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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF

THE EDITOR, DES E. JONAS, LONDON.

VOL. VII.

LONDON EAST, ONT., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

NO. 7.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

Birds at the River.

This morn a robin perch'd above,
Long watching for the rushes' rune,
Heard thee across the shingle croon,
And tun'd his pipe to songs of love.

The halcyon bright star of day,
Has watch'd thy ripple ceaselessly,
Till like a shaft of sunlight he
Drew from the foam his scaly prey.

Where rose the mists of morn amid
Thy nodding reeds so dcololate,
The mallard, with his dusky mate,
Safe from the watchful hunter hid.

The swallow from the old gray barn,
Belike has dipt a pointed wing,
Within thy wave, then hovering,
Swept fearlessly across the tarn.

When dropt the sun behind the hill,
And o'er thy banks the shadows creep,
Amid thy gurgling shallows stept,
A heron blue with jetty bill.

—Robert Elliott.

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF LOVE.

“UR last day in Eastville,” said Rex Brown, regretfully, as he lounged over to the window of their small dining room at Mrs. Barber’s boarding-house. Jack remained at the table—although he had finished breakfast—with a newspaper in his hand, which he apparently studied with great interest, but in truth he had not read a line. He started when Reggie spoke and colored rather guiltily.

“Well, on the whole, we have had a very jolly two weeks; eh, Jack?”

“Yes, very jolly,” responded the other, heartily.

“By jove! I never thought I should be so sorry to bid good-bye to this quiet, rural life. Do you remember, the

first morning we came, we both agreed that two weeks of it would suffice for us? Now, I think I could stand several more weeks; could not you?”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Littleworth, rising and approaching the window; “and do not be annoyed, old fellow, but that is just what I intend to do; I am not going back to Toronto with you this afternoon.”

“You are not!” ejaculated Rex in intense astonishment.

“No; I hope you do not mind?”

“Not in the least if it pleases you to stay; but what in the name of wonder you want to stay and moon around by yourself for, I cannot imagine. Mr. Standfield and Mr. Thorpe are both occupied during the day. There will be Augusta and Judy, to be sure, but—”

“And now you have hit the right nail on the head,” interrupted the other, smiling.

“The fact of the matter is, Rex, I am in love with your sister, and mean to try and win her.”

“Great heavens! Judy!” exclaimed Rex, slowly, as though his friend had just informed him of some impending calamity.

“Why,” said Jack, half amused, half offended at his tone; “is there any reason why I should not marry her?”

“No, no, old fellow, not at all; I beg your pardon, but—but I cannot think how it was I never suspected this, and then, Judith is hardly more than a child; that is to say, I have never thought of her as anything else. However, I wish you luck Jack, with all my heart. I don’t know anyone I would rather have for a brother-in-law than yourself.” He held out his hand, which the other grasped heartily.

“Thanks, Rex, old boy.”

The two young men were silent for awhile, Jack evidently thinking of his lady fair; while that young persons’ brother ruminated on the state of affairs just disclosed to him.

“Love is a brief madness,” quoth he, presently.

“Is it,” laughed Jack.

“I do not know whether any wise man made the remark before me; but that is my opinion.”

“I suppose it is a species of mild lunacy, and one which attacks us all sooner or later; your turn will come ere long, my friend.”

“The gods forbid!” ejaculated Mr. Brown, fervently.

So it was arranged that Reggie should go back to the city alone, while his friend remained at Eastville to woo, and win if he could, little Judith Brown for his wife

With the laudable desire of furthering this aim, Reginald, when bidding good-bye to his sister, obtained a promise from her, that she would do what she could to amuse Jack and make the time pass pleasantly to him.

"He will find it dull, you know, when I am gone; of course, Mr. Standfield and Mr. Thorpe are too busy during the day to be with him at all."

"I wonder why he stays if he expects to find it dull," said she, indifferently.

"Ah!—oh! well, you see," blundered Reggie—"he—the air agrees with him here."

"Oh! I did not know Mr. Littleworth was delicate," laughed Judy. "Are his lungs affected?"—mischievously.

"No, it is his heart," retorted Rex, brilliantly.

Certainly, Jack had no cause to complain during the next week or two, of lack of opportunity to prosecute his wooing; for Judith, totally unconscious of the nature of his feelings for her, faithfully endeavored to fulfil her promise to Rex, and was always ready to accompany Mr. Littleworth on whatever expedition was proposed; sometimes it was to Dale River to fish, and under Jack's tuition she had become quite an expert angler; or they would take the boat and row up the pretty winding river, and on their return there was the walk home through Bonny Woods; and I must not forget to mention the pleasant drives in the high buggy behind Mr. Laurie's fast-stepping brown mare. It occurred to Judith two or three times, to wonder at the complacency with which Augusta viewed this waste of time in idle pleasures. Formerly she had exacted so many duties from her as to leave to Judith but few hours of leisure; now she not only encouraged but seemed to approve of walks and drives, and fishing expeditions during the busy morning hours. There was one, however, who did not approve; who fretted and chafed at the sight of the young Englishman's attentions to Judith. Standfield, bound to his desk during the greater part of the day, suffered keenly from the sense of powerlessness to win the prize he coveted, which was creeping gradually over him. It seemed to him that he was daily losing ground, which the other gained as rapidly. He asked himself bitterly what chance had he against this young man, who had everything in his favor? But these were his moments of despondency; when, free from the claims of business, he turned his steps in the direction of Bonny Dale, hope and determination sprang up strong within him, and come what might he would run the race with Littleworth, and the best would win. Ah! if he had only known that in Judith's heart there was no thought of love for the handsome stranger—if he had only known the truth he might have won so easily.

Jack was keener sighted. Though he appreciated the customs of the country, by which he was free at all hours of the day to pursue his courtship unembarrassed by the presence of a chaperon, yet he was fain to acknowledge to himself that he made little or no progress. She liked him, in a friendly, sisterly way; he did not doubt this; but as for love, no! she did not dream of loving him. But, like his rival, he was determined to run the race; for by this time he knew that Standfield was his rival. Nevertheless, the two men were friends, outwardly, and though, perhaps not exactly liking one another as, under other circumstances they might have done, each felt for the other a hearty respect.

One day early in July, Judith put on her sun hat and set out by herself to spend a pleasant, dreamy hour or two by the falls in Bonny Woods. Not idle hours, though dreamy;

for on her arm hung a small, red leather work-bag containing her needles and scissors and thimble, and some delicate, filmy lace which she was making for a wedding present for Augusta, whose marriage was to take place early in August instead of in September. Mr. Thorpe had entered into partnership with two lawyers in Toronto; and as his presence was required by the firm about the middle of August, the marriage had been hastened, and arrangements entered into for giving up his practice in Eastville.

At the farm it was pretty evident that some important event was impending, for everyone was busy; even Mrs. Laurie muddled her poor old brains over a set of gorgeous toilet mats, which were intended to decorate Augusta's spare bedroom; but which, sad to relate, formed the first contribution to Mrs. Thorpe's rag-bag.

There was a tremendous amount of sewing to be got through with; for Miss Laurie's industry prompted her to make the greater part of her trousseau herself. So Judy was kept busy tacking endless seams of white linen, stitching innumerable button-holes and sewing on buttons till she fairly sickened of it, though good-naturedly persevering; while Miss Laurie herself ran the sewing machine, whose busy hum was almost the only sound to be heard in the quiet farm house from morning till evening. But on the afternoon I have mentioned, Augusta had gone to pay some visits in the village; so Judy, being at leisure, started for Bonny Woods, well pleased at the prospect of a little solitude, I must mention that Jack had gone away on business, but had announced his intention of returning in the course of a week.

Judy loved to get away by herself like this, and to sit for hours in the cool quiet of the woods, until, lulled by the monotonous sound of falling water, the soft rustling of the leaves and the twitter of bird-voices, her senses became steeped in a dreamy ecstasy that filled her soul to overflowing, and lifted her, for the time being, out of this world of facts into an ideal region whither it were impossible for us to follow her. On this particular afternoon she made her way to her favorite seat on the moss-grown log close by the falls, and was soon busily occupied with her lace-work, her slender brown fingers deftly handling the exquisite lace which she was so wonderfully clever in making. But her solitude was soon to be disturbed: she had not been sitting there very long when the crackling of dry twigs and the sound of heavy footsteps approaching, made the color come and go on her face as she looked up expectantly. Who was it she expected to see? Certainly, not the person who presently emerged from behind a clump of cedars and rapidly approached her; for the pretty mouth drooped, and I am pretty sure if she had raised her eyes for a moment from her work, there would have been visible annoyance in their blue depths.

"Miss Judith!" exclaimed Thorpe, advancing to her side, "I am indeed fortunate in finding you here; I imagined you had gone to the village with Augusta,—Susannah told me, you know, that you were both out."

A convenient fiction; as Mr. Thorpe had seen Augusta alone in the village and had cleverly escaped her observation, by diving into a shop, where he made an unnecessary purchase; and then, having ascertained that the coast was clear, set off for Bonny Dale.

"Did you?" said Judith, indifferently.

