

WOMEN AS WIVES.

Does Marriage Lessen Man's Respect for Woman.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Interesting Answer—Men Who Lead Double Lives—Are Happy Marriages Scarce?—How Wives are to Blame—Treatment of Hus-

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The query propounded in this paper may seem like heresy, and shock my readers at first. But I am compelled to ask the question, by my observations and conversations with married men and women.

Everybody is used to hearing the expression that "Really happy marriages are few and far between." Nobody thinks of denying the fact. I heard a lady of large acquaintance say, recently, that she could number on the fingers of one hand the truly staid husbands she knew, and I find that a married couple of even a few years' standing, who manifest a pleasure in and preference for each other's society, are everywhere such objects of surprise and comment that it indicates their rarity. Divorces are vulgarly common, and just upon the infelicity of the married state are passing into proverbs.

Name over to yourself your true most intimate friend—people whose home and heart life you know; ask yourself candidly how many of those true husbands would not gladly go back to their bachelor freedom were it possible to do so.

In spite of the hue and cry raised against Dr. Dix's sermon on society last winter, he told the truth when he said our cities and towns (and he might have added the country places) are full of men who lead double lives.

Men walk to the communion-table and partake of the sacrament beside their legal but unloved wives, and a few hours later they revel in the lawless affection which some other woman gives them in such secretary.

Now, so long as all know that this unfortunate state of affairs exists about us, let us discuss the causes.

It cannot be possible that all those men stand at the marriage altar with the deliberate intention of becoming bad or unhappy husbands. They must anticipate happiness in the new life, and let us try and discover through what paths it eludes them.

In the first place, it is my constantly increasing conviction that, after the marriage vows are taken two thirds of the power necessary to the creation of an enduring homelife with the wife. It therefore follows the two thirds of the fault is hers where the home becomes a failure.

I know this statement will anger and antagonize my own sex to an alarming extent, but it is my honest belief and must be expressed. I beg my sister women to read this article to the end before they condemn me.

I would classify the failures of wives in their duty as follows:

First.—Those who lack liberality of mind. Second.—Those who complain and find fault. Third.—Those who are selfishly wasteful and extravagant. Fourth.—Those who are petty tyrants and "naggers." Fifth.—Those who lack tact.

Now, if a wife has love, patience, good temper, beauty, and accomplishments, yet any one of those five faults above mentioned may serve to ruin her home and make her husband "wish he were single again." A wife's love should be as liberal as the love of God. She should study the daily habits of her lover before she marries him, and then she should allow his life to run as nearly as it is possible in those old channels of pleasure without trespassing upon the honor or purity of the new relation.

If you marry a man who has a life filled with flirtations, clubs, cards, and races, do not demand of him the sacrifice of anything but his flirtations. That you have the right to demand, but leave him his clubs and races, with no more restriction than he felt before marriage. Add to those pleasures which he has so long enjoyed the happiness of a perfectly ordered home and the sweetest and most loving welcome when he returns to you that it is possible for a man to receive. No matter if you are obliged to pass a good many lonely hours to cultivate this liberality, it will repay you ere long.

Eight men out of ten will appreciate this generosity, and will in return plan for the comfort and pleasure of the wife.

I know a woman who always sits up until her husband's return at night when he goes to the club. He is fond of a skillful game of cards, and he has never been known to return home intoxicated. There is nothing for her to fear or condemn in his connections with the club, but she destroys all his pleasure by "wishing up" for him, and if he shows late he finds her with a silent but accusing face at the door, and in the morning she complains of a headache, and looks at him with the eyes of a martyr. She has destroyed his enjoyment in his old pleasure and given him no attractive side of herself at home to lead him to abandon it. His friends laugh over his nervous, restless manner at the club, and make light jests about the cause, and one more black mark against matrimony is set down by the male sex.

