

LOST IN THE BUSH.

A story comes to us by the Australian mail which will fill many a mother's eyes with tears, and touch the sterner hearts of those true men who love little children and are tender to them. The colony was ringing with it when the steamer came away, to the temporal forgetfulness of gold fields and railways, general elections, and the fight between Victoria and New South Wales about the River Murray. Years hence, probably, it will get into ballad, and be "sung or said" to the tiny Australian generations to come, like the "Children in the Wood" to their small cousins at home.

Its heroes are three little people—two brothers and one sister—of whom the eldest one was nine, and the youngest five, the girl being seven years of age. They were the children of a carpenter named Duff, who worked at a sheep station near a place called Horsham. In Australia small hands can help; so these three babes used to be sent after brush-wood for brooms and fires. They had gone dozens of times and come back safely; but this once, when their mother sent them, they wandered into the bush, and missed their way, and at night there were their little cots empty, and their little plates of supper getting cold, but no children. "Lost in the bush!" Think what that means for an Australian mother—when vigorous men have sometimes wandered but a hundred yards from the track in those labyrinths of gumtrees and wattles, and gone hopelessly forward and backward, and backward and forward, till they have laid themselves down to die. Of course there was a search for them, all night, all day, many nights and many days, and every hour of the weary time stealing the hope slowly out of the hearts of the father and mother.

At last they did what ought to have been done before—they called the instinct of the savage to help them to find at least the corpses of the wanderers. Nobody can explain that instinct; everybody who has hunted or traveled with wild tribes has witnessed it. The face of the ground to them, is like the leaf of a book to us—they read it. One of the Australian blacks will tell you if a kangaroo has crossed a creek, by the displacement of a pebble; blindfold him, and bring him into the thicket of the eucalyptuses, he will point to his "gunya" miles away; it is the sixth sense of races brought up in a life that could not exist on five. The blacks soon found the trail of the poor little three; and to find one end, for them was to be sure of the other. "They would be dead, alas!" but it was something to have their pretty bodies away from the crows, the buzzards and the dingoes. So father and mother and friends, on the eighth day after the loss, followed the native trackers step by step. "Here littlest one tired—look sit down!" says one black bloodhound; and presently another grunts—"Big one carry—see, travel in dark—tumble into the brush." Farther on still, the keenest of the pack finds the mark where "little one put down too tired"—and thus they search every nook, corner, bush, and thicket, until at last they are rewarded. The little ones are found lying asleep in each others arms, not with the robins covering them with leaves, but in the hut of a bushman who had kindly cared for them.—*Canadian Illustrated News.*

WITH many readers brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold and mines underground.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Verily music hath charms for many a dull ear, and is even profitable too where least expected. In Switzerland a milkmaid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music the cows "give down" better and give more milk.

PALATABLE GRAHAM FLOUR.

I never have yet found a way to cook it that I really found palatable, except in griddle cakes, to be eaten with maple syrup while hot. It is nice this way, provided the griddle is not too greasy. I wipe it over with brown paper and use just as little lard as possible, not to have the cakes stick to the frier.

THE CHILDREN'S TREACLE CAKE.

Stir a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into three good teacupfuls of flour, and add a little spice, and rub well into two ounces of butter. Stir three table-spoonfuls of treacle into a teacupful and a-half of hot water, and then mix it in with the rest. Put in a buttered tin, and bake in a brisk oven.

CHICKEN CHEESE.

Did you, reader, ever eat any? We like it. Boil two chickens till tender; take out all the bones, and chop the meat fine; season to taste with salt, pepper, and butter; pour in enough of the liquor they are boiled in to make moist. Mould it in any shape you choose, and when cold, turn out, and cut into slices. It is an excellent travelling lunch.

TO PRESERVE LEMONS FRESH.

Slice them as thin as possible, and put into a nice sweet jar with alternate layers of sugar and lemons, remove all the seeds, have each layer of lemon entirely covered with sugar; tie a thick cloth over the jar before putting the cover on, so as to exclude all the air. I have kept them perfectly fresh for a year in this way.

EYES OF INSECTS.

The compound eyes of insects are among the most wonderful objects in nature. In the common house-fly, the two compound eyes appear as large convexities on either side of the head. These convexities, examined with a microscope, are seen to be an immense number of hexagonal facets, or six-sided eyes, each being a distinct eye in itself, furnished with an iris, pupil and perfect nervous apparatus. As the eyes of insects are immovable, their want of mobility is made up for by their immense number, some or other of them being turned to every point, so that the insect can see all around as readily as with a movable eye. The house-fly has 4,000 of these lenses; the dragon-fly, 12,000; the butter-fly, 17,000; and beetles, 25,000.

TEA DRUNKARDS.

Dr. Arlidge, one of the Pottery Inspectors of Staffordshire, has put forth a very sensible protest against a very pernicious custom, which rarely receives sufficient attention either from the medical profession or the general public. He says the women of the working classes make tea a principal diet instead of an occasional beverage. They drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. Tea in anything beyond moderate quantities is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling and disordering the heart's actions, and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that not merely is it a question of narcotic excess, but the enormous amount of hot water

which tea-bibbers necessarily drink is exceedingly prejudicial both to digestion and nutrition. In short, pretending to place this evil on a par as to general effect with those caused by alcoholic drinks, one may well insist that our teetotal reformers have overlooked, and even to a small extent encouraged, a form of animal indulgence which is as distinctly sexual, extravagant and pernicious as any beer-drinking or gin-swilling in the world.

DEALING WITH HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

Mr. Charles Thompson says in the *Scientific American*: "I have not seen a bedbug or a flea in my house this many years. If an army of them were to be brought in, mercury would speedily exterminate them; but I think cleanliness is the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house-fly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluvia and the animalcules which always arise from putrefaction of decaying substances during the warm weather. So, also, with the birds, which are quite numerous in the summer; instead of shooting them or setting up scare-crows to frighten them away, I throw out every possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruit trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larval state, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for a future crop of worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in force in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early to take the worms or not. For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden, I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility; the bug or worm which cannot find vegetation unflavoured with these articles will seek its breakfast elsewhere, and leave my garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants from lice in a short time. If mosquitoes or bloodsuckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return while the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes or mixed with meal or scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and storeroom free from ants and cockroaches."

IN character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

MEN of genius are often dull in society; as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy. In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come. In old age we look backward to things that are past.

WE look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

THE motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high as in the enthusiasm of youth we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like labourers from the field at dinner time, and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.