"And indeed I think you proved your wisdom by coming here instead of walking through the hot village streets." To this she made no reply whatever, and he continued:

"What a refreshing place this is! so cool and fragrant! but do you not find it dull sitting here all alone so often as you do, Miss Judith? I am sure you must."

"On the contrary," she answered, coolly, "I never enjoy myself half as well as when I sit here quite alone save for the companionship of the birds and squirrels and chipmunks, who know me now and are not afraid of me—and with no sound to listen to but the falling and the splashing of the water yonder. And yet, sometimes I like Trap to be with me; he amuses me."

"Which means, I suppose, that my company is less welcome to you than your dog's," said Mr. Thorpe, with a short, unpleasant laugh and an ominous glitter in his eye, which showed that the undercurrent of meaning in Judy's light words had not been lost on him.

"I did not say so, Mr. Thorpe."

"But that was your meaning. Do you think I am so dull-witted as not to perceive that you prefer any other company to mine?"

"This was true; but she was not hardened enough to tell him so outright; nor would she utter any denial, for in her eyes the smallest and politest of lies was abhorrent. Besides, she had a vague idea that Mr. Thorpe had no right to talk to her in this way. Being engaged to her cousin, he ought not to care whether she—Judith—liked his society or not.

"So that young Englishman has taken himself off at last, has he?" said Thorpe, presently, apparently following up a train of thought suggested, most likely, by his own last remark.

"Mr. Littleworth?" inquired Judy, sweetly.

"Yes, who else should I mean?"

"Oh! well, he has gone to Toronto for a day or two on business; he is coming back the day after to-morrow."

"I am sorry to hear it; I cannot imagine why you all make so much of such an insufferable prig, with his English drawl."

"Do you forget, Mr. Thorpe, that Mr. Littleworth is not only my brother's friend, but mine, also?" said she with gentle coldness.

"I humbly acknowledge my rudeness; I should have kept my opinion to myself," answered Thorpe, bowing slightly.

"You should, indeed," the gentle, cold voice assented.

There ensued a pause, during which he watched the busy little fingers drawing the needle in and out of her work.

"That is very pretty lace you are making," he remarked.

"Yes; do you not think it will be a nice wedding present for Augusta?" The question slipped out before she thought to whom she was speaking, and the expression on his face startled her; he turned pale, and repeated:

"A wedding present for Augusta!" He groaned and dug his stick into the soft earth, then throwing it from him, he turned suddenly toward the frightened girl, and seizing a piece of the beautiful lace tore it into shreds and flung it from him. Judith uttered a cry and started up, as she saw the work of many weeks destroyed in a moment. Thorpe arose also, and they stood facing one another.

"I think I am mad," he said, hoarsely. "Forgive me, Judy; but when I saw you working with your own hands a wedding present for Augusta, and thought that it was I who was to be her husband—I who love you—Judith my fair sweet love! I could not endure it. I know—nay, you need not tell me, I know that you dislike me, I see it in your eyes, I hear it in every tone of your voice when you speak to me. I love you! Yes, see! Sooner than be parted from you for-

ever, sooner than see you the wife of either Standfield or Littleworth, I would like to take you in my arms and fling us both over yonder falls to be dashed to death on the rocks below. But you need not shrink from me in fear like that; I would not hurt one hair of your head." He laughed mockingly, and looked away from her.

"Mr. Thorpe, you have behaved in a most ungentlemanly and cowardly manner. How dared you come here and take advantage of my being quite alone to speak to me like this? If, as you say, I dislike you, it is your own fault that I do; your conduct all along has not been such as to win my respect and liking. And after this, Mr. Thorpe, I desire that you will not presume to address any conversation to me at all, except in the presence of others, until you have cured yourself of this folly. Now, if you please, leave me, or if you prefer to remain here, I shall go home."

"I shall leave you in undisturbed enjoyment of your retreat in one moment," he replied, bitterly. "You call me ungentlemanly and a coward, and I am fool enough to be wounded by your words; but I give you my word of honor as a man—if not a gentleman—that I had no intention when I found you here, of speaking to you as I have done; the words were wrested from me by the passion of the moment. A better man than I, yes, even Donald Standfield, might have proved as weak. Oh Judith! is it such a crime in your eyes, that I love you? Do you think a man has power to forbid this passion, called love, coming into his heart and dwelling there? Do you think I taught myself to love you? You scorn me for marrying a woman whom I do not love; but at least I was content with my lot, hopeful of the future with her, until you came and showed me what a barren future it was. It was not your fault, oh no! you did your best to show me how little you liked me. You forbid me to speak to you save in the presence of others; very well, I obey your command; but some day I hope to prove to you that I am not the coward you think me. And now I ask your forgiveness for the annoyance I have caused you this afternoon; you are too generous to refuse me that, Judith."

"I forgive you, certainly, Mr. Thorpe," but her voice was cold and rather hard.

"A lip pardon, that," said he, sullenly, "but I suppose an ungentlemanly coward can expect no more from a woman. She can pardon any crime; but cowardliness—never!"

"I take back that word, I—I am sorry I uttered it."

"No, let it be," he answered, roughly—"Taking back one's words does not necessarily alter one's opinions, and besides, when a word like that is spoken it cannot be unspoken again. I wish you good afternoon now, Miss Judith." He raised his hat and Judith bowed slightly, but when he had gone a few steps he turned and came back again.

(To be Continued.)

Quarrelling.

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after than he did before; it degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, tends to blunt his sensibilities, and increase his irritability. The truth is, that the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for ourselves. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if the man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he slanders you, take care to live down the slander. Let such persons alone, for there is nothing better than this way of dealing with those who injure us.—Hilton.

Kate and the Wolves.

RUBE Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride. He was the envy of every young man in the rude western hamlet where the ceremony took place, and many were the good wishes showered on the heads of the newly-wedded pair for their future happiness and prosperity. Still there were those who not only insinuated, but boasted that the helpmate of her choice was unworthy the woman he had won. Kate's father and mother were particularly opposed to the match, and did all in their power to prevent it, but the girl, beside her unwavering lover, possessed a determined will, which, when once aroused, carried much before it. Rube Wexford was never accounted a strictly temperate man. Indeed there had been times before marriage when he was for days under the influence of liquor, and Kate had seen him in this state, and, therefore, knew fully the extent of his weakness. But the woman loved the man, and within herself resolved that his reclamation should be her duty. That success must crown her efforts she little doubted.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter. Rube's sprees continued. No wind was too cold, no snow too deep to keep him from Washburn's, a not distant tavern. One evening in the latter part of December he took down his leggings and gun from the pegs where they hung and was preparing to go out. Kate went to him and said:

"Rube, you must not leave me to-night. Give in to me this time and say at home."

"I am only going for a jaunt," he replied. "I'll be back soon."

"No, you are going to Washburn's. To-night you will, you must gratify me. I am afraid to remain here alone."

"Afraid?" he answered. Such a thing as fear was almost unknown to Kate Wilde.

She clasped her arms around his neck, whispered into his ear, her cheeks flushing brightly, then sat down in the rocker and cried as if her heart would break. Rube stood the gun in the corner, threw aside the leggings and cried too.

The next morning when the winter sun beamed upon the cabin, the little log shelter held three souls instead of two. A wee stranger had come in the night, a bright-eyed baby girl. Her weak cry seemed to move all the better part of the husband's nature, and the wife looked on with a new-born confidence in her face. After a week, when Kate was able to sit up, Rube went to relate the happy event to his grandparents. It was the first time he had visited them for some months. Very early in the morning he started, and when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen Kate looked up eagerly for his return. It was toward day-break when he appeared, his hands and feet almost frozen, and his senses stupefied by liquor. The wife's new hopes were destined to be short-lived. Freshly-made promises marked the morrow but days went on only to see them unfulfilled. Now there was a new torture. Rube had forsaken Washburn's, and made his visits to Pineville instead, where Kate's father and mother lived. It was almost more than the woman's nature could bear to know that her parents were the frequent witnesses of her husband's disgrace. This was a sort of thing which she could not and would no longer brook.

Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made preparations one morning for a trip to Pineville. Kate looked on silently for a few moments, and then said:

"Where are you going?"

"Only to Pineville."

"What for?"

"To see about some powder and stuff."

"That is untrue. You are going to spend the day with worthless companions and you will come back stupid with liquor. Rube listen to me. I have stood all which it is possible for me to endure. I have prayed and entreated you to abandon a habit which has disgraced us both. My pleadings have brought nothing. I cannot and I will not have our child grow up to know a father who is a drunkard. If you refuse to stay at home, I have said my last say. Go to Pineville if you insist on doing so, but if you are not here sober by sunset I shall go with the baby to father's, and in this house I will never set foot again."

"That's all talk," Rube answered in a rough joking and half serious fashion. "Why, it's fifteen miles to Pineville."

"No matter," was the firm rejoinder—"I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death by the way."

"Look out for wolves," Rube laughed again. "There has been half a dozen seen lately. It has been a hard winter for them and they're almost starved."

"Wolves or no wolves," muttered Kate, "I'll go."

