

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTHY AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF

EDWARD DESERES & SONS LONDON

VOL. VI.

LONDON EAST, ONT., MAY, 1883.

NO. 11.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

## Remembrance.

Come Rose, let us ramble together  
This beautiful morning in May,  
And gaze o'er the woodland and heather  
As we used in the years rolled away;  
Where we chose in the hours of childhood,  
When sorrow and sin were unknown,  
Let us wander away in the wildwood,  
With grasses o'ergrown.

Let us linger to look for the lilies,  
Where they grew by the grove, in the lea,  
And nestle where nature will tell us,  
Of the past, dear to you and to me.  
From the knolls we have gathered gay flowers,  
And down in the meadow or mire,  
From neath the birds' beautiful bowers,  
The bracken or brier.

We have fed the winged pets in the summer,  
In sunshine or sylvan shade,  
And we've joyfully hailed the new-comer,  
E'er the forest in leaves was arrayed;  
We have sat on the sod, dear, to listen,  
Their voices in thicket or dell,  
As we watched the glad silver stream glisten,  
When the moon on it fell;

These pastimes with others as merry  
Once saved us from sorrow and pain;  
Then summon each fair forest fairy,  
And prithee pour o'er them again.  
Come Rose, let us ramble together  
This beautiful morning in May,  
And gaze o'er the woodland and heather,  
As in years rolled away.

N. Kn.

## The Breadfunder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

**A** COWARD:—a traitor! cried Boldero, striking the table with his fist.

"Hush!" said the Chairman of the evening. "These are words that we should pay attention to. Our friend may be mistaken, but he is neither a traitor nor a coward."

"You say that the people are oppressed," said Harding. "I grant it. Are you indignant at the servile condition of the masses? So am I. But let us be sure that we do not aid to keep them servile. Let us ask ourselves if we are free from the cursed leaven of aristocracy."

"I saw, to-day, a tradesman, whose business produces him, perhaps, from two to three hundred a-year, treat a

mechanic with rudeness. The mechanic fumed at the insult. His course was also mine, and we passed down Holborn together. A vendor of some trifling articles begged him to purchase. There was as much conventional difference between him and the ragged creature who supplicated him, as between himself and the rude tradesman. He was suffering from the tradesman's insolence; but, mark you, he did not hesitate to insult the vendor of these trifling articles. Now, each of these individuals—the tradesman in his way, and the mechanic in his, was an aristocrat. 'I am better than thou!' was the spirit in which each addressed his supposed inferior. The wearer of a superfine coat, my friends, treats with scorn the wearer of fustian; and the artisan holds himself superior to the owner of a smock-frock or a fantail hat.

"Abolish rotten boroughs? Abolish, I say, the rotten heart!

"It is this—this which keeps the masses servile, and leaves them an easy prey to corrupt legislation. We have no love amongst ourselves. Each seeks to vaunt it over his fellow. The aristocrat in his ducal hall, is not prouder than the aristocrat of the counter.

"I will go even further. I will say that the duke is less imperious, less arrogant, less insulting to a presumed inferior than the opulent shopkeeper.

"I have known an aristocrat among the dwellers in a row of small tenements, the rent of which, paid weekly to the landlord, was five or six shillings a-week. A man, living in one of those tenements, earned five-and-twenty shillings a-week, while his neighbors earned sixteen or seventeen. They looked up to him, and he looked down upon them. He would not associate with them; and when he spoke to any of them, there was condescension in his tones.

"Your political grievances are great, but your social ills are greater. Root out—root out cursed pride. O my friend, let us reform ourselves! All reform of corrupt institutions in Church and State will be easy after that. Let us be better men than our rulers.

"Do you trace our personal corruption to the example which the greater have set us? So do I. We have been inoculated by their virus. But let us now set them an example, and inoculate them with our love. Love, my friend, is mighty; love, my friend, is omnipotent.

"We are politically oppressed. Let us begin a political agitation; but let it be, also, a peaceful one. Never abating one jot of our just demands,—never being cajoled, never intimidated, let us press onward and onward. Shall we soonest obtain our triumph by the appeal to arms which you recommend, or by crowded rooms in every town of England, by reason, friends,—by argument? By eloquent human speech you shall better persuade your opponent than by dealing him a buffet on the face."

"There is reason in what you say," observed the Chairman, "and I, for one, fear violence. I—"

"From this moment I wash my hands of your counsels," said Harding, when the noise had subsided. Boldero and two or three others renewed the hissing as he passed out of the room.

"I am quite alarmed, William," said his wife, when he joined her at Peasnop's door; "they say the Asiatic cholera is coming to England."

"It is. It has been on its mysterious march for nearly two years," replied her husband.

## CHAPTER VI.

SCARCELY had Harding finished his breakfast on the following morning, when the late Chairman of the P.F.D., accompanied by two members of the committee, paid him a visit.

"For the purpose," said the former, "of conferring with you respecting the formation of a league for carrying on a Moral Force Agitation. We are converts to your opinions, Mr. Harding, and believe that all violence would be destructive of the ends we have in view."

"I am but a young man, Mr. Headcorn," replied William, "and do not pretend to teach my elders. But the error of the P.F.D. seems to me now so glaring, that I am ready to contest it anywhere and at any season. Of the league you speak of, I could not, however, be a member."

They had evidently reckoned on his instant acquiescence in their scheme, for they were taken aback by this announcement.

"And why, pray?" asked Headcorn. "Why, in the name of consistency, Mr. Harding!"

"Because," replied Harding, "I have learned of late to look upon mere politics with less interest than formerly. I told you last night that our social evils far outweighed our political ones. They do. The evil of which we have to rid ourselves dwells in ourselves."

"That may be true, but——"

"It is true. Beside that evil all others shrink into insignificance. That which fetters my manhood is not my political disqualification, but my spiritual incapacity. I am ruled by meat and drink and house-rent and coals. I am the servant of these things, and not their master."

"You would not, then, fan the flame of political discontent?"

"Tell me, can bad men make good laws?"

"I can't say,—perhaps not."

"Go on and get a reform in parliament. You will then send into the House men who were never there before, and under the present system of representation could not well get there. Do you think in ten or twenty years' time, the people—the masses—the brewers of wood and drawers of water, will be improved, even in worldly condition—will be better off, in short, than they are now, in this year 1832?"

"Of course we think so," replied Mr. Lynchpin, one of Headcorn's associates.

"You are mistaken," said Harding. "They will be worse off in twenty years' time. And for this reason. The hideous cancer of our immoral social system is ever increasing. You do not attempt to heal that. You are trying to mend a gap in the hedge, while the gate stands wide open."

"Your meaning is not very clear, Mr. Harding," remarked Headcorn.

"A is a great Radical," said William. "He is to be met with at all public meetings, and is foremost in rebuking the pride of the aristocracy. He plumes himself upon his republican opinion. He asserts the natural equality of man. He talks much of human brother-hood. A is well-to-do. The world has smiled on him. He ordinarily takes, after his dinner—a half-pint of port, that has been twelve years in the wood, he tells you, that it is mild as maternal milk. Well B is also a great Radical, but a poor, striving man, finding bread by strenuous six days' toil. His wife takes in washing, and his children are taught by charity. B never tastes port. A meets B. They are equal—they are brothers. B is honest, clean, and sober, intelligent, and a good father, a good husband, a good neighbor, a good citizen. Now, tell me, will A shake hands with B?"

"Why, perhaps not——"

"And why not? Because B is poor. There is no other reason. A is the servant of meat, drink, house-rent, and of wine that is old in the wood."

"But would you carry this practice of equality so far as to shake hands with your servant?" demanded Mr. Meadowgrass, who had hitherto listened in silence.

"Why not?" asked Harding.

"Well, really," said Headcorn, "I go as far as most men, but I wouldn't demean myself to that extent, neither. I can understand A, as you call him, giving B a 'Good morning!' or a 'How'd'ye do?' but as to shaking hands with a servant——"

"You wouldn't do it?"

"Well, frankly, Mr. Harding, I wouldn't."

"And why?"

Headcorn moved in his chair, but did not reply.

"B," resumed Harding, "receives, one fine morning, a letter, which apprises him that he is the unexpected heir to a goodly estate. The news gets spread abroad. It is told to A. Does he think better of B, who really would be quite presentable in a good coat? He meets B a day or two afterwards. Does he shake hands with him on this occasion?"

There is no reply.

"Yes, he does," proceeded Harding. "And why? Because B is rich. So again A is the servant of meat, drink, house-rent, and a good coat."

"I don't see how this bears upon our project of Moral Force Agitation for Political Rights," observed Headcorn, who was unprepared for the turn which the conversation had taken.

"C and D are tradesmen," continued Harding, without heeding his guest's remark. "They are both in one line, dwell in the same neighborhood. 'Ho! ho!' says C, D is getting more custom than I am; I must sell cheaper than he does.' So C announces his stock at reduced price; but in order to obtain a profit, he adulterates his goods. 'It is so,' says D. 'I must cheapen my stock likewise.' But, to secure a livelihood, he gives short weight. Now C and D are great reformers, and lament corruption and extortion in Church and State. When tradesmen are aristocrats and speculators, the commonwealth is in danger, not from bad law, but from bad men."

"You will not join our league, then, Mr. Harding?" said Headcorn.

"I will not. Understand me, I do not object to it. Agitate, by all means. Expunge the bad law from the statute-book. But I have another mission, and, I think, a holier one."

His visitors took their leave with a hearty contempt for him.

"William," said his wife, entering the room, when they were gone. "Don't you go to Mr. Boldero this morning? It's past eleven o'clock."

"Oh," replied poor Harding, "I had forgotten to tell you; I am not to teach Boldero any longer."

"Indeed exclaimed Emma. "Your opinions, again, I dare say, have lost you that nice young man."

"Yes; my opinions. I am not stone or wood. I have a soul."

"Well do you know what I can tell you? I have only seventeen shillings left in my purse. There, now."

"Haven't we any—any credit in the neighborhood?" faltered Harding.

"To the extent of two loaves, and one leg of mutton," answered Emma. "There, don't sit with your head buried in your hands, but go out and get bread. You often say you are a breadfinder. I wish you would find some."

"Emma, dear!" said William, showing a face of expostulation.

"Aye it is very well to say Emma dear," she rejoined, "very well, and very easy. While you had one pupil you did not try to get another; and now you have nothing to fall back upon. William you are an idle man."

He felt that there was some justice in her taunt, but he would not acknowledge it. Hastily seizing his hat, he prepared to leave the house. She tried to detain him, but he wrested himself from her, and gained the street. How great the fall from high Philosophy to shabby Fact!

He did not know whether to go, and so he determined to visit Boldero, who indeed, was in his debt for a month's instruction in the Ajax and Philoctetes. But he was encountered at the door by the same man, dressed as an artisan, who had accosted him on the same spot on the previous day.

"Do you want Mr. Boldero?" this person demanded in nearly the same terms as before.

"I do;" replied Harding. "I am accustomed to see him about this time in the morning."

"You cannot see him to-day. At least he is not visible in his rooms. You can speak to him at the committee-room of the P. F. D., this evening," the man said.

"I am no longer a P. F. D.," Harding answered. "I wish to see Mr. Boldero on other business."

"It is impossible, I assure you." The speaker interposed himself between Harding and the door of the house. "Mr. Boldero is not visible."

"Has he not risen yet?" said Harding. "I can wait if he has not. Or, if he has gone out, I will leave a note."

"I will deliver any message. I am in Mr. Boldero's confidence. But you cannot enter his rooms. He has locked his door."