It is foolish to expect a husband, who has outside access to his wife's society, to make the same sacrifices to be with her for an evening that the lover makes, who is only admitted to the loved one's presence for an hour. It is no indication of any lessening of love if he sometimes goes out and leaves her at home. A jewel may be very precious to us, even if we do not always wish to wear it in sight and gaze upon its brilliancy.

Some women marry with the idea that "wife" means "interferer." They set themselves to work at once to revolutionize the man's whole life, and demand attention which, if they exercised a little gentle patience, would be gladly given. I have seen wives who laid plans for almost every hour of their husband's leisure time. Now, no man likes this. It is natural for them to be the planners and directors, and the wife who in all ways strives to order to her husband's tastes and comfort will find him planning for her happiness ere long. Nothing touches a man of any feeling quicker than to see that his wife yields her wishes to his, and gives up with ready sweetness in small matters. Pay attention to any wish of his, no matter how trivial and foolish it may seem to you, and respond to his requests cheerfully, not sullenly, and in a little while you shall find him the most reasonable and thoughtful of men.

Of course I am not writing of brutes or bullies, but of men with hearts and heads.

The woman who saves up her household

worries and her bodily pains and aches to entertain a husband with on his return home, drives a sure nail in the coffin of conjugal happiness.

True marriage means a subjugation of self, and a losing of one's selfish feelings in love for another. Every man ought to have the certainty that he can find peace and rest from all strife and fret in his home. Every husband ought to feel when he turns the key to enter his own door that he is sure of a sweeter welcome and a more cheerful and restful atmosphere than he has found outside of it. If each wife would make this the leading resolve of her life, the world would be revolutionized.

I once heard a man say two hours after his return from a month's absence from home: "I have heard more fault-finding and fretting since I came back than in all the time I was away," and I did not blame him that he went out and banged the door behind him. I heard another man say once: "This is my first rest since I left home. I began to feel rested as soon as I opened the door. An hour at home pays for all the wear and tear of a week outside."

Surely those words repaid that wife for the hours she had borne of loneliness, worry, and small vexations. They paid her, too, for keeping the fact to herself that she was suffering with fatigue and neuralgia.

Had she given her husband a long dissertation on these troubles, it would have ruined his pleasure and in no way benefited her. If you are ill enough to need special consideration, treatment or attention, tell your husband, and he will bestow it almost invariably, for men, as a rule, very tender-hearted and sympathetic toward a woman's suffering; but the complaints that are talked of every hour in the day cease to excite any sympathy, and only serve to weary and annoy the listener.

During the last two months two cases of reckless and cruel extravagance in wives have come under my notice. One man, the kindest of husbands, was suffering from temporary embarrassment in finances, and begged his wife to economize for a few months in their methods of living. She grew hysterical and accused him of parsimony and meanness, threatened to go home to her parents, and refused to discharge any of her servants or to relinquish any of her accustomed luxuries.

The other wife insisted upon moving into a large house than her husband felt able to keep up, and finally, having gained her point, deliberately ran him into debt for \$400 worth of new furniture. Such women do not deserve the name of wife. They have the mercenary spirit of the mistress, who only cares for money.

The wife should be the firstmate of the ship of matrimony. She should not only assist in steering the craft through financial gales, but she should be ever on the watch to avert danger, and her first instincts should tell her when to tack or lower sails, without waiting orders from the captain.

The petty tyrant or nagging wife is perhaps the most hopeless case of all. The most trivial courtesy or attention he shows another woman arouses a nasty phase of jealousy in her nature, and she renders herself ridiculous, and her husband is humiliated constantly. She is forever referring to the time when he was a lover, and "treated her different," forgetting that in those days she studded to attract him and now she studies to distract him. She complains that he "never makes calls" with her, and she finds fault with all his friends, and is never suited with anything he brings home to her. She wants to go out when he wants to stay at home, and vice versa, and entertains her company by talking of his faults and shortcomings in his presence, and yet she wonders that he does not seem to love her as once he did.

