

It Can't Be Helped.

"Can't be helped," is one of the thousand convenient phrases with which men cheat and deceive themselves. It is one on which the helpless and idle take refuge as the last and only comfort—it can't be helped. Your energetic man is for helping everything. If he sees an evil, and clearly discerns its cause, he is for taking steps forthwith to remove it. He busies himself with ways and means, devises practical plans and methods, and will not let the world rest until he has done something in a remedial way. The indolent man spares himself the trouble. He will not budge. He sits with his arms folded, and is

always ready with his unvarying observation, "It can't be helped," as much as to say—"If it is, why it ought to be, and we need not bestir our selves to alter it." Wash your face you dirty little school-boy; you are vile repulsive and vicious, by reason of your neglect of cleanliness. "It can't be helped." Clear away your refuse, sweep your streets, cleanse your drains and gutters, purify your atmosphere you indolent corporations, for the cholera is coming. "It can't be helped!" Educate your children, train them up in virtuous habits, teach them to be industrious, obedient, frugal and also thoughtful, you thoughtless communities, for they are now growing up vicious ignorant and careless, a source of future peril to the nation. "It can't be helped." But it can be helped. Every evil can be abated, every nuisance got rid of, every abomination swept away;

though this will never be done by the "Can't-be-helped" people. Man is not helpless, but can both help himself and help others. He can act individually and unitedly against wrong and evil. He has the power to abuse and eventually to uproot them. But alas! the greatest obstacle of all in the way of such a beneficial action, is the feeling and disposition out of which arises the miserable, and idle ejaculation of "It can't be helped."

The real object of a drawing-room is to charm at the first look, to amuse at the second. The apartment must certainly not be a flower-bed, but a garden, with little clumps of chairs and seats, just as there are clumps of trees and shrubs. Apparent disorder is the highest art. Study well the disorder of your drawing-room. Shun that too sym-

metrical arrangement of seats which obliges all the women to sit together. In such a case men are shy of moving the chairs so neatly ranged near the wall; they stand in doorways and discuss. Discussion is easier standing; but in order to chat, you must be comfortably seated. The fate of conversation depends on three things: the quality of the talkers, the harmony of minds, and, especially and above all, the material arrangement of the furniture. In symmetrically arranged drawing-rooms the first hour or so of a soiree is an unspeakable bore. As long as all the seats are in perfect order, conversation is cold and apt to languish. It is only towards the end of the evening, when the furniture has yielded to the necessities

How Quails are Caught in Italy.

The Naples correspondent of the London Times writes: "The Neapolitans have their shooting season as well as the English, and it is now at its height. If they cannot boast of grouse, they do of quails, and these are coming in by thousands. If you cast your eye round the bay you will see that along every mountain top is stretched a net, or series of nets, attached to poles of a great height. They have long been in course of preparation—perhaps since the 12th of August, for who knows when the foreign visitors will come in? They are as capricious as so many human travelers, and are regulated by unseen atmospheric influences.

A clear sky and a gentle southeasterly wind seem to be the best conditions for their journey, just such as we had recently; and as soon as it is dark the watchers and their friends assemble at the parata on which each net is erected, waiting with an anxious expectation. It is a festive occasion, so much so that at times the jollity is greater than caution demands. The wind is found to be somewhat too high, so down come the nets. But there is a lull; there is a rush in the air and up go the nets again, and one hears a "puff, puff" as the poor birds are intercepted. Every now and then there is a haul down to secure the prisoners, and then haul up. This goes on till the morning, when the enemy appears in double force. A crowd of peasants have assembled who shout till they are hoarse in order to drive the birds into their nets, so that from the dawn of day there is no repose for any



and interests of society, that the real chattiness and fun begin. Then comes the hour of departure. This is what ought to be done; watch all the seats that seem to be talking among themselves, and see how they are grouped.

Natural History.

Believing it will be amusing and instructive to our young readers, and to some of riper years, we purpose to give you some sketches with illustrations upon the above subject. If any of our young friends send a better description of this picture than we have prepared for next issue, we will insert it, giving the writer credit. The picture explains itself.

one within a mile of the parata. Beside these there is an army of sportsmen armed with guns, many of which no prudent man would touch. But let them keep at a certain distance from the nets, as the law commands, or they will be denounced or receive some personal injury. Attached to every net is a cage full of blind quails, decoys for the visitors. They have had their eyes pierced by a red-hot wire, and their melancholy plaints, mistaken for singing, woo many a bird to its doom. I know a priest who has one hundred and fifty of these mutilated birds and is consequently one of the most successful sportsman of the locality. What a priest does cannot be wrong, and his example is pretty generally followed by the people under his charge.