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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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NO. 13.

I Wonder Why.

"I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys
And others only feel the cares?
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread,
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead!

"I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat
While others faint and thirsty go!
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?"

"I wonder why the hearts of some
Overflow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way
Unblest with aught of tenderness!
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

"Ah! well; we may not know indeed;
The whys, the wherefores of each life!
But this we know—there's One who sees
And watches us through joy or strife.
Each' t'fettis mission here fulfils,
And only He may know the end,
And loving Him we may be strong
'Though storm or sunshine He may send."

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATTERSON.

CHAPTER XI—(continued).

"HAT woman again! I'll put an end to this; I hold a weapon now, which will bring my lady to terms." He touched the pocket in which lay Dorothy's letter, along with the one he had written to Judith, and smiled at the thought of the triumph which awaited him.

"You here! I did not hear you come in," said Augusta, coldly, and was passing on to the inner room; when her husband stopped her.

"Augusta, did I not forbid you to receive Mrs. Bullion in this house?" he began, blusteringly.

"Forbid!" she drew herself up and confronted her lord and master, haughtily. "You forget that this house is mine, not yours."

"I don't care a d— whose house it is; you are my wife and will obey me. I forbid you receiving that woman or appearing in public with her!"

"Obey you!" exclaimed Augusta, with intense scorn. "Once for all, understand me, Mr. Thorpe, I do not intend to obey you in this or in any other matter. I shall certainly receive Mrs. Bullion in my house and shall visit at her's whenever I choose; and—indeed I may as well inform you while we are discussing this subject, that I have promised to go to the opera this evening with Mr. and Mrs. Bullion."

Scarlet with rage, Clarence strode up to his wife and laid his hand heavily on her arm.

"You have carried things with a high hand long enough, Mrs. Thorpe; now listen to me; unless you give me the obedience due from a wife to her husband, I swear, by heaven! that before the week is ended, Donald Standfield and Dorothy Brown shall know of the letter you intercepted nine years ago, as also of the one you forged in answer to it, and which he believes to this day was written by Miss Brown. Now choose!"

If Clarence had felt any lingering doubt of his wife's guilt in this matter, one look at her face as he made the accusation for ever dispelled it. Pallid as death, she started violently and uttered no word. Utterly taken by surprise she accused herself as plainly as though she had spoken the words, "I am guilty." He felt her start violently, for his hand still rested on her arm; he saw the momentary convulsive working of her white lips and he almost laughed aloud in his triumph.

But not for long was she crushed; her pride, or rather let us say her inextinguishable self-assurance, returned to her. She did not attempt to deny the charge—perhaps she deemed a denial useless, not knowing how much had been surmise, how much actual knowledge of facts in her husband's accusation. The act of having left her desk open had escaped her memory for the moment; it was only when she entered her writing room a few moments after that she lamented her own carelessness.

"You are at liberty to publish the story to the whole world if you choose; it will be your own name you will drag in the dirt. Mrs. Bullion and Mrs. Thorpe will then stand on equal ground. Remove your hand from my arm if you please."

Now, Mr. Thorpe was not prepared for this, and though he was foiled in his effort to force her into submission, he was conscious, even in his anger, of a feeling of admiration for the pride and hardness which forbade her cringing to him.

"Do you mean by that that you refuse to obey me?" he asked, fiercely.

"I do mean that. In a marriage like ours, obedience is no part of the contract. I married you to suit my own purpose, or in other words because I desired the freedom and the established position in society which only marriage confers upon a woman. You married me for my money. If you would prefer it, I can go my way and you can return to the poverty and obscurity from which my money raised you. Under any circumstances, I would have you recognize the fact that I am absolutely my own mistress."

"Then you do not deny that you intercepted Mr. Standfield's letter and replied to it in Miss Brown's name?"

"I do not."

"It is true?"

"It is."

"Your motive was love for the banker, I suppose?"

"It was."

"You expected to win him when Miss Brown was disposed of?" asked Clarence, sneeringly.

"No; it was my revenge."

"I suppose you understand my intentions with regard to this matter?"

"Certainly; as your knowledge of the facts has failed as a weapon wherewith to cow me into wifely submission you intend to use it as an instrument of revenge, by informing Mr. Standfield and Miss Brown of the part I played in their destiny. Have I stated your intentions correctly?"

"You have, madam."

"Then I think there is nothing further to be said. Shall I expect you in to dinner?"

"No," he growled.

Then this ill-assorted couple separated; she entering her private room, while he left the house and went with rapid strides toward the post-office where he deposited the letter he had written to Judith.

"The truth will have to be told now," he muttered as he dropped it into the box, and turned away in anything but a comfortable frame of mind.

"Hang it! I'll go to Eastville to-morrow instead of Friday and get it over," was his next thought. And as the reader has seen, he did go on Thursday. His object in telling the story to Judy instead of to Mr. Standfield or Dorothy herself, was to win her gratitude and good will. But he knew her well enough to understand that he must conceal his triumph and his real motive for the disclosure he was about to make. He must feign sorrow for his wife's deceit, and regret for the pain it had caused to Dorothy. Moreover, he must let Judith know that it was with Augusta's knowledge that he had made the journey to Eastville for the purpose of making known the facts. Well he knew the aversion with which the gentle, high-minded Judith would regard him, did she guess his malice toward his wife, the hideous triumph with which he exulted over the discovery of her treachery toward her cousin, and he still cared enough for Judy to wish to stand well in her regard, though to say that he loved her or anyone else would be a parody on the word, and his brief, mad passion for her had cooled long since.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE sun was shining brightly, warmly, and it shone on two figures standing at the further end of the orchard—those of a man and a girl. The former stood with his head bent on his breast; his hands were tightly clinched and his face was white, like that of a man who is suffering mental torture.

Judith—for it was she—was also very pale, but she spoke calmly, even coldly, in answer to the question he had asked her a moment before.