She is never satisfied with her seat in the sidewalk when they travel, or with her apartments at the hotel, and if she ever yields to his wishes or wishes in anything, she is forever telling him afterward that her way would have been better, and that his way has caused her endless annoyance. Such women need the iron hand of a veritable master who would control them by force. They crush out all tenderness or respect for the sex in a man's heart, and render home about as attractive as a swarm of mosquitoes do!

Tact is a necessary element in married life. It may seem very unpoetical to a lover if you dash a book or newspaper out of his hand, and ask him to talk to you. But it will only serve to annoy or anger a husband. Do not intrude yourself upon a husband and ask to be petted when he wants to read his paper, or when he is worrying over his account book, or when he is talking business with some friend. Do not complain to your husband that he is cold and changed if he is not in a state of fervent love-making every hour of the twenty-four. Remember that love is like the sun—it has its dawn, its afternoon, its cool evening hours, and well as its high noon. Do not demand high noon the whole twenty-four hours. Be patient and cheerful through its seemingly cool evening and even chilly night hours, and believe the glorious sun of true love is shining still, though veiled from you, and wait till the noon hour comes again, as it surely will. Respond to the first look or tone of love in your husband, and do not act cold and show resentment of the hours or days when he has seemed to be occupied with other thoughts than you.

Praise him freely for every kind act or word he gives you. Do not act as if they were your right, but take them as precious gifts, to be received with gratitude. Praise for attention is the most delicate reproof for neglect. Try and never render yourself disagreeable in your manner or actions in presence of your husband. No matter if he does not seem to notice it, he will remember it when absent from you, and it will not make him eager to return to you. Let him find nowhere outside of his home a woman so agreeable and courteous and winning as the one he left in it.

Study his moods as you would study the most difficult piece of music, the deepest mathematical problem, or the most intricate athletic in needlework, and make it the aim of your life to lead yourself to his varying needs, as water shapes itself to any vessel into which it is poured.

I once knew a woman who gave years of her life to studying the moods of the insane, that she might be able to lead them out of their mental mazes into the light of reason. She accomplished miracles. Surely a wife ought to be possessed of as great devotion toward her husband as this woman felt for her unfortunate humanity.

There are scores of unhappy households today which might become havens of peace and rest for the perturbed souls within, if the wife would set about the study of her husband's needs, moods, and fancies, with an aim to strengthen and help him in every emergency with all the love, patience, and charity which this woman gave to strangers. Surely the task is worth the trial.

To the young ladies who shall read this article let me sum up my advice, and beg them to give it heed.

Do not attempt to deprive your husband of any honorable pleasure which he enjoyed before he married you. Be willing to pass some lonely hours that he may enjoy those old pleasures, and he will soon reward you richly for your unselfishness by planning to please you.

Always give him a more cheerful and

pleasant, and affectionate greeting than he can find elsewhere, and he will soon grow to think home the best place on earth.

Take pains to guard the expenses from careless extravagance, and show a consideration for his purse and he will become liberal with you; and treat him in private and public with delicate respect, and prove to him that you believe he never means to hurt your feelings or your pride, and he will strive to live worthy of your ideal of him.

A patient course of this treatment will turn any one, save a poor specimen of a man, into a good husband—one who will respect all women more instead of less for having married, and one who will regard his former bachelor life as only the anteroom of real existence.

Remember that marriage is a greater benefit to woman than to man, and that she is less able to live her life happily, single, than he is. Therefore it is her duty to make more sacrifices than he after marriage. Once show your willingness and cheerfulness in making sacrifices, and you will find that few are demanded of you, and that all you make are appreciated.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

A LABOR CREED.

We believe: 1. That the workman has a grievance; they cannot define it but it exists.

2. That the correction of this grievance requires the co-operation of workmen, capitalists, church and state.

3. That the workman must improve, as they have improved, in thrift, intelligence, temperance, and all economic virtues; without these, all other reforms will come to naught.

