

admiration and partly in astonishment. Having delivered his letters, he said to my lad, "I'll take a cooler, if you please." "Certainly," replied Rosy, turning to an earthen jug, and pouring out a glassful of water. Being curious to know what a "cooler" was, it was with some interest I watched the postman take out of his pocket a packet, out of which he poured something into the glass, which immediately turned the water into a muddy brown.

"What have you got there?" I cried, "it is surely not wholesome to drink that thick compound this weather."

"This, sir, is my 'cooler,'" said the postman, holding up the glass.

"But what is it?" I inquired.

"Oh, you need not be alarmed, sir," was the reply, "it's very simple; it's only a little oatmeal and water."

"Oatmeal! I have heard of it in gruel, and very good it is; but I never heard of persons drinking it before."

"See me do it, sir," said the postman, tossing off the glass.

"There, sir, now I shall be cool while other people are frying."

"You astonish me," I said.

"Very likely, sir; but I find this drink good for both winter and summer: in winter it feeds one's stomach, and in summer it does that and cools at the same time. I have tried it for a long time, and can speak from experience."

"Are you a total abstainer, my friend?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir, I am happy to say," was the cheerful rejoinder.

"I don't know how I should get through this hot weather if I were not. I often pity those poor fellows who take their ale and other intoxicating drinks on a day like this. There are many people besides myself, though, that take oatmeal and water by way of a 'cooler,'" added the postman, smiling.

"Indeed! who are they?"

"Well, you must go down into the black country, amongst the blacksmiths and puddlers, amongst whom there are many abstainers, if you would see what a comfort a little oatmeal and water is to the poor fellows. But I must not stop any longer," said the postman, "I am nice and cool, now, sir; and if you want to be so during this hot weather, take my mixture."

The postman's advice was sound. At first the muddy look of the oatmeal and water set one against it, but once having got over that, the postman's "cooler," as I have christened it, was found to be an excellent drink; and I hereby recommend it to all those who are exhausted by hot weather.—*A Fleet Street Journalist.*

### KEEPING A HUSBAND.

We hear often of the art of "winning a husband." Let us advance a step, and make a study of the art of keeping him. If he is worth winning, he may be worth keeping.

This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully frail. But we must take him as he is, not just as he ought to be. In the first place he is very imperfect, and has many weaknesses. The successful wife must spend a large portion of the first two years in discovering his infirmities. Let her count them on her fingers, and learn them by heart. The fingers on both hands will not be too many. Then let her work out for each of them a mesh in the net of her own attractiveness, and the secret is hers. Is he fond of a good meal? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light rolls, and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words, if her own supply gives out. Does he delight to hear her talk of his brilliant intellect? Then let her pore over the Encyclopædia, to lend variety to the expression of her admiration.

Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub. Let her be bright and tidy. That is essential to the victory. The husband who sees his wife now display as much taste in "fixing up" as she used to, is not going to consider her "broken down." Though she may consider the tastes of her friends more than her own, yet it must not be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife in some respects as others do. Is he fond of literary matters? Listen to him with wide open eyes whenever he talks about books, authors, &c., &c. He doesn't care so much about a literary wife, if only she has taste enough in that line to appreciate him. If she has literary inclinations, just as well keep them to herself.

Men do love to be big and clever to their wives. Is he curious? O, then you have a treasure: You can always keep him if you are never without a secret, only tell it very carefully, he being your special confidant. Is he of jealous disposition? Teach him confidence, by example. Be cautiously unsuspecting. A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty swift way—and just a little capricious. Never let your

self become an old, familiar story. Be a trifle uncertain. Cultivate a pleasant, but not monotonous, voice. Leave it to his conscience to sting him. A pleasant tone will haunt him much more than a shrill one. Even when he is in jeopardy, kindly sounds will be attractive and soothing, as well as helpful. It is hard to do all this besides taking proper care of the babies, and looking well after vexatious household affairs, and be sweetly smiling whenever he comes home, but it seems necessary.

In fact, "to be born a woman is to be born a martyr." So saith a thoughtful husband, who for ten years has watched, in amazement, his patient wife, in her untiring attentions to her own multifarious duties, and his manifold whims, for, saith he, "we all have our whims." But if a wife does not make a study of these things, and some good honest effort, too, toward meeting and overcoming the difficulties of her position, the harpy, discord, will have advantage towards stealing away the honor from the silver hairs of father and mother, when full of years, replaced by sons and daughters. Remember, however, that you must keep from trying any of these things on any other mortal man than your own. These few rules are only evolved in order to "keep a husband." The poor, weak mortal would rather be good than bad, and it is a wife's duty to help him by every means in her power. And these few hints, if carefully carried out, will certainly aid in this direction.—*Selecta.*

NEAT REBUKES—Of the rebuke indirect, one of the finest examples is that attributed to Dr. South. Once when preaching before Charles the Second, he observed that the monarch and several of his attendants had fallen asleep. Presently one of the latter began to snore, whereupon the bishop broke off his sermon, and exclaimed: "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to disturb your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud lest you awaken his majesty." Less direct but more severe, was a rebuke said to have been spoken from the pulpit by a dissenting minister of modern times. While he was preaching he was annoyed by some young people in the congregation whispering and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves, for this reason: Some years since, when I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake; that young man whom you reprov'd is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service, the story concludes, there was good order.

Incisive and dry, as becomes its nationality, was the rebuke of the Scotch shepherd to Lord Cockburn of Bonaly. That nobleman was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he said to him: "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye would hae had mair sense."

Less epigrammatically neat, but more richly deserved, was the following rebuke to an unnamed lord, quoted in Selden's "Table Talk":—"A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, 'You shall see me make the boy let go his calf,' with that he came toward him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'do you not know me, that you use no reverence?' 'Yes,' says the boy, 'if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat.'—*All the Year Round.*

BUTTERMILK—For a summer beverage there can be nothing more healthy than buttermilk. It is excellent for weak and delicate stomachs, and far better as a dinner drink than coffee, tea or water, and unlike them does not retard, but rather aids digestion. A celebrated physician once said that if everyone knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages; and further compared its effects upon the system as the cleaning out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling up every crevice and creak, saying that the human system is like a stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a specific remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. There is something strange in the fact that persons who are fond of buttermilk never tire of singing its praises, while those who are not fond of it never weary of wondering how some people can drink it.—*Selecta.*

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