"Yes, it is true, I did care for you at that time, Mr.

Standfield, and had it not been for what Augusta told me I—matters might have been different. But—no, listen, let me finish—I am glad now that things have turned out as they have with regard to myself. For how could I have been happy had I found out afterwards that I had married the man who, but for Augusta's falseness, would have been my sister's husband, the man whom Dorothy has loved all these years?"

"No, for God's sake do not say that! Heaven forbid that Dorothy should love me still!"

"Have you no love left for Dorothy, at all?" she asked, sadly.

"None, as Heaven hears me—none! Never once in the past did I love your sister as I love you now, child."

"Oh hush! you must not speak so. And I am not half as good as Dorothy. She is so beautiful and sweet; oh! if ever you loved her at all you will love her again when you see her!"

"It might have been so had I never seen you; but now it is too late!"

"Oh!" she cried piteously, "do not say that I have come between you and her—my poor Dorothy!"

"It is not your fault, little Judith!"

"But do not say it, do not think that it is so. I cannot bear it. It must be all a fancy, your—your love for me. When you meet Dorothy again you will wonder how you could ever have imagined that you cared for me; why, I fancied that I loved you a short time ago, and now—"

"And now you find that it was all a fancy; but men, at my age, do not take fancies like that," he said, smiling sadly.

"Are you sure, Judith," he continued, "that your sister still cares for me?"

"I know that she has refused many offers; and—and she is one of those women who will not love a second time," hesitated Judith, desiring above all things her sister's happiness, and yet fearful of making her appear cheap in his eyes.

"You will, at least, see her and explain it all to her. Remember what unjust thoughts of her you have harbored in your heart all these years. She has suffered through no fault of her own."

"True, but she must have had hard thoughts of me, also, thanks to Mrs. Thorpe!" he added, bitterly.

"I do not think so; but if she did think badly of you, must that not have added to her unhappiness?"

"Judith, I believe you are right; it is my duty to atone to Dorothy, for the past. If she still cares for me I will do my best to make her happy. But oh God! what misery that woman has wrought! What matters it to what purpose I devote my life when you are lost to me? I could almost find it in my heart to forgive her if it were not for you."

"Oh hush, please!" remember Dorothy, remember Jack."

"Jack!" he groaned, and turning, walked a few paces from her.

"Do you love him then, Judy? Has he stolen your heart from me already?" he asked, returning to her side.

"Yes, I love him," she murmured, and turned away her eyes that she might not see the misery in his.

"And are you happy?"

"Yes."

"May Heaven keep you so always!" he raised her hand and pressed his lips upon it, restraining the mad impulse that came upon him to take her in his arms and kiss the perfect lips that he never had kissed, and never would, though he loved her so well.

Just then Judith uttered a little cry of surprise, and glancing round to discover the cause of it, he saw a woman, with a lovely Madonna-like face, advancing toward them. It needed not Judith's joyful cry of "Dolly, oh Dolly!" to tell him who it was. The old love and the new! He watched them together, and told himself that if he had never met and loved Judith, he might have been happy, even now, with sweet Dorothy. But it was too late; he loved Judy, and the old love was dead forever.

They greeted each other quietly, and Judy, with a few words of excuse, left them together and sped with a beating heart to her own room.

Oh if only it would all come right between them, how happy they both might be; for what man, having once loved

Dorothy, could in very truth love another? So thought Judy as she waited anxiously for the result of that interview between the long-parted lovers.

It was growing dusk when Dorothy at last entered the room. But even in the half light Judith could see that her face was very white and bore traces of suppressed suffering. Perhaps she read the truth in her sister's eyes; perhaps some instinct told her that her dreams were not to be realized.

"Oh Dorothy!" she cried, passionately, "surely you have not refused him?"

And then a great pity and tenderness filled her soul. For Dorothy—calm, self-possessed Dorothy—had thrown herself on her knees by the bed, and, with head bowed on her outstretched arms, was weeping bitterly, as though her heart would break.

"Oh my love, my love! mine once but not now!"

Not aloud did she utter this cry; and Judith was spared the bitter reproach it conveyed. She did her best to soothe and comfort the elder woman and after a bit, the tempest of sobs calmed and died away. She arose and pushing back the damp, clinging hair from her brow, looked at her sister with wan, piteous eyes.

"Judith!" she cried, "how can one human being be so cruel, so merciless to another? I had never injured Augusta, that she should have done this heartless thing."

"She was jealous; it seems she loved him too."

"Loved! Does not love soften? Are not love and mercy allied? and if she had loved him would she not have desired his happiness above all? That is true love."

"A woman like Augusta could never love like that. I do think she is the most wicked woman I ever met," cried Judith, bitterly.

"Dolly," she said, timidly, "you did not send him away for good and all, did you?"

"Yes, we have parted; for good and all, as you say. It was better so. He does not care for me now, you know, though he asked me to be his wife. He did not tell me so; but I knew it as soon as I saw you two together in the orchard. I read it in his eyes as they rested on your face. So you see it is impossible that he and I should ever be anything to each other more than friends."

"Oh Dorothy! will you ever forgive me? I did not know for a long time after I met him here that he had ever even met you, and when he seemed to care for me I was pleased, for I loved him then. I was so lonely and homesick before he came; and he was so good and kind to me, that I thought there was no one like him. Then Augusta came to my room one night and told me that he was only amusing himself with me as he had amused himself with you years ago. I believed her, and blamed him for spoiling your life; because if it had not been for him you would have cared for someone else. I cannot tell you how miserably unhappy I was after that. If I had only known, I would not have encouraged him, and then he might never have cared for me at all! But it is too late now!" and she burst into tears.

Then the old, motherly tenderness re-awoke in Dorothy's heart for the little sister who had been her care from babyhood, and she put her arm around the weeping girl and soothed her with loving words.

