

whom every book canvasser and every charitable society appeals first; and no matter how stern the poor Civil servant tries to be, he is often obliged to subscribe to get rid of the collector. Unfortunately their actual salary is known to every one who takes the trouble to look in a blue book. No deduction made for all moneys that are taken out of it for various things before he feels he has any to spend at all.

Even wives are apt to think, "truly out of such a salary, more ought to come into the house for household expenses."

A merchant is not obliged to make known the exact income he has; a professional man the same. These have some chance, if so disposed, to save a little for a rainy day. They dismiss such appeals with "cannot afford it," and that is the end of it.

Not so the Civil servant. It is known what he is supposed to have, and "surely out of that income he ought to afford to give a few dollars."

Men do not always calculate what all these little sums come to before the end of the year; then perhaps they find their income does not cover their expenses. This again is very often supposed to be the wife's fault. She, poor woman in her desire to keep the anxious look from the husband's face, and also give her children all the pleasure, can deny herself almost every luxury. Books she has no time to read; her mind is in danger of becoming a blank for want of intellectual food.

A good deal has been said about extravagance in dress of the wives and daughters. Of course, there are foolish and improvident people in every community, but as a rule, I do not think they are extravagant.

The people who say so have not seen behind the scenes. They don't know the inexpensive material of which the prettily made dress is composed, or that the fashionable silk overskirts covers only cotton, or if the whole dress is of rich material that it was one their mother (and sometimes their grand-mother) had in her youth. How often one woman says to another "I do not know how I could manage at all if my mother and sister did not send me things for the children."

Men do not suffer as much from a small salary; they pretty much do as they have always done, preach economy in household matters, but nevertheless look a little troubled if it curtails their comforts.

But I will stop here at present, asking leave to supplement this letter with some further hard facts and figures on an early occasion.

Your obedient servant,

A CIVIL SERVANT'S WIFE.

OTTAWA, JAN. 1882.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON and double page engraving will be found fully described elsewhere.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—The sketches which we publish this week, are all from Naples and its neighborhood. The picture of the house in the Santa Lucia quarter affords a vivid idea of the manner in which the Neapolitan population is crowded into lofty buildings, separated from each other by narrow lanes. These are called palazzos, which properly means tenement-houses. The ground floor consists of a series of arched cells, occupied as workshops, sale-shops, and cafes. As, except in the suburbs, there are no open plots or gardens for drying clothes, the whole edifice from ground to floor to garret, is festooned with gay-coloured garments. In a warm, sunshiny climate like that of Naples all sorts of accommodations are carried on out of doors that in this country would need the shelter of a roof. The shoemaker, the tailor, and the joiner are all at work under the canopy of heaven; not, although the school-master is more abroad than he was in the old Bourbon days, is the trade of the professional letter writer obsolete. The peasant girl still stands of his stall, dictating heart secrets which she is unable to write. We need not say much concerning Pompeii, the city which during the unexpected eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, was buried under a layer of sand, ashes, and liquid mud, and remained undiscovered till about a century ago. Our sketch gives a good notion of the aspect of one of the streets. They cross each other at right angles, and the broadest yet discovered is only thirty feet wide. The houses are plain and low, seldom more than one story high, and had all their good apartments on the ground floor. Theatres, public halls, triumphal arches, fountains, and statues are, according to modern ideas, very numerous for a town of 30,000 inhabitants.

INDIAN VIEWS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.—Although they have a good deal yet to learn, the Indians of the Northwest are far from being so completely out of the pale of civilization as many people would imagine. Indeed, if we look into their history we find that they are far from backward in adopting many of the advantages of civilization. Thus, since the introduction of the horse into America whole tribes have become perfect horsemen. When at the beginning of the eighteenth century the settlers of North Carolina invaded Florida they found the Indians in possession of cattle; while, when the Creeks and Cherokees were driven out of Georgia, the latter at least were a civilized, agricultural, hardy people, with a written language—a proof that the Red Indian is no irreclaimable savage,