Rube hung about the house uneasily for an hour or so, then rigged himself out, leggings, buffalo coat, gun and all. Kate worked away and said never a word. He opened the door, and, without looking back, remarked:

"I'll be here at sunset."

"See that you are," was the reply. "If you come here later the house will be empty."

The wife watched his form across the clearing and saw it disappear in the heavy timber which circled the cabin. She turned to her household duties, but had no heart for them. Well she knew that Rube Wexford would break his last promise, as he had broken others before it. If so, he must abide by the result. She was determined.

The day went by at a snail's pace, and the afternoon seemed never ending. Kate fondled the baby, and listened to her crow and cry, and fed her a dozen times. Then she prepared supper, and sunset came when it was completed; But it brought no Rube. Another hour and still he was absent. So the moments passed until the clock struck ten. The baby was fast asleep. Kate rose from a chair at the cradle's side, a look of firm determination on her face, and opening the cabin door, peered across the clearing. Not a soul was visible. She closed the door, went to the chest, and took from it a pair of old-fashioned skates whose steel runners gleamed in the fire-light. She laid them ready for use and proceeded to wrap herself as warmly as possible. Then she bundled the baby in the same manner, lifted her tenderly in her arm, and with the skates slung over her shoulder, started across the clearing. After reaching the timber she left the beaten path and made for the river. It was coated heavily with ice, and the strong winds had blown it almost free from snow, leaving a nearly naked surface. Kate laid the baby down for a few moments while she fastened on her skates. Then she lifted her baby once more and started for Pineville, fifteen miles away. The moon shone brightly. She was a wonderfully rapid skater, and she new no slightest suspicion of fear.

Rube Wexford sat near the warm fire which was surrounded by a dozen men beside himself. He had been there for hours listening to anecdotes of hunters' lives, even adding to the general fund with some of his experiences, but though his companions coaxed and persuaded him, they could not prevail on him to taste liquor. This was something so entirely new that many a laugh and joke was had at his expense. He answered all persuasions to imbibe in the same way, saying only, "Not to-day boys, not to-day."

When sunset came he was still in his seat. He wanted to go home, he wanted to keep his promise, but he thought he would wait awhile, and start later so as it would not look to Kate too much as if he were giving in. So thinking he went to a quiet corner by himself, and had not been long there before he was asleep. It was eleven o'clock when he awoke with a start, and said hurriedly:

"What is it, Kate?"

A loud roar of laughter brought him to his senses, and a rough voice cried:

"Rube, guess you have been dreaming."

Yes," he replied foolishly; "I thought my wife was calling me.

He glanced at the clock and said:

"Boys, I must go."

"Have something before you leave," was the general cry.

"No, not to-night."

Then he was gone. His conscience smote him as he trudged through the snow. It would be after two o'clock when he reached home. One thing consoled him somewhat; he was sober. But would Kate be in the cabin when he returned? Of course, she must be. Nothing short of madness could tempt her to keep the rash vow she made in the morning. So thought Rube. This was because he was incapable of estimating the great suffering which he had caused his wife.

On he went until through the stillness of the night was borne to his ears the sound of falling waters. It proceeded from a spot which marked the half-way between Pineville and his own home and was caused by the river's tumbling down a steep descent of fifteen or twenty feet of rugged rocks. His road at this point lay close to the river bank, and soon he was in view of the cascade. As he passed it he noticed with a sort of shudder how cold and dark the water looked as it tumbled down. For thirty feet above the falls there was no ice. It broke off abruptly, and the current rushed from beneath with terrible velocity. Beyond in the moonlight glistened an unbroken surface of clear ice for fully half a mile before there was a bend in the river's bank. The sight was an old one to Rube, and he paid little heed to it, but stalked on silently, still thinking of Kate and wondering if the cabin would be tenantless. Suddenly he stood stock still and listened. Many an ear would have heard nothing but the sound of rushing waters. Rube's acute and practiced hearing detected something more, and he felt instinctively for his ammunition and looked to the priming of his rifle. Then from the distance the sound came again—a peculiar cry, followed by another and another, until they ended in a chorus of unearthly yells. Rube muttered to himself one word—wolves—and strained his eyes in the direction of the curve to the river's edge. The cry proceeded from that direction and grew louder every instant. Before he could decide on a plan of action there shot out from the bend in the river what looked to him like a woman carrying a bundle and skating for dear life. She strained every nerve but never

once cried cut. Next came a wolf, followed rapidly by others which swelled the pack to a dozen, all ravenous, yelping, snarling and gaining closely on their prey. Rube raised his rifle, fired and began to load as he had never loaded before. The cries came nearer and nearer. Great God! the wolves were upon the woman! It seemed as if no earthly hope could save her, when, quick as an arrow from a bow, she swerved to one side, the maddened brutes slid forward on their hind legs and she had gained a few steps. Again she flew onward, and again she tried the ruse of swerving aside, the man on the bank in the meantime firing rapidly, and picking off wolves after wolves. A fresh danger arose. The woman evidently did not see the abrupt break in the ice above the falls, and the dark, swift current which lay beyond. Perhaps she was too frightened to hear the rushing waters. On she went, making straight for the falls, the wolves almost on her heels, and the man's voice crying in terrified accents, as he dropped on his knees in the snow.

"Kate! Kate! My God save her?"

The woman was on the brink of the ice, when she made a sudden sweep to one side. Nearly the entire pack, unable to check their mad flight, plunged into the water, which carried them swiftly over the rocks, and Kate Wexford was flying toward the river bank, where she fell helpless in the snow, her baby in her arms, while Rube's rifle frightened the remainder of the pursuers away. It was some time before she could answer her husband's voice. When strength enabled her to do so she arose feebly in the snow, her resolution to go to her father, as strong as ever, but Rube took her hand, knelt down and said:

"Kate, bear with me for the last time. As God is my judge, I shall never again taste liquor. This night has taught me a lesson which I cannot forget."

Kate believed him and accepted his promise. Then they started to Pineville, Rube carrying the baby and more than half carrying his wife. When they arrived there Kate told her parents that she had been dying to show them the baby, and, taking advantage of the moonlight night, had made the journey on skates.

Rube kept his vow, the roses bloomed again on Kate's cheeks, and to day a happy family of boys and girls feel no touch of shame as they look up with pride to their father.

A Profession for Women.

Mr. Higginson has found one profession that is not overcrowded, and that is peculiarly adapted to women. It is that of nursing; and, after narrating the great difficulty experienced in getting assistance for the care of a sick person, he says, in the *Woman's Journal*: "Good nurses are well paid, easily earning from eight to fifteen dollars a week, besides their board. The good they do to their fellow-creatures is enough to satisfy the utmost longing of the conscience; and they often win an amount of gratitude that secures for them life-long friendship. Their position is not a menial one—a point on which the American mind is so sensitive; they usually rank as members of the family, and are very apt to rule the family. On the other hand, their work is arduous, exhausting, and often repulsive; but so is much work that men have to do, including the work of the physician himself. Why should not the Helen Harknesses of the world try their hands at nursing?"

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

Thackeray's Club Life.

BEFORE Thackeray died, he had become as familiar a figure in the West end of London as Dr Johnson was in Fleet street and its tributary courts and lanes. Any one who did not know him might have supposed him to be an indolent man about town; and those who could identify him generally knew where to find him if they wished to show the great author to a friend from the country. He was usually present in the park at the fashionable hour; and if the Pall Mall of his day is ever painted, his face and form will be as inseparable from a truthful picture as the mammoth bulk of the testy lexicographer is from the contemporaneous prints of Temple Bar.

The loveliness of his character is well remembered at the Athenæum Club, and the old servants, especially, speak of his kindness to them. The club-house is at the corner of Waterloo Place and Pall Mall—a drab-colored, sedate, classic building, with a wide frieze under the cornice, in a line with the Guards, the Oxford and Cambridge, the Reform, the Travelers, and many other clubs. Opposite to it is the United Service Club, midway is the memorial column to the Duke of York, and only a few yards away are Carlton Terrace and the steps leading into St. James's Park. Malborough House, the home of the Prince of Wales, and unpalatial St. James's Palace, are close by.

Thackeray's name appears on the roll of the Athenæum as a barrister, but he was elected in 1851 as "Author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and other well-known works of fiction." He used the club both for work and pleasure, and there are two corners of the building to which his name has become attached on account of his association with them. The dining-room is on the first floor, at the left-hand side of the magnificent entrance; and he usually sat at a table in the nearest corner where the sun shines pleasantly through the high windows and makes rainbows on the white cloth in striking the glasses. Theodore Hook had used the same table, and uncorked his wit with his wine at it; but it was in a kindlier strain than the author of "Jack Brag" was capable of that Thackeray enlivened the friends who gathered around him.

The southwest corner of the south library, on the second floor of the club, is filled with books of English history, and some of his work was done there. Therefore, no doubt some of the material of the lecture on the Georges was drawn; he could look out of the window on the very site of Carlton House, now a square of grass and flowers; and probably on the shelves, also, he found some help in completing "Esmond" and developing "The Virginians." He often left the library looking fatigued and troubled, and he was sometimes heard complaining of the perplexity he found in disposing of this character or that, and asserting that he knew that what he was writing would fail.