"Why, my dear little sister, you do not think that I blame you for loving him? You did no wrong to me; and you know he was not bound to me in any way; he was, and is, free to love another—perfectly free. And, my dear, do not think that because I have missed this one great joy I am unhappy. So many women miss their destinies and yet are content; and now that I know the truth, and can think of him as one worthy of all the love I gave him, I am more than content with my lot—I am happy." She paused a moment and in her beautiful eyes shone a divine light. She was murmuring a silent thanksgiving to God that the man to whom she had given a life-long love was worthy of her devotion.

"I wept a few minutes ago," she continued, "because I was unnerved, and there came upon me for an instant an overwhelming regret for what might have been. But that is past now. He has gone out of both our lives; so let us not speak of him again, but in thinking of him let us remember that he also has suffered through us, and that he was worthy of the love we both gave to him." And as Dorothy spoke, bending over her sister, a tear fell on the girl's bright hair.

Only one of the millions of tears that women weep every day for men's sakes.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN BONNY WOODS.

A SEASON of present pleasure, a dream of anticipated joy came to Judith in the summer that followed. The only disturbing element was the thought of Dorothy's lonely fate and the remembrance of Donald Standfield's unfortunate lover. Her life at the farm, since Augusta's departure had been one of simple content, leaving nothing to be desired. Her daily duties were light and pleasant; for she soon had discovered that it was far from Mr. Laurie's intention that she should burden herself with the multifarious duties which Augusta had chosen to perform. Susannah had now two stout country maids under her; and instead of being considered a dependent, Judith was treated by both the farmer and his wife as a daughter, for she had endeared herself to them in a hundred ways. The old lady, indeed, often sorrowfully declared that she did not know what she would do when Judith married and went away, shaking her head over the strange infatuation which prompted silly maidens to trust themselves to the tender mercies of men.

"If I could live my life over again I would never marry. No, my dears, I never would. Men are deceitful, and selfish to the core. They are never the same after marriage as they were in courting days. Not even the best of them."

"But do you mean to say, Mrs. Laurie," exclaimed the incorrigible Lydia, one day—"that no one should marry? Just think of the awfulness of a world full of old maids! And then the population, my dear Mrs. Laurie—"

"Well, my dear," returned the old lady, imperturbably—"I suppose the world must be populated respectably, but let the men choose for their wives the homeless and friendless girls who toil for a bare living in office and store and school, and leave the happy and protected daughter to the assured comfort of her parents' home."

"I wouldn't be a fool if I were you!" growled her amiable spouse, who had entered unseen! And Mrs. Laurie collapsed; her philanthropic scheme for hardworking females, nipped in the bud.

As the prospect of Judith's departure drew nearer, the farmer turned over in his mind the advisability of inviting Dorothy to take up her abode at Bonny Dale, when her sister was married. After due consideration he wrote to her, asking her to come and make trial of it for a year at any rate. To this Dorothy consented, grateful to the gruff, eccentric farmer for his kindness to her sister, and herself. And I may as well state here, that when Mr. and Mrs. Littleworth sailed for England Dorothy was settled at Bonny Dale; and though the farmer was fond of her in his rough way, and had a certain respect for her, he missed Judy's bright young face; and often, as he sat reading his newspaper in the evenings, he caught himself listening for the sound of a blithe voice, and a light, quick footstep on the stair. And then suddenly remembering, the stern lips would twist themselves into a more forbidding aspect, and he muttered to himself that he was "an old fool." But nevertheless, Judy had wound herself around the crusty heart of the old farmer; and though Dorothy continued to make Bonny Dale her home, she never had the same influence over him that Judith had. He never unbent to her; he liked her and was invariably civil to her; but of her young sister he cherished to his dying day a tender memory.

But we have been anticipating somewhat, let us go back again. Jack wrote that he would be in Eastville on the twenty-ninth of September, and it was now the seventeenth, and Judy, with shy gladness, was counting the days till he should come.

Ah, how different would be his return from what she had dreamed it would be when she bade him good-bye a year ago! She had been so relieved when he went away; so glad of a year's freedom—a year's immunity from his unwelcome attentions. But what a change had these twelve months wrought in her feelings towards him! How entirely had that other love vanished away, only to be thought of with uneasy regret for her girlish folly. And now with miles and miles of land and sea between them, she had learned

to love her betrothed. Exactly how or when the change had taken place in her heart, she could not have told. She was almost bewildered by the strangeness of it; and in the midst of her happiness she was conscious of a faint compunction for her own changeableness; it seemed to her that she must be a very weak-minded person to change so soon; and mingled with this feeling was a vague dread lest anything should come between Jack and her even now. Oh! if fate should wrest the cup of happiness from her just as she was about to place it to her lips, what a wretched, forlorn creature she would be! Just to think that she had coldly repulsed the love he offered her a year ago—had sent him unlovingly from her, rejoicing even that he was going so far away! Now, if anything happened to him or should anything occur to part them, she felt that she would be receiving only her just punishment; but nevertheless she prayed earnestly that she might not be so punished.

“How could I know I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I tell I should love thee away
When I did not love thee near?”

One afternoon, as Judith, accompanied by the ever faithful Trap, was wending her way to Bonny Woods, where she spent so much of her time—pleasant dreamy hours, her thoughts flying to the lover over the sea, while her busy fingers deftly plied the needle—she heard a gay voice calling her name, and on looking around, saw Lydia Graham running toward her at the top of her speed, her long strides taking her over the ground at an astonishing rate.

“Where are you off to all by yourself, you solitary child?” she asked, laughing and gasping for breath after her violent exercise.

“To Bonny Woods!” she repeated, after Judith.
“What a lover of solitude you are, child.”

“Gently in the leafy forest
By the murmuring streams
Let me lull my happy heart in
Dreams, dreams, dreams.”

Quoted, or rather misquoted Lydia.

