

### The Fireside.

BY C. P. CRANCE.

With what a live intelligence the flame  
Glow and leaps up in sires of flickering red,  
And turns the coal, just now so dull and dead,  
To a companion! Not like those who came  
To weary me with iteration tame  
Of idle talk in shallow fancies bred,  
From doleful moods the cheerful fire has led  
My thoughts, which now their manlier strength re-  
claim:  
And like some frozen thing that feels the sun  
Through solitudes of winter penetrate,  
The frolic currents through my pulses run;  
While fluttering whispers soft and intimate  
Out of the ruddy fire-light of the grate  
Make talk, love, music, poetry in one.

### Peacock Fish, Peacocks and Little Boys.

They tell me that there is a kind of fish in the Indian seas called the peacock fish, because of his brilliant colors. I wonder if he is as proud as our land peacock, and whether or not he can spread his tail on grand occasions after the fashion of the bird that struts into my meadow sometimes? This bird lives on a fine estate near by, but once in a while he comes over to astonish us with his splendor. One night I dreamed that he came along, and had just spread himself and put on his grand airs, when ten little youngsters sprang from nowhere in particular, and began to point at him with shouts and laughter.

"Ho! ho!" cried they. "Isn't he proud? Ho! ho!"

A queer little stumpy-tailed dream-dog was with them, and he fairly sneered instead of barking. "Well!" exclaimed the peacock in the harshest voice you ever heard, "what if I am proud? Who'd ever see these tail feathers, I'd look to know, if I wasn't proud? Look out that you're not proud,—you that haven't a feather on your bodies, p-a-a-u-w!"

This was too much for the ten little boys. They gave a shout, and sprang upon the peacock, and each one tried to get a feather, but he gave a tremendous scream—

I awoke, and there was the sun, with every ray spread, rising to the tune of Cock-a-doodle-do!

*Jack-in-the-Pulpit for November.*

DEAR UNCLE TOM,—I have just arrived in England. When we were fairly out at sea, the first thing I did was to explore the great ship. It was four hundred feet long, made entirely of iron, and sunk twenty feet deep in the water. The masts were of hollow iron, and seventy feet high. It took nine furnaces and forty tons of coal a day to keep the ship going. The crew numbered a hundred and thirty-five. It seems very wonderful that a great heavy iron ship should not sink; the reason that it does not is that it is lighter than the water it displaces.

When we were a few days out a flock of land-birds rested on our ship. We fed them with crumbs, and brought dishes of fresh water on deck for them, but after a day or two they disappeared. A little further on, a hawk alighted on the vessel, and one of the sailors caught it when it was asleep.

To find out how fast we were going the sailors threw the "log," which was no log at all but a long thin rope with a small three-cornered canvas bag at one end. They throw out the bag and it catches in the water and keeps the end of the rope steady. The rope runs out as the ship goes. One sailor stands with a time-glass, which holds as much sand as will fall in one minute from one half of it into the other. The glass is turned just when a certain mark on the rope passes over the rail, and when all the sand is turned the rope is stopped. As the rope has lengths marked on it by its bits of colored cloth, the sailors can tell how far the ship has gone in one minute, and can roughly calculate from that its rate of speed by the hour. Formerly a real log of wood was used instead of the bag.

The greatest event of the voyage was seeing a school of whales. There were dozens of them spouting and showing their backs above water. Another exciting thing was meeting a ship so near that we could salute it, which is done by hoisting then lowering; the flag once or twice. Ships have flags of different kinds and each has its own mean-

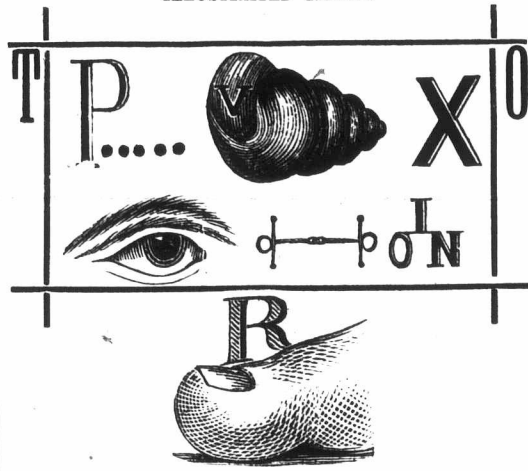
ing. So by hoisting certain flags the captains of different ships can exchange news.

When nearing the Irish coast a dense fog settled upon us, so that we could hardly see from one end of the ship to the other. All day and all night the great fog-whistle was kept blowing to warn other vessels that might be in our neighborhood. To see a light-house or landmark was impossible, but the captain found out where we were by soundings. Every ship has a long piece of lead with a hole in one end which is filled with tallow. The other end is fastened to a rope, and the lead is thrown overboard and sinks to the bottom. When hauled up some of the sea-bottom is found stuck to the tallow, and from this and the depth of the water the captain knows where he is, for the kinds of sand and mud at the bottom of the sea and the varying depths of water are plainly marked on his charts.