He divided his time between the Athenæum Club, the Reform and the Garrick; contiguous to the first two is the neighborhood of St. James's, which principally consists of clubs, bachelors' chambers, and fashionable shops, and is associated with many of Thackeray's characters.—*W. H. Rideing, in The Century.*

Victor Hugo.

IN the heaven of art there are many mansions, and the reader is not only content, but grateful and delighted, to accept Victor Hugo as he is, to admire him and love him and wonder at him as he gives us that art product which it is his special function to give. What he loves is goodness, what he hates is wrong; he has, like every true poet, a noble soul. Ignorant of history as a science—ignorant of everything, perhaps, but belles-lettres—to his fervid and unsophisticated soul the word "king" does not mean, as it means to Sophocles and Shakspeare, a man—a man placed by circumstance at a certain point in the human web—a point which in a certain stage of social growth is a necessary and inevitable condition of the web's existence and of the existence of every little community of strugglers on that web—as necessary and inevitable a condition as the corn on which the community feeds or the fire with which the corn is roasted. To Victor Hugo the word "king" simply means a monster—or, rather, it means the villain of French melodrama, the convenient evil machine who forges the father's will, who sets fire to the brother's hayrick, who seduces the village beauty, and is only frustrated in his diabolic attempt to destroy the entire social ship by being himself destroyed when the virtuous hero returns in the last act and claims his own. Hugo hates the "king" because to him—the impassioned boy of four score years—the king is the simple and convenient impersonation of the wrong the poet loathes. His cosmogony may be that of fairyland or Cloudeuckoo town, but what of that? It is enough for us, his admirers, that in the great struggle of good and evil, which is the motive power of human life, the motive power of nature herself, Victor Hugo is an active, if a somewhat too voluble warrior in the noble army of Ormuzd. No doubt a little less noise would be desirable, no doubt a little more of that conservation of energy which enables a good fighter for right to strike home would be welcome; but, as has been said, we must take Victor Hugo as he is, and be proud of him as one of the noblest products of our century. For when was poetry as an energy, poetry as one of those great human forces which go to the developing of the race, ever so concentrated in any one man of modern times as it is concentrated in Victor Hugo? Shelley alone can compete with him here, for Byron's undoubted energy was the energy of Demosthenes and not the energy of Pindar: it was the energy the proper literary expression of which was, perhaps, scarcely poetry at all; while the poetry of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, and of Keats, precious as it is, is for the most part the poetry of art rather than the poetry of energy. And this energy not all the sorrows and trials of all Victor Hugo's years can abate. As a poetic artist, Goethe remained to the last supreme, but poetry save as an art, flagged under the growing weight of the years, but neither fate nor chance, nor time can quell the fire of Victor Hugo.—*Athenæum.*

M. Renan and his family narrowly escaped destruction in the Ischia disaster.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has prepared an abridged popular edition of his "Literature and Dogma."

The health of Herbert Spencer has greatly improved, and he has nearly completed another volume of his great work on Sociology.

American Humor.

The "American humor," which now goes by the name and has attracted such world-wide notoriety, is not properly speaking, literary humor at all, says the *New York Evening Post*. It has about the same relation to literature that the negro minstrels or Harrigan and Hart have to the drama. It was begun by Artemus Ward, and has been perpetuated by a long line of jesters, funny men, clowns, or whatever they may be called, who stand in somewhat the same relation to the public that the jesters of the pre-literary period did to the private employers in whose retinue they served. They say funny things, or serious things, or idiotic things, but they say them in public for the benefit of the vast audience which reads the newspapers. It is newspaper humor, rather than American humor, and though the fashion began in this country, it might easily be adopted, one would think, in England, where it is liked so much. Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, we should say, represent it in its earlier and purer state and now it is represented by a dozen paragraphers, whose jokes make us laugh, very often for the same reason that the sight of a man chasing his hat in a high wind will always amuse the bystanders—a fact for the true explanation of which we should have to plunge deep into the recesses of the human heart.

Sidney Lanier on Walt Whitman.

The widow of the late Sidney Lanier writes to *The Nation*, inclosing the following paragraph, which was omitted from Mr. Lanier's "The English Novel," that the full extent of Mr. Lanier's views of Whitman may be understood:

"But let me first carefully disclaim and condemn all that flippant and sneering tone which dominates so many discussions of Whitman. While I differ from him utterly as to every principle of artistic procedure; while he seems to me the most stupendously mistaken man in all history as to what constitutes true democracy and the true advance of art and man; while I am immeasurably shocked at the sweeping invasions of those reserves which depend on the very personality I have so much insisted upon, and which the whole consensus of the ages has considered more and more sacred with every year of growth in delicacy; yet, after all these prodigious allowances, I owe some keen delights to a certain combination of bigness and naivete which make some of Whitman's passages so strong and taking; and indeed, on the one occasion when he has abandoned his theory of formlessness and written in form, he has made 'My Captain, O my Captain,' surely one of the most tender and beautiful poems in any language."

The Origin of Great Men.

Foreign not less than English biography abounds in illustrations of men who have glorified the lot of poverty by their labors and their genius. In Art we find Claude, the son of a pastry-cook; Geefs, of a baker; Leopold Robert, of a watch-maker; and Haydn, of a wheelwright; whilst Daguerre was a scene-painter at the opera. The father of Gregory VII. was a carpenter; of Sextus V., a shepherd; and of Adrian VI., a poor bargeman. When a boy, Adrian, unable to pay for a light by which to study, was accustomed to prepare his lessons by the light of the lamps in the streets and the church-porches, exhibiting a degree of patience and industry which were the certain forerunners of his future distinction. Of like humble origin were Haüy, the mineralogist, who was the son of a weaver of Saint Just; Hautefeuille, the mechanician, of a baker at Orleans; Joseph Fourier, the mathematician, of a tailor at Auxerre; Durand, the architect, of a Paris shoemaker; and Gesner, the naturalist, of a skinner or worker in hides, at Zurich.—*Smiles's Self-Help*.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

The bone of contention—The jaw bone.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

In men whom men pronounce as ill

I find so much of goodness still;

In men whom men pronounce divine

I find so much of sin and blot,

I hesitate to draw the line

Between the two, when God has not.

—*Joquin Miller*.

Political tailors are always talking about men and measures.

None are as fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them.

The best rule for good looks is to keep happy and cultivate a kind disposition.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent sacrifice and quiet growth.

Let a gift be a gift, and that unchangeably. Never make a present on the theory of receiving a present in return.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens far more hearts than tears.

A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his knowledge of them—the more knowledge the more charity.

Out West the cellar is the place to go in time of a cyclone, and when a man has a barrel of cider in the cellar it's surprising how many times a day he thinks there's a cyclone coming.

The following facetious inscription is copied from a churchyard in Essex:

"Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches—
They had no care or pain,
And the wife wore the breeches."

If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week they become very tough, and will not break up so easily when a fond wife is remonstrating with her husband and trying to induce him to do better.

Poor Relative—"I didn't know but as you were refurbishing the house, some of the discarded articles might be or some use to me, if you was only a mind to—" Rich Relation—"Why, certainly; I am glad you spoke of it. We are going to re-paper the dining-room. I'll send you down the old paper when it's torn off. It isn't badly soiled."

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Established 1876.

Eighth Year.

Is published every Saturday, at the London East
Printing and Publishing House,
London East, Canada.

LAWSON & JONES, - Publishers & Proprietors.

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Electra, Vol. I., No. 6, lies before us. Six months of prosperity have smiled upon this worthy publication, and already its subscription list numbers 2,500 names, showing the prospects of a very bright career. Its original matter and selections are all of the choicest class of literature. Few publications have met with more gratifying success. Terms, two dollars per annum, in advance. Isabella M. Leyburn, publisher, Louisville, Ky. U. S.

CIRCLE CHAT.

THEY WERE BORN FOR IT.

The expression about the poet's being born not made is applicable to other less elevated occupations, and it is equally true with regard to the preacher, the teacher, the doctor, and in short every other calling to a greater or less extent. The more exalted the position the more painfully failure is shown in it and the cases that come before our notice of wrong

selections are few indeed in comparison with the numbers that are struggling through the world under the burden of an occupation for which they were not adapted.

It is simple to understand that the work of a mechanic, though easily accomplished by one whose inclination has led him to learn his trade would come very hard upon a professional man were he compelled to follow it from day to day, while professional work could not be accomplished by the mechanic; but people seldom care to distinguish much further.

We have seen boys, who were termed lazy by parents and all who knew them, after getting into some other occupation, exhibit such energies as to crown their lives with the most brilliant success. Truly they were born for it.

YOUNG WOMEN AND HEREDITY.

"Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others had done,
'More sinned against than sinning,'
And so is many a one."—*Will Carleton.*

Much has been written of late on the education of young women, and the fair sex themselves are nobly striving for the educational privileges of men, and they certainly have the right if they desire it. But there are more important subjects than classics for both sexes, and we would suggest that more social advancement would be acquired if our young women were instructed in the laws of heredity. Let the people throw aside that miserable shroud of mock-modesty and come at once boldly and with Christian sincerity to the fact that parentage is the highest and holiest mission with which God has intrusted mortals, and then, with the light of science, investigate and reflect upon the young woman's position, who launches on the sea of matrimony without one iota of knowledge concerning heredity, and consequently with but little appreciation of the responsibility of motherhood.

The circumstances surrounding a mother before a child's birth has been conclusively proved to greatly effect the child's whole disposition, and the temper which the mother allows to get the better of her then, as well as during her darling little one's tenderest years, before she suspects its education has begun, is at work with an influence upon its conduct away up in manhood or womanhood.

If the reality were thrown plainly before us and we were permitted to see how many crimes and bitter enmities were planted in the hearts of those who are now the blackest villains long before they had the power of speech, and how many of what are now our greatest philanthropists, our honored men of genius, owe their greatness to their mothers' disposition and talents—if we could plainly see all this as it is we would surely urge the importance of this subject as fearlessly as any other social reform.

In this connection we would urge mothers against encouraging their daughters in idleness, or making "ladies" of them; for in thus weakly bending to vanity, you are directly planting the seeds of indolence even in your grandchildren. Be cautious you who would see your daughters married to a "gentleman," and thereby have nothing to do. Such is, in any case, a poor means to acquire happiness; but there may be terrible consequences result.

A child that is well born, though moneyless, is better off than one rich in money, born of a careless, thoughtless mother, who understands nothing of the responsibility of parentage.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

All communications for answers in this column should be addressed Correspondents' Department, Family Circle Office, London East.

READER.—The lines occur in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and not in Burns' Works.

J. J.—You would be safer and wiser in following your father's advice than in entering into such an undertaking with a perfect stranger.

R. R.—You appear from your letter to be decided as to your course already, and we, to a certain extent, consider you are in the right. However, you had better not exhibit too little regard for your parents' wish, or the other party concerned might learn to respect you less.

Mrs. S.—Subscribers wishing to receive the monthly in place of the weekly will have their names changed next week, when the first copy of the monthly, consisting of the four October weeklies, will be issued. Subscriptions to the weekly may date from the beginning of any month.

W. P. W.—We would advise you to have nothing to do with the firm you speak of. Several American firms advertising similar employment at home have recently been shown to be unprincipled frauds. Where assistance is really required in any manufacturing business, the only satisfactory way we are aware of is to employ hands at the place where such manufacturing is carried on. Plenty of help can be secured at home for such highly remunerated work.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Whether it would be proper to return the letters to the young lady and ask her for your presents and letters or not depends entirely upon the intentions with which you made the presents, and the nature of the letters. If the letters contain anything that would compromise your dignity you are certainly justified in doing your best to secure them, and if the presents are costly and were given with the understanding of the lady's becoming your wife, and she has proved unfaithful to what she gave you reason to hope for, you have a right to demand that they be returned.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Beer.

Beer is regarded by many in this country as a healthy beverage. Let me give you a few of the ingredients used in its manufacture. The adulterations most commonly used to give bitterness are gentian, wormwood and quassia; to impart pungency, ginger, orange peel and caraway. If these were all, there would be small need of warning the young against the use of beer on account of its injurious ingredients; but when there are added, to preserve the frothy head, alum and blue vitriol; to intoxicate, cocculus indicus, nux vomica and tobacco; and to promote thirst, salt—then indeed does it become necessary to instruct and warn the innocent against the use of this poisonous beverage.

Cure of Stammering.

Many years ago a famous professor came to our town, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate stammerer, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases—ladies; and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away elated, raised the hundred dollars, paid the cash, and in half-an-hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without hesitation.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to turn on my sharpest wits and wait upon the magician.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I would. Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased. And now I propose to give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated, the cure has been complete.

The secret is this: the stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. He begins by reading one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the fore-finger or by moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering can continue long if the victim will read an hour every day, with thorough practice of this art, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousand's have paid fifty and a hundred dollars for this secret, I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world.—*Dio Lewis.*

Health Points.

Pimples are caused by improper diet. Cosmetics only injure.

A pinch of common table salt, dissolved in water, will relieve a bee sting.

To cure sneezing, plug the nostrils with cotton wool. The effect is instantaneous.

A nail brush is as important as a tooth brush, and the poorest should never be without them.

To avoid getting too stout, eat lean meat and few vegetables. Do not use much sugar or butter.

If an artery is severed tie a small cord or handkerchief tightly above it until a physician arrives.

Broken limbs should be placed in a natural position, and the patient kept quiet until help arrives.

Seven or eight successive applications of the white of an egg will prove a most efficacious remedy for a burn.

Burns and scalds are immediately relieved by an application of dry soda covered with a wet cloth moist enough to dissolve it.

The blood may be kept in proper circulation by a right mode of dressing, and this would effectually remedy cold feet. Bathing the feet in hot then in cold water followed by thorough friction gives speedy relief, to those suffering from this complaint, but even admitting it beneficial, it is only temporary. A sensible mode of dress, however, with good warm coverings for the lower limbs and feet during the damp and cold weather, is a preventative against the complaint for all time, and imparts that delicious feeling to the body that putting the feet in hot water does.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

The velvet season has opened.

Figured sash ribbons are plentiful.

A dress entirely of silk is no longer correct for street wear.

There is such a variety of shapes in woggles that every lady will have an opportunity of suiting her individual taste in the matter of wraps.

As a rule hats are worn smaller, more compact than they have been of late years; and as for bonnets, they are very small, indeed. Fashion has been tending slowly and surely toward small bonnets.

An elegant travelling suit for a bride is of grey cashmere, trimmed with several rows of fine silver braid, sewn on flat and close to each other. This braid borders the skirt, basque, sleeves, and collar, grey straw hat, with a long silvery shaded feather and a grey gauze veil.

Fichus are very large again, and are made of mull doubled and shirred once just back of the neck and twice in front, and are edged with either Oriental or Pompadour lace.

Combinations of two materials are again employed in rich costumes imported for Autumn and Winter; now and then a velvet dress is made entirely of plain velvet, but the rule is the use of brocaded velvet with plain velvet, or else ottoman silk with either plain velvet or with the figured velvet, which is brocaded on ottoman reps. The newest velvet brocades have the ground of velvet with the figures indented or sunken on the pile of the velvet, and of very gay colors on a sombre velvet background.

The great resource this autumn for retrimming and freshening up dresses of a former season, is velvet. Velvet has been used very freely through the summer for trimming dresses of all tissues, even cotton ones, and will be still more so employed for autumn costumes. Woollen dresses that have been cleaned, however good they may be, always require retrimming. This year they are to be trimmed with dark-colored velvet. A deep collar, cuffs and facings go a great way toward making a cleaned or dyed dress look new again. Then there are bands of velvet to be put on round the edge of flounces or draperies.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

How to Cook a Goose.—Boil it half an hour to take out the strong, oily taste, then stuff and roast it. Stuffing: Four small apples peeled and cored, one large onion or two small ones, two leaves of sage and thyme. Boil them in sufficient water to cover. When done, press through a sieve; add piece of butter; add sufficient mealy potato to make it dry; add pepper and salt to taste.

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups of butter, two cups of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in one cup of boiling water; knead soft, roll thin, and bake in quick oven.

RHUBARB PIES, NEW ENGLAND STYLE.—Peel some garden rhubarb, or pie-plant, and cut it in small pieces; after lining the pie plates with pastry fill them with layers of rhubarb and sugar, and if a lemon is available use the grated yellow rind for flavoring; cover the pie, wetting the edges of the pastry to make them adhere; make several cuts in the top crust, and bake the pie in a moderate oven until both top and bottom crust are nicely browned; if the bottom of the

pie cooks faster than the top, put a second plate under it, when it is quite brown; if the top browns before the bottom is done, cover it with brown paper. Dust the top crust with powdered sugar after the pie is done, and use it, either hot or cold.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of nice bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake like a custard. When baked spread over the top slices of jelly of any kind, and cover the whole with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with one cup of sugar and lemon. Brown lightly in the oven.

JELLIED GRAPES.—Pick and wash grapes, place a layer in a stone jar, sprinkle in washed rice in the proportion of one part rice to six parts grapes by measure, add a little sugar place them in the oven, and carefully add water until it nearly reaches the surface of the grapes. Cover close and bake slowly two or three hours. Serve cold as stewed fruit for breakfast or tea. Concord or Isabella grapes preferred.

TO CRYSTALLISE POP CORN.—Pop corn, with all its associations of good time and innocent enjoyment, is once more in season, and the children or young people who like to experiment with it can try the following recipe for crystallising it: Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water, and one cup of white sugar; boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts nicely-popped corn; stir vigorously until the sugar is evenly distributed over the corn; take the kettle from the fire and stir until it cools a little, and in this way you may have each kernel separate and all coated with the sugar.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Keep potatoes in a cool, dark place. Apples keep best on shelves.

Cleanse brushes in water in which there is a teaspoonful of ammonia.

