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# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 6.

## A Year Ago.

Your letters before me are lying,  
Not crisp or unsoiled, it is true;  
And somehow I cannot help sighing  
When I have but glanced o'er a few.

These tattered beseechings remind me  
Of days that are far out of sight;  
Their passionate pleadings still bind me  
To days that were full of delight.

"So tired of travel and roving,"  
This folly I fondly believed;  
Another euds, "Faithful and loving,"  
And this, "You shall not be deceived."

Once more the soft wind is blowing  
Far over the wide-stretching plain;  
Once more the bright river is flowing,  
In memory once more I reign.

You call me "reformer" in jesting,  
And beg me to model your life.  
Much wisdom I gained by the testing;  
I lost you—becoming your wife.

## BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

### CHAPTER V—(Continued.)

**A** FEW minutes later, Miss Laurie entered the sitting room where the three young people, grouped about the window, were talking and laughing gaily; while the old lady in an arm chair close by, listened to their merry chatter, nodding and smiling, and swaying her body to and fro in her usual manner.

"I am so sorry I shall not be able to join you this morning in your expedition to the woods; you will have a charming walk, I am sure," said Augusta, smiling and suave, as she shook hands with the two young men.

"She's making butter," put in Mrs. Laurie, suddenly.

"Butter!" exclaimed Jack. "Oh! Miss Laurie, you must let me pay a visit to the dairy some day. I should very much like to watch the process of butter-making."

"Have you never been in a dairy, and you born and bred in the country?" cried Reggie.

"Oh, yes, but that was in the days of my youth, many years ago, before my powers of observation were developed," laughed Jack.

"Certainly, I shall be charmed to initiate you afresh into the mysteries of the dairy," answered Augusta, pleasantly.

"But look here, Augusta," said Reggie, "Why on earth cannot that nice old body you call Susannah, finish the butter-making this morning, and you come with us."

"Impossible! I never permit anyone to interfere with the dairy-work!"

"Why, what will become of the dairy when you are married, then," asked the boy, mischievously.

"I am sure I do not know," answered she, with a genuine conviction that the whole house, dairy included, would become utterly demoralised when she departed therefrom.

"I should not be a bit surprised, Augusta, if Mr. Littleworth were to fall in love with Judith, and marry her; there was a look in his eyes this morning, that said as plainly as possible that he admired her; they would make a splendid couple, wouldn't they? both so handsome—both so young and fair!"

So rambled on old Mrs. Laurie, as she and her daughter stood by the door watching the two young men and the young girl as they blithely proceeded in the direction of the Woods.

Augusta started, and answered coldly: "I do not see anything particularly handsome about Judith; but it is undeniable that Mr. Littleworth is so; if he falls in love with her, let us hope that she will not prove hard-hearted; but take my advice, mother, and say nothing about it—to anyone; if either Judith or Mr. Littleworth should hear that their names were being linked together, it might spoil everything; you understand?"

When Miss Laurie had returned to the dairy, she did not at once resume her task of moulding the rich golden butter into fanciful shapes; she stood by the open window, thinking, "That was a good idea of mother's; if only it happens so, and she will be a little fool if she does not prefer this young man, he is handsome and rich, and nearer her own age than Donald Standfield; I will throw them together as much as possible, and if he is fancy free it is more than probable that he will imagine himself desperately in love with her before the two weeks are over; she is an artful little thing, and has even contrived to bewitch Standfield. But she shall never be his wife if I can prevent it; and I think—I think I can."

An evil light flashed into Augusta's eyes; but presently she frowned and impatiently turned from the window, as though troubled by her own thoughts.

"Yet, why should I care, why should I worry?" her heart cried passionately, "whether he marries her or not, seeing that I myself am to marry Clarence Thorpe in two months; and even if it were not so, I know all too well I should never be Donald Standfield's wife; and yet, to hear of his marriage with another would madden me—aye, if I were ten times married."

Does this phase of Augusta's character surprise and offend you, reader? And yet this dog-in-the-manger element is a very common failing of poor human nature, dormant in most natures, active in a great many. It requires a very liberal-minded man to look on with equanimity whilst another plucks the fruit which he ardently desired but may not have.

Now, how shall I describe Bonny Woods? I fear I am but a poor hand at word-painting; but let me attempt it, at any rate. Entering the wood after a long walk in the hot glare of the sun, the heated and weary pedestrian draws a sigh of deep content as he gazes upward at the noble trees of the forest, which tower above him in mighty strength, rejoicing in the beauty and richness of their luxuriant foliage,—beech, maple, elm and cedar, and here and there a stately pine, mourning over the ancient form of a fallen comrade. His gaze descending, he sees before him sylvan glades, and grassy slopes, where the sunbeams, struggling through the boughs, rest in patches of gold; or flicker and dance up and down with the quivering of the leaves. There is silence, save for the twittering and singing of birds, and the low chirp or the chipmunks and squirrels as they chase one another up and down, and play at hide and seek among the leaves; and one other sound—a murmuring, rhythmic sound, like the rippling and splashing of water. And such it is; becoming louder and more distinct as he approaches the beautiful ravine, which is shaped like an amphitheatre; one segment of the circle towering up a hundred feet, is of solid rock, over the top of which the waters of the creek fall, dashing into spray on a projecting table-rock half way down, from which again they rush downward into the whirling, eddying pool beneath, from which the little stream goes flashing along the bed of the ravine, the banks of which slope downward as we follow the watercourse, until only a low bank bounds the creek on either side, where the fairy ferns grow in wild luxuriance and the mossy turf is studded with wild flowers—lilies, daisies and the modest violets, besides others which I cannot name.

"Bonny Woods deserves its name," said Jack, gazing with pleasure on the beautiful woodland scene, as they stood near the little water-fall.

"I suppose you come here often, Miss Brown?"

"I have only been here twice before to-day; but I intend to come as often as possible; is it not beautiful?" cried the girl, looking around with shining eyes. She had seated herself on a mossy log, and Jack stood near leaning against a tree.

"Aye!" said Jack, admiringly.

"It's a place to dream in; to build airy castles and weave golden romances."

"It is very jolly," interrupted Reginald; "so I am going to explore, and you two romantic young things can stay here and dream if you don't care to accompany me."

"Shall we avail ourselves of your brother's kind permission and remain, or shall we also explore?"

But Reggie had already departed, whistling as he went, and followed by Trap with a large stone in his mouth.

"It is very delightful here; suppose we rest awhile and then follow Reggie? unless you prefer going on," said Jack, glancing down at the girl's dreamy face with glowing admiration.

"Let us rest by all means; will you not sit down? there is plenty of room."

Throwing his hat on the ground beside him, Jack stretched himself on the grass at Judy's feet.

"I leave you in full possession of your moss-grown log," he said, laughingly,

"I always like to sit opposite a person with whom I am conversing; do not you, Miss Brown?"

"No, because I have never had any such fancy; why do you?"

"It is one of the most interesting of studies to watch the ever-varying expression of the human countenance; I find infinite amusement in observing the many different types of faces I meet with in journeying to and fro; on railway and boat, on the street and in the street cars; why, I remember faces I have seen years ago, without even knowing their owners' names."

"You must be an adept in reading the human face; but you should not have told me of this habit of yours; I shall feel embarrassed whenever you take a seat opposite me; I think I shall try and assume a vacant look when I talk with you," said Judith, with a dimpling smile.

"You will find it impossible," was the gallant retort.

"But, Miss Brown, I hope you do not imagine that I am in the habit of staring rudely at people?"

"Oh no! I understood what you meant, Mr. Littleworth."

After this a silence fell between the two. She was thinking dreamily of that day, hardly more than a week ago, when she had first visited Bonny Woods in company with Donald Standfield; and he had lounged on the grass at her feet, just as Jack was now; and she sat on this same mossy log. She wished that he was here now; she felt a sort of resentment against the fate which bound him to his desk in the hot, close office, while this young man before her was free to roam where he liked; to waste the morning hours in this wilderness of sweets! Happy, careless Jack! She sighed for Donald's sake.

Mr. Littleworth noted both the sigh and the wistful look in her dark blue eyes; but his acquaintance with her was of too recent a date to warrant his making any comments thereon; so he too sighed, a sigh of huge content, and said:

"Certainly, it is very jolly here. Rex was right. Just look at that stately old pine, yonder; he is king of the woods, surely!"

"I wonder how old it is," said she, musingly.

"Well, you know it takes a pine one hundred and fifty years to reach maturity, so I should take that old fellow to be somewhere between that and two hundred years old."

"Mr. Littleworth, would you like to live to be over a hundred?"

"If I could, by any possibility, renew my youth every fifty years, I should like to live a good many centuries. So far, I have found life a very pleasant affair, indeed, Miss Brown."

