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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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Love's Death.

A year ago for you, dear, and for me,
Love was a new-born bright and fairy thing;
It turned all earth to heaven, all grief to glee,
We sighed for joy and sang for sorrowing
In that sweet spring.

How could we guess that love would ere grow old,
How could we know its kisses would grow cold
Who kissed so oft? and how could you and I
Dream love could die?

And yet for us love lives no more to-day,
Though how it died not you nor I can tell;
We only know its charm has passed away,
That we can ne'er re-bind a broken spell,
And so farewell!

The world is joyous in the golden June,
The lark sings sweetly and the rose is red,
Yet earth seems sad, the bird's song out of tune,
And all the scent of summer flowers fled,
Now love is dead.

Still hearts meet hearts and lips to lips are pressed,
Still earth is fair and skies are bright and blue;
Perchance it may be in some happier breast,
Some soul that to another soul is true,
Love lives anew. —G. V. K.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

By JOE LAWNBROOK.

POEM.

There are some days in the calendars of years gone by to which memory will ever bind us—some incidents that have long ago transpired from which imagination will ever delineate pictures pleasing and natural. And not alone are the days of sad calamity, of unlooked-for joy, of blighted hope, or of happy triumph, pictured upon the expansive panoramic canvas of retrospection; but likewise, and frequently in quite as deep and natural colors, have the periods leading to and from such signal days, vividly stamped their lasting impress too.

When thus we sit and muse, the present is a blank and the future a great untroubled void of which we know as little as the cradled infant; and, glancing forward, the sensitive mind instinctively recedes and opens wider the portals of the past, with all its troubles, and the once vexatious surroundings become aglow with the gorgeous tints that Memory lends them.

The pleasures of memory—the joy of living over again the by-gone happy hours—the pain of bitter recollections—the grief of now existing in the darkness that once surrounded us and covered up the sun of hope and love. These crowd upon me now, and like one intoxicated I seem to stagger amid the throng of visions.

What wonder when the sparkling gush of joy or overwhelming breakers of sorrow are fresh upon us that we haste to impart the triumph or confide the heart-rending upon the sympathetic bosom of a friend! What unspeakable comfort there is in possessing a companion who knows and understands, who appreciates because of experience-gained knowledge—the very inner feelings of our heart! How much nearer and dearer are those friends who have shared each others every grief—who have climbed together through the rough and stony byways of their lives.

And now, readers, I must unburden myself to you—to each of you individually—to you in particular who have with me been guilty of the greatest social crimes—who have with me suffered all the pangs of unrequited love—who have with me regretted and repented of the actions of the past; and though I have never sighed with you when those for whom you would have given your life have been worse than ungrateful, though I have never condoled with you when the dearest pictures of your future have suddenly been marred and torn, though I have never mourned with you at the loss of your dear ones—we are the better friends for your having undergone those trials; and therefore you will the better understand and I will the more willingly confide particularly in you the incidents of my life and the lives with which mine has been intimately connected—the history of a life as romantic as fiction—the story of real wounded hearts.

CHAPTER I.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-flake on the river,
A moment white then gone forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That fit-ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

TAM O'SHANTER.

Even though I had no diary to direct me and recall the facts incident to my first visit to the little village of Shulton, I don't think I could ever forget them. It was a rainy April evening nearly twenty years ago that I, arriving in the village, turned away from the large white hotel, whither the stage-coach had carried me its only occupant, and hurrying across the street through the stiff clay mud, sought the shelter of Sam Delby's meaner little tavern on the other side. Sam Delby, the fat, round-faced, little tavern-keeper, was an individual whom no one could forget. When I opened the door he received and welcomed me as if it were no uncommon occurrence to have a traveller make his head-quarters at his house, and as he led me through the more public rooms of his habitation he indulged in old jokes with a relish that at first led me into the belief that he was not aware of their age and consequent weakness.

When I had deposited my small stock of baggage in an apartment at his direction, and had been conducted back to the sitting-room just off the bar, the outer door opened sharply, and a lively, bright-eyed school girl bounced into the room. In a few seconds she was followed by what I afterwards found to be her teacher, a studious-looking young man of about my own age.

In a brusque and indescribably odd, peculiarly-his-own, manner the little landlord introduced to me the new-comers, and the school girl, Jessie Harle, his niece, excusing herself in an easy, graceful manner which surprised me, laid her books upon the mantel shelf, and modestly glancing at her teacher as if expecting reproof, left the room.

Delby left the teacher, Walter Marston, and I alone together shortly after, and we sat and talked till summoned to tea. I talked, at least. He listened and answered. He was a person, evidently, who was thoughtful, ardently earnest and very energetic. Those characteristics, with a great amount of application, I concluded were the chief ingredients of his nature, and as far as I went, my after acquaintance confirmed my conclusions.

During our conversation I questioned Mr. Marston concerning the neighborhood, and using policy, for which I always prided myself, I found out, without arousing my companion's suspicions, some points about which I was deeply interested, in fact which had brought me to Shulton, with regard to an old grist-mill a half-mile distant from the village.

"It's a mysterious place, has a mysterious owner, and I think naturally enough people have decided without grounds, that some horrible mystery is connected with the place and its owner, Sweeman."

My previous talk had aroused his interest and he spoke more verbosely than was his wont, probably because of having often previously pondered and talked upon this subject.

"But," I asked, "isn't the mill running at present? No mystery of any importance could remain unsolved while so many men are employed in the place."

"It's the employees of the mill themselves that suspect something—they hardly know what. But I think it's imagination."

"What stories do they tell?"

"Well there's a boy the miller keeps whom they say he treats like a dog, while he hardly interferes with the men."

"Like plenty of cowardly employers," I suggested.

He signified assent, and as the summons for tea came at this juncture our conversation on the subject ceased.

I had heard a number of men enter the bar and pass through as we talked, and I rightly conjectured, from previously-gained information, that they were the hands employed at Sweeman's mill. They unceremoniously ate at the table with us, and coarse manners with coarser conversation was the general order.

But, the leading feature in my remembrance of that visit to Shulton was Jessie Harle, the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, witty, laughing school-girl. And who could blame me, a young man of twenty-one summers, taking particular notice of a beauty of sixteen who was so much more refined, so decidedly beyond comparison with any person or any thing in that little rural village. Why, anyone who had spent their previous life in the city and who was compelled by circumstances to remain in the country a week, and could avoid themselves of such company, must have done as I did, even though —; well I'll have to explain that hereafter.

At any rate I did pay pretty little Jessie considerable attention while at Shulton. We walked together to the old mill and about its picturesque vicinity. We roved about the woods and gathered spring flowers. We talked, joked, and laughed together, and our conduct was anything but pleasing to the young school teacher; or, of course, that may have only been the fruit of my boyish idea of a triumph.

There were times, too, when I thought seriously of Jessie, and pitted her for her very attractions. She seemed so childlike in her simplicity. I might never meet her after this visit, and then her beauty, like many another's might be her ruin. But I could see her again—I could protect her. But that was nonsense, and one minute I thought so, while the next I felt otherwise.

How distinctly I remember that boyish passion! How I love to revel in it now! But it was only a foolish passing fancy of mushroom growth and doomed to suffer the enviable fate of the morning dew, and the river's foam.

CHAPTER II.

"The same old sounds are in my ears
That in those days I heard."

WORDSWORTH.

Almost every living person has at certain periods of their lives meditated on the strangeness of the circumstances surrounding them, and not a few have asked within themselves, can this be really me? Am I a human being? Are the beings that surround me living, or do I imagine them existing only to fulfil my Creator's design in leading me through temptations or in teaching me the lessons of life? Many too in the midst of actual life have pondered, is this a dream? The fact is we pass along seeing strange things, undergoing strange feelings, suffering in strange ways, meeting strange people; and yet we fail to realize that "truth is stranger than fiction." Thus the romantic situations in my life have naturally enough led me to speak generally of them without comment, but my common sense tells me that many a gentle reader, because of not having actually experienced anything similar, would not only not credit my whole narrative, but actually class it, with the great bulk of current literature, as a mass of lies.

My father, Hugh Lawnbrook, had been a widower for eighteen years and was in his grave some months before our story opened, and romantically enough he had left me a mission to perform which I had in my youthful heat, at his death, vowed to make the one chief object of my life until I had accomplished it.

While I was yet a little child my only brother in his sixteenth year had quarrelled with my father, about matters that I have never yet been able to obtain definite information upon, and my stern parent's curse was pronounced upon his wayward boy, who went out into the cruel world so young—with too much of his father's stubbornness to turn back, and too much independence to fail to succeed in obtaining for himself a livelihood.

He had never returned.

No wonder my father, iron-willed as he was, relented; and no wonder in his old and feeble days he should destine me to find my brother "Zhake" (that was the only name I'd known him by) and tell him of his full forgiveness.

Though I sometimes credited this idea to my father's being in his second childhood when he proposed it, my youthful love of romance led me to lay definite plans for a search upon the scanty information that I was in possession of.

Sweeman's mill at Shulton had been Zhake's hiding-place when he first ran away and twice after at intervals of two years' time he had been seen there. I also had formed various indefinite impressions regarding his connection with Sweeman's mill from different stories I had heard about it, and thus on my start out I had determined to spend a week at Shulton.

But I had not started out at once on my father's death for reasons which have delayed many a young fellow, though I found plenty of ostensible excuses that hid from myself the real cause of my delay.

The name of Elson had been almost as familiar to me as my own from childhood, and my father and Mr. Elson being in about equally affluent circumstances, having country residences near together, and having tastes somewhat similar, had been friends for many years. So when Nellie Elson came home from college an accomplished lady, it was not a very remarkable fact that she and I became good friends—perhaps more. But Nellie's mother and I had a mutual aversion to each other, and any young fellow who has been placed in a similar situation knows full well the difficulties he has to encounter, with the plots and devices of a shrewd politic woman against him.

Mr. Elson, who had suffered from consumption for many years, was now lying on a sick-bed, probably on the point of death, and his wife's love could not be seen in her conduct toward him, or rather her lack of love was exhibited in her every act.

