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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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NO. 3.

Why The Cows Came Late.

Crimson sunset burning,
 O'er the tree-fringed hills;
 Golden are the meadows,
 Ruddy flashed the rills.
 Quiet in the farm house;
 Home the farmer hies;
 But his wife is watching,
 Shading anxious eyes,

While she lingers with her pail beside the barn-yard gate,
 Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home so late

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden,
 Wandering down the lane;
 That was ere the daylight
 Had begun to wane.
 Deeper grow the shadows;
 Circling swallows cheep;
 Katydid's are calling;
 Mists o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barn-yard gate,
 And wonders why her Jenny and the cows can be so late.

Loving sounds are falling,
 Homeward now at last;
 Speckle Bess and Brindle
 Through the gate have passed.
 Jennie, sweetly blushing,
 Jannie, grave and shy
 Takes the pail from mother,
 Who stands silent by.

Not one word is spoken as mother shuts the gate,
 But now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late!

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"I AM very tired Madam! with your permission I will retire?" I said haughtily, rising from my seat.

"You may go," was the curt response; and wishing them good night, I went from the room.

For long that night I paced up and down my bedroom, thinking over the events of the past day, laying my plans for the future and resenting with all the hot passion of my nature the insulting manner adopted by the woman who called herself the mistress of Upfield Manor.

"But she shall not reign here for long; so help me Heaven she shall not!" I cried fiercely, shaken by a very storm of passion and resentment, which was soon succeeded by a curious depression, that chilled me.

What if there should be no will after all! What if my dream should prove only a vain delusion?" I shuddered when I asked myself this, and thought of all the petty humiliations I should have subjected myself to for no good in the end. Falling on my knees by the bed I buried my face in my hands, and wept bitterly. Somehow I could not pray that night. My heart was too full of hatred and evil passion to be in harmony with the beauty and calmness of prayer. I could only weep and cry "Oh God forgive me if what I am doing is wrong, oh! help me for I am very sinful!" Yet persistently I shut my eyes to aught that was wrong in my conduct, and wilfully clung to the purpose which had brought me to Upfield. "It cannot be wrong to recover the will, if there is a will" I argued.

Before closing my eyes that night I made two mental notes: First—Mrs Godfrey evidently had heard something of the relations existing between Douglas Rathburn and me in the past, therefore I resolved to be carefully guarded in my manner if his name was mentioned and whenever I chanced to meet him, so that she should have no opportunity for sneering at my sentimentality. Second—the fact of the library's being in daily use as a family sitting room, would make my task a much easier one than I had anticipated; as, should I be discovered there alone, even though it were in the night, the fact would not excite unusual comment, and my opportunities for the search would be doubled.

Next morning after breakfast, I was summoned to the library to receive my instructions, and learn what were to be my duties as Miss Godfrey's companion.

I found my aunt seated at the writing table, where my father had sat so often long ago, and it gave me a pang to see this woman appropriate it so coolly. There were a heap of letters lying beside her, some opened, others with unbroken seals.

She was writing as I entered, and merely glanced up saying only one word—

"Wait."

So I seated myself and quietly looked around me at the familiar room, while ever and anon my glance rested, fascinated upon the tall up-right figure of the woman who sat before me. How motionless she was! How noiselessly glided her pen over the creamy note-paper! As I watched her dreamily, my mind full of many different thoughts, she seemed to me more like a figure in a dream than a living reality. Everything about her, even to the smallest detail of her toilette was neutral in tint—hair, eyes, complexion, all of the palest hue: her dress, a light grey, was plain, almost to severity; she wore white lace at her throat and around her wrists, and there were bows of pale grey ribbon on her sleeves and at her neck. I wondered irritably—for the monotony of her attire wearied me—if she dressed thus purposely, in order to enhance the peculiarity of her appearance. While I was thinking thus she laid aside her pen and looked at me.

"I sent for you"—she began in her low monotone—"to tell you what are my wishes with regard to your position in this house, and to instruct you as to the duties you will have, to fulfil as Miss Godfrey's companion." She paused, and I, with a beating heart and burning face answered quickly,

although prudence dictated silence on my part: "I came to U'pfield with a perfect understanding of the position I should occupy here Mrs. Godfrey."

It was a foolish and unnecessary speech and I was punished for it by the supreme indifference with which she ignored it.

"Miss Godfrey, as perhaps you are aware, is in delicate health; she has never been strong, but of late her health has been less good than usual; her spirits are uncertain and she should be kept amused; it will be your duty to keep her interested and amused as much as possible, and to humor her in every way. The doctor says that to thwart her wishes would be to increase the irritability of her nervous system." Mrs. Godfrey paused and trifled with an ivory paper cutter for a moment, and then continued. "It was against my better judgment that you were chosen to fill a position for which there are others more competent under the circumstances; but it was my daughter's desire that you should come, therefore I yielded to her wishes. It is needless to remark that I was surprised at your application for the place, as well as at your father's consenting to it, but I presume you have your own reasons; you will understand, however, that the fact of your relationship to my daughter must be laid aside and forgotten as far as possible, while you remain here. If you do not choose to accede to this condition, the alternative is simply—you must go."

With bent head, and in utter silence I listened, as the low, cruel voice spoke such humiliating words to me. Passionate anger swelled my heart, and I longed wildly for the right to say to this insolent woman—"go," as she had threatened to say to me.

Oh! if I could succeed in finding the will! The will, which would send from the doors of U'pfield this insolent intruder. How I would rejoice in that day when I should watch her go forth in her humiliation, to return, never more. I wished with all my heart for the power to humiliate her as she had humiliated me, and to obtain that power I resolved to control my temper and my pride, and to bear quietly any insult this woman might offer me; the more insulting she was now, the worse it would be for her in the future.

I make no excuse for my bitter, revengeful feelings towards my aunt; that I was acting wrongly in allowing my evil passion such full play; that I was encouraging an unchristian and unwomanly hatred, implacable and merciless, to fill my heart against my enemy, I was fully aware. And yet though I fully realised my sin, though I would not pray while its burden lay upon me: though I was unhappy on account of it, yet I would not put it from me, nor yield one iota of my purpose. Wilfully, wickedly I clung to my sin, and repentance came too late.

"You may rest satisfied that I shall never presume upon my relationship to Helen," I answered proudly.

"It is well," was the curt response. "And now," she said, after a few other unimportant matters had been discussed, "I think I have said all that is necessary; you may go. Here is a letter for Miss Godfrey; be good enough to take it to her."

As I took the letter from her hand, I fancied I saw a malicious smile on her thin lips.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I had left the room, I glanced carelessly at the direction on the envelope! but I started when I saw the handwriting. I knew it well—it was Douglas Rathburn's!

This then, was the meaning of Mrs. Godfrey's smile as she gave me the letter. With a sinking heart, I wondered where Douglas was, and why he should write to Helen—what was Helen to him?

By the postmark I perceived that the letter had come from Winchester. So Douglas was not in Upton at all "Ah well!" I thought—"may be it is better so."

I found Helen on the lawn sitting beneath the shade of a large spreading cedar. A magnificent hound lay beside her, and she was playfully pulling his ears and teasing him as I came near. It was a pretty picture and pre-occupied as I was, I was fain to pause a moment to regard it.

Space will not permit me to describe in detail the beauties of U'pfield Park! but I think I had rarely seen it look more beautiful than on the morning in question. The great

trees in the park were laden with their dense foliage of varied shades of green, and cast shadows, so deep and dense that in some places one could almost imagine it to be night instead of morning.

On the left could be seen the dim vista of a noble avenue of oak, beech and sycamore. Smooth-shaven lawns ornamented with costly fountains and marble statues and dazzling patches of brilliant-hued flowers surrounded the quaint Elizabethan mansion which looked on this calm summer morning, a home worthy of the love and pride of its owner. And all this—all this was Helen's! Here I glanced again at the pretty, golden-haired girl who was heiress of the manor! and though, strangely and unaccountably, I felt my heart drawn to her, softened perhaps by her child-like, unaffected sweetness; yet as I advanced towards her I said to myself—"not always shall this be hers! if there is a will, I shall find it."

"Oh cousin Enis! I am so glad you have come at last! Prince and I have begun to tire of each other's company. Have we not Prince?"—turning playfully to the dog, who, as if to discountenance such an idea, lifted one huge paw and laid it on her lap, with a deprecating glance from his soft brown eyes.

"I am sorry you had to wait so long Helen, but your mother detained me. This letter is for you."

"A letter!" she cried, and put out her hand eagerly for it.

"I shall leave you if you wish, whilst you read it," I said coldly.

"Oh no! pray do not; there is no need,—"

She did not complete her sentence for as she caught sight of the handwriting on the envelope a rich blush swept over her pure *spirituelle* face, and a happy smile curved the red lips. I seated myself a slight distance from her and with many a jealous pang watched her furtively as she read Douglas' letter, and wondered miserably what there could be in it to cause the flickering color to come and go on the delicate face of Helen Godfrey. Yet even then I did not hate her, though I had now an added cause for doing so, for I scarcely doubted that she had won Douglas Rathburn's love—I was jealous of her—bitterly jealous, yet I did not hate her, and the thought that I loved her, notwithstanding the wrong I did her, has been my greatest comfort.

"Cousin Enis." Turning my head I found her looking shyly at me, her blue eyes brimful of a sort of gladness which had not been there when I gave her the letter.

"I think Helen, I should prefer that you did not call me cousin Enis," I said coldly.

She looked at me, hurt and bewildered at my words and tone.

"Why?"

"Your mother desires that the fact of our kinship should be ignored," I answered curtly, and expecting to see her pout and exclaim petulantly, I was surprised when she blushed and looked confused, hanging her head as she murmured:

"Of course if Mamma wishes it, I must; but I am so sorry, dear Enis" and she nestled close to me and slipped one of her little snowy hands into my larger ones. I did not know then, but I discovered afterwards that Helen though devotedly fond of her mother, was afraid of her and never ventured to oppose her when once Mrs. Godfrey had laid down the law on any point.

"What were you going to say to me Helen?" I asked.

"It—it was about this letter; Douglas—you know Douglas Rathburn?"

"Yes."

"Well he—he asks me in this letter to be his wife, Enis"

"Indeed! Do you love him, Helen?" I asked slowly.

"Love him? I cannot tell you how much I love him; I worship him. He is my king."

She knelt beside me her clasped hands hanging loosely down before her; her head thrown slightly back and such a look of worshipful love, and shining happiness in her face, that I was almost startled and involuntarily the thought flashed through my mind—

"If this idol of hers were shattered; what would she do? it would kill her; I am sure."

With a sudden, pitying impulse, I laid my hand on her shoulder and cried:—

"Child do not set your heart too firmly on him; he may play you false."

"Douglas play me false! Oh no! You do not know him Enis. Douglas is true," she cried with a smile. And I said no more, merely inquiring where Dr. Rathburn was at present.

"In Winchester," was the answer. "You know after his father died he had the practice at Upton; but about six months ago he received an offer of a large practice in Winchester which he accepted at once."