"Oh!" returned Judy, with the wise air of a little grandmother, "you have been very fortunate in your experience; to most people life is very disappointing."

"You, surely, have not found it so already?" asked Jack, gently.

"My own disappointments have not been very serious matters so far. I was thinking of others," she added, half sadly. "But you know we are always looking forward to something brighter and better in the future than we possess in the present. And so the days pass on while we are hoping and reaching after that bright, intangible something, which lures us on, eluding our grasp like a will-o'-the-wisp, till our years are all spent and our lives ended like a tale that is told!"

There was a passionate ring of pain in her voice, as though her own words had aroused some bitter memory. She was thinking of her father, that brave, patient man who had fought such a good fight against misfortune, always hoping for success, always meeting with disappointment, till, wearied out, he fell.

But Jack, not knowing this, wondered at her passionate words. "Surely," he said, "it is foolish as well as wrong, to allow anticipation of future evil to mar our enjoyment of present good; 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' but on the other hand, anticipation of future joy, though good in moderation, becomes dangerous if encouraged to dominate the mind to the exclusion of all power of appreciating present benefits. To my mind, true wisdom consists in accepting in simple faith, and enjoying to the utmost the good things which the Almighty allows us day by day. We who are young, who have no bitter past to look back upon, can surely be happy without worrying about the future. Youth is a glorious possession, Miss Brown, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the girl, softly. She remembered that once Standfield had said the same thing to her in the very same words.

"But it is brief," she added, sadly.

"All life is brief; therefore we should make the most of it while it lasts," said Jack, with a curious blending of seriousness and light-heartedness. Judith, looking down at the young Englishman, thought that he had more in him than she had at first given him credit for. She was conscious of feeling a sincere liking and respect for him at this moment; a feeling which grew and ripened as day by day she gained a clearer insight into his frank, genial nature.

"Well, Ju', what do you think of Littleworth?" Reggie asked her, two or three days later, as the brother and sister sauntered toward the orchard, where the rest of the party were apparently holding a strawberry festival. The strawberry beds of Bonny Dale were famous for their fine and abundant fruit.

"I like him very much, and consider you fortunate in possessing such a friend," answered his sister, frankly.

Yes, he is a thorough good fellow; but there's not much comfort to be got out of a friend when the ocean rolls between oneself and him."

"Does he intend soon to return to England, then?" asked Judith, with a shade of regret in her tone.

"He says his father wants him home before winter sets in."

"Ah, you two truants! where have you concealed yourselves all this afternoon?" cried Jack, springing to his feet and motioning Judith to the low wicker chair which he had just occupied; at the same instant Standfield also arose and brought forward his chair for her. Clarence Thorpe was sprawling on the grass.

She hesitated a moment and then took the chair Jack offered. "Thank you, Mr. Standfield," she said, smiling sweetly upon him, "I will take the low chair; I have a weakness for low seats."

Standfield did not know whether to be pleased or annoyed at this little incident. Judith had grown coy of late, consequently he experienced more difficulty in his wooing than at first. Sometimes he assured himself that this new-born reserve of hers was a good omen; if she were quite indifferent to him she would be friendly and open with him. But there were seasons when this form of reasoning failed to satisfy him, and he was tortured by fear and jealousy; for by this time he was very hopelessly in love, and the reader will perceive. Altogether, Mr. Standfield, at this interesting period in his life, was not a happy man. What man or woman can truthfully say that he or she was really happy while passing through the early stages of the fevered dream called love? The unfortunate victim is torn by every imaginable form of fear, doubt and jealousy; even the purely blissful intervals are agonizing by reason of their intensity. Taken all in all it is an anxious time for all parties concerned, until the stupendous question has been asked and answered, the engagement ring given and accepted. And even then—but we will say no more or we might go on speculating on the subject to the end of the chapter.

"Thank you, Mr. Thorpe," said Judith, as that young man brought her a heaped-up saucer of strawberries and cream.

"What magnificent berries!" cried Reggie, "I hope you have plenty more of them, Augusta—enough to last out my visit."

"More than enough, I assure you."

"I am rejoiced to hear it; I shall make it my duty to visit the strawberry beds every day, to see how they are getting on."

"What a *gourmand* you are," drawled Jack, lazily. Meanwhile Standfield had taken his chair over near Judith's, and was watching with admiring eyes the girl's cool, fair face, and the graceful, languid way in which she disposed of the ripe red berries, which were no redder than the beautiful lips.

"We have been discussing the arrangements for a picnic to Bonny Woods to-morrow; what do you think of it?"

"That it will be charming," she answered, raising her eyes for a moment to his face. There was no coquetry in that fleeting glance, only a shy reserve, which, somehow, pleased Standfield wonderfully at this moment; while Miss Laurie, who had also observed that brief uplifting of Judy's blue eyes, was fuming inwardly at what she termed the girl's artfulness. So the summer days went by, and the two weeks of Jack's and Reggie's visit, lengthened into three by special request, passed swiftly and pleasantly in a round of simple country enjoyments. Drives and walks by moonlight in the cool, sweet air; picnic and fishing expeditions, in the latter of which Judith frequently, and Augusta sometimes, joined. Then, boating in the cool of the evening, when the whole party rowed up stream, singing in chorus, or laughing and jesting light-heartedly as young people will do when they get together; after which there was the walk home by moonlight, from the river side, when sometimes it fell out that Standfield and Judith got separated from the others and were the last to arrive at Bonny Dale gates.

"Very reprehensible," Jack said, disapprovingly, but he evidently saw nothing reprehensible in it, when it happened to be Jack and Judy, instead of Standfield and Judy, who were the dawdlers.

Circumstances alter cases, wonderfully.

(To be Continued.)

## Conquering a Husband.

"UNCLE Phil has been lecturing me again!" exclaimed Mrs. Charles Dykes, as her husband came home to tea one evening. "I cannot, and will not, stand it any longer," and the young wife dropped into a chair as though the last remaining portion of her strength had left her.

"What was the subject of the lecture, my dear?" inquired Mr. Dykes, with a cheerful smile, as though he did not regard the situation as at all desperate.

"You know very well that Uncle Phil has but one subject."

"And that is extravagance, or the reverse, economy," added Mr. Dykes.

"Of course, that was the subject of the lecture; and you always take his side of the question. Uncle Phil has ten times as much influence with you as I have. Whatever he says is right, and whatever I say is wrong," retorted Mrs. Dykes, rather warmly.

"If supper is ready, I think we had better attend to that next; and we shall have the whole evening to discuss Uncle Phil's lecture. The subject will keep for a while."

"But Uncle Phil will be here to take part in the discussion; and that is just what I don't want. He overshadows me entirely when he says anything, and I might as well hold my tongue as speak," pouted the wife.

"Uncle Phil will not be here, Marian. It is half-past six, and he has to go to church meeting at seven."

"Very well, but I'm going to have something done this time. I won't have Uncle Phil here any longer. If he is to stay in this house I shall not!"

Mrs. Dykes was very young, and her angry pout, as she sailed out of the room, made her look decidedly pretty, at least so thought her husband. But before she was fairly out the door opened and Uncle Phil came in. The door was ajar and he must have been in the hall during some portion of the lady's severe remarks about him. But he looked as placid as though earth had no sorrows for him. He was a man of fifty, though his hair and beard were white enough for seventy.

He did not seem like a man who could be very disagreeable if he tried. He had a deaconish look about his face, that or serious though not austere man. Certainly no one would of a have taken him for a shipmaster, but he had spent most of his life at sea or in foreign ports. He used to read the Bible to his crew every Sunday, and never allow any swearing or other bad language in his presence on board the ship. Though he was a "psalm-singing skipper," no captain was ever more popular with his men than Captain Dykes.

Uncle Phil had been married in early life, but his wife died while he was absent on a long voyage. He had recently given up the sea and returned to his native town, now a place of ten thousand inhabitants. He found himself a stranger there, but at his own request his nephew had taken him as a boarder.

The gossips were not a little bothered to determine whether the retired shipmaster was rich or poor. He engaged in every Church and benevolent enterprise, and contributed moderately of his means.

Charles Dykes had opened a store in Tripleton a year before, and everybody thought he was doing well. Mrs. Dykes thought so, though Charles himself insisted that he was not making money very rapidly; he could not tell how much until he balanced his books and took account of stock.

In the main he was a prudent and careful young man, or at least was supposed to be so.

Uncle Phil made a hasty supper, and then went to his meeting. He acted just a little strangely for him, though the smile had not deserted his face. He said less than usual and seemed to be thinking very earnestly about something.

"Do you suppose he heard what I said, Charles?" asked Mrs. Dykes, when Uncle Phil had gone.

