

"O, I really can scarcely say why. But I am glad. An engaged girl is always so taken up with her lover, and never seems to think of anything except what she is going to do after she is married; in short, an engaged girl is hardly any good for a friend. And I like you so much, darling, and want to have you all to myself."

Miss Clevedon, whose conventional education and foreign life had given her few opportunities of learning the equestrian art, was glad to ride with George Davenant, who was as peerless in the saddle as Di Vernon, and as good a whip as if she had been a member of the house of Nero. Under this gentle guidance, also, she learnt to drive a pair of rather spirited brown cobs, without feeling in mortal terror and blind uncertainty as to what the cobs might take it into their heads to do. They were very happy together, and the two bright girlish faces grew to be welcome in the pretty cottages round Clevedon, a part of Kent in which the rustic population is lodged with a certain luxury of architecture, dainty gothic cottages, with a neat half-acre of garden and orchard, dotting the well-kept high-roads here and there.

No things went on their smooth course, as things do now and then for the favoured ones of this world, until one bright October morning, towards the end of the month, when he had known her more than ten weeks—an age of hope and happiness—Sir Francis, beguiling his idle morning with a gullup in Felstead Wood, overlooked Miss Davenant, who happened to have ridden that way for her daily airing, on her gray Arab Selim, attended by the most discreet of grooms, a gray-mottled old lancer, whom the Colonel had taken from his own regiment.

The syc, as the Colonel insisted on calling him, fell back out of earshot as Sir Francis accosted his young mistress, and the lovers rode side by side, over the fallen fir-cones, through the spicy atmosphere, radiant with youth and hope, like Lancelot and Guinevere.

It was the old story, told in the frankest, manliest words that ever came straight from the heart of a spunker. They rode out of the pine-wood plighted to each other, for life, for death.

(To be continued.)

## SHOT IN THE BACK.

My real name I will not mention, as I have relations in a better class of life than myself, who would be ashamed of me; however, the name of Florence is given, which I enlisted under twenty years ago, and have borne ever since, is not mine. My father, who was a Suffolk farmer, as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had been before him for I don't know how long, had two children—myself, and my sister Anne, who was a year younger than I was. I have not got a single childish reminiscence unconnected with my sister. The bond between us got no weaker as we grew up, and we took—I to the farming, she to the dairy and general housekeeping. Of course, when I was about twenty I had a sweetheart; but that made no difference, for Anne was fond of her too, and loved to hear me talk about her. She had no love of her own; for though many young farmers in the neighborhood tried to make up to her, she did not think them good enough; and the only young fellow who seemed to like her fancy was a Mr. Ashley, a friend of our landlord's, who used to come down into these parts for the shooting. He was a boy of about fifteen when I first remember seeing him, and then he came to our house to lunch, and my father went with him over the farm to show him where the game lay. He returned every year after this, and always called on us when he shot over that part of the estate, and seemed very fond of chatting with Anne.

When I was twenty-two, my father died, and I took on the farm, Anne keeping house for me till I should be married, which was not to be for a couple of years, my intended being a good deal younger than I was, and her parents not wishing her to marry until I had proved that I could manage the farm. I was content to wait, with a sister I was so fond of to make a home for me; and after we had recovered from the shock of our father's death, all went on happily enough till the shooting season came round, and with it Mr. Ashley, who was now always bounding over our farm, and whom I suspected of prowling about the house while I was away; for Anne became nervous and absent, and often had a forced manner about her when he came in of an evening. At the end of October, however, he left the country, and during the following winter I forgot all about him, and was happy.

One afternoon in the following May I had started off on horseback for the town, intending to spend the evening with the family of the girl I was courting; but happening to meet a neighboring farmer, who wanted to see some very fine barley I had sown, I rode back for a sample of it. The house was a fine, old-fashioned building, surrounded by a moat, and was situated at some little distance from the farm-yard, from which it was hidden by a copse, so that my return in the stable was unobserved. Being in a hurry, I did not call for any one to hold my horse, but dismounted, threw my reins over a hook in the stable wall, and walked up to the house. As I passed the bridge crossing the moat, I saw a woman's dress through the shrubbery of the garden, and looking after it, perceived that it was my sister, walking with a man. Thinking that perhaps some one had called, whom I might wish to see, I struck the path, and soon came up with them. Anne's complexion was sunken, and her hand bent over her, talking low; in another moment they stopped, and their lips met. At the sound of my footsteps they sprang round, and I was face to face with Mr. Ashley. He was rather disconcerted at first, but soon recovered himself, and said, "Ah! how are you? You did not expect to see me, eh? I am staying in this neighborhood, and thought I would just look you up. How are the young birds getting on?"

