

of his trousers, and the cuffs of his jacket, to keep up with his legs and arms which had shot out immensely. The body of his upper garment, as we have said, was of sufficient length and circumference to meet the demands of manhood if he reached it; and its texture promised to battle successfully with the tear and wear of twenty winters at least. A considerable number of his original enemies had died out, or left the school, for the curriculum of education in those days was short; but they had bequeathed their spirit to their successors, for a variety of petty annoyances were immediately set on foot against him. After a few victorious battles, however, he established a name that protected him. Thing now went on smoothly, and Gibbie was permitted to take a part in the diversions of his school-fellows. It was soon remarked that he seldom indulged in any amusement for its own sake, and usually tried to have a stake connected with it. His favourite games were the winning ones of the bowls, pins, and buttons; and he generally contrived to play with those who were younger, or less dexterous, than himself. He did not hesitate to cheat when an opportunity presented itself; and when charged with it, took the fashionable mode of clearing his reputation by a challenge. His stock of small wares accumulated on his hands, and he sold out among the boys, getting small coins or other equivalents in return. No solicitation, attention, or flattery, could induce him to part with anything gratuitously; and when he trusted, which was seldom the case, he persecuted his debtor till he paid,—only one was known to escape, and not till he had sustained a sound thrashing. The gains of Gibbie in this traffic were considerable, and as carefully hoarded, as if they had been the revenue of a kingdom. Even his mother was denied a share in his profits; and no one knew the general depository that held them. It is his parent took a few pins out of his sleeve over night, she got no peace till they were replaced; and when she put one of his buttons on his own jacket, it was instantly cut off and put back amongst its companions. It mattered not that she scolded, and threatened, and expatiated on the expense of his schooling, and food, and clothes, and lodging; Gibbie's sole answer was an inexorable grumph. He came, and went to the school during three successive winters, and left without having made a single friend. His progress in learning was small. He had reached the Proverbs class, but could neither write nor cast accounts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Family Circle.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPESWAY POTTS.

At this season of the year the growing boys will want their crullers for dinner at school, and for lunch after they come home from singings, hungry and excited, and full of news.

It is a bad plan to eat before going to bed, but not so bad for the young and vigorous if they eat in moderation. Still, it is not advisable to eat after supper.

To make good crullers take one cup and a half of sugar, one heaping spoonful of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, flour to make it as stiff as pie-crust, roll thin and fry in hot lard.

By changing this recipe, taking sour cream instead of sweet milk, you can leave out the butter and cream of tartar, and then they will not be at all greasy, and I think more wholesome. If you put no butter or shortening in they will not absorb the lard in which they are fried.

If in any kind of cooking your recipe tells you to dissolve soda in hot or boiling water, don't you do it, it injures it, let the water be merely warm.

As I write this I find myself smiling, and by the time I get through with the recipe, I ha, ha, ha! aloud. And this was why I laughed—I don't know when I've thought of that incident before.

I was fourteen years old when my mother died, and though I knew nothing at all outside of my few school books, I put on a great show of authority and tried to be quite like a mother to the four younger children.

My sister, two years my junior, was a real little Martha to make coffee and puddings and mash potatoes, and to give good tea and good advice to the three little boys.

I had read enough to know that over-eating, or eating at untimely hours was injurious, and I essayed to abolish the usual half-peck of walnuts, and crullers, and cider and apples, before bed-time. One time my sister, whose nickname was "Joel," read a pitiful story about a child crying for a piece of bread and butter before it went to bed, and the mother, from good motives, refused it. The next morning the child was found dead in its bed, and the poor parent's anguish was intense.

After this, if Rube wanted a piece before he went to bed he would go (until years afterwards unknown to me) to my sister, and say: "Now, Joel, just get me some-

thing to eat—if you don't, by Jimminy, I'll up an' die before morning, like that poor little boy did, and then how'll you feel?"

Poor, little, unsuspecting Joel! she has been a mother these many years and her family discipline is marked and marred by the same over-tenderness of heart that characterized her in her childhood.

[There's a kiss for you, Joel, to bridge over this breach of confidence.]

Here is a new thing I saw the other day and I like it very much and hope others may be benefitted by it. Back of a cooking stove which stood perhaps three feet from the wall, was a stout shelf covered with zinc, on which to set pans of bread to rise, or buckwheat batter, or to lay covers on while one is cooking.

Many a good batch of bread is spoiled in cold weather because there is no warm place of even temperature to stand the loaves while they are rising.

Women will find it an excellent plan when they have a good deal of sewing to do to take a whole day and cut out a lot at a time. As each garment is cut roll it up by itself with the buttons, lining, thread, and trimmings that belong to it, and lay it in a basket kept for that purpose.

One can accomplish a great deal more by following this plan and by keeping each garment separate.