He had married before he reached his twentieth birthday, and, which was considered more strange by the gossip-

ing public, he married a wife more than ten years his senior. But the gossiping public had weightier matters to deal with concerning William Elson and his wife, and no one clearly understood what those matters were. Many there were who would look knowingly at one another when anything in reference to William Elson or his wife chanced to fall into the conversation. If, at any time a scandal had been invented by some thoughtless, mischievous person concerning the Elsons, it would have been readily taken up and carried from house to house, and firmly believed by every listener. But little did the gossiping public know of the Elson household; for the gossiping people of their neighborhood lived in an illiterate world, while the Elsons were highly cultivated. So leaving the gossiping public without, to revel in the mystery they were pleased to think was connected with the Elson family, and to explain it in the most extravagant manner, let us enter the dwelling and speak what we do know concerning their affairs.

Now, there truly was a secret hidden deep in the troubled breast of Mrs. Elson,—a secret even her husband knew not and yet he felt that she was withholding something from him; but in the intense depth of his love he ventured not to question her about it. Twenty years of wedded life had nearly passed away, and yet that secret was gnawing its way deeper and deeper into Mrs. Elson's heart. The breach that kept them not from marrying had grown wider and wider as the years rolled on. Never had the weak foolish woman summoned up enough courage to tell her husband that which he would for her sake have been ever ready to overlook.

She had never loved him. She had never known him with that depth of knowledge—that deep insight into human nature with which the devoted wife should know her husband; and yet, from a simple matrimonial point, their life was far from unhappy. This was, no doubt, because of his submissive nature, and her bold, politic and commanding disposition.

In spite of Mrs. Elson's many interferences Nellie and I managed to meet often and walk around the grounds of "Hazelgrove," the applicable name of our neighbor's residence. And prettier grounds could not well be imagined. The majestic yet neat looking dwelling seemed to have grown out of a sloping hill-side covered with dense hazels, while chestnuts, maples, pines and hemlocks grew in rich profusion on either side. In front, a little silvery stream,—over which were many fantastic bridges,—made its way with many a curve and bend through a magnificent garden, and running onward through a verdant meadow betwixt its graveled banks suddenly spread itself into a large pond, on which a pretty little sail-boat rode at anchor, which, tossing about as if to catch the breeze, would not picturesquely among the willows, that grew in grand abundance all around the shore.

As I write I'm gazing on those very grounds once more, and our walks together live like yesterday. Our parting on that dull spring morning, when I imagined a certain coldness in her manner still vividly comes up before me, and I pause to think how afterwards I blamed her and not my own fickleness because of the feelings I have already spoken of toward the pretty little Jessie Harle at Shulton.

CHAPTER III.

"Changed thus by chance, disfigured by despair." ANON.

On the morning following my arrival in Shulton, Charles Sweeman, the miller, sat at breakfast with his usual stern expression of countenance, if possible more stern than customary. You need only look at the man's face to see that when his lips opened, bitter curses and fiercest scowls were more apt to break from them than acknowledgments of, or credit for, work done. He ate his food with sullen, irregular jerks, sometimes giving his head a demonical twist that would have made a young beholder question whether he was a human being at all or not. When he had finished his repast he turned about from the table, and in a harsh voice shouted, "Arthur!"

The called-one instantly appeared before him, a pale, wretched looking being who cringed before his master's tyrannical gaze.

There were marks though about Arthur Drammel—there were tokens in his pale and puny face that plainly said it was not always thus. The tyranny, the abuse, and the bitter chastisements received at the hands of his master, more severe than ever slave was subjected, had transformed the

once noble-spirited, energetic, handsome Arthur Drammel into the haggard, sickly being that quailed beneath that cruel master's look, and the transformation of the miller on the other hand was quite as marked. He was at one time termed a good fellow among his schoolmates, and even after. But those days were over now, and though you can easily understand the transformation of Arthur Drammel, provided there ever lived such a master as Charles Sweeman, it may be difficult to believe such a transformation as had taken place in that master. It is surprising to notice in how many things we are so nearly alike when children, but, being acquainted with the circumstances of Charles Sweeman's life I do not even feel surprised to see the change that had taken place in him. Men become altered by circumstances and turn about with every gust that blows contrary to their course. Even men with the most powerful wills are easily turned, provided something requiring their great will-force is thrown in their way. There are more what people term unlikely sides and traits in real characters than in the creatures of romance. But to return.

Arthur Drammel stood timidly before his master, who gazed at him with a more terrible look than he had ever worn before.

"Who told you your name was Drammel?" Sweeman abruptly exclaimed, as if the person before him had just told him that that was his name.

"No one," Arthur timidly replied.

"And," with an ironical scowl, "You did n't tell Werbletree it was then."

"No."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I lived with a Mrs. Drammel once and always called her mother."

"Worse than I expected!" And he caught the lad by the coat collar with a sudden jerk. At one time Arthur would have resented this, but his spirit was crushed and his strength like nothing compared with Sweeman's.

"I'll keep you out of the way to-day and put you farther away than ever to-night, my lad," said Sweeman, with his customary scowl as he led Arthur forcibly to a room and locked him up. Then leaving the house he went to look after the mill.

The men at the mill never found him a hard master. Indeed he was considered a first-rate fellow by some of them; not that he was utterly different at home and at the mill but that from their first sight of him they expected no encouraging words, and once in a while he would even condescend to give some token of approval for an extra effort. He showed sometimes after all that he was a human being and they were so pleasantly surprised on such occasions that it made them think his manner not unkind.

However, on this particular morning, he was in an ill-humor, and nothing seemed "to go right." His curses were not wanting when things went wrong.

At noon he left the mill under the management of one of the men, saying he was going away on business and would not return until the following day. He did not even go to his home before starting, but straight to Shulton, and thence by the coach going East.

That was the first time I saw him, and though he eyed me suspiciously, not an introductory word passed between us. I think I felt a sense of relief when he got into the coach and started off.

Detained by the pleasant conversation and more pleasant manners of pretty Jessie Harle, I did not get started to take a look about the mill or miller's house till nearly dark. And when I did I learned what I have previously related in this chapter.

When I had ascertained to my satisfaction that the object of my search was the only occupant of the miller's house, I managed to gain an entrance as well as a professional burglar could have done.

I spoke to the wretched victim of what I thought to be merely a tyrannical master's cruelty, and he seemed not to understand me. After a while, however, through many questions I learned that he had lived with the miller some five years, before which time he lived in a large city with a Mrs. Drammel whom he called mother. I learned too that it was for his telling this to one of the employes at the mill that Sweeman had punished him and discharged the man.

"Would n't you like to go away from here?" I asked, after a while.

"I could n't," he replied; "I have to do my duty."

I wasn't surprised at this answer, for intuitively I saw the spark of noble, high principle in him.

"But he don't deserve it," I urged.

"I can't do wrong because he does."

His words were simple and sincere, and my heart bled for his plight while I felt how useless it would be to try to reason him out of what he considered his duty.

"Do you ever remember being called by any other name besides Drammel?"

"I think I used to have another name where I lived before, but I think my mother died there and—and—I forget."

He seemed to become dazed by his thoughts and he lay down as if exhausted on the bed.

I had become excitedly interested in him, for I felt I knew some secrets of his early life, and I sat on the chair beside him now in suspense.

It had become quite dark and in the silence of that lonely spot I heard with deepest pain the heavy breathing of the wretched boy. After a while the moon came out from behind the dark clouds, and threw a light in the room for a few seconds and then it was darker than ever.

I spoke to Arthur Drammel but he seemed to sleep, until a little after when he flattered, "I'm tired! Oh! so tired."

I laid my hand on his haggard cheek, and was in a humor to weep with pity for the misfortune of his life, when suddenly the outer door of the house opened with no gentle force and a shudder passed through me as I became conscious of being in that lonely old house in a worse position than trespasser, so far away from other inhabited abode, and about to meet the fiend in human form, its owner.

This feeling, however, lasted only for a moment, the nearer the heavy footsteps came the firmer became my nerves, and as the handle of the door of the room in which I sat turned, I threw back my shoulders, clenched my teeth firmly, and determined to face bravely whatever might take place.

(To be continued.)

The Unbidden Guest.

Within my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All

That was mine own seemed poor and mean and small;
And I cried out rebelliously for that

I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands
Were also mine, with rest for burdened hands;
If love, the love I craved would come and fold

Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and bless,
And life would run out from this narrowness
Into a fullness new and sweet and wide.

And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

And then one came unto my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love," I cried,
"Or wealth or fame? Else shalt thou be denied."
She answered, "Nay, my child; but I am more,

"Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or fame or love within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best

"That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave her face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes
I saw the look of one both true and wise.
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace

I bade her enter. How transfixed
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet

So long had lain unprized! How wide and sweet
Shone the small paths wherein I had been led!

Duty grew beautiful, with calm content
I saw the distant wealth of land and sea,
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.

—*Carlotta Perry.*

SIBYL'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Yesterday morning cousin Sibyl's little Will came running over with the message, "Mamma says, please come over and stay with her all day." "Wasn't I glad though, for I always feel so lonely when Charlie is away, and I always like to go to Sibyl's.

When I got there, I found Sibyl in her pleasant sitting-room, a white apron on, her hair smooth and shining, and her morning's work all done. (I'll own to you, you dear old journal, that I felt conscience-smitten as I thought of the way I thrust my unwashed sauce-pan into the closet and went off to dress for my visit.) Well, when I go to Sibyl's I always have such a good time; everything is so cozy and home-like there, though her furniture is not as nice as ours, but there is such an air of perfect order there, never anything out of place. Her kitchen—O how nice it is!—neater than somebody's sitting-room that I wot of; no unwashed dishes to furnish the flies with a meal, no greasy tables or unswep corners. But the great charm of that house is Sibyl herself. I can never understand her, she is always so calm and self-possessed,—such a perfect lady in her every-day life, if she does do all her own work. She never gets flurried or vexed as I do if things go wrong, just takes it all easy, and somehow they seem to straighten themselves out. Yesterday after dinner I got my crocheting, and she her sewing, and we had seated ourselves for a nice talk, and I just made up my mind to ask her all about it; so I said, "Sibyl, how is it that you never worry about anything?"

She looked up a little surprised, and said,—

"How do you know I never worry?"