"I think not; but you ought not to say anything behind his back that you would not say before his face," replied the husband. "Uncle Phil is a good man, one of the salt of the earth."

"He is altogether too salt for me. If I should put too much salt in the doughnuts, you would not like them. Uncle Phil is saltier than Lot's wife."

"I am sorry you don't like him Marian."

"I can't like a man who is continually tripping me up, and lecturing me on economy. You ought to know better than he does what you can afford."

"I am sure that nothing but his interest in us prompts him to say anything. If one means well almost anything can be excused."

When I said that I wished you would keep a horse so I could ride out every day or two, he read me a lecture half an hour in length. Whether he heard me or not, I said just what I meant. You must get him out of the house in some way, Charles. Take your clerk to board, and tell your Uncle you must have the room."

"If I tell him to go, I shall tell the reason why I do so."

"I am willing to bear all the blame. I don't want anyone in the house to come between me and my husband," said the lady, with a good deal of spirit.

"Uncle Phil does not come between you and me, Marian. That is absurd."

"I have asked you, and even begged you a dozen times, to keep a horse. Uncle Phil takes sides with you against me."

"But he never said horse to me in his life. I can't afford to keep a horse."

"Yes, you can, Charles. They say that you are doing more business than Tinkham, and he keeps two horses; and his wife looks patronizingly down upon me from her carryall when she meets me in the street," added Mrs. Dykes, with considerable bitterness in her tone.

"I know nothing about Tinkham's business; and I do know something about my own," replied Mr. Dykes.

Before the supper things were removed, Charles Dykes had promised to buy a horse and buggy. It appeared to be the only way in which he could induce his wife to allow Uncle Phil to remain in the house. Doubtless he was weak to yield the point against his own judgment.

In the evening Squire Graves made a friendly call. Mrs. Dykes was very glad to see him, for he had a lady's horse to sell. It was just the animal she wanted, and as she had conquered her husband once that day, she intended to have the horse trade settled that evening.

"Glad to see you, Squire; anything new?" the young merchant began, doing the usual common-places?"

"There is news, but I suppose you have heard it," replied the visitor.

"I haven't heard anything; what is it?"

"Haven't you heard that Tinkham has been attached?"

"Tinkham! Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Dykes, glancing at his wife.

"It is a fact; a keeper was put in his store this afternoon and an attachment put on his horses and carriages."

"That was all because he kept two horses when one was enough for him," interposed Mrs. Dykes.

With her the moral was between two horses and one.

Before the squire left he had sold his lady's horse. Mrs. Dykes was perfectly happy, and her heart began to warm even towards poor Uncle Phil. When the retired shipman came in from the meeting there were a dozen things she wanted to do for his comfort. The lady had beaten her husband and his uncle, and she was satisfied.

Before breakfast the next morning Graves' man led the horse over and put him in the little stable. One of the clerks was to take care of him. Uncle Phil saw the purchase but he said nothing unpleasant. He looked the animal over, said he was sound and worth the hundred dollars to be paid for him in goods from the store. Marian even thought she liked Uncle Phil then. He did not prophesy any evil or disaster.

After breakfast the lady thought she would drive over to her father's, in the next town.

She returned in season for dinner.

But Uncle Phil did not come down to that meal. The lady rang the bell but with no better result. Uncle Phil evidently did not hear the bell, for he never kept the table waiting for him. Mrs. Dykes went up to his room to call him. The door was wide open, and she went in. The shipmaster was not there. His trunk was not there; the picture of the Scabid in which he had sailed many a voyage, had been taken from the wall.

Was it possible that Uncle Phil had gone without even saying good-by to them? There was a letter on the table addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dykes." With the letter in her hand she hastened down to the dinner-room. To say that she was astonished and chagrined, would not half express her feeling.

"Uncle Phil has gone!" she exclaimed. "He has left for good, bag and baggage." She tossed the letter upon the table, for she had not the courage to open it.

"Then I suppose you are quite satisfied, Marian. You have got the horse, and got rid of Uncle Phil," said Mr. Dykes, greatly grieved to learn that the worthy man had gone; and he saw that he must have heard the impulsive words of Mrs. Dykes the evening before.

Mrs. Dykes dropped into her chair at the table, and burst into tears. Just as she had become reconciled to the boarder, he had fled without even a word of explanation. She intended to treat him with the utmost kindness and consideration, as a noble warrior treats a fallen foe. Just then she felt as though she would be willing to lose the horse to regain Uncle Phil.

Charles opened the letter. It was very short, but there was not a particle of bitterness in it. He should still pray for them, and desired to do all he could to serve and make them happy.

"I will go to him and beg him to come back, Charles!" exclaimed the weeping wife. "You will hate me for what I have done. You will never forgive me."

"I am very sorry he has gone, but I will not hate you, Marian. We will call upon him this evening at the hotel."

They did call. Uncle Phil was exactly the same as he had been before. He was glad to see them, and there was not a particle of change in his tone of manner. Both Charles and his wife tried to say something about his leaving their house; but he headed them off every time. He would not

permit the matter to be mentioned. They went home, unable even to get in an apology.

Both of them missed the kindly words and wholesome advice of the good man, though Mrs. Dykes would not acknowledge it. His good influence upon both was lost. Even Charles became reckless in his finances.

The closing of Tinkham's store brought more business to the young merchant for a time, though the bankrupt's successor soon made things exciting for him. A ruinous competition followed. No longer restrained by Uncle Phil's prudent counsels Charles branched out, and grasped more than he could handle.

At the end of a year the balance sheet was not pleasant to look upon. Then followed a reckless attempt to recover lost ground. Notes at the Tripleton Bank became very troublesome. One of them was given for a new piano. People said Dykes was living too fast. The young merchant was worried. He had yielded to one extravagance and there was a long train behind it.

His next balance sheet showed that he was three thousand dollars in debt, and his stock was not worth half that sum. He saw that he must fail. After supper, one evening, he told his wife all about it. It would be a terrible humiliation. To fail as Tinkham had; and poor Marian wept as though her heart would break.

In the midst of the scene, Uncle Phil walked into the room, as he always did, without the ceremony of knocking. He opened called.

"Uncle Phil, I am going to fail, for I cannot pay a note of four hundred dollars that falls due to-morrow," said Charles bitterly, when he saw that he could not conceal the facts from the good man.

"How much do you owe in all, Charles?" asked Uncle Phil.

"About three thousand dollars," groaned Charles.

"Will three thousand put you on your feet, solid?"

"Yes, sir; but I can't raise three hundred."

"I will give you a check for three thousand in the morning. I will be at the store at eight o'clock. I noticed that you have looked worried lately; but you said nothing to me."

"I could not say anything to you, Uncle; and I cannot take your money after what has happened."

"Nothing has happened yet, and with the blessing of God, nothing shall happen."

Uncle Phil would not understand him.

"You may help me on one condition," added Charles, after some discussion. "And that is that you will come back and live with us."

Marian joined in insisting upon this condition, and the good man yielded. He used no reproaches; he would not even say, "I told you so." The note was paid the next day, and in the evening, Uncle Phil was domiciled in his old apartment, quite as happy as the young people.

Charles sold the lady's horse, the buggy, the piano, and other extras, and reduced all his expenses to a very reasonable figure. Marian was happy again, and did not believe that there was any too much salt about Uncle Phil. She has given up the business of conquering a husband. In fact, both of them have come to believe that neither should conquer the other.

After a while it came out that Uncle Phil was worth at least about fifty thousand dollars; Doubtless the Church and the mission will get some of it; but it is probable that Charles Dykes will be remembered, though both he and his wife sincerely hope that the good man will live till he is hundred.

## Their First Call.

JESSIE and Tad and Prue happened to be in the sitting-room that afternoon when Mrs. Gifford and Mrs. Thorne were talking about the new minister and his wife.

"I havn't called on her yet," said Mrs. Gifford.

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Thorne. "I've had so much to do that I could'n't find time. Mrs. Torry says she likes them very much."

"Likes who, mamma?" asked Jessie, not understanding what the conversation was about.

"The minister and his wife," answered her mother.

"How did you say this sleeve ought to go, Mrs. Gifford? I can't get the hang of it, for some reason."

"Where do they live?" asked Jessie, who likes to know everything.

"Where the old minister did," answered her mother.

"Don't ask any more questions now. Run away and play, please."

"I know where that is," said Prue. "I goed by there when I went to gramma's."

Jessie sat down on the door-step and looked thoughtful for as much as two minutes, then said to Prue.

"Let's go calling."

"Le's," said Prue concisely; ready for anything Jessie proposed.

"Yeth," leth do tallin'," said Tad, eagerly, fearful he might be ignored in the proposed expedition.