A great deal of time is lost by careless housewives in rummaging around searching for mislaid patterns, a lost thimble, or the very spool of thread most needed.

I have told you that a good housewife always carries her thimble in her pocket, and I believe she does.

For my part I always have to carry a small knife, too, and as to going without a bit of wrapping-yarn in my pocket—could not think of it! Hardly a day passes in which I do not need a bit unexpectedly to tie up a swinging trumpet-vine, a spreading althea, a vicious rose-bush, or a gadding little grape-vine that has crept away from its ma.

That's a good plan—I read about it somewhere—after sheets are pretty well worn out to make window curtains of them.

Now, it is really in better taste to have old sheets, white as snow and neatly ironed, made into window curtains than to have these frail cottony shams called lace curtains. They are honest and then they don't look scanty and pinched.

Old sheets are burnt or stained or patched, make ironing clothes of them, but take the well-worn, best ones for up-stairs, dining-room or bed-room curtains. We have that kind in our kitchen this winter, and when they are let down at night they add the touch of coziness that without them would be lacking.

I've seen some girls pass the meat-plate at the table. They do that way at Sister Stout's, and they are nice Baptist folks, profess sanctification and all that sort.

Brother Stout likes pork, rare done, and he likes to have lots of "the good, rich gravy," as he calls it, taken up on the plate, too, and then they'll pass it round and the gravy will creep up to the very edge of the platter.

Pork is abominable, and I shall hail the day in which an enlightened people will vote the use of it hoggish, and eschew it altogether.

If you must have it on the table to please any member of the family, bear with it graciously—use as little of "the rich, good gravy" as possible.

Only yesterday I gave an unlucky tip sideways to the deacon's plate of pork, and a little thread of grease spun along a yard or more on our good floor, just missing the carpet. In less than a minute I had spread the place over with soap, but the soft ash floor had absorbed it and no washing or scouring of mine can remove it. The only remedy in an accident like this is to use a carpenter's plane, but ours were both loaned.

I don't like to see a woman scold over spilt grease or broken tableware or anything that cannot be helped, so when I saw Ida stand aghast at my mishap, I said: "Sister Potts, did you ever think what a royal poem could be written only about one's kitchen floor, come here!" and we both sat down beside the prettiest boards we could find, and then we counted the growths—wavy, ribbony, beautiful growths—and we counted fifty-nine.

Fifty-nine summers of God's own making—glorious summers of blessed sunshine and balmy airs and blue skies and soft rains, all this to make a board for Deacon Pott's kitchen floor.

What an exquisite poem it would make in the sweet creative power of the author of "The Drovers," and "The Huskers," and "The Lumbermen."

So, when our discordant harps were in tune again, I laid a paper over the unsightly place to absorb the grease, and then a rug over that, and it was well, and our housewifely eyes were vexed no more.

At this season of the year people are butchering and making sausage.

For men who work out in the cold you may save the pigs' feet. You know they dry away and toughen after they have been boiled a few days.

If you want to save some even until next spring, boil them well done and cover them with moderately strong vinegar. Put on a plate and have them pressed down so they will be covered all over. I wouldn't season them with mace and such things. They will keep very nicely.

If you don't want to salt down all your sausage, and prefer to keep some of them fresh as long as possible, hang them high up on a pole suspended in the coolest, airiest place you can find in an out-house, wood-shed, wash-house, or a spare upper chamber.

Old salted beef is not good. I always take a quarter or more of ours, cut it in three or four pieces, and lay it on a table in the coldest up-stairs chamber, with all the windows open. Put something on the floor to keep the blood off, look at the pieces occasionally and turn them, and if the blood settles in places take warm water and a rag and wash it all off. Beef can be kept a long while this way in cold weather. This is just as good for people living away out in the country as though they lived near a meat-market.

We shut up our house yesterday, and the girls and I attended the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance.

One old gentleman rose to speak often, and his queerly-fitting trousers didn't want him to stand up for the temperance cause, and they fought against it, and when he was up fairly they strenuously objected to his sitting down in them, and he had as much trouble as my Cousin Jerrymier Broady did with his'n.

Ida is just beginning to cut out and make the deacon's pantaloons, and, of course, she soon observed the belligerent breeches across the hall, and asked me what was wrong about them that they seemed so warped and twisted, and ill-natured, and at war with their wearer. I remembered that in my girlihood I had made pantaloons that seemed to be viciously inclined, and I said if you keep the edges even in making a pair of trousers, and sew up the outside seams first, they will draw and the legs will be all awist, like rails split out of timber that was winding. In making pantaloons always sew up the inside seams first.

It is a good plan, if trousers are cut out at home, to get a tailor to cut you a good paper pattern, and then do you write the owner's name on it, say "John Smith, his pattern," and always have one place for his pattern, too, that it may not be lost or mislaid.

FOR PURE GOLD.

THE FALL OF DRINKING DICK.