The man was evidently a Cerebus, and was acting according to instruction received. Harding thought it strange, but, as he could not get personal access to his pupil—or late pupil, for his relation to Boldero was not well defined, he contented himself with saying he would write a note at his own house, and send it by post. He determined, after a little consideration, to return home, partly for the purpose of writing and despatching this note, and partly to comfort his wife, who would, he reflected, remain in a state of uneasiness about him, from their unsatisfactory parting.

## CHAPTER VII.

HE felt, as which of us has not felt, how humiliating to our higher and better feelings are the fretful events of the social life we lead? And then he thought how erring he had been, and how many deviations he had made from the path of rectitude which he had proposed to tread. Beginning with his first disgust at his father's breadfinding, and tracing his own course hitherto,—remembering how he had fallen into temptation, and received at his father's hands the very money he had scorned not eighteen months before,—how he had eaten at his own table the food which he had rejected with loathing in his father's house,—how compromised he was by the necessity which had driven him as a supplicant to the hand which he had indignantly spurned in those purer days, he wept—he wept,—and the stern tears fell from his blinded eyes upon the pavement like large drops of rain.

His finger was raised to the knocker, but had not touched it when the door was opened, and Emma,—she had seen him pass the window,—stood upon the threshold, with eyes in which the tears, also, lingered. She seized both his hands, and pulled him into the room.

"Forgive your bad girl," she said. "Forgive my wicked temper, William. I have been most unjust to you. If you are unfortunate, dear, you are not to blame."

"I am to blame, Emma; and I am not unfortunate," he answered. "I am to blame, because I have not persevered in getting a livelihood; and I cannot be called unfortunate, because I have never yet fairly tried my fortune. They only are unfortunate who try, and fail."

"O my brave husband when you once fairly try, you will not fail. I know it,—I know it. My whole being throbs with confidence in your success, when once you commit yourself in earnest to the laws which sway this world's right and wrong. When you left the house just now,—hush! don't interrupt me with a word,—I sat in agony beside my baby's bed, but my anguish passed away; and if an angel had become visible to my sight, and I had touched his robes with my hands, I could not have been more sensible of a Higher and Consoling Presence."

"Fancy, Emma; let us trust ourselves, not angels. For the rest, I will become a Doer among men,—a Breadfinder,—an earner of the daily bread that is eaten at my table. If tuition fails me, I have bodily strength, and I can follow some handicraft, like other men."

He sat down and wrote a note to Boldero, which was presently despatched. Then, while his wife busied herself about the concerns of their little household, he revolved in his mind many plans for making an effectual start in the world. This dependence upon one or two chance plans would not do, if any position above that of constant contingency from day to day for the bread and meat of to-morrow was to be his aim.

Emma,—she was lighter of heart, now that she was reconciled to her husband,—began to sing.

He must work. Must we not all work? Must not our whole lives, as Carlyle says, be a repeated conjugation of the verb To Do? He must work. Yes; but how?—what? He knew no trade; he was disciplined to no profession. With his face buried in his hands, and his elbows resting on his knees, he thought and thought. At length, starting up, he told Emma that he should be back in an hour or two, and went out a second time.

He had been absent, perhaps, half-an-hour, when Emma, who had continued to sing almost without intermission, was surprised at hearing the heavy tread of a man's foot descending the stairs. It came along the passage—it halted at her door. She responded to a summons which was presently given by vigorous knuckles, by cautiously peeping forth upon the applicant. But what she saw made her hastily close the door, and draw the bolt.

She was never more frightened in her life. She knew that by ringing the bell she could summon the landlady, but she hesitated to do this, and almost held her breath, though a strong door, secured by a strong bolt, was interposed between her and the terror.

"Won't you sing? Do sing again," said a voice in a foreign accent. "You ravish, you charm. O you have such quality."

Emma released the bell rope. She—I don't know how I shall account for it—felt somewhat reassured.

"You melt,—you make a gentle monster of the savage beast," said the voice.

Emma's heart beat like the ticking of a clock, but she was not angry—not at all. For, since her girlhood, she had dreamed of this, but had sought no confidant for her dreams. She could hum an air when she was four years old, but her parents were serious people, and discountenanced her early vocal efforts. I could write a lecture on the sinful mistake they made; but let that pass. From four years of age, however, she had gone on singing: catching up such airs as she could glean, and taking lessons of Nature when no one was near to censure or criticize.

"You make me all one excitement," said the voice. "I hear you sing, and I cannot sit—I cannot read the newspaper—I cannot drink my coffee."

"He speaks very good English for a foreigner," thought Emma. "It must be the new lodger that came in yesterday."

"Will you sing again? Will you let me in? I will not hurt you. I am a mild man. I was born in Paris, but I call myself Signor Pepolini, and I belong to the Grand Theatre."

"If William should wish to make his acquaintance," thought Emma again, "I shall not oppose his desire, certainly. If he belongs to the Opera, he will, perhaps, get us some orders."

As if Signor Pepolini had divined her thought, he said, "I shall give you tickets for the Grand Theatre. I shall place you in the grand seats. You shall see the King and the Queen, and the grand lords and ladies. I excite them all to be silent when I sing."

"If I wasn't alone," thought Emma, "I declare I would let him in."

But as she did not respond audibly to his solicitations, did not by word or movement indicate her presence, the Signor concluded that she had retired to an inner apartment, and could not hear him. There was a strong wind blowing that March day, and the Signor's feet were in slippers. The wind gained an entrance beneath the house-door, and swept along the passage. The Signor's ankles were getting uncomfortable. Moreover, he reflected that his coffee was getting cold. He heaved a deep sigh, and departed.

Emma felt that this was an epoch in her life. She could sing, then—might some day (who could tell?) get her bread—her husband's—her baby's bread by singing. It was a pleasant thought, and she gave it full rein, and let it lead her where it would.

It was rather wild, that thought, and when it was put to flight by her husband's knock at the door, she was calculating what fifty pounds a-night would amount to in nine months, supposing that she should be three months in the year without an engagement.

"Well, Emma," said Harding, as he entered, "I have got a situation. I went to an old acquaintance of my father's,

and frankly told him my difficulties. He engaged me directly."

"Ah! thank God! said Emma, clasping her hands. "And the situation——"

"Will yield eighteen shillings a-week. It isn't much, certainly, but we can manage, perhaps, to live on it. Only we must leave these lodgings, and seek very humble ones."

"Eighteen shillings a-week!" repeated Emma. "That is not much, indeed, William; and what is your employer?"

"A cheesemonger!" answered Harding. "Cheese, butter, hams, and bacon—you know what such people sell."

"Cheese, butter, hams, and bacon!" echoed his wife. "And you are to——"

"To retail them? Yes. There is no disgrace in cutting a rasher of bacon, or two penn'orth of cheese, is there? Besides, sometimes I shall persuade my customers to buy the whole flich, or the entire cheese, and then my master will smile, and say, 'Well done.' And that will be consolation, will it not?"

"Cheese, butter, bacon!" repeated Emma, again, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"He won't dismiss me for my opinions, at least," said William. "All he requires is vigilance, honesty, and a pleasant way of wheedling customers into purchasing large quantities, with a quick eye for bad money. Bless you, I might say, 'Hang the King!' fifty times a-day, and he would take no offence."

"Well I didn't expect this of you, William. And you will have to wear an apron, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. What of that?"

"O dear me, what a figure you will look. I would rather starve, William."

"No, you wouldn't. Hunger is a sharp thorn, as the beggars say. I shall bring you home my wages every Saturday night. You will ask, 'What shall we have for to-morrow's dinner?' I shall answer, 'What you please, love.'"

"There, hold your stuf, William. I have no patience with you. I declare you make a merit of what you have done."

"I do make a merit of it, Emma. God be my witness, I do. I have now the certainty of a roof, a bed, and food, for all three of us. I was a breadlinder, and I have found my bread."

"Little more than your bread, then, I can tell you; for what will eighteen shillings a-week do, with rent, and clothes, and all to come out of it? My stars, I suppose you think that I can manage with it. But if you entertain any such wild notions, I would have you dismiss them. Eighteen shillings a-week, and coals, candles, tea, sugar, bread, butter, meat, potatoes, clothes for you, and clothes for me, and clothes for the baby. Shoes for—for two of us, at any rate, for baby's little shoes ain't worth mentioning—I'll grant that. And you expect me to do all this out of your paltry eighteen shillings a-week! You must have taken leave of your senses, I think."

"Or, you have lost yours—which, Emma?"

She did not reply. Harding, hearing a noise, looked round, and beheld a whiskered and mustachioed face, which was protruded into the room.

"I make many regrets; I ask a thousand pardons," said Signor Popolini, —to the face, with its ornaments, belonged to him. "I will walk in, if you will give me the grand invitation."

Harding looked at his wife, and at the Signor, and at his wife again.

"I will walk in, and will make myself very little in a corner, if you will say the grand welcome," proceeded the Signor. "I tried to read the news,—I tried to read a book, I tried to smoke my pipe,—it was no use. I have the memory of the sweet voice. I make many regrets. I ask a thousand pardons."

Harding looked very earnestly at his wife for an explanation. But he still did not utter a word, or give the Signor the grand welcome.

"The gentleman is the new lodger," faltered Emma.

"Yes," replied Harding. "I understand that. But you have not the honor of his acquaintance, have you?"

"Oh no," she said, quickly.

"Well, Sir," said Harding, turning to the Signor, "your business?"

"I will be very small in this chair," said Popolini, entering the room, and dropping into a seat. "I speak your language not bad. I shall have the honor of conversing with you. I shall have the honor of offering you some very good wine."

He thrust his hand into the capacious pocket of his morning gown, and drew forth a bottle, which he fixed between his knees. Then he produced a corkscrew, and proceeded to draw the cork.

"I shall have the honor to offer you some very fine cigar," he added, diving into another pocket, and bringing up a cigar-case. "They are the most beautiful for smoking. I shall have the honor to offer you some snuff."

He inserted his fingers into a pocket of his waistcoat, and produced a snuff box. Harding viewed these proceedings with the air of a man who did not know how to conduct himself.

"Ah, *Mon Dieu!* we cannot drink without the glasses," said the Signor, depositing the bottle, the snuff-box and the cigar-case on the table, and returning the corkscrew to his pocket. "I shall have the honor to bring glasses from my apartment."

"I beg that you will not inconvenience yourself," said Harding. "I never drink wine before dinner, I seldom smoke, and I am not a snuff-taker."

"You will not taste my wine?" returned Popolini, shrugging his shoulders. "You make me ashamed of my poor presents. It is so good. It would not hurt a very small child. It will make you very glad. I assure you it is very innocent. You smile. You will taste it. I shall have the pleasure to drink your very good health."

The Signor stood irresolutely on the threshold.

"I am a good companion. I love the joke and the fun," he continued. "I shall have the honor to make you laugh very much."

"You are what we English call a good fellow," said Harding, offering his palm to the Signor. "I am happy to make your acquaintance."

"You will drink my wine?—you will smoke my cigars? You excite me to be very happy. I shall have the honor to dine with you in my apartment. I will go and prepare a grand dinner. I give you the grand invitation. My name is Jean Masson, but I call myself Signor Popolini to please the lords and ladies of the Grand Theatre."

Conceding to Harding's request that he would make no preparations for a grand dinner, but would take an unpretending chop with them, M. Jean Masson resumed his seat, which he was prevailed upon to draw out of the corner, and thereon to expand to his natural size before the fire.

Harding went on the next Monday morning to his employment. He had a clean coarse apron in his pocket. His wife cried when he rose from the breakfast to set forth, but he kissed away her tears, and told her that he had found their bread,—his, hers, and the baby's.

"Little woman," he said, "remember what M. Jean Masson told us,—that you will be a fine singer. Then you, also, will find bread."