"I don't b'leeve mamma'd let you go," said Jessie. "It's a great long ways, and you'd get tired, wouldn't he, Prue?"

"Tourse he would," answered Prue.

"No, I wouldn't," said Tad. "Me doin' if 'ou do."

"I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Jessie. So she ran in and asked if Tad might go with them. It didn't occur to her that she hadn't told where she was going.

Mrs. Gifford was trying so hard to understand the difficult pattern before her that she hardly noticed what Jessie said.

"Yes, yes," she said, without thinking anything about what she was saying.

"And may we take our pa'sols?" asked Jessie, pausing at the door-way.

"Yes, yes! Do go away. I'm so bothered!" said her mother, unconscious of what she was giving assent to.

Jessie ran to the bedroom where her mother kept her parasols in the upper drawer of the bureau, and soon had possession of them. If there was anything she liked it was a parasol.

"Yes, mamma said you might go," she said to Tad, when she went down the steps, "and she said we might take these," displaying her parasols. "Ain't they just lovely!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Prue, with sparkling eyes. "But Tad hain't got none. There's dest one for you an' me."

"Oh, Tad's a boy," said Jessie. "Boys never carry pa'sols."

It was a warm and dusty day. Every gust of wind that blew took up great handfuls of sand from the road and scattered it in clouds, and it seemed to the little travellers as if a good deal of it came into their eyes, for they began to smart, and then they rubbed them with their dusty hands. Then perspiration excited by the warmth of the day and the exertions of the walk made a kind of grimy paint of the dust, so that they resembled little mulatto children in which the color had been rather unevenly distributed, more than

anything else. Jessie led the way, with her parasol elevated as far as possible, entirely regardless of the sun which was beating in her face. She had a sun-bonnet, tilted as far back as the strings tied under her chin would admit. Prue was bareheaded and carried her parasol over her shoulder. Tad trudged behind with an old straw hat on the back of his head, through whose tattered crown his tow-colored hair stood up as if he was frightened, his face getting redder and redder with the exercise and the heat of the sun.

"I's oful dry," he gasped presently. "Leth not do 'tallin' any more."

"There!" exclaimed Jessie, "I knew you'd get tired. You'd ought to staid at home. Wouldn't he Prue?"

"Yes, I dess he had," puffed Prue; "I'm dry, too."

"I hear a brook," said Jessie. "We'll stop and get a drink."

They reached the stream pretty soon, and Jessie made a cup of a great leaf.

"Oh, that's dood, oful dood," said Prue with a long sigh of relief as the water went gurgling down her throat. "I never dot so dry anywhere's I does, I dess. Ain't it dood, Tad?"

"Yeth," answered Tad, taking long pulls at the leaf-cup. "It's doodest I ever thee?"

"Well, if you've got enough, we'd better go," said Jessie, and they went on.

The minister's wife was just putting the tea-things on the table when she happened to look out of the window, and saw three forlorn looking children struggling up the path.

"Oh, William!" she cried, "do come here. Such a laughable sight I havn't seen in many a day!"

Jessie was almost at the door, her parasol elevated to the last degree, her sunbonnet off, and dragged by one string. About half way to the gate was Prue, with her parasol over her shoulder in a most dejected way. Just coming through the gate was poor, weary little Tad, and all three were so begrimed with dust that it was hard to tell what the color under it might be; but wherever it broke through the coating of brown it was bright red.

Tap, tap, tap!

Mrs. Rainsford smoothed down her face decorously and opened the door.

"Good-day," said Jessie. "We come a calling. It's awful warm." And then she helped herself to the first chair that she came to and drew a great breath of weariness. Prue lifted two very heavy feet over the door sill, and looked about the room, but hadn't life enough left to say anything. Tad got as far as the steps, and there he gave out, with a comical little groan. The minister's wife lifted him into the house and put him into the big rocking-chair.

"Poor little fellow! You're all tired out aren't you?"

"Yeth," said Tad; "an' I'm tho hungry," with a longing look at the tea-table.

"I'm dest starved," said Prue. "I want some b'e'm butter."

"I guess we'll stay to supper," said Jessie. Then she added, as if fearful that the nature of the visit might be misunderstood,

"We come a callin'."

The minister and his wife looked at each other and laughed.

"They ran away, I presume," he said, lifting Tad to his knee. "What's your name, little man?"

"Tad," answered the little man. "I'se free yearth old."

"And my name's Jessie, and her'n's Prue," said Jessie, in a general introductory. "What's yours?"

"You may call me Aunt Delia, and him Uncle Will," said the minister's wife. "I know you'd look a good deal better if your faces were washed, and I think you'd feel better. After we've washed them we'll have something to eat."

She got a basin of cool water and bathed the red, half-blistered faces. Then she combed their hair, and they looked quite like human beings again.

She brought out three more plates, filled three cups with milk, and then invited her little friends to come to supper. They needed no urging.

"This is the doodest milk I ever see," said Prue, almost emptying her cup at the first draught.

"Yes, it's awful good," said Jessie. "So's the bread—and everything."

They were about half through eating when someone knocked at the door.

Mrs. Rainsford went to answer the knock.

"Have you seen anything of three stray children?" Jessie heard asked, and called out with her mouthful of bread and butter.

"We're here. We're eatin' an, it tastes awful good."

"Oh Jessie!" exclaimed her mother, as she and Mrs. Thorne came into the room.

"What made you run away? We've been so frightened!"

"We didn't run away," said Jessie. "You said Tad might go, and that we might take the pa'sols."

"I do remember something about it, but I was too busy to pay much attention to what was said," said Mrs. Gifford. Then to the minister's wife, "This is Mrs. Thorne, and I am Mrs. Gifford. These two children are mine, and this one belongs to her. We were talking about calling on you and that very likely put the idea into their heads. I'm sorry they've made you so much trouble."

"They've made me no trouble at all," answered the minister's wife. "I've enjoyed the visit very much. I'm glad they came, for it has saved us from the formal calls you would have made. Now suppose we consider ourselves past the calling period of our acquaintance, and I want you to sit down and take tea with us, just as if we'd known each other a long time."

"We'll come again," said Jessie, as they started for home, after supper, and,

"Es, well tum adin," echoed Prue, and sleepy Tad roused up enough to say,

"We'll tum thome time."

So, you know, now, how Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Gifford made their first call on the new minister's wife.

The *Saturday Review*, speaking of Mr. Lowell's address at the unveiling of the bust of Fielding, says: "One reads this speech with a kind of shame in thinking that there is not probably a single English man of letters who could have delivered so good a discourse; not one scholar, poet, or novelist who could stand up and speak so well, even on such a subject as Henry Fielding. Several there are, no doubt, who could have written as well; indeed, it is a most promising and fertile theme; but to write in English and to speak in American."

Grace Greenwood has written the initial volume for the series to be entitled *Girlhood and Womanhood Series of Exemplary Women*, to be issued by John R. & H. S. Anderson. The subject is Queen Victoria.

## OUR GEM CASKET.

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

Sadness is a disease, the best remedy for it is occupation; The reality of death demonstrates our own insignificance; The bane of distrust will tend to extinguish inspiration. We cannot become liberal unless we avoid petty motives. Honesty of purpose must not be held as an evidence of ability.

The happiest women, like the happiest nation, have no history.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—*Porteus*.

It is lucky to pick up a horse shoe, but not to be picked up on one.

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

Wealth may not bring happiness, perhaps, but it manages to make appearances agreeably deceptive.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

You pity a man who is lame or blind, but you never pity him for being a fool, which is oftener a much greater misfortune.

Praise never gives us much pleasure unless it concur with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.—*Langford*

If you are a real man do a man's work and say nothing about it; but if you are only a rooster why, of course, you can't help crowing at nothing.

An editor wrote a head line, "Horrible Blunder!" to go over a railway accident; but whose fault was it that it got over the account of a wedding?

A paper recently said that "it won't do to be too certain of anything in this world unless we know positively whereof we affirm." We suppose this is the æsthetic way of saying that you can't always sometimes most generally tell.

A correspondent wrote to a patent medicine manufacturer; "For thirty-five years my wife was unable to speak above a whisper, owing to throat trouble. Two bottles of your medicine completely restored her voice." The patent-medicine man published his testimonial, and a month later was sold out by the sheriff.

"I have worked three months on this poem," said a man to an editor, "and I have full confidence in its worth." "Well," replied the editor, "Gray worked seven years on his *Elegy*. Let me advise you to work about ten years on this thing, and then read it at a school exhibition. We cannot afford to rob a man of his hard earnings."

Little Jimmy goes a-milking,

Takes his stool—

In the dark can't see bossie,

Tries a mule.

