DOMESTIC READING.

A thinking man is the worst enemy e Prince of Darkness can have.--

Carlyle.

When gout has laid hold of a man it is difficult to root it out and it is the same with sin.

That state of life is alone suitable to man in which and for which he was born, and he who is not led abread by great objects is far happier at homo. Our birthdays, after we grow wise enough to understand their significance, what are they but warnings that sound at intervals from off the rockbound coast of time "—Amber

The worst days of darkness through

coast of time "—Amber
The worst days of darkness through
which I have ever passed have been
greatly alleviated by throwing myself
with all my energy into some work re
lating to others —J. A. Garfield.
I do not easy the mind gets informed
by action—bodily action; but it does
get earnostness and strength by it, and
that nameless something that gives a
man the masterehip of his faculties.
Money can nover be will managed

Money can never be will managed if sought solely through the greed of money for its own sake. In all mean ness there is a defect of intellect as well as heart, and even the cloverness of a meer is but the cunning of imbecility.

Most of the luxuries, and many of the socalled comforts of life, are not only indispensable, but positive hind-rances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. True, all our lives long we shall be

simple and meagre his than the poor.
True, all our lives long we shall be
bound to refrain our soul and keep it
low; but what then? For the books
we now forbear to read, we shall join
in the song of the redcemed. For the
pictures from which we turn, we shall
gaze unabashed on the Beatific Vision.
For the companionality we shun, we
shall be welcomed into angelio society
and the communion of triumphant
saints. For the amusement we avoid. saints. For the amusement we avoid, we shall kept the supreme jubiles.— Christina Rosetti.

We stan age, the supreme protection of the time of the control of

and wealth without its encumbrances. How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important results! Dr. Johnson used to say: the accomplishment of most important results! Dr. Johnson used to say:
"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempt to do good, a great deal may be thus accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments—Orabbe.

Considerate and usappointments.

The supreme test of character, that which measures its power for self and the world, is the prayer, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." Life, then, is not always renunciation, but consecration, and is too holy a thing to be held in check, to be kept from attainment by trifles. Man sees life from the heights of divinity. Lesser heights mark the distance between growth and attainment; they measure the ideal towards which every true man struggles. The great tests are met by the power accumulated in overcoming the trifles borne in each day's battle.

Flat contradiction, severe criticism,

the power secuments in overcoming the trifles borne in each day's battle. Flat contradiction, severe criticism, fault finding, and condemnation, the omission of gentle and plessing attentions, ourt manners, blunt speeches, unkind allusions, are continually excused on the plea of sincerity. 'I said what I thought,' and 'I never pretend to what I do not feel," are common assertions supposed to justify all manner of rade and ill-natured words and actions. Yet one who unites sincerity with kind feeling is never heard to utter such language. His sympathies are too keen to allow him to hurt another needlessly, and it never occurs to him that it is insincers to offer such courteous strentions as never occurs to him that it is insincers to offer such courteous attentions as express a general feeling of good will, even though he may not be drawn by any bonds of affection.

science

Science is "knowing how."
The only secret about
Scott's Emulsion is years When made in of science. large quantities and by improving methods, an emul-sion must be more perfect than when made in the oldtime way with mortar and pestle a few ounces at a time. This is why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver Emulsion of cod-liver on never separates, keeps sweet for years, and why every spoonful is equal to every other spoonful. An even product throughout. In other amulsions you are liable to get as unasven benefit-ciller an over or under does. Get Scoil's. Genuine has a salemen-obsered wrapper.

PIRESIDE PUN.

"What do you call your baby? Fax" "Um—er—is it a famil "Fax" "Um—er—18 it a family name?" "No, but very appropriate." "How so?" "Because facts are stub-born things." " Fax it a family

"Get yourself full of your subject "tet yourself full of your subject," said the professor "autrate yourself with it, and then your essay will write iteelf. "Yes." I know. Professor, said Miss Colespring "but my essay is on "Rum, the cause of it."

He had been engaged for several years, and one day last week she remarked, "Have you noticed those clocks in the jewellery shop in Maintest'" "No. Is there anything peculiar about them?" "Yes; they name the day."

pecumar about them? "Yes; they name the day."

"Draw it mild," as the boy with the decayed tooth said to the dentist. If shan't come out to night" as the moon said to the thunder-storm. After you," as the in kettle said to the dog's tail. "I'm down upon you," as the two young beard said to the skin.