They had not yet removed into the humble lodgings that he had spoken of, as being more suited to his small income than those they now occupied. Boldero had sent four guineas for the month's instruction in the Ajax and Philoctetes. Harding said that this sum would pay eight weeks' rent, and they could live sumptuously on eighteen shillings a-week.

"We won't go away from M. Jean, if we can help it," was his excuse for this otherwise scarcely politic proceeding. "In eight weeks something may turn up. And our Signor may be the means of getting you a professional education—who knows? But if we quit his neighborhood, we may never see him again, or he might not choose to visit us, for our home would be so poor, that we might not have a passage. And M. Jean might not relish that."

"Not have a passage," cried the petrified Emma. "You are not in earnest, William?"

He said he was. God help them, without a passage, his wife thought. So she was quite satisfied that Boldero's four guineas should liquidate eight weeks' rent in their present apartments.

Harding was to dine and to take his tea with his employer. Emma therefore would see him no more till the shop was closed for the day. Baby was put to bed and the fire was

burning brightly. As a treat, the table was garnished with a dish of oysters. Emma sat waiting his return, and beating a tattoo upon the tender with her foot.

"Courage," was his first word, when he entered, "Courage, Emma."

(To be Continued.)

## Mrs. Hartsey's Experience.

**D**ARIUS Hartsey came of a family whose men were noted as affectionate and devoted husbands and prosperous business men; so even before he became of age he was angled for, with more or less skill, by many judicious mothers and not a few young women. He enjoyed the experience, but the distinguishing family trait being strong in him, he succumbed soon after he became his own master, the fortunate woman being as good and pretty as any of her companions. Every one told Mrs. Hartsey that she was very fortunate, and for a few months the young wife believed what she heard.

But her husband was human, and so was she; there is nothing so good but it might be better, so Mrs. Hartsey soon began to wish that her husband might be one thing and another that some other men were, and she didn't hesitate to tell him so. Hartsey did his best to be obliging, but the more he did the more he was expected to do. In his courting days he had told his sweetheart that he was a devoted slave; she took him literally at his word and treated him accordingly. She never doubted that she loved him with her whole heart; neither did Hartsey, but sometimes he was compelled to admit to himself that some hearts were far smaller than others, and that his wife's was not of the largest size. His wife longed to have him always with her, but Hartsey could not help at times believing that his mate unconsciously regarded him as a trustworthy rubbish heap, upon which she could cast all the odds and ends of gossip and temper that she scarcely dared heap upon anyone else, the quantity of this worthless mental residuum being so great that the patient husband felt, after enduring uncomplainingly for two or three hours, as if he had done a hard day's work, and all to no purpose, for when Mrs. Hartsey's mind was entirely emptied it was in a condition so unsatisfactory to its owner that she herself was sensible of some things unusual and unpleasant, and invariably devised some way of blaming her husband for it.

Hartsey bore all uncomplainingly; he loved his wife with all his strength, which was great, and when he was away from her he freshened his affections by worshipping the ideal he had formed of his companion in their ante-marital days, and although Mrs. Hartsey was as likely as not to break the image to fragments when next he met her he went on living according to his nature, and hoping that some day something would open the dear little woman's eyes to the mistake she was making. But Mrs. Hartsey's eyes did not open; they could see just well enough to perceive the mote in those of her husband. As the children who came to the couple grew large enough not to be treated as lap dogs, Hartsey experienced some relief that was a thousand times less endurable than the original trouble, for a great deal of Mrs. Hartsey's petulance was relieved upon the little ones, so they changed from cheerful babies to boys and girls by turns excitable and morose. What intensified the husband's misery was that Mrs. Hartsey clearly saw the faults of other women whose temperament was exactly like her own, and held them in utter detestation, but when Hartsey attempted, as occasionally he did, to hint to his wife that she sometimes acted like her detested acquaintances, he was rewarded by a torrent of tears and an occasional hysterical fit.

As had been his custom ever since marriage, Hartsey asked himself frequently and honestly whether the fault could be his. He knew that his wife never lacked what money she needed, that she had plenty of servants, and that he spent most of his hours at home in quieting irregularities of tradesmen, servants, and children. He stole a couple of hours daily and took his wife out riding, but the principal result was that Mrs. Hartsey saw houses that she liked better than her own; he tried to amuse his children so they should not worry their mother, but was soon accused of 'ov-

ing his children more than he did his wife. He took Mrs. Hartsey to the theatre, and a frantic admiration of actors, each of some assumed look or quality that Hartsey did not possess, made the poor man very uncomfortable.

Finally the miserable man broke down physically. During the first day of his sickness, his wife was so tender and sympathetic that she seemed like her old self; on the second day she was cheerful but not very attentive; after that she came to her husband with each day's worries and found some excuse to blame him for all of them. Hartsey endured to the best of his ability, but in his weakness he was not equal to all he had borne in other days, so one night, after a day of continuous exasperation that made his nerve temporarily serve as strength, he got out of bed, donned his clothes, and left his house without being seen.

When Mrs. Hartsey discovered that her husband was nowhere in the house, she indulged in a most satisfactory amount of weeping, complaining and raving. Having thus readjusted her equilibrium she was compelled to endure some painful interviews with her conscience; she tried to make light of them, but conscience in Mrs. Hartsey had lain dormant so long that it was untiring when aroused, and the wretched woman was compelled to tell herself the truth about her conduct during most of her married life. She consulted the police about how to find her husband; in the meantime she astonished her children beyond measure by making herself companionable instead of fretting at them. She confessed her fault to many of her feminine acquaintances, and warned several wives to avoid the errors she had committed. She wept, she prayed, she imposed hard penances upon herself, but still her husband was not to be found.

As for Hartsey he started to take a train for Washington. But his strength failed him before he could reach a car or omnibus. Then an odd thought struck him; he remembered having heard his wife talk tiresomely for an hour or two about the boarding-house across the street having changed hands within a day or two, and wondering what sort of people the landlady, who was a stranger to the neighborhood, would have. Hartsey leaned against that lamp-post to rest himself; then, gathering all his strength, he crossed the street, rang the bell of the boarding-house, and asked if any front rooms were vacant. There were; he engaged one at once, paid for a month's lodging to avoid giving reference, and fell upon a lounge as soon as the landlady left the room.

The entire quiet he enjoyed for several days was an experience so unusual that his physical condition improved daily, but his mind was in so much worse a condition than his body that he was utterly apathetic about his family. Although he was strong enough to move about his room, he scarcely ever looked across the street at his own house. He informed himself that his wife was always happiest when she had most to fret about, his children had heard him scolded so much that all but the baby held him in contempt, there was plenty of money in the savings bank to his wife's credit, so why should he make haste to go home? Relief from abuse was very delightful, and liberty, although he had not known it for so long that he did not know what to do with it, was rather pleasing as a sensation. In the two or three times he had been away from home during his married life he had found that absence caused him to think more tenderly of his wife and to see her good qualities more clearly; perhaps now, unless the feminine mind was not entirely unlike that of man, his wife might be forced to recall some of her husband's traits that she had long ceased to recognize.

But as the worn out man began to recover, thanks to entire peace and rest, the family across the way came to his mind more and more, so occasionally, from behind the lace curtains of his room, he peeped at his house; gradually he came to sit by the hour where he could see all that passed in and out. He saw some of his wife's familiars, all weak-minded gossips, call at his house, and he amused himself by devising imaginary conversations. He saw his children go to school and return; they did not seem to be suffering. Occasionally he caught glimpses of his wife, but only for an instant, as she moved about in front of the house, and he thought he knew, by her appearance and the hour of the day, just whom she was fretting at and what was her imaginary trouble. On Sunday he saw her going to church; there was nothing unusual about her appearance, that he could see, except that she seemed to cling very closely to her eldest son

who walked beside her and whom she usually had wanted as far from her as possible.

"It's a good sign," muttered Hartsey to himself; "I guess I won't disturb her reformation by hurrying home."

Days passed, and Hartsey became impatient to get out of doors; his business partner could be trusted, but a man must do something to kill time. He threw open his window after dark and paced the floor by the hour merely for exercise, but by daylight he could only read, which he did not much like to do, and look across the street. One day he saw his wife standing in her chamber window and looking wistfully down the street. His heart gave a little jump and he murmured:

"I do believe she's wishing I'd come home. Let her wish; she can stand a great deal of it without suffering much."

Time went on, until one day Hartsey saw his oldest daughter, who had always been most exasperatingly impatient to him, standing in the front doorway looking as if she expected some one, and wiping her eyes from time to time. The spectacle caused Hartsey to say to himself:

"It's good that I left home, if that child is being reformed."

One evening as he paced the floor he heard something that compelled him to spring to the window. It was only the music of a ballet that his wife used to sing and play for him before they were married. He had not heard it in years, except from hand-organs, and even then it awakened wonderful reflections, but now it really seemed as if his wife must be playing it. Yes, she was; the windows of his own parlor were open, the sound came from them, and he would wager a thousand dollars to a cent that his wife was at the piano: could he ever be mistaken about her touch?

"She is thinking about the old days. Let her think, God bless her—'twill do her good."

Then Hartsey began to want to go home. He told himself not to be in too much of a hurry, or everything would be spoiled; he had seen many previous promises of reformation come to naught. But a morning or two after he had heard the long-neglected piano he saw his wife, standing near the chamber window, take something from her bosom, look at it intently and kiss it repeatedly, he knew it at sight, it was a locket, containing his picture, he had given her during their engagement; Mrs. Hartsey had worn it night and day for a year, then she put it on occasionally, but finally she had laid it aside entirely, saying that it was old-fashioned and, beside, it made her nervous.

Hartsey's spirits had fallen many a time at seeing the locket in a drawer full of hair-brushes, crimping pins, and superannuated gloves, for the mate to that same locket had always been over his own heart. But now she is wearing it; what could it mean? Nothing but that—

At this point of his reflections Hartsey seized his hat, dashed out of the house, across the street, entered his own door by a latch-key, and flew up to his wife's room. Mrs. Hartsey was ready to faint when she saw who the invader was, but her husband prevented her. After the couple found their tongues, which Mrs. Hartsey was the first to do, there was much questioning by the wife and unlimited lying by the husband, who had previously been scrupulously truthful. He did not know where he had been: why he had not written; how sick he had been, or anything else, but when his wife asked him why he had left home so strangely, he nerved himself to tell the whole truth, and replied:

"A scolding wife."

Then Mrs. Hartsey became her customary self at once and complained of wounded feelings, but her husband held her at arm's length and said kindly but very distinctly:

"Perhaps I had better go again?"

"No—no!" screamed Mrs. Hartsey, throwing herself on her husband's neck, and from that time forth her tongue found a safe outlet in lecturing those of her intimates, who did not appreciate their husbands.

## 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."

A jest, a joke, a laugh, a smile,  
Doth many a weary heart beguile—  
The spice of life, in wholesome mirth,  
Was born of heaven, and not of earth.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.  
A bad lot—The lot you have to pay taxes on and can't sell.  
Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

Tellers of exaggerated stories are known in business circles as yarn merchants.

Life is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end he is all out of breath.

Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice.—*Cato*.

A lie is like a brush-heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than to try to extinguish it.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.—*Colton*.

When a man dies men inquire what he has left behind; angels inquire what he has sent before him.—*Mahomet*.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower-beds are concerned.

Friendship is like good coffee; when once it becomes cold it can never be warmed over without losing its first flavor.

Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked, of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shalt go near the gods.—*Buddah*.

A remarkably honest Chicago doctor sent in a certificate of death, the other day, with his name signed in the space reserved for "Causes of death."

Park's receipts. To remove dandruff—marry, to keep gloves clean—wash your hands, to take out grease spots—sit on the warm stove, to preserve cherries—keep the small boys off.

