

"without," and "mal," "not," as "sen, form," "formless"; "mal, lum, o," "darkness," or "no light."

The main difference between Esperanto and Volapük is that the former is based on Latin, while the latter takes its roots from what is called the Indo-Teutonic family of languages. As these roots have long ago been forgotten by those who speak the living tongues, Volapük has a strange and forbidding aspect on first acquaintance, while Esperanto looks like an old friend whose name has been temporarily forgotten. Its author justly remarks that Latin is almost an international language already, and he hopes, therefore, that as there are only two pages of dictionary and three of grammar in Esperanto, all nations will unite in learning it. Language is the chief motor of civilization, and men become accessible to civilization only by virtue of the development of their language. It is because men speak different languages that the provincialism and hostilities of nations exist. We fall out because we cannot convey our ideas to each other, and to make all men brothers of the same family, it is only necessary to teach them the same language. So Dr. Esperanto reasons, and he appeals to all who are ready to devote one hour to bringing on the millennium to address him personally at Warsaw, enclosing a promise to begin the study of Esperanto as soon as ten million other people have made the same promise. The price of the complete manual of Esperanto, including grammar and dictionary, is one cent, and if the author secures his ten million scholars, he will have a fund of \$100,000 on which to make the first step towards the millennium. We hope he may get them.



A WIFE LIKES A LITTLE OF THE LOVER IN HER HUSBAND.—I am minded to write a few lines on the little courtesies of life that some of us who are husbands and wives seem to have forgotten, or purposely put aside since the day of our honeymoon. We clung to them tenaciously enough before—yes, we gloried in them. I know I used to tip my hat in the most graceful and courteous manner to my wife when I chanced to meet her on the street before we were married. Sometimes, I confess it with shame, I don't do it now. I used, in those "politer" days, to think that she could not under any circumstances go up-stairs without a good deal of my arm for support, and now—well, sometimes I bolt on ahead of her and she says reprovingly: "Here, sir, you're a gallant husband to let me go up-stairs unassisted." Then I always go back and do my duty in this respect. Wives cling longer than husbands to all the gentle, gracious little courtesies that were never forgotten in the halcyon days of their courtship; but they, too, forget at times some of the little things that made them so charming in the eyes of Tom or John or Will. Why shouldn't we say: "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me," and "Thank you," to each other as well as to other men and women? The lack of these little courtesies and kindnesses has much to do with the lack of harmony and happiness in many homes.

A WORD FOR BANANAS.—The banana has a high recommendation as an article of food, because of its nutritious character. One authority announces that one pound of this fruit has more nutriment than three pounds of meal or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is said to be in every sense superior to wheat bread. The natives of the West Indies and other tropical countries subsist largely upon them, and find them, as chemists do, a food containing a large amount and variety of nutriment. A friend of the writer makes them a special and exclusive article of food when he has work requiring considerable and particular attention and accuracy at a time when a regular meal and other food would weaken the action of the mind. He finds that the banana in such case digests easily and makes no diminution

of mental concentration, while at the same time the required sustenance of mind and body is obtained.

GIRLS, DON'T BE IN HASTE TO WED.—Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise and sleep. Learn all the useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your mind with the best books, that you may be able to teach your children much that school training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wisely, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in harmful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for fashion, flirtation and enjoyment, and use the privilege all women may claim, to decline the acquaintance of men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of women. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness or love tempt you to trust your happiness to such a one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than now, when all professions are open to them, and honour, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard right and live up to it, sure that the reward will come here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs.—

Louisa M. Alcott.

STAY IN THE SUN.—Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum and the very best sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in this transformation.—*Family Visitor.*

TABLE ADORNMENT.—You have no conservatory? Neither have I, but we must see what can be done without one. An elderly lady, from whom I have learned many devices for the enlivenment of home, during the early spring, summer and late fall months, devotes a certain part of her garden to flowers for her table, and for breakfast, dinner and tea she gathers little nosegays, and her table is always a picture to behold. In the winter time she has her windows filled with plants, but, of course, they are not always in bloom, and to constantly cut the green leaves is sure death, so she purchases small vases of different designs. The little china baby-shoes, in white and blue, were her latest novelty, and in the fall she dug up ferns, carefully preserving the roots and as much of the native soil as possible and transplanted them into the baby-shoes. Oh! how lovely they were! How delicate and fairy-like! They were always ready to adorn her table or stand in the shade of the larger window plants. These, nurtured by a little daily sunshine, watered regularly and, in short, tended with reasonable care, last throughout the winter. She makes her little arrangements for the constant supply of parsley and mint during the winter. These, planted in common starch boxes and standing on a shelf in the kitchen window, are always ready for garnishing or seasoning when needed. They would repay any one for the little care put upon them.

Don't be chary of the best china and the company glass-ware. Let it appear not at stated intervals, or on special occasions, but at such odd and freaky times that it may, perhaps, give unconscious zest to some older member of the family, or may provoke a smile from some child who has temporarily fallen out with his appetite. If you recognize the need for a cheerful and tempting table, do the best you can with your resources.



A MYSTERY.

SMALL BOY: "Mister, couldn't yez help a poor boy whose mother is a widdier, and out av worruk?"

GENTLEMAN: "Poor fellow! How long has your father been dead?"

SMALL BOY: "Twinty years, sor."

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—She who does not delight in giving happiness at the expense of her own ease and pleasure knows not the meaning of friendship. Before guests arrive, how eagerly is the best chamber aired and decked for the occasion! Then the hostess spreads a rug over a worn spot in the carpet, places a screen to shelter the bed from draught and leaves a vase of her friends' favourite flowers under the toilet glass. While writing, memory flies to a beautiful and orderly home presided over by one of the gentlest and truest of women. In the square guest chamber there are chairs and footrests of different heights, a lounge with shoulder shawl, slumber robe and pillows, shelves holding books of devotion and recreation, and on a table a writing case containing stationery, pens, ink and even postage stamps. Beside the water-jug and glasses can always be found a basket of apples and oranges. By the ample, well aired bed stands a toilet table, on which brushes and combs are flanked by a box of hair-pins and a work-box with needles, thread and thimble, and brushes for various uses. Near the door is a table some fifteen inches in height made on purpose to hold a trunk so as to save the irksomeness of stooping.

After breakfast you are expected to do as you please till the half past one o'clock dinner. The piano is at your service; so are the papers, books and magazines. The hostess has her own cares and duties which are only kept from being too onerous by perfect system. She generally will find time to go out with you if you choose to go, for, without especial demonstration your will is law.

The household machinery, oiled by her tact, is never heard to creak. Neither directions nor reproof are given to a servant before a third person. If there are disappointments, griefs or surprises, the visitor does not know it. Family affairs are kept strictly within the family.

A GENUINE TURNER.

"Darringer, this is the oddest painting I ever owned."

"Why so, Bromley?"

"With this side up, it looks like a winter landscape; turn the other end up and it is a fakir with a flowing white beard."

"Bromley, you've got a prize! It's a genuine Turner."—*Harper's Bazar.*