"Well," said I, "you never appear to. Everything goes on so smoothly with you. Now about your dinner to-day; warm as it was in that kitchen, you came in to dinner, after doing all the cooking yourself, looking as fresh and neat and cool as if you had just come out of the parlor. Now I am sure if it had been me, I should have been all flurried and heated and tired and—cross, perhaps, I often am, I am sorry to say. I cannot understand it, Sibyl."

"Well, cousin," said she slowly, "perhaps after you have kept house for eight years you will get over that, and yet there are some things which even experience will never teach us. Now perhaps you think the wheels of our domestic life run very smoothly; so they do, but they have not always. When I think of our first two years of housekeeping, I tremble to think how near I came to losing Harry's love by my fretfulness and complaining about little things which I should have kept to myself; for, my dear, it is one thing to win a man's love, and another to keep it. And the danger lay in placing my work first, and Harry's comfort second."

"O Sibyl," I said, "you don't know how my conscience has troubled me all day. Now I'll just tell you. You met Harry at the door at dinner-time, and you looked and acted for all the world as if you had nothing to do but attend to him. You did not fly around and hurry things on the table, or push Will out of the way, or scold Harry for coming before dinner was ready. Now this morning Charlie was so anxious to go away early, and so I hurried to get his breakfast ready, and it did seem as though everything was in the way, and I could find nothing I wanted, and—"

"Did you plan your breakfast over night?"

"Why, no," I said. "I never do that. Perhaps if I had, I should not have become so nervous and worried for fear I should be late. Well, by the time the meal was ready, I was as cross as a bear, I know, and poor Charlie seemed to feel the effects of my ill-temper, for he scarcely ate a mouthful. After he was gone, and I had leisure to think it over, I felt sorry enough."

"Now, dear," said Sibyl in her soft, gentle way, "you will surely ruin your own and Charlie's happiness if this is to con-

tinue. Now, I will give you a bit of my experience. When we first set up housekeeping, I gradually formed the habit of fretting over the many little vexations that fall to the lot of housekeepers, and also of carrying these little grievances to poor Harry when he came home. Want of system in my work caused me to have so many things to do at once, and that once usually happened to be just at dinner-time. Harry would come home to find me with uncombed hair, a pair of old slippers on my feet, and a very red face, flying in and out from kitchen to dining-room, back and forth, entirely too busy to meet him with a kiss of welcome. Then, when we sat down at the table, instead of a pleasant, cheery talk, I was too jaded and worried to eat, or to join in conversation, except to fret about my tired feelings, and how very much work there was for only two people. And very soon I began to see the gloomy shade on his face as he came in the door, and my common sense taught me that I was the cause. Why, I do believe if I had pursued that course much longer, I should have lost the respect and love of one of the best and noblest husbands this world contains."

"Well, Sibyl, do tell how you remedied it."

"In the first place," said she, "I did some planning beforehand. Each afternoon, when I had leisure for thought, I decided what should be the next day's breakfast, dinner, and tea; then if we had not the necessary articles, there was time enough to purchase them. Then I determined to avoid the habit, which most women have, of crowding three days' work into one, in order to have 'a day to myself.' I divided it up as evenly as I could, and by this means I seldom became so overburdened and tired as to lose command of myself. System, cousin, system is everything in housework. Then, too, there is a great deal in trying to 'keep sweet,' no matter what happens. You smile, as much as to say, 'It's very easy to say that, when we are sitting here so tranquilly, but when the milk boils over on your clean stove, or the marketing fails to come home, or some vexatious thing happens, it's much easier to preach than to practice; but I tell you, dear, it won't hurt you to try it; try persistently; if you fail once or twice, resolve the more firmly to keep sweet next time; and you will find in time that it has become a habit with you to be pleasant and cheerful, and a good habit it is, too. To be sure, I am not *always* unruffled—sometimes my vexations get the victory, and the hasty, impatient word comes; but I know where to look for help,—God's grace and our own earnest endeavors can do marvelous things for us."—*A Leaf from Somebody's Journal.*

SELECTED.

Human Life.

After a while—a busy brain
Will rest from all its cares and pain.

After a while—earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while—a vanished face,
An empty seat, a vacant place.

After a while—a man forgot,
A crumbled hearthstone, unknown spot.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Whosoever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

MEN AND WOMEN.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to stand at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Surely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in his way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, and their

delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry; and the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, and sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off, the better materials are polished and brightened, and their richness, like that of gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men.

A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.—Something over twenty years ago the present Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota went to Chicago, and built a church on Wabash avenue, near the business centre of the city. In those days there were no street cars, and it happened that the reverend gentleman took up his residence in West Chicago, convenient to an omnibus line. It frequently occurred that the omnibus would be crowded, and many obliged to take "deck passage." The writer was riding on the seat with the driver one Saturday night, when the conversation turned upon Sunday labor and the consistency of professed Christians—the driver thinking it rather hard that he should be obliged to labor on Sunday, while others could take their rest. It appeared from his conversation that his faith in Christianity was rather weak, but turning to me he said with considerable emphasis: "There is one clergyman whom I respect, and believe to be a consistent Christian." Being a little curious to know who the clergyman was, and upon what evidence he had based his opinion, I asked him for an explanation. "Well," he said, "there is the Rev. Mr. Whipple who built the church down town; he has a free pass over this line, but walks down and back on Sundays, rather than compromise his Christianity; that proves to me that he is a consistent Christian." It sometimes occurs that a clergyman's most eloquent sermon is being preached when he least expects it.

No Tobacco at West Point.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Lincoln, has prohibited the use of tobacco by the cadets at West Point. This is a splendid triumph for the temperance cause, indicating as it does most emphatically the damaging influence of this baleful drug upon its victims. Young men who are being trained, mentally and physically, for positions of responsibility, are prohibited the use of the weed. Why not ask all the young men in the country, upon whose physical and mental strength the future prosperity of the nation depends, to abandon the use of this venomous, debilitating, debasing poison? Not long ago an army medical officer published a series of facts from which it appeared that nearly all the graduates of our military schools came back with their constitutions contaminated with vile diseases, the penalty of licentiousness, within one year of their graduation. We feel safe in predicting that the discontinuance of the use of tobacco among the students while in college will go a long way toward diminishing the amount of vice and its terrible consequences after they leave the restraints of their school life, and come in contact with contaminating influences.

Home.

Burdette, in his lecture on "Home," says: "Home is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its priestess—but oftener its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never cost him a cent, bought all his clothes and sent him to college. A man likes his home, when he gets acquainted in it, because there his stupidity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at (though it needs a glossary to get at their meaning) if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the cold world moves right along as if nothing had happened; fond lovers come to his graveyard even; wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism and burden the air with labial confectionery. I've heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never get there unless they are brought. Secrets in the family are bad things. There is one, though, that's all right, and that is a handsome Christmas present for the husband, for the bill is sure to be sent to him four days before Christmas, so that everything is made lovely and harmonious."

An American school teacher states a girl of 15 in his school in response to a call for four lines of original poetry produced the following:

"Lives of poets all remind us,
We can make our songs sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Pieces that at least will rhyme."

Good Enough for Home.

"Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Vanners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded, old silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar, and, twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind: it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy and rough in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; and she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home. Young men who are polite and pleasant in outside society are sometimes rude to their mothers and sisters; and girls who among strangers are all gaiety and animation, never make any exertion to please their own family.

It is a wretched way to turn always the smoothest side to the world, and the roughest and coarsest to one's nearest and dearest friends.

Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is a person not merely acquainted with certain terms and etiquette of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this; that which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance what others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasures to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he comes in contact that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation on any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from allusions which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never even appears conscious of any defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation in the person in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantages—such as is implied in habits or tricks, or inclinations, which may be offensive to others.

Cheap Teachers.

In a recent lecture, the Rev. H. W. Beecher, speaking of the prevalence of employing persons as teachers, who are only making that profession a stepping-stone to something else, forcibly says:—

"What if an untaught sailor, at the end of a voyage should say: 'I cannot get another berth for six months, and I think I will practice medicine.' You would n't put a dog in his hands, unless it was for execution. What if a man should say, 'I hope for an office, and I will practice law until I get one.' He never studied it, and is n't going to study it, but

he is going to practice it. Who would put a piece of property or anything he had an interest in,—who would put his business in the hands of a man that had not studied the law a good many years and gathered experience and accumulated the wisdom which comes from study and experience?"

"You demand these for property, for the body; you demand experience in all these things, but for your children anything, only so it is cheap! 'If a man will teach for \$25 a month and found, he is the man for us, unless there is a fellow who will teach for \$20.' So you foist off upon the children the poorest and the meanest and most miserable teachers. But this must be changed; men must cultivate this profession; a man must go into it as he goes into the ministry, or into the law—for his life work. Of all parsimony, there is none like that of cheap schools."

Literary Wares.

The late James T. Fields, while an active partner in the firm of Ticknor & Fields, was waited upon by a young sugar merchant who had poetic aspirations. The mercantile man complained that his manuscript poems had been rejected by the firm, and he wanted to know the reason why, inasmuch as all of his friends had heard the verses read, and unani- mously declared them to be an accession to American literature.

"Our reader decides that," said Mr. Fields, in his blandest tones.

"Then I would like to see the reader."

Always the personification of amiability himself, the publisher took the merchant up stairs to the reader. That mighty personage sat at a desk heaped high with manuscripts; he carefully read a few pages of each package, then dropped it into a package at his side. Occasionally he became more than ordinarily interested; in that case he placed the package inside his desk.

"Why, he goes through 'em just as I sample sugar!" exclaimed the would-be poet, in amazement.

"That's because he's familiar with literary wares as you are with sugars," rejoined Mr. Fields.

"I am satisfied," said the merchant; "let us go."

They went, and the disappointed bard gave up verse-making, but he made a large fortune in sugar.

Wearing the Beard.

This fashion of the apostles, now almost universally restored among men, says the Daily Advertiser, was regarded with deep detestation by one of the merchant princes of Boston, whose name for three generations has been held in high honor. He had once made an appointment with a young artist, being himself confined to his house by infirmity of increasing years. When the artist appeared, his handsome face decorated then, as now, by a full beard, the gentleman gazed upon him with amazement for a moment, and then, forgetting his business and his infirmity, and with exceeding warmth of manner, ordered the young man out of his presence.