"Anne!" said I, "you had better go in," and she went towards the house, her face hidden in her hands, taking no notice of Ashley, who called after her, "Don't go, Anne; what right has your brother over you? Do you know," he added to me, as she disappeared, "your manner is very offensive!"

"One word," I answered. "Are you here as my sister's accepted lover?"

"That is rather a delicate question," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, no evasion," said I. "Are you going to take my sister for your lawful wife?"

"No, no," he said, "I am going, and want a companion. Come with me."

We were quartered just then within a hundred miles of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and desultory wars were frequent, and generally successful. The temptation was great, and I soon made up my mind. Directly we could raise the money, we bought second-

I did not think you would carry conceit as far as that, either."

"Rascal!"

"Come, hands off!"—I had seized him by the collar. "It is a more question of damages; how much?"

He did not complete the sentence; for, unable to contain myself any longer, I struck him with the hunting-whip I held in my hand doubtless thought. Do you think, sir, that a man in a very violent rage is possessed with a devil? I have often fancied that I was at that time; my eyes swam, my brain reeled, my right arm seemed somehow to swing independently of my will as I went on flogging him. He swore, threatened, entreated, grovelled before me—oh, how delicious that was—and still I lashed on, till his clothes were cut to ribbons. Once, in the strength of his pain, he tore himself from my grasp, and sprang at me; but I knocked him down with my fist, and he lay faint and motionless. Then a feeling of shame came over me at beating one who was so helpless in my hands so mercilessly; and I threw cold water over his face, helped him to his feet, and, which was waiting for him in a lane skirting the farm, and slunk home like a criminal.

There was one comfort—such a charming woman, I probably kept the young rascal off for the future; but still, I need not have gone so far.

When I reached the house, I found Anne in hysterics—crying, very low. I did what I could to rouse her, and showed her that Ashley was a rascal, whom she was not to think about any more; but that only made her worse, so I left her alone, thinking she would come around in a day or two. But time passed and her melancholy increased. I never guessed the truth till it was thrust upon me.

I took my sister away to London, by night, and settling in a small lodging there, proceeded to dispose by agent of the remainder of my house, together with the stock, &c., of the farm; and this brought us enough to live on for the present. Though I did not desert my sister, I fear that my manner towards her was cold and harsh, especially when I was half-drunk, which was often the case now; for I found that spirits made me feel as if I did not care for a single occasion, when she lost her baby, I told her God forgive me!—that it was a good job. She never forgave me for that, and one day she answered me back, when I spoke crossly to her, and I saw that she had discovered and had recourse to my remedy for the blue-devils. After this, we had several quarrels, and—enough, enough—she grew weary, and left me. Utterly unscrupulous and reckless, I too went to the bad, and when all my money was drunk out, I enlisted. Being a smart young fellow, and pretty well educated, I soon got made lance-corporal, corporal, lance-sergeant, sergeant; for though I never lost the propensity for drink which I got while in London, I was not so infatuated as to be unable to restrain my appetite when it could not be indulged with safety. For the rest, a soldier's life suited me well enough, though I liked it not so stirring at that time as I should have liked; still, there was a great deal of change of scene, moving about as we did from place to place, and country to country; and as the winter I thought, less of what had passed, until the year 18—, when we were ordered out to Canada, and my captain, who had been living beyond his means, exchanged into a regiment going to India.

We were on parade at Plymouth, and I had just finished calling over the names of my company, when my new captain came up, and I bowed and saluted him. It was Ashley! He turned deadly pale on recognizing me, and an expression of intense hate passed over his eyes and mouth; but he soon recovered himself, and neither then nor afterwards, with the exception of one occasion, did he ever utter a word in reference to the past.