4. That the saloon ought to be strangled, and buried beyond hope of resurrection—the saloon, which is the workman's greatest enemy, as it is the greatest enemy of the entire community.

5. That there ought to be a penny saving banks in every public school, encouraging children to save money.

6. That these ought to be cooking schools in all large towns and cities, teaching one of the first and fundamental arts of life, without which increase of wages or decrease of work will bring neither health nor happiness.

7. That there ought to be a saving bank in every town; we should like to see it established by the United States government; and connected with the postoffice.

8. That the telegraph should be owned and operated by the United States government.

9. That the railroads, which have been brought under some measure of national control, should be kept under national control.

10. That courts of conciliation and arbitration should be established in all mining and manufacturing centers either by the government, as in France, or by mutual agreement, as in England.

11. That all corporations on whose uninterrupted work the well being of the community depends, as railroads and mining corporations, should be required on penalty of forfeiture of charter, to submit every question respecting wages, hours of labor, and conditions of employment which may arise between themselves and their employees to arbitration, the result of which should be binding upon them.

12. That organizations of labor should be organized, and so at once recognized by and made amenable to law.

13. That as rapidly as possible, profit sharing should be combined with or substituted for the wage system, and as fast as the intelligence and thrift of the wage-earner allows, profit sharing should be combined with some sort of co-operation.

14. That the system of taxation should be so adjusted that taxes shall be levied upon possession and income; not, as now, upon expenditure.

15. That all combinations, both of labor and capital, should be so modified as to conform to Stanley W. Javon's law of labor combination; that they should be perpendicular, not horizontal; that is, a combination of labor and capital in one concern, in competition with other similar combinations of labor and capital; not a combination of all labor in competition with a combination of all capital.

This is a creed long enough for to day.—The Christian Union.

PREMONITIONS OF APPROACHING DANGER, in the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, and lymph not be disregarded. Use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril to health. It removes all impurities and gives tone to the whole system.

"You have heard all the evidence," said a judge in summing up; "you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff, but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Impatient husband—Where in the world have you been? I want my dinner. Wife—Excuse me, John, but I ran down to the sewing society at five, and to my surprise it didn't wind up until eight. Husband—You mean it was wound up at five and did not run down till eight.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a lass, she clung to Castoria, When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Why is there nothing like leather—Because it is the sole support of man.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.



Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. R. Dart, Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is kept in the best Food for Infants bottles. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Druggists. Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., 1 MONTREAL, P. Q.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Weak pearlash water is said to be good to remove stains caused by acids on scarlet woolen goods.

A little saltpetre or carbonate of soda mixed with the water in which flowers are placed will keep them fresh for two weeks.

Kid shoes can be kept soft and free from cracks by rubbing them once a week with pure glycerine or castor oil.

To remove egg stains from silver spoons take a little common salt between the thumb and finger and rub the stain briskly. Then wash in hot soda.

If any one is unfortunate enough to swallow poison of any kind, through mistake or otherwise, give immediately two gills of sweet oil. It is an effectual antidote to almost any poison. Any one with a strong constitution should take twice the quantity.

In liquid measure one teaspoonful is one (gill.) No steel articles should be kept in a cellar or damp place, but in a dry attic or closet. If they must be kept in a cellar they should be well coated with paraffine and wrapped in cloths or paper oiled paper, would be preferable.

To treat sprains give the affected part rest and apply warm fomentations. If inflammation has set in put on leeches and cooling applications, which may be removed at intervals if necessary. When the inflammation subsides use friction and stimulating liniments, or poultices made of bread, vinegar and water.

When fire is much thickened by the fire they should be sooted with soap, water and fine sand.

To whiten and preserve the teeth take one ounce of borax, and put in three pints of boiling water; before it is quite cold add to it a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. When cold put in a bottle, and cork tightly. A tablespoonful is to be used daily in the same quantity of tepid water.