In 1850 a young man, who had contracted with a highly-respectable Pine Street (New York) merchant for twelve months' service, was seized with a desire to let the hair grow on his upper lip. His employer treated it as a breach of contract, insisting that it would be a great damage to his trade for a clerk "to exhibit such a heathenish face."

This was the common feeling in banks, insurance companies, and like institutions. But it was especially fervent and intolerant in the church. One of the members of Rev. Dr. Bethune's church, in Brooklyn, having met with an accident which interrupted his usual habit of shaving for two or three weeks, found so little discomfort from the growth of that time that he decided to give it further trial. When he appeared at church there was commotion among the good people, men and women. Several of them waited upon the doctor, after the service, to enlist him against this daring innovation. To their astonishment he had already gone over to the enemy, and quoted Scriptures and the church-fathers in support of the heresy. "But imagine," said one old lady, "a Chalmers or a Newton with such an unsightly growth!" The doctor gently answered, "When you come to example, my dear woman, imagine St. Paul or our Saviour without it, if you can!"

Vox Populi.

What do you think the world would say,
If some one should hit on a plan some day
To make the political atmosphere pure?
"This fellow was born to die young, I'm sure,"
That's what the world would say.

How do you fancy the world would view
A statesman, honest, good and true,
Who should advocate measures he thought were best?
"He's striving to feather his own little nest,"
Thus would the world construe.

Imagine, I pray, what the world would think
Should some kind millionaire just on the brink
Of the grave, in supporting the poor spend his wealth?
"He'd never do that if he had good health,"
That's what the world would think.

It's awfully sad, but it's awfully true,
They'll jeer you, no matter how well you do;
If a fellow, inspired, writes poems divine,
Some editor's certain his work to decline.
This world should be made anew!

—The Judge.

VICTOR HUGO'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.—"What is it to die, if it is not to live forever? Those millions of worlds above which call us by their radiant symphony, bear me witness. And beyond those millions of worlds, what is there? The infinite, always the infinite. If I pronounce the name of God, I bring a smile to the lips of some of you who do not believe in God. Why do they not believe in God? Because they believe only in the vital forces of nature. But what is nature? Without God 'tis but a grain of sand. This is like looking at the small side of things because the great side dazzles us too much. But I believe in the great side. What is the earth? A cradle and a tomb! And even as the cradle had its beginnings so the tomb has its dawning for the dead; it is a door closed indeed to the world, but opening upon the worlds of which we may now obtain only a far distant glimpse. Messieurs, believe if you will that I shall be buried to-morrow or in ten years to come—I feel within me the assurance that the tomb will not hold me prisoner;—I feel that your six feet of earth will not be able to make night where I am lying, your earth worms may devour all that is perishable in my frame, but that something which is the life of my brain—the life of my eyes—the life of my ears, my forehead and my lips, can be destroyed by no power on earth."

A PRACTICAL JOKE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—A Burlington man recently wedded a young wife. The lady became enthused over Will Carleton's poem on the elopement of a handsome young woman with a handsomer man, and determined to try the same thing herself. She wrote a neat little note, stating that she had left home with a gentleman whom she had dearly loved before she had met her husband, and that he need not trouble himself to look for them. Then she called in her younger brother and went calling with him, arranging to return and hide where she could witness her liege lord's dismay when he came to read of her flight. She, from her place of concealment saw him enter, saw him look all around in surprise at her absence, and finally saw him discover the note. He opened and read it, while her heart beat high with excitement in anticipation of the breaking out she expected to hear.

The poor fellow finished the cruel missive, tore it up and threw the fragments on the floor and then without a moment's warning drew a revolver and fired point blank at his breast, and fell without a sign of life to the carpet. With a terrified scream the woman was at her husband's side in a moment, lifting his head, rolling him, shaking him, turning him, and hunting for blood, all the time shrieking to her William to speak to her, to forgive her, to only look at her. William lay motionless, however, and the neighborhood, aroused by the shot and screams, came flocking in to learn of the excitement, when suddenly, when a score or more had gathered, the dead leaped up from the floor as well as ever, at which the wife fainted away. She soon revived, however,

and then it all came out that the younger brother, being in sympathy with William, had led him into the scheme, and he had chosen that mode of punishing his joking wife. She jokes no more, but her husband has compromised on a pony phaeton to keep peace in the family.

A Telegraph Story.

Mr. W. S. Johnson, the author of "Telegraph Tales," is responsible for the following story:

"In the winter of 1870-71, one of the operators in the Western Union office at Boston had an epileptic fit. His medical attendant spoke to him, chafed him, and made every effort to arouse him, but in vain. Subsequently one of his fellow-operators drew a chair up to the bed, and took the patient's hand in his. As he did so, he noticed a feeble pressure by the fingers, which pressure presently resolved itself into dots and dashes, faintly communicating to the tactile sense the words, 'W-h-a-t d-o-o-t-t-o-r s-a-y a-b-o-u-t-m-e?' Asked whether he could hear what was said to him, the patient signified assent by a slight motion with the tips of his fingers, and the result was that his fellow-operator got from the patient enough dots and dashes to describe his feelings to the physician, who was thus enabled to apply the necessary remedies. It is certain that no other method of communication was possible under the circumstances, since the sufferer from epilepsy, although he could hear, could neither speak nor move any of his muscles, except those situated in the digital extremities, and those only with the faintest requisite in electric communication."

To the Sayers of Words.

Each man to himself, and each woman to herself, is the word of the past and present, and the word of mortality,
No one can acquire for another—not one!

Not one can grow for another—not one!
The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him,
The teaching is to the teacher and comes back most to him,
The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most to him,
The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him,
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him,
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him—it cannot fail,

The oration is to the orator, and the acting is to the actor and actress, not to the audience,
And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own or the indication of his own.

I swear the earth shall surely be complete to him or her who shall be complete!

I swear the earth remains broken and jagged only to him or her who remains broken and jagged.—[Wall Whitman.

A Legend.

There was a dispute among three maidens as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream, and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink; and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old haggard woman passing by asked, "Who will give me a gift; for I am poor?" All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed," said she when she saw them. But, when they asked her which of them was the most beautiful, she said, "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook, it is not the hand that is tipped with red, it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away and she stood before them an angel from Heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute.

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it, and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.—Miss Mulock.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

With this issue dates a new era in the history of THE FAMILY CIRCLE. As will be seen, certain alterations have been made to its improvement. Additional mechanical facilities have been obtained, and the services of a larger and more efficient staff of contributors have been secured. Our magazine's tone of liberal morality will ever be sustained, while stories of lively incident, and selections of interest and value for every department as well as its new features, will be promotive of its object—to supply the household with a superior quality of mental food, serve the young with lively, pure reading, thus preventing their desire for demoralizing literature, and in every way to interest, to instruct, and to elevate the family circles throughout the length and breadth of the land.

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Although THE FAMILY CIRCLE has undergone changes for the better by great additional expense, and this number initiates a new and progressive era in its annals, yet it remains the

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE

in the Dominion of Canada. The magazine's value should not be depreciated because of its cheapness, but with unbiased judgment its usefulness estimated, and our subscribers should

SEND US FRIENDS' NAMES

accordingly. Any who have subscribed will recommend it, and with but little exertion can send us along new subscribers.

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To every old subscriber sending us new names we will allow a rebate in the subscription price of ten cents on each, and on five names and over a rebate of fifteen cents on each.

Under the head "Responses to Readers," we propose hereafter to reply to all questions our readers desire to ask us, whether legal, medical or metaphysical. Our resources for this purpose are almost unlimited.

The February number of the *Philadelphia Musical Journal* is an exceedingly good number of an exceedingly good magazine. It is ably edited, and deserves the attention of all lovers of music.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The First Sign of Consumption.

It is not as extensively known as it ought to be that, in the large majority of cases, consumption begins with a slight cough in the morning after getting up. After a while it is perceived at night on going to bed; next, there is an occasional "coughing spell" some time during the night; by this time there is a difficulty of breathing on any slightly unusual exercise, or in ascending a hill.

Even before this, persons begin to feel weak, while there is an almost imperceptible thinning in flesh, and a gradual diminution in weight—harassing cough, loose bowels, difficult breathing, swollen extremities, daily fever, and a miserable death! Miserable, because it is tedious, painful and inevitable. How much it is to be wished that the symptoms of this hateful disease were more generally studied and understood, that it might be detected in its first insidious approaches, and application be made at once for its arrest and total eradication; for certain it is that, in very many instances, it could be accomplished.

It must be remembered that cough is not an invariable attendant of consumption of the lungs, inasmuch as persons have died, and on examination a large portion of the lungs were found to have decayed away, and yet these same persons were never noticed to have had a cough, or observed if themselves, until within a few days of death. But such instances are rare, and a habitual cough on getting up, and on going to bed, may be safely set down as indicating consumption begun. Cough, as just stated, is originally a curative process, the means which nature uses to rid the body of that which offends, of that which is foreign to the system and ought to be out of it; hence the folly of using medicines to keep down the cough, as all cough remedies sold in the shops merely do, without taking means at the same time for removing that state of things which makes cough necessary.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Moist Air Wanted.

The great defect in our atmosphere is excessive dryness. The dew point of England is fifteen or twenty degrees higher than of New England. The results are seen in the contrast between the plump body and smooth skin of the Englishman and the lean, juiceless body, and dry, cracked skin of the Yankee. It is also shown in the well-known difference in the influence of house heat upon furniture. Our chairs, tables, sofas, and woodwork warp and shrink, while nothing of the sort occurs in England.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains bronchitis and consumption are almost unknown. In great part this immunity is attributed to the remarkable humidity of the atmosphere. The dew point on the Pacific coast is very high.

As we cannot change the amount of moisture in the atmosphere of the country, we must limit our practical efforts to the air of our houses. If we use a stove, its entire upper surface may be made a reservoir for water. Ornamental work of but little cost may be used to conceal it. The furnace may be made to send up, with its heat, many gallons of water daily, in the form of vapor.—*Dio Lewis in Golden Rule.*

House-Plants and Health.

