

may fall flat, and the cleverest sarcasm lose its sting.

For perfect content, not only must we have good things to enjoy but capacity and inclination for enjoying them. I am wicked enough to think that such perfect content is more frequently attainable at a club or bachelor dinner than at parties where ladies are present; for the softer sex, as a rule, have but little natural appreciation of wit or humor. In a party composed entirely of men, it is your own fault if you select any but those likely in some degree to contribute to the harmony of the evening; but in mixed parties you must ask husband and wife, and the chances are, if one is an acquisition, the other may be quite the reverse.

A HEART-SONG.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Hadst thou a song, O singer of mine,
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like well-wrung drops of the choicest wine,
Pressed in a vineyard far apart?

One that was caught in flying by—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the voice of a bird, on branches high,
Deep in a forest, far apart.

One that has come like morning air—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
Blessing a life that dwells apart.

Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
That little song to cheer the heart:
Whisper it light as a word divine
Unto a watcher far apart.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A STORY is told of the late Duke of Brunswick which gives us some idea as to the way his large fortune accumulated. He went to the circus one evening and bought a programme, giving a piece of four sous in payment. He waited some time for the one sou change, and at length let it fall from his decrepid hand. His Royal Highness was very much disturbed until he had found the piece and placed it very carefully in his pocket.

The charitable ladies of Chicago have a pleasant way of raising money for benevolent objects. They rent rooms in the heart of the city, and spread a splendid fifty-cent luncheon for business men. The tables are decorated with flowers, and are served by pretty volunteer young ladies. The managers receive free supplies in abundance, and their landlord refuses to charge rent, so that a week's operations usually fill the treasury to the desired point.

The Italian journals relate that the environs of Catanzaro, Calabria, are infested by a band of brigands under the command of a young woman. She is only twenty years of age, and of great beauty. Her name is Maria. She is a little difficult about the tender passion, and is inclined to skewer her admirers; for instance, while undergoing imprisonment a warder becoming enamoured of her favored her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately she had rejoined her band. She would make a capital melodrama—the title, "Her name is Maria."

A CORRESPONDENT says he was once in the company of the late Bishop of Winchester, when in a mirthful spirit the subject was started, "What would be the pleasantest kind of life?" "I should like," said the bishop, taking up the tone of the moment, "to get up late, and having breakfasted at leisure go out for a pleasant ride, and then read the last good novel for the rest of the day with my feet upon the fender." But then, suddenly, that wonderful look of earnestness coming over his face, which all who knew him well can never forget, he added, almost to himself, "If there were no work to be done."

The late Mr. John Stuart Mill has bequeathed to members of his wife's family and his own legacies to the amount of £9,000; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, £500; to the Land Tenure Reform Association, £500; to any one University in Great Britain or Ireland that shall be the first to open its degrees to women, £3,000; and to the same University a further sum of £3,000 to endow scholarships for female students exclusively. His copyrights he bequeaths in trust to Mr. John Morley, to be applied in aid of some periodical publication which shall be open to the expression of all opinions, and which shall have all its articles signed with the names of the writers. The property left by Mr. Mill is sworn under £14,000.

Two men, named James Mumford and Thomas Conroy, who for many years have acted as guides through the Cave of the Winds on Great Island, determined to ascertain if there was not another cave under the American Fall. They repaired to the first of the ferry stairs, provided with ropes and ladders. After getting beyond this sheet of water without much difficulty, they found it necessary to use their boats in order to reach the desired locality. Mr. G. W. Simms, an eye-witness, says the men were out of sight for some time, and he gave them up for lost. They soon, however, made their reappearance, and pronounced the new cave one of the wonders of the world. It was pitch dark in

the cave, and in one place they stood between two walls of water. They were prevented from going further for want of more tools, and some means of lighting the cave.

ORDERS have been issued from the Ministry of Police renewing the prohibition against Turkish ladies entering shops for the purpose of making purchases, whether the shops be kept by Turks or Christians. This prohibition was first issued at the beginning of the present Sultan's reign, but has for some time past been allowed to fall into disuse. It is now formally renewed in a communication addressed to the foreign Legations, and a direct order to Mussulman shopkeepers, and Turkish women must for the future make all their purchases from their carriages, as the majority of the better classes do at present, or where they have no carriages, at shop-doors or windows.

FAMILY MATTERS.

MILK PUNCH.—The following is a perfect liqueur, and improves by keeping: Take 4 quarts of spirits—say 2 rum, 2 brandy, 8lb. loaf sugar, 6 lemons, 3 Seville oranges, 2 quarts of new milk, 1 nutmeg; pare the fruit, and soak the peels for twenty-four hours in the brandy; squeeze out the juice, add to the sugar and rum, pound the nutmeg, strain the brandy, then mix all together, and pour in the milk boiling hot; cover close, and let it stand forty-eight hours; strain through a jelly bag and bottle. Instead of Seville oranges, half a pint orange curaçoa can be used to give the required flavor.