"Trust men, and they will be true to you," says Emerson. We showed this to a respectable grocer. He grew livid with rage, seized a club, and wanted to know where that Emerson fellow lived, anyhow. There was murder in that grocer's eye. We did not tell him.

The Italians have a prayer which reads: "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry, I pray that I may not be deceived. But if I am deceived, I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know of it, I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

As red as the rose was my love last night—

Yes, red as a rose was she;

But to-day my love's as pale and white

As the blooms of the apple tree.

Poor thing! she is paling for me I think;

But the wicked neighbors say

Her mother crept in while she was asleep,

And stole her pink saucer away. —[*Chaff*.

At a fashionable wedding in New York the other day, the ceremony was performed under a floral umbrella. Whereat a contemporary comments that it was probably a little suggestion of the bride's mother, who wanted the groom to understand by the emblem that he ought to put up something for a rainy day.

A justice of the peace who is constantly trying criminal cases was called on to marry a couple. After he had asked the usual question if they desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and they had replied in the affirmative, the justice asked them, solemnly, "Having pleaded guilty to the charge, if there are in your opinion any mitigating circumstances, now is the time to state what they are."

Send us Eight Subscribers to the FAMILY CIRCLE at 50 cents each and we will return you the "Life and Letters of Lord MacCaulay, by Trevelyan, 2 vols. (cloth) worth \$2.00.

## LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the man who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors"

The sword worn by John Hampden was sold at auction in London not long since for fifty-eight guineas.

"Set Not Thy Foot on Graves" is the odd title of a new story written by Mr. Julian Hawthorne for the *Manhattan*.

The proposed outlay for the Longfellow memorial is now placed at \$50,000, one-quarter of the sum originally published.

Josiah Henson, the original of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, died at Dresden, Ontario, on the 5th inst., at the advanced age of ninety-four.

The late Dr. G. M. Beard left behind him an autobiographical sketch which has been described as "unsurpassed for its quaint humor and deep estimates of character."

The Russian novelist, Tschernyschewskij, who was exiled to Siberia nineteen years ago for writing the romance "Schto Djelatj," has been rendered insane by his sufferings.

"Stories from English History," by Louise Creighton, in the press of Thomas Whittaker, contains twenty or more woodcuts copied from old prints, and historic frescoes.

It is related of Theodore Hook that, strolling along the Strand one day, in company with a friend, he observed a dandy approaching them, dressed in the first style of fashion, and sailing down the street with the air of an emperor, passing by the ordinary mortals who surrounded him with immeasurable disdain. Just as he came near, Hook stepped up to the exquisite, and humbly enquired, "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" The disconcerted beau looked at the grave querist in utter amazement, and walked away without a particle of dignity left.

The late Mr. Wordsworth, son of the great poet, had in his possession a very large collection of unpublished letters, some by his father, but mostly written by Southey, Rodgers, De Quincey, Lamb, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and other literary friends. These will soon be given to the public. The present owner is the grandson of the poet, and it appears to be upon his authority that the statement is made that the letters will demonstrate beyond a doubt that Mary Wordsworth, the poet's sister, supplied not only the sentiment but, in many cases, the diction of many of the noblest passages in Wordsworth's poems.

The following anecdote of the late Sidney Lanier was told by Mr. J. R. Tait at a meeting of subscribers to the Lanier memorial fund held not long since in Baltimore: "I remember his describing, when very ill himself, the condition of a brother-poet of the South, with a laugh in which were blended sympathy and tenderness, with a certain sense of grotesqueness of the situation. A poet who lived at a place—no, not a place, but a pump in the pine-barrens, where thirsty locomotives stopped to drink, and where, in a log-cabin of smallest dimensions, tapestried with pictures from the illustrated newspapers, the poet, an invalid, dwelt and wrote and cared for his family. The laugh ended in something like a sob, and there were tears in his eyes of admiration for the pluck, and sympathy for the lot of one so much worse off than himself. And yet Paul Hayne has lived to write his elegy."

"I have said before, and I repeat it here," says Prof. Huxley, "that if a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Bishop Berkley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say if he cannot get it out of those writers, he cannot get it out of anything; and I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess, and, what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision and with force and with art. I fancy we are almost the only nation in the world who seem to think that composition comes by nature. The French attend to their own language, the German's study theirs; but Englishmen do not seem to think it worth their while."

## CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

To those who believe in the better health of the "good old times," it will be gratifying to see the results of investigations on this subject. In the sixteenth century the average period of human life was a little over twenty-one years; in this century it has risen to forty years. Then only three per cent. lived to see their three score and ten years; now eighteen per cent. live beyond this age.

The *Scientific American* says that a non-conductor of electricity has yet to be found, for all substances hitherto discovered are conductors to the force under certain known conditions, but those which offer a great resistance to it serve the purpose of non-conductors in practice, although they may be all classed as good or bad conductors. The best conductor known at present is silver, the worst is solid paraffine.

The machine-made nail may be said to be of comparatively recent date, when the antiquity of the handicraft art of nail-making is considered. Until ninety years ago all nails were forged. Some idea of the number of people once engaged in the trade may be gained from the fact that previous to the era of the nail-making machine 60,000 nailers were employed at one time in the city of Birmingham, Eng., each family forging its own nails at what might be termed domestic forges. This is still done in some sections in Germany.

The weathering of brick walls into a friable state is usually attributed to the action of heat, wet, and frost; but from recent observations of M. Parize, the real destroyer is a microscopic creature, and the action played by the weather is only secondary. He has examined the red dust of crumbling bricks under the microscope, and found it to consist largely of living organisms. A sample of brick dust taken from the heart of a solid brick also showed the same animalcules, but in smaller numbers. The magnifying power of the instrument was 300 diameters. Every decaying brick showed the same kind of population, but the harder the brick the fewer were noticed.

## A Strange Advertisement.

The following curious advertisement appeared recently in the Stamford (Eng) *Mercury*: "Farm Wanted—a mixed soil of about six hundred acres, with a porous subsoil, one-third sound pasture—in the midland or eastern counties. To enter upon at Lady-Day, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four. Landlord and agent must both be of irreproachable character; the incumbent of the parish must hold Evangelical opinions, and not given to meddle with things secular. No game-keeper allowed. Landlord to pay half the rates. Tenant to cultivate and crop according to his judgment; no objection to certain covenants as to proper protection of landlord's rights. Tenancy to be changed or terminated only by a four years' notice."

## Large and Small Heads.

A writer in the *Journal of Science* says that the idea that a great intellect requires a large head is not supported by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters.

A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, receded.

Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was remarkably small. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Pluto, Aristotle and Epicurus, among others, are mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and Albert Durer.

The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in many modern foreheads."



## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 1<sup>th</sup> of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

The favor our magazine everywhere meets with is surprising, and the number of boys and girls, as well as older canvassers, meeting with success in obtaining subscribers, steadily increases.

The fact of a large cash commission being given to our helpers should be borne in mind by all persons wishing to make money.

If you desire to go to work, send us a postal card at once and we will return you immediately a sample copy and private terms to agents.

Anyone and everyone desiring to canvass should write to us at once.

Address, Lawson & Jones, Publishers. London East.

### PERIODICALS, ETC.

*The Biographer*, a new sixty-four page monthly, of which Vol I No 1, has just been received, should meet with general favor. Its neat and attractive typographical appearance, its reliable portraits accompanying each sketch, and its choice in the selection of eminent persons in the various public fields, as subjects, all display desire and ability to gain the support of the most intelligent class of readers. Sketches of Chester A. Arthur, William E. Gladstone, Sir John A. MacDonal, Bismarck, John Howard Payne, Alexander III., Henry G. Vennor, Henry Ward Beecher, Lester Wallack, Louise Michel, and Emily Faithful are among its numerous brief biographies for May. Single copies, 25 cents; \$2.50 per year; \$3.00 to foreign addresses. 23 Park Row, New York City.

*Our Little Ones and the Nursery*, edited by Oliver Optic, stands far above other children's magazines, and cannot but meet with universal favor. Both its illustrations and literary work are original and contributed by superior artists. The publishers prove by the expense they go to in preparing this beautifully illustrated monthly that they rightly believe that nothing can be too good for the little ones. Subscription, \$1.50 per annum. Russell Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

*Good Health* for May is upon our table, and a brief survey of its varied articles shows that it is more than an ordinary number. Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg and a sister of the Doctor, are now taking an extensive European tour, and during their absence the columns of the magazine will be enriched by notes of travel, the result of their experience and observation. \$1.00 a year. Address, *Good Health*, Battle Creek, Mich.

### CIRCLE CHAT

THE FACT THAT SCHOOL EDUCATION is of little service without a continued after-cultivation of the mind, seems scarcely to be fully believed in by the majority of people. The case of Mr. Bright is only an exception in degree to many a case of deeper and more useful educations from careful observation and reflection. Mr. Bright is spoken of as a man who "never had the advantages of an education:" yet, "his entire long career of usefulness to learning and to political advancement, the peerless style of his oratory, the sound common sense of his views upon public questions, tell us very much more plainly than an alphabet of capitals following his name would, that Mr. Bright is an educated man. He has reached, by other processes, the end at which all college and university training aims; and, consequently, not only as one whom the people delight to honor, but as an educated man he fittingly takes his place as Lord Rector of Glasgow University."

### RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

M. S.—Such mistakes seem inevitable at times.

W. H.—See answer under Miscellaneous Recipes.

C. P.—No; Mr. Swinburne does not pronounce the "i" in his name long.

V. V.—Study the rules of prosody before you attempt such a composition.

VIOLET—Such a course would be useless. Simply treat his letters with silent contempt, and should you meet him you would be wise not to recognize him.

OLAF—The illustrated magazine you have reference to, we believe, is *Svenska Family Journalen* (The Swedish Family Journal) and is published at Stockholm, Sweden.

W. W.—After a ball gentlemen should always call on the lady of the house at which they have been entertained as soon as convenient; by all means within two weeks.

CHARLIE X.—In the language of flowers the signification of a forget-me-not is True Love; that of a hawthorn, Hope; that of a lily, Purity; that of mint, Virtue, and that of a pink, Pure Affection.

F. F.—McBeth's "Might and mirth of Literature" is one of the best works on English Rhetoric. It contains about three hundred figures which are classified with their examples in a most attractive and interesting manner.

D. N.—Three copies of "Gems of Fancy Cookery" will be sent post paid to any address on receipt of thirty cents. Send the amount in Canadian postage stamps to the Publishers of the FAMILY CIRCLE, London East.

S. C.—The couplet:

"A pride in honest fame by virtue gained,

In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained."

occurs in a poem by Crabbe entitled, "The Parish Register."

M. M.—We do not care to advise you whether or not to insure. It is a profitable step for some, while others have lost by it. It is a matter for you to determine by your own judgment. For ourselves we rather incline to go against such institutions.

D. P.—It is generally the wisest plan to let boys choose their own occupation. If your son takes no interest in the business you follow, endeavor to find out what his inclinations are, and educate him for or apprentice him to what his intellectual capacity and his desire fits him.

Mrs. T.—It seems that you are keeping your boy too steadily at school. Unless such a child is strong and healthy he is much better at home than at school before eight or nine years of age. The age at which children should start school varies in different children; those who are very precocious are better kept at home till nine years old, at least.

ENQUIRER.—We always desire those canvassing for us to retain the commission, and when they have sent one list, they may always after retain their commission even if only sending one or two names. The same commission is allowed for renewals as for new subscribers. Sample copies and our 1882-3 circular, giving terms to agents, have been mailed you.