"He is prospering then?"

"Yes was the laughing answer—he says he is getting quite rich. But—if you will excuse me Enis, I think I had better go into the house and see mamma?"

"Excuse you!" I echoed bitterly—"my dear Helen, you surely forget that I am your paid companion."

"You are my very dear cousin," she answered stooping her golden head to kiss me before she went away, and left me to wrestle with this new pain. When at length I re-entered the house, obedient to a summons from Helen, I had steeled myself to suffer with proud composure the almost intolerable pain of listening to Helen's encomiums on her absent lover and to see the almost rapturous happiness in her face, knowing from what source it sprang. The thought occurred to me that there did not seem to be much need for a companion to amuse and interest her now, and I grew almost alarmed lest I should be told some day that my services were no longer necessary. I resolved to ingratiate myself more and more in Helen's affections, and to lose no time in commencing my search for the will. It was about a week later, that one morning as Helen and I sat once more beneath the cedar on the lawn she broached the subject of U'pfield and our grandfather's will.

"Where did you get your strange pretty name Enis?" she asked suddenly.

"My mother's maiden name was Enis—she was a Miss Enis. It was nearly becoming Herbert's name, but papa thought it sounded too effeminate, so the idea was given up, and then, when I made my appearance it was bestowed upon me."

"Your brother Herbert was to have been a clergyman was he not?"

"Yes."

"Oh Enis! how you must hate us for taking U'pfield from you; I think our grandfather's will was a most unjust one; he should not have disinherited the elder son. But Enis, I have never rightly understood the cause of the quarrel between grandpapa and my uncle; and do you know, I once overheard two of the servants talking about some other will, which was lost, but which if discovered would right your father; I asked my mother, but she knew nothing about it except that at the time of grandpapa's death there was some talk of another will, which, however was never found; would you mind telling me all about it from beginning to end. Oh! How I wish I could find that lost will! then my beautiful, stately Enis you would be Miss Godfrey, of U'pfield, and I your little cousin. That would be charming; for you know I have a great deal of money without U'pfield Manor and its revenues, and Douglas says he would be better pleased if I were not quite so rich.

"Indeed," I replied sarcastically, for I had a rooted conviction that it was Helen's money Dr. Rathburn loved, not Helen herself; for had he not loved me long ago when I was the richly dowered daughter of Squire Godfrey? But Helen's wealth was greater far than mine would ever have been, for she was sole heiress of U'pfield Manor and all its broad acres and now he had transferred his affections to her. In my jealous resentment I did not pause to consider, that when I had last seen Douglas, he was little more than a boy and I a mere child; and in the years that had passed since then he had, perhaps naturally enough, outgrown his boyish love for me and had given the love of his manhood to my fair, baby-faced cousin! I only knew that I loved him now far more passionately than in my early girl-hood, while he—he had forgotten all the past no doubt. Men forget these things so much more readily than women who cherish them in their hearts foolishly, lovingly; as oftentimes sad and ever sweet and tender memories, to be taken anon reverently from their hidden recesses and gazed upon with wistful tear-dimmed eyes, as one looks upon the pictured face of some dear one dead and

gone. Ah! men do not guess how many such exquisitely tender memories are treasured up in the fond, foolish hearts of women.

At Helen's request I recounted to her the story of the inheritance of U'pfield, so far as I knew it.

"Our Grandfather, as you know, had only two children, my father and yours. Alex, the elder was his favorite and the heir of U'pfield, when they reached manhood, Edward your father entered the army whilst my father chose the profession of the law, for although heir to a large estate he refused to live an idle life. The two brothers were totally different in character and habits of living. Edward was a handsome, careless young fellow, always"—Here I stopped in some embarrassment, remembering suddenly that it was Helen's father of whom I was speaking.

"Go on," she said gravely, "I know what you were going to say—my poor father was always extravagant and spent more money than he possessed."

So I continued.

"He was always in debt or trouble of some sort, and at length his father refused to pay his debts any more or to have anything further to do with him. You know Grandpa had a very violent temper and was stern and unbending, a very martinet in matters in which his younger son was particularly reckless. Your father, after struggling a while longer in the sea of debt into which he had cast himself, at length sold out of the army and left England without so much as letting his relatives know where he had gone. His father never saw him again, though I have heard that he grieved incessantly at his continued absence and unbroken silence.

"Papa, at the time of his brother's departure from England, was just beginning to succeed fairly in his profession, and Grandpa was pleased, and proud of his talents and his prospects of future success.

You, of course, have heard of Ella Montague, Grandpa's niece, who was killed, poor girl, by a fall from her horse, about a year and a half before her uncle's death. He was passionately fond of this girl, who, I have heard, was remarkably beautiful, besides being an heiress and an earl's descendant on her father's side. Her parents were both dead and she lived with Grandpa, who was her guardian. His most cherished wish, was that his elder son should marry Ella, who, my mother says, was much attached to her cousin Alex, my father. At length, during one of Papa's visits home, he [Grandpa] broached the subject to him, never dreaming that he would oppose the idea! You may imagine then his fury when Papa firmly but respectfully replied that he could never dream of making Ella his wife, as he was already engaged to another lady whom he loved with all his heart. That lady was Margaret Enis, a clergyman's daughter. Grandpa alternately raged and coaxed but all to no purpose. My father remained unmoved. He then threatened to disinherit him if he refused to give up my mother; but not even that had any power to win my father from his allegiance to the girl he loved. But we need not dwell any longer on this subject. Suffice to say, that Alex Godfrey left U'pfield that night a disinherited son, forbidden by his father ever to enter its doors again unless he came prepared to carry out his wishes."

To be Continued.

Would you be a man or his shoes?

How much a man is like old shoes;
For instance, both a *soul* may lose.
Both have been *tanned*, both are made *tight*
By cobblers. Both get *left and right*;
They both need *healing*; both get *soled*,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With *shoes* the *last* is first, with men
The first shall be the *last*; and when
The *shoes* wear out they're *mended* new,
When men wear out they're *men dead*, too.
They both are *trod upon*, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth,
Both have their *ties*, and both *incline*;
When *polished*, in the world to shine;
And both *peg out*—and would you choose
To be a man or be his *shoes*?

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

Wounded Hearts.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

NOTE.—*Wounded Hearts* was commenced in the March number of the "Family Circle," and for the benefit of subscribers who commenced with the July number, we will send the numbers containing the complete story to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address, "Family Circle" Office, London East, Ont.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT evening with Nellie Elson passed swiftly indeed, and as we were standing by the outer door preparatory to my departure, a servant came from Mrs. Elson announcing that that lady had arisen from her bed and desired to see me in the library.

I was puzzled and stood for an instant looking inquiringly at Nellie, when suddenly the front door opened and Werbletree's hand was laid upon my shoulder. Turning around, I gazed in surprise on Arthur Drammel and Charles Sweeman. Werbletree had caught the messenger's last words, and as he pressed his huge fingers on my shoulder, he said, "I will go in your stead;" and without giving me time to object, had I wished, he passed along after the servant who led the way to the library thinking it was I who followed. Sweeman looked at me then at Arthur with a daring, defiant look, and then at the walls and ceiling as an imprisoned lion might look at the bars of its cage.

Oppressive silence and wonderment ensued. Nellie looked at me half frightened, and with a vacant, inquiring stare. I could only return as vacant a look; for all was as strange to me as if I had been suddenly transported to an enchanted land. Oh how long that few minutes seemed! Why had Werbletree come? How had he brought both Arthur Drammel and Charles Sweeman? Surely there would be a revelation now. I felt dizzy with wonderment. A heavy darkness seemed to press around me. I felt a cold shiver coming over me, and then I sank down in the chair weak and exhausted, but still sensible of what was going on around me. I saw Sweeman eye me now more sympathetically and as he turned to Arthur Drammel an expression came over his face that would call forth pity from the most hard hearted. I read in that look the deep emotion of conflicting passions, where the baser nature is striving for victory over one's moral principles. When the absurdity of his situation dawned upon him and the real ground of his conduct and his terrible severity came up before him, the veil of prejudice was torn off and his real nature triumphed.

His rigid gaze rested for some time on Arthur Drammel, and at last a relaxation of his whole face showed the humbler, better side of his nature.

Suddenly I saw them all move along the hall, and a glance from Nellie, who had been watching me all the time, told that I was expected to go too. As I arose I saw Werbletree disappear into the library at the farther end of the hall and concluded he must have beckoned for us.

We moved down slowly and reaching the library door a curious spectacle met our gaze.

There stood Richard Werbletree, his head bent submissively down with all appearance of being in the presence of the dead, and straight before him sat, in a rocking chair, Mrs. Elson, white with rage, glancing furiously at the man who stood there so humbly and penitent-looking, and yet who knew full well that he was increasing her anger every minute.

Charles Sweeman entered the room last, and as he came in the woman raised from her chair and glared at him.

"Am I in my own house, to be—"

The words came brokenly from her lips, and her voice failed before she finished the sentence "he sank back in her chair again and swooned.

Oh what anxious moments passed to me then! What had brought us all together there. Everyone almost that I was really directly interested about. When I think about it now, it seems to me like a last act in a drama.

Was it to be a tragedy? I feared it might; but my brain was too confused to think definitely about it then.

Under Werbletree's care Mrs. Elson revived, and looked up frightenedly and wildly. I could not bear to look at her quivering lips; the very air in the room seemed oppressive? I felt too weak to stand, and I sank down on a chair which stood by me.

She had no sooner revived than she again sank senseless back.

My excited interest alone supported me or my weakness would have caused me to have fallen senseless to the floor. I watched, however, for Mrs. Elson's recovery which was long in coming. At length she revived, and as she looked at Charles Sweeman now his calm and humble look even enraged her.

After a while she spoke in a low voice to him. Her first words I could not hear.

Soon I heard her say something about to-morrow and concluded that she wished him to wait, and talk to her then. This conclusion I found to be correct, and I saw that she must be taken to lie down; but Werbletree's sharp eye had seen this too, and he had soon summoned a servant, who took her weak mistress away.

"And that," thought I, "must end my expectation, for to-night at least I must still remain curious."

But no; that night was yet to reveal to me the facts of a matter which I deemed as important as my life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with wisest care;

Time but th' impression deeper makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

O Mary! dear, departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

—Burns.

WE all stayed that night at Hazelgrove with as little ceremony as though we were the proprietors. But there were other things to occupy our attention besides mere ceremony. Real earnest thought and action looks beyond mere form.

I sought the open air when I got a chance and wandered alone along the hazel walk, when suddenly among the bushes I saw Werbletree. Now my anxious curiosity was aroused from its smothered state, and I hurried eagerly to him.

"Do quiet my curiosity," I exclaimed, impatiently, as I neared him.

He looked up with that same quiet, submissive calmness in his face that I had noticed in the library.

"Be calm, Joe," he said, with affectionate warmth, "I am as anxious to tell you as you are to listen. I only hesitate for your own sake."