Sandpaper applied to the yellow keys of the piano will restore the color.

To preserve mullage of either gum arabic or tragacanth, add a few drops of oil of cloves or alcohol.

To perfume cloths, take cloves, cedar and rhubarb, each one ounce; pulverize and sprinkle in the closet or drawer. It will also prevent moths.

If you have any old plaster of Paris figures, such as shepherds, shepherdesses, etc., that are still whole and unbroken, but too much soiled to look well, bronze them with the article generally used for bronzing children's shoes, etc.—Four tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol and one of salt. Shake the whole together in a bottle and apply with a sponge or brush.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removes corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

THE WAIL OF "WEEPING WATER."

The dusky male of the wigwam mourns for her lord. He is not here, and cannot breathe the accents of an dying love into her smothered ear.

She has buried the "solitary colon of a time," and if not "a time-honored relic," The noble red man of the forest has run his race.

His camping fires burn no more, and his lodge beside the river has given place to the corn fields of the pale-face.

No more does hills echo his war whoop, and never more will the morning sun flash upon his battle axe.

Alas! he is no longer, as of yore, my boy, owning the deer upon a thousand hills. The last ray has quivered on the dial plate of his doom.

Age after age thrilled his heart in wild pulsations in the silent conflict, but war and famine, and the civilization and ruin of his pale-faced brother, have ended his journey.

"O life in death, the days that are no more." His glory has departed! His history is unwritten, excepting where here and there his bones bleach upon the sod.

And yet before Columbus stood upon the deck of his big masted sea, he was here. Untold moons before the Norseman unfurled his sail to the flying gale, his stone pointed arrow flashed for a moment ere burying itself in the quivering heart of the stately buffalo.

While the world was yet green, his little papoose wandered away from the wigwam and left the imprint of its feet in the mud that afterwards became the old red sandstone.

Ugh! talk about your pyramids. My brave saw the soil ere the wind and rain, heat and pressure formed the stone that built them.

Come and you can see the mound where he kept his sacred fire burning for over three hundred centuries! But now he is no more. His deeds, his name, have perished, and "Weeping Water" wails by the grave of her unreturning brave.

Row! oh storm. Yet he was more terrible than you in his fury. If you leave ruin, he left ruin and red carnage. You shake the trees, but he, lo! he whirled his battle axe, and the pale face grew still paler.

The wild deer outrun you, but his arrow sped and the eagle fell in his flight. O! matchless brave of countless moons! Return to your "Weeping Water." Return and rebuild your lodge by the rushing river.

WEeping WATER. Otherwise MARY NEWELL. Indian Reservation, Wyoogomah, O.B.

CARTWRIGHT'S VIEWS.

Sir Richard Cartwright, lately interviewed by the New York World, said the Canadian feeling is growing towards independence rather than "towards annexation, but it is coupled with a very friendly feeling towards the United States and a strong desire for freer commercial intercourse on equitable terms."

The policy of the government does not, he declared, "distinctly tend towards annexation, but any policy which increases the debt and taxation of Canada places her at a disadvantage with the States, which is reducing both, and will undoubtedly tend, in the long run, to create a feeling in favor of annexation."

The number of Canadians in the States has, he said, "in the past twenty-five years increased enormously in proportion to the population of Canada, which circumstance, coupled with the great increase in business intercourse, has brought about a different feeling than what existed during the time of the civil war."

How great this change is may be inferred from the fact that a prominent, Tory, afterwards one of the leaders of confederation, went through the country pointing out to the people that it would be of great advantage to them to see the American union broken up. But, no Tory to-day would undertake such a task.

INSIGNIFICANT NIAGARA.

AS COMPARED WITH THE 2,000 FEET FALL OF THE GRAND FALLS LABRADOR.