Minnie A.—Such conduct may be all right in itself and innocent, but young ladies have to be very careful and keep themselves above even the appearance of improper conduct. If you feel that it is impossible to firmly object and resist the arguments of your cousin without quarreling with him, and the other gentleman you mention objects to it, by all means quarrel with the former.

JESSY L.—1. When a gentleman joins a lady on the street for the purpose of walking with her, etiquette demands that he ascertain whether his company is acceptable. In such a case she should frankly answer the plain truth. 2. In any case where a person has made an engagement and chances to meet a friend or some person who desires to talk with them, they should, by all means, excuse themselves as politely as possible, explaining that they have made an appointment. No gentleman or lady would take offence at a person's firmness in keeping a promise.

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

## Toothache.

This painful affection is often closely connected with face-ache. It may be due to a decayed or ulcerated tooth, or to disease of the dental nerve. As a remedy, apply hot applications. Bottles filled with hot water, hot brick or stones wrapped in papers or cloths, hot cloths, bags filled with hot sand, salt, or corn meal, and rubber bags filled with hot water are convenient methods of applying dry heat. In addition, apply half of a steamed fig (hot) to the diseased tooth. A bit of cotton saturated with laudanum or croosote, and crowded into the cavity of a carious tooth will often give speedy relief.

## To Cure Sleeplessness.

Eat an early and light supper and easily digested food; or, better, eat no supper at all. Do not engage in exciting conversation or amusements during the evening. At an early hour prepare to retire, determined to sleep. Just before going to bed soak the feet for ten minutes in a pail of hot water. Cool the water a little just before taking them out. This will relieve the brain of a little of its surplus blood. Go to bed at peace with all the world, close the eyes and fix the mind steadily upon some familiar object until sleep comes. Don't allow the mind to wander if possible to prevent it. If unsuccessful, in addition to the above have hot wet cloths applied to the head after going to bed. A dripping-sheet bath just before retiring sometimes affords excellent results. Gently rubbing the temples with the hand, and rubbing the spine from above downward and the feet and limbs in the same direction, have a very soothing effect. The warm full-bath is an excellent soporific.

## Lime Juice for Diphtheria.

M. Czartorysky, M. D. of Stockton, California, writes as follows to the London *Lancet*: During a prolonged residence in the interior of China, I became acquainted with the fact that the Chinese place great reliance during epidemics of diphtheria on the internal use of the fresh juice of limes, and of the fruit itself, which they consume in enormous quantities, in every conceivable form—as lemonade, with native spirits, cut in slices, etc.—during attacks of this dreadful disease with apparently most successful results, it hardly ever failing to effect a cure. The Chinese consider it a specific, and will, in case of need, do anything to obtain a supply.

Since I have come back to California, as also in Louisiana, I have used limes and their juices in my practice as a physician, with successful results in cases of diphtheria, even in the most desperate cases. As soon as I take charge of a case of diphtheria, I order limes to be administered as freely as possible, in any manner the patient can be prevailed upon to take them, especially in the form of hot lemonade, sweetened with white sugar or honey, or cut in slices with powdered white sugar. Besides lime juice (which I suppose acts by imparting an excess of oxygen to the circulation, and thereby prevents formation of vibriones, etc., and so has almost a specific effect on disease), I prescribe whatever drug may be indicated to relieve symptoms as they develop, and impart strength by appropriate stimulants and nourishment.

## Hygiene in Schools.

The New Orleans *Medical and Surgical Journal* thus forcibly sets forth the value of the step now being taken in our Canadian system, of introducing the study of hygiene into the public schools:

A single generation instructed in hygiene would greatly increase the number of sensible parents, who, heeding less the foolish counsel of ignorant aunts, of prejudiced grandmothers, of silly and of officious neighbors, would cease to take part, as so many parents now do, in killing their own children to such an extent that one-fourth of all the babies born in New Orleans are hurried to the grave during the first year of life. Such parents would better enforce the domestic sanitation,

and that home education of children, without which there can be no fundamental and lasting reform in hygiene. And such parents would at least get on the right road to learn, and to teach their children, what actions are physically detrimental, and that all such actions should be shunned as sins, inasmuch as whatever injures health impairs the discharge of all duties.

Other important benefits would also be conferred. The number of citizens deeply impressed with the danger to themselves, would become so large that they would no longer suffer any one to be deterred—as is now often the case—by the threats of ignorant or selfish neighbors, from complaining of the foulest and most unhealthy nuisances. Such citizens would see to it that sanitary ordinances were not simply enacted, but also executed. A sounder public opinion, due to such citizens, would force all doctors promptly to report to the sanitary authorities, as many doctors, to the great injury of the public, now do not, every case of communicable disease. Sanitariums would be provided with a constituency which could appreciate and would heed their judicious warnings.

The high officials, authorized there, would no longer venture, as they now sometimes do, to appoint, as sanitary officers charged with the arduous and responsible duty of guarding the public health, men (medical as well as non-medical) who know nothing about prevention of disease; who, in fact, are destitute of every claim except that due to personal friendship or political partizanship, and who neither deserve nor receive the public confidence, without which sanitary officers are apt to cause more harm than good. Such appointments would no longer receive the tacit approval of an ignorant and inefficient public. Competent officers would no longer be forced to plead before such a public, that it ought not to hold them responsible for evils which it gives them neither power nor means to correct.

In addition, New Orleans would at least cease to show so unfavorable a balance between its death rates and its birth rates that its increase of population would depend on immigrants from the healthier air of the country; as is also the case with most other large cities their inhabitants, like ours, still continuing too ignorant to secure to themselves the most important requisite to health—pure air. Not only would all these benefits be more fully secured with each succeeding generation, but the day would at least dawn here, as it has dawned in England, when any citizen struck down by preventable disease due to another's ignorance or negligence, could recover heavy damages. Eventually, all would understand that disease and premature death are not due to the vindictiveness of God, but are unavoidable penalties for the violation of nature's immutable sanitary laws, which the Creator, who regulates all things with the wondrous order which is "Heaven's first law," should not be expected to set aside, however piteously implored by those who have neglected to learn and to obey these laws.

## Tea-Drinking.

Dr. Arlidge, one of the pottery inspectors of England, asserts "that a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up such a fierce and bitter agitation against intoxicating drinks, might advantageously be diverted to the repression of the very serious evil of tea-tipping among the poorer classes. Tea, in anything beyond moderate quantities, is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling and disordering the heart's action, and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that it is not a question of narcotic excess merely, but the enormous quantity of hot water which tea-bibbers necessarily take is exceedingly prejudicial to both digestion and nutrition. Our teetotal reformers have overlooked, and even to no small indulgence which is as distinctly sensual, extravagant, and pernicious, as any beer-swilling or gin-drinking in the world.

A number of grocers in New York City have been selling adulterated spices, for which they have been arrested. They offer as a defence the position that spices are not food, which is probably a new idea to many people. It also appears that the adulteration has been of such a character as to render those fiery condiments less harmful rather than more so

## THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

### FASHION NOTES.

Yellow, in all shades, is very fashionable.

All the fashionable hats are either pokes, or modified shapes of pokes.

Embroideries on light wool fabrics are done in the cross stitches of old-fashioned samplers.

Violet, lilac, pansy, heliotrope, dahlia, and many other real tints of purple are fashionable for silk and wool costumes.

Jerseys, composed of both silk and wool are to be worn this summer over skirts of muslin, silk, foulard, sateen and other materials.

Belts are now narrow, being only an inch and a-half wide, and are fastened with two buttons, with button-holes, and are pointed at the lapped end.

Black Spanish lace costumes are imported with red or yellow satin linings. The bright strawberry red shades are used for these, and are repeated in the bonnet, parasol, and fan.

Lace flounces and fronts of dresses disposed in beaded lace are among the old-time modes brought forward this year. A number of the foreign buyers of large houses, just returned, say that jet is a fureur in Paris.

The bang is going out of fashion in England. The hair is now parted down the middle. A falling curl or two may be permitted, but the frizzled circle covering the entire forehead has almost entirely disappeared in good society.

Satin is much less popular than it was last year, and will be even less so as the summer approaches; soft twilled silks and failles are not in favor, also brocaded silks in monochrome, moire, brocades, and pekings, showing alternate moire and pekin stripes.

### DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**TO COOK STUFFED VEAL.**—For this dish use five or six pounds of the loin, or a thick cut from the middle to the lower end of the leg of veal. Cut out the bone without mangling the meat, and stuff the veal with the following forcemeat: Half a pound of the trimmings of veal, chopped very fine, with half a pound of fat salt pork, half a pound of fine bread crumbs, two raw eggs two table-spoonfuls of chopped parsley, two level teaspoonfuls of salt and a salt-spoonful of pepper. A pound of sausage-meat may be used in place of the chopped veal and pork. After the veal is stuffed season it highly with salt and pepper, and dredge it all over with dry flour. Put three table-spoonfuls of butter in a kettle, and let it get smoking hot over the fire; then put it in the veal, and turn it about until it is brown all over. When the veal is brown lay some skewers on a plate under it, pour over it a quart of boiling water, and stew it over a gentle fire for two hours and a half, or until it is quite tender, keeping the kettle closely covered. When the veal is tender take it up, take out the skewers or plate, season the gravy palatably with salt and pepper, add to it a glass of wine or three table-spoonfuls of any good table sauce, and serve it with the veal.

**CENTENNIAL MUFFINS.**—Take one quart of flour, one small table-spoonful of lard, salt and yeast powders (use the last according to the directions for one quart of flour. Some take more, some take less). Mix the flour, salt, yeast powders and lard; take about a pint of water (milk is better if you have it), and mix dough as stiff as you can stir it. Have your gem pans "sizzling" hot, put in the batter, and bake in a hot oven. The muffins are improved by the addition of eggs and milk, but are good made a-bove.

**BATTER CAKES WITHOUT EGGS.**—Take one small saucerful of oatmeal porridge (or mush), one quart of flour; mix as for other batter cakes, with the addition of one table-spoonful of molasses and about a teaspoonful of lard, bake brown.

**JACKY CAKES.**—Take seven table-spoonfuls of cornmeal, sifted, put in salt and a table-spoonful of lard, scald with boiling water, mix with half a tea-cupful of milk, till the batter is thin enough to drop from a spoon; fry in boiling hot lard, just as you do fritters. Fry Brown, dropping the batter from the spoon.

**BAKED BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.**—Take nine slices of bread and butter, and one and a-half pints of milk, four eggs, sugar to taste, one-quarter pound of currants, flavoring of vanilla, grated lemon-peel or nutmeg. Cut nine slices of bread and butter not very thick, and put them into a pie-dish, with currants between each layer and on the top. Sweeten and flavor the milk, either by infusing a little lemon-peel in it, or by adding a few drops of essence of vanilla, well whisk the eggs, and stir these to the milk. Strain this over the bread and butter, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour, or rather longer. This pudding may be very much enriched by adding cream, candied peel, or more eggs than stated above. It should not be turned; cut, send to table in the pie-dish, and is better for being made about two hours before it is baked. Bake one hour or rather longer. This makes sufficient for five or seven persons, at any time.

**RICE CAKE.**—Take half pound of ground rice, half pound of loaf sugar, nine eggs, twenty drops of essence of lemon, or the rind of one lemon, half pound of butter. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs; whisk them both well, and add to the latter the butter beaten to a cream. Stir in the flour, rice, and lemon (if the rind is used, it must be very finely minced), and beat the mixture well; then add the whites of the eggs, beat the cake again for some time, put it into a buttered mould or tin, and bake it for nearly one and a-half hours. It may be flavored with essence of almonds, when this is preferred. Cook nearly one and a-half hours.