A correspondent asks: Are houseplants unhealthy for persons with weak lungs? We think not. We have been asked this question so often that we have come to think that there is a wide-spread superstition respecting the relation of house-plants to health. This notion is certainly based on something other than scientific grounds. Plants and animals sustain a healthful relation to each other. The poisonous carbonic acid gas, generated by human beings and all animals, is the principal food of plants, which thus become most active agents in removing this poisonous substance from the air and rendering it fit to breathe again. Everybody has heard the story of the scientist who kept alive a mouse and a plant in a hermetically sealed jar. The mouse and the plant both flourished under circumstances which would have been fatal to either one alone.

The idea that plants in some way attract the vitality of a sick person is wholly without foundation. The only circum-

stances under which plants are ever injurious is when they give out a very strong odor which is oppressive and nauseating to the patient.--*Good Health.*

A SIMPLE PLAN OF VENTILATION.--The following simple method of ventilating ordinary sleeping and dwelling-rooms is recommended by Mr. Hinton in his "Physiology for Practical Use": "A piece of wood, three inches high, and exactly as long as the breath of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draught, will enter and leave the room."--*Druggists' Circular.*

Dr. Farr, Medical Officer of Health for Lambeth, London, says very pointedly: "Enteric or typhoid fever is an excremental disease due to sewage emanations and polluted water supply; at least, whatever the specific poison may be, these are the media through which it is spread as a result of defective sanitary arrangements. In this respect the modern suburban dwelling of the period is the chief offender. Pretty and attractive houses--the charming villa, even, advertised as possessing perfect drainage--are not exempt. This is the class of property inhabited by a large proportion of persons who are prostrated with fever at the present time. It is here that fever and diphtheria have their origin to an alarming extent. It is here that the services of the Sanitary Inspector are in most request, and where the causes, direct and indirect, which swell the total mortality to abnormal proportions are found."

Dr. Hammond states that there are very few, if any, cosmetics which do not contain lead. He also says that death from lead-poisoning by the use of cosmetics is by no means an uncommon case. The introduction of lead into the system produces various effects--colic, paralysis, prostration of the nervous system and insanity being the most common results.

WARM MILK AS A BEVERAGE.--Milk that is heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately: and many who fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects.--*Medical Recorder.*

Deterioration of the Eye.

By the law of development man progresses to physical perfection. But by the accidents of civilization the eye, which is the light of the whole body, is in imminent danger of deterioration, and after being evolved by the brute, it is being ruined by man. Already the increased shortsightedness and color blindness is attracting considerable attention, and even when these defects are not present the eye of civilization is much inferior to that of many birds and beasts and savages. Not to speak of the cat's ability to see in the dark, what eye can compare for range with that of the condor of the Andes, or for keenness with that of the Indian on the trail of his enemy. Brudenell Carter, whose address at the Health Congress at Brighton is one of the most interesting and suggestive of recent contributions to popular science, insists upon the importance of checking this gradual deterioration of the organ of vision. School Boards, he says, should educate the eyes as well as the tongue; volunteers should institute tests of distant vision, and trade unions should strike against every employer whose factory is badly lighted. Even the most short-sighted people can see the importance of Brudenell Carter's warning, and, as the spectacle-makers are not a very powerful corporation, there is some possibility that "science, common sense and humanity" may succeed in arresting the further deterioration of the eye.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Polonaises are revived.
Small buttons are stylish.
Lichen green is a new shade.
Stylish fans are of medium size.
Very little jewelry is worn in the street.
Brocaded flounces adorn spring costumes.
Black toilets predominate since Lent began.
"All black" for the neck is liked for blondes.
Pleatings for the neck have become very narrow.
Ribbed Jersey cloth is imported for spring wraps.
Fapiers are draped in heavy folds around the hips.
Bracelets are the favorite article of jewelry this season.
Foulards will supersede striped and checked summer silks.
Embroidered borders are used on new fabrics for dresses.
New riding-habits have narrower and shorter skirts than those heretofore worn.
Low English heels are now used on ladies' walking shoes--a great change for the better.

Dark straw hats, with gloves and hosiery to match, are announced for next summer.

Black, blue and lemon-colored pocket-handkerchiefs of sheer linen, embroidered with contrasting colors, are among the eccentric novelties lately imported.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TWO WAYS.--The remains of a joint of undene mutton are in the house; one woman will cut this meat up into slices and put it in a saucepan with the materials for making the hash, and boil all together till done. The result is that the meat is cooked twice, and eats like leather, and people say that they hate hash. Another woman will cut all the meat off the bone in slices, flour the meat, sprinkle with a little pepper and salt, and set aside. The bone she will then break up into fragments and boil it in water for two hours in a nice clean saucepan. The vegetables and seasoning she will then fry in fat or butter until they are cooked fairly and are nicely browned. She will then strain out all fragments of bone (so that people can eat the hash without fracturing their teeth) from the stock, add the fried vegetables, and lastly put in the meat. The whole will then be simmered for ten minutes, so as just to warm the meat through and carry the cooking of the underdone meat up to the proper point. Meanwhile some dipped toast will be made ready to set around the dish into which the hash is poured. Here by the attention to first principles the remains of an underdone leg of roast mutton, instead of being spoiled for food and made disagreeable are converted into a wholesome and delicious dish.--*The Housekeeper.*

HAM PIE.--Pick the ham into small, fine pieces, boil a cup of rice, beat up two eggs, and stir it with the ham and rice; season with pepper, salt and onions; put it into a deep pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

OATMEAL PUDDING.--Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk, add to it a pint of boiling milk, sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes, then put in two ounces of sifted bread crumbs, stir until the mixture is stiff, then add one ounce of shred suet and one or two well-beaten eggs, and a little flavoring or grated nutmeg, put the pudding in a buttered dish and bake slowly for an hour.

STEAMED PUDDING.--One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and three cups of flour; steam one hour.

PLUM PUDDING.--One lb. eggs, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. suet, 1 lb. candied lemon, 1 lb. bread crumbs, 1 lb. flour. First beat the eggs, then add suet when chopped fine, and 1 teaspoon soda, rub the bread fine then add all the other ingredients and beat well. Put in a pudding bag $\frac{1}{2}$ larger than itself. Put a piece of writing paper over it to prevent the water soaking in. Turn over occasionally and boil well 5 hours.

Hash made of two parts potato, one part corned beef, one part beets, is an appetizing dish for breakfast. The potatoes and beets should be boiled the day before; chop them and the beef fine, season with butter, pepper and salt, and some hot vinegar and mustard may be added if you choose.

LEMON PIE.—Juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons flour, milk to fill the plate. Beat the whites of 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, spread over the pie and brown slightly.

Buckwheat cakes are improved for some people by mixing the buckwheat with Graham flour. Put about one-third of Graham with it. Start the cakes at night with yeast—a small teacup of yeast to one quart of flour; mix with cool (not hot) water, and set in a warm corner. Griddle cakes can be made of oatmeal by putting one-third flour with it. They require more time for cooking than buckwheat cakes do, and should be browned thoroughly.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—One pint of sifted white flour, three teaspoonsful of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of salt; mix with two-thirds quart of milk and water; stir in one egg and a tablespoonful of molasses. Bake on a very hot griddle.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, tablespoonful of butter, one heaping cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted in flour, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of sweet milk. *Filling*—Whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of sugar (pulverized), and three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and vanilla to taste. Bake the cake in jelly-cake tins in three layers, and spread the mixture between and on top. Eat within thirty-six hours after baking.

CUMBERLAND CAKE.—Make a paste, roll it out, lay on it a thickness of molasses, then currants, then a little molasses, and a sprinkle of flour, cover with paste and bake.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light part—One and a half cups white sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweet milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, whites of 4 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour. Dark part—Yolks 4 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and nutmeg, each $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon.

FLOATING ISLAND CUSTARD.—Two eggs and the yolks of 4 beat with 3 tablespoons sugar, add a quart of milk, a little nutmeg and bake. Then cover with jelly or raspberry jam. Beat the whites of 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, cover with the frosting and brown slightly.

ROCK CREAM.—Boil a teacup of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweeten with loaf sugar and pile on a dish. Lay on it in different places lumps of jelly. Beat the whites of 5 eggs to a stiff froth with a little sugar and flavor with lemon with a tablespoon of rich cream. Drop over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow.

EXCELLENT VINEGAR.—Boil one pint of dry corn in rain-water till quite soft; put in a crock and add one pint of molasses (golden syrup) and four quarts of cold rain-water. Cover, put in a warm place and stir occasionally for about three weeks, when it will be good vinegar. Bottle off. It improves by keeping.

AN EXCELLENT VARNISH.—Two parts of turpentine to one part linseed oil. Mix and rub on furniture with a soft cloth, polishing dry with another. Cheap and reliable.

Oil cloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being first swept it should be wiped with a large soft cloth, wrung out of lukewarm water, then with one dampened with milk. Never use soap or hot water as either will bring off the paint.

Beat a carpet on the wrong side first; and then more gently on the right side. Beware of using sticks with sharp points, which may tear the carpet. In nailing down a carpet after the floor has been washed, be certain that the floor is quite dry or the nails will rust and injure the carpet. A half worn carpet may be made to last much longer by ripping it apart and transposing the breadths. Mrs. M.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

OSCAR WILDE.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The advent in America of Oscar Wilde, the æsthetic evangel, is the literary event of the season. Winter without the adornment of the lily-white snow has welcomed to the shores of the new world that sweet boy Oscar, who having lately emerged from the hazy vistas of dreamland, has come forward as a poet and a defender of poets, an æsthetic of the æsthetes, the champion of Burne-Jones, the chaperone of Swinburne and Morris, and the expositor of the English renaissance. The time for such a visit seems inopportune; for, although the *Æsthetics* of America have long in dolor yearned for the presence of their Hellenic master, the weather has not been at all favorable to a display of those peculiar *poses* said to be characteristic of Oscar and his unique retinue; yet at the season when the winds pipe drearily across unavintagible sea, when birds have deserted their ruined choirs, when

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave 't the earth so chilly,
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily;"

the young poet breasts the briny, and coming to New York, endeavors to instill into the hearts of all the very essence of beauty, hoping with some seductive charm to turn the great city into an Athens, and the whole land into "a very Thessaly of artistic delight."

