

sumed her seat, clasped her hands and prayed for her lover's success.

The archers were just hoisting the ugly man upon their shoulders, he having alone hit the bull's eye, when Hercules, in a voice that reached Iole's ear, said, quietly but sternly,

"Take that man down."

"But he has won the prize!" cried every one except Eurytus. He had become suddenly ill at the sight of Hercules.

"No, he hasn't," said Hercules. "I haven't fired yet, and I mean to. If anybody wishes to know why, he may know that it's because I am Hercules."

"Hercules!"

"Just so. Now then, marker, mind your bull's eye."

He shot, and his arrow went wide of the mark.

"I thought I should hit it," he said calmly.

"But you didn't," remarked he who had.

"Did you say I didn't hit the bull's eye?" asked Hercules, doubling his fist.

"No, I said nothing of the kind. I only remarked it was a tie."

"Yes, a tie!" shouted everyone.

"Then we'll shoot it off. Best two out of three. You shoot first," said Hercules.

The champion shot and went wide of the mark; for the muscles of his body, like the remainder of his arrows, were all in a quiver.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Hercules, and he took his adversary's hand and shook it warmly, smashing his fingers with his iron grasp. Then he shot and made an outer; but the champion could not use his fingers for the third shot, and so Hercules was acclaimed victor. He went to Eurytus and embraced him.

"We will have a dance in honor of this occasion," said he. "Order a good supper, and send for a band and plenty of nice girls."

Eurytus obeyed.

Deianira was at home making puddings when a messenger arrived with a short letter. It was brief, and ran thus: "Be good enough to send my evening dress per bearer.—Yours, in haste, HERCULES." Deianira was never free from suspicions, and now they were aroused to the full by this request for the full dress. She plied the messenger with many liquors and punch, and then pumped him. She learned the whole truth, and while the bearer was recovering sobriety, she planned revenge. That prescription of Nessus had not been forgotten; it was made up in the form of an ointment, and labelled Hollo-way's; but it was nothing of the kind. No, the most fearful drugs, known only to the worst of chemists, were compounded together, and this mixture she carefully spread over the inside of Hercules' dress shirt.

"There," said she, "that will make him dance, I'll warrant."

And it did. The first few rounds of a dance with his young bride caused the ointment to melt. His shirt stuck to him like a pitch plaster, but it was pitch in a state of combustion. In a few minutes he was enveloped in flame. Then the great qualities of his mind were displayed, for, despite the fire that raged upon him, he never for a moment lost his equanimity. In fact, nothing could put him out. He was burnt to a cinder; but the gods, admiring his genial qualities, accepted him among their number.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-PITY.—No subtler habit of evil is there in the world than that of self-pity. The victim of this form of selfishness is always surveying the dark side of things. If we choose, we can cultivate in ourselves and in our children the sunny nature, as well as that which is ever bemoaning itself and comparing its lot with that of others. It would be well for each of us, every day, when trials press, to say, "But, after all, how much pleasure there is here, how much delight there is yonder, and what a garden of glory is this beautiful world! Let me at least try to be as happy as I can."

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.—There is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be acquired. Watch your voice day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.

AN AFFABLE MANNER.—Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanour. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable, and sympathetic in their demeanour. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing, are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness by

seeking to know in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them—she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him—never, if possible, to have "scenes." If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases, for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong.

MAN'S OPINION.—Woman may laugh at the idea if they will, but the taste of men in the matter of women's dress is well worth consulting. They may remember that all their stuffs are devised, and all the patterns of those stuffs designed by men; that almost all the new fashions originate with men. Then why not compromise on the subject, and admit that men and women need to work together in this as in many other things, and that each needs the other's help if a good result is to be obtained? The help of artists, too, is often of great value, and if accepted, may lead to important revolutions. The colors that have been so fashionable for several years—the new shades of green, blue, red, and all the old intermediate combinations—are directly owing to the so-called pre-Raphaelite painters in England—to them and to their schools and followers, who first had stuffs dyed in colors to suit themselves, then persuaded their wives and sisters to wear dresses made of these materials and devised by themselves, and finally came to control the manufacture of stuffs that would take the folds they liked. From them the fashion extended all over the civilized world, so that now there is scarcely a rare and beautiful color which cannot be secured in a woman's dress.

