

was, as the Swedes maintain, fired by Lauenburg, who left the King to his fate, rode away, and afterward joined the imperialist side. German historians speak doubtfully on the point, and the question of Lauenburg's treachery may be considered an open one. The imperialist soldiers did not believe that the King could be alone with so small an escort. They, however, took Gustavus to be an officer of rank, until he cried out, "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. Alas! my poor Queen!" The Imperialist soldiers then killed and stripped him, and the tide of battle rode past the dead body. The faithful page, who alone remained with Gustavus, tried vainly to mount the King upon his own horse. The poor lad died, five days afterward, in Naumburg, of his wounds. So fell Gustav Adolf. Lutzen was like a victory of Trafalgar with Nelson lost. His own side were startled when—

"The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,"

the King's horse rushed back into their lines. They did not know that he was dead; they supposed him taken prisoner. A kind of sacred fury possessed the troops, and the spirit of Gustavus rendered them invincible. Wallenstein sustained an overwhelming defeat, and before night was in full flight toward Leipsic. Herzog Bernhard remained in the field as victor of Lutzen. Wallenstein's own baggage was pillaged by his own people. He had been grazed by a bullet, but was not hurt. He was believed to bear a charmed life, and the day of Lutzen strengthened the belief. The imperialists lost many officers of note. The gallant Pappenheim, the knightliest of Wallenstein's commanders, and Colorado were both killed. Piccolomini had five horses shot under him. Holk, Terzky, Harrach, and many others were severely wounded, but, apart from the greatness of the victory, the sadness of Lutzen was and remains the soldiers' death of Gustav Adolf. Wallenstein rewarded highly and punished severely. He distributed 82,210 gulden among officers who had behaved well; but he executed as cowards eleven officers by the sword, he hanged others, some had their swords broken by the hangman under the gallows, and the names of many were nailed in infamy on the gibbet. A Te Deum, on the first news of the battle, was performed in Vienna; but Wallenstein, at least, knew certainly the magnitude of the defeat that he had suffered.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

A SURE CRITERION OF CULTURE.

A friend had returned from a neighbour's funeral, and remarked that as she looked down upon her peaceful head, resting on its smooth, coffin pillow, she never saw Mrs. Tompkins look so comfortable in her life.

And, indeed, it was a great change for her, and for her family also. The great, freckle-faced boys could not sit now teasing their rough boots about the kitchen fire while mother walked over and around them to get their meals. They would have sometimes to go out into the snow and rain to bring in the wood and draw up the water by the old, creaking windlass for themselves, now that the poor, patient drudge who did all these errands for them had gone from their midst. Oh, yes, they would "miss her;" but how they would have stared had she ever called upon them to do any of those things they considered "woman's work" while she was with them!

It was a bad way to bring up boys, I admit, but it was hard work to make headway against the example of such a father. He had, from the start, expected his wife to attend to all the affairs about and around the house, and even the wood-pile, in hurrying times. She was to do her work

with no facilities for lightening it, and the more she could "make out" without help or outlay the "smarter woman" she was. I have known a great deal of ambition of this kind in rural districts, but it is greatly to be hoped that it has had its day. I have no doubt, however, but that the Tompkins boys are repeating over the lessons learned at the home fireside in new homes of their own. Their very faces betokened a low organization.

You will everywhere find, both in nations and in families, that the grade of culture can be almost surely gauged by the way in which woman is treated. A traveller in a European country saw this curious division of labour. A woman walked along with a large tub of water on her head, and a man went by her side with a ladle to dip out the water and pour it on the plants. Where such customs prevail, you will find the type of manhood but little above "the beasts that perish."

A noble, Christian man said he should never forget the chivalrous devotion of his father to his invalid mother, who died early. He was a hard-working man, but every morning he took all possible pains to make the day easy and comfortable for her. He denied himself, and worked over hours to provide comforts for her—in everything placing her first in his thoughts. Nothing was said about it, but the little boy looking on silently took in a lesson that in later years developed in him a noble character which the world loved to honour.

There are homes unblessed by such a thoughtful father, but sons may, if they will, take an upward rise and become much more gentlemanly and respected than ever their fathers were.—*Adella, in Farm and Fireside.*

HOUSE DECORATION.

Out of the mass of inharmonious colourings and decorations that of late years have become a mania with many, happily some things of real beauty and lasting worth have been evolved. For instance, the use of hard wood in natural colours has superseded the old-fashioned, staring white paint for interior work. For those who do not find this available, it is but a comparatively small expense to cover the white with some of the pretty olive colours, sage green, grays, or drabs in two shades. They are all desirable. Even the expense of a professional painter can be dispensed with, as some member of the family can do the work quite well with a little care and practice. Use a small, partly-worn brush for such work, as it lays the paint on more evenly; use but little paint on the brush, apply lightly and smoothly as possible.

In the colouring of walls, neutral tints have the most pleasing effects, though brighter colours may be introduced in the frieze to advantage. The dull Pompeian reds are handsome for halls and dining-room, while lighter shades of olive, buff, or gray are preferable for chambers.

So also the carpets should be of subdued colours and delicate figures. Especially should this be so where bright rugs are used. The fine checked and tinted mattings are neat and useful for chambers. With a bright rug here and there, and tasteful cretonne curtains, the effect is quite charming.

Rugs are quite invaluable for brightening faded carpets and worn mattings, and are gradually coming within the means of all, as they are more generally used.

In furnishing, one should have in view the general harmony of a room. Plenty of red is desirable, but a bit of it here and there is much more effective than a mass of scarlet. A table-

cover, scarf, vase, or tidy, a bright ribbon run through the wicker chair, or looping back a curtain will brighten up a room wonderfully.

A little observation and taste will go farther than a long purse in the arrangement and decoration of a house to render it artistic and beautiful.—*Western Agriculturist.*

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is common as air, as speech, so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, make more or less complaining that statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or on the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal, stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we were born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke there is blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—*Exchange.*

OLE BULL'S BABYHOOD.

Ole Bull had an uncle who, in addition to being the publisher of the Bergens (Norway) first newspaper, was a good player on the violin as well. This Uncle Jens used to amuse himself with little Ole's extreme susceptibility to music. When he was three years old, the uncle often put him in the bass-viol case, and hired him with sweetmeats to stay there while he played. But the candy could not keep him quiet long; the eyes would kindle, and the little feet begin to keep time. Running out he would seize the yard-stick, and, with another small stick for a bow, attempt to imitate what his uncle had played.

Seeing the child play this rustic and soundless fiddle, his uncle bought him when he was five years old a violin, "as yellow as a lemon." He used to tell later how he felt carried up to the third heaven when his own little hand first brought out a tune from that yellow violin. He loved it and kissed it; it seemed to him so beautiful. To the surprise of the family, he played well on it from the first, though he had received no instruction. He would stand by his mother's knee while she turned the screws which would not yield to his little hand; and the tuning was not easily accomplished, since his ear made him very critical even at that age. His uncle taught him his notes, at the same time that he was learning his primer.—*Memoir of Ole Bull.*

It is not a good plan to have the white lawn and cambric dresses "done-up," as the phrase is, to lay away for the winter, for the expectation that they will look fresh and be ready for immediate wear in the spring will be disappointed. Of course they should not be put away dirty, but the starching and ironing may well be left till spring, only common calicoes should be starched and ironed before packing away.—*N.Y. Post.*