Most people suppose that it is not a doctor's duty to tell them how to keep well. They think that we are so anxious to gain guineas that we like to have our patients ailing a little all the while. Now, I am going to tell you how to deprive us of many guineas at the trifling expense of an occasional shilling.

Is there a bad smell anywhere about your house? Is it in the kitchen, in the scullery, in the midden, from the drains, from the dust-bin? Wherever that bad smell arises, hunt it out and let us cure it. For a bad odor means corruption, and corruption breeds disease.

Chloride of lime—that is the remedy. It can be had at any chemist's; it only costs a few pence; it is no new-fangled notion, advertised by sensational posters. It is very cheap, sure and you ought always to have a supply of it in the house. Whenever and wherever there is a bad smell, down with two or three handfuls of chloride of lime.

Some medical journals are now endeavoring to convince us that fevers come only by infection; that we ought to be more careful of our milk and water than of the corruption about houses; and that bad odors, so far from being hurtful and indicating sources of disease, must be actually healthy, since men who live among them are healthy.

A very few words will demolish this argument and bring us back to our chloride of lime.

Why is a bad smell offensive? Because it disturbs and distresses our sense of smell, given to us as an agent to detect and warn us of anything injurious. Keep on smelling an offensive odor, and what happens? You turn sick. Nature knows better than the medical journals, and says, "There is something wrong there—take it away, or your stomach will revolt against it." And if your stomach revolts, the whole organization, which depends upon the stomach, is disturbed. That, of itself, is disease. Consequently, an offensive odor is indicative of the danger of disease. Now, chloride of lime will destroy the odor and its effects.

Unlike most physicians I have given you briefly (but, I hope clearly) the reason for my prescription. Use plenty of chloride of lime, and, in this respect at least, you will keep your homes healthy.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

In what month do ladies talk least? — February.

FIRM language means, of course, conversation between partners.

A LANCASTER woman recently threw her chignon out of the window when returning from a picnic because it made her head ache. All her female friends declare that she was insane.

THE late Mr. Cain, it has been conclusively established by an article in the *Lancet*, was insane when he killed his brother Abel; and a proposition has been made to start what is called a "Cain Fund," for the relief of the distressed descendants of the unhappy man.

A LINCOLN man, whose wife has been ill for some time, came out one day with a face longer than his arm. A friend who met him grasped him by the hand in tearful sympathy and murmured: "O, when did she die?" "O goodness," was the solemn reply: "she ain't dead, she's cleaning the house."

WHEN you see a man who is hastening across a street to avoid a cabstep on a piece of mud and lose his balance, and come to the earth, and tear the skin from both his wrists, and smash his head against a post, you want to shout as quickly as possible: "The more haste the less speed." Then you want to pick up your feet and get out of that neighborhood like lightning.

WHAT a queer mental and moral constitution a man must have who habitually whis-

ties! You meet him everywhere, though he is getting rarer every year. He is uncommonly common at the seaside. In rural districts he is frequent. Sometimes he plays billiards. Quite often—good gracious! we write it with a shudder—he is found at the club. Wherever he is his mouth is ever on a stridentulous pucker, and he never, never whistles a tune. It would be too much to say he is a nuisance! we will say he is a luxury we would gladly forego.

AN industrious wife is making a straw hat for her husband out of the straws used by him in his sherry-cobblers last summer.

AN old Aberdeen laird's wife, when some of her acquaintances were enriching the tea-table conversation with broad descriptions of the many vices of their several spouses, said of her own, that he "Was just a geed, weel-tempered, couthy, queat, innocent, deedlin, drucken body—wi' nae ill practices about him ava!"

A MAIDEN'S SONG.—Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returnest!" has been spoken of the rib. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Stop, young women—that will do.

AN odd invention has recently been made for the benefit of those mildly-mannered dames who foolishly and perversely imagine that "the sphere of woman is home." This invention is a combination of ropes and pulleys, and bolts and nuts, and hooks and staples, and levers, &c., by means of which a cradle, a rocking-chair, and a churn are kept going at the same time. Madame, gently rocking in her chair, sets the ropes in motion which are attached to the cradle and the churn, while her hands are at liberty to darn stockings or hold a novel. This is what it is to be an oppressed slave!

ONE of the saddest cases of poetry of which we have ever heard is that of a young lady. Strange to say, the moment she was attacked she began to speak in rhyme. Ordinary affairs she turned into extraordinary verse; for instance, "Dearest ma, list to your daughter, Give her, O give, a drink of waughter;" and so on. Some of them, we are told, were extremely beautiful. Alarmed by so dreadful an illness, all the nearest physicians were summoned by her heart-broken parents; each prescribed a different opiate, and by this means poetry was conquered; she slept—her life was saved.