“If you are not averse to solitude *adieu* this afternoon; I will go with you to the woods.”

“I shall be delighted if you will,” answered Judy, heartily.

“What a treasure store of pleasant thoughts you must possess, Judy, to be able to enjoy so many solitary hours.”

“To be sure,” she added, smiling, “you have a handsome lover to think about, and I suppose that makes a world of difference to dreamy, sentimental people like yourself. Does it not, mouse?”

“Oh, not quite so much difference as that,” answered Judy, with a shy laugh.

“I think,” she resumed, as they walked along—“it is a fortunate thing for me that I am not one of those sentimental young women who are always pining for a love; for here am I twenty-two years old, and have never had a lover all to myself yet. You see I have always had to share them with the other girls. Maria and Kitty and I are all so exactly alike that men are hard put to it to make a final choice between us.”

That is rather hard, but it must be amusing, too,” answered Judy, laughing. “But, Lydia, I am sure I know a certain person who admires you; who will probably be your own particular property before long.”

“Oh, I suppose you are referring to Mr. Ross; but he is not my admirer. He was partly mine; the remaining parts of him were devoted to Kitty and Maria. He vacillated between the three of us till Kitty and I got disgusted at being wooed one day and overlooked the next; so as Maria appeared to be the favorite, if there was any distinction to be made at all, we retired from the field and left her in sole possession of Mr. Ross's wavering affections. The result has proved the wisdom of our action, for he proposed to Maria yesterday and was accepted. All the poor man wanted was a friendly shove in the right direction. As far as I am concerned he will be better appreciated as a brother-in-law than as a husband. He is a man who will need to be managed, and Maria has the bump of management (if there be such a bump) more developed than have Kitty or I.”

“It is evident you did not lose any portion of your heart over him,” said Judith, much amused.

“There is little danger of my losing that important possession on any one,” answered Lydia, with a slight grimace. “I don't think it is every woman's destiny to marry. A good many women, I take it, are sent into this world for other purposes than matrimony, and the sooner that truth is recognized the fewer discontented females there will be. Fugh! I would scorn to be unhappy or to lead a purposeless life just because some lord of creation had never asked me to love and cherish him.”

Here Miss Graham indulged in a hearty burst of laughter, in which Judy was obliged to join half reluctantly, and the former continued:

“If it were not for popular prejudice, single women would be as much regarded as the matrons, and would certainly occupy a higher plane of usefulness; for have not we, if we devote our energies nobly and unselfishly, more time and unrestrained liberty and often more physical strength, to devote ourselves to the welfare of those of our fellow creatures who are in need of sympathy and practical help? I do not doubt that it is the destiny of the majority of woman-kind to marry. Women like you, Judy, for instance.”

“Why not your destiny, also?” asked the other, gently.

“You will say I have been imbibing Mrs. Laurie's opinions; but I have not. I have never wished to marry; though I do confess a liking for masculine society. So I have come to the conclusion that matrimony is not my destiny, and have accordingly enrolled myself in the noble army of old maids,” replied Lydia, with one of her broad smiles.

“You speak as though you had formed some plan for your future life. Have you done so?” asked Judith, looking earnestly at the usually rollicking, fun-loving Lydia, who thus spoke so earnestly of woman's usefulness in the scheme of the universe.

“I have been trying to determine for several years what my proper vocation might be. I thought, at one time, of studying medicine, but father disapproved, and to tell the truth, though I believe that woman is intellectually man's equal, or would be if her intellect, like his, were cultivated, and encouraged to expand, I do not think that her place is in the dissecting room, the law courts or the pulpit. So I, not unwillingly, gave up the idea of a learned profession. But there is a profession, and a noble one, which it is a pity so many clever women overlook, or pass by contemptuously. In plain language, my dear little mouse, I am going to be a professional nurse. Father has given his consent, and I am going to St. Catharines to study.”

“A nurse! you Lydia, with your love of fun and pleasure, and fresh-air exercise! Oh! I do not think you will like it.”

“Probably I shall detest it at first. But how can a woman be useful in the world if she is not ready and willing to sacrifice her own little pleasures and selfish whims, and smother her dislike for the unpleasantnesses of her work,” answered Lydia, with a shy gravity that was altogether new to her.

“I know just what you are thinking, Judy,” she added, with a little laugh. “You think I am too boisterous and tomboyish, and brusque, and all sorts of objectionable things to make a good nurse; but I assure you I am not exactly all that I seem to the world—”

“Oh Lydia, I had no such thoughts as those; do you think I have not penetrated below that mask which you persist in wearing to deceive the world. Do you think I do not know what a kind, unselfish heart you have, even though you make believe to be careless and cynical? And—”

“Now, my dear mouse, please don't ascribe all sorts of good qualities to me which I don't possess.”

“But what I say is true, and I was going to add that what you call your tomboyishness and brusque manners are more than half assumed to hide the gentleness and softness of which you were a little bit ashamed. Am I not right?” asked Judith, laying her hand caressingly on Lydia's.

“Perhaps you are,” answered the latter, smiling; “only you will persist in magnifying my little good qualities into great ones.”

“No I do not. But, Lydia, have you considered well all the—the unpleasantnesses of the work you are about to undertake? I can well believe that your hand can be as gentle

and your voice as soft as any mother's: but—are you able for the work, do you think?"

"I have considered everything," answered Lydia, "and I am prepared to endure whatever may be disagreeable in my task, or rather, I should say, in my profession. This I know: it is a noble work and well worthy of the best laborers."

For a while longer the two girls talked on the subject, Judy gradually becoming infected with Lydia's enthusiasm, till she began to view this particular branch of woman's work in an entirely new and favorable light.

It was while they were thus conversing that a quick bark from Trap, an angry and altogether aggressive bark which was presently followed by one of undoubted joy and welcome, arrested the attention of the two girls. Lydia was the first to discover the cause of Trap's agitation; she started and then looked, with a humorous twinkle in her bright brown eyes, at her companion.

