

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## SNOW.

Emblem of purity  
Coming from Heaven,  
Shading with mantle light.  
All things uneven.  
Each flake a tiny star  
Perfect in form;  
Dust from the floor above—  
Welcome snow storm!

Who counts thy falling stars  
Coming so light  
Down through the quiet air  
Darkening to night,  
Has each a work to do  
Where sleeping flowers  
Nothing in mother earth,  
Need quickening powers!

Countless the summer leaves  
Far beyond reach,  
Countless the flakes of snow—  
One flake for each.  
Emblem of purity,  
Would that our word  
Fell gently on sad hearts.  
And gladly were heard.

CHARLOTTE E. LEIGH. Toronto.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## THE TOWER HOUSE.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

## I.

"Croquet? No, indeed, I hate it! It's too stupid, and only stupid people play it! I never do!" And with a ringing laugh, Thurza Marston turned and flung her arm around my waist.

"Oh, I protest against that," I cried, "look at Lion! you don't call him stupid!"

"No, but he makes a geometrical problem out of it! Watch him measure his angles before he strikes! He estimates the length of the base, perpendicular, and hypotenuse of every one before he puts mallet to ball!"

"Very well defended, as far as Lion is concerned. But, pray, how do you explain the interest that Mr. Gifferton takes in the game? Although he is not engaged in it, he is watching it with a fascinated gaze."

"An artistic feast, simply! He admires the pretty picture which is made by the groups of gaily dressed ladies leaning negligently on their mallets, and flirting with handsome gentlemen!"

"Very well again. But now I have you, sure. I am very fond of croquet, and only my inefficiency in being able to play with any kind of skill prevents my joining in it. How am I stupid?"

"Your very argument proves my statement. It is because you are so extremely far from being stupid, that you fail to play well. Your intellect won't let you descend to such base occupation!"

I now declared myself vanquished, and we walked over and sat down in a little arbor commanding a view of the lawn.

"What a peculiar kind of beauty Pearl has," said Thurza, nodding towards one of the players. "Such pale gold hair and pure white complexion harmonize well with her large grey eyes. Her name suits her admirably—Pearl Grey."

"Yes, she is pearl grey enough externally, but I am of the opinion that she has very strong passions. People with calm exteriors frequently feel deeply and act strongly. I would not like to offend Pearl seriously; I think she would cherish resentment and revenge an injury."

"I partly agree with you. I have seen her when angry, look quite dangerous; her lips firmly locked together, and a flash of light that seemed almost green, came into her eye. She is not an ordinary girl."

"Look through these trees," I said, changing the subject, "what a good view we have of the house from here. The tower makes the old building quite unique. By the way, I wonder what in the world that little gate was made in the railing for; no one would ever venture outside of it. It is bad enough to be outside the tower itself, with the railing for a safe-guard."

"I don't know, unless for the express purpose of giving one an opportunity of killing oneself. I wouldn't be afraid to go outside of it; there is quite a wide space between the railing and the edge. Lion has promised to take us up to-night—just us two—and let us enjoy the pleasure of seeing this celestial stranger that is flaming over our heads, through his telescope. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes; Lion is very good indeed—to you." She blushed crimson, and smiled. Then coming over close to me, she whispered,

"Last night, he asked me to be his wife, and I promised I would."

I kissed the little coral mouth as I said, "I wish you joy, dear; Lion is splendid fellow."

"Don't you think Mr. Gifferton is very attentive to Pearl? I wish she was as happy as I."

"I am sure he is fond of her, but she does not return his affection. I fear—and oh, Thurza, I wish for your sake as well as her own, that it were not so—that Pearl loves her cousin."

"Pearl love Lion? Impossible!"

"Hush! I only suspect it; I may be mistaken."

"I hope you are, I'm sure it must be terrible to love one who does not love you. But now that you speak of it, I can understand some things about which I was all in the dark before. Pearl has been so cool to me lately; gradually we have become estranged though we have never quarrelled, and now, when I compare our present state with the terms of inseparable friendship that used to exist between us, I find a great change. It must be as you say, and I am very sorry. Poor Pearl!"

At this moment, the sound of voices raised in argument and dispute proclaimed the croquet

game was over. Thurza rose, saying "There is Lion looking for his cane, and I have it! I must go and give it to him. You stay here, you must be tired!" And not giving me time to deny the accusation, she skipped away, swinging the cane as she went.