I felt a glow of pleasure sweep over me. This was the first pure recognition of friendship I had received from Richard Werbletree. I felt it in his manner and his speech.

"But be calm; my revelations may be too much for you."

"I think not," I responded, forcing a calmness in my voice.

"Well, sit here," he said, as we approached a rustic seat on the clear lawn. And I quietly sat by his side in the moonlight as he went on.

"I will tell you about your brother first, as that most concerns you. He is living, and knows exactly how matters stand regarding you. He has been disposed to leave you in possession of the estate, though he is not rich himself. But learning that you are very desirous of finding him in order, with your own lips, to convey the message of his father's forgiveness, he desires to become known to you. He also longs for the friendship which you would bestow on a brother."

"He deserves it richly," I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Have you never thought, among your acquaintances, who might be your brother?"

"Do I know him already, then? Is there anyone who would be so kind, so noble, of my acquaintances, as to act thus? I can't think who it is except—except—"

My eyes caught my companions, and I at last guessed the truth.

I felt strong and powerful—I felt proud of my brother.

Richard Werbletree was Richard, nick-name Zhake Lawnbrook.

I forget my actions. My emotion of love gushed toward him, and it was much later when we took our way to the house and to bed.

Next morning under Nellie's supervision we were summoned to breakfast, and, on enquiring, I learned that Mrs Elson had become very ill, and a doctor had been summoned while yet I was asleep.

Early in the forenoon we were all summoned to the sick chamber, and there gazed upon a different looking being from the usual calm Mrs. Elson. We stood there reverently looking upon what we felt to be a dying woman, and she felt so too.

A look at Charles Sweeman, as if pleading him to approach, brought him to her side.

"Why was it," she asked, "that you wished to torment me by constantly wishing to talk with me?" And anger and firmness, in spite of her weakness, was discernible in her tones.

"I wished," replied Sweeman, quietly, "to let you know that your son was under my cruel care; for God forgive me, I have wrongly wreaked the vengeance I owed to you on this poor son of yours, Arthur Drammel, otherwise Arthur Tagberg—your only child by the man with whom you were turned away from your father's house, and who a few years after, died by his own hand."

The miller spoke with excitement now, and as he turned and saw my anxiety to hear more, he went on.

"You kept from your husband, while he lived, the secret of this boy's existence, and in a most unnatural manner you displayed no anxiety to see him, nor I think would have cared had he been murdered, as he many a time was on the brink of being by my hand. Thank God I did not do it. He deserves a better fate no matter what his mother may be."

The woman groaned and closed her eyes.

Arthur Drammel stood mute and dazed as if not comprehending what was going on.

Nellie Elson looked enquiringly at me as if to note the effect this revelation had on me, though it was, indeed, as much of a revelation to herself.

Richard Werbletree, as his name has appeared to the reader, but more familiar to me as Zhake Lawnbrook, looked quietly on with an expression as if the exhibition of feeling was not equal to his anticipation.

The reader has already definitely guessed any other points that might be explained. How Charles Sweeman had been an accepted suitor for the hand of the young widow, Mrs. Tagberg, but who, because of his inferior wealth, had been rejected for William Elson's wealth, and how this disappointment had reversed the nature of the strong-passioned Charles Sweeman.

But nature repairs her ravages, and since the time of which I write Charles Sweeman has become himself again, and a pleasanter man does not exist. Arthur Drammel lives with him on the old Lawnbrook estate, the mill now being under the management of a competent man. No better friends now exist than the two who are equals now, and both ever ready to make any sacrifice for the other.

Jessie Harle did not marry Walter Marston nor anybody else. Her career was downward, and she sank lower and lower till she reached the lowest degradation of womanhood. Poor, pretty little Jessie. Her aunt's devising means for her to live in the city was productive of no good, and her own ambitious inclination to rather marry an easy-going, sporting fellow, in which character I had appeared to her, rather than a sturdy, high-principled studious seeker of knowledge, was a source of miserable results. And thus I bid farewell, now to that pretty round-faced little Jessie, who appears like an April morning of life's spring-time in my memory. Yes; a thousand times more reluctant am I at leaving her now than I was on that last night when I turned my steps towards "Hazelgrove." Would that I could recall her from the paths of evil where she walks to reap the inevitable punishment which nature must inflict and kindles within the wrath of

God—would that I could recall her to the path she trod in girlhood, and remember her now without a stain as the pretty little graceful and pure Jessie Harle, of Shulton, as she appeared to me on my first visit there.

Walter Marston married a wife becoming the good, honest fellow that he is, and has been remarkably successful in his professional life.

Zhake Lawnbrook is now, as he always was, a rover, and with money to prevent his having to rough it as he used to do in his younger days, of which he often tells many interesting yarns; he travels about in ease and comfort.

Nellie Elson—no she is not Nellie Elson now, but she still resides in the stately mansion of "Hazelgrove," and I am the proprietor of that beautiful residence and those grand grounds; a happier and better wife does not exist.

We have many a sorrow buried in our hearts of the past, have Nellie and I, but who has not, and so long as they are kept covered deep, who cares? We must all have our cares and anxieties and not a few deep heart wounds. But we are thankful for being preserved from the sorrows of such lives as most of those around us, and still I look with something of a purified feeling in my own heart upon the wounds that at times afflicted poor Arthur Tagberg, the heart-broken, foolishly-blinded Charles Sweeman, the degraded Jessie Harle, the wronged Walter Marston. But those who deserved it have lived now to a better and happier life, the purer for having undergone such afflictions.

Mrs. Elson lived only for a few weeks after the scenes of the morning on which so much of her life was revealed to me. I look back pityingly upon her smothered grief, and as I lay down my pen and say farewell to my indulgent readers, I feel a relief, which she herself must have anticipated, in the fact, that after a life of miserable circumstances that cast her on temptation's tide, which she, weak woman, could not breast, she is at last beyond life's cruel anguish—her wounded heart beats heavily no more.

THE END.

Happy People Everywhere.

There are people who cannot get it into their heads that poor and rich are of the same flesh and blood and character. Scoop up a hundred people in Fifth Avenue, says the *Ledger*, and another hundred in Avenue B, dress them in similar clothes, place them in similar testing circumstances, and we should find the two groups about on a par, both in virtue and in excellence. There would be bores among the Fifth Avenue people, and polite souls among those of the other Avenue. In each there would be a very similar proportion of good and bad, strong and weak, brave and cowardly, magnanimous and mean.

A lady who hired a lodging in an unoccupied house in a New York tenement street, while she nursed her children through the scarlet fever, relates the following story as told her by her German landlady:

"Do you see that window?" asked the landlady. "A Bohemian woman live there last year. She gone because the rent raise. She roll cigars. She do it faster than the husband, so she get up at four every morning. But the husband—he good, too. He do the housework, make the breakfast, bring hers to her while she work an' never stop. He take care of the children—eight they have. Den—when he get time he sit down and make cigars, too. I know not how late at night they work, but they stop not even while they eat. An' they love so! I see them kiss quick—quick, and go to work again. An' she sing beautiful all day. I go to my window when I feel bad myself and listen—an' I feel better when I hear her."

The lady to whom this pleasing tale was told was surprised that people could be at once so poor and so happy. Such cheerful virtue is at least as common among the poor as among those who have abundance.

Irritated Mamma—"No, it doesn't fit as if it had been born in it—it doesn't fit at all, and I shall expect the money back." Mr. Moses—"But—" Irritated Mamma—"Your advertisements say: 'Money returned if not approved.'" Mr. Moses—"So they do, ma'tear, so they do, but your money was approved—it was very good money."

[Written for the Family Circle.]

Aspiring.

BY MRS. CROSS.

We read of noble deeds and feel
Our hearts within us burn and glow
And scarce our feeling can conceal:
"We, too, such deeds as these could do."

We long to live pure, noble lives,
Above the vain, tumultuous strife,
And sigh for opportunities
To do great deeds in common life.

We know that moments make the years,
Small sands the mountains, drops the sea
And trifles life—yet don't appear
To feel the truth we claim to see.

Live then in moments, little things
Make up the sum of good and ill;
He most accomplishes who sings,
While step by step he's climbing still.

Stimulants and Tobacco.

The opinions of medical men as to stimulants as an auxiliary to intellectual work are, says Mr. Arthur Reade in *Les Mondes*, too diverse to have much effect upon the habits of men of letters. Nor are they in much better agreement, he says, as to tobacco. That tobacco is a poison is certain: so are many things used, not only in medicine, but in food. The influence of tobacco on brainwork has been the subject of interminable controversy, and the question has occupied all classes of society. One argument is smoke helps men to think (to dream, rather) and it is asserted that the journalist smokes in writing, the man of science in solving a problem, the artist in painting, the clergyman in composing his sermon; that, in fact, every man great in science, in literature, in arts, climbs the ladder of fame with a pipe or cigar in his mouth. Tennyson has composed, it is said, his sweetest idyls under the influence of nicotine. Carlyle has taught the world philosophy, smoking.

Not the young only have these ideas. According to Andrew, Moltke is a great snuff-taker, and it was due to snuff that Napoleon was so pitilessly expelled from Belgium. Mr. John C. Murray, in his volume on smoking, undertakes to show when it is dangerous, neutral or beneficial to smoke. He claims that Raleigh, Milton, Dryden, Newton, Steel, Addison, Swift, Congreve, Bolingbroke, Pope, Johnson, Byron, Burns, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Dickens, spoke, wrote and sang under the influence of coffee, that plant of mystic power. But for those who have recourse to tobacco, he adds, their genius is generally like a lightning-flash or a meteor, involving too great mental tension, likely to drag reason from her throne and plunge her in the night of chaos. Another medical authority says that a moderate use of tobacco is as necessary to the brain-worker as moderation in the use of alcohol.

On the other hand, the adversaries of tobacco regard the idea that smoking helps sound thought as a most mischievous delusion; they maintain on the contrary, that it renders men incapable of intellectual labors. Tobacco leads to physical and mental indolence. Mr. Reade considers that the use of stimulants is a subject which should be examined in the light of the experience of poets, artists, journalists, men of science, authors, etc., in Europe and America. M. Pabbe Morigno makes the following remarks in reply to Mr. Arthur Reade's questions.

"Though I cannot offer myself as an example, because my temperament is too exceptional, my experience may have some degree of usefulness. I have published already a hundred and fifty volumes, small and great; I scarcely ever leave my work-table; I never take walking exercise; yet I have never experienced any trace of headache, or brain weariness or constipation, etc., etc. Never, in order to work, or to obtain my full clearness of mind, have I had occasion to take recourse to stimulants, or coffee, or alcohol, or tobacco, etc.; on the contrary, in my case, stimulants excite abnormal vibrations in the brain, unfavorable to its prompt and steady action."

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

—o—o—o—
"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Dangerous associates—Those who are dressed to kill.
If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

The Chinese say there are two good men—one dead, the other unborn.

A poet looks unutterable things. So does the man with a red-hot potato in his mouth.

The question as to who shall be Speaker of the House has to be settled after every marriage.