Mother comes to see what makes

Jimmy stay—

Funeral takes place next

Saturday.

—*The Judge*.

# The Family Circle.

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## PERIODICALS, ETC.

DIO LEWIS'S MONTHLY for October is the best of its three numbers. Among its varied and interesting contents are the following, by the editor, whose writings are always eagerly looked for by those having any acquaintance with them: Our Rich Men, The Shakers, Weight of the Human Brain, Open the Cage Door, Treatment of Prisoners, Treatment of the Insane, Our Brains and Nerves, Diphtheria, and About Nursing. The Hygienic Department is full of variety and interest. This magazine is evidently taking the lead in this class of periodical literature.

## CIRCLE CHAT.

### YOUNG LADIES' HIGHER EDUCATION.

A young lady of St. Catharines, Ont., Miss Henrietta Charles, recently applied to the President and members of the University Council, Toronto, for admission to the lectures in our Provincial University. Her application was declined

in a lengthy letter from Prof. Wilson, wherein the hope was expressed that a separate college under a lady principal and instructors of its own, should be established on the grounds with the present college, the professors and lecturers in which might take some part in the instruction. The opinion of President Eliot, of Harvard College, was cited, his views being altogether against co-education, for which he holds there is only one respectable argument, namely, poverty.

Whether these lectures are to be given to the ladies by themselves or with those of the other sex, the time has arrived when the young ladies of Ontario desire to have the advantages of a college education; and surely women have as much right to the advantages of mental culture as men. Prof. Wilson's suggestion should be carried into effect.

## PROGRESS IN LITERATURE.

The changes of taste in the readers of romance are not less wonderful than frequent, and like all other progress that the human race participates in the advance is ever marked with varying sways backward. But there has, nevertheless, been a steady improvement going on in this field of literature until in the highest specimens we see the most beneficial influence at work in composition little inferior to poetry, or we might say with propriety that fiction is being raised to the dignity of poetry. But there are constantly alterations in the novel that may or may not indicate progress—idealism now, realism then; mystic fancy, historical fact; descriptive sketching, portraying human nature.

It is interesting to study out the development and note the predominance of the different schools in this class of literature at different times. Plots, however, know little change. One can scarcely see by what influence their attention is so completely aroused in following the working out of a plot, which, in the main, is so very similar to that which claimed their notice in the writings of another author. But we can hope for little more variety, in plot, in the domestic novel, than we have, while domestic life remains as it is.

In the individuality of the author's mode of expression often lies the charm which engrosses our attention, and perhaps this is an important factor in the reasons for the reading public's tiring of the old and passing on to the newer works of genius; though later writings' being more in accordance with the impulses of the time, has, probably, most to do with it.

It must have created solemn thoughts in the minds of lovers of Fielding and Smollet to see the works of these geniuses laid aside for the transiently popular pages of Jane Austen or the more enduring writings of Sir Walter Scott. The indelicacy and coarseness of the former may not be urged, alone, as the cause of their falling into neglect, as more recent popular books show. The Waverley novels are surely finding their way to the back shelves and among the young they have few readers. It seems only yesterday that Dickens, himself, was among the living writers, and the readers of fiction were divided between his wonderful portraiture of human nature, and the less instructive pages of Thackeray. We, who love these writers, may take consolation in our own pleasure with their works, but surely George Eliot now claims precedence over them, and we can scarcely believe that the masterly works of the writer of Adam Bede, a sovereign in the realm of literature, can be followed by a who through deeper insight will, with a subtler pen, enlist our children's sympathies or lead them, with as little effort to a better mode of living.

## RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

**INQUIRER.**—You will find an excellent remedy for the cure of your children's toothache, is powdered alum, saturated with sweet spirits of nitro. This mixture put in the cavity, if there is one, or rubbed on the gum, if there is not, gives immediate relief.

**A READER.**—Cloth may be made waterproof by applying a strong solution of soap to the wrong side of the cloth, and, when dry, washing the other side with a solution of alum.

**INDIGNANT.**—The proper course is certainly to overlook the offence, though we are aware that few are able not to desire revenge under such circumstances. To treat the matter in silent contempt, or to return the letter without comment would, we think, hurt the person's feelings more than any other course.

**H. D.**—We could not publish articles of the nature referred to in the FAMILY CIRCLE.

**L. L.**—The case is not sufficiently explained for us to give any opinion upon it. It would probably be safer for you to consult a lawyer.

**L. D.**—There is at present no such paper published. It was amalgamated with the *Toronto Citizen* some time since.

**LIVY H.**—It would be much wiser for you to show or express no signs of your disappointment, and associate as much as possible with lively company to enable you to forget the conduct of one whom you should bring yourself to understand was unworthy of your regard.

*Answers crowded out of this number will appear next week.*

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

## Regulating Diet.

When a piece of land is exhausted of the element which is the principal ingredient of a certain crop, that ingredient must be supplied, or the crop will fail in quantity and quality; hence the thrifty farmer ascertains the wants of the soil and supplies it with the needed fertilizer each year.

The human body is exhausted of its elements day by day and day by day must these elements be supplied by what we eat and drink. But the required proportion of these elements changes with the seasons, with the temperature of the weather; and he who eats the same in quantity or quality in July as at Christmas, does himself an injury. All food contains two chief principles: Carbon, to keep from freezing; nitrogen, to keep from famishing. The proportion of these elements varies with the food. Those who work a great deal require a great deal of nourishment, of nitrogen, for it is the flesh-forming principle. Those who are exposed a great deal to the cold should eat the carbonaceous, the heat-supplying foods. Butter and fat are three-fourths carbon; vegetables have but little, berries none. Hence, Greenlanders, in their icy homes, luxuriate in blubber and whale oil, while the people of the South revel in oranges and bananas, on the plantain and the peach, on dates and figs, on lemons, tamarinds, pine-apples, on alligator pears, bread fruit, and the luscious mango and cherimoyer.

We who live in latitudes between are permitted the diet of the Polar Sea and the tropics in their season.

A wise man will take but little carbonaceous food on a suddenly hot day; but if suddenly cold, it is best for him to eat more of fuel-making food. An infinite number of fevers and of colds would be avoided if timely attention were paid to these things. There is not one per cent. of nitrogen,

of flesh-forming principle in fruits, berries, and the more common vegetables. Meats have about fifteen per cent. The meats average twenty-five per cent. of nutriment, that is including both carbon and nitrogen. Of all meats mutton is the most nutritious—thirty per cent.; fish, least, twenty per cent. Of all vegetables, white beans are the most nutritious, ninety per cent.; turnips, the least, five per cent.; apples, seventeen; melons and cucumbers, three; the rest being mere water and waste. The more waste the more open the bowels are.

## Use of Lemons.

For all people, in sickness or in health, lemonade is a safe drink. It corrects biliousness; it is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins, crushed, may also be mixed with water and sugar, and used as a drink. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known; it not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. A physician suggests rubbing the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by daily use of lemons instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon used in intermittent fever is mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with lemon. It is valuable, also, to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we apply it externally, the better we shall find ourselves.

## Relation of Clothing to Bodily Heat.

The thinnest veil is a vestment in the sense that it moderates the loss of heat which radiation causes the naked body to experience. In the same way, a cloudy sky protects the earth against too great cooling in spring nights. In covering ourselves with multiple envelopes of which we augment the protecting thickness according to the rigor of the seasons, we retard the radiation from the body by causing it to pass through a series of stages, or by providing relays. The linen, the ordinary dress, and the cloak constitute for us so many constitutional epidermises. The heat that leaves the skin goes to warm these superposed envelopes; it passes through them the more slowly in proportion as they are poorer conductors; reaching the surface it escapes, but without making us feel the chills which direct contact with the atmosphere occasions, for our clothes catch the cold for us. The hairs and the feathers of animals perform the same function toward their skin, serving to remove the seat of carolic exchange away from the body. The protection we owe to our clothes is made more effectual by their always being wadded with a stratum of warm air. Each one of us has his own atmosphere, which goes with him everywhere, and is renewed without being cooled. The animal also finds under his fur an additional protection in the bed of air that fills the spaces between the hairs; and it is on account of the air they inclose that porous substances, furs and feathers keep warm.

Experiments to determine the degree of facility with which different substances used for clothing allow heat to escape were made by Count Rumford, Seneclier, Boeckmann, James Starck, and M. Coullier. The results were not in all cases consistent with each other, but they indicate that the property is dependent on the texture of the substance rather than on the kind of material, or—as concerns non-luminous heat—its color.

## THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

## FASHION NOTES.

Flounces pinked out on the edges are again fashionable. Velvet ribbon will be much used for trimming dresses and wrappings.