**LEMON PIES.**—Line two deep tin plates with a paste rolled very thin. Set in a cool place until the filling is made. Beat to a froth three tea-cupfuls of sugar, the rind and juice of three lemons, and the yolks of six eggs; then beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the sugar and other ingredients with three table-spoonfuls of milk. Fill the two plates with this mixture, and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Thorough beating of the mixture and the slow baking are absolutely necessary to the success of the dish.

### MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

**TO HEAL SOFT CORNS.**—A weak solution of carbolic acid will heal soft corns between the toes.

**FOR NEURALGIA.**—Oil of peppermint over the affected part is an excellent means of relief for neuralgia; but no remedy is so generally useful as hot fomentations. X

**TO CLEAN SILKS AND RIBBONS.**—Camphire will extract grease and clean ribbons without changing the color of most things. They should be dried in the open air and ironed when pretty dry. X

**REMEDY FOR BURNT SHOES.**—Shoes or slippers that have been burned can be made nearly as good as ever by spreading soft-soap upon them while they are still hot, and then, when they are cold, washing it off. It softens the leather and prevents it drawing up. X

**INFLAMED EYELIDS.**—Take a slice of stale bread, cut as thin as possible, toast both sides well, but do not burn it, when cold soak it in cold water, then put it between a piece of cold linnen and apply, changing when it gets warm.

**TO MAKE ROSE-WATER.**—Take half an ounce of powdered white sugar and two drams of magnesia. With these mix twelve drops of otto of roses. Add a quart of water, two ounces of alcohol, mix in a gradual manner, and filter through blotting paper.

**TO REMOVE TAN.**—Tan can be removed from the face by dissolving magnesia in soft water. Beat it to a thick roass, spread it on the face, and let it remain a minute or two. Then wash off with castile soapsuds and rinse with soft water.

**TO REMOVE FLESH WORMS.**—Flesh worms, or little black specks, which appear on the nose, may be removed by washing in warm water, drying with a towel, and applying a wash of cologne and liquor of putash, made of three ounces of the former to one ounce of the latter.

**A DISINFECTIVE LAUNDRY BLUE.**—Mix together 16 parts of Prussian blue, 2 parts of carbolic acid, 1 part of borax, and 1 part of gum arabic into a stiff dough. Roll it out into balls as large as hazel nuts, and coat them with gelatine or gum, to prevent the carbolic acid from escaping. X

## OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

## George Eliot's Religious Belief.

**T** P to the age of seventeen or eighteen Marian had been considered the most truly pious member of her family, being earnestly bent, as she says, "to shape this anomalous English Christian life of ours into some consistency with the spirit and simple verbal tenor of the New Testament." "I was brought up," she informs another correspondent, "in the Church of England, and have never joined any other religious society; but I have had close acquaintance with many dissenters of various sects, Calvinistic Abaptists to Unitarians." Her inner life at this time is faithfully mirrored in the spiritual experiences of Maggie Tulliver. Marian Evans was not one who could rest satisfied with outward observances and lip-worship: she needed a faith which should give unity and sanctity to the conception of life, which should awaken "that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, which is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life." At one time Evangelicalism supplanted her with the most essential conditions of a religious life: with all the vehemence of an ardent nature she flung her whole soul into a passionate acceptance of the teaching of Christianity, carrying her zeal to the pitch of asceticism:

This was the state of her mind at the age of seventeen, when her aunt from Wirksworth came to stay with her. Mrs. Elizabeth Evans (who came afterwards to be largely identified with Dinah Morris) was a zealous Wesleyan, having at one time been a noted preacher; but her niece then a rigid Calvinist, hardly thought her doctrine strict enough. When this aunt paid her a visit some time afterwards, at Foleshill, 'Marian's view had already undergone a complete transformation, and their intercourse was constrained and painful; for the young evangelical enthusiast, who had been a favorite in clerical circles, was now in what she described as "a crude state of freethinking." It was a period of transition through which she passed into a new religious synthesis.

Her intimacy with the Brays began about the time when those new doubts were beginning to ferment in her. Her expanding mind, nourished on the best literature, ancient and modern, began to feel cramped by dogmas that had now lost their vitality; yet a break with an inherited form of belief to which a thousand tender associations bound her was a catastrophe she shrank from with dread. Hence a period of mental uncertainty and trouble. In consequence of these inward questionings it happened that the young lady who had been brought to convert her acquaintances was converted by them. In intercourse with them she was able freely to open her mind, their enlightened view helping her in this crisis of her spiritual life, and she found it an intense relief to reconcile her moral and intellectual perceptions with a particular form of worship.

By far the most trying consequence of her change of views was that now, for the first time, Marian was brought into collision with her father whose pet she had always been. He could not understand her inward perplexities, nor the need of her soul for complete inward unity of thought, a condition impossible to her under the limiting conditions of a dogmatic evangelicalism, "where folly often mistakes itself for wisdom, ignorance gives itself airs and knowledge, and selfishness, turning its eyes upward, calls itself religion." She, on the other hand, after a painful struggle, wanted to break away from the old form of worship, and refused to go to church. Deeply attached though she was to her father, the need to make her acts conform with her convictions became irresistible. Under such conflicting tendencies a rupture between father and daughter became imminent, and for a short time a breaking up of the home was contemplated, Marian intending to go and live by herself in Coventry. One of the leading traits in her nature, its adhesiveness, however, and the threat of separation proved so painful to her that her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, persuaded her to conform to her father's wishes, as far as outward observances were implied, and for the rest he did not trouble himself to inquire into her thoughts or occupations.

George Elliot had the highest regard for Lewes's opinions, but held to her own. One of the chief subjects of dif-

ference consisted in their attitude toward Christianity: whereas he was its uncompromising opponent, she has the greatest sympathy with its various manifestations, from Roman Catholic asceticism to Evangelical austerity and Methodist fervor. Her reverence for every form of worship in which mankind has more or less consciously embodied its sense of the mystery of all "this unintelligible world" increased with the years. She was deeply penetrated by that tendency of the Positivist spirit which recognizes the beneficial element in every form of religion, and sees the close, nay, indissoluble, connection between the faith of former generations and the ideal of our own. She herself found ample scope for needs and aspirations of her spiritual nature in the religion of humanity. As has already been repeatedly pointed out, there runs through all her works the same persistent teaching of "the infinite Nature of Duty." And with Comte she refers "the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real; the Human Race, conceived as a continuous whole, including the past, the present, and the future."

Though George Eliot drew many of her ideas of moral cultivation from the doctrines of Comte's 'Philosophic Positive,' she was not a Positivist in the strict sense of the word. Her mind was far too creative by nature to give an unqualified adherence to such a system as Comte's. Indeed, her devotion to the idea of mankind, conceived as a collective whole, is not so much characteristic of Positivists as of the greatest modern minds, minds such as Lessing, Bentham, Shelley, Mill, Mazzini, and Victor Hugo. Inasmuch as Comte co-ordinated these ideas into a consistent doctrine, George Eliot found herself greatly attracted to his system; and Mr. Beesly, after an acquaintance of eighteen years, considered himself justified in stating that her powerful intellect had accepted the teaching of Auguste Comte and that she looked forward to the reorganization of belief on the lines which he had laid down. Still her adherence, like that of G. H. Lewes, was only partial, and applied mainly to his philosophy, and not to his scheme of social policy. She went farther than the latter, however, in her concurrence. For Mr. Lewes, speaking of the "Politique Positive" in his "History of Philosophy," admits that his antagonistic attitude had been considerably modified on learning from the remark of one very dear to him, "to regard it as a Utopia, presenting hypotheses rather than doctrines—suggestions for future inquiries rather than dogmas for adepts."

On the whole, although George Eliot did not agree with Comte's later theories concerning the reconstruction of society, she regarded them with sympathy "as the efforts of an individual to anticipate the work of future generations." This sympathy with the general Positivist movement she showed by subscribing regularly to Positivist objects, especially to the fund of the Central Organization presided over by M. Lafitte, but she invariably refused all membership with the Positivist community. In conversation with an old and valued friend, she also repeatedly expressed her objection to much in Comte's later speculations, saying on one occasion, "I cannot submit my intellect or my soul to the guidance of Comte." The fact is that, although George Eliot was greatly influenced by the leading Positivist ideas, her mind was too original not to work out her own individual conception of life.

## Incidents in a Philosopher's Boyhood.

Prof. Joseph Henry, one of the most eminent of American scientists, died May 13, 1878. On Thursday, the 19th day of last month, his memory was honored by the unveiling at Washington of a magnificent bronze statue, made by W. M. Storey, and costing \$15,000.

Among the interesting reminiscences of his boyhood is the story of his first pair of boots—a true story, often told by himself in later years.

When he was a boy, it was the universal custom to have boots made to order, and his grandfather, with whom he was living, indulgently allowed him to choose the style for himself. There was no great variety of styles. Indeed, the choice was limited to the question of round toes or square toes. Day after day Joseph went to the cobbler's and talked over the matter without coming to a decision, and this even after their manufacture was begun, until at last the shoe-

maker, fairly out of patience, took the decision into his own hands, and made a most remarkable pair of boots—one boot round-toed, the other square-toed.

Later in life Prof. Henry often came deliberately to his decisions, with the advantage that he seldom if ever had occasion to abandon them.

While Joseph was a schoolboy he acquired a taste for reading in this peculiar way: One day he chased a pet rabbit through an opening in the foundation wall of the village meeting-house. While crawling about among dirt and rubbish a gleam of light enticed him through the broken floor, and he found himself in a room containing the open book-case of the town library. The title of one of the books struck his fancy and he took it down. It was Brooks' "Fool of Quality," and he read, coming again and again through the hole in the floor, until access by the door was finally granted him. From this first book that he ever read with relish, he passed on eagerly to other works of fiction in that library.

A few years later, in a way almost equally accidental, his mind was turned to an entirely different class of reading.

Confined at home by a temporary illness, he took up a book casually left on the table by a boarder, and entitled "Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry, intended chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. By G. Gregory." It began with a few questions: "You throw a stone, or shoot an arrow into the air; why does it not go forward in the line or direction that you give it? . . . Why does flame or smoke always mount upward, though no force is used to send them in that direction? And why should not the flame of a candle drop toward the floor when you reverse it or hold it downward? . . . Again, you look into a clear well of water and see your own face and figure, as if painted there. Why is this? You are told it is done by the reflection of light. But what is this reflection of light?"

The trifling incident of taking up this book may be said to have turned the whole course of this lad's life.

After his death this book was found in Professor Henry's library with the following entry upon the fly-leaf, written in his own hand:

"This book, although by no means a profound work, has, under Providence, exerted a remarkable influence upon my life. It accidentally fell into my hands when I was about sixteen years old, and was the first work I ever read with attention. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment; invested things before almost unnoticed with the highest interest; fixed my mind on the study of nature, and caused me to resolve at the time of reading it that I would immediately commence to devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge."

Many young men quit school at sixteen years of age. They should take a lesson from Joseph Henry, and regard education as not completed, but just begun.—*C. P. Osborne.*

[Written for the Family Circle.]

### A May Day at the River.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The elms turn to deeper green  
With each succeeding day,  
The earth is glad with May:  
The air is fill'd with sapphire sheen.  
The breezes are at play.

The Flower-de-luce now lifts  
Blue banners in the sun;  
The cresses, dank and dun,  
Turn green between the ragged ribs  
Where laughing waters run.

A choir of early thrushes  
In a thicket sing a song,  
While near, the minnows throng  
Close to the swaying rushes,  
That to the brook belong.

A dragon-fly flits over  
The stream in silken vest;  
While on his airy rest  
Flutters the keen windhover  
Above the mouse's nest.