When was the most beef tea made? When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's bull.

Nantucket has a girl pilot only seventeen years old. Knows all the buoys in the sound, you can bet.

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle.

A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription; "Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

When a man prefaces his conversation with, "Now I know this isn't any of my business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.

"Amateur gardener" wants to know the easiest way to make a hothouse. Leave a box of matches were the baby can play with them.

It is noted as a queer misprint in one of Chicago's great dailies that a doctor felt of a patient's "purse." Nothing very queer about that.

A contemporary boasts that he can "stand on his intellectual capital." It is to be presumed that he means that he can stand on his head.

A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a saw-log following him down a hill.

A certain school in the north of England announced as follows: "Larnin' taught here threepence a week—and them as larns manners twopence more."

"Yes," said the affectionate mother, "the first year of my daughter's marriage I thought her husband an angel, and I'm sure that every year since I've wished he was one."

A 'bus was seen the other evening carrying one passenger and displaying the sign "Full." The public mind is agitated with doubt. Did it refer to the passenger or driver?

"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs.—'s maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

Several of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw damsel is good enough for us.

O, she was nice to eat,

Remarked the alligator;

She tasted very sweet,

And I am glad-i-ator.

Dr. Holmes says that Emerson "took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." He could have made his fortune as a servant-girl.

"Yes sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

"I should so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

A Western paper announces the illness of its editor, piously adding: "All good-paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing."

A correspondent asks: "Can a boy leave his father when he is eighteen years old?" If a father is eighteen years old a son is justified in leaving him, because he ought by that time to be able to take care of himself.

A Brooklyn man who had used all the arguments that his ingenuity could devise to dissuade his son from getting married, finally hit upon an expedient that had the desired effect. He secured his appointment as clerk in a divorce court.

In a certain room there were eleven women sitting down. A lady passed the house with a new spring bonnet on. Find the number who got up and rushed to the window. [There's where you're fooled. One of 'em was too lame to get out of her chair.

A gentleman having an appointment with another, who very seldom kept his time, to his great surprise, found him waiting, and thus addressed him:—"Why, I see you are here first at last; you were always behind before, but I am happy to find that you have become early on time."

The English Chief Justice Mansfield on one occasion interrupted Sergeant Davy of the King's bench in the course of an argument, with which he was not disposed to agree: "If this be law, sir, I must burn all my books." "I hope," retorted Davy, "that your lordship will read them first."

Memoranda picked up on Washington street: "Send wife \$10, and tell her to make it go as far as possible; write—doctor says she must stay in the country through September; explain how terribly sick it is here, &c.; meet N. at two o'clock to go to Nantasket; pay billiard and liquor bills, \$16; draw \$75 from bank."

An Irish girl, who had applied for a position in which she was required to do general housework, was asked by the mistress if she ever made fires. "Shure, that's a strange question for a married woman to be axin' me," responded Bridget. "Begorra, mum, I never did make fires, but I've no objection to be afther fashin, yer husband."

Not long ago a colored sportsman at Washington hired a spirited pacer for an afternoon's ride. He had not gone far, when he was unhorsed without ceremony. A friend witnessing the catastrophe inquired: "What did you come down so quick, for?" "What did I come down so quick fo? Did you see anything up dar in de air for me to hold on to?"

To make Argonaut soup, take a pint of water and wash it clean. Then boil it until it is brown on both sides. Pour in one bean. When the bean begins to worry, prepare it to simmer. If the soup will not simmer it is too rich, and you must pour in more water. Dry the water with a towel before you put it in. The dryer the water the sooner it will brown. Serve hot.

"Is the Turkish civil service system," asked a traveller in the Orient of a pasha, "is the Turkish civil service like ours? Are there retiring allowances and pensions, for instance?" "My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver," replied the pasha, "Allah is great, and the pub. func. who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires is an ass! I have spoken."

A little girl of eight years was overheard saying to her brother, "After her divorce, mamma is going to marry the gentleman who gives us candy." The little boy began weeping. "What is the matter, Tommy?" asked a friend of the family, thinking the child's heart was touched by the prospect of these domestic infelicities and the loss of his own father. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!" says Tommy; "he won't give us any more candy then."

During the shower yesterday a citizen carrying a very wet umbrella entered a hotel to pay a call to some one up stairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain, he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned to it the sentence, "N. B. This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a 250-pound blow—back in fifteen minutes." He went his way up stairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned to find his umbrella gone, and in its place a note reading, "P. S. Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour—won't be back at all."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the man who brings 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."

Mr. G. Barnett Smith is preparing a "Life of Channing."

Florence Maryatt lately appeared as Lady Jane in "Patience."

"For the Major" is the name of Constance F. Woolson's new story.

A Hindustani translation of the "Arabian Nights" has just appeared.

Mr. W. D. Howells will be the guest of the artist Vedder while in Rome.

The lectures of Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll have been translated into Japanese.

"Heart and Science" is the remarkable title of Mr. Wilkie Collins' new novel.

The first (new) edition of "Leaves of Grass" was disposed of before publication.

"Notes on Men and Books," by the late James T. Fields, is announced for the fall.

John Stuart Blackie has resigned the professorship of Greek at the University of Edinburgh.

Professor W. W. Skeat, of Cambridge, has nearly completed his edition of Guest's "English Rhythms."

Mr. J. R. Lowell is engaged in writing a volume on Hawthorne for the "American Men of Letters" series.

Mr. R. H. Shepherd is preparing "The Life, Letters, and Uncollected Writings of W. Makepeace Thackeray."

Sampson, Low & Co., London, will publish, next autumn, "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers," by Rev. W. E. Winks.

At the sale of the effects of the late Dante G. Rossetti the presentation copy of Swinburne's "Atlanta in Calydon" brought £31.

Dr. Edward Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo, is soon to give up the practice of his profession and give his whole time to literature.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, who suffered great losses by the failure of his Rugby colony, has accepted an English county court judgeship.

The literary Princess Beatrice has set to music two of Lord Beaconsfield's poems. "The Blue-eyed Maiden" and "The Green Cavalier."

A cheap edition of the Koran is being printed at Constantinople in the printing establishment founded by Osman Bey, who intends to issue at a low price the best religious, scientific, and historical productions in the Arabic and Turkish languages.

"Emerson's was an Asiatic mind, drawing its sustenance partly from the hard soil of our New England; partly, too, from the air that has known Himalaya and the Ganges. So impressed with this character of his mind was Mr. Burlingame, as I saw him, after his return from his mission, that he said to me in a fresher of hyperbole, which was the overflow of a channel with a thread of truth running in it, 'There are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China.'" (From "Tributes to Emerson.")

The appearance of the new edition of Walt Whitman's works is calling forth many reviews which are interesting from the fact of the widely different views they exhibit from different men of ability. While we claim freedom of opinion for everyone we consider that a poet who can call forth such laudations as Walt Whitman has from men like Dante G. Rossetti, John Burroughs, Ralph Waldo Emerson, W. D. O'Connor, R. M. Bucke and Frank Walters, is a poet whose reputation can be little hurt by the opinion of those who have never appreciated his works sufficient to feel a deeper, more noble, more philanthropic spirit in them than that of the celebration of sexual things, with no spiritual or intellectual element.

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RESPONSES TO READERS.

SUBSCRIBER—We send single copies of the FAMILY CIRCLE to any address on receipt of five cents in stamps. Back numbers from July 1881 are on hand.

L. K.—As to who is the best English novelist is a matter of opinion, George Eliot and Dickens seem to have the most admirers. Probably George Eliot is the greater writer. Thackeray holds a high position, and Fielding, though not now much read is a novelist of the first rank.

CONSTANT READER.—1. The best work to instruct you in bee keeping is "Quinby's New Bee Keeping," published by Orange Judd Company, New York. The "Canadian Bee Keeper's Guide," a smaller book (25 cts) is also good. Published by, J. H. Thomas, Brooklyn Ont. 2. For "Ingersoll Unmasked," address Clark Bradden, publisher, No. 315 East 65th Street, New York.

M. W.—There is nothing lady-like in turning the cold shoulder to anyone, and such conduct hurts the performers more than the person they intend to snub. The enjoyment of life is greatly lessened to those who think that they are superior to the rest of mankind; but it is equally as grave a fault to consider there is any person superior to yourself. 2. Following no rules of etiquette may enable a young lady to make more friends, or to be more happy; but easy, graceful, unaffected manners, the outgrowth of a knowledge of self-importance, and the equal importance of others is the manner of purely developed womanhood.

ELLEN M.—1. George Eliot's real name was Marian Evans; Onida's, Louisa de la Rame, and Artemus Ward's, Charles F. Browne.

KATE P.—Go into society and forget your sorrow the more you think over it the harder it will be to bear. Make as many friends among the opposite sex as you can, until you are able to place your affections on some nobler and more worthy person.

LOTTA.—1. It is proper for a lady pass in front of a gentleman through a gate or up or down stairs. 2. Etiquette allows that the lady walk either on the inside or out on the street. They should not change at every corner turned.

WILLIAM J.—If you wish to gain employment in the city permanently you will find any trade which suits your inclination to be more remunerative than any other occupation in a few years time.

TOMMIE B.—We want agents in every State in the Union as well as in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

READER.—The air is lighter when it rains and when it looks like rain than when the sky is clear. Every effect of cloudy weather proves this, and though a common belief is that the air is heavier at such times there is no theory more absurd.

LENA.—It is not necessary to sign your full name in asking questions in this column; but when the name is signed we keep the letters as strictly confidential.

NOTE.—We must remind a few correspondents that we have to make it a rule not to answer any letters by mail unless a three cent stamp is enclosed.

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."

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.—*Michelet.*

Narrow waists and narrow minds go together.—*Chanfort.*

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.—*Gladstone.*

The homeliest tasks get beautiful if loving hands do them.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—*Bulwer.*

Happiness and unhappiness are qualities of mind—not of place for position.

Many judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

The means to promote any end are as necessary as the end to be promoted.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

To repent without mending one's ways is to pump out the ship without stopping the leak.

Misunderstandings are far more difficult things than people imagine, in love or in friendship.

A woman's dress is like the envelope of a letter, the cover, is frequently an index to the contents.

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the everyday moments of existence.—*Leigh Hunt.*

They govern the world, these sweet-lipped women, because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.—*George Washington.*

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil; his consent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to be overcome.

It is a mistake to suppose that intelligent, immortal and responsible beings were placed in this world simply to eat and drink, having no higher enjoyment than those enjoyed in common with the brute creation.

It is a mistake to infer that one man is better than another, simply because he was born in a favorite country, that he has brains simply because he wears fine cloths (belonging to the tailor), or that wealth is a guarantee of good breeding and good behavior.

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but staple principle. An honest man is honest from his soul, nor deigns to stoop to ought that is mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

AN HONEST MAN.

A true and brave and downright honest man!

He blew no trumpet in the market place,

Nor in the church, with hypocritical face,

Supplied with cant, the lack of Christian grace;

Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will

What others talked of, while their hands were still.