Ladies' cloth is shown in all the new colors, but are lighter woven than usual.

Dress bonnets will be of velvet with feather brims and ornaments made of feathers.

Bows of pink ribbon or pink velvet are worn around the wrists in the morning instead of bracelets.

The present method of wearing the hair low is going out. By Christmas all the women and girls will be wearing their hair on the top of their heads.

Plain linen collars are worn only on the street and for travelling. Evening and afternoon dresses have soft lace gathered round the neck and sleeves.

The coming season will be a velvet one so far as fashion is concerned. Dresses for drawing-room entertainments and for the street will be worn in all colors, and cloaks will be made of them. For woollen stuff it will be the popular trimming. Velvet basques will be worn with all kinds of skirts. Velvet bonnets will be the most elegant of all styles in millinery. For velvet bonnets feathers will be the principal trimmings.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**BEEFSTEAK PIE.**—Make a crust of one pint of flour, half a cup of lard, a half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one and a quarter cups of flour. Cut the steak into small pieces and stew with a dozen small potatoes and six onions. Line the dish with the paste, put in the stew; season and cover with a top crust and bake.

**MUTTON SOUP.**—Boil a piece of mutton weighing five pounds, five hours; then add two cupfuls of rice that has been soaked in water. When the rice and meat have cooked an hour beat an egg and a tablespoonful of flour together, and stir into a half pint of milk. Pour into the soup and stir constantly. Season with salt, pepper or parsley.

**MASHED CQUASH.**—Pare, quarter, seed and boil in hot salted water, drain and mash in a hot colander, season with pepper, salt and butter, and dish hot.

**PICKLED GRAPES.**—Take ripe grapes; remove imperfect and broken ones. Line an earthen jar with grape leaves, then fill with grapes. To two quarts of vinegar allow one pint of white sugar, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, and a quarter of an ounce of cloves. Let the vinegar and spices boil for five minutes; then add the sugar. Let it come to a boil, and when cold pour over the grapes. If poured on while hot it shrivels them, even if it does not break the skin and spoil the appearance of the pickles.

**GINGER CAKE.**—One cup brown sugar, one cup Orleans molasses, one cup sour milk, three-quarters cup lard and butter mixed, three cups flour, heaped full, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in warm water, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon two teaspoonfuls ginger, salt to taste. Bake in moderate oven, in two deep pans.

**SNOWFLAKE CAKE.**—Three eggs, one and a-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of sugar, whites of two eggs; bake in layers; frost each layer and sprinkle with grated coconut.

**PUDGING SAUCE.**—Dissolve one tablespoonful of corn starch in a little water; cook with one pint of boiling water; add butter the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and let it boil up.

**FRUIT FOR PIES.**—Grapes and elderberries canned together make a very nice fruit for pies in winter.

**PLUM PUDGING.**—One pound eggs, one pound sugar, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one pound suet, one pound candied lemon, one pound bread crumbs, one pound flour. First beat the eggs, then add suet when chopped fine, and one teaspoonful soda, rub the bread fine then add all the other ingredients and beat well. Put in a pudding bag three quarters larger than itself. Put a piece of writing paper over it to prevent the water soaking in. Turn over occasionally and boil well five hours.

**GRAPE JELLY.**—The best grape jelly is made from the fruit before it is quite ripe. It is light colored and a much nicer flavor than when they are ripe.

**TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.**—Eggs may be kept fresh for months by arranging a set of shelves with five inches between them and three rows of holes bored on each shelf. They should be set in the holes with the small end down, so that the yolk can not settle against the shell. This allows a free circulation of air around them and there is no danger of their being cracked.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

**A CURE FOR BRUISES.**—For the cure of sprains or bruises, bathe the parts well in extremely hot water and apply the heated extract of witch hazel on flannel. This is said to relieve the pain as if it possessed magical properties.

**AN ECONOMICAL LAMP WICK.**—An excellent lamp wick can be made by taking an old felt hat and cutting into strips the required size; soak them in vinegar for about two hours, then dry.

**STENCILING.**—Lay the drawing you wish to copy over a sheet of paper, and with a needle prick all the outlines over with holes through both the papers; then take the clean paper you wish to have the drawing transferred to, and dust over with the powder of charcoal from a small muslin bag. The dust will penetrate through the holes, and leave a correct copy of the original on the paper. This pricked paper will do again for any number of copies.

**HOP BITTERS.**—Pour two quarts of boiling water over two handfuls of hops; boil five minutes, strain out the hops, and add to the water two ounces of yellow dockroot, two ounces of dandelion, one ounce of buchu, one-quarter ounce of mandrake, and one handful of wild cherry bark; let the whole boil slowly fifteen minutes; strain, add one pint of gin. Take from one teaspoonful to two before each meal. Some flavor it with wintergreen and add a little sugar.

## SELECTED.

—♦—  
 "Shippin' only what is sweet ;  
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

## Marjory May.

Marjory May came tripping from town,  
 Fresh as a pink in her trim white gown ;  
 A picture was Marjory, slim and fair,  
 With her large sun-hat and her suilit hair ;  
 And down the green lane where I chanced to stray,  
 I met, by accident, Marjory May.

Marjory May had come out for a stroll.  
 Past the gray church and round by the toll,  
 Perhaps by the wood and the wishing-stone,  
 There was sweet Marjory tripping alone,  
 "May I come too? now don't say me nay,"  
 "Just as you please," laughed Marjory May.

So it fell out that we went on alone,  
 Round by the wood and the wishing-stone ;  
 And there I whispered the wish of my life—  
 Wished that sweet Marjory May were my wife ;  
 "For I love you so dear. Is it aye or nay ?  
 Come, answer me quickly, sweet Marjory May !"

Marjory stood ; not a word did she speak,  
 Only the red blood flushed in her cheek ;  
 Then she looked up with a grave, sweet smile  
 (The flush dying out of her face the while),  
 "I like you so much, but not in that way,  
 And then there is John," said Marjory May.

Years have rolled on since that fair summer's day,  
 Still I'm a bachelor, old and gray.  
 Whenever I take my lonely stroll  
 Round by the wood, and back by the toll,  
 I pass by the house where her children play,  
 For John has married sweet Marjory May.

## A Beautiful Legend.

There is a pretty love-story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels. A poor girl named Gertrude was dying for love of a young man, whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered the cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the hobbins, and how to make all kinds of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitress disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace made her rich, on account of the valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love.

Many years after, while living in luxury, with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady's entering her comfortable house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bobbins in her hand, and, going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So they all became rich, and their country also.

## "Our" Money.

The following excellent advice is given to young men, about to marry, by Dr. Dio Lewis :

Before the day of your marriage buy a nice bureau ; have a fine lever lock with two keys put on one of the little drawers. Have it taken to your chamber, and when you conduct your wife to that room, hand her one of the keys and say to her .

"Into that drawer I shall put all our money. It is ours, not mine. If you wish to know what we can afford you may find out by opening that drawer. Go to it whenever you need money."

You may be a wise man, you may be what they call "smart as lightning," but you will never perform another act as wise or smart as this. I began my married life that way and have constantly looked back to it as the happiest step in my life.

## An Early Marriage.

Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of William, first Earl Cadogan, was married at the age of thirteen to Charles, second Duke of Richmond, aged eighteen. It is said that this marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a co-heiress. The young Lord March was brought from college, and the little lady from her nursery for the ceremony, which took place at the Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed: "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" Married, however, he was, and his tutor then took him off to the Continent, and the bride went back to her mother. Three years after Lord March returned from his travels, but having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife, was in no hurry to join her, and went the first evening to the theatre. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, Lady March," was the answer he got. He hastened to claim her, and their lifelong affection for each other is much commented upon by contemporaneous writers—indeed, it was said that the Duchess, who only survived him a year, died of grief.

## Sunken Cities of Ireland.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark spirit" of its King still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years, at midnight, he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue until the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now on a calm night one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland."

"In Clister is a lake 30,000 paces long and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble river called Bann. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was an old prophecy in everyone's mouth that whenever a well, which was therein and was continually covered and locked up care-

fully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water would issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldame, coming to fetch water, heard her child cry, upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and, coming back to it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool, which remains to this day."

Giraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear, cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of others days  
In the wave beneath him shining.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

### Survivals.

The two little splints in the horse's foot could never be accounted for on the principle that every part of an animal is now as it was from the beginning, and has its uses. They are perfectly useless, but they are the last remains of toes that were very useful to the ancestors of the horse. The world is full of such useless organs, each replete with historic interest. The muscle that moves the ear in a quadruped is present in man; but, as a rule, he cannot use it, and it would be useless to him if he could. Of what use are the two buttons upon the back of a coat? None; but in the days when it was the mark of a gentleman to carry a sword they served to secure the sword-belt.