But after a few weeks had passed, I saw that he was spying me; for though I had hitherto got on well enough under an officer who saw that I knew my duty, and did it well as a whole, still a man given to pleasure and jolly as I was, could not avoid a few slips, and of these my new captain took advantage with devilish ingenuity; so that I, who until now had borne as good a character as any non-commissioned officer in the regiment, was always in hot water, and began to be looked upon as a man who was going wrong. This was the more marked, because a sergeant in my company, named Smith, who had struck up a great friendship with me, and shared all my sorrows, and led me as a whole, most serious of them, was a special favorite of Captain Ashley's, and never came in for a reprimand. It was safe to be a losing game for the inferior, this match between master and man; but still it was upwards of a year before I made a fatal error.

It was one night in Halifax, when the weather was very cold, the fire bright, the grog hot, and plenty of it, the company jolly, and no prospect of duty, that I forgot my usual caution, and got regularly drunk, and led me as a whole, most serious of them, was a special favorite of Captain Ashley's, and never came in for a reprimand. It was safe to be a losing game for the inferior, this match between master and man; but still it was upwards of a year before I made a fatal error.

There was a fellow in our regiment named Harrison, a wild, devil-may-care sort of fellow, but shrewd and well-educated; for he had been a medical student at one time, and as he and I were of a better class, and had more education than others, we were a good deal together. This man asked me to take walk with him one afternoon, and when we were quite alone, turned round upon me, and said abruptly, "Brown, what have you done to Captain Ashley?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you know that I acted as his servant last week, while Jones was in hospital. On Saturday afternoon, when the captain was out, I went up to his barrack-room to see if he wanted anything."

"While he was out?"

"Hum! I also thought I might see if there was a spare drop of anything to be got at easy, and while I was looking in the cupboard I heard footsteps outside the door, and had just time to slip into the bedroom, when Capt. Ashley and Sergeant Smith entered, and began talking about you. I did not catch all that was said, but I heard the captain say this distinctly, 'Well, then, Smith, it is agreed; you shall have a hundred pounds down on the day when you are seized up with the triangles.' And soon after they went away, without discovering me. Now, I ask, what have you done to him?"

"I had a quarrel with him years ago, before I enlisted, and I gave him a thrashing," I replied.

"What! He has made up his mind to have his revenge, and he will, too, if you don't take care. What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know; take my chance, I suppose."

"Better take a trip to the States."

"I have thought of that, too, only I hate deserting my colours."

"Nonsense! I am going, and want a companion. Come with me."

We were quartered just then within a hundred miles of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and desultory wars were frequent, and generally successful. The temptation was great, and I soon made up my mind. Directly we could raise the money, we bought second-

hand labourers' clothes, which we hid in a wood lying outside the town, and when all our preparations were complete, we set out one moonless night, scaled the barrack-wall, disintegrated our disguises, buried our uniforms, and started for the land where we hoped to find freedom and fortune. We walked all that night, all the next day, then after a few hours' sleep, on again, meeting with no interruption till we were close upon safety, and then we stopped.

Whether it was bad luck, whether the many desertions which had taken place had caused excessive watchfulness, or whether, in the perpetual close observation of all my movements by Captain Ashley's spies, my intentions had been discovered, I know not; but just as we came in sight of the haven of our hopes, a picket came down upon us. We fought all we could; but in a minute poor Harrison had impaled himself on a bayonet, and I was overpowered and a prisoner.

I was carried back to my regiment, and after a short time was once more tried by court-martial; and now I thought seriously of laying before the court what had happened between Captain Ashley and myself, how that officer had hunted me down, and the conversation overheard by Harrison between him and Sergeant Smith; but if I did that, my real name, my sister's name, must all be made public, and I shrank from such an exposure. So I held my tongue, and was sentenced to be flogged. I set my teeth close, and lightened every nerve, as I heard the cat whistling through the air; but it was all I could do to help screaming when it came to the flesh. I had expected pain, but had not any idea there was an agony in the world like this. It was as if the devil had set his claw upon my back, and was tightening his grasp, until his scorching talons penetrated my very entrails. But I conquered—not a cry escaped me; and after the first three dozen, my flesh became numb, and my task of endurance more possible.