"When do you expect Mr. Littleworth, Judy?" she inquired, naively.

"Not till the end of the month. Why—" She perceived the expression of Lydia's face, and her own flushed and paled as she stood up and looked around with a soft, expectant light in her blue eyes.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, making a step forward, and then stopped, confused and trembling; while Littleworth, who had caught sight of her, advanced with rapid strides, his handsome, sun-burnt face all aglow with eager love.

Now Lydia, like all non-sentimental people, had an extraordinary horror of a scene, be it a love scene or any other, and as she sat there on the mossy log in full view of the meeting between the lovers, she devoutly wished that the earth would suddenly open and engulf her, log and all. As it was, she conceived a sudden interest in Trap, who was performing some idiotic antics with a large stone; and he evidently appreciated the close attention she gave to him, for he worked himself into such a transport of delight that the anxious gravity of Miss Graham's countenance relaxed in a broad smile.

But she need not have dreaded a scene between the lovers. Their greeting to one another was perfectly composed and altogether devoid of sentiment; except such as is conveyed from eye to eye, or in a close, long pressure of the hands. Most readers of these lines will understand these secret signs perfectly, the writer has no doubt. Lydia drew a breath of relief when, as she expressed it—"it was all over," and Mr. Littleworth advanced to shake hands with her, remarking that he was pleased to see her looking so well.

"I may return the compliments; for you are looking extremely well, Mr. Littleworth. Is he not, Judy?" she asked, with that mischievous twinkle in her eye again.

Judy answered "yes," and raised her eyes for a moment to meet his gaze fixed full upon her face, which crimsoned as she turned away with a wildly beating heart, and seated herself beside Lydia. But that decided young person was not disposed for the part of "Gooseberry," and rising, declared that she must hasten home or she would surely be late for tea, and laughingly setting aside Judith's eager protests bade them good afternoon, and left them.

"I almost think we had better be going, too," said Judith, nervously, half rising as she spoke, but Jack laid his hand on her arm, and gently detained her.

"It is really not very late, Judy. Give me at least half an hour, won't you? Come, let us sit down on the dear old mossy log." He drew her down beside him, and presently with his arm around her waist he bent his head and kissed her trembling lips.

"Do you love me, Judy?" he whispered, and she answered softly, "Yes."

So, like Lydia, reader, let you and me leave them to the enjoyment of what Miss Braddon calls "the sweet inanities of love."

THE END.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work now before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours of ages that follow it.—Emerson.

A Just Ordeal.

IT was to meet such difficulties as this that Tontines—"Bother!"

I wrote the first sitting at my desk, and said the last aloud, impatiently—well, there, angrily—for Mattie had bounced into the room, run to the back of my chair, and clapped her hands over my eyes, exclaiming:

"Oh, Dick, what a shame! and you promised to come up and dress."

"I do wish you would not be so childish!" I cried, snatching away her hands. "There's a blot you've made on my manuscript."

"Don't be so cross, sir!" she said, laughing, as she gave a waltz around the room, making her pretty silk dress whisk every one of the chairs, which she merrily picked up, and then coming to my writing table, she took a rose out of a basket of flowers, and began to arrange it in her chair.

"I am not cross," I said, coldly, "but engaged in a serious work of a mercantile and monetary nature. You seem to think men ought always to be butterflies."

"No, I don't," she cried.

"There, will that do?"

She held her hand on one side for me to see the creamy rose nestling in her crisp, dark hair; but after a glance at it, I let my eyes fall upon my desk, and went on writing my pamphlet. I saw that she was looking wistfully at me, but I paid no heed, and then she came and rested her hands upon my shoulder.

"Are you cross with me, Dick?" she said softly.

"Cross, no!" I jerked out impatiently. "Only I thought I had married a woman, and she has turned out to be a child." There was silence then for a few minutes, only broken by the scratching of a pen. The little hands twitched a little as they lay upon my shoulder, and I very nearly wrote down instead of the calculations—"Richard Marlow, how can you be such a disgraceful wretch?" But of course I did not write it—only thought—and then I felt wonderfully disposed to turn round, snatch the little graceful figure to my breast, and kiss away the tears which I knew were gathering in her eyes.

Somehow or other, though, I did not do it—only went on glumly writing—for I was cross, worried or annoyed. I had set myself a task that necessitated constant application, and I was not getting on as I could wish; so, like many more weak-minded individuals of the male sex, instead of asking for the comforts and advice of my wife, I visited my disappointment upon the first weak object at hand, and that object was the lady in question.

"Please, Dick, dear, don't be angry with me. I can't help feeling very young and girlish, though I am your wife. I do try, oh! so hard, to be womanly, but Dick, dear, I am only eighteen and a-half."

"Thirteen and a-half, I should say," I said scornfully, just as if some sour spirit were urging me on to say biting, sarcastic things that I knew would hurt the poor girl; but for the life of me I could not help it.

There was no answer—only a little sigh—and the hands were withdrawn.

I went on writing—rubbish that I knew I should have to cancel.

"Had you not better get ready, Dick?" said Mattie, softly. You said you would come when I went up stairs, and the Wilson's won't like it if you are late."

"Hang the Wilsons!" I growled.

There was another pause, filled up by the scratch of one of the noisiest pens I ever used, and another little sigh.

Mattie was standing close behind me, but I did not look around, and at last she glided gently to a chair and sat down.

"What are you going to do?" I asked roughly.

"Only to wait for you, Dick, dear," she replied.

"You need not wait. Go on, I shan't come. Say I've a headache—say anything."

"Dick are you unwell?" she said, tenderly, as she came behind me once more, and rested her little hand on my shoulder.

"Yes—no—. Pray don't bother. Go on. Perhaps I'll come and fetch you."

There was another pause.

"Dick, dear I'd rather not go without you," she said, meekly, at last.