The articles man makes, present on every land these survivals from previous fashions. Sham laces on boots, button down fronts that do not open; buckles on bands that are fixed: neck wear in the form of ties, but secured by other methods, are cases in point. Nature works in the same way that man does; or, rather, since man is part of nature he works by nature's methods. Changes are gradual, one of a series of bones, muscles, teeth, &c., that is used more than the others increase in bulk, while its neighbors diminish and perhaps finally disappear. If an animal acquires added powers in one direction because of circumstances that press it in that direction, it loses it in another. It is so with mind, also. Do we not know that after long application to one class of subjects—probably the most useful to us—we lose much of what we previously knew?—*Philadelphia Record.*

### A Baltic Tradition.

To the west of the isle of Ruegen lies a little lake that was ages ago connected with the sea. A magnificent castle belonging to the princes of Ruegen formerly stood on the lake shore. The legend runs, according to our voluble host, that many hundred years ago, when the Christians took possession of this castle, it was occupied by a prodigiously rich and avaricious old heathen king. At the storming of the castle he, with his treasures, was buried under the falling walls, and died a terrible death. As a punishment for his avarice he was transformed into a large black dog and placed as guard over the heaps of gold. He is still sometimes seen at midnight in helmet and suit of armor, or a glittering crown instead of helmet on his head, riding a white horse through the town and over the lake. His deliverance from the canine shape came about in this way: Many years after the king's awful death there lived in the City of Bergen a King of Ruegen who had a bewilderingly lovely daughter

named Swanwithe. Numerous kings and princes sued for her hand, but she chose Prince Peter of Denmark. This made a rejected Polish prince very angry. To revenge himself he defamed her character and brought her into such disgrace even with her betrothed husband and her father that the former forsook her and the latter confined her in a gloomy tower, that he might never look upon her face again. There sat the poor princess over three years, and "thought and thought" how she could make her father believe in her innocence. Finally she recalled how she had once heard that only a pure maiden could release the old heathen king from his bondage. Such a one must go entirely alone on St. John's Day, between midnight and 1 A. M., scale the old castle wall, walking backward upon it until she came to the place where formerly the entrance to the king's treasure-room stood, when the earth would open and the maiden glide gently down. Here she could take as many jewels and as much gold as she desired, with her, and return before sunrise. However, during the entire time she must not speak or turn and look back, or she would lose her life. Swanwithe immediately sent a request to her father that she be allowed to make the test in proof of her virtue, as he knew that it was sure death to one who tried it under false pretences, permission was granted. On the night of St. John's Day she went alone from Bergen to Garz, and ascended the castle wall in obedience to the directions. She had not gone far before she sank gently into a magnificent hall. It was brilliantly lighted, and great heaps of treasures filled the floor. Far back in the farthest corner sat the bewitched King, nodding in a reassuring way. Suddenly a throng of richly dressed slaves appeared, and began filling great vessels with the gold and the precious stones. The princess did the same and when she had enough she started to return, followed by all the servitors bearing the treasures they had gathered. She had already ascended many of the stairs when she began to suspect that the slaves were not following with her spoils. She couldn't resist looking back, of course, and the old king was instantly transformed into a great black dog, with glaring eyes, that sprang at her. Swanwithe gave a cry of terror, the door closed above her and she sank again into the hall, now perfectly dark. She is still supposed to be there. Her deliverance can only be effected by a pure youth, who must ascend the wall to the entrance of the treasure chamber on St. John's night, as she did. He must kiss her, take her by the hand and lead her out. Meanwhile he dare not speak or turn around. He will then be rewarded with the grateful maiden's hand, and receive in addition treasure enough to purchase an empire.

A dog, on a warm summer day, lay down in the shade and soon fell asleep. He was awakened by the noise of a huge bull approaching his shady resting place. "Get up," said the bull, "and let me lie down there." "No," replied the dog, "you have no right to the place; I was here first." "Well," said the bull, looking innocently at the dog, but with a ferocious twinkle in his left eye, which made the dog's spinal column run cold and his lower jaw give way, "let us toss up for it." "Thank you," said the dog, politely, "I never gamble," and he walked away. Moral—Virtue has its own reward.—*Life.*

King Alfonso assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the new town hall at Vienna by the Emperor of Austria.

To Get Rid of the Tramp.

An American judge is said to intend proposing to the Board of Supervisors that a workhouse be built and to it be sent every vagrant who sets foot in the county, the said vagrant to be compelled to earn his living. This is the most practical plan yet devised for ridding the country of the tramp. Some of the laws against vagrancy are severe enough to be inhuman; others require more jails and lockups than the towns possess, but a workhouse, properly managed, will be exactly the thing. It need not be very large or costly, either, for as soon as the tramps learn of its completion—and they have a marvelously quick ear for news concerning themselves—they will cease to infest that county. Then other counties, for self-protection, may be obliged to build similar workhouses, but the rural taxpayer will not grumble; any man will pay handsomely for the assurance that his family will no longer be frightened or insulted by burly vagrants.

The Skeleton of a Giant.

George Arnold, a farm hand in the employ of Franklin Boots, who lives about fifteen miles west of Shelbyville, Ind., made a discovery which has excited widespread interest in that county. The object of this interest is the skeleton or what once was a man of gigantic proportions, which was uncovered in a gravel pit on Mr. Boot's farm. The skeleton was found in a sitting posture, facing the east, and about six feet beneath the surface. Some of the bones were badly broken by a caving of the bank, but the skull and some of the larger bones were taken out intact, and from them may be easily realized the gigantic statue of the being to whom they once gave support. A measurement of the skull from front to rear, the rule passing from the eye-socket to the back of the head, shows it to have been about sixteen inches, while the breadth of the inferior maxillary was eight and one-half inches, showing that the brain must have weighed from four and one-half to five pounds. Careful measurement of the other bones establish the fact that the man, when alive, was not less than nine feet in height, and large in proportion. From the appearance of the teeth, which are very large and do not show the slightest sign of decay, although they are worn down almost to the bones of the jaw, the man could not have been less than one hundred years old when he died, and, of course, he may have been much older. The bones of the lower jaw are very large and thick, showing an extent of muscular development in that organ which is far beyond anything of the present day. How long ago the body of this giant was interred where it was unearthed, or to what tribe or nation he belonged when he trod the earth in all the majesty of his strength, it is impossible to say, but it must have been ages ago, as all the indications show that the soil where the remains were discovered had not been disturbed for many generations. Steps have been taken to have casts made of the bones, and they will be placed either in the State collection or some of the American college museums.

Modern Witchcraft.

A respectable German family named Boyer, who have lived in Stony Creek Valley, Pa., for several years, were recently compelled to move away. Most of the inhabitants are believers in witchcraft. For four or five years they have annoyed and persecuted the Boyers, on the ground that old Mrs. Boyer was a witch, and had bewitched a daughter or William Kildey. Kildey is an intelligent river pilot, and is known all along the Susquehanna as "Squire." He is a firm

believer in witchcraft. His daughter Emma was taken sick in 1877. She was afflicted with convulsions, during which she barked like a dog, made noises like a fighting cat, and talked German, a language she knew nothing about. Physicians tried for three years to cure her, but could not.

One day she told her father that a young man had asked to go home with her from Sunday school, and she would not let him. He told her he would give her over to old Mrs. Boyer, who would bewitch her and she would die. Since then she has been sick. A witch doctor named Wolf told Kildey that his daughter was bewitched. He showed her half-sister the likeness of the witch in a basin of water. It was old Mrs. Boyer, she said. Kildey then consulted Armstrong McClain, a peddler and witch doctor. He burned some hair on a shovel, and told Kildey that if he did not meet a brindle cow on his way home his daughter would be relieved from the witch's spell at sundown. He said that the witch was Mrs. Boyer.

Kildey said his daughter got better at sundown. She was well for some time, but had occasional relapses, when it was charged that Mrs. Boyer was tormenting her. Two years ago she was reported as being worse than ever. McClain was sent for to "lay the witch." He placed some roots and herbs in a bottle and sprinkled a white powder on them and filled the bottle with water. Then he asked for an old hammer, which was given him. He took it out doors and remained fifteen minutes. Returning, he walked to the patient's side. Drawing the hammer back as if to strike a powerful blow, he said: "Now I'll kill the witch, old Mrs. Boyer." He brought the hammer down gently against the girl's right temple three times. Then he took the hammer and threw it out doors, and said to Mrs. Kildey: "If your spotted cow kicks when you milk her to-night, be sure and don't scold her, because that's what the witches want you to do, and that will break the charm. I have settled Mrs. Boyer. She will die in seven months, and when they bury her, her coffin will burst open."