But in that furnace of agony I moulded a purpose, the aim of my after-life; and when at last I was cast off I turned to where he stood, saluted him, and said "Captain Ashley, thank you, sir," and he turned as pale as a sheet.

About a week afterwards Captain Ashley visited the hospital where I lay, and as he passed my bed he stooped down, and said in a low tone, "Whipping for whipping, private Brown."

"Yes, sir," I answered; "it is your game this time. I wonder if I shall ever have another chance?" And those were the first words alluding to past events we had ever exchanged, the last we ever spoke to each other at all.

When I got well and returned to my duty, my conduct was quite changed; never was there such a wonderful instance of the effect of corporal punishment. I became a reformed man, winning golden opinions from my officers—for I was removed to another company; sober, attentive, with a particular turn for military practice, which caused me to be the best shot in the regiment.

I might often have killed him; I might have shot my revolver through him at a window, or even have slipped out of the ranks and bayoneted him on parade; but then I should have been punished for the act, which would have given him the last blow, and made my revenge very imperfect; so with the aid of temperance, I resisted a thousand temptations, and bided my time. It was a long time in coming, and I began to grow moody and uncommunicable, when an event occurred which acted on my spirits like gunpowder.

The Russian war broke out! For the next few months I led the life of a gambler watching the chances; I cared not my enemy should show the white feather, and leave the regiment, or get sent to India, and quit the regiment. Then reports were rife that peace would be established without a battle being fought, or that the war would be settled by the navy. But all these fears were unfounded; Captain Ashley remained within my reach, and we lived in the "Crimea."

The morning of Alma broke, and now I had only one fear left—I dreaded lest a Russian bullet should rob me of my prey; his death was nothing if he did not meet it at my hands. I have often thought that it was strange that I did not relent when I found myself fighting on the same side as himself against a common enemy; strange that I, who had been piously brought up, felt no fear at meeting death face to face with my heart full of revenge—but so it was. The courage with which he led on the company struck me with no admiration; the probability of my being myself hit never occurred to me. Vengeance for my sister; vengeance for myself; to that eager yearning the destinies of nations, the lives of thousands, the fate of my comrades, were but necessary and human material. I was glad when the shells, bursting over our regiment as it waded through the brook, threw it into confusion; for confusion was what I wanted. I cheered for joy when the line, broken and in a grapple, surged back from the Russian batteries; for my brother and myself, through all the fire, smoke, blood and confusion I had never lost sight of him, and I rejoiced to see that he was still unharmed, as I raised my musket, and carefully sighted him between the shoulders. I pressed the trigger; he threw up his arms, and fell on his face—dead.

When the war was over we went to India, and there I got a bullet through the lungs, was an invalid, pensioned, and here I am, dying in my bed, not at the end of a rope.—*Temple Bar.*

## LONELINESS OF FARMING LIFE.

An American traveller in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gathering of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed, in his own country, to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm-house, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Europe, or it exists as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defence, and built walls around themselves. Out from these walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around feudal castles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed important means of defence. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield, and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are notable examples to this kind of building; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturists. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live, we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits, which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing every where into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We

find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheap fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories, rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen, who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer find the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and in some localities, degraded in quality and character.

It all comes to this, that isolated life has very little significance to a social being. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world, have an overwhelming desire to meet life and to be among the multitude. They feel their life to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that summons to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, clasp with the dew of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard. They are not to be blamed for this. It is the most natural thing in the world. If all of life were labor—if the great object of life were the scraping together of a few dollars, more or less—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the heart, and the soul, and the intellect, that can enjoy it, all needless isolation is a crime against the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportunities.