but has only been forced by the white man to become so. They have readily exchanged the bow and arrow for the Winchester rifle, and the ignition of wood by friction for the lucifer match. If not out of the pale of civilization, why out of that of Christianity? Not, however, that the Redskins are always favourably impressed by civilized institutions; and in the sketch Mr. Sidney Hall has depicted him inside the Fort Macleod, looking with a by no means flattering eye upon two pale faces whose occupations are by no means congenial to his ideas of freedom and independence—the one a prisoner, the other his military guard—the latter to his notions doubtless very little better off than his charge. Much would the copper-coloured warrior prefer liberty and hard fare to the discipline and good living of Tommy Atkins, with a chance—should he indulge in a little too much fire water—of having a few days' heavy marching or shot drill. No wonder it has reminded the artist of the old Esopian fable of the dog and the wolf and of the reply of the latter, when, after listening with watering mouth to his civilized cousin's description of his luxurious living, he suddenly spies the collar on his neck:—

He starts and without more ado,
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
"Enjoy your dainties, friend; to me
The noblest feast is liberty:
The famished wolf upon these desert plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains."

RESCUED ENGLISH SLAVES.—Mention has already been made of the sufferings of the poor little English children who had been practically enslaved by a troop of Arab acrobats, but who, when visiting Constantinople, were liberated by the efforts of Mr. Littler and the British Consul-General. The sketch represents them during one of their performances in the City of the Sultan. While exhibiting there for some months the truth leaked out about them. The proprietor of the white slaves happened to be a Tunisian, but a French subject. After communications had passed between the French and English Consuls the boys were taken into keeping by the latter, and sent to England. The "owner" still protests vehemently that he has a right to keep the children, having signed a contract with the parents—some of the poor little mites being then only three years old when disposed of at a sovereign a head. They have been treated with great cruelty, trained like performing monkeys or dogs, and, as may be supposed, received no religious education. In the drawing the three boys at the base are three negroes, the remainder are English. They had been under the tutelage of their master for periods varying from three to twelve years.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

THE following is an amusing specimen of a Yankee hotel circular:—

GULF HOUSE,

BAYLES AND ROBINSON, PROPRIETORS,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, U.S.A.

This hotel was built and arranged for special comfort and convenience of the travelling public. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed nearer the railroad depot, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for each guest. Bath, gas, water closet, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, fire alarm, restaurant, bar-room, billiard tables, daily papers, coupe, sewing machine, grand piano, a clergyman and all modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished to every guest, to make up such bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill of fare afterwards at the office. Waiters of every nationality and colour if desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquets, full-dress suits, ball tablets, and his hair put in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining hall, and the best water in the house. Any guest not getting his breakfast red hot, or experiencing a delay of fifteen seconds after giving his order for dinner will please mention the fact at the Manager's Office, and the cooks and waiters will be blown from the mouth of the cannon in front of the hotel at once. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoopsticks and hawkeys, to bang the carved rosewood furniture specially provided for the purpose, and tuppets to spin on the velvet carpet. They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, fall down stairs, carry away dessert enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire. Washing allowed in rooms. Ladies giving an order to "Put me on a flat iron" will be put on one at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Oddfellows, Sons of Malta, Knights of Pythias, K.O.M.'s, and M.D. K.'s, and who was never known to tell the truth or the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening. The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can play draw poker, match worsteds in the village store, shake for drinks at any hour, day or night, play billiards, is a good waltzer, can dance the German, make a fourth euchre, amuse the children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory, is

a good judge of horses, as a railroad or steamboat reference is far superior to Appleton's or any one else's, will flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut to death when "Pa comes down," can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to annunciator, and answer questions in Greek, Hebrew, Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language at the same moment without turning a hair.

INTENSELY UTTER.

AN AESTHETIC DAUGHTER AND A SUPERLATIVELY PRACTICAL PA.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who has grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery waggon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed; "I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin coat in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the waggon, which was soon bumping over the huddles towards home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with a puzzled air; "quite excessive beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren, counting from the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa; you don't understand me," the daughter explained, "I mean this waggon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be an express, he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be travelling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely, consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegianness as they drew up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper-table, as he slipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how d'you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're show—I mean I consider it far to beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, "half full, but how about your books—read'n, writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't," exclaimed the daughter reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine in art that have made my school-life the bliss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a long pause the old man said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?" "They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and the plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning, he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boarding-school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's going to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust upstairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't g'in' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long as your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's running the rauche. You hear me, Maria?" Maria was listening.