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted? asked a Washington Sanday-school teacher of her class. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land."

Objected to the way it was put.

"York what: "Dry land."

Objected to the way it was put.

I presume you gave the prisoner some occasion to strike you?" "Why, your Honor, we were talking about the coinage, and he made some statement that caused me to remark that he had been misled and was arguing from the wrong premises, and then he struck me." "Is that what he said to you, prisoner?" "Yes; that was the substance of it, your Honor, but not the language. What he said was that I didn't know enough to pound sand in a rat hole, and was talking through my hat-like a jackass full of thistles and bull-nettles."

To get a joke into some people's

my bat-like a jackass full of thisties and buil-nettles."

To get a joke into some people's heads requires a surgical operation. The other day, at the trial of a case, the parties to which were a nobleman of advanced years and his young wife, the judge remarked that this was another instance of the evil effects of "marriages contrated between May and December." Shortly afterwards the learned judge received a letter from the accretary of a certain stristical society, intimating that that body would be much obliged if he would favor them with an account of the fact, from which he had derived the singular rule enunciated by him as to the infelicity of marriages solemnised during certain months of the year, and adding that some of the member wished to utilize the information which might be thus afforded them in the shape of a paper to be read before the society, with a view to public discussion. The judge has had the letter framed.

A youth who had, in a performance of Beheral III." to recite the words:

the society, with a view to public discussion. The judge has had the letter framed.

A youth who had, in a performance of "Richard III.," to recite the words: "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," came on staking with stage-fright, and brought down the house by shouting out: "My lord, the Buck of Duckingham is taken!" An English clergyman, who was given occasionally to such fransportations, used one day in a sermon as an illustration the scene at Lucknow, when Jessie Brown calls out: "Dinna ye hear the pibroch and the slogan?" But he pronounced it "Dinna ye hear the pibroch and the pigan?" He did not know that the had made the blunder until a friend told him of it after the the service, and then he was so much humiliated that, at the close of the vesting service, he took occasion to say to the congregation: I am told that this morning I said 'the slobroch and the pigan'; I meant to have said 'the slibroch and the pogan." Receive the blessing." Another minister could nover say "Sweet for bitter, and bitter for best, and beet for swetter." Macready has told of an actor who, in rendering the words "the possoned cup, constantly said "the coisoned pup." to the great delight of his audiences. At last he managed, by much practice, to control his uterances so that in a public performance he pronounced the phrase correctly. Instantly there was an uproar—the audience missed its customary fun, and would not let the man proosed until he had given the "coisoned pup" instead. Then he was consoled with applauce.

Thu demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in actor with the control of the audience missed its customary fun, and would not let the man proosed until he had given the "coisoned pup" instead. Then he was consoled with applauce. applause.

applause.

The demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in such widely-separated regions as South America, Spain, Australia, and India has kept pace with the home consumption, which goes to show that those people know a good thing when they try it.

Wicks: "There is one thing I will say for Baxter: he never talks about his own writings." Hicks: "I am glad to hear that. When there is a sense of shame there is always some

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the threat or longs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Cousamptive Syrup. Those who have used it shink it is far alsead of all other proparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Farm AND GARDEN.

Farmers who have any extra time and a little money to spare this fall should take advantage of the fall should take advantage of the fall should take advantage of the farm to run down in any way, either to permit the soil to become exhausted or fall to keep the buildings and fences in good order, says D. D. T. Moore in Christian Art Work. And there are fow country homesteads where something is not lacking, perhaps only some little needed covenience that the onlite of the farm to treat a serie of the farm to the

the house and stables.

Kerosene emulsion will quickly dispose of lice on late cabbage and if the fight is begun early no harm will result to the cab bage head. Some growers use one pound of quassia chips boiled a few minutes in one gallon of hot water; mix the two and add cold water to make fourteen gallons in all. Apply that to the plants with a spray or with a brush broom dipped in the solution, siming to throw the doze into the centre of the plant.

Gardan labors are now about over

Garden labors are now about over or the season, as most vegetables Garden labors are now about over for the season, as most vegetables have ceased growing, and, consequent ly, there is little to be done beyond seeing that the products are properly stored or marketed. Some roote can endure moderate frosts, but carrots, onions and beets do not belong to this call, and they should be secured promptly. Squashos are also injured by guode cold, and they ought to be gathered in heaps and covered with some material that will prevent freezing. Cabbages and turnips are more hardy, and may be left out later, yet they cannot bear great exposure. All roots keep better in pits and heaps than in cellars. Cut thyme and other herbs, and dry in the shade if intended for home use; those grown for market should be tied up in bunches.