COLDNESS OF MANNER.—There is no other way by which friendship may be so completely broken, or so thoroughly or completely crushed out of existence, as by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and no doubt that is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and whose countenance lights up with a cheerful smile as he utters a pleasant and welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are, or at least should at once be, ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish it. If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our every attempt to be cordial by a studied coolness of manner, we very soon become impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed, over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

A CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.—Few people walk enough in winter, yet it is precisely at that season which people of close sedentary habits should walk. How grateful the crisp air is to the lungs! How clear and sweet it is to the nostrils! How it inspires and sustains one in a swinging gate of four or five miles an hour! How the cheeks glow, and the eyes shine, and the muscles tingle with delightful vigor, after such a walk through the winter sunshine! A chaise ride is not half so good, for it robs the trip of the necessary exercise. Try it, you who seek health and strength. Winter walking as a "nervine," is a million times better than medicine, and for improving the complexion it is worth a whole harbourful of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that you can't buy at the doctor's, and in promoting digestion is better than a corner drugshop's entire stock of bitters and pills. If you have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs—and especially your hips—were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies, and shoulders—and no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking as in other things. If you don't believe it, observe the motion of some shapely woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of a man who has some spring and liveness in him. It is never too late to learn how to walk by walking.

A CHEAP COMMODITY.—Advice is cheap, consequently many people are fond of giving it away. "If he had only taken my advice," says Mr. Wiscacre, "things might have been different." True, they might have been much worse. For do we not all know, or believe we know, our own affairs, our own necessities, our own desires, better than any other mortal can ever know them, even though that other may be our most intimate friend? And no matter how unreserved our confidence, how frank our admissions regarding the circumstances in which we are placed, will there not always be some point or points on which we cannot be fully explicit to any human ear? So, even while we imagine that we have perfectly explained our own position, or have as perfectly comprehended

the situation of another, some detail will always be wanting, whose omission changes the whole case; perhaps makes the counsel which seemed so judicious entirely impracticable. Don't worry yourselves then over the good advice so often wasted on your friends, but try to remember that as you never can occupy their exact standpoint, so you never can be an infallible judge of their proper conduct. To be sure, in some cases, your advice may be necessary; give it them humbly, not arrogantly, and be content that it is accepted even with reluctance; for advice, at best, is a nauseous pill to swallow.

WHEN TO BE IDLE.—There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking, great or small. There are studies which are not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue with the old house-wife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed and knit stockings in the dark, or rethread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labour—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognise when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

Florists' flowers never lack admirers, and the cultivators of them will not cease from the land. These flowers, however, are despised by the shallow zealots who put the garden into competition with the hedgerow, and insist that thistles and briars shall lean against the windows of the dwelling. In a majority of instances florists' flowers constitute the finest furniture of the hardy garden such as it should be from our point of view—a repertory of vegetable splendours arranged to mutually aid each other in the display of their several characteristic features. The pansies, pinks, pentstemons, anemones, ranunculuses, polyanthus, and pyrethrums, have their special uses and attractions for the florist as well as for the collector of hardy plants, and in their way are as respectable as roses, glloxias, and pelargoniums, which we do not intend to run down in the vain hope of thereby enhancing the value of good honest border flowers. A few dozen auriculas may be grown in a frame in a back yard where there is neither room nor air for the decent growth of a score of good border plants. And that is one good reason why artisans in towns take to floriculture, for not only do they thereby secure beautiful flowers in their season, but the critical study of varieties grows into a passion that pervades the whole life to the direct advantage of the man possessing it. The want of a hobby is the ruin of thousands, and we cannot, as citizens, afford to frown upon any hobby that is in its essence innocent, and that carries its votary into the large regions of the world of life and beauty. To intimate in any way that floriculture is a frivolous pursuit is unworthy even of the man whose head is crammed with the names of weeds sufficient to constitute a new creation. The collectors and cultivators of hardy plants are broader in their sympathies than their apostles and prophets represent them, for actual cultivation of good things is more beneficial than merely writing about them; it enlarges the capacity of appreciation, and quickens the perception of universal beauty. We do not need to contract, but rather to enlarge, our sphere of observation and interest; and the increasing favour in which hardy plants are held affords a guarantee that plants of other kinds, in so far as they have claims upon our admiration, will be more and more admired and cultivated, and that thus floriculture will in a certain sense increase in comprehensiveness and engage the attention of all sorts and conditions of men.

THE COUNTRY EVANGELIST.