Mr. Oscar Wilde, the subject of this sketch, is, we understand, a young man of Irish parentage, a finished scholar and genial companion. His father, Sir William Wilde, having died some years ago, Oscar has developed under the influence of his mother (a poetess of the O'Connell agitation), into a young man of decided personality. After years of patient study, with recesses of trout-fishing in the pools of the Connemarra Mountains, Mr. Wilde crossed to Oxford, captured the Newdigate prize in a field of forty competitors. Thenceforward he allied himself with the pre-Raphaelite school, whose merits and idiosyncrasies have formed an ample theme for the critics of England for a period of thirty years. Pre-Raphaelism has been defined as "a return to the poetry of nature, a stronger realism than the facile abstractions of Raphael, a more careful realism of technique, an individuality more intense." The more prominent teachers in this school at the present time are Dante G. Rossetti and Algernon C. Swinburne, in poetry; William Morris, in poetry and decorative art; and Mr. Burne-Jones, in painting. To these may now be added Mr. Wilde, in the character of champion of the cause in general. He has met much ridicule in his efforts to live up to the requirements of his poetical creed. Caricatures of his æsthetic postures, his peculiar ideas of personal adornment, and his alleged excessive devotion to the lily and sunflower, have been very numerous and successful. This uninviting prospect, it appears, has never daunted Mr. Wilde in the least. He has never exhibited any timidity by reason of adverse criticism, but on the contrary, has esteemed himself and his poetical system the more in consequence of that opposition. "Satire is the homage which Ignorance pays to Genius," is one of his poetical axioms; and therefore the greater the storm against him, the serener the rest within. Criticism was for a moment disarmed when Mr. Wilde, entering the arena of literature, gave to the world a volume of poetry. The clearness of thought, the facility of expression, and the boldness of tone issuing therefrom, informs the world that there is something more than a dreamy adoration of lilies and rapt reveries on blue china, in the young æsthetic.

The poetry of Mr. Wilde contains the fervency of an æsthetic imagination with modern severity of description. All objects fall within the sphere of Mr. Wilde's poetical *demense*, and all are treated in the same style: *viz.*, with an impassioned pen, a realistic pencil and a high-strung musical touch.

The *repose* characteristic of Keats and the simplicity of diction presented by Morris are wanting in the poetry of Mr.

Wilde, and instead we are dazzled by a Swinburnean light intensified to a dangerous degree. The subject matter of the poems, is, with few exceptions, of small importance. The only apparent object is to please, not by logically unfolded arguments, but by adroitly-limned word-pictures. "*Ave Imperatrix!*" a poem dealing with the struggles of England for Empire, is certainly the best in the collection. From it are the following stanzas:

"The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
Shal to the tread of armed men.

"And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranite-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

"The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

"For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire."

Another poem, a sonnet written in "Holy Week" at Genoa, is presented as affording a fair specimen of Mr. Wilde's extreme enthusiasm in verse:

"I wandered in Scoglietto's green retreat,
The oranges on each overhanging spary
Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day;
Some startled bird with fluttering wings and fleet
Made snow of all the blossoms; at my feet
Like silver moons the pale narcissi lay;
And the curved waves that streaked the sapphire bay
Laughed 'i the sun, and life seemed very sweet.
Outside the young boy-priest passed singing clear,
"Jesus the Son of Mary has been slain,
O come and fill his sepulcher with flowers."
Ah, God! Ah, God! those dear Hellenic hours
Had drowned all memory of thy bitter pain,
The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear."

Mr. Wilde has been saterized by some and lionized by others. Dispassionate criticism he can scarcely expect until the novelty of his appearance, and the newness of his style shall have become familiar. He has, at all events, launched his argosy on the sea of literature, and almost unknown to the world at large, he may even now, Columbus-like, be sailing near the shores of some hitherto hidden continent. The chances of discovery seem remote, but those paltry branches, caught from the passing wave, bear ruddy berries of hope. The day may dawn when a fruitful land will smile to the morning sun, and invite the venturesome voyager to take possession in the name of Appollo.

LITERARY LINKLETS.

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott wrote all of his new book of poetry after his eightieth birthday.

Mr. Whittier is in capital health this winter; writing a good deal, going often to Boston, and even going to quiet parties now and then.

Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday, Feb. 27, was quite generally observed in various parts of the country; many schools taking note of it by special exercises.

The "younger authors" are growing old: Edwin Arnold's second son, Julian, is old enough to have written a book on Egypt, which will soon appear; and Bret Harte's son is going on the stage, in the company supporting John McCullough.

Bryant and Longfellow, so it appears from an extract from Parke Goodwin's new life of the poet, very early became literary friends and mutual admirers.

Mr. Ruskin, in accepting the presidency of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh, says that his late illnesses has made it necessary for him, if not to cease from work, at least to waste none. He adds that Edinburgh is dearer to him than London.

There are in the United States ten cities with a population of over 200,000 each, and the names of them represent eight different languages. New York is English; Philadelphia, Greek; Brooklyn, Dutch; Chicago, Indian; Boston, English; St. Louis, French; Baltimore, Irish; Cincinnati, Latin; San Francisco, Spanish, and New Orleans, French.

Alexander Dumas, *fil.*, says that Alexander Dumas, *pere*, was not only the first dramatic author, but the first poet of his day. "He most nearly approaches Shakespeare, and the distance between Shakespeare and Dumas is probably less than that between Dumas and his contemporaries." To sum up my opinion of this extraordinary man I will say that he is as little known as he is illustrious."

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question—Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

Prof. R. A. Proctor's announcement of the possible destruction of the world by the return of the comet of 1880 has not greatly increased his reputation. Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, says that he knows of no known comet large enough to produce, by its fall upon the sun, an increase of heat great enough to destroy all living things on the face of the earth. He adds: "If a comet drops into the sun I hope I shall live to see it, and in that case I shall expect to survive the event." In justice to Prof. Proctor himself, it should be said that he told some excited revivalists in Illinois that, while he considered the matter an interesting speculation, its likelihood need not prevent any of the ordinary arrangements of life.

The Smack "Out" of School.

The sun shone in through waving boughs
Of elm trees by the door,
Across the row of feet that toed
The chalk-mark on the floor.
Down at the foot of that long line
Of spellers, standing there,
Was Allan Deane, with quiet face
Framed round with stiff tow-hair.

The fair young teacher called this boy
"The dunce of Wheaton school;"
But Allan's wits, though slow, were keen,
And since to Lawyer Poole
This same fair creature gave a kiss,
So slyly, as she thought,
The boy, with mischievous delight,
A cunning plan had wrought.

Next morning Allan charged his class
To learn their lessons well,
For young Squire Poole that afternoon
Would come to hear them spell.
And this was all; they never knew
What else was on his mind,
Until the teacher gave out "smack,"
To be spoiled and defamed.

'Twas Allan's turn; he raised his eyes
To watch the lawyer's face,
And spelled the short word slowly through.
With calm and steady grace.
"Define it, sir," the mistress said,
For, courage to acquire,
The boy had paused—"Why, ma'am," said
"It's what you gave the squire."

GOLDEN GEMS.

Reconciliation.

If thou wert lying cold and still and white,
In death's embrace, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So, to-night,

My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,—
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet,
The dead face and the living,—fain would cry
Across the years, "O, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet:
Let there be peace between us ere we die."
—*Caroline A. Mason, in Scribner.*

Friends.

"We will be friends," she said, and smiled
With that soft grace that pity lends;
A little of my pain beguiled.
I kissed her hand, "We will be friends."

No law forbids a friend to love,—
My Sweet forget how pity ends,—
Now when my patience she doth prove,
"Fair wife," I whisper, "come, be friends."

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think. —*Prior.*

Great is the number of those who might attain to true wisdom if they did not already think themselves wise.

The softest road is not always the best road. It is on the smooth ice we slip; a rough path is usually safer for our feet.

Before you scold, be sure that you are right yourself. He that attempts to cleanse a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blur.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know all. But let all you tell be the truth.—*Horace Mann.*

Simple, sincere people seldom speak much of their piety; it shows itself in acts rather than in words, and has more influence than homilies or protestations.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it.

It is quite wonderful how many things there are in this world which you do not want if you can only make yourself think so.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Men as a rule are easily attracted by a beautiful face; but it is by internal beauty of character that a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true-minded man, though first enamoured by personal beauty, will soon feel the hollowness of its charms when he discovers the lack of mental beauty.

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and heartily too, at his friend can be said to have a true and thorough love for him; and, on the other hand, it would betray a sorry want of faith to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few men are much worth loving in whom there is not something worth laughing at.

A wealthy clergyman, from a neighboring State, assured me that he had spent eight years and thirty thousand dollars in seeking a cure for his dyspepsia. He had travelled everywhere, and consulted all sorts of doctors. I am afraid he will never forgive me for telling him that six months' hard work would make a well man of him.—*Dio Lewis.*

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypathia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth may possess, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking. How irresistibly you are drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably as does the musical, subdued voice indicate a genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the weary husband. How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—*Anon.*

How to Break off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason, and all reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in you. Avoid the places, the persons, that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive.

When you have broken your resolution just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may guard against the occurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it is so easy a thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength for years.—*Anon.*

GEMS IN JEST.

A man who was walked "on his ear" out of a store said "he came out on the Erie route."—*Puck.*

When a doctor cures you for nothing he is one of Nature's no-bill-men.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

We saw the biggest liar in the U. S., recently, at our Zoo. He has been in the lion business all his life.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The sick poet belongs to the muse-ill age; bread was discovered in the doughage and dogs in the carriage.—*Whitehall Times.*

A dull old lady, being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: "Dear me! won't even death stop that man lying?"

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"I have divided my subject," began the parson, "into two heads." "Two heads with but a single thought," whispered Fogg to Mrs. F., and then he closed his eyes for his usual nap.

An Irish lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national accent that she is reported to have spoken of the "creature of Vesuvius," fearing that the creature would betray her origin.

A finely-dressed lady slipped and fell near the post-office, recently, and the gentleman who assisted her to her feet inquired, "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No, I guess not," she replied; "but I am just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of 'em!"

"If I thought I was going to become gray, I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough.

After a strict cross-examination it was found that the old bachelor did not call the thin female "a fiat, termagant woman," but he gave her the retort courteous in these words: "You flatter me, gaunt woman." The court cautioned him, however, to speak more slowly and distinctly in the future.

"A scientist named Mivart will soon issue a work on the cat," says the *New Haven Register*. We've done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it from a third-story window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her blamed back.—*Boston Post*.

