruins he turned to a stranger and asked: "How long did the earthquake last, old sport?"

A Stranger Tay, Medically agreements of his

A Strangury Tree-Macheth's presentiment of his approaching defect is finely indicated by his acknowledging the odds to be angulast him, when he remarks sadly to his friends, "Lay on Machell"

A LITTLE boy was recently presented with a toy transpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here gran ma, you blow while I pray!"

and trumpet to ms grandmonter, saying, "tree grandma, you blow while I pray!"

A CAYR Chicago Post says: "On? lynx-cycd assistants report this morning that L743 people slipped down yesterday on the periddious side walks. Of these L540 were men, 403 women, and 200 miscellaneous. The table shows that over 300 landed on their chows: the others sat down. Of the entire number, L742 of them swore—131 andibly."

CAR girls stand a collega course of study? Mrs. Stanton thinks they can, and says: "I would like you to take L300 young men and face them up, and hang 10 to 20 pounds weight of clothes on their waisls, erch them up on 3 inch heels, "cover their hands with ripples, chumons, rats and mice, and stick 10.500 hair junes into their scalps: if they stand all this they will stand a little Latin and Greek."

A 88ETHEAR young collection confronted an old

stand a little Latin and Greek."

A SECTION young collegian confronted an old Quake with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker. " bors thee believe in France?" "Yes. Though I have not seen it. I have reen others who have. Besides, then is plenty of proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe any thing thee or others have not seen?" "No. to be sure I won't." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see any body that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

A partry moderness in the first seen as

any?"

A PRETTY good story is told of a citizen of Elizabeth,
N. J., who went to the cars on Thanksgiving day to
see his daughter off. Having secreted a cart for her,
he left the car and went round to her window to say
a parting word. While he was passing out, the
daughter left the sear to greak to a friend, and at the
same time a prime-looking lady who occupied the
seat with her moved up to the window. Unaware of
the important changes inside, our venerable friend
hastily put his face up to the window and harricedly
exchanned: "One more kiss, sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella
caught his seluctive lips, accompanied by the passimute injunction: "Seat, you grey-headed wretch."
He 'scatted.

The failure to nick no the avent we see the

The failure to pick up the exact words pronounced by mother, or to understand what they mean, is often the result of die lectic peculiarities. There is an old story of an Aberdeen man in Edinburgh, who, when awakened during the might by the policoman's rattle, threw up the window to ascertain where the fire was Hailing a man who was harrying along the street below, he crist out:

Hailing a man who was harrying along the street below, he crisi out—

"Far ces't?" Aberdonian for "Where is it?"

"Far East, is it?" said the man, and at once herriad back in the direction from which he had come.

Before many minutes he re-appeared, harrying the same way as at first, when the Aberdonian, thinking he was returning from the fire, called out—

"Far was't?" said the man angrily, "it's not-ther far east nor far wast, but in the Coogate."

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

92. ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. I have two casks, one containing 8 gallons of wine and 10 gallons of water; and the other? gallons of wine and 5 gallons of water. What quantity must I draw from each cask to yield a compound of 12 gal-lons of wine and 12 gallons of water? W. R. All.Ford.

2, A light-house, 60 feet in height, is observed to subtond an angle of 30 degrees from a saip at som; and the angle of elevation of the elimination which the lighthouse is erected is also observed to be 15.5. What is the distance of the ship from the chiff, neglecting the effect of curvature?

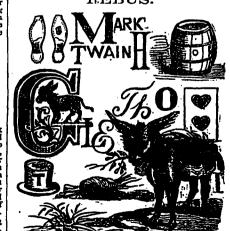
93. CHARADE.

My first is but five, my second, is one.
In my third one hundred will be.
My fourth is in cake, but never in bunn.
In my whole great evil you'll see.
M. E. P.

94. REBUS.

My 3, 9, 11, is an insect. My 7, 6, 1, is an opening. My 5, 8, 4, is a number. My 2, 6, 5, 10, is turily or s My whole is a Savon United 7, b, t, is on our part of the first of the

REBUS.



ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 1. ILLUSTRATED REBUS. -- I am not lazy; but was born

ST.-WOMAN'S AGE.-Cour-age. 2. Poli-age. 3. prb-age. 4. Cabb-age. 5. Vint-age. 6. Saus-age. Parson-age. 8. Poer-age. 9. Carri-age. 10. Mar-age. 11. Lugs-age. 12. Vicar-age. 13. Cribb-age.

Illustrated Rebus answered correctly by Fritz.