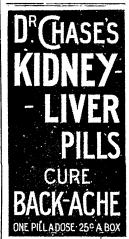
Parsnips and satisfy can be allowed

market should be tied up in bunches.

Parsnips and satsify can be allowed to remain in the ground through the coldest weather, but enough for winter use should be dug now. Lima beans may be left out and picked as they ripen, providing there is no danger from frost; otherwise, take up the poles with the vines and sat under a shed, where the beans may be gathered as desired. Celery will now have to be "handled"; that is, to bring the leaves to an upright position and keep them there by prossing the earth firmly against the stalks. After these matters have been attended to, make one last raid upon insect enemies, and then plow under the weeds so that they may rot and enrich the soil

On the subject of unsuccessful spray-

they may rot and enrich the soil they may rot and enrich the soil they may rot and enrich the soil Daltain says: "We sometimes hear of unaucoessful results from spraying, but the experiment shows, while all diseases cannot be immediately and totally eradicated, that continued spraying will cause the fungus diseases mentioned to grow less each year. One intelligent fruit grower sent word to the station that he had carefully sprayed according to directions, but that there was more seab on his sprayed than his unsprayed trees. A careful examination of apples from his orohard revealed the fact that they were badly burned (probably by impure themicals or too strong a mixture), but there was no trace of funguous disease in his fruit.



Chats With the Children.

THE NORSBY MAN.

I walked one day a long, long way,
Down to Topey Turvy Town,
Where it's day all night and it's night ail day, In the Land of Upside Down

And who do you think was walking round'
Imagine it, if you can,
In the Land of Upside Fown I found
The Nobody Man:

His head was bowed and he greaned aroud,
With the burden that he bore;
Misdeeds and mishaps, a wonderful crowd,
Thi three seemed no room for more.
"And why are you so heavily tasked.
On such as unequal plan?"
As I sat on a wayside seat, I asked
The Nobod; Man.

He sat him nigh, with a doleful sigh,
And he said, "It needs must be:
What 'Nobedy' does at home so siy,
Is a boatlered here by me.
The slips and mishaps that are, soon, or late.
Desired by the cardless clan,
In the Land of Upside Down all weight
The Nobedy Man."

He passed along with a deleful song.

This overburdened wight,
And, howed with the weight of other folk's
wrong,
He hobbled out of sight;
And I don't understand how it all can be,
Or why he should bear this ban,
But-well, 'twas a wonderful thing to see
The Nobody Man!

IRISH GIRL LACE-MAKERS

IRISH OILL LACE-MAKERS.

Lady Gregory tells in Erin the encouraging story of the efforts of the Sisters of Meroy at Gort to introduce industry and provide work for the girls of their district. They began without capital and without commercial experience, but they have achieved success. They were given eight handlooms; they bought yarns in Belfast; they sent for a teacher there, and set to work at linen-weaving. Their hands are full. Lace-making has followed, and Lady Gregory bears testimony to the excellence of the lace. Some of the finest lace has been made by a girl who walks some miles from her home on the mountain side, and back again in the evening." About thirty girls in all are employed in the convent workroom. "The Sistors have so far won their battle." They are still in debt for about \$100\$. If this wore cleared off, and if they had £100 or £200 in hand, they would have no fears for the future."

THINGS TO LEARN.

THINGS TO LEARN.

There are some things I would like my girls to learn. I think they will be happier little maidens if they attend to them. Here they are:

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

told story is welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to keop your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have earache, headache or rher matism.

Learn to be happy. Don't cry. Tears will do well enough in novels and on the stage, but they are out of please in real life.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.—The Orphan's Bouquet.

A LIE

First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside;
Then the crowd came across it, And pover once lost it. But tossed it and tossed it, Till it grew long and wide. OLD RHYME.

SOAP BUBBLES.

Making soap-bubbles is a great amusement to children and will keep them employed a whole afternoon. Prepare, beforehand, a mixture of curd soap cut into small pieces and boiled three or four minutes in a pint of water; when cool add an ounce of glycerine, put it in a tightly corked bottle and keep some hours before using. The bubbles made with this preparation are very brilliant in color.

