

of silence. Be deserving the companionship of a sensible man. Avoid talking of persons, or insignificant details concerning yourself or your work. Have something interesting or valuable to say. The story of your child's prattle may be full of interest. The number of pies you have made, or the rooms you have swept, may not be worth repeating. Cultivate the graces of character, speech, and tones of voice, and you may find that the man who was glad to escape from the loquacious, complaining, exacting woman, goes reluctantly from her who knows when to talk and when to be silent, "who denieth her mouth with wisdom, and in whose tongue is the law of kindness."—*United Presbytery.*

The Great Wall of China.

An American engineer, being engaged in the construction of a railway in China, who has had unusually favorable opportunities of examining the famous Great Wall, built to obstruct the incursions of the Tartars, gives the following account of this wonderful work: The wall is 1,728 miles long, 18 feet wide, and 15 feet thick at the top. The foundation throughout is of solid granite, the remainder of compact masonry. At intervals of between two hundred and three hundred yards towers rise up twenty-five to forty feet high, and twenty-four feet in diameter. On the top of the wall, on both sides of it, are masonry parapets, to enable the defenders to pass unseen from one tower to another. The wall itself is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line, across valleys and plains and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground; sometimes plunging into abysses a thousand feet deep. Brooks and rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed.—*Scientific American.*

A Beautiful Tribute to Women.

Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly—annoyed at a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or rattling of a window at night, overpowered by the perfumes of a rosebud. But let a real calamity come, arouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then? How strong is her heart? Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird or anything to protect, and see her in a relative instance lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for her own life to help the helpless. Transplant her to the dark places of the earth, call her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence is a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stalking pestilence, when the strong, the brave, the noble, pale and affrighted, shrink away. Misfortunes haunt her not; she wears away a life of silence and endurance; and goes forward with less timidity than for her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting for the wings of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the center from which radiates the charm of existence.—[Mulford.]

The Way to Look at It.

In all labor there is poetry, if we can but find it, containing its deepest meaning and its truest realities. One mechanic sees nothing beyond his tools and their daily use; another beholds the civilization or refinement which his work is daily spreading. One merchant measures his business only by the yearly account of profit and loss; another sees it in the extent of commerce, the employment is given to labor, triumph of honest principles. One physician looks at his profession only as a ladder for his own advancement and popularity; another beholds suffering assuaged, diseases overcome, sanitary habits enforced, healthful living secured, happiness increased. One woman sees in her house only an area of hard work and physical comfort; another sees exquisite pictures of possible happiness, honor, development and value which may be cherished with it, and may issue from it to bless society and strengthen the nation.

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—This month I am going to make a few references to the flood which has lately done so much damage to those dwelling on the low banks of the Thames in the vicinity of this city. We had been having a very wet period, which culminated in a tremendous rainfall on the night in question. More rain fell in four hours in that night than usually falls in a couple of months, three inches being about the amount of water falling in that short space of time. This gathering into the creeks and small branches, rushed wildly into the larger streams, through which, in company with miles of fencing and numerous smaller bridges, it was directed to the main artery, the Thames, which was in an incredibly short time transformed from the usually peaceful stream into an almost irresistible torrent with waters almost sixteen feet above its ordinary level.

The flood was worst felt in a village opposite London, known as London West, situated in one of the angles of the two large branches of the Thames joining here. This village is situated on rather low ground for over a square mile of its extent, and is covered by cottages of over two thousand of the mechanics and laborers of London, who had been attracted there by the light taxation, the fertility of the soil, and its proximity to the business part of the city. The result was a thriving village with well laid out streets, sidewalks, many stores, and pretty gardens. Such it was before the flood. The first intimation of the flood to many was the



8.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

water rising up to their beds, so sudden was the rise of the water. All, at any rate, were compelled to leave everything down to the mercy of the water, while they took refuge in their second story or where compelled to cut holes in their roofs and on them wait for day and rescue. Even the roofs were scarcely safe, as many houses were overturned or carried off entirely by the force of the current. As soon as possible boats were launched from the city and taken to the rescue of those in the most dangerous positions, but not, however, before nineteen persons had passed to their long sleep. I have not space to give you any of the details or relate any of the brave actions of the rescuers, but must confine myself to the barest outlines. Many of you have read long accounts in the papers; some of you in the distance know nothing of it. For them this is written.

The water subsided during the ensuing day almost as fast as it rose, and by the next evening the water was again in its natural course, leaving the previously pretty village in a sad state of ruin; families in some cases broken up, fences gone, gardens spoiled, houses wrecked, furniture either gone or almost unrecognizable in the mass of mud and slime which had been deposited in the houses. Such was London West after the flood.

Of course, after such a misfortune many were left in a very bad state, and had to depend upon the generosity of the community, and it appears to me that the people here have never appeared in a better light than when nearly \$20,000 was collected within a week. Many outside corporations and individuals, as well as the Government, have sent in very valuable assistance, but yet very much could be done if means were at hand.

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in boy, but not in girl,
My second is in rabbit, but not in squirrel.
My third is in wall, but not in door,
My fourth is in window, but not in floor.
My fifth is in horse, but not in cow,
My sixth is in hoe, but now in plow.
My seventh is in barn, and also in stable,
My eighth is in dish, but not in table.
My whole I have not got it, nor I don't want it; but if I had it I would not take the whole world for it.

CHARLES FLEMING.

1.—DECAPITATION.

Whole, I am a rank; behead, and I am a girl;
behead again, and I am a useful animal; curtail,
and I am an adverb.

HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

3.—REBUS.

D

B A Y

HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

4.—RIDDLE.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backwards and forwards the same;
Expresses the sentiment felt by the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

HARRY A. WOODWORTH.

5.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Rorsre ekil sartws nopl eth cuesfar ofwl; eh
owh dwlou hrecas rfo sresuaret mtus ediv lwebo.

MAGGIE F. ELLIOTT.

6.—CHARADE.

Of all things I am most precious,
To stay my flight is vain;
And any part of me once lost,
Is never found again.

ADA ARMAND.

7.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A verb. 2. The name of one of the first men mentioned in the Bible. 3. The name of a certain meat. 4. The name of a girl.

AGGIE CALDERWOOD.

Answers to July Puzzles.

- 1.—Nightingale.
- 2.—Carpet.
- 3.—Madam.
- 4.—

I D E A
D E A L
E A R L
A L L Y

- 5.—Keep no more cats than will catch mice.
- 6.—Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood;
Who has it has much trouble and care;
Who once has had it has despair.

7.—

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S H E
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Names of those who have sent Correct Answers to July Puzzles.

Maud Dennee, Esther Louisa Ryan, Aggie Calderwood, R. J. Rick, Emma Wilson, Annie Wilson, Mary J. Cooper, Henry Stone, Richard Kingston, P. Boulton, Fannie Burton, G. Van Blaricorn, Annie Russell, Henry A. Woodworth, John Wm. Forbes, Addie V. Morse, Ellen D. Tupper, George W. Finnemore, Mary B. Currie, Sarah Butt, Robert Wilson, Frank Booth, Aggie Calderwood, Charles Fleming, Maggie F. Elliott, Ada Armand, W. Simpson, Calvin Craig.

To a widower: "Is it true that you are going to marry again?" "It's very true." "And whom do you marry?" "My dead wife's sister." "Is she handsome?" "No." "Rich?" "Not at all." "Then why have you chosen her?" "To tell you the truth, my dear friend, in order not to change mother-in-law."—[Paris Journal.]