—*Whittier.*

Few know the value of cheerfulness. It is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, anxiety, moroseness, all this rust of life ought to be scoured by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which every one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

It is a sad mistake to suppose that young ladies were made simply to be arrayed like peacocks, to receive coxcomb beaux in the parlor, while the mother is a drudge in the kitchen,—“just good enough to wait upon” such a daughter—the one living in luxurious ease, and the other toiling to support such an unworthy daughter, and that on account of such pride and selfish indolence, she will make a good wife for an honest and poor young man.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Education and Health.

There seems to be a very great diversity of opinion in the world as to what a good education consists in. Edward Everett, himself a very highly educated man, is said to have used the following language in speaking on this point:—

"One of the most highly educated of our countrymen used the following language: 'To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and to be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so to dispose of, at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice,—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools; you can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, not with flashy attainments, a little geology and other ologies and ophies, are ostentatious rubbish.'

We should want to add to the above that the well-educated individual must have a sufficient knowledge of himself, of his body and its functions, to enable him to understand and appreciate the importance of observing the laws of health. With these few accomplishments, thoroughly and not superficially acquired, a man should be considered as well educated. This cannot be said of a person who lacks any of the above named requirements, no matter how much knowledge of the dead languages, the sciences belles-lettres, or what not, he may possess. We have often met persons who have graduated from some college, perhaps from a university, and considered that they had finished their education, when, as a matter of fact, they had utterly neglected the very foundation of real practical, useful education. They had acquired many facts, had become in some ways accomplished, but had utterly failed to appreciate the character of real education, both as to manner and matter.

A very great share of the educating of the present day has been very appropriately designated as cramming. The main idea seems to be to get into the student's head the largest possible number of facts, without regarding the manner in which they are introduced, or their practical value in the performance of his life's work. There is as great need of reform in the methods of education as in any direction. There can be no doubt that errors in this particular lie at the foundation of a very large share of the increasing weakness of the race.—[*Good Health.*]

Exercise.

Give your brain sufficient food and an abundant supply of oxygen, and then give it a fair amount of good hard work every day, if you wish to maintain it in a high state of healthy activity. Barristers and clergymen, who use their brains much, are the longest-lived men in the country, showing plainly that regular brain work is good for the general health as well as for the efficiency of the nervous system in particular. The muscular system must be treated in a similar manner, if you do not wish it to become subject to fatty degeneration. An unused muscle shrinks, and becomes soft flabby, presenting an appearance of marked contrast to the brawny arm of the blacksmith. Instances of the feebleness of tissues thus preserved frequently present themselves to the notice of the surgeon. A muscle is called upon to perform a vigorous contraction, but it snaps in the effort. The heart itself is sometimes torn asunder in attempting to send an extra supply of blood to some needy limb. No man can afford to lower his general vitality for the sake of mere idle gratification. He never knows when he may require all the energy which can be stored up in his tissues. A railway accident, a runaway horse, a run to catch a train, a fall on the ice, or even a fit of coughing, may bring a life of misery or an earlier death to one who would have passed unscathed through them all had he allowed his nerves and muscles to wear away in vigorous activity, instead of carefully preserving them, like smoked bacon, in the fumes of tobacco.

Is the Vitality of the Race Increasing?

Enthusiastic sanitarians point with pride to the fact that the longevity of the race has been nearly doubled since the general introduction of sanitary measures into the great centres of civilization. That there is an increase in the average longevity of human civilized beings, is beyond question, as the fact has been shown by statistics of undoubted reliability. Another fact is equally apparent, however; namely, that examples of remarkable longevity are far less frequent at the present day than they were two or three centuries ago. At any rate, if the records of older towns and cities in England, and in continental Europe, are to be relied upon, the greater frequency of diseases, are facts which also point to the diminution rather than increase of the real vital stamina of the race. Some interesting facts in this connection were recently brought out in a paper contributed by Dr. Rabagliata, of the Bradford Infirmary, to the *British Medical Journal*, upon the question, "Has the duration of human life in England increased during the last thirty years? Following are his conclusions as summarized by the Sanitary Engineer:—

"His conclusions are: (1) That there has been an increase which is entirely attributable to the better management and prevention of fevers; (2) that if the deaths from fevers be deducted, the present rate of mortality is higher than it was 30 years ago; (3) that if the mortality among children and young persons has diminished, the mortality among males above 36 and females above 45 years of age, has markedly increased; (4) that the main causes of the increased adult mortality are worry and anxiety, affecting chiefly the nervous system, heart, and kidneys. The mortality from disease of the nervous system has increased 25 per cent. in 30 years; that from diseases of the circulation, 50 per cent.; that from diseases of the kidneys, 148 per cent."—*Good Health.*

Bed-Room Furnishings.

A bed-room should impress the observer with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it, while the prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggest repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft pea-green; no color equals green for giving rest to the eyes, and in its paler tints it offers a sense of coolness during the most sultry days of summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the grey shades commonly used. Light colors make a room appear larger than the dark shades. Woodwork painted chocolate and cream walls look well with bright blue furniture covering and curtains, or maroon paint and citrine with deep blue. A wall of a pale tone of blue and sage-green woodwork will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn-tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bed-rooms, a square of carpet covers the centre leaving three feet all around the room. Dust invariably collects under furniture and chairs, dresses and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards, being without a covering, allow of its being easily taken up with a duster. Then, too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until dust accumulates.

Keeping the Head Clean.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time in quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water.

Pure and good milk is a necessity in almost every family. It may come into the house in a wholesome condition, yet there is ever the danger that it will become tainted with the sewer gas from closets, or even with the dust carried by drafts through sleeping or living rooms. There can be no doubt that while milk is one of the best and most palatable of foods in summer, it must be carefully guarded from the farm to the table, or it will prove a potent vehicle of disease.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Woollen dresses should be made very plain.

Esthetic styles seem to be gaining ground.

Bouffant sleeves for full dress are gaining favor.

Shoes and slippers of bronze kid are in favor again.

High plaited collars resembling collarettes are becoming fashionable.

Upon new French dresses the short apron-front over-skirt is seen.

Delicate metallic threads forming dots and stars enrich fabrics for fall wear.

The newest bodices are glove-fitting with large and full paniers around the hip.

Silk flowers, veiled by those of lace, compose very elegant trimmings for dress skirts.

Bare arms and necks are again displayed by the latest fashion in cutting French bodies.

The present style of dress has skirts just clearing the ground all around, paniers of various kinds, full ruffles at the bottom of a plain skirt, and scarf forming a bow or loop behind.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ROAST BEEF AND BROWNED POTATOES.—Have the gristly parts of the beef cut away, and such bones removed as will injure the shape or embarrass the carver; put the beef into a dripping-pan, throw a cupful of boiling water over it, and roast ten minutes per pound, basting very often and copiously; just before taking it up dredge with flour and baste once with butter after dishing the meat pour the top from the gravy, add a little boiling water, put it into a saucepan, thicken with browned flour, pepper, and serve after a brief boil.

BROWNED POTATOES.—Boil and strip off the skins of large, fair potatoes: half an hour before you take up the meat pour off the fat from the gravy, lay your potatoes in the dripping-pan, and cook brown, basting frequently; lay about the meat when dished.

SALAD OF CAULIFLOWER.—Choose a cauliflower of medium size, boil it twenty minutes. Put into a saucepan one ounce of butter half a gill of milk, and one ounce of bread crumbs. Add cayenne and salt to taste, and stir till the bread has absorbed the milk and butter. Beat an egg and add this to the sauce, but be sure that it does not simmer after the egg has been added. Butter a flat tin dish, take off the fine leaves of the cauliflower and place them all round on it: break up the flower carefully and lay it in the centre, making it as high as possible: pour the sauce over this, sprinkle a few bread crumbs on the top, and bake ten minutes.

A NICE TOMATO DISH.—One of the nicest and simplest ways of dressing tomatoes is to cut them in halves, lay them in a baking-dish, cover each piece with some bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and some finely-chopped parsley, pour a little oil over and bake in a good oven.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—Cut tomatoes in pieces, and between every layer sprinkle a thin layer of salt: let them stand a few hours, then add a little horseradish, garlic, pepper, and mace. Boil well and strain: then bottle, cork, and seal for use.

TOMATO BUTTER.—Nine pounds peeled tomatoes, three pounds of sugar, one pint vinegar, three tablespoons cinnamon, one tablespoon cloves, and a half tablespoon allspice: boil three or four hours until quite thick, and stir often that it may not burn.

TOMATOES WHOLE FOR WINTER USE.—Fill a large stone jar with tomatoes, then add a few cloves and a little sugar; cover them well with one-half cold vinegar and half water, place a piece of flannel over the jar well down into the vinegar, then tie down the paper. I have kept tomatoes in this way the year round; should mildew collect on the flannel it will not injure the tomatoes in the least.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Take two eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of flour, half-pint new milk. Beat the eggs thoroughly and put them into a basin with the butter, which should be beaten to a cream: stir in the sugar and flour, and when these ingredients are well mixed add the milk: keep stirring and beating the mixture for a few minutes; put it on buttered plates, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with a cut lemon and sifted sugar, or pile the pancakes high on a dish, with layers of preserve or marmalade between them.

APPLE SAUCE.—After pring your apples slice them in you stew pan with a little water, let them cook until soft covering well to keep in the steam. Remove them from the stove, add brown sugar and cinnamon, stir them just a little.

APPLE OMELETTE.—Stew eight large apples and mash fine; add four eggs, one cup of sugar, small piece of butter: season with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake until brown, and serve hot.

PEACH JELLY.—Wash without removing skins or pits; cover with water: boil until soft: strain; add one-half pound of sugar to a pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

CRAP APPLE PRESERVES.—Select perfect ones; pour boiling water over them, which removes the skin: lay them in water enough to cover them; let them simmer slowly until soft: take them out and drain, make a clear syrup, pound for pound; boil them in it till clear, lay them on dishes to cool, and place them in jars; cook the syrup a little longer, and pour it over the apples when hot: seal.

PRESERVED ORANGES.—Take any number of oranges, with rather more than their weight in sugar; slightly grate the oranges, and cut them round and round with a knife, but not very deep; put them in cold water for three days, changing the water three or four times each day; tie them up in a cloth, and boil until soft enough for the head of a pin to penetrate the skin: while these are boiling place the sugar on the fire with rather more than a half-pint of water to each pound, let boil a minute or two, then strain through muslin, cook the oranges in the syrup till it jellies and has a yellow color: try the syrup by putting some to cool; it must not be too stiff: the syrup need not cover the oranges, but they must be turned so that each part gets thoroughly done.

TEN-MINUTE CAKE.—One-fourth of a pound of butter, a little less than a pound of flour, the same of sugar, six eggs beaten separately; flavor with mace, or other flavoring to taste, and bake in muffin rings.