A Quebec dispatch says: Marvellous stories are related by the few Montagnais and Nascopie Indians who have penetrated far into the interior of Labrador respecting a certain waterfall whose terrific leap Niagara pales into insignificance. But one white man has ever seen these falls, and the Indians' ideas of measurement and distance are so imperfect that even when their stories agree it is exceedingly difficult to deduce from them anything like reliable data.

An expedition undertaken by Randle F. Holme, F. R. G. S., and H. Duff, fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, to explore the interior of Labrador and investigate these falls, unfortunately failed in its object, the explorers having been misled by erroneous calculations as to distance and the exact location of theataract, and compelled to return in consequence of running short of provisions. They got to near the object of their expedition, however, that they were enabled, from the general configuration of the country, to form what must be a tolerably correct estimate as to both the location and magnitude of theataract. This estimate agrees with the description of the Grand Falls furnished by Maclean, who visited them in 1839, and whose further progress into the interior was stopped by them. He gives the width of the river immediately above the falls at 1,500 feet, but says that theataract itself is not more than 150 feet across.

The light of the falls he estimates at 2,000 feet. This estimate is endorsed by a half-breed named Kennedy, met by Messrs. Holme and Duff in the interior, and who, thirty years before, was in charge of Fort Nascopie on Lake Petchikigan. One of the chief difficulties encountered by explorers desirous of reaching the falls in the interior of the Labrador is to approach them. They believe them to be haunted, and think it impossible to look upon them and live. Kennedy was conducted to them by an old Indian named Louis over-the-Fire, who, being an Ingequoit, does not share the superstitious belief of the Montagnais and Nascopie. Messrs. Holme and Duff were principally misled by the erroneous statements and calculations as to distances contained in Professor Hind's "Labrador," the leading authority upon this virtually unknown country. The falls are on the Grand or Potahipapa River, which flows into Hamilton Inlet. They are 30 miles above Lake Wamnapapan, a body of water itself 40 miles long and situated 160 miles inland from the mouth of the river. Prof. Hind gives this as only 100 miles from the mouth of the river, so that the expedition of Messrs. Holme and Duff has brought to light the fact that the best works hitherto published upon this terra incognita contain anything but reliable data. They agree, however, with Professor Hind that the elevation of the immense tableland which forms the interior of Labrador is about 2,240 feet. On the height of land are a succession of great lakes joined by broad, placid streams, and when these reach the edge of the tableland they commence their wild career to the sea. The Molise and the Coldwater River descend by successive falls, but towards the south-east the descent from the elevated tableland is quite sudden. This is particularly true of the Grand River, which has a drop of over 2,000 feet in the thirty miles, commencing with the falls and ending at Lake Wamnapapan. There is a slight rapid below the falls, but none near the lake, and everything goes to show that the height of the Grand Falls is very little, if anything, short of 2,000 feet. They are by a great deal the highest falls known that are composed of any great volume of water. There are more mountain torrents that fall from a great height, and the great fall of the Yosemite Valley measures 2,560 feet, but is broken into three distinct leaps. Niagara, on the other hand, has a height of 164 feet only.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Two Oxonians dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neckcloth of his companion, said: "I see that you are a Greedian." "No," said the other, "that's fat fished." "No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the spot."

Mrs. Smith—I wonder why your friend Jones married that gabbling Widow Brown. Mrs. Smith—She is a woman of great ability. Mrs. S.—Fiddlesticks! In what does she show her ability? Mr. S.—She can mind a great many people's business besides her own.

The only kind of cake children don't cry after—a cake of soap.

COON, BEAR AND DEER STORIES.

SOME GREAT SPORT IN THE COUNTY OF SIMCOON.