A CANTERBURY gentleman saw his boy in front of the house throwing a ball in the air, last week. He hadn't played ball himself for thirty years, and knew nothing of the kind of ball cricket clubs have introduced in the past few years; but he felt the old spirit rising in him at the memory of former triumphs, and he held up his hands and told his son to "let her slide." She slid. He caught it full and fair, then dropped it, and started into the house, with his eyes full of tears and his hands pressed under his arms. The youth subsequently informed another boy that he could plainly hear the "old man's" bones snap.

THE following story is good:—"Scenery. A roadside station of the Elyth and Tyne Railway. Time: Saturday morning. A swell, in a first-class carriage, smoking a cigar. Two pitmen enter, to swell's infinite disgust. Swell, after viewing them all over for some time, and addressing them with a supercilious air: "Pray, have you first-class tickets?" Reply, "What that te ye?" Swell: "Very good; we will see about it when we get to the next station, as the train has started." Leading Pitman: "Oh, very weel, as yer see curious, luck at wor tickets. They are all reet, are they not?" Swell, after examining them carefully: "Yes, that is so." Leading Pitman: "Now, will ye put yer cigar out? Ye know that is not a smoking-carriage." Swell, with indignation: "No, I won't; I'll see you—first!" Leading Pitman: "We'll see when we get to the next station whether you will or not." Train pulls up at station. Leading Pitman, with his head out of the window: "Hi, guard! come and turn this fellow out of the carriage. He will smoke when he has no reet to did." Guard, appearing at doorway and addressing swell: "You must come out of the carriage, sir; you have no right to smoke there." Exit swell."

OUR PUZZLER.

90. CHARADE.

My first from China came,
Concave its form or make,
Upon my next it stands,
With tea and toast and cake,
My first from out my whole is brought,
With sweet delicious beverage fraught.

S. SCOTT.

91. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Read down the first's and last's below,
And they to you will plainly show
A term applied across the sea
To members of democracy.
Another hint, if you desire—
I often cause a dreadful fire.

1. This will appease your appetite.
2. A famous Roman comes in sight.
3. Universal this doth mean.
4. And this will name a magazine.

GEORGE J. BELL.

92. REBUS.

A nobleman's initials disclose,
When the following words you have placed in rows.
To enable my reader to solve it the better,
I may add that each word ends with the same letter.

1. A sentence short.
2. In music a part.
3. A kind of cape.
4. Of close-fitting shape.
5. Of a shield a part.
6. A plant of some sort.
7. A duellist's onslaught.
8. A sacred concert.
9. Confused now.
10. I'm like a cow.
11. To unlace your shoe.
12. A number view.
13. Now, lastly, see a plant or tree.

HENRY ALWELL.

93. CHARADE.

Another word for happiness
My primal will proclaim;
And all who live in earthly bliss
Should surely know its name.

My second does belong to thee,
Though strange it may appear;
But, when you do the answer see,
You'll find 'tis very clear.

He who has possessions great
My total will express;
And with the poor one has much weight,
Who riches doth possess.

FRED. C. FINCH.

94. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A girl's name; existing; an equestrian; to put off; an English county.
2. An animal; to make a mistake; an article of food; to join together; a serpent.

R. CROSSLEY.

95. CURTAILMENT.

If you do wrong, I hope that you
Receive what total brings in view.
Curtail me now, and there will be
What sails across the deep blue sea.
Curtail again, a beast is seen,
That ranges through the forest green.
Once more curtail, and you will see
A symbol of equality.

G. J. B.

96. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

There are four steam engines, A, B, C, and D. Should A and B run 200 miles, B would lose by 4 miles. Should C and D run, D would lose by 12 miles. Should B and D run, D would lose by 8 miles; and, should A and C run, which would lose?

JAMES ROBERTSON.

97. SQUARE WORDS.

1. In China I am known to dwell.
2. This is superb when acted well.
3. This is a bird whose note is wild.
4. This gratifies both man and child.
5. And last of all, though not the least,
A kind of food for man or beast.

II.

1. To flatter, this will surely mean.
2. And this a kind of plant is seen.
3. Another plant the third will show.
4. And these are worn by high and low.

G. J. B.

98. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

One fourth of gray; a river in England; a town in France; a town in England; a county in England; a town in Persia; an English general; a portion of time; one-fifth of early. The centrals, read down and across, will name an English county.

R. C.

99. DECAPITATION.

A foreign stream I am complete; deprive me of my head,
The residue, reversed, will name an English town instead.

G. J. B.

100. LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a bird; behead me, I am to awake; behead me again, I am a river in England; restore my head, and the centre take out, I am a beautiful flower; change head, I am part of yourself; and, last of all, a letter please drop, and then a number 'twill sure to show.

J. B. HAYWARD.

101. ENIGMA.

When from London to Windsor fair ladies would go,
It is I carry them, as they very well know;
But if in the palace their Queen they would see,
Though I first carried them, they would then carry me.

102. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A poet; to arise; a pigment; belonging to the country; an author (transposed).
2. An author; a river; to lend; a girl's name.
3. A vessel; to hate; a country; a sweet article; salvers.

S. J. DURBAN.