BEN BROCK, 4th May '83

## SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

### Colinette.

"Colinette" she had for a name;  
In the summer of my prime,  
For the happy harvest time,  
To her village home I came.  
I was but a school boy yet,  
But a simple girl was she,  
And she died in February  
Little Colinette.

Up and down a leafy chase  
Hand in hand we used to run;  
How I revelled in the fun!  
How she panted with the race!  
Finch and linnet when we met  
Sang our loves that knew no wrong,  
Made the burden of their song  
Little Colinette.

Then at length we met to part,  
Sat with darkening skies above,  
Love (I knew it not for love)  
Throbbing to my inmost heart.  
Hiding all my soul's regret,  
"Till another year," said I,  
As I took her hand, "goodby,  
Little Colinette."

Oh, the story's very old,  
Very common, that I tell  
—Not the less will tears upwell  
Whence'er the story's told:  
Many a witching young coquette  
Now I woo with poet's pen  
—Once alone I've loved, and then  
Little Colinette.

### Why Eve Didn't Need a Girl.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says: There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some one (a man of course) has the presumption to ask, "Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the time to wait on her?" She didn't need any. A bright writer has said, Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended "right away—quick, now!" He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and he, stretching himself, yawned out, "Is supper ready yet, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till eleven o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers. Not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and he wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it is the reason her descendants did.

### A True Story.

"Tears, Lillian, tears?"  
The lovely hair drooped across the folded, bare white arms,  
and tears fell thick and fast on the white robe which enveloped her form  
Even an actress can shed real tears, sometimes.  
"Here, here! see here, Lillian, those tears will soil that lovely dress. Lift up your head and tell me about it; has

the stage manager been cross? don't the audience appreciate? Tell me what the matter is. Has anything gone wrong 'behind'?"

"No, no, no," was the quick, impatient answer. "I want to tell you why you have found me thus, but if I do you will despise me. Yet I *must* tell you, or my heart will burst. Out there in the parquet sits the only man I ever loved, and by his side my child—such a lovely girl. Oh, God, why did I ever leave her!"

Again the tears were falling thick and fast. After a brief space she said:

"You shall know my story. I was married when very young to a prosperous business man who gave me a lovely home. We were very happy, but I was wild and giddy, and disregarded his wishes in every way, until at last life became a burden to my husband, and he neglected me and the baby. I lost my last friend, and one day, mad with regret, I left my home and joined a theatrical company. I never saw my husband to speak to but once afterward, and then he forbade me to ever speak to him again or to make myself known to our child. Imbued with the excitement of my new life I laughed at him then, but I have bitterly, bitterly repented this foolish action since. I recognized my daughter by photographs that I have secretly secured, and to-night her father has brought her to the theatre, as I verily believe, to thrust the iron into my soul. You see the character I am playing bears some resemblance to my past life. Here are jewels and costly dresses, I am flattered and admired, perhaps, but I would give up all that for the cosy little home and the opportunity to hear those sweetest of all sweet words, 'wife' and 'mother.' The bell—oh, how can I go on again!"

The curtain was up, and I went out unto the auditorium. There was no difficulty in locating the husband and daughter. The latter was weeping over the woes of the mimic character on the stage, and the father sat unmoved with a well-marked sneer on his face. The story is nothing, and I have told it wretchedly, but it is true, says a writer in *Detroit Chief*. The theatre is not so far away, and I saw the young lady who provoked Lillian's tears enjoying the sugar sleighing on the avenue just the other day.

#### Queer Occupations.

Many of the "odds-and-endists," like the nutcounters, are ministers of some slight amusement for the public. One of those wonders used to stand in by-streets in London and draw sweet music from the coffee-pot. This quaint instrument was pierced with holes, the musician blew into the spout, and skilfully governed the "ventages" with his fingers.

Another, of wild aspect and gobbling speech, relied upon a much simpler music. He carried a crazy German concertina, which he did not play, and probably could not. What he did was to pull it steadily in and out, and produce a horrid "hee-haw," until he was paid to go away. This blackmail, for it was little else, he received with the stolid complacency of a deserving man. No bagpipes ever harassed a street more effectually.

An entirely different entertainment was and possibly is still supplied by a stout man of dignified presence. He would walk solemnly into a restaurant or bar, and would stop suddenly before any knot of three or four people he might happen to see. When they turned their eyes upon him, as they naturally would do, he proceeded, with great gravity, to unbutton his waistcoat. The result of this was the disclosure of an enormous beard, some two feet in length, the lower part of which was kept inside the waistcoat when not required for professional purposes. He would then, after receiving any comments in perfect silence, button up his waistcoat, and hold out his hat. His whole demeanor seemed to say: "This truly magnificent beard speaks for itself; no words of mine can add to its beauty, and if you haven't sense enough to appreciate it, and to drop a copper in the owner's hat, words would be wasted on you."

Send five subscribers to the *FAMILY CIRCLE* at 50c. each, and we will return you your choice of Robinson Crusoe (cloth) worth \$1.00, Byron, Scott, Moore, Lowell, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burns, Humorous Poems, and Miscellaneous Poems, red line edition, all handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, worth \$1.00 each. Address Lawson & Jones, Publishers, London East.

#### Afterward.

Farewell! 'Twas uttered lightly,  
No outward sign of pain,  
The deep eyes still shone brightly,  
As hand clasped hand again.  
Farewell! The lips were smiling,  
The tones had no regret,  
The fair face still beguiling,  
Un saddened was. And yet—  
When all around were sleeping  
One restless heart alone  
Was tearful vigil keeping,  
Its coldness to atone.  
When bravely, on the morrow,  
The light laugh hushed the sigh,  
None guessed the night of sorrow  
Caused by that last good-by.

#### The Whole world Kin.

To a soldier far from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg, our troops were marching at night through the village, over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears, as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by an author in *Bullet and Shell*:

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head shined a couple of stable lanterns, their light falling upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass by.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the face of mother and child.

The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her cheek, silently held out the child.

Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent, smiling lips for a moment, and waked on, saying:

"God bless you, ma'am, for that."

Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### The New Book Trade.

Complaints are numerous in England in regard to the book-trade, for there the old-fashioned book-seller is said to be fast passing out of existence. One hundred years ago the English book-seller was supposed to read all the works he offered; and could work off his wares on his recommendation of them. The book-seller of the early period is still supposed to exist, and may be found in France and Germany. In England the old style of book-seller laments that books in a shop to-day are quite secondary things, and that in order to dispose of them they must be worked off with sticks, umbrellas, china, tea, and stockings." In the United Kingdom books no longer have a fixed price. You pay for your books the additional penny or shilling according to the locality where you find it. If a book is marked a shilling and you buy it at the railway-stall you pay full price, but anywhere else a penny, and as much as three-pence off is quite usual. In the United States the regular book-seller departed many a long year ago. At the general fancy stores you can buy excellent books at prices which are apparently less than the publishers' wholesale rates. These monster establishments are cash buyers and get the biggest discounts. They sell either at cost or at a very trifling loss. A purchaser buys a yard of lace, a cake of soap, a pair of stockings, and the last romance. The prices put on the dry goods or the soap make a margin of profit, and the loss on the book is more than made up. That grave, dignified old gentleman in black, who looked at the purchaser over his gold spectacles and offered you with becoming gravity a volume in the days of your youth, is dead and gone. He has been replaced by the shop-girl. "This is the corset department ma'am; kin I show you anything? Nothing in our line?" inquires the young person in bangs. "You want 'Gushes from the Soul'? See here you cash-girl. show the lady the literatooor counter.'

### Masks and Faces.

The stage was bright, the plaudits rang,  
The play was nearly o'er,  
With happy voice the player sang,  
"Love is for evermore!"  
"She never sang or looked so fair,"  
The people whispered low;  
But the real tale of the woman there  
Nobody cared to know.

The circus crowd was gay and glad,  
And loud the whirling ring;  
Huzza! the rider rode like mad,  
As jocund as a king,  
Huzza! to watch him laugh and leap,  
They cheered him high and low;  
But the tears that lay in his bosom deep  
Nobody cared to know.

And we are all players for our day,  
On the stage of life we fare,  
Each with his little part to play,  
Each with his mask to wear.  
And what is real 'tis vain to ask,  
And what is only show;  
For what lies hidden behind the mask  
Only ourselves may know.

—[F. E. Weatherly.

### "Don't."

There are some systems of family government which all seem to be comprised in the one word "Don't."

They are systems of restriction. It is "Don't do this," and "Don't do that!" from the time the child can first understand the word, until it grows either into a negative nonentity, or breaking away from all bonds, goes forth where it will not even listen to the "don't" of its own conscience.

It is like putting a child into a room full of all beautiful and precious things; that appeal to every sense in its being, and then saying "you must not touch any of those things."

As if there were not enough of sweet and pleasant and helpful things in the world for a child to do, to make it almost forget the things that it must not do.

This was not God's method of governing the only two of his children whose training He did not intrust to others. His command to them was, "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayst freely eat," and there was but one "don't."

Mothers and fathers, take pains to find things that your children may do. Allow them, whenever possible, to do the many things that they desire that are not absolutely harmful, and do not fret and irritate them with an everlasting and hateful "Don't."

### Making Him Useful.

A learned physician once declared the manifestations of disease were so varied that he should not be surprised at any symptom, how ever peculiar. If that learned man is still alive he ought to start at once for Charlotte, N. C., to assist in the diagnosis of a malady which for over a month has afflicted a boy named A. M. Wilhelm, aged eighteen. If an ordinary bath-tub is filled with ice-cold water and that wretched youth's feet are placed in it, the water grows hot so rapidly that within six minutes it is at a boiling point. Wilhelm suffers intense pain and his tubs have to be continually changed; which is no light task, considering that his feet raise the temperature of water at the rate of 30 degrees a minute. And yet, in the Divine economy, even such a bad fate as Wilhelm's has its compensations. It is manifest that he would be invaluable in a Russian bath establishment, for if he can make a tub of ice water boil in six minutes, he could convert the contents of a reservoir into steam within an hour. Or he might be employed to sit upon the tender of a locomotive with his feet in the tank, at small expense to the company and most agreeable to himself. Moreover, he could find poetic justice in the latter occupation, for his malady is supposed to be due to a violent shaking administered to him by a steam engine, into which a full head of steam was accidentally turned while he was cleaning it.

### An Old Hebrew Legend.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser—more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as a humble commender in the Art of Avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will go into the market to make some purchases."

"They went to the baker,

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa, "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly too, in being satisfied with butter."

They went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive-oil," was the answer,

"Mark this, also," said the host to his guest, "oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil vendor.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality, white and transparent as water was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a painful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"

### Saved by a Snake.

Count Zinzedorf, in the missionary labor, visited North America in 1742, and for a short time labored in the work among the Shawawee Indians. When he first came to them, they received him with boldness, and a plot was formed to assassinate him. The story of his deliverance, which reads like some narrative of apostolic days, is as follows: The count was sitting, one evening, in his wigwam upon a bundle of dry weeds, which had been gathered for his bed. While he was writing by the light of a small fire, a rattlesnake, warmed into activity, crawled over one of his legs. Just then the murderous savages lifted the blanket that served for a door, and looked in. The venerable appearance of the count, absorbed in his writing, while the snake crawled peacefully over his legs, awed the Indians. They stood motionless for some minutes watching the aged man, and then, gliding from the scene, fled into the forest. From that night the missionary found them friends and listeners.