I cannot describe to you what a welcome sight the land was after seeing nothing but water for so long. But when we had left the great ship behind it seemed almost as if we were leaving home, glad though I was to get ashore.

Your loving reader, F. D.  
London, England.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Some of our readers have not amused themselves with the rebuses, while others have taken great interest in them. The above is inserted a third time for all to examine. There has arisen great dispute as to the correct answer; some contend that the answer is "Toronto Provincial Exhibition," others that it is "Provincial Exhibition, Toronto," and others say that it is "Provincial Exhibition held in Toronto"—some say "enclosed in Toronto." There have been wagers made about it, and lawyers differ in the answer. We have given the correct answer among the regular answers, because we made it and intended it to read thus. Some oppose this answer, and say that the Exhibition was not held in Toronto, but in the suburbs.

### A Sharp Lawyer.

One of those shrewd, sharp lawyers, who take pride in twisting a witness into a labyrinth of difficulties, had occasion some time ago to cross-examine a gentleman of some little prominence. The lawyer managed after much skillful manoeuvring to so confuse the witness that the only answer he could obtain to his questions was, "I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had this answer returned to him a score or more of times his patience gave out. "Tell me, Mr. J.," he exclaimed, with biting sarcasm, "can you ever remember anything?"

"I can," was the response.

"Can you carry your memory back for twenty years and tell me a single instance that happened then?"

"Yes, I think I can," returned the witness, who had regained some composure.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer gleefully rubbing his hands in orthodox legal fashion. "Now, that is counseling. Come, now, sir, what is this instance which you remember so well?"

"Well, sir, I remember that twenty years ago, when you were admitted to the Bar, your father came to me to borrow \$30 to buy you a suit that

you might make a presentable appearance at commencement, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the \$30 back to me."

Confusion changed hands at this point of the proceedings, and the lawyer dismisses the witness without more ado.

### The Philosophy of Strikes.

"Where are you going with the puppies, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a small boy, yesterday, whom he met with three pups in a basket.

"Goin' to drown them," was the reply.

"I want a pup for my little boy to play with; what do you say to letting me take one of them?"

"I'll sell you one," spoke up the little boy with true American enterprise. "I'll sell you this yaller one for half a dollar, the black one for 75 cents, and the spotted one is worth a dollar."

"I think my boy would like the spotted one best, but you ask to much for it. You had intended drowning all of them, but I'll give you 25 cents and save you the trouble of drowning the spotted one."

"Twenty-five cents for that spotted pup!" exclaimed the boy, "I can't stand it, taxes is high, rent is high, groceries is high, oil is down and going lower—oh, no; I can't take less than a dollar."

"But you intended to drown—"

"Take the black one at 75 cents."

"My little boy wouldn't like the black one."

"Take the yaller one at half a dollar, and he's dog cheap."

"I don't like his color."

"Well, then, you had better tell your little boy to play with his toes," and he continued on his way to the river, remarking that "No party can dead-beat his way on me these hard times."—  
[Oil City Derrick.]

### One Day!

Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends,  
For once in my life has a day  
Passed over my head and out of my sight,  
And my soul has naught to unsay.  
No querulous word to the fair little child  
Who drew me from study to play;  
No murmuring word to the beautiful wife,  
The angel who walks by my way;  
No snappish reply to the hundred and one  
Who question me gravely and gay,  
No angry retorts to those who misjudge  
And desire not a nay, but a yea;  
No word to the beggar I fain would take back  
No word to the tenant at bay;  
No word, though I know I remember them all,  
Which I would, if I could, e'er unsay.  
Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends,  
For the patience that lasted all day!

### Steamboat and Grist-mill in One.

Mr. Miller, of Little Current, has on the stocks a steamboat unsurpassed for design and ingenuity. It is designed to serve not only as a steamboat for the conveyance of passengers and freight, but also as a grist-mill. The machinery of the steamboat will be, as in ordinary propellers, near the stern, while a space of twenty feet of the forward part will be partitioned off and fitted for the grist-mill, the power being supplied by belting from the engine at the stern. Mr. Miller, judging that there is not traffic enough between the ports to afford full employment to a steamboat, intends to add milling to steamboating. He will give due notice to the farmers of the locality of his coming so that they may have their grists ready on his arrival. Having completed his business at one port he will start with passengers and freight to another, and during the trip from one to the other he will grist the wheat he has received for toll. When the steamboat is laid up for the winter the mill, he hopes, will be occupied, so there will be no long season of inactivity. The enterprise will, we hope, prove profitable to Mr. Miller, as it will be one of great convenience and advantage to the farmers and other settlers.

"The Unkindest Cut of All."—The Major—"Would you advise me to have those few hairs in front cut off?" Haircutter—"U—m—Well, sir, I should hesitate before I sacrificed my honny hornament!"