Remove flower-pot stain from window sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water.

Vaseline is good for chapped hands. Borax in the water whitens and softens them.

A tablespoonful of black pepper, put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed, will keep them from sporting. It will also keep the colors of colored or black cambrics or muslin from running, and does not harden the water. A little gum arabic imparts gloss to common starch.

To cleanse the hair, take one gill of warmish water, add twenty drops of aqua ammonia, and with a bit of flannel or a sponge wash the hair, divide it into partings, so as to rub out the dandruff thoroughly. Then comb the hair with a fine-tooth comb, and let it dry in the air. This hair wash has been tried for years, and will not only keep the head very clean if used twice a month, but preserve the color and thickness of the hair.

To remove tan and sun-burn, cold cream, mutton tallow and lemon juice may be used; for freckles, apply the latter with a tiny camel's hair brush. The country girl, deprived of many things which her city cousin finds indispensable, discovers that she can remove the tan from her face with a wash made of green cucumbers sliced into skim-milk, or failing in this, she makes a decoction of buttermilk and tansy.

SÉLECTED.

"Singing only what is sweet :
Let us be the harvest of the wheat."

Time and Love.

Time flies. The swift hours hurry by,
And speed us on to untried ways ;
New seasons ripen, perish, die—
And yet love stays ;
The old, old love, like sweet at first,
At last like bitter wine :
know not if it blest or curst
Thy life and mine.

Time Flies. In vain our prayers, our tears :
We cannot tempt him to delays ;
Down to the past he bears the years—
And yet love stays.
Through changing task and varying dream
We hear the same refrain,
And one can hear a plaintive theme
Run through each strain.

Time flies. He steals our pulsing youth ;
He robs us of our care-free days ;
He takes away our trust, our truth—
And yet love stays.
O time ! Take love. When love is vain,
When all its best joys die,
When only its regrets remain,
Let love, too, fly !
—*Ella Wheeler in "Poems of Passion."*

Our Young Women.

A primal defect in our social life is the notion that girls have nothing to do. Boys are brought up to some employment, but girls to none, except where pecuniary want compels them. The family that is "well-off" has busy boys and idle girls. The young man, after eating his breakfast, starts out to his daily occupation, and returns at the close of the day. The young woman, after eating her breakfast (usually at a late hour), saunters about in quest of amusement. Novels, gossip, shopping (for unnecessary trifles), dressing in three or four different costumes, formal visiting, drawing (if able), and lounging, are the elements of the young woman's day. In the evening, by way of recreation (?), she goes to the theatre or a ball.

This unequal discipline of the sexes is the basis of innumerable evils. It makes the girl careless and selfish ; it turns her mind to personal adornment and other frivolous matters as the great concerns of life ; it takes away the sense of responsibility, and produces feebleness and disease in her physical constitution. It also prevents her from asserting her true dignity in the eyes of man ; for the life of utility is alone dignified. Women, thus brought up in indolence, are looked upon by men very much as were the women of the old dark times of the world, as mere playthings, expensive toys, not as counsellors and friends. Marriage in such circumstances belongs to a low, sensual plane, and the girl is prepared neither in body nor mind for the serious responsibilities and lofty duties which marriage implies. Her training, moreover, or lack of training, has made it necessary for a long purse to apply for her. Economy, helpfulness, co-operation—these are not coming to the now household from this

vain source. Dresses, drives, entertainments—these will form the staple demands on the young husband. Accordingly, in city life, where this class of young women is chiefly found, a young man is (greatly to his hurt often) kept from marrying by reason of its costliness, whereas society should be so ordered, that marriage would help the larder and not beggar it. We want simplicity of life, frugality, modesty, industry and system. If we could introduce these virtues in our higher society, we should diminish the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation and suicides of the single, and the bickerings, wretchedness and divorces of the married.

Let our girls have as regular daily duties as our boys. Let idleness be forbidden them. Let recreation be indeed recreation, at proper times and in proper quantities. Let us open more numerous avenues of female industry, and let every woman be clothed with the dignity of a useful life. Can such a reformation be brought about? My dear Madam, begin it yourself. Rule your household on this principle. Have the courage to defy fashion where it opposes. Be a bold leader in this reform, and you will soon see a host of followers glad to escape from the old folly.—*Howard Crosby.*

A Romantic Life.

There were three romances in the life of the late Joshua Sears, the millionaire grocer of Boston. The first when he was a poor young man. He started a flirtation with a wealthy beauty on a railroad train, called on her afterward, and finally found that his suit was in vain, because he was poor and she was rich. The second was when he was past middle age and very rich. He became engaged to a dashing young widow. One of her friends asked her: "What are you going to be married to that old fellow for?" "For his money, of course," said she. Sears heard of this. "For my money, eh?" he cried; "not by a blessed sight." He went to his lawyers and was told that she would have a good case in a breach of promise suit. He didn't want a lawsuit, so he handed a confidential friend \$10,000 and told him to go and see the widow and "fix things up," which was done, she accepting the bribe and giving him his freedom. The third was when he was an old man. He found himself enormously rich, but thought: "When I am gone, as I soon shall be, who will enjoy it all?" So he went to his friend Alpheus Hardy and said: "Hardy, I'm thinking of getting married. What do you think about it?" Hardy thought he knew a lady that would just suit. "Well, then, Hardy, you go and arrange it." So Hardy conducted the negotiations and Sears was accepted. On his wedding morn the bashful bridegroom called Hardy aside and said: "Hardy, I don't know anything about this ceremony and you do. So I wan't you to stick close to my side and coach me, so that I don't make any thundering mistake." Hardy did so, and all went well.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The little village of Annsville, on the Hudson, had derived its existence for nearly half a century from the Annsville wire works, which employed upward of four hundred men at good wages. Recently the wire mills were destroyed by fire, and threw out of employment nearly all the working population of the village. The proprietors of the wire mills decided not to rebuild. As a result the storekeepers of Annsville have been forced to close up, and the village is rapidly becoming depopulated. A more desolate looking place can hardly be imagined.

Housekeeping and Cooking.

The science of housekeeping deserves to be classed among the fine arts. It deserves to be made so much a study that processes and methods are lost and only the effect remains. We all remember Mrs. Stowe's blustering housekeeper who saw good reason why every one around her should be up and doing; on Monday, because it was wash-day; on Tuesday, because it was ironing-day; on Wednesday, because it was baking-day; on Thursday, because it was sweeping-day, and on Friday, because to-morrow would be Saturday, and the same author's notable contrast in Katy Scudder's, in whose home no one ever hurried, and where the work was always "done up."

"You consult only the dial-plate of your clock, but everything depends on the sets of wheels out of sight. So in the model home. A spectator would say the house kept itself, everything seems so easy. But in housewifery, as in literature, results that appear simple are produced at the greatest expenditure of thought. Macaulay's closing sentence on Byron is said to have cost him two days' work; and a tyro, deceived by the smooth diction and appropriateness of expression of sentiment, would think he could do quite as well himself.

Nothing but faithful thought and care keep the dining-room appointments from coming to shame, from the linen to the walls; nothing else keeps grease out of the soup and lead out of the bread; nothing else gives peace day and night from insect pests or keeps the dust of ages from windows, floors and shelves; nothing else fills the rooms with sweet air, tidy apparel, thrift and comfort, and imparts the general atmosphere of a place where you would like to stay. It is not much to say that good housekeeping is a compound of chemistry, cultivated taste, natural, mental and moral philosophy, economy, and that most uncommon article, common sense.

Making Wrinkles.

"O, dear! everything always comes at once," said Mrs. Unready, with a helpless sigh.

"What is it now?" asks a sympathizing neighbor.

"Why, here's my husband's sister coming to pay us a visit next week, and the whole house is out of order and needs to be cleaned and straightened up before she comes. The children never will let anything stay decent for an hour, and I had resolved not to let Tom and Lettie go to school another day without my looking after their lessons, for the examinations are almost here, and I fear they will not pass if I do not take some notice of them."

"You have not much time left for that."

"I know it, but I have been so busy I did not realize how much of the spring was gone. And to make matters worse, here is the sempstress in the house to do the spring sewing, engaged for two weeks and not a thing ready for her. I wonder if anybody ever did have to work as hard as I do."

Do you always live in this irregular way?" her visitor asked, gravely, with the privilege of an old friend.

"How do you mean?" asked Mrs. Unready, in some surprise.

"Having no fixed time for anything; it seems to me you would always be in hurry and confusion."

"So I am, but if I could only get good help for once I am sure I could catch up with my work." Here she was interrupted by the noisy incoming of Tom and Lettie, who threw their bags down in one place, bonnet and hat in another, and began clamoring for something to eat.

"Run and see if Harriet put away your dinner for you, I forgot it; and if there is none there, you will just have to take whatever you can find." Exit two discontented faces which are scarcely out of sight when the mother exclaims in a tone of vexation, "There, the children have gone without putting away their books; I must begin and see that they do it regularly every day. If anybody should come to pay us a visit they would think it was a dreadfully careless household."

Namby-Pamby Christians.