MOONSHINE.—This dessert combines a pretty appearance with palatable flavor, and is a good substitute for ice-cream. Beat the whites of six eggs in a broad plate to a very stiff froth, then add gradually six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beating for not less than thirty minutes: then beat in about one heaping tablespoonful of preserved peach cut in tiny bits (soft, ripe, fresh fruit is better if you can get it, or some use one cup of jelly). Set on ice until thoroughly cooled. In serving, pour in each saucer some rich cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla, and on the cream place a liberal portion of the moonshine. This quantity is enough for eight persons.

WASHING FLUID.—Nine tablespoons unslaked lime, two pounds of sal. soda, four quarts water: let this simmer half an hour, then bottle up. Take a small teacup to a boiler of water.

HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTES.—If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt and it will help it very much.—In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water.—In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.—You can take oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully.—Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

THE SMELL OF PAINT.—To get rid of this most objectionable odor in a chamber or a living-room, slice a few onions and put them in a pail of water in the centre of the room: close the doors, leave the window open a little, and in a few hours the disagreeable smell will have almost gone. Another method is to plunge a handful of hay into a pailful of water and let it stand in the newly-painted room over a night; this plan is also effectual.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

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

Oliver Wendell Holmes

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BY J. H. FARMER, B. A.

THE subject of this sketch is one of that brilliant company of men of letters who have given to Massachusetts such proud pre-eminence among her sister States. In a single generation she has given to the world the genial Hawthorne, the eloquent Sumner, the scholarly Bryant, the modest, truth-loving Whittier, Emerson, elegant and mystical, Lowell many-sided and accomplished and the shrewd and witty Holmes. All of these, with the exception of Bryant, whose place has been worthily filled by Longfellow, have made their homes in Boston or its superb Cambridge, the seat of Harvard College.

Thus Boston may well pride herself upon her literary laurels, for with such a galaxy of genius she may challenge the world. The closest parallel in modern times to her exalted position is to be found in Edinburgh in the palmy days of Wilson, and Jeffrey, and Scott. That the lives of these men have been so singularly stainless adds a dignity to their reputation which has too often been lacking to men of genius in by-gone days. Let us trust that they are but pledges of a glorious era of literary activity in the new world, an era that shall be marked by works of lofty tone and noble purpose.

At Cambridge in the old "gambrel-roofed" house opposite the Harvard College buildings Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809, being the son of the Rev. Abdiel Holmes D. D., a writer of considerable note but famous chiefly for his valuable "American Annals." In "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" we find an entertaining sketch of his early surroundings and his boyish fancies. From these we can get a tolerably accurate conception of the stirring, droll, shrewd, of servant and imaginative little fellow who fathered the present Doctor. In these, too, we detect the first of those experiences which have contributed to his present attitude on religious questions. His early education was received at Phillips' Exeter Academy whence he proceeded to Harvard in 1827. Amongst his fellow-students there were a number who have achieved distinction in law and letters and to their reunions we are indebted for many of Holmes' most delightful poems. At the age of twenty he graduated at Harvard after which he spent a year in the study of law. Exchanging law for medicine he set out in 1833 for Europe, spent upwards of two years in attendance on the hospitals in Paris, and graduated in medicine in 1836—one year after his return home. Two years later he was chosen Professor of Anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H., whence he was called to a similar position in his *alma mater* in 1847.

In 1849 Dr. Holmes abandoned general practice and henceforth our acquaintance is not so much with the Doctor, as with the Poet. Professor and Autocrat whether we meet his cheery face on Boston avenues amid the tinkling of wintry bells or by the "amber-flowing" Housatonic as he gazes with a poet's delight upon the green "flat" meadow below or the wild hills between which the "dark clear" river winds.

Meanwhile his life has been flowing smoothly, rendered eventful chiefly by the publication of those works upon which his widening fame will chiefly rest. It is a life which gathers around it the mellow splendors of the sunset as it hastens to its close—it is a life which climbed through seventy summers to the Parnassian height of that birthday banquet at which the most illustrious of his fellow-countrymen met to do him honor. And there, as the venerable poet showed that still he could touch the springs of human feeling and awake the harmonies of verse, he was bathed anew in the sunlight of a pleased and admiring nation's favor. Since then two of the illustrious group

"Have laid them down
In their last sleep,"

and we are beginning to fear that each day may tell another

tale of death—and as we read Whittier or Holmes there flits ever and anon across the page the shadow of the thought that all too soon we must bid them farewell and whilst we hold the heritage of their thought, surrender that peculiar pleasure which we experience in drinking in the wisdom of a master who has gazed upon the noonday blaze and the silent moonlight at the same moment as ourselves.

Holmes' earliest productions are certain short poems which appeared in 1830, in the *Collegian*, a periodical conducted by the students of Harvard. In the following year "Illustrations of the Athenaeum Gallery of Paintings" was published consisting of short poems, chiefly satirical by Mr. Holmes and Epes Sargent. Among these are many humorous pieces which rank among his best in this direction. Two years later we find contributions from his pen in "The Harbinger, a May Gift." Though these early productions displayed many of the leading characteristics of his more mature works they were not of such decided merit as to entitle him to a position among the foremost poets of the day. It was not until 1835 when he read his "Metrical Essay on Poetry" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge that his reputation was really established. This was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and Holmes was lionized. That a new star had arisen in the poetic firmament was at once recognized. Upon every line was stamped the impress of a genius such as the world had not known since the days of Pope and Dryden. It is the best successor to the "Essay on Man" that the language has yet found. "It is in the heroic measure and its versification is not surpassed by any poem written in this country. It relates to the nature and offices of poetry and is itself a series of brilliant illustrations of the ideas of which it is the expression." The thought is ever chaste and strong, never commonplace; the expression is always worthy of the thought. When he tells of nature's peaceful sleep or the quiet calm of the soul, the verse flows soft and soothing as a twilight zephyr, or it jolts roughly along as he speaks of the soul's restless tossing or the rough ascent of art. When he revels in mirth and merriment, the melodies dance along as sunbeams on the waters; but when the grand and sublime is the subject of his song the verse swells forth in majestic and soul-stirring harmonies.

In all his poems he proves himself a master of the principles of versification. No other American author has succeeded so well as he in linking sound to sense, the music of word to the inner music of the thought. The following description of the different English measures will best illustrate this:

"Poets like painters, their machinery claim.
And verse bestows the varnish and the frame:
Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the racked axle of art's rattling car,
Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word:
From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers glide,
As once they melted on the Teian tide.
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again
From Albion's cliffs, as o'er Achaia's plain:
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals, clashing as they meet:
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore,
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal in the verse of Gray,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along.
On eagle pinion, through the air of song,
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl!"

The fourth line reminds one of Pope's imitation of the onomatopoeia in Homer—

"When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw
The line too labors and the words move slow."

The reference to Gray can hardly fail to call up the image of the weary ploughman and the "storied urn." This harmony of thought and expression is in fact the crowning excellence of Holmes—an excellence in which he is unsurpassed. He never loses sight of it. In all his poems he has made

this an essential. Special instances of it are to be found in "Lexington," "Old Ironsides," and "The Cambridge Churchyard." So naturally moreover do the verses run that they seem like spontaneous outbursts of poetic feeling rather than the work of an artist, perfected with much labor. He tells us himself of the fascination which the melody of verse has for him—he analyses it for us showing that he puts it together with the same care and regard for law which the machinist displays in putting together the different parts of the engine. 'To Holmes' letters are musical notes; and to form the true melody of verse these must be arranged with the same care that a Mozart or Mendelssohn employs in his compositions. For this artistic perfection he labors as one who loves and delights in it.

"Poetry" was followed by "Terpsichore" (1843); "Urania, a Rhymed Lesson" (1846) and "Astræa" (1850). These are all worthy of their author and evince the same power of thought and the same command of chaste and sonorous English.

Thus far we have made mention of Holmes simply as a poet, but he had been living an active life. The poet was also a man of the world; to his profession he had been devoting much of his time. In this department too his pen was at work and produced a number of excellent medical works among which may be mentioned "Boylston Prize Essays," "Homeopathy and its Kindred Delusions," "Theory and Practice of Medicine" and in later times "Mechanism and Morals." He tells us that about the middle of the century a literary lethargy had come over him from which he was roused by his fellow-townsmen Lowell. The result was that the *Atlantic Monthly* was organized and in its first twelve numbers Holmes inaugurated a new era in literature by contributing his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." This at once added to his own fame and ensured the success of the *Atlantic*. It was followed by the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" and in 1872 by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."

Of these the first is generally considered the best. To the person who wishes to pry into the poet's religious beliefs the last will be the most interesting. In all we are brought into contact with the man himself, and a delightful companion he is—so genial and kind, so witty and so wise, so shrewd and observant, so helpful to soul and body, that we vow life-long friendship.

These talks are on all sorts of subjects. Everything is touched upon with a master hand. One would have to search all literature to find a volume containing more good common sense expressed in such terse, pointed and graceful language. Such a combination of wit and wisdom, millery and good-natured satire, of rollicking fun and sage philosophy can hardly be found outside the pages of Shakespeare. And the humor is so refreshingly original. What could be more striking as showing the difference between the strictly scientific and the poetic way of dealing with a subject than the scientific description of his sweetheart given by the devotee of science thus: "Class, Mammalia; Order, Primates; Genus, Homo; Species, European; Variety, Brown; Individual, Ann Eliza; Dental Formula etc." At times we grow tired of some vein he has struck but just as patience is being hard pressed he tells us exactly how we feel, provokes a laugh and sets us right again.

Though some of his poems are brimful of humor yet it is in these papers that the wit of Holmes has full play. It is constantly bubbling up, it sparkles like the real gem. In these papers too the tenderest pathos is blended with the broadest humor so skilfully that as we read we are drawn from mirth to sadness, or from sadness to mirth as readily as a child.

Scattered through these volumes are a number of beautiful lyrics, in all of which a passionate love of nature and a genuine human feeling are shown. For genuine comicality give us the "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay;" for quiet satire, "Contentment;" for laughable oddity, "Æstivation;" but for beauty of conception combined with an execution of exquisite grace and finish commend us to "The Chambered Nautilus." Here are the closing stanzas:

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

This gives his religion for this life. The following, the closing stanza of "The Living Temple," gives us his hope for the life to come:

"O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples Thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms
And mould it into heavenly forms!"

His religious ideas are embodied in "Wind-Clouds and Star Drifts," a poem in blank verse which runs through some six or seven hundred lines. Neither in his queries nor in his beliefs is there anything new and one cannot but feel sad that whilst "crying for the light" he has not a high and truer conception of Him who is the "True light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

As a poet Holmes' great merit rests in the exquisite harmony of his verse and the beauty and aptness of his illustrations, in subtlety and grace, rather than in richness or depth of thought. Though he knows those "thrills of wild, sweet pain," that fire the poet's soul, yet in the impetuous rush of thought and in splendor of imagination and wealth of illustration he falls far short of a Shelley or a Byron. Indeed at times the range of illustration is noticeably limited and the flowers and the waves begin to pall upon the fancy. Yet in his power to entertain and to instruct he is a peer of the best. As a magazinist he is beyond all praise. He is just as he is and we would not wish him different in the least. He is evermore Autocrat. We can read him again and again untritingly; he will prove a life friend, one with whom it will be profitable to converse at every stage of life's journey. May he long live to delight and charm the world, and to honor it by his presence!