"And I'd rather you would go without me! I said angrily. The Wilson's are our best friends, and I won't have them slighted."

"Then why not come, Dick, dear," said the little woman, and I could see she was struggling to keep down her tears.

"Because I've no time for such frivolity. There, you have wasted enough of my time already, so go."

Scratch, scratch, scratch went that exasperating pen, as I went on writing more stuff to cancel, and yet too weak and angry to leave off like a sensible man, run up and change my things, and accompany my wife to the pleasant and social gathering a few doors lower down our road.

She had been looking forward to the visit as a treat. So had I until that gloomy fit came over me; but as I had taken the step already made, I felt that I could not retreat without looking foolish, so I acted with that usual wisdom displayed by men under such circumstances and made matters worse.

"Did you hear me say that I wished you to go alone?" I said angrily.

"Yes, yes, Dick, dear, I'll go if you wish," Mattie said very meekly; "but, indeed I'd rather stay at home."

"You are desired to go; you have a rose in your hair," I said satirically—oh, that poor satire, when it was put there to please me! "and they expect you; so now go—and enjoy yourself," I added, by way of a sting to my speech.

"I can't enjoy myself, Dick," she said gently, unless you come, too. Let me stay."

"I desire you to go!" I exclaimed banging my hand down on the desk.

She looked at me with the great tears standing in her piteous eyes, and then, coming nearer, she bent over and kissed my forehead.

"Will you come and fetch me, Dick?" she said, softly.

"Yes—no—perhaps—I don't know," I said, roughly, as I repelled her caresses; and then, looking wistfully at me, she went away slowly to the door, glided out and was gone.

That broke the spell, and I started from my seat, but more angry than ever. I was wroth with her for obeying me so meekly, and I gently opened the door, to hear her call her maid and tell her to accompany her as far as the Wilson's.

Then I heard them go—heard the girl return, and the door close, and I was alone.

Alone? Well, not exactly; for so to speak, I was having an interview with my angry self, as I felt that I was asking how I could let a feeling of annoyance act upon my better nature and make me behave as I did to the sweet little girlish being who, during the six months we had been married, had never looked at me but with the eyes of love.

"Change your things and go after her," something seemed to say, but I repelled it, threw my writing aside, kicked off my boots, snatched my slippers out of the sideboard, thrust the easy chair in front of the cosy fire, threw myself into it, and then with my feet on the fender and my hands in my pockets, I sat, morose, bitter and uncomfortable, gazing at the glowing embers.

"She had no business to go!" I exclaimed. "She knew I was up all last night, writing that abominable book, and was out of sorts, and ought to have stayed."

Then I reviewed the past half hour, and grew calmer as I leaned back, knowing as I did, that I forced her to go, poor child, and how miserable she would be.

"She'll forget it among all those people," I said bitterly;

but I did not believe it, and at last I sat there calling myself ass, idiot, blind madman, to plant, as I had, the first seed of what might grow into a very upas-tree of dissension, and blight the whole of our married life.

"Poor little darling!" I said at last; "I'll wait up till she comes home, and then tell her how sorry I am for my folly, and ask her forgiveness."

"But, as a man, can I do that?" I said. "Will it not be weak?"

"Never mind!" I exclaimed, "I'll do it! Surely, there can be no braver thing to do than to own one's self in the wrong. Life is too short to blur it with petty quarrels. And suppose she was taken ill to-night—my darling whom I love with all my heart! Or, suppose she went too near the fire and her dress caught alight! There, how absurd! Thank goodness she is in silk, and not in one of them flyaway muslins!"

I sat on musing and musing, till suddenly there was a buzz outside the house, and the rush of feet. I fancied I heard the word "fire!" repeated again and again, and turning to the window, there was a glow which lighted the whole place.

I dashed down stairs, and out of the door to find the road thronged, for a house a little lower down was in flames, and, to my horror, I had not taken a dozen steps before I found that it was our friends', the Wilson's.

There was no engine, but a crowd of excited people, talking eagerly; and just then the fire escape came trundling along the road.

It was quite time, for the house, as I reached it, was blazing furiously, the flames darted out in long, fiery tongues from half the upper windows, while at several there were people piteously crying for help.

I found my way through the crowd, and tried to run up to the house but, half-a-dozen officious people held me back, while the men with the escape tried to rear it against the house; but it would not reach because of the garden in front, so that they had to get the wheels of the escape over the iron railing, and this caused great delay.

"Let me go!" I panted to those who held me. "Let me go! Some one—some one is in the house."

"You can't do any good, sir," said a policeman, roughly, "The escape men will do all they can."

But I struggled frantically and got loose, feeling all the time a horrible, despairing sensation, as I knew that my poor darling was one of the shrieking supplicants for help at the upper windows and that but for my folly I might have saved her.

As I freed myself from those who held me, and ran to the escape it was to find that the man who had ascended it had just been beaten back by the flames.

"It's no good," he said "we must try the back."

He was about to drag the machine away when I heard my name called, "Dick! Dick!" in piteous tones; and as I was once more seized, I shook myself free, rushed up the ladder, with the flames scorching and burning my face, and panting breathlessly, I reached a window where Mattie stood stretching out her hands.

I got astride the sill, the flames being wafted away from me, and threw my arms around her; but as I did so the ladder gave way, burned through by the flames that gushed furiously from the lower window, and I felt that I must either jump or descend by the staircase.

There was no time for thinking, so I climbed in, lifted Mattie in my arms, feeling her dress crumble in my hands

as I touched her; and the horrible odor of burned hair rose in my nostrils as I saw her wild and blackened face turned to mine.

"Dick, Dick!" she gasped, "save me!" and then fainted.

Fortunately I was as much at home in the house as my own room, and making for the staircase, through flame and smoke, I reached it in safety, but below me was what seemed to be a fiercely blazing furnace.