Dr. Talmage, on Sunday, announced his text as from I Samuel, xxiii, 10: "And his hand clave unto his sword." "A great general of King David's army was Eleazar," said Dr. Talmage. "He is the hero of my text. The Philistines offered him battle, and at the first onset his troops retreated. The cowards fled in confusion. Then Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side, are stronger than a whole battalion that have God against them. Having swept the field Eleazar laid down to rest, but when he attempted to put away his sword he found that the muscles and sinews of his hand had contracted upon the handle, and the hilt had become imbedded in the flesh. 'And his hand clave unto his sword.'

"That's what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel, and we want more of it. Eleazar took hold of his sword with a very tight grip. In this Christian contest, we want a tighter grip on the two-edged sword of truth. It makes me sick to see those people who accept only part of the truth and throw the rest away. The only thing for us to do is to accept all and fight for it till the hand cleaves unto the sword. I like an infidel a great deal better than those namby-pamby Christians who hold part of the truth and let the rest go. The sword of God's truth has been tested severely, bent this way and twisted that way, but it ever comes back to its original shape. I see hundreds of young men in this audience, and I say to them: 'Don't be ashamed of the Bible; it is the friend of everything that is good and the sworn foe to everything that is bad.'"

Then the Doctor regulated his voice to the sarcastic pitch, and talked of the people who "don't know." If their creed was written out, he said, it would read thus: "I believe in nothing; the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, is nothing; we came from nothing, we live for nothing, nothing will come of us, we will die of nothing and be judged of nothing. In the name of nothing, Amen." (Laughter.)

The preacher held up his hand, and gazing at it said:

"As I look at Eleazar's hand I notice that he possessed the spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not know that the hilt was eating into the palm of his hand. Let's go into the Christian warfare with self-abnegation. That man who is afraid of having his hand cut off will never kill a Philistine, Eleazar did not remember whether he had a hand or a foot or an arm; all he wanted was victory. The trouble with many of us is that we want to ride to Heaven in a Pullman palacocar, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up so we can sleep all the way, and the colored porter ordered to wake us as we are entering the Golden City."

Looking at Eleazar's hand, the preacher was convinced that the warrior had done a great deal of hard hitting. An enemy cannot be conquered with rosewater or soft speeches; There must be hard hits and sharp thrusts from beginning to end. Sweet sermons presented to congregations in morocco cases would not do.

"We must," thundered out the preacher, "drive from the Church those Christians who eat the sacrament on Sundays and devour the properties of the poor or widows on every other day of the week. We want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian Church of to-day. It will not do to have women detained from Sabbath-class because the new hats are not quite ready. And we must condemn churches which send committees to some demonstrative brother to ask him if he won't please say his 'amen' or 'hallelujah' just a little softer. I preach this sermon as a tonic, and want you to hold the sword of truth with such a grip and wield it with such force that it will react."

Accidents to an Imperial Family.

A whole series of unlucky accidents have lately befallen the Austrian imperial family. Just as the Empress Elizabeth was passing on horseback over a small bridge which spans a torrent in the Styrian Alps, near Murzsteg, a plank gave way under her horse's hoof. The animal stumbled and threw his rider over his head. On the very same day, at the same hour, Archduke William, brother of Archduke Albert, while superintending the cavalry exercises at the camp at Bruck, was taken ill, and fell in a dead faint off his horse; and at the same moment the Archduchess Clotilda, wife of Archduke Joseph, who had been to visit a girls' school near Buda-Pesth, having just stepped out of the house, accompanied by the young girls, heard a frightful noise behind her. She turned, and found that the roof of the school-room had just fallen in! What interpretation will superstitious people place upon those coincidences? Ours would be that the Archduchess Clotilda is luckier than her relations.

Death of Marwood.

Marwood, the executioner, died at Hornscastle, England, from congestion of the lungs and jaundice. He was sixty-three years of age and had held his post for twelve years. He leaves a widow, but no son, as has been stated. Some incidents of his life are narrated by a local correspondent who was personally acquainted with Marwood, and who had a long conversation with him shortly before his death. He says: "There were many attempts to get a portrait of Marwood, but he always refused. An enterprising photographer offered him fifty pounds one day for a sitting, but he declined, his explanation being that one of the things he enjoyed more than anything else was to go to a town by an earlier train than he was expected, and mix in the crowd that was waiting his arrival. If his correspondence has been preserved it will be very curious. Quite recently he showed me a sword of a Japanese executioner which had been sent to him by a gentleman from Brighton, and it was certainly of intrinsic value. He had contemplated, he said, putting another storey on his shop, and making a kind of museum, where he could show his friends and neighbors the peculiar things he had collected during his experiences as an executioner. Once only had he an interview with Calcraft, and that was when a party of Americans had asked to be allowed to visit Calcraft. Marwood went with some official to ask Calcraft if he would receive the visitors. He used to declare that previous to the execution in Ireland, when a prisoner's arm caught in the rope, he had never had a slip in his work. With regard to the Durham execution, concerning which he was summoned to the Home Office, immediately after the question had been put in Parliament, he stated that the prisoner fainted at the last moment, and that that was the cause

of the rope's catching in his arm, and he was particularly careful to mention that at the inquest and satisfactorily cleared himself. His opinion was that in all future executions a warder should stand on each side of the prisoner, on a plank extending over the drop, and the loose portion of the rope be tied up to the beam by a slight cord, which should give way by the weight of the body, and he declared that he should never undertake an execution again without these precautions being adopted. Many of his Irish experiences were a source of great amusement to him. An escort used to meet him at Chester and accompany him across the Channel. After some of the early executions connected with the Phoenix Park assassinations, Marwood had to proceed to Glasgow, and he related how an escort which was to accompany him were disappointed when they found that he declined their company, and intended to move about England without any protection whatever. It was at Glasgow, while he was preparing the prisoners on the scaffold, that a letter was received by the Governor of the jail which might have been a respite. The Governor signalled to Marwood while he read the letter, which proved to be on other business. Marwood received very few threatening letters."—*London Standard*.

City of Mexico.

New comers in the city of Mexico are surprised on finding so many of the conveniences common to large cities at home, such as the telephone, the electric light, a police force, and an excellent street car service. The electric lights are on the tops of iron rods running up from the gas-lamp posts. The police are far more soldierly than the regular army of the country. They wear a blue flannel suit, the coat buttoned up, and their cap has a covering of white, which, with the standing linen collar, is always immaculate. In their belts on one side they carry a club and on the other a large revolver. If one wishes to see a policeman he has only to go to the nearest corner, and he will surely find him standing there, for he has no beat to walk over. The speed at which street cars go is astonishing. They dash along as fast as mules can pull them, and as they approach a corner the driver gives a loud toot on a horn for the purpose of warning people at the crossing to get out of the way.

Jack of All Trades.

Charles B. King, of 66 Charter Oak street may be said to be the most multifarious tradesman in the State of Connecticut, having mastered no less than twenty-two distinct trades, and being, what is still more strange, a first-class workman in every one of them. He is not yet seventy years old and is vigorous and hale and is able to do a man's work any day. Here are the vocations he has learned: Blacksmith, house-carpenter, cabinet maker, ship-joiner, ship-carpenter, glass cutting and grinding, shoe making, harness making, wheelwright, iron machinist, wood machinist, mathematical instrument making, wood carving, pattern making, clock making, cooper, carriage maker, gardener and florist, moulder, patent-office model maker, plumbing, and locksmith. He is a genius in mechanics, and ascribes his ease in learning trades to "an accurate eye and a mechanical head." In addition to all the above-named useful vocations may be added the fact that Mr. King is a good musician and one of the best rifle shots.—*Hartford Times*.

Power of the Heart.

This important little organ of the body is the primary source of the movement of the vital stream. As with each stroke the heart projects something like six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times every minute and four thousand two hundred times in an hour, and it does the same thing one hundred thousand and eight hundred times in twenty-four hours, thirty millions of times every year, and more than two thousand five hundred of millions of times in a life of seventy years.

The mechanical force that is exerted at each stroke amounts to a pressure of thirteen pounds upon the entire charge of blood that has to be pressed onward through the branching network of blood-vessels. This gives an exertion of force that would be adequate in another form of application to lift one hundred and twenty tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to do this, and do it without a pause for three score and ten years, without itself being worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of flesh that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces.

It must also be remembered that this little vital machine can not at any time be stopped for repairs. If it gets out of order it must be set right as it runs. To stop the action of the heart for more than the briefest interval would be to change life into death.

An Inside View of Mormonism.

The *Independent* prints a pathetic letter "from the heart of a Mormon wife," in which the following paragraphs occur:

"In discussing the Mormon question we must not forget that for twenty years this community was isolated by a thousand miles of barren waste from civilization. During this time it was literally a kingdom within itself, and Brigham Young was king, his word law; his command a commandment from God. How far the youth reared under these conditions are responsible for imbibing false doctrine the intelligent man or woman can soon determine. I speak feelingly, for I was nurtured under these circumstances. The acceptance of polygamy as a 'divine revelation,' the cross by which the crown is reached, was the natural result of this education. So much have I suffered from these words 'duty' and 'sacrifice' that I almost shudder at their very sound, fearing some new trial that comes in their wake.