An Anecdote of Senator Davis.

When Senator Davis, of Illinois, was on the Supreme Court bench, he had an eye like an eagle's for the existence of greed or overreaching on the part of counsel before him. It is related that on one occasion in Indiana, when the case was called one of the litigants asked for a postponement as his counsel was necessarily absent. But the lawyer on the opposite side demanded an immediate hearing. Judge Davis looked at him with a dangerous smile and said: "Very well, my friend, we'll go on if you say so. But I ought to tell you that in such cases I always think it my duty to look out for the side that is not represented by counsel. We had a case of that sort in Terre Haute the other day, where a man insisted on going on when the other side wasn't there, and singular as it may seem, we beat him." The case was continued.

Business Foresight.

John Jacob Astor, during his earlier real-estate transactions in New York, remarked to a down-town merchant one morning that he had just sold ten city lots for \$20,000, being a handsome advance on the original price. "But," said his friend, deprecating the sale of the property, "the lots were increasing in value. In a year or two you could have sold them for thirty thousand. It's a great pity." "Not so fast," replied Astor. "I have sold the lots to get the money to buy cheaper up-town property, which will be worth eighty thousand before the other will sell for thirty." The result more than justified Mr. Astor's prediction.

SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet
Leave to the mill and take the wheat"

Night.

I care not what the Day may bring,
The Night is all my own;
A thousand fancies round me fling
Their charms; I am alone!
Alone with night and Solitude,
The world's great wheel is still;
Nor vagrant sounds nor voices rude
The happy silence fill.

O, charmed hours! that, all too fleet,
Speed on to bring the Day,
When shall the Night come, tender, sweet,
When Fancy hath its way?

Love loves the Night, for Night brings Love
To Love that counts the hours;
And tenderest tones betwixt them move
In love-illumined bowers.
Nor care I what the Day may bring,
So Night but bring to me
The charms its fancies round me fling,
Sweet Solitude, with thee! A. T. L.

Curious Matrimonial Romance.

A curious matrimonial romance is now the subject of talk in St. Petersburg society. Three or four years ago a member of one of the foreign embassies in the Russian capital married a distinguished St. Petersburg beauty, the member of a wealthy family. The marriage was childless, which irritated the husband. This alone, however, was not a sufficient cause for a divorce, but it seems to have led to quarrels. The lady was accused of flirtation, the flirtation was next suspected to have taken a guilty direction; the case did not come before the court, and the couple agreed to a separation. But the lady, instead of indulging the freedom which was thus given her, retired into privacy, and lived quietly at a country house of her father's not far from the capital. The husband, after he had lost her company, could find no rest. He used to disguise himself and slip down to the chateau to catch a glimpse of his wife. It appears that a candid friend of his had charged himself with the very same task, and one day this friend said to the husband:

"Your wife has been very strictly watched, and I find that there is one fellow who slinks about her house two or three times every week. She has no other lover, and I cannot yet find out whether she is giving him any encouragement."

The husband learned, from closer inquiries, that this suspected Lothario was no other than himself. He sought an interview with the beautiful hermit, found that she had retired from the world for his sake, and the couple burned the deed of separation.

Mother's Pay.

A little boy, on his way to build fires and sweep offices in Boston, while the stars were yet in the sky, told the writer; "My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast and sends me off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?"

"O, she is 'most two; but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildering look, he said, "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"O, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any money into it."

This wife of a day-laborer represents a large class of hard-working women.

A Short Courtship.

A young German, whose face expressed good nature, and would have been handsome except for the unfortunate absence of one eye, walked into a shop in Baltimore the other day with a beaming young woman on his arm, and asked for a wedding wreath. After one had been selected he made bold to ask if the ceremony could be performed then and there. Consent was given, and a clergyman was sent for. During the interval the German grew confidential, and related the circumstances of his courtship. He said that a few days before, just at dusk, he observed a woman walking rapidly toward the water at the County Wharf. Suspecting that she was in trouble, he accosted her. She admitted that she was on the verge of despair. A clairvoyant had instructed her to walk that evening to the wharf, where she would meet a man with one eye who would make her a good husband. That was her last hope, and if it failed she should throw herself into the water. No man in his sober senses could neglect such a signal from the hand of fate, and the German wooed and won the woman on the spot.

A Word for the Birds.

A farmer's boy in Ohio observing a small flock of quails in his father's cornfield resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a regular course: their foraging, beginning on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and following them uniformly to the opposite end. Returning in the same manner over the next five rows, they continued this course until they had explored the greater part of the field. The lad, suspecting them to pull up the corn, shot one of them, and then examined the ground. In this whole space over which they had travelled he found only one stalk of corn disturbed. This was nearly scratched out of the ground, but the kernel still adhered to it. In the maw of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine-bugs, and one hundred chinch-bugs, but not a single kernel of corn. As the quail is a grain-eating bird in winter, this fact proves that even those birds that are able to subsist upon seeds prefer insects and grubs when they have their choice.—*W. Fagg.*

A Double Advance.

In the ante-bellum days, a New York State grocer raised the price of a certain grade of tea from "three shilling" to forty-five cents, and an old farmer who came in with a barrel of cider-vinegar to sell could hardly credit his senses when told that his favorite brand of tea had advanced several cents per pound.

"What on airth is the reason for this sudden raise?" he inquired.

"Scarcity of tea-chests," was the brief answer.

"Well do you want my vinegar?"

"How much?"

"Eight cents a gallon."

"I only paid you seven for the last."

"Yes but cider has riz, you see."

"What has brought cider up?" asked the astonished grocer.

"Scarcity of bung-hole plugs," was the quiet but serious reply.

They looked at each other without winking and then tea dropped to thirty-eight cents and cider to seven cents.

The Assistant.

Sam Nappah, of New York, was Assistant Clerk of the Legislature. Sam got in the habit of writing after his signature merely the abbreviation "Ass." for Assistant before the printed word "Clerk." One day it was necessary for him to make oath to a certain return, and the blank for it did not contain the usual printed word "Clerk." Sam, not observing the omission, signed as usual; and presented himself before the notary and made the required oath.

"You solemnly swear that this return is true?" was the form used by the notary, and he added, "Every word of it?"

"I do," said Sam solemnly.

"Then you must correspond perfectly with the composition of this Legislature, and are its appropriate officer," commented the notary.

The Round of Life.

Two children down by the shining strand,
 With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
 While the sinking sun fills all the land
 With the glow of golden mystery;
 Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
 Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
 Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
 And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
 A sailor lad and a maiden fair:
 Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
 Is borne again on the listening air.
 For love is young, though love be old,
 And love alone the heart can fill:
 And the dear old tale, that has been told
 In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
 A wife looking out on the listening sea:
 A prayer for the loved one far away,
 And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
 A lifted latch, and a radiant face
 By the opening door in the falling night;
 A welcome home and a warm embrace
 From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair:
 A golden light from the western sky;
 His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
 And the open book of God close by.
 Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
 And bright is the glow of the evening star;
 But dearer to them are the jasper walls
 And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old church-yard on a green hill-side,
 Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
 The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
 In the fiery glow of the amber west.
 Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
 The night that follows the morning clear,
 A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
 Are the round of our lives from year to year!

—Alexander Lamont.

Professional Struggles.

At the present time says the *Boston Advertiser*, there are eleven hundred and sixty-five (1165) lawyers whose names appear in the Boston Directory. Many of them, it is true, are not in active practice, and some of them probably do not practise at all. Many others confine themselves strictly to office work, and never go into the courts. But all these are probably offset by the great class of operators called "real estate men," who deal entirely in that article, and whose business includes many transactions usually expected by lawyers, such as drawing of deeds, leases, agreements of sale, bonds for deeds, and mortgages of both real and personal property. And besides these, there is another class who trespass on the lawyers' province, namely, rent collectors, "special attorneys," and "agents." It is not strange, therefore, that an old lawyer should remark to a younger, as one did in the writers' presence, "You won't have much to do till you are thirty years old."

Worth Remembering.

Persons sitting in the cars near an open window often have the misfortune of getting cinders in their eyes, and we frequently hear it asked, "How shall I get rid of this terrible nuisance?" It is probably not very generally known that by immediately pressing the finger against the tear passage at the inner corner of the eye, and keeping the finger there for about a minute, the substance will, in most instances, disappear at once. Do not rub the eye before practising this method, as if the eye is irritated or inflamed, it is very difficult to remove anything from that extremely delicate organ. Much fine scenery has been unenjoyed and many an excursion spoiled on account of cinders, which might have been easily removed by observing the simple remedy alluded to, and which we hope will, for the sake of the travelling public, be remembered.

A Smart Rogue.

Sharp dealing is confined to neither place nor people. In a small German town an innkeeper, to get rid of a book-peddler's importunities, bought an almanac from him, and putting it in his pocket, left the inn, his wife just then coming in to take his place. The woman was then persuaded to buy an almanac, not knowing that her husband had one already. The husband shortly returning and discovering the trick, sent his porter to the railway station after the peddler, with a message that he wished to see the peddler on important business.

"O, yes," said the peddler, "I know; he wants one of my almanacs, but I really can't miss my train for that. You can give me ten marks, and take the almanac to him."

The porter paid the money, and carried the other almanac to the innkeeper. Imagine the sensations of the victim!

Wheat and Tares.

"Father," said a fashionable young lady, "am I a member of the church?" "Yes, my daughter," her father replied. "you are a member of the church. I initiated you by having you baptized in infancy." "But, father," she answered, "I have no piety, never was converted, and I do not think I ought to be a church member." "The wheat and the tares are to grow together, our Lord tells us in the parable, and you are a tare, I fear, my daughter—only a tare," replied her father. "But didn't you say that you initiated me?" she asked. "Yes," said he, "I initiated you in your infancy. But why did you ask?" "Because," she answered, slowly, "the Bible says that the one who sowed the tares was the devil." The old man groaned, walked the floor and made no reply.

Carrying Their Husbands.

At one time the Duke of Bavonia was besieged in his castle and was compelled to surrender. His lady demanded for herself and the other ladies of the castle that they be permitted to go out in safety with all they could carry on their backs. This was granted and to the surprise of all, the ladies appeared carrying their husbands on their backs, and for the devotion the Emperor pardoned them all and set them at liberty. There are many women who, by their industry and economy, to the shame of the able-bodied men be it said, are carrying their husbands and their whole households, either by earning all the money themselves, or by economizing with the little that comes into their fingers, while the husband squanders his earnings in a dissolute and voluptuous life.

Mexican Women.