Three burglars feloniously and with wicked intent entered a newspaper office in Illinois one day last week. Strange as it may seem, there was enough to go around and they each got something. One got sixty-three cents, one got away, and the other got sixty days.

An apprentice boy who had not pleased his employer one day came in for a chastisement, during the administration of which his master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering: "You know best, sir; I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

A friend tells the Courier of having visited a county fair last autumn, where, among other peripatetic humbugs, was a man selling a patent grease eradicator. Discouraging volubly upon its merits, the vendor would illustrate by rubbing upon a piece of dark flannel a bit of tallow candle, afterward removing the stain by using the eradicator. Presently an old countrywoman was induced to purchase a box. "Let me see," she said, reflectively, summing up his directions, "first I rub the spot with a piece of tallow, and then put on some of the stuff in the box."

Sam Johnsing felt very much aggrieved because an Austin justice fined him five dollars for disturbing the peace. "Mr. Johnsing," said the justice, "you can take an appeal—you have a legal remedy." "I know all about dem remedies, sah; dey am werry much like dem other remedies you get at the drug store. De more ob 'em yer takes de sicker yer gits.—*Texas Siftings*.

"FOR FUN."—Four students of a Wisconsin college, who stole a farmer's gate "for fun," were given by the Faculty the alternative of leaving the college or of undergoing such punishment as the farmer might inflict. They chose the latter, and the farmer condemned them to chop four cords of his wood and deliver it to a poor widow. They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR TWO.—A country clergyman was once staying with me in town, to whom a bad dollar had been given in change. The good divine was annoyed, of course, but his great anxiety was lest he should pay it away in mistake and some one else should suffer from his own misfortune. He would have put it in the fire had there been one handy, but he went out in the morning with the intention of throwing it into the river, but forgot all about it. He came back in a cab, which drove away at great speed directly it had set him down. "Stop, my man, stop," he cried, in an agonized voice, but the man only drove on more quickly. "What is the matter?" inquired a passer by. "I have given that poor man a bad dollar," he answered, "and he has given me half a dollar in change. I should have thought he must have heard me cry 'stop.'" "He certainly must have heard you," said the gentleman who had accosted him; "let me look at the half-dollar." It was a bad one! The result of the whole transaction was that the clergyman reduced his original deficit to fifty cents, and that the driver lost his confidence in the clergy.

"You would hear, I dare say," said Mr. M'Lachlan, "what happened to our brother from the Sound when he was preaching at Kilmore? You know he is ferry fond of preaching extempore, and when he went into the vestry, he said to the elders, 'I really do not know what to preach apout,' says he. 'Do you not know,' says Tuncan M'Favish, one of the elders, 'what to preach apout?' 'No, I do not, really.' 'Well, then,' says Tuncan, 'shust preach apout five minutes; it'll pe quite enough.'

Epitaphs.

In Cheltenham, Gloucestershire:
Here lies the body of Mollie Dickie, the wife of Hall Dickie, tailor.

Two great physicians first
My loving husband tried
To cure my pain
In vain;
At last he got a third,
And then I died.

In Staffordshire:

This turf has drunk a widow's tear,
Three of her husbands slumber here.

In Tipperary:

Here I at length repose,
My spirit now at ease is,
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies.

On Sir John Guise:

Here lies Sir John Guise—
No one laughs, no one cries.
Where he's gone, and how he fares,
No one knows, and no one cares.

Dorsetshire, Ann Hughes:

Who far below this tomb doth rest,
Has joined the army of the blest;
The Lord has ta'en her to the sky—
The saints rejoice, and so do I.

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS.—Ask no woman her age. If you want to find it out ask her best lady friend. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play chess with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.

The *Congregationalist* tells a story of a member of a fashionable up-town congregation in New York city, who called at a music store, and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" saying:—"Our Pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

A CHURCH SLEEPER CURED.—"Well, brethren," said a Maine minister to some of his fellow evangelists, "I never was guilty of laughing in the pulpit but once. Some years ago I had in my congregation an old man who universally went to sleep in church and snored loudly throughout the entire service. One Sabbath morning, glancing in his direction, I saw him as usual, with his head back enjoying a nap, and right above him, in the gallery, a young man was rolling a large quid of tobacco around in his mouth. As I looked he took it out and pressing it into a ball poised it carefully over the open mouth below. I became so interested in the proceeding that I forgot to continue the sermon, and stood watching the young man. With a wicked smile he took careful aim and dropped it squarely into the old man's mouth.

"With a gulp-!p-!p the sleeper started up and with face red as a beet rushed from the house. The people no doubt were horrified but I could not have kept from laughing if a sword had hung over my head ready to fall. The old man did not come back for several Sabbaths, and when he did he changed his seat and remained wide awake."

Rev. E. P. Tenny, the genial and witty president of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation party, among the presents being a fine new dress-coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better-half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?"

At the same church, a few weeks ago, the funeral of a prominent and highly-respected citizen of the town, by the name of Knight, occurred, on which occasion, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There will be no night there." The effect, as

soprano, alto, and tenor successively took up the refrain, was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in any but a humorous spirit.

An old Scotch minister was obliged to avail himself of probationers as substitutes in the pulpit. One day a young man, vain of his oratorical powers, officiated, and on descending from the desk was met by the elder with extended hands, and, expecting high praise, he said:

"No compliments, I pray."

"Na, na, na," said the minister; "noo-a-days I'm glad of ony body."

The Old Man's Ghost.

Several days ago, a celebrated spiritualist came to Little Rock, and stated that before giving a public entertainment, he would give a seance, where any member of a small invited circle would call up the spirits of their friends and converse with them. By mistake a man from down the river was admitted, a man whose reputation for deeds of violence would not place his spirit above par in the soul market. After listening a while to rapping, horn-blowing, and gauze-veil materialization, the bad man arose and said:

"Say, cap'n, whar's the old man's ghost?"

"What old man?" asked the medium.

"My old man, the governor. Call him up!"

"Whar's his name?"

"Tom Bealick; call him up!"

"I don't think we are in communication with him to-night."

"What's the matter, wire down?"

"No; the old man is off on a visit."

"Now, here, jest shut up your wardrobe, and turn on your light. If you don't give the old man's ghost a show, the thing shan't run."

"Wait I'll see if he will come," said the spiritualist. "If he raps three times, he is willing; if only once, he has other engagements."

A sharp rap sounded.

"He is unwilling," continued the spiritualist.

"Now, here," said the bad man, "that wan't my old man's knock. Why, if he had hit that table, he'd splintered it. Call him up;" and the affectionate son cast a severe look on the medium.

"To tell the truth, I can't call him up."

"Tell him that I want to see him. That will fetch him."

"No; he won't come; but I beg you to be patient.

Wait; ah, he will come presently. He is here and desires to talk with you. He says that he is perfectly happy, and that he longs for the time when you will be with him. He is one of the rulers in the spirit-land."

"Cap'n, you're the infernalist liar in Arkansas."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because the old man is in the city prison, drunk."

Jilted.

As white as snow, once years ago.
See, now 'tis nearly amber!
Among these criss-cross hieroglyphs,
Abounding in her "buts" and "ifs,"
How I did like to clamber!

She always wrote on "White Laid Note";
Just feel—it seems so brittle
That one might crack it by a touch.
Love her? Yes, I did, very much.
Loved me? A very little.

You may peruse it, if you choose;
Love's fragile flower has wilted,
And this is but a faded leaf,
With which I mock the gnawing grief
That comes from getting jilted.

That blur of ink? I used to think,
When this was ante-yellow,
A tiny tear had left that stain.
Yes? No! He held it in the rain.
Who's he?—The other fellow!

F. D. S.

Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of the Blue Light Austin Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," replied Parson Bledso; "I has to support my poor ole mudder." "But your poor ole mudder says you don't do nuffin for her." "Well, den, ef I don't do nuffin for my poor ole mudder, whar's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' to make me shell out?"

Preocious.

Senator Fair, of Nevada, has discovered a precocious four-year old in Washington, who, sometimes at least, knows how to speak the truth and shame her mother. The Senator was calling at her house one day, and the little thing took a great fancy to him. She had a very common doll, which she exhibited with a great deal of pride, and talked of it as children do of things that pleases them best. The Senator duly admired and praised it, and petted its owner, and in due course of time passed on to other calls. When he reached home he was much surprised to find the pet doll in his overcoat pocket the little one having doubtless deposited it there while he was not watching her. Thinking she would grieve over its loss, and wishing to mere than recompense her for any possible amount of sadness and loss and of tears, he made a temporary Santa Claus of himself, bought a whole box of dolls of all shades and sizes, with any quality of costumes, and despatched them to her by special messenger with his compliments.

Next time the Senator called the little one was in ecstasy. She told him all about them, and, obedient to maternal promptings, duly tendered her childish thanks for the possession. Then, after a moment's hesitation, as if there was something on her childish mind, she said: "My mamma said if you'd sent \$1,000 you wouldn't miss it any more than you do the dolls."

Other proud mammas whose confidential sayings have been similarly and unexpectedly "given away," at most inopportune moments, by bright children with too retentive memories, will best understand this one's confusion. What the Senator said on this occasion is not reported.—Chicago Times.

RUTH.

Light of my life, thou charming Israelite,
Thou art my Ruth, and I, a sheaf of corn,
Thine eyes the scythe 'neath which I helpless fell
One fair autumnal morn.

Oh loveliest gleaner in the teeming field!

Ah! smiling victress, pity, pity me!

Bind me with all thy arts, with all thy charms,

Bind me—to thee, to thee!

And when each to the other's bound forever—

Listen, sweet Ruth, my words are fraught with meaning—

You'll not be angry should I ask you to—

Well—stop your gleanin'!

—L. C. Evans.

Pat's "Divershin."