"It has now become a question in the minds of many Mormon wives how long they could desire life after all hope of earthly joy is crushed out of it. A silent protest is working in the hearts of many, very many women in Utah to-day. The strength of this system is being undermined by its very weakness, to prove, after forty years' trial, that it is a higher and a better form of social life.

"The work of disintegration has commenced, and from within can Mormonism only be effectually helped to eradicate its errors. This work, so long delayed, has now begun in good earnest. There is no one man who can ever hold the control that Brigham Young held over this people; and in the hands of twelve men the community are freer to exercise individual judgment.

"That some will have to suffer is only the work reformation always brings; but that as little of suffering shall be caused the innocent as is possible under the circumstances all humanitarians must desire. If the past were provided

for, and justly, the future provided against, the great difficulty will be met.

"Let families already formed by polygamic contact remain so, and bring about their own dissolution in their own way. This would cause the least suffering. But in any other case let some legislation be had which shall give financial protection to innocent women and their children.

"Human law must give some help to these long-suffering women, innocent victims to a false condition; but God alone can heal the heartaches, bind up the wounds so deeply made. In obeying a command, divinely clothed, they fully believed God would be their strength—taught as thousands have been from children to so believe; and now the spiritual life of this Church is seen more plainly in its women. Still, I have it from the lips of many a young wife and mother, 'I am fainting by the way; but for my children's sake I must bear up. What will be the end of all this suffering?' How many more have found early graves, the strain of mental anguish added to physical labor proving too much for their powers of endurance. When I recall the days, weeks, and months which have rolled into years of mental anguish, through which I have passed, I wonder how it is I live."

Wanted to be Liberal.

He must have been from the West. He was idling about old Burling Slip, when he took a stumble and brought up in the river. A ready hand threw him a plank to sustain himself, and he was soon hauled out.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he gave himself a shake, "what's your time worth per hour?"

"I'm getting twenty-five cents," replied one.

"And you were about nine minutes fooling with my case.. About nine but we'll call it ten. Your charge should be about four cents. About four, but we'll call it five. I haven't anything smaller than a dime, but one of you can run across the way and get it changed!"

"Oh, we don't want pay," remarked one.

"You don't? But you must accept of something. Here, boy, run over and buy me a couple of pears!"

The fruit was purchased and placed in his hands, and as he put one pear in his pocket and bit into the other he remarked:

"And if you ever come within fifty miles of where my uncle lives he'll be glad to have you stop all night with him. He keeps a hotel, and his charge won't be over two dollars!"

—*Wall Street News.*

What Ma Said.

Five or six couples had been invited in to play cards and listen to music, and peaches had been passed with other refreshments. The party was just ready to break up when the terror of the family entered the parlor and called out:

"There, pa, what did ma tell you?"

The "governor" probably knew what was coming, but before he could get the youngster out of the way he shot off the other barrel with:

"Ma said if we bought cling-stone peaches we'd save at least half, and we have!"

At a recent wedding in Canton, Mo., the parson closed the ceremony with the sentence: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder;" when an aged woman exclaimed with great earnestness: "Or no woman either; for they're just as bad as the men."

The Millionaire's Daughter.

Marie was mortal in her looks;
 Was only flesh and gore;
 And she dearly loved a salesman
 In an iron-monger's store.

What matters wealth or station,
 Or fortune's proudest fame,
 To hearts that yield their sweetness
 In one delicious flame?

Lord Bumblebee, a libertine,
 Who dressed in scarlet breeches,
 Had buzzed her. She rejected him,
 His title, and his riches.

In vain her father begged that she
 Would play a noble card,
 And hide the grease-spots on his blood,
 For he had dealt in lard.

The salesman asked her Pa's consent;
 Her mother he implored,
 She answered, "Never! My Marie
 Must wed that English lord."

This pressed a shadow to the heart
 Of beautiful Marie;
 She swooned whenever dropped around
 That horrid Bumblebee.

The stars above were shining bright
 And breathed low the breeze,
 As down a ladder tripped Marie.
 She handed her valise

To him, her own, her only love,
 And said, "John Henry, dear,
 Nor home nor night a prison is
 To me when you are near."

And at the altar they were bound
 As one in life to be,
 And then to mingle in the grave,
 John Henry and Marie.

The old man for a day or two
 Was slightly on his ear,
 But suddenly became himself
 When Mary did appear.

Then "Mary had a little lamb"—
 Pshaw! that's stale poetry—
 Well, anyhow, the insect
 Was not a Bumblebee. —*Texas Siftings.*

Willing to Assist the Worthy.

A certain wealthy man known for his piety, was approached by a young man he had known a long time, for the loan of a few hundred dollars.

"My dear boy," replied Cræsus, "I have known you since you were a child, and I knew your parents many years before they had laid down the burdens of life, and I am disposed to render the assistance you ask."

"I shall certainly consider it a great favor, sir, because the money will enable me to get a fair business start and put me on my feet in good shape."

"I know it, my boy, and as I said, I am only too ready and willing to help the orphan, to be a father to the fatherless, and do all in my power to assist the worthy and deserving, and if you will give me twelve per cent. per annum, with first-class real estate security it will be my greatest pleasure to accommodate you."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the Immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The competition for our Christmas prize bids fair to be very close, and we hope none who have entered the contest will drop out now, but all boldly try till the end. Only one, certainly can win the prize and there will be many left without; yet once having begun we wish to see no difficulties balk our young friends and would remind them all that if they cannot solve all the puzzles, perhaps no one else would be able to either, and the prize is to be awarded to the one who answers most during the three months, September, October and November. The contestants are as follows, many being very close with regard to merit: Geo. U. Stiff, Hamilton; Wm. Galleys, Toronto; Scout, West Point, N. Y.; Josie Abel Windsor; Crocodile, Sarina; Frank Sharman, Stratford; Clara M. Vollauss, Windsor; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Nemo, Port Huron; Walter Symmes, Goderich; James Thompson, Toronto; George H., Toronto, and Albert Aspley, Montreal. The nine first mentioned are nearly equal with regard to merit, and some of the others are so little behind that any may yet have a chance of carrying off the prize.

Remember answers to the puzzles in this number must be in by the 5th of November.

OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1

CHARADE.

My first transposed is what we all do, my second contains my first, and my whole is a vessel.

2

SQUARE WORDS.

I

A measure.
 Perfume.
 A town in Italy.
 A country in Europe.

II

A name for Christmas.
 A river in the Eastern Hemisphere.
 Liquid matter.
 Ancient name of Persia.

3

EDUCATIONAL ANAGRAMS.

Nell's pig.
 I cheat Trim.
 Real gab.
 Shy riot.
 Nab toy.
 My richest.
 Ego try me.
 I muse on rant.
 Moon is topic.—*Tyro.*

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

1. Cross Word Enigma:—Puzzle.
2. Charade:—Pea-cock.
3. Geographical Anagram:—Ontario.
4. Couundrum:—Connect-i-cut.
5. Square Word:—L A N D
 A V E R
 N E R O
 D R O P

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

Mr. Whittier has returned to Boston for the winter.

A translation of one of Bret Harte's stories is being printed in the St. Petersburg Gazette.

The Marquis of Lorne will be created a Knight of the Garter upon his return to England.

Mr. Edmund Yates is writing a book of reminiscences, to be called "Forty Years in Literature."

Preparations are being made in Montreal for the holding of a winter carnival similar to that of last year.

A number of ladies have been arrested at Warsaw on suspicion of being connected with Nihilist conspiracies.

There is a woman in Rosendale, N.Y., who claims that she did not know it was unlawful to have two husbands.

There is to be a demonstration and dinner in honor of Victor Hugo in Geneva, to which city he is to make a visit.

A Japanese theatre was burned one night last week during a performance. Seventy-five people were killed and a hundred injured.

Shakespeare's remains are not to be disturbed, the Council of Stratford-upon-Avon having passed a resolution condemning their removal.

The funeral of the Russian author Tourgueneff took place at St. Petersburg on the 9th inst., and was participated in by many thousands of people.

Bayard Taylor's daughter is supporting herself, and she and her mother have declined a purse of \$30,000 subscribed by the ladies of New York.

Col. Clibborn, of the Salvation Army, has been expelled from Geneva, and Miss Booth, a member of the Army, is imprisoned at Neuchatel for violating the order prohibiting them from holding meetings.

The town hall at Lyons, France, was considerably damaged by the explosion of an infernal machine on Monday, but no one was injured. The causes of the explosion, and also of that at Bordeaux recently, are being investigated. They are attributed to revolutionists.

An action was brought last week in the Superior Court, Montreal, against the Collector of Customs, for seizing a number of volumes of Paine and Voltaire, imported by Mr. W. C. Lawrence. A number of agnostics were placed in the witness box, and some curious explanations were offered as to what was meant by immoral literature. Judgment was reserved.

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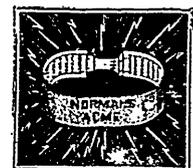
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