The country evangelist must have good lungs and good legs, and not be afraid to draw very largely on the quality of both. The roads and lanes by which he has to travel from village to village are often in bad condition, especially in winter. Sometimes he will take a church path for a near cut, and after wading in the mud for a mile or two, he will have to retrace his steps to the road. Or, he may be taking the best road he can get to the place where he holds a meeting, and he comes to a hollow through which the road goes. At the side of the road is a watering place for cattle, where the hoofs of cattle and horses have been working in the soft mud after a day's rain. A tiny tunnel carries the overflow

of water over the road into a ditch, and the ruts of cart-wheels are two-feet-deep pools of muddy water. The ploughed fields on one side are of the consistency of soft soap, and the grass fields on the other side are up to the knee in water. Wellington boots and thick soles are great comforts in such circumstances, and the ability to take a good leap is often his only means of safety from wet feet and a bad cold. Perhaps the snow has fallen a foot deep, and been driven by the wind into wreaths across the road, so high that no vehicle can be driven along, and no farmer would saddle his horse for a ride on such a night, but the country evangelist has a meeting advertised, or one of weekly occurrence in a hamlet or village some four or six miles from his lodging; and if he be a true man, no weather that ever deepened into storm will make him fail in his engagements. He faces the storm and pursues his way in the teeth of the blinding snowflakes, and is often well rewarded for his trouble in finding a crowded meeting of anxious souls waiting to hear the glad news of the gospel of Christ. Or, it may be there has been a continuous downpour of rain for twenty-four hours, and the roads in many places have become running streams, and the ditches little rivers. The hollows are like mill-ponds, the fields turned into lakes, and the cottages of the people are for the time like "marine residences." But the country evangelist has a meeting some miles off that night; a warm heart, the genuine pluck of a true muscular Christianity, bears him through the discomforts of a thorough soaking, and then a hearty welcome, a good fire, and the incomparable cup of tea, soon make him forget the storm without, while the heart-burst of some soul refreshed and comforted by the religious service which follows, sends his thoughts above and beyond the present to the "recompense of reward."

MUSICAL.

Our celebrated Canadian violin virtuoso, Alfred Desève, who lately returned from Paris, where he has created for himself a high reputation, has completed his arrangements for a grand concert, which will take place at the Academy of Music, on the 10th October. Mr. Desève has been under the care of the celebrated masters Leonard and Vieuxtemps, and comes back to his native land crowned with the highest testimonials from the Parisian critics. Mr. Desève, while in Paris, has appeared on several occasions before the most refined society, and lately before Her Majesty Isabella II., Queen of Spain, who made him her violin soloist in admiration of his talent. Mr. Desève has already received the most tempting offers to travel on this continent, but his intention is to devote his time to teaching in Montreal. We hope that every appreciator of music will give the young artist, Mr. Desève, on this occasion, a welcome by their presence in numbers at the Academy of Music, on Thursday next.

ARTISTIC.

WYATT EATON has been painting at their residences this summer the portraits of Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson.

THE Princess Louise's studio, which has for some time past been in course of erection from designs by Mr. E. W. Godwin, in the garden of Kensington Palace, is nearly finished.

JAN VAN EYCK, the old Flemish artist, who has the credit of first bringing painting in oils into practical use, has been commemorated at Bruges by a statue, which was unveiled by the King of the Belgians on the 18th of August last.

THE pictures of Turner have been removed from their places in the National Gallery in London to the basement of the building, much to the disappointment of visitors. This step is said to have been taken to check the decay which has lately become apparent.

MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, before leaving Paris, bought from among the pictures in the *Salon Lefebvre's* "Mignon," for which he paid 20,000 francs, and Emile Villa's "Japanese Girl," and a work of Meissonnier's, for which he paid 57,100; a charming Dupré, "L'Orme penché sur l'Oise," which cost him 20,700 francs, and Corot's "Le Soir," for which he gave 8,000 francs.

LITERARY.

IT is said that Mr. Gladstone is paid two guineas a page for his articles in the *Nineteenth Century*.

MR. HO, the Chinese Ambassador, in London, is translating *Shakespeare and Blackstone's Commentaries*. The similarity has struck him.

IT is rumoured that Mr. Longfellow has a poem on the stocks which has for its subject a dialogue between Shakespeare and one of his companions as the Mermaid.

MR. WHITTIER says Ralph Waldo Emerson is the one American who is sure of being remembered a thousand years; and the *Buffalo Express* believes the memory of Whittier will be on hand to see that he is remembered correctly.

OF Longfellow's five children, Onslow, the eldest, is married and in business in Boston; Ernest is a painter, studying in Europe; Alice, the eldest daughter, is a writer; Edith is now Mrs. Richard H. Dana, 3rd; and Anna is literary in her inclinations.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, on her return from a trip to California received a serenade at Cincinnati from several hundred little folk, who sang several of her baby songs. Each of the children carried a red and white banner, formed by sticking together the covers of *St. Nicholas*.

A *Waverley Dictionary* is about to appear in New York. It has been compiled by a lady—Miss Mary Rogers—and contains an alphabetical arrangement of all the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels, with a descriptive analysis of each character, and illustrative selections from the text.

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