A story is told of an Englishman who landed at Dublin, a few months ago, filled with apprehension that the life of any loyal subject of her Majesty was not worth a farthing there and thereabouts. The Land Leaguers, he imagined, were all bloodthirsty assassins, and all that sort of thing. But it was his duty to travel in the land—a duty he approached with fear and trembling. Now there happened to be on his route a number of towns the names of which begin with the suggestive "Kil." There were Kilmartin, and so on. In his ignorance of geographical nomenclature, his affrighted senses were startled anew on hearing a fellow passenger in the railway carriage remark to another as follows: "I'm just ather bein' over to Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other, "am ather bein' over to Kilmarty." "What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassination so publicly!" But the conversations went on. "And flare are ye goin' now?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled, "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd better be comin' along wud me to Kilmalle!" It is related that the Englishman left the train at the next station.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

To the boy or girl sending us the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number we will send a beautiful chromo. Writing and grammar will be considered. Answers must be in by the tenth of April. Address Puzzle Editor, FAMILY CIRCLE Office, London East, Ont.

1.

CHARADES.

I.

My first is anger, my second is a portion of earth, and my whole is a country of Europe.

II.

My first is in flight, but not in wing,
My second in wedding, but not in ring;
My third in sun, but not in light;
My fourth in enjoyment, but not in delight;
My fifth in year, but not in week;
My sixth in sad but not in meek;
My seventh in ocean, but not in sea;
My eighth in person, but not in me,
My whole when united will give you the name
Of a poet of England, who's worthy his fame.

2.

BURIED TOWNS.

I am so poor, I can just afford a shilling a day.
Was not Elba the island Napoleon was sent to?

3.

DECAPITATION.

When first a resting place you take
And rob it of its head,
A female beautifier you
Will surely have instead.

And when this last you do behold,
You'll find me all around,
In fact the three you'll easily see
Beside you can be found.

4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first in the dairy will surely be found,
From my second proceedeth sweet musical sound,
My third is not low and yet not over all,
My fourth is the sound of a very loud call,
And my fifth will amuse every child in his home.
To initials and finals all children may come.

5.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A town in Switzerland.
2. Very dry.
3. A straight mark.
4. A garden.

6.

Put nothing between six and fifty-one and add an N and make a music instrument.

Sins Blotted Out.

"According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."—Ps. ii: 1.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said:

"I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Oh, pshaw! You can manage it if you've a mind to."

"I don't see any way of making one dollar ten, unless I steal the other nine," said Arthur Glenham to his companion, Frank Weed.

"Can't you borrow it of somebody?" persisted Frank.

"I wonder who'd lend me so much money as that! Nine dollars is a big pile of money."

"I knew 'twould be just so," growled Frank. "If you'd only saved up your money as the rest of us have, you wouldn't have had all this trouble."

"I couldn't save what I never had," replied Arthur. "I only get six dollars a week," he continued. "Five of it goes to my mother, and when I have any spending money, it's for little outside jobs. I haven't had any of those lately. If I had, they wouldn't have amounted to ten dollars."

"I'll tell you what, Arthur," put in Frank again, this time as if he had reached the solution of the matter, "don't give your mother any money this week, and that will be five, and the one you've got six. I guess you can squeeze through on six dollars."

"But my mother depends on the five dollars for her Thanksgiving dinner," replied Arthur.

"Well, what of that? You won't be there to eat it."

This was evidently a very startling proposition, and Arthur flushed to the roots of his hair, but he said simply,

"What excuse would I give for not taking her the money as usual?"

"Oh! tell her that the boss went away, and there was nobody to pay out any money, or you lost it, or something. Why, Ed. Perry does that every once in a while, and his mother always believes it."

"Ed. Perry is going with you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we couldn't get along without Ed. He's the jolliest fellow in the world."

"I am not going home now," said Arthur, a moment after, "and you had better not wait for me."

"All right. I'll see you to-morrow. We'll get a splendid dinner at the hotel, and enjoy ourselves a thousand times better than if we poked around home. I've engaged the fastest team in Dalton's stable, and we ought to start by eight o'clock sharp."

Now Arthur had not had a vacation for a long time, and in spite of every argument which conscience suggested, he did want to go with the boys on this trip which they had planned for Thanksgiving day. No thought of cheating his mother, or failing to produce the regular five dollars, ever occurred to him. There was something else in his mind, however, which he had been turning over all through his talk with Frank. There was a way of obtaining five dollars without any one's ever being the wiser. He could borrow it from the petty cash drawer, of which he had the full charge in the large manufacturing establishment where he was employed. He could return it in twenty-five and fifty cents at a time until it was paid. "That certainly wouldn't be stealing," he argued. "But what would you call it?" enquired conscience. Arthur found it exceedingly hard to give the transaction a satisfactory name, and so he sat by high desk and thought it over. The more he thought, the weaker he grew, and finally the young man slipped down from his chair, slipped his hand into the drawer, and took out a five-dollar bill. This he slipped into his pocket, and the slippery transaction was finished. He had just taken down his hat to leave, when the door opened, and the old porter entered to clean up the office.

"What are you doing here so late, Master Arthur?" enquired the old man.

"Oh, seeing that everything was all right," replied Arthur, avoiding the porter's eye as he spoke.

"It's a grand good thing to leave everything all right," said the porter; "and it's a grand good thing to know that the Lord always helps us when we try to do right ourselves. Where are you going Thanksgiving, Master Arthur?"

"Had the old man been secreted somewhere and witnessed the thieving transaction?" Arthur asked himself with a very red face. That seemed impossible, but it was so?

John French the porter, was a very religious man, and was called by the boys in the place "a shouting Methodist?"

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

There was usually a little contempt in their manner of speaking of the old man, but let anything be the matter with one of the number, and the "shouting Methodist" was always the first one called upon.

"I was thinking about going away with the boys," replied Arthur, wishing the five-dollar bill back in the drawer with all his heart.

"But that'll cost something," replied John, "and I s'pose your mother can't spare you much?"

"No, John."

"Mebbe you're calculating on borrowing it of somebody, Master Arthur?"

"Well, what if I am?"

"Only that borrowing, unless you know just how and when you're going to pay it, is pretty nigh as bad as stealing I'll tell you what to do, Master Arthur. Just ask the Lord! He'll tell you. I never asked Him a question in my life that He didn't answer. Sometimes 'tain't just the answer you'd like to get, but it's always the right one, always the right one, Master Arthur."

"Oh! how that five-dollar bill burned in Arthur's pocket. His feet seemed glued to the floor, and his heart thumped so hard against his breast that it frightened him. The old man took up his broom, and waited respectfully for the young man to leave before he began sweeping. Then, as Arthur made no motion to go, he said, "Something's the matter with you, my boy. Can old John do anything for you, or is it the Lord's business, Master Arthur?"

"I meant to pay it back again," said Arthur, taking the bill from his pocket, "but it would have taken me a long time, John," and as the old man drew near to see what his companion held in his hand, he continued: "It's a five-dollar bill, and I took it from the cash drawer. I suppose you'll hate me now, John, but it's all up, and I can't help it."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" said John, "for the work He has done. I hate you Master Arthur? Give us your hand, my boy, and let us thank the Lord for this great escape."

"Nothing would have saved me, John," said Arthur, with tears in his voice as well as his eyes, "if you hadn't come in just as you did."

"Proud and happy am I to be the Lord's instrument in such a work," said the old man. "He sent me, Master Arthur, and now let us praise His holy name."

After that prayer Arthur rose strengthened and refreshed, full of thankfulness and a purpose to do right.

"Have you got the money, Arthur?" enquired Frank the next morning.

"No, Frank," was the quiet reply; "I have concluded to stay at home on Thanksgiving."

"All right," replied Frank. "After this we boys'll know that you don't want anything of us, and the whole crowd'll steer clear of you."

Nothing could be better than this, surely, and Arthur Glenham was glad when the boys acted upon their leader's suggestion, and let him alone.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Thoughts of a Child at Twilight.

See, father, how the light shines out just as it did before!
The angels, when the sun went in, forgot to shut the door.
And now it shines up there so bright, while here, 'tis getting dark;
And see! the angels in the light! they're singing; father, hark!

Oh! if I were an angel, pa, each night I'd spread my wings,
And fly, and fill my apron full of stars—those pretty things,
I wish I had enough to make a wreath around my head,
To light us when we stay awake after the sun's abed.

See how they open all around, and shining smile on me!
If on the wrong side 'tis so bright, oh! what must hear 'a be,
I wish so much that I could have that bright cloud for a seat,
And the warm, happy sun, to shine so soft upon my feet.

Do let me go there, dear papa, and help the angels sing—
They're standing in the doorway now, a joyous happy ring.
And see! oh see! the light shines yet, bright as it did before!
I guess the angels did forget, papa, to shut the door.

THE EYES.—It may not be generally known that a large eye has a wider range of vision, as it unquestionably has of expression, than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance, though perhaps with less attention to detail, than a small one. Generally speaking, large eyes see things in general, and small eyes things in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical or speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees fewer things, but usually looks keener into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything, and yet see nothing.

OUR TOES.—Beyond question, we abuse our toes. They are intended, in the first place, to give flexibility to the foot, and help us in our walking; but the modern custom of cramping them up in tight shoes makes them almost as immovable as if they grew together. So the help they give us is not so much, after all. And as to putting them to any other use, we never think of it. We cramp and torture them out of all likeness to their original state. Who, for instance, could imagine that the second toe was intended to be longer than the first? Yet in a perfectly formed foot it always is, though we are obliged to go to statues and paintings to find out. And who, putting a foot and a narrow-toed shoe side by side, would ever suspect that they were intended for each other? The fact is, our toes are our most abused members, and so we don't get half the good from them that we might. The Chinese, and the Japanese, and Bedouin Arabs, it is said, from continual practice, use their toes almost as well as their hands. Arabs braid ropes with their fingers and toes working in concert. Why, then, should we dispense with the use of these natural aids?

The following beautiful chemical experiment may be easily performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea-table: Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small pieces, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water upon them; let it stand an hour then pour it off into a decanter. It will be a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed; fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will become a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will become a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

BLACK DYE FOR WOOD.—The following new process is published in the *Pharmaceutische Zeitschrift für Russland*: First sponge the wood with a solution of chlorhydrate of aniline in water, to which a small quantity of copper chloride is added. Allow it to dry, and go over it with a solution of potassium bichromate. Repeat the process twice or thrice, and the wood will take a fine black color, unaffected by light or chemicals.

How Alligators Eat.

An alligator's throat, says a newspaper correspondent, is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and, instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lays with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then, all at once, there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator slyly blinks one eye, gulps down the entire managerie and opens his great front door again for more visitors.