* DARWIN AND THE WORMS.

When science first in modern times began,
To shed her light on things still then unknown,
Davy's great name with wisdom led the van,
And earned with modest zeal a high renown.
Quick to perceive the new-made path to fame,
With each a wondrous story of his own,
A host of savants in succession came,
And nature's secrets to the world were shown.
Then Darwin, foremost of a doubting crew,
The origin and growth of man assailed;
His atom theory by selection grew
Into a race with vertebrae curtailed.—
Howe'er selection served him in the past,
It's brought poor Darwin to the worms at last!
J. H. C.

Lennoxville, 19th December, 1881.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Governor of Madrid is dead.
LORD LORNE has sailed for Halifax.
REVOLUTIONARY disorders are reported from Venezuela.

HEAVY failures are reported in Paris, Bordeaux and Berlin.

THE census of Paris gives a population of two millions and a quarter.

MR. GLADSTONE has remitted ten per cent. of rentals on his Hawarden estate.

A BERLIN despatch says restrictions on the freedom of the press are increasing daily.

DISASTROUS weather is reported throughout Great Britain for the past few days.

EFFORTS are being made to have Parnell released before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament.

THE Crown Prince of Germany is to be proclaimed Regent on the 22nd of March, the Emperor's 85th birthday.

THE bodies of Huddy and his nephew, two process-servers who disappeared recently, were found chained together in Lough Mask.

THERE is great excitement in Cork over the arrest of several persons there, on information supplied by Connell, who turned informer.

It is said that the Gladstone Government has determined to introduce the system of *cloture* at the coming session of Parliament.

THE steam ram supposed to have been built for use by the Irish agitators was sunk in the North River, at Jersey City, on Wednesday night.

THE sailors on the flag-ship *Duke of Wellington*, at Portsmouth, mutinied recently on account of a number of them being transferred to other vessels.

THE police interfered with a procession to Père la Chaise cemetery yesterday at Paris, to commemorate the anniversary of Blanqui's death. Twenty-three arrests were made, including Louise Michel.

A POLICEMAN was escorting a citizen with his head bound up, to the Central Station, when a kind-hearted man asked:

"What did you do?"
"Made a New Year's call," was the answer.
"But how—what—what—why, I don't understand," said the citizen.
"I do," replied the prisoner. "I called a man a liar!"

A WORLD OF HARD WORK.—There is nothing should be taught sooner than that this is a working world, and that labour, physical or mental, is a necessity for the whole progeny of the first tiller of the ground and sewer of the fig leaves. Mothers try to spare their daughters the necessity of labour (by taking the burden on themselves) much more than fathers do their sons. In fact my experience is that men, as a rule, are lazier than women. The boys are made to work and earn for their fathers before the mothers think that the girls can do more than hem their ruffles or trim their hats. Mothers take pride in their daughter's soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters, and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, you have but one mother; care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for her self, but always taking thought for the children. An idle life is also a selfish one. No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labour, that bring nights without weariness.

CONSTITUTIONS of iron are undermined and destroyed by lung and bronchial disease consequent upon neglect of a cough. A foolhardy disregard of that warning symptom is unfortunately very common, and that is the main reason why consumption figures so conspicuously among the causes of premature death. A timely use inwardly and outwardly, of Thomas' Electric Oil, a benign, pure and undeteriorating antispasmodic, soothing and healing agent, indorsed and recommended by the faculty, is a sure, prompt and inexpensive way of arresting a cough or cold. Besides being a valiant of acknowledged excellence, it is a matchless anodyne for rheumatic and neuralgic pain; cures bleeding or blind piles, sores and hurts of all kinds, and remedies kidney troubles and lameness or weakness of the back. Some of the most experienced and best known stock-raisers and owners of "crack" trotting horses, recommend it for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle.

* * * The formation of vegetable mould through the action of worms.—CHARLES DARWIN, L.L.D., F.R.S.