I recoiled for a moment, but it was my only hope, and I recalled that the lower floor was yet untouched by the fire; it was the one beneath me that was blazing so furiously.

So, getting a good tight grip on my treasure, I rushed down the burning stairs, feeling them crackle and give way as I bounded from one to the other.

It was a fiery ordeal, but in a few seconds I was below the flames, and reached the hall, where, panting and suffocating, I struggled to the door, reached it, and fell.

If I could have opened it, I knew we were safe; but I was exhausted, and the hot air caught me by the throat and seemed to strangle me. I raised my hand to the lock, but it fell back. I beat feebly at the door, but there was only the roar of flames to answer me, and I made one more supreme effort, panting and struggling, to reach the fastening. I was, as it were, dragged back by the weight of the burden I still clasped to my heart.

It was more than human endurance could bear, and I felt that the end was near, and to make my sufferings more poignant, Mattie seemed to revive, struggling with me for her life, as she kept repeating my name, and clinging to me till

"Dick—dear Dick! wake; pray wake! Are you ill?"

I started up to find Mattie clinging to me; and clasping her tightly to my heart, a great sob burst from my breast as I kissed her passionately again and again, hardly able to believe my senses.

"Oh, Dick!" she panted, "you did frighten me so! I couldn't stay to supper at the Wilsons', dear, for I could do nothing but think about your sitting here, alone, and cross with me. So—so—so, I was so miserable, Dick, and I slipped away and came home to find you lying here, panting and struggling; you would not wake when I shook you. Were you ill?"

"Oh, no, not at all," I said, as I kissed her again and again, being now for the first time sensible of a smarting pain in my foot.

"You've burned yourself, too, Dick; look at your foot."

"It was quite true; the toe of one slipper must have been in contact with the fire, and it was burned completely off.

"But, Dick, dear Dick," she whispered, nestling closer to me, "are you very angry with your little wife for being such a girl?"

I could not answer, only thank God that my weak fit of folly was past, as I clasped her closer and closer yet.

"Mattie," I whispered at length with a husky voice, "can you forgive me for being so weak?"

I could say no more for the hindrance of two soft lips placed upon mine; and while they rested there I made a vow I hope I shall have strength to keep; our real troubles are so many, it is folly to invent the false.

At last, when I was free, I took the rose from where it was nestled in her hair, and placed it in my pocket book, while in answer to the inquiring eyes that were bent on mine, I merely said:

"For a memento of a dreadful dream."

By the way I never finished that pamphlet.

OUR GEM CASET.

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

Be praised not for your ancestors but for your virtues.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Shun every act that can be judged unworthy of commendation.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

The question is: "Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her hair bang?"

In the worst of times there is more cause to complain of an evil heart than of an evil world.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.

To judge of the real importance of an individual one must think of the effect his death would produce.

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.—*Paley*.

The mistakes of women result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.

Pleasure is a weak tie of friendship; those who toil together are stronger friends than those who play.

The amount of pin money required by a woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling pins.

It is never the opinions of others that displease us, but the pertinacity they display in obtruding them upon us.

"Yes," he said, "I can give you a disinterested opinion of Mr. Stone's lecture, for I never felt less interested in a lecture in my life."

"Do you believe in an omen?" was once asked Ned Southern. "Only when it has a 'w' before it," was the prompt reply.

Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot upon all-high rocks, thou abidest—ever what thou art.—*Goethe*.

The man who threatens loudly the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time, will cease to miss him.—*Johnson*.

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?" "Why, don't you know?" said four-year-old Annie; "one geese is goose, and a whole lot of geeses is geese."

Butcher: "I can't accept that trade dollar, madam; it's not a legal tender." Customer: "Oh, you needn't put on any airs about that trade dollar! It is as near legal tender as your beef is."

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young Milton husband a few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that very pie and sent it to me—" "Why, Sadie, don't cry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Mother probably never made that pie. She bought it at your father's bakery."

The Family Circle.

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Eighth Year.

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LAWSON & JONES, - Publishers & Proprietors.

Highly Important.

The "Family Circle" Consolidated with the
"Exponent."

The publishers of the Rochester *Exponent* having purchased the good-will of this publication and reduced the subscription price of the *Exponent* to \$1.00 per year, the subscribers to the FAMILY CIRCLE will hereafter be furnished with that excellent paper.

"THE EXPONENT"

will be found by our many friends throughout the Dominion to be one of the best literary, temperance, educational and family newspapers published, and from the facts of its being of a much larger size and containing a larger amount of varied literature, we have no doubt it will be duly appreciated and deservedly welcomed by all our readers.

After this week the *Exponent* may be looked for in place of the FAMILY CIRCLE, and subscribers renewing their subscriptions will send hereafter to Rev. E. Lansing Newman, 144 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y., to whom all dues are payable.

LAWSON & JONES.

CIRCLE CHAT.

VALEDICTORY.

As will be seen from the above statement of the publishers, with this issue the FAMILY CIRCLE in its present form will cease to exist. This is a matter of regret to its publishers, and will no doubt also cause sorrow in the minds of many of its readers. From a business standpoint, however, the publishers have deemed the new move one of practical benefit to themselves, while it should also result beneficially to their successors, who, as they have done, will strive faithfully to supply their readers' demand for an interesting, lively and moral periodical.

We might state, in this connection, that the selling of the FAMILY CIRCLE has nothing to do with our Job Printing Department any more than that it will give us an opportunity to extend our facilities for this line of work, for which we are adding new material constantly, and in which, through good work and low prices, we expect to give better satisfaction than ever.

CONGRATULATORY.

In disposing of the FAMILY CIRCLE to the publishers or such an excellent paper as the *Exponent*, we have every reason to congratulate our readers upon the new paper which they will henceforward receive. The publishers of the *Exponent*, under able management, furnish one of the best, and, at its new subscription rates, cheapest family papers at present published. We trust our many friends will appreciate this worthy paper and renew their subscriptions as soon as their present terms expire.