We are, therefore, not sorry to see farms growing larger, provided those who work them will get nearer together; and that is what they ought to do. Any farmer who plants himself and his family alone—far from any possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be well developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the towns for the social good for which they have been starving. We never hear of a colony settling down on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would be that measure be the more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by doubting or disputing the sufficiency of their social opportunities we insult them with a sort of contempt. We assure them that they cannot afford to treat themselves with sympathy and indulgence in this way. We know that their wives and daughters and sons are on our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the women and children are right. "The old man," who rides to market and the post-office, and mingles more or less with the world, gets along tolerably well; but it is the stay-at-home who suffers. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow old, they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudgery, and instead of speaking in kind and heart, they stammer and are dumb. We are fully satisfied that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that men shun the farm because they are lazy. The American is not a lazy man anywhere, but he is social, and he will fly from a life that is not social to one that is. If we are to have a larger and better population devoted to agriculture, isolation must be abandoned, and the whole policy of settlement must be changed. It must be modified by social considerations.—*Dr. J. H. Holland, in Scribner's for June.*

## (For the Hearthstone.)

### HOME COURTESY.

Much of the true happiness of domestic life is lost from non-conformity with the rules of politeness. The many disagreeables daily and hourly occasioned by individuals at each other's houses might be entirely avoided if strict decorum in action and speech were rigidly observed; even the civil courts might close their doors—lacking patronage—as a branch of courteous laws must of necessity concern the many angry words, resulting in a quarrel, and the final appeal to judicial settlement.

Husbands, hearken to counsel—be your wife at the present time the recipient of those minor acts of courtesy—little in themselves, and taking much time from your household wealth, yet to the attention of your more thoughtful wife, a source of happiness and content that all the riches of Croesus. I again ask, do you extend the same courteous conduct now as in the days when you, being her surrounded by other admirers, deemed no action on your part too onerous if she was only won at last? No, the voice, silent but true, condemns. Other men's wives now receive such attentions, and even young misses in their teens; whilst the true wife with inward purity shines even the slightest overt act from her friends. Certainly there are few married men who are content to jog along in the old primitive style, thinking the wife and children all in all, and studying by every act of courtesy to make others of like mind. Then, again, look at brothers blessed with sisters—for it is a boon to be raised in a family of girls, never mind who says to the contrary; it tones down the ruggedness of masculinity, and brings into action the finer and more sacred feelings of their nature. Yet how few act with becoming deference towards the sisters of their childhood, even in public, where the doings and sayings of individuals are mercilessly criticised. How eager are they in courteous acts of devotion towards other's sisters.

A word to young maidens. Ere you finally decide in the most important event of your life, look well how he esteems his own female relatives. A man cannot be altogether worthless if his tender deference to the fair sex is sincere, and women of minds of the least astuteness will soon probe its depths. Remember the old axiom, "familarity breeds contempt." Let the first lessons of courtesy be instilled in the nursery, when in close intimacy with brothers, sisters and nurses; let no breach of politeness be permitted, and after years will show its fruits. A courteous family will possess more influence amongst friends than one at a first glance will acknowledge. How calm and peaceful is such a home; no jars or sneering words are ever heard, and in fact it's a haven of rest, where the Creator ordained the family home should be.

But, says one, I have no time to study etiquette—this is the working man's plea. No body wishes you to expend ten cents upon a book—most times useless,—in trifling acts of affection towards your wife, in the trifling but unnumbered actions of your home life which will arise in response to your newly tutored brain. Why should not the working man do as Dominick does as much gentlemen in do-

portment as our members of the charmed "upper ten?" Courteous conduct is a sure type of good breeding, and will make its way in any society. The world soon acknowledges worth, and the more highly educated appreciate at its proper value this question of home courtesy. I say home courtesy because if true politeness is the order of the day within its four walls, every member going out into life must of necessity carry some of this cultured training. Would that every young man and maiden ambitious of preferment in the world's race, regarded at right estimate the value of home courtesy.

LIZZIE BRANSON.

## A RHYMED RECIPE FOR LOBSTER SALAD.

The following recipe for Lobster Salad, *a la Delmonico*, we find in the *Boston Transcript*. Some learned gourmand, in describing a dish, has shrewdly observed, you must first catch your fish! And the same thought I guess crosses your nodules will lob, sir.

When'er you would compound a Salad of Lobster, The which, in Delmonico's style to do well, Get first a young lobster that plump fills his shell; Of the masculine gender let it be without fail, Then amputate both of his legs and his tail.

The meat from the same the extract if you can, Cut into small cubes and put in a sauce pan; Add a wine-glass of port, which you'll find of much use, As well as a dozen plump oysters and juice.