## II.

What a dear, bright, winsome little thing she was! She had brown hair, brown eyes and brown complexion with a rosy down on her cheek like the ripe side of a russet-apple. We were fond of calling her a nut-brown maiden, and she was sweet as a nut, besides. Mr. Grey, Pearl's father, was her guardian, and while she was treated by every one as much like a daughter of the house as Pearl herself, she also enjoyed all the little ceremonial courtesies that would be shown to a respected guest.

She and Pearl had been like sisters until Lion came to visit at the Tower House. Since then, there had been that estrangement between them of which Thurza spoke. Lion was Mr. Grey's nephew, and he had come down to our house to build up his strength after a long and painful illness, by idleness and out-door amusement. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a massive head covered with thick, tawny curling hair; he wore a moustache of the same colour, a shade fairer, and he had a straight Grecian nose, and full large blue eyes. "Lion" was our nick name for him, and he was universally known by it. His real name of Malcom Grey was fallen into disuse. He was frank, courteous, and kind to everybody, and at first he treated his cousin Pearl, and Thurza with much the same degree of familiarity, but he soon grew to prefer the latter and ratified his preference by choosing her for wife.

Shortly after Thurza left me to restore the cane which she had picked up off the grass and appropriated to herself, Pearl strolled over towards me, closely pursued by Harry Glynton, whom she avoided, however, by disappearing through a clump of trees and emerging, with a slight smile on her face, from the other side.

"Sitting here alone, in maiden meditation," Margaret? said she. "Come into the house with me. See, they are all going in, it must be near tea-time." And she slipped her arm through mine as I stood up. She was very fond of me, and I liked her, too, though not with the same warmth of affection as I did Thurza. We walked towards the house, talking about the beauty of the evening; when we had just reached the path that led up to the door, Lion and Thurza appeared a little in front of us, he leaning on his cane, and she lightly on his arm. I glanced at Pearl; her lips were tightly closed together and the green flash was in her eye; there was a greyish pallor over her face, but she went on talking with the greatest composure. I pitied her, and could not but admire her self control. She left me at the door, to rearrange her dress, she said.

Every action, every word, ay, and every look, of the two girls upon that evening, I remember as if they were written in blood.

About nine o'clock, Thurza looked into my room, and said, "Come, Margaret, dear! Lion has already gone up." And taking my hand, she led me away towards the tower stairs. On our way, we met Pearl coming from her own room. She was passing us with a slight inclination of the head, when Thurza turned and holding out her disengaged hand, said sweetly, "Come Pearl, with us. We are going to look at the comet through Lion's telescope."

Pearl hesitated a moment, then said, "Wait a moment, please, till I get something to throw over my shoulders," and she went back to her room and came out again with a knitted scarlet Shetland shawl round her, and we all went up together. But why do I linger over these trifles? Is it because my pen is loth to lay before me in plain written words, the deed that was done that night?

Lion was already there. He said something was wrong with his telescope, and he was examining it. Pearl was very silent. Thurza was brimming over with merriment and mischief, "Oh, never mind your instrument, Lion, dear," she said, "she is very bright to-night—if it is a 'she'—and we can see her very well without your telescope. Give us a lecture on the heavenly bodies, comets included, and we will like it just as well?"

I protested against this, saying I had been decoyed up there with the promise of seeing the comet through the telescope, and that now I was there I must see it.

"Very well," said Thurza, "while you sit there and wait till he is ready, I will step outside and see the garden with the moonlight upon it." We never for an instant supposed that she would go outside the railing, but on looking into the window, we saw the little wire gate open, and Thurza standing quite near the edge. I shrieked, and Lion called out in a voice, half entreaty, half command, "Thurza, my love, come back directly!" I had seen that the epithets of endearment which the two had unconsciously used to one another, had gone through Pearl Grey like a knife. As Lion spoke, she rose like a flash of lightning, and dashed out with arms outstretched to where Thurza was standing, apparently, with the object of drawing her back, when—Oh, God! in one moment, but one person stood there in the flood of moonlight, and that one was—Pearl Grey! One piercing, despairing cry, and Thurza Marston's voice was heard no more on earth.

## III.

Two weeks had passed over. Lion had gone away after the funeral, no one knew whither. The house was still and desolate; our voices

were hushed; we hardly breathed; the very air seemed heavy with horror and misery. Pearl Grey glided about the house like a spectre, speaking to no one, nor answering when she was spoken to.