THE PERT OF ANIMALS.

THE PRET OF ANIMALS.

The feet of animals are called by various names. We speak of the paws of dogs or cats, the toes of elephants, and the hoofs of horses. These distinctions are always observed by those familiar with animals. An elephant dealer smiles at the ignoramus who writes about the hoofs of elephants. The leg of the elephant enda in a large, firm soft cuehion surrounded by five round cushions of toes capped by five great rails. A curious detail of the feet of animals is that atthough the number of claws, or toes varies with each species of beast, no known sort has six divisions or digitsupon each foot. He may have any number below six, but never six: A horse hes one part to his foot which we call his hoof.

A BOTTLE OF

Saft Cine Might have Changed the Map of Europe.

AT the Battle of Waterloo in the great Napoleon... was so prot- itrated from Notifities... of Waterloo the great Napoleon ... was so pro-trated from Nepfuritis ... (lailamma-tion of the Kidneys) ...

that for more than an hour the battle was left to his subordinates, with the result that the fortunes of war went

moment, nor his star suf-

supreme moment, nor his star surferred cellipse.

While all cannot be Napoleons,
all can be spared the illness which
resulted in his downfall.

Second Co., Rockett, N. Y.
Second Co., Rockett, N. Y.

A deer or goat also has hoofs, but these are cloven or split into two parts. The camel has two parts to his foot, but these are toes," because they are not furnished with the horny substance which characterizes hoofed animals. The rhinoceros has three toes, the hippc potamus has four, and the elephant five.

CANDY AND FRUIT.

ant live.

**CANDY AND FRUIT.

I wish, said a doctor the other day, as he watched a group of school oblidren troop out of a candy store, where they had been spending their pennies, **that I could form a society among little folks, in which each mem ber would take a pledge to spend all his pocket money for fruit instead of candy.** It seemed a funny way of putting it, sidn't it ? But the physician was very much in earnest, and at the moment it probably occurred to him that, as children like clubs, an anticandy club would be a very good one for them. He wanted to do two things, to stop their eating the unhealthful sweer and to coax them to eat more fruit. An apple or a banana or an orange can usually, one or the other of them, be bought for the price of a little candy, and the fruit is much other in every way than the sweet.

GRANDPA LEARNS TO RIDE A BICYCLE. "I don't see the cause of all this awkwardness," said Grandpa Dubbins, who had lived in the country in earlier who had lived in the country in earlier years; "the rising generation seems to require more time and practice to learn to ride a bloydle than a Chinaman would want to learn to dance a hornpipe."

Johnny—"But it is hard work, grandba."

Johnny.—"But it is hard work, grandpa."
"Hard fiddlesticks! Did you ever see anyone break in colts?"
"Well, I used to go into the field where the colts ware playing, eatch 'em, bridle and ride 'em!"
"West it difficult?"
"Well, I should it was. They would plunge, kick, bite, rear and roll; yet you had to stick on It was the only thing to do!"
"P'rape it wasn't as hard as learnin' to ride a bite."
"Don't talk to me, you young jackanapes! Why, boy, a colt is a living, thinking, reasoning animal; while your velocipede is an innimate thing at best!"
"Did you ever try to ride one, grandpa?"
"No, indeed. Why should I waste time on such nonsense? But it's just like riding a colt, I a'pose—you jump right on and stay there, no matter what happens."
"Here, grandpa, try my bike."

what happens."

"Here, grandpa, try my bike."

"Oh, well, if it'll please yzu. As I observe, you just put your foot in the stirrup, same as mounting a colt, so:
Then you l-leap on its b-back—see, and I'm off—l mean—I-I-I'm on—see. " see?"
"Pretty goo" start, grandpa; go

"Pretty 500" start, grandpa; go on."

"Knew I could do it. Now you (wow!) just k.k-keep your-b-b-balance (pshaw?) and go on with the (wow! oame pretty near going that time) motion of the w.w-wheel, see? Ah-a-b-o-o-b! Thought I couldn't (pshaw!) do it after—aft—aft—eh-ch—(Look out there!) this is, this—this is fun—(pshaw!) for a man who has broken colts—colts—col—. Ha, ha! thought your grandpa was a novice, a tyro, an old 'noodle, did you? Show young fellows s-s-someth:b-thing after a while 'bout riding—(ah? Oh! Eh-eh-sh-hold on! Hold on! Oh-o-o! ??!!.*****"—"

"Grandpa, are you killed?"