Of good Chilli vinegar two wine-glasses put, And some of the best oil, onion-juice and walnut; Anchovy, one spoonful, two tomatoes in slices, Six shallots, a handful of various spices.

Of fine table salt I should say that in reason, One good table-spoonful the whole you would season; Then o'er a slow fire the same put to stew, 'Till it takes half an hour exactly to do.

Then out from the pan the cubes you may scoop, And lay them one side, away from the soup, Having followed these rules, you will find, as I trust, I have been very clear in my recipe first.

Now, secondly, take the rich tomato green, And also a wine glass of cow's choice cream; Then down to the saucepan again you must stamp, And ladle from thence two wine-glasses of soup.

Of cayenne a teaspoon, one ditto of salt, Which, and a minute I pray let us halt, While these good things completely you mix; Which finishes surely your second grand fix.

Take, thirdly, two yolks of the eggs of a pullet, And beat till they're almost as thick as a pudding; With these a clean dish you must not fear to soil, And three wine-glasses add of pure olive oil.

Of the best French mustard one table spoon add, A teaspoon of Yonkers, more easily had; Amalgamate all, as you would do a mustard, And never stop stirring till it all looks like mustard.

When it does, add the mixture of ally and cream, And amalgamate all, till combined they shall seem; And then let us breathe just a minute or more, Ere I finish the dish in rule number four.

Fourth—Kiss well your lettuce in clear and cold water, To make the dish crisp; I tell you, you ought to, And not have y or salad dish placed on the tray, And break the crisp lettuce quite small, that's the way.

Now a layer of lettuce to the dish introduce, Then a layer of oysters, which are free from the juices; Alternate thus, and thus still progressing, Each lightly laid in, and o'er all pour the dressing.

For thirty long minutes the grand dish must remain, Standing still; but of this you'll not surely complain, At the end of which time, you will please bear in mind, That 'tis finished! and all its ingredients combined.

Now when to this dish, with an appetite full, You add water, month you approach with a pail; When your spoon enters into the depths of the bowl, I cry, "may in mercy the Lord save your soul."

SURE.

Somebody at my elbow cries, Good! the man is bawdy! Why, here's a bowl of salad fit to serve a goodly army. 'Tis true, my friend; but stop your cry, nor hold me in derision. Remember that you learnt at school Proportion and Division.

THAT'S MY NOY.—I remember, says Dr. Fowler, standing by the purring billows all one weary day, and watching for hours a father struggling beyond the breakers, for the life of his son. The waves slowly towards the breakers on a piece of wreck and as they came the waves turned over the piece of float, and they were lost to view. Presently we saw the father come to the surface and clamber ashore to the wreck. And then saw him plunge off into the waves, and thought he was gone; but in a moment he came back again, bringing his boy. Presently they struck another wave, and over they went; and again they repeated the process. Again they went over, and again the father rescued his son. By-and-by, as they swung round the shore, they caught on a snag just out beyond where we could reach them, and for a little time the waves went over them there till we saw the boy in the father's arms, hanging down in helplessness, and knew they must be saved soon or be lost.

I shall never forget the gaze of that father. As we drew him from the drowning waves, still clinging to his son, he said: "That's my boy! that's my boy!" and so I have thought, in hours of darkness when the billows roll over me, the Great Father is reaching down to me, and taking hold of me crying, "That's my boy!" and I know I am safe.—*Young Philistia.*

TWO KINDS OF THINK.—There are two kinds of girls: one is the kind that appears best almost the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home, the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

WHEN THE BODY AND BRAIN are well balanced, the stomach is capable of restoring the waste; but when the brain is large in proportion, the stomach is incapable of supplying it; in other words, the expenditure is too large for the income. Here lies the cause of so much suffering from Diseases of the Heart, Liver, Stomach and Lungs, which is produced by taxing the Nervous System too severely; and Fowler's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is the only preparation known which imparts this vitality directly, and consequently the power to overcome disease.

HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impaired blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step toward health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No injurious consequences can result from their use. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Consumed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the whole-some power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health, by the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of physic, attest this fact.—3-22.

Fowler's Purgative Pills.—Not simply physic; Shoshonee's Gently Condition Powder, for hoarseness.