I was sitting by my bed-room window gazing out into the dark. There was no moon now, and the comet which, whether there be any truth in the superstition regarding it or not, had brought trouble and desolation to us, had gone. The stars sparkled and twinkled as usual, and the locusts and insects buzzed in the grass. Far over the water, I could see the flames of a fire that was bringing sorrow to some other hearts, and the sky was lighted up with the reflection. I turned with a sigh and prepared to go to bed. Just as I was about to extinguish the light, I observed a note lying on my table which I had not seen before. A cold chill ran through me, and I opened it with trembling hands. It ran thus:—

"I can bear it no longer. You know I feel it in your manner towards me, that it was my hand that pushed her over the brink. I was mad. I am mad now. Her despairing cry rings in my ears day and night. I go to meet the same death as she had at my hand. Farewell for ever, Margaret."

PEARL GREY.

I threw on a wrapper, seized the lamp and rushed up the stairs. I had not far to go. Lying half way up, face downwards, I found the murderer, cold, white—dead. I had not known of her guilt, although a vague and horrible suspicion which I could not conquer, had forced me to be cold and distant towards her. Now, she had died for her crime, and I forgave and pitied her madness. I destroyed the letter. She was buried beside her victim, and her parents mourned her as one who was innocent and beloved.

We moved far from the spot that was associated with such horrors. A heap of broken stones, ashes and cinders, is all that remains of the Tower House.

## THE MARKING OF BOOKS.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says: I will not attempt to explain the mental process by which I invariably associate the habit of marking passages in books with the custom of anointing the head with hair-oil. They are customs and habits which prevailed contemporaneously up to about a dozen years ago. Let us be thankful that they are gone out of fashion. When Mr. Disraeli was a beau, men went about with their hair reeking with grease, and, as advertisements which perhaps yet linger in odd columns of old-fashioned country papers testify, no less a bard than Byron chanted the praises of—

Thy incomparable oil, oh Macassar!

Nobody oils his hair in these latter days, and even the ladies dispense with the assistance of oleaginous compounds in beautifying themselves. The marking of books with interjections of hysterical approval or of crushing criticism is also very nearly a thing of the past. If you buy an old book at a stall, particularly if it be a novel, you are pretty sure to find it scored and underlined, and enriched with the outpourings of the heart of Edward or Angelina, written in lead pencil on the margin, with the longer words frequently misspelled. I am glad of the running out of the custom. Palpitations of the heart of Edward and Angelina in pencil on the borders of the pages of an old volume of 'Pelham' are not conducive to education, and tend to depreciate the dignity of the text. If it is understood that a certain copy of a book, or a collection of books, is to belong exclusively to the annotator whilst he lives, and is to be burnt, Suttee fashion, when he is dead, no valid objection can be offered. But such cases are rare, and if a man truly loves his books he will remember that they are his only in the way of a loan, and will presently be passed on to others when he shall have departed from the sphere of mere literary immortality.

## AN HISTORICAL GUINEA.

Ministers and ex-Ministers formerly sat together on what is now called the Treasury Bench but was then the place for all Privy Counsellors. When Sandys brought forward his motion for the removal of Walpole from his Majesty's presence and councils for ever, the Minister assailed and his old rival and most formidable antagonist, Pulteney, sat side by side. The story of the wager between them is well known. Walpole had quoted as applicable to himself the passage which describes it as a brazen wall of defence—

Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa.

Pulteney, on his sitting down, reproached him with his false Latin, in substituting *nulli* for *nulla*. Walpole offered to bet him a guinea that the words were as he had given. The matter was referred to the Clerk of the House—though it is not now, we suppose, Sir Erskine May's duty to settle such questions as these—who decided for the Latin of Horace and of Pulteney, and against that of Walpole, whose style had probably been corrupted by his conversations in that language with George I., who had no English, while his Minister had no German. The guinea was tossed to Pulteney, who pocketed it with the not very appropriate remark that it was the only public money that he had received for many years, and should be the last. This historic guinea, which could only be public money in the sense that Walpole had stolen it from the Treasury, which, perhaps, Pulteney meant to imply, as the charge against Walpole was corruption, is now, according to Lord Stanhope, in the British Museum.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Every one in Birmingham has heard of the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is matter of common notoriety how they support one hundred aged people—the poorest of the poor—without reference to creed or nationality; how for the means of doing this they beg from door to door, and never miss a chance of obtaining a meal, or what will purchase one, for the aged and infirm recipients of their benefactions. It seems that two of the French sisters—themselves ladies of distinction, though living on the same humble fare as their poor people—appealed to the Reverend Mother to allow them to solicit alms from the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to Birmingham. With a letter from the superior they trudged to Packington, and sent their letter to the Prince. At first his Royal Highness urged the many pressing claims he had upon him, and the Sisters, weary and disappointed, were about to leave the Hall, when his Royal Highness sent for them back to his presence, and finding they were French, he conversed with them freely in their own language for some time, making numerous inquiries concerning their institution and the manner in which it was supported, and ultimately gave them a 5*l.* note, with which they went away rejoicing.