(A TRUE STORY.)

Some years ago in a Devonshire town, There lived a fellow of some renown— A fellow who went by the name of Dick, And whom people declared was a queer old stick.

He was not a butcher, a baker or tailor, He was not a soldier, nor either a sailor, But all day long, in stentorian tones, He used to bawl "Any old rags or bones?"

Now, on his two shoulders he carried two bags, The one for his bones, the other for rags, Thus burdened, he travelled through alley and lane, A sort of a living in order to gain.

For Dick was a drunkard, I'm sorry to say, And squandered the most of his earnings away In liquor, which greatly affected his tones, And he, himself, looked like a bundle of bones.

A circumstance happened one wintry night, When Dick had been drinking too much, and got tight, He foolishly ventured to take a short cut, And get home to his lodgings much earlier; but

His senses had left him, and Richard instead Went travelling on to the place of the dead.

The churchyard being open, he entered the gate, And found out his error, of course when too late; Among headstones and tombs Richard staggered along, And to keep up his courage he whistled a song.

In broad daylight he always was valiant and bold, But the darkness and silence combined with the cold Made him awfully shaky, till Richard, the brave, Went tumbling headlong right into a grave.

This pit had been dug for a man, I might say, Who was to be buried the following day, And was never intended to shelter poor Dick, Any more than it was for the person of Nick.

But our hero went in. Though not very much hurt His face and his hands were all covered with dirt. And the grave, be it known, was so awfully deep,

And the sides of it, too, were, of course, very steep, That he saw there was nothing left now but to shout, For though drunk he perceived that he couldn't get out.

He never before was in such a fix; 'Twould be hard to imagine a worse one than Dick's; All his shouting was vain, for in thundering tones, All day he'd been shouting "Any old rags or bones?"

Till his tongue had got tired and his throat very hoarse, And the folks all asleep, couldn't hear him, of course.

A farmer who happened to pass rather near, Heard the voice from the churchyard and thought it was queer; After halting a moment he went on his way— His reason for this I really can't say.

The grave-digger also, who lived not far off, Thought he heard either a moan or a cough, But declined to get up from his snug, cozy bed,

Or see what was wrong with the living or dead. Poor Dick had to bawl till the dawning of day, Or else make his bed on a coffin and clay; Exhausted with shouting, and shaking with fear,

He stood in that grave—and with nobody near— And resolved if he ever got out of that place, Never again to get into disgrace.

His wife he'd be kind to, his earnings he'd save, And as long as he lived would keep out of the grave.

Until daylight appeared he remained in his cell, But how he endured it he says he can't tell, But the farmer who heard him the previous night,

Came back in the morning as soon as 'twas light, And delivered the captive both hungry and cold,

And listened to Dick till his story was told. Dick stole to his home by a different cut, And appeased his thirst and his appetite; but

Suffice it to say that from that very day, From the tavern and grog-shops Dick keeps clear away.

He has joined the Good Templars and taken their vow, And amuses them sometimes by telling them how

He fell in the grave and how he got out, And how it was always his duty to shout. He still follows that calling, tho' its pretty work,

And is now like a lamb, though once like a Turk; His face has improved, and so has his tones, And he isn't a bit like a bundle of bones.

Dick has sons and fine daughters, in fact quite a lot, But never will any be yoked to a sot; And he boasts of his daughters, and boasts of his sons,

And declares through the town "there's no handsomer ones." And he boasts of himself and boasts of his wife,

And boasts of the pledge which he's taken for life; One thing he regrets and will often deplore, That he didn't fall into the grave long before.

And in telling his singular tale to a crowd, He tells it so dry people giggle aloud; And many who called him a queer old stick, Whenever they speak of him call him a brick.

Thus Dick, once so low, and degraded a slave At length found repentance alone in the grave. W. E. M.

HOW M. TAINE LECTURES.

M. Taine has been Professor of the history of art for seven or eight years at the Paris school of fine arts, but his popularity has lost nothing with time. A Paris correspondent of the London News writes that the building in which he lectures is about as plain and unadorned a building as can well be imagined. At one end is a large-blackboard with a chair. French lecturers always deliver their discourses sitting, with a large table in front of them. The whole of the rest of the room is taken up by the seats of the audience, rising one above the other until the roof forbids them to rise any higher. As the clock strikes two M. Taine enters the lecture-room, and there is a slight buzz of applause among the students, with whom he is evidently a favorite.

M. Taine's success as a lecturer—for he is remarked in passing that he is almost as successful as a lecturer as an author—is not at all owing to any graces of delivery, or due to any tricks of rhetoric or elocution. His delivery, like that of all those who read from a previously prepared text is a little monotonous, and his tone of voice hardly changes from the beginning of the hour and a half, during which he speaks, to the end. Every one is obliged to listen, although, perhaps, few are convinced by M. Taine's daring theories.

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