John Boyer, a son of Mrs. Boyer, had McClain arrested finally for defamation of character, and he was bound over to answer at court. The Kildey girl continued to assert that she was still tormented by Mrs. Boyer, and, being unable to convince the superstitious people that they were being imposed upon, the family decided to move away.

Where He Had Us.

There were seven or eight of us in the smoking-car, and by-and-by the conversation turned upon hotels. Six of the crowd were going to stop off at the same village in Georgia, and one of them remarked:—

"Well, gentlemen, you can make up your minds to go through purgatory to-night."

"Why?"

"Well, there is only one hotel in the town, and that is run by the meanest man south of the Ohio River."

"Do you know him?" asked a chap who was suspected of being a lightning-rod agent from Chicago.

"I rather reckon."

"And what's he mean about?"

"Everything. He has bugs in his beds, uses beans in his coffee, his rooms are dirty, and he's a robber in his charges."

"And there's no other hotel?"

"No. If there was he wouldn't get custom enough to keep a cat alive. He's the meanest man in the State" of

Georgia, and if I ever catch him outside of his town I'll put a head on him!"

"I move that we resist any swindle on his part," said a drummer from Chicago.

"If I find bugs, I'll fire the bed out of the window," said a patent-churn man from Ohio.

"And thus it went on for half an hour, everybody anticipating and predicting, but the conversation finally closed by the originator remarking:—

"Well, we'll have to put up with it, I suppose, but you can make up your minds to see the meanest, low-down, hang-dog tavern-keeper in America."

It was after dark when we reached the village, and after delaying awhile with the baggage five of us rode up together in the 'bus. The sixth man had disappeared, and we didn't see him until we reached the hotel. Then he was discovered behind the desk, a pen over his ear, his coat off—in fact, he was the identical landlord himself! One after another walked up, took a look at him, and fell back: and we had adjourned to the veranda, and were talking of sleeping out on the grass that night when he came out and said:—

"Gentlemen, will you walk in and register?"

One followed the other, and, though we all remained until the next evening, not a word was said nor a hint dropped about the conversation on the cars. It was only as the train was ready to go that he shook hands all around, and kindly remarked:—

"The meanest, low-down, hang-dog tavern-keeper in America hopes to see one and all again. Have a cigar, gentlemen?"

We have sent him a gallon of wine and a box of cigars from Augusta, but he was still our creditor.—*M. Quad.*

### The Baby.

What's that thing?

What thing?

That thing over there.

That? That's a baby.

What's a baby?

A baby is the offspring of parents.

What are parents?

Parents are the progenitors of their offspring.

Oh. What's it doing, now?

What's what doing?

The baby.

Making a noise.

What does it make a noise for?

To whoop things up and wake its daddy up at four o'clock in the morning.

That must be nice.

You're just right. You see, when the thermometer is down to 20° below on a cold morning in December, and father and mother are asleep, and it is so cold that the door knobs freeze so tight that they won't turn until they are thawed out, the baby, he raises the roof off.

How?

With his lungs. It is calculated that a man's lungs are strongest when he is a baby. We don't know why this is, but it is. I suppose, though, the Lord keeps changing a baby's lungs all through childhood, and after he has used copper-lined, iron-bottomed and leather lungs two or three times, He can just tell what kind of lungs the baby will need when he grows up.

What is the father?

He is one of the parents.

What is he good for?

Oh, he ain't good for much, because the baby is boss when he comes and runs the whole house, and the mother sides in with him, whenever any disputes arise. The father is a handy article to have around, though, when the baby gets colic, because then the father walks the room at night and stabs his naked toes hunting the paregoric.

What's the baby for?

The baby, you know, is the parent of nations. He bosses everybody, too. A ten-pound baby can sass a two-hundred pound man and the other fellow is afraid to touch him. There are seven great events in the life of the baby.

What are they?

They are, 1st—the day of birth; 2nd—when an uncle or aunt declares it looks like its father; 3rd—the first tooth; 4th—when it is named after a rich relative well on in years; 5th—when it creeps; 6th—when it falls down stairs the first time; 7th—When it begins to walk and get into the pantry.

The baby must have a nice time.

Oh, yes! The most important item of a baby's make-up is its mouth. It eats the black off the stove, swallows the poker, chews up the scissors and bites the cat.

The first few years of its life is a constant meal. The meanest thing about a baby is its bitter war on its father. But he has one consolation.

What's that?

He knows that some day the baby (if it's a he-baby) will grow up and be a father too.—*Breakfast-Table.*

### The Man With Nothing to Do.

A man who has nothing to do is a pitiable object. He is simply a kept man. He is living on charity. Some amiable snoozer, now dead, has left him the money he lives on, and all he has to do is to draw the money and eat, drink and sleep: no eyes can brighten with happiness when he comes home, because he only comes home when the other places are closed. He cannot come home tired, and be petted and rested by willing hands because it would be a mockery to pet a tired man who had got tired doing nothing. Such a man simply exists and is no good on earth. If he would wheel a barrow and earn a dollar, and get tired, and buy a beefsteak with the dollar, and have it cooked and eat it while the appetite was on that he got wheeling the barrow, he would know more enjoyment than he had ever known before. That man with nothing to do on earth no doubt thinks, as he lies around and smells frowsy, that he is enjoying life, but he knows no more about enjoyment than a tom-cat that sleeps all day and goes out nights to play short-stop to a lot of boot-jacks and beer bottles. Such a man is a cipher, and does not know enough to go in when it rains. If there were less incomes left to lazy young fellows, and more sets of carpenter tools, there would be more real enjoyment.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The story has been related of the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin that once, in his active political days, he attended a party caucus at which there was only one man present besides himself. He promptly elected the other man chairman, had himself appointed secretary, and then transacted all the business in hand; and when he had made out the credentials of the delegates chosen, he wrote in them that the delegates were elected at a "large and respectable caucus"—"because," he explained to the chairman, "you are large and I am respectable."

The Father of Fish-Culture.

SETH GREEN'S IDEAS ABOUT THE FINNY TRIBE AND SOME OF HIS VARIOUS EXPERIENCES.

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish-culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that were warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded. and to-day I am able to hatch and raise seventy-five per cent. of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or the animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia, where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it would be impossible to say. They extend away up in the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the pond this year and there seemed to be as many afterwards as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fish in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermilion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great, and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the man of news watched the countenance of Mr Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong

and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strangely resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white silk beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish-culture, is the picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think to look at you that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that state and study their habits and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease, was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to-day, and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States medical college of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And you are now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while, though, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 43 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of Carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond or 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounds, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed, the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation,—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

**SOCIAL AND LITERARY.**

Mr. G. A. Sala is to spend the winter in the West Indies.

A movement has been started in London to erect a memorial to Charles Dickens.

The biography of George Eliot by her husband, has been greatly delayed by Mr. Cross's illness.

The number of visitors at Witttemberg, Germany, attending the Luther celebration, is placed at 50,000.

Mr. Gerald Massey has written a book bearing the title of "The Natural Genesis." He has spent twelve years upon its composition.

Mr. H. G. Vennor is not an invalid by any means, as reported in some newspapers, but is enjoying very good health and able to attend to his business affairs.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was, it is said, a notable example of the terrible effects of the chloral habit. In the latter years of his life he sometimes took as much as 180 grains in a single day.

A startling announcement is made by Mr. S. R. Dyke, a member of the Divorce Reform League. He states that over 6,000 women die yearly in the United States from attempts to destroy unborn children.

Messrs. W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard have been gathering for some years the material for an elaborate collection of English poetry, and they have completed a work which is more comprehensive in its scope and more accurate in its text than any similar work heretofore sent forth.

The Methodist general conference has decided in favor of one large university to be established as soon as practicable, in Toronto or elsewhere in Ontario. At present the Church has six or seven educational institutions with 101 professors, 5,000 pupils and endowments exceeding \$400,000.

The original publisher of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mr. John P. Jewett, believes he could have bought the story for twenty-five dollars, as, while negotiating with Professor Stowe and his wife, the Professor said, "I tell wife that if she can get a good black silk gown, or fifty dollars in money, she had better take it."

"Don't" is the taking title of a little volume published in the Parchment Paper Series by D. Appleton & Co. It is worthy a careful study by the young men of this country, as it is written for their benefit, and will undoubtedly be of value to them in the formation and strengthening of a good code of manners. "Don't" reproves many little faults which though small are sufficient to annoy and disturb the comfort of others, oftentimes.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF  
"The Family Circle"  
London East, Canada.

**OUTFIT**

**PERSONS UNEMPLOYED**  
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