John Reynolds, the veteran sportsman of Tecumseh, has been unbecomingly quoted in the Boston World. Here are a few aptly chosen bricks; Speaking of partridges, he said that they were not so thick as they used to be. Well, no. They were awful thick thirty-five years ago around here. I remember one fall I had my gun with me, a muzzle-loader—there were no breach loaders in those days—and I heard a partridge drumming near the creek. A big doe came in sight and I laid her out on the run. There were two bucks with her, and one stayed with the doe long enough for one to do for him. The other fellow made off, but I know he would come back, so I laid waiting. Presently he comes along spawing very carefully and looking on every side of him as a scared deer. I let him come just so far and down he went. They were so big we couldn't get 'em out without cutting a wagon road through the bush to 'em.

"Pretty good shooting? Yes fair, but I've shot 36 deers with 39 shots one fall, and six bears with six shots. I have a good gun and there isn't a man stands in Canada to-day that can do as good shooting. I can tell you when I've shot anything just where I've hit before you see it. Deer used to be awful thick around here and I could go out at any time in the fall and have one in an hour. We had all we could eat and keep the neighbours in venison too. The biggest deer I ever shot was a big black buck. It was raining and I had my overcoat on when I came across him lying asleep in the bush. He had the finest horns, and I've often thought I didn't keep them. I won't tell you what he weighed, you'd think I was lying. Bears used to be thick, too, and I've killed hundreds of them. I remember one big fellow that played big around. He'd think nothing of carrying off a pig of 300 lbs. I shot him in the oat field one night, and if I was to mention what oil we took from him and what he weighed you'd tell me what an old hunter named Rodgers did when I told him. But Mat Bell handled him home for me on a jumper and he told Rogers he could swear to its weight. One of his paws out of close weighed five pounds so you can think what size he was."

HOW FLOUR CAN BE THAYED. The advanced price of flour threatens to interfere with the family coal appropriation this winter, or at least curtail the free use of many semi-luxuries. It will, therefore, be well for most people to circumvent the attack as much as possible. A more general use of corn meal for the table is a good suggestion in the way of plucking out the four barrel, especially as many palatable and sustaining preparations can be made therefrom. Both the State and New England have long utilized the value of Indian corn, and wonderful results have followed. The industrial experiments of the kitchens of both parts of the country. Of course a really light batch of pure corn meal bread; but there are many simpler compounds of the material that can be cooked most successfully after a few experiments, and the much sought after muffin of the restaurant or bakery can be turned out of home ovens, while only one sixth of the wheat flour commonly apportioned for breakfast or ordinary supper purposes need be used. Hominy, sump, bulled corn, and oatmeal already do great table service, but the baked forms of corn meal are heartier, and not only as Mr. Veller remarks, "worry fillin' at the price," but also "stuck to the ribs," both worthy requisite considerations for the workman. A good standard recipe for corn meal is as follows:

Two cups of fine yellow meal, one cup of sugar, two cups of water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, to be mixed thoroughly. Then melt a tablespoonful of best lard, add to it the previously made batter, and again beat into a thorough mixture. Pour into shallow tin pans or what are known as gem moulds, and bake twenty minutes in a steadily hot oven.

A variation to make a richer batter is to use one beaten egg, and substitute similar quantities of milk and butter for water and lard.

A NEW REMARK ABOUT KISSING AS IT IS KISSED FROM HOBOKEN TO HONOLULU.

There are no less than thirty-five ways of kissing in this country. In Arkansas they kiss on horseback, standing side by side, the king and sitting down at sunset. In Dakota the bride holds her beloved firmly by both ears, and, half smothering her eyes, allows the landlubber to swim under the delicious clouds. Then she has the "fisherman's kiss," a stray look of hair lying across her nose, and she will not discontinue kissing until a failure until next year. The official editor of the London Standard says on this subject:

"The certain," writes Steele of kissing, that "nature was its author and that it began with the first cohabitation." Tracing its history backward into bygone centuries, there is abundant evidence to prove that it is, of all acts, as universal as it is ancient, having been associated in most countries with various ceremonial rites and customs. Thus, in early times, the act of kissing was regarded as a sign of homage or respect, and, in Homer, Priam is represented kissing the hands of Achilles when supplicating for the body