"Wh.—where an I o"

"(You were riding my bike, and you're badly hunt, grandpa."
"You were riding my bike, and you're badly hunt, grandpa."
"Hurt, you young sooundre!? Why, I haven's a whole bone in my body. Don't grin in that ineane fashion, boy. You'd better keep out of my way if you don't want a thorough good caning." caning.

(Then Johnny carried his machine into the coach house, and laughed till he cried.)

Haunted Houses.

All houses wherein men have lived and dioit
Are haunted houses. Through the open
doors
The harmless phantons on their arrants

glide
With feet that make no sound upon 11.5

thors.
We meet them at the doorway, untheatair
Along the pass geathey come and go,
Impatpable impressions on the sir,
A sense of something moving to and fr

There are more guests at the table than ir ;

hoats
Invited. The illuminated hall
Is througed with quiet, inossensive ghost
As silent as the plotures on the wall.
The stranger at my fire-tide cannot are
The forms I see nor hear the sounds I hear.
It but perceives what is, while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands Owners and occupants of earlier dates From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands

hands
And hold in mortmain still their

catacts.
The subrit world around this world of senFloats like anatmosphore, and overywhee.
Wafts through these earthly mists so I
vapors denso
A vital breath of more ethereal air

Our little lives are kept in equipoise By opposite attractions and desires,
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
And the more noble instinct that sapires,
These perturbations, this perpetual jac
Of earthly wants and appraisen high
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge ... light,
Across whose trembling planks, our fancies

Into the realm of mystery and night,

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that aways and bende,

Wander our thoughts above the dark
abyss. Longfallow.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

It was in compliance with the mandate of my medical man that I found myself late one autumn, about a dezen years ago, at the little town of Quimper in Brittany, surrounded by the usual impediments of a married man on his travels. Not, indeed, that I intended my journey to oxtend much further at that time, for I had taken a fancy to the quaint old-world Breton country, and so long as I scasped the keen easterly winds of our English winter, I had free choice left me to pitch my tent for the next few months at whatever spot I might think best; and it seemed, both to myself and to those who were with me, that we might go further and fare worse.

When it was understood through-

thuse who were with me, that we might go further and fare worse.

When it was understood throughout the little town—and news of any kind seems to spread faster among our vivacious neighbors than among our phlegmatic selves—that the English family at the Lion d'Or were in want of respectable country lodgings, we were literally inundated with offers of the most diverse kinds, and all more or less ineligible; ranging from a couple of lofts over a stable, to the huge chateau of a provincial magnate, more suited to the pocket of a millionaire than that of a poor painter; matters came to such a pass before long, that we could not venture as far as the market place without being beset by two or three applicants, all eager to welcome au under their roof-trees, so that we were obliged after a time to meditate a secret flight, but we saved that necessity at the last moment, and were capitally suited into the bargain.

About eighteen miles from Quimper thors stands or stood et the time of

moment, and were capitally suited into the bargain.

About eighteen miles from Quimper there stands, or stood at the time of which I speak, for of its after fate I have no knowledge, an old fashioned house of considerable size, with high pitched roofs, twisted chimmeys, and dormer windows, known, appropriately enough, as Maison Gris. Gray enough it certainly was—a grim melancholy house, with a sort of desolate pride about it, like that of a decayed gentleman who cannot forget his better days; but wonderfully comfortable and home-like within doors. It stood fronting the south, surrounded by a piece of ground, half garden, half orchard, and more wilderness than either; before it, the high road, that swept round to the left, and then dipped into a little hollow, where a hamlet lay onugly hidden; behind it, a stretch of undulating meadow, that swept gently upward to where a fringe of poplars srowned the orizon; beyond which were more fields, sloping downward till you reached the over-shifting sand dunes and the green waters of the Chaunel.

Ma'son Gris was two hundred yoas old, and han ever belonged but to one

and the green waters of the Channel.
Maison Gris was two hundred years
old, and had never belonged but to one
family. Of this family, whoch pertained to the class of what we in England should call gentleman farmers,
the last scion preferred the gay salons
of Paris to the quiet home of his
ancestors, and had long been desirous
of finding a tenant for the old house,
and increasing thereby his somewhat
limited income. The rent demanded
was moderate in amount, and as we