## DOMESTIC.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—Brushing the hair every day, the more the better, is recommended to those who crave a luxuriant and handsome growth. If it is very oily wash it occasionally with a lotion made by mixing one drachm of soda with half a pint of water, and adding the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. A teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of rain-water makes a good lotion for the hair; wash it in this frequently, dry it well, and brush it a long time; if the ammonia is too strong it will bleach the hair and injure it. The use of a lead comb will darken flaxen and red hair, and so, it is said on good authority, will water in which potatoes have been boiled. Hair-oils and pomades are an abomination, and are, as they should be, entirely out of fashion.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—Peach and sweet apple stains may be removed by pouring on them boiling hot water from the tea-kettle; lemon juice will often take out fruit stains; holding a lighted sulphur match under the stain is often effectual. All non-metallic stains will disappear if the article is permitted to lie for one or two minutes in a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of water and one of muriatic acid, but careful and repeated rinsing is necessary to keep the acid from corroding the fabric. If acid has taken the colour out of a garment, aqua ammonia will neutralise the acid, and a little chloroform will restore the colour. Mildew may be removed by rubbing common yellow soap on the article, then a little salt on the soap and a little starch on that. Rub all well together and put in the sunshine, or wet the linen, soap it, and apply salt and lemon juice to both sides; or mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt and the juice of a lemon, and lay on with a brush. Let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain is gone.

THE POTATO FOR FOOD.—By chemical analysis the potato is found to contain of water 75.9; carbon, 10.6; hydrogen, 1.3; oxygen, 10.7; nitrogen, 0.3; ashes, 0.9. From this it appears that very little nitrogen is contained in the potato, and it diminishes the longer potatoes are kept. If nitrogenised principles alone contribute to the nutrition of the body, then one pound of good beef is equal in nutritive power to 10½ pounds of potatoes. Liebig observes that a horse may be kept alive by feeding it with potatoes, but life thus supported is a gradual starvation; the animal increases neither in size nor strength, and sinks under every exertion.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak a cup and a half of tapioca in milk and water for five or six hours. Mean-time pare and core a dozen apples, fill the holes where the core came out with sugar, grate nutmeg over them, and bake till done. Then sweeten the tapioca, pour it over the apples, and bake two hours. This makes one of the most delicious of desserts.

A PRETTY AND CHEAP PICTURE FRAME.—Take pasteboard the size the frame is desired to be; cut brown paper into squares of about two inches and fold so they will form points; sew these to the pasteboard in rows going round and round the frame so as to cover all the ends, and then the space in the centre where the ends of the paper meet, cover with paper folded so as to form what is called cat-stairs, and this will cover all the ends and threads; tack this to a wooden back and varnish. This makes a very pretty and cheap frame.

## HYGIENIC.

WE want more of a dry-earth system. Perfect under-drainage is the first great need of most cities. Regulation of cellars, and of all other holes below the surface is the next great study. The proper siting of all sub-structure, because of its proximity to the ground, comes in next for consideration. What can we do to sweeten or purify surface-soil already formed is another point. The great question of what to do with all refuse so as to keep it out of city soil is the large and momentous subject which must ever present itself to our attention.

IN the treatment of all acute diseases, the advice of Nathan Smith, given fifty years ago, in his admirable essay on "Typhus," as to the method of getting rid of the carbonic acid from the atmosphere, is as appropriate as in the cases to which he applied it: "The patient should be kept in a spacious room. His bed should be of straw or husks, especially in the warm season; and it should not be placed in a corner, but brought out into the room. We should contrive to have a current of air pass over the bed by means of doors and windows. It is well to have a fireplace in the room, and in the night, when the air is very still; though the weather should be warm, a small fire kindled, so as to cause a current up chimney, and by that means often to change the atmosphere of the room. In the warm season the windows should be kept open night and day."

IN Scotland, small-pox when it occurs is not admitted into any general infirmary. A separate and distinct building, apart and entirely isolated, is allotted to such a class of disease. In the Glasgow infirmary what was once used as a fever hospital is at present devoted exclusively to surgical cases. A separate and distinct building in another quarter of the city is devoted to the exclusive use of small-pox and other highly contagious maladies. The same may be said of Edinburgh and London. Here is an example for Montreal and other Canadian cities.