### A Coal Bank Romance.

The Cleveland *Herald* gives currency to the following romantic incident: About thirty years ago a farmer residing in Springfield (O.) township, named Maxwell, visited a deserted coal-bank in the neighborhood, attracted thither by sheer idle curiosity. He stood at the slope opening for a time, and then started to walk down it, when at the entrance of this dark and gloomy place, he saw a bucket. He picked it up and soon there came from it the tender and suppressed cries of an infant. He carried it to the light, and then after removing the wrappings he saw a sweet little babe looking into his eyes, as if it wanted to say: "Please take pity on me. I am a poor little outcast without a home. Won't you take me out and love and take care of me?" Mr. Maxwell was a young married man, with a large, generous heart, and having then no children of his own he took the little waif home with him and he and Mrs. Maxwell took care of it and loved it as parents love their own children. The little foundling grew to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and she repaid her foster parents with abundance of affection and tender devotion. Twenty years had come and

gone when one day a young man called at the house of the Maxwells and declared that the babe found in the coal-bank was his sister, and that he had come from a pleasant home in Iowa to see her, and if possible persuade her to return with him. Their mother had died a few months ago, and on her death-bed she told how she had hid the babe in the coal-bank, of Mr. Maxwell's finding it and all about it, and made a dying request that the family should hunt her up and claim her. The Maxwells were well pleased with the young man, and he remained with them several weeks. When he returned to his Western home he took his sister with him. He also took the promise of one of Mr. Maxwell's daughters that she, too, would share his home and fortune ere long. This promise was kept.

### A Lingering Superstition.

Two gentlemen were conversing the other day on the folly of superstitions, when one of them remarked, "There's just one superstition which clings to me still. I never like to break a mirror. I never knew any bad luck to follow, but I don't like to have it happen."

"I agree with you," replied the other, "and my experience has warranted my fears. I have never broken a mirror but I have met with some bad luck the same day."

"Is it possible?" asked the first, with open mouth.

"Yes," replied the other gentleman, "there was never a day on which I broke a mirror that I did not lose from two to twenty-five dollars."

"You don't say!"

"And more than that, the amount lost always corresponded with the value of the mirror broken."

"Ah, very likely, very likely;" and the subject was abruptly changed.—*Detroit Chief.*

### An Idyl.

"O! can you help me? I'm suffering; suffered, terribly all night long."

"Yes," responded the delighted editor to the pale beautiful damsel who had dashed so unceremoniously into his office, "that is just our line to relieve the afflicted, to bind up the wounded."

"O! thank you; you are so kind. For three days I have not tasted food; for three nights I have paced my room."

"That's it," smiled the editor. "I had it too, but never so bad. But I grew thin and pale, and finally they sent me South. It cured me."

"How strange," she murmured; "I never knew change of climate to affect—"

"Just the thing. A nice trip South; roses and roustabouts and other children of nature divert the mind. Or a trip to San Francisco, or a sea voyage, that is now the proper racket. Is this case hopeless? Can we not save—"

"No, no," she moaned, growing paler each instant. "There is but one cure, I fear," and she fell into a chair.

"O say not so," pleaded the tender hearted editor, his eye glistening with the tear of sympathy. "So young, so fair, to speak so hopelessly of life—"

"I do not quite despair of life, and yet it is not worth living if this pain must continue."

"Might I try my hand at curing you? When it comes to a delicate little matter of this kind, I flatter myself—"

"Oh," she muttered, "pa has every confidence in you. And he says you are so skillful that you can replace the old—"

"Bless him, bless him," blurted the delighted editor, a vision of paradise floating before him. "Where did he learn so much of me? True I'm only a poor toiler, but rich in the wealth of affection?"

"Affection, affection," snapped the young lady, starting up, "who is talking of affection?"

"Why, why—I thought—you said, that is you—"

"Asked you to extract a tooth that has ached for a week. Pa directed me to Dr. Grinder as a careful dentist."

"I beg your pardon. I—"

But only blank walls answered the pleading of the desolate young editor, while a very mad young lady flounced down stairs three steps at a time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### To A Beautiful Stranger.

A glance, a smile—I see it yet!

A moment ere the train was starting;  
How strange to tell! We scarcely met,  
And yet I felt a pain at parting.

And you (alas! that all the while

'Tis I alone who am confessing!)

What thought was lurking in your smile  
Is quite beyond my simple guessing.

I only know those beaming rays

Awoke in me a strange emotion,  
Which, basking in their warmer blaze,  
Perhaps might kindle to devotion.

Ah! many a heart as stanch as this,

By smiling lips allured from duty,

Has sung in Passion's dark abyss—

"Wrecked on the coral reefs of Beauty?"

And so, 'tis well the train's swift flight

That bore away my charming stranger

Took her—God bless her!—out of sight,

And me, as quickly, out of danger!

*John G. Saxe.*

### A Disappointed Masher.

There lives in St. Louis a very sensible old German named Muller, who keeps a store. He has a daughter, but her name is not Maud; she does not rake hay on a summer day, and angle simultaneously for susceptible old judges. Her name is Mina. Not long since she attracted the attention of one of those unfortunate creatures called "mashers," so called because their noses need mashing about ten times a day. He found out where she lived, and next day an unkempt urchin brought Miss Muller a personal note, marked "strictly confidential." The contents of the note were to the effect that he loved her for herself alone; also that he had something very important to communicate to her, hence she should meet him at ten o'clock, sharp, at the corner of Biddle and Teeth Streets. The following postscript was added:

"P. S.—That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of pants and a dark cut-away coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar. Yours forever, ADOLPHUS."

As the urchin said he was told to wait for an answer, Miss Muller took the note to her father, and requested him to write an answer. The old man did so, stating that his daughter would be at the appointed place at the time specified by proxy, he, her father, having authority to represent her at the proposed caucus. The postscript read as follows:

"P. S.—Dot mine son of a gun may make no mishdakes, I vill pe dressed in mine shirt sleeves. I vill veer in mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill veer a six-shooter, forty-five calibre. You will recognize me by de vey I bats you on de head a gooble dimes twit mit dot glub. Wait for me on de corner, as I have somedings imbardant to inform you mit. Your friend, HEINRICH MULLER."

For some unexplained reason, Adolphus was not on hand when all that was wanted, much to the grief of the old man, who meant all that he wrote.

A late reviewer suggests that the familiar nursery story of old Mother Hubbard and her dog is derived from the legend of St. Hubert, the patron saint of dogs. The derivation commonly accepted for the surname Hubbard is that it is from Hubert. The title "Mother" may have been given in a contemptuous sense, just as we style a certain kind of man an "old woman." Mother Hubbard is a good old soul, but, in all her canine anxieties and efforts, quite fatile. Her dog is none the better for her patronage. And so possibly in her person the saint himself may be derided, our version of old "Mother Hubbard" being a sort of parody of the old saint legend, composed when the belief in the saints and their powers was dying out.—[*Harper's Weekly.*]



## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

## Faithful Rush.

Some years ago, a gentleman named Mr. R., as he was returning from a ride, passed a pond where two or three boys were standing, one of whom was tying a string, with a large stone attached to it, round the neck of a little dog they had with them, evidently with the intention of drowning it. Mr. R. stopped, and asked why they were thus going to take the life of a poor little creature who could do them no harm. The eldest of the three boys answered that it was such an *ugly cur*, and of no use to anybody, and they wanted the *fun* of drowning it. Mr. R. observed that he did not see the *fun* in being cruel, and then offered to give them five shillings for the dog, which they were only too glad to accept.

With good usage and food, the dog, which had at first been miserably thin, grew sleek and fat; and, when washed and combed, it was by no means a bad-looking dog.

It at once attached itself to Mr. R., who called it Rush, sleeping at the foot of his bed, and always accompanying him to the church door on Sundays. He taught it to fetch his gloves, stick, and hat, and many other tricks.

One day Mr. R., as usual, went for a ride, taking Rush with him. He was riding a young horse; and I suppose it must have shied at something or other, for it suddenly reared and threw him on to a heap of stones close by, which rendered him unconscious.

Rush, after vainly trying by licking his face and hands to awake him, ran off home, where he rushed into the drawing-room, and tried by backing and pulling at her dress to show Mrs. R. that something was the matter; and she, having seen Rush start with his master, thought something must have happened to him. So, calling two of the servants, she started off, and followed Rush to the place where his master lay. They immediately carried him home; and the doctor, when he arrived, said that the only injury was a broken leg, so that, though he had to lie up for some months, he ultimately recovered. But if Rush had not gone home for help he might have lain there some hours without anyone seeing him, as it was an unfrequented place.—*Little Folks.*

## Quarreling.

"Do your children ever quarrel?" asked one mother of another, a few evenings ago. "Quarrel!" was the reply. "They quarrel all the time. Their quarreling is the plague of my life." "How relieved I am to hear it!" was the unexpected reply. "I thought it was only my children who quarreled, for I am so ashamed of it that I never spoke of it before."

The ice being thus broken, the mothers pursued the subject: without, however, getting much light upon it. Both declared they had done everything in their power to put a stop to the odious practice, and both confessed that they had had little success. All went well with their children, they said, until two of them happened to want the same thing at the same time, and then there was trouble in the family.

It seemed to us, as we listened to their talk, that they underestimated both the difficulty and the importance of their task. Quarreling! Why, the chief business of barbarians is quarreling, and the chief endeavors of civilized beings is to stop quarreling, and to grow above quarreling. The test of every household's rank in civilization is the harmony and love existing among its members. Those mothers might well be ashamed of their children's quarreling, for it was in truth the outward sign of minds immature and ungoverned.

The practice is probably more common than is generally supposed, because on the approach of a stranger, the fierce reply is withheld, the flushed face is averted, the quarrel is postponed, and order reigns. This fact alone shows that the human conscience recognizes the truth of the proverb, that he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who takes a city. The word *vulgar* is strictly applicable to quarreling, because the primitive meaning of the word is *common*. That just hits it. To quarrel is the practice of the common run of mortals. To live in peace and mutual regard is the happiness of the superior few. It may be said with strict correctness that quarreling is vulgar.

## OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

Of those who have sent us letters this month, nearly all have obtained all the answers. Mary Thompson, St. Catharines, has been awarded the prize, her letter, in a close contest, being considered slightly better than two other very nice ones.

Correct answers have also been received from Clara M. Vollans, Windsor; Susie V. Danger, Windsor; Walter Anderson, Toronto. Mary Vollans, Windsor; Willie Short, Hamilton; George H., Toronto; Nemo, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; Bertie, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. H. Henderson, Toronto, and Alfred Ward, Montreal.

A number of names were left out last month because of answers not being received in time, and probably other letters will be received this month later. Remember no letters will be noticed that are not received by the fifth or June.

A similar prize will be awarded for the best set of answers to puzzles in this number.

## MAY PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

To pull.

To wander.

A river in England.

An abbreviation referring to a man.

2.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant.

A resting place.

To become acquainted with.

Perusing.

Salt water.

A unit.

A consonant.

3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A musical instrument.

A State in the Union.

The break of day.

An abbreviation used with dates.

Close by.

Unemployed.

The end.

Void.

Finals name a city in the (*initials*.)

4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in duck but not in drake

My second is in butter but not in cake

My third is in carriage but not in van,

My fourth is in kettle but not in pan,

My fifth is in orange but not in apple,

My sixth is in house but not in chapel,

My whole is a bird which we love to hear sing,

As we ramble about in the fields in spring.

—*Clara Vollans.*

## ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

1. Square word:— B I L A N K  
I A D E N  
A D O R E  
N E R V E  
K N E E S

2. Double Acrostic:— F A I R Y  
O H I O  
J O U  
K I N  
S O N G

3. Numerical Enigma:— Eleemosynary.

4. Decapitation:— Wheat, heat, eat, at.

5. Diamond Puzzle:— W  
O R K  
D R I N K  
W R I N K L E  
M A K E R  
A L E  
E