The Mexican ladies are exemplary wives and fond and loving mothers. Their home to them is their entire world; their husbands the idols of their hearts; while their children are the angels which make their homes their heaven. Yet, strange to say, there is no word in the Spanish language that can express the idea conveyed in our dear old hearty Anglo-Saxon word "home." The nearest approach to it is found in *hogar*, which may be translated "hearthstone" or "hearth" simply. Yet, notwithstanding this, the ties of family are more binding in Mexican society than among any other race under heaven.

The Lights of Home.

In many a village window burn
 The evening lamps,
 They shine amid the dews and damps,
 Those lights of home!

Afar the wanderer sees them glow,
 Now night is near:
 They gild his path with radiance clear,
 Sweet lights of home.

Ye lone-stars that forever draw
 The weary heart,
 In stranger lands or crowded mart,
 O! lights of home,

When my brief day of life is o'er,
 Then may I see
 Shine from the heavenly house for me
 Dear lights of home.

H. I. King

Misunderstandings.

Scene.—drawing-room, 1.20 A. M.

I clasped her hand, and I held it fast,
While I gazed in her dreamy eyes,
And a far-off look o'er her features passed,
Like the twilight of vesper skies,

While, like one too happy or shy to speak,
With a throb I could understand,
She turned from my raptures her glowing cheek,
And veiled it with faltering hand :

And the gentle tremor which thrilled her frame,
And leaped from her pulse to mine,
To my thirsting soul with its message came,
Like the magic of cordial wine.

At last she pitied the hopeless smart
Of the passion she long had scorned,
And just as I felt she had opened her heart,
She opened her mouth, and—yawned !

—*Harper's Mag.*

C. C. CARROLL.

An Intelligent Toad.

Mr. Charles White, of Newcastle, says the *Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle*, has a brood of chickens which have a run of a portion of the yard, the old hen being kept shut up. The chickens are fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough gets a little sour it attracts a large number of flies. An observant toad has evidently noticed this, and every day along towards evening he makes his appearance in the yard, hops to a saucer, climbs in, and rolls over and over until he is covered with meal, having done which he awaits developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarm around the scheming batrachian, and whenever one passes within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darts out, and the fly disappears, and this plan works so well that the toad has taken it up as a regular business. The chickens do not manifest the least alarm at their clumsy and big-mouthed playmate, but seem to consider it quite a lark to gather around him and peck off his stolen coat of meal, even when they have plenty more of the same sort in the saucers.

Exactness.

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses, put down the item, "Porter, 6d," an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that, had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteen pence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "portage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "portage," but for the future would do so; and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."—*Sentry*.

The only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend, who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how on the 25th of the month they encountered a swarm of locusts which carried away every stitch of canvas off the ship. The listener looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, hesitatingly, "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around a corner and kicked himself.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Madam" is preparing about half-past ten, p. m. to go out "for the evening," as she is accustomed to do rather too frequently to please monsieur, who has made up his mind for the fiftieth time to assert himself. The following dialogue ensues: *Monsieur*—Where are you going, my dear? *Madam*—Where I please. "But when will you be back?" "When I choose, Sir." Ah, yes! of course; but no later: I should not permit that."—*French Paper*.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

To Extract Glass.

When any person gets a piece or pieces of glass in the foot, hand or any part of the flesh, extract it at once by excision; then hold the part in water as warm as can be borne, five or six days, night and day consecutively. This will so far soften all the muscular fibres that they will easily part with every atom of glass, and all the virus also, leaving the wound perfectly clean and healthy.

A Curious Will.

An eccentric woman, Miss Ann Burdett by name, recently died in England leaving a will which instructed her trustees immediately after her death to cause the doors and windows of her house, and every room in it except the kitchen, in which a man and his wife were to keep guard, to be barricaded up, and kept in that condition for twenty years. The vice chancellor rejected all arguments and precedents, and directed the trustees "to unseal and release all this at present useless property."

Closet Skeletons.

Acting on the theory that in every house there is a skeleton in the closet, a Paris swindler sent a number of duplicate notes to this effect: "I will reveal all unless you send a hundred francs to J. L. Poste Restante, Paris." It was evidently a good day for skeletons. At least ten persons promptly sent the sum demanded, and the swindler was congratulating himself upon having secured temporary affluence and a prospective fortune when the police swooped down upon him.

Fireproof Muslin.

At the last Paris Exhibition considerable attention was called to some muslin curtains to which a flame was constantly applied without setting them on fire. The chemical composition of the substance which rendered them incomcombustible, as recently made known, was 80 parts pure sulphate of ammonia, 30 of boracic acid, 12 of pure borax, 26 of starch and 1,000 of distilled or pure water. The materials to be rendered fire-resisting are dipped in this solution while it is hot, so as to ensure thorough impregnation, and, when well dried, are ironed as ordinary starched fabrics.

Paradoxical.

An eccentric minister once told his hearers that there were three things which a woman should both be and not be at the same time. First, she should be like the snail, always keeping within her own house; but she should not be like the snail which carries all it has upon its own back. Second, she should be like an echo and speak when she is spoken to, but she should not be like an echo which always manages to have the last word. Third, she should be like the town clock, and always keep time and regularity, but she should not be, like the town clock, which speaks so loud that all the town can hear it.

In Peru, as soon as death occurs, ashes are strewn on the floor of the room, and the door fastened. Next morning the ashes are carefully examined for footprints, and the soul of the dead is said to have passed into the body of whatever animal the imagination traces in the ashes.

Excavations in the Roman Forum, which are still going forward, are expected ere long to bring to light the ancient tribune from which the orators addressed the people. Remnants of friezes and columns that have recently been found in the Forum have been set up on brick pedestals as fast as they came to light. Pieces of the old pavement have been fastened together by means of Venetian mosaic cement,

GLYCERINE FOR BURNS.—Glycerine as an application to burns is recommended by a writer. Through the explosion of a spirit lamp the greater part of his face had been covered with rather deep burns, which healed in a week by the immediate and oft-repeated application of glycerine, without producing blisters or festering, or leaving any scar.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

This month we find a great number of our young friends have sent wrong answers, owing perhaps to the puzzles in our last issue being too hard. We give another story book for the best set of answer to this month's puzzles. Annie Emery, London, has succeeded in winning the prize.

The following have sent correct answers: Edith Hamilton, Toronto; J. D. Kirkton; Betha Walmsley, Kingston; Charlie Drew, and Walter Smith, Ottawa; Robert Ainsley, Toronto; Jenny Blair, Hamilton; Thomas Weston, Toronto; Willie Maker, Walkerton; George H., Toronto; Mary Burns Sarnia, and R. L. Eedy, London.

SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

1.

ENIGMA.

First in cradle, not in bed,
Second in barn, not in shed.
Third in one not in ten.
Fourth in quail, not in wren.
Fifth in under, not in over.
Sixth in rover, not in clover.
Seventh in top, not in cover.
My whole is considered a charming game,
And the answer to this will be its name.

2.

SQUARE WORD.

An ancient city
A River in Europe.
Disorder.
Formerly.

3.

Place four 1's in such a position that they will exactly equal 12 in value.

4.

CHARADE.

My first is each of two.
My second is laudable.
My whole is a county in Ontario.

5.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

One-third of a guinea, one-fourth of a shilling, and one-fifth of a penny, added together correctly will make ten dollars. How?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

1. Diamond Puzzle:—

		O		
		O	N	T
	A	C	T	O
O	N	T	A	R
	P	A	R	I
		A	I	R
		O		

2. Decapitation:—Clover—Lover—Over—Rev.

3. Hidden counties in Ontario.—Bothwell, Halton, Addington, Oxford, Peel, Wentworth.

4. Squareword:—

B	A	R	D
A	M	O	R
R	O	S	A
D	R	A	B

5. Rebus.—Wellington.

6. Charade.—Assassination.

Monkey Tricks.

An old monkey sat cozily asleep in a snug corner, with a friend nestling against him and indulging likewise in a comfortable snooze. Presently a young skylark approached them somewhat timidly, and squatting beside the friend, sat quiet for some seconds, then suddenly, as if possessed by some malicious inspiration, he reached his arm out cautiously behind the slumbering friend, and gave the elderly monkey a whacking box on the ear. He, waking in just wrath, and unsuspecting of the truth—for the culprit was now shamming sleep and looked the picture of innocence—flew upon his friend with an indictment for assault, and chased him with monstrous clamor round the cage, while the culprit sat regarding them, and jabbering with joy. Some little time after, the performance was repeated; the old monkey and his friend having settled in the corner, and the assault and wrongful punishment occurring as before. Once again the trick was tried, but the friend who had twice suffered, was shamming sleep this time, and caught the culprit in the act, and, with the help of the old monkey, gave him a good drubbing, which, indeed, he well deserved.

A Schoolboy's Bill in 1598.

A gentleman at Carlisle has an old MS. book, used in 1597-8 as a ledger in London, and after that as a register of births, marriages, and burials at the parish church, Greenwich; it contains also 'Articles of Peace' (without date) between the King of England and the King of Spain, and sundry school accounts, some in verse. In 1647 the book was used as a diary by the Rev. Thomas Larkham, M.A., vicar first of Northam and afterwards of Tavistock. At his death it came into the hands of his son, the Rev. George Larkham, who removed it to Tallentire, in Cumberland. The book afterwards went down to Gloucestershire, and came thence to its present owners. Here are some of the school accounts:—"Money laid out and due to me for his board and schooling. Laid out when Peter was sick in wine sugar and spices to make sweet, 2s. 6d.; for pens ynke and pap 2 quarters, 2s. 6d.; for a bound writing book, 2s.; for the like siphering booke, 1s.; for a paire of new shoves, 1s. 8d.; for boate hier for petr and my selfe when his mother sent for him to Whit hall, 1s. 6d.; pd for peter clothes making to the tailor, 12s.; pd for mending peters shoves twice, 6s.; pd for buttoing his dublet, 2d.; pd for footing and peeing his stockings, 9d.; pd for a new paire of shoves, 2s.; for his quarters board at Christmas, 2l.; for his schooling that quarter, 10s.; left vnpaid of Michelmis quarter, 1l. Som is 4l. 16s. 7d."—*Antiquary*.

Duel between A Cat and A Hawk.

A cat, which had a numerous litter of kittens, one bright day in spring encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vermal beams of the morn, about the stable-door, where she dwelt. While she was joining them in a thousand tricks and gambols a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard, in a moment darted upon one of the kittens, and would have as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, sprang on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became severe to both parties. The hawk by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the strength of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss, no way daunted at the accident, strove, with all her cunning and agility, for her kittens, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, and, availing herself of this advantage, by an instantaneous exertion she laid the hawk motionless at her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head off the vanquished tyrant. This accomplished, disregarding the loss of her eye, she ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, and purred while she caressed her liberated offspring.—*Chatterbox*.

About 3,000 pounds of roses are required to produce one pound of the otto of roses. This delightful perfume is chiefly produced in Bulgaria, where the annual average production of otto, between 1867 and 1871 was 400,000 metricals; that of 1873, 500,000; valued at £700,000. The produce of 1880 was estimated at the value of about £1,000,000.