Tedious Talkers.

How many tedious talkers one is forced to tolerate in the highways of society! They commence a sentence and pause, make a great account of a prolonged "and," use a word, and then change it for another, and consume so much precious time that, the listener becoming impatient, what they say is deemed small compensation for the time occupied. Surrounded by bright spirits, all of whom have something to say well worth the hearing, it is insufferably annoying to be obliged to sit outwardly calm and respectful and listen to long-drawn sentences, the pith of whose meaning could have been expressed in a few well-chosen words. It may be said in extenuation that all have not the power to "talk right on." But the habit of talking well may be acquired. In the first place, one must be sure he has something to say before monopolizing the time which might otherwise be profitably employed; and then, in a few simple, well-adapted words, bear part in the general conversation. The wiser and more educated the society in which one finds himself, the less the necessity of robbing the dictionary for its polysyllables. The best one has to say is best said in the simplest manner, for all love most that "talk" which seems the natural overflow of the mind. Also discard all desire to shine, and listen with respectful attention when others speak.

The True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew, that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew if the little steam-tug untwined her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-docked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream, and been heard of no more.—O. W. Holmes

Keep Home Matters Secret.

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state, and your heart! Let no father or mother, or sister, or brother, ever presume to come between you, or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone. With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confident of aught that disturbs your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew you vow; it will do you good, and thereby our minds will grow together, contented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

Since the days of the Stuarts the increase of wealth in England has been more rapid than the increase of population.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

V. R.—To ease ear ache or almost any pain, lay on cloths wrung from hot water. Change them every minute.

R. R.—We will send the FAMILY CIRCLE, containing the complete story of "Bonny Woods," to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents in scrip or postage stamps. Address, Lawson and Jones, Publishers, London East, Canada.

H. H.—To make Dutch cheese take the smear case or curb, which must be very dry, rub into it a good quantity of powdered sage and a little salt. Make it into balls the size of an apple, coat over with butter, and set away on a shelf until the outside becomes a greenish rind. Scrape off the rind and slice for a tea "relish."

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Work a Law of Nature.

Work is so thoroughly a law of nature for man as well as animals, that any organ left inactive decays from day to day. Thus, the well-being of an organ is indissolubly connected with its activity. One of the most curious illustrations of the above principle is the reaction which the amputation of a limb exercises upon the brain. That organ regulates the movements of every member of a healthy body; but if one member be wanting, then the respective portion of the brain has nothing more to do, and consequently exhibits a tendency to wither away. Several instances have already been recorded which indicated a probable injury to the brain, resulting from deficient activity in some portion of the body, and now M. Bourdon has communicated to the Paris Academy of Medicine a case of brain-wasting arising from the amputation of a limb. A soldier, whose left arm had been removed some forty years ago, lately died from inflammation of the brain after thirty-six hours' illness, and the *post-mortem* examination showed that one side of the brain presented differences from the other. During the later years of the man's life, the leg corresponding with the amputated arm gradually became lame, the injury done to the brain having, it is considered, reacted upon the leg.

Abernathy on Over-Feeding.

The importance of recognizing and teaching that most individuals, men, women and children, in modern society eat more than is good for them, is so manifest that we quote the following passage from Abernathy, which shows that he fully grasped this key-stone of successful practice:—

"There can be no advantage in putting more food into the stomach than it is competent to digest, for the surplus can never afford nourishment to the body; on the contrary it will be productive of various evils.

Nature seems to have formed animals to live and enjoy health upon a scanty and precarious supply of food, but man in civilized society, having food always at command, and finding gratification from its taste, and a temporary hilarity and energy result from the excitement of his stomach, which he can at pleasure produce, eats and drinks an enormous deal more than is necessary for his wants or welfare; he fills his stomach and bowels with food which actually putrefies in those organs; he also fills his blood-vessels till he oppresses them and induces disease in them as well as in his heart. If his digestion be imperfect, he fills them with unassimilable substances, from which nutriment cannot be drawn, and

which must be injurious. In proportion as the powers of the stomach are weak, so ought we to diminish the quantity of our food, and take care that it should be nutritious and as easy of digestion as possible.

We should proportion the quantity of food to the powers of the stomach, adapt its quality to the feelings of the organ, and take it at regular intervals thrice during the day. A patient lately gave me the following account of his own proceeding with respect to diet. He said, "When thou toldest me to weigh my food, I did not tell thee that I was in the habit of weighing myself, and that I had lost fourteen pounds' weight per month for many months before I saw thee. By following thine advice I have got rid of what thou didst consider a very formidable local malady, and upon thy allowance of food I have regained my flesh, and feel as competent to exertion as formerly, though I am not indeed so fat as I used to be. I own to thee, that as I got better I thought thy allowance was very scanty, and being strongly tempted to take more food, I did so; but I continued the practice of weighing myself, and found that I regularly lost weight upon an increased quantity of food; wherefore I returned to that which was prescribed to me."—*The Medical Age.*

Bread vs. Eæf.

In a recent report to the Royal Society of England, Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart, L.L.D., F. R. S., F. C. S., and Joseph Henry Gilbert, Ph. D., L.L.D., F. R. S., V. P. C. S. (certainly very titled authorities), present facts drawn from a long series of experiments which show conclusively that wheat meal and other whole-grain preparations are in no way inferior to butcher's meat, either as flesh formers or as heat producers. This at once silences the long-used argument that animal food is essential for the purpose of maintaining the strength.

Health Hints.

The pain of teething may be almost done away, and the health of the child benefited, by giving it fine splinters of ice, picked off with a pin, to melt in its mouth. The fragment is so small that it is but a drop of water before it can be swallowed, and the child has all the coolness for its feverish gums without the slightest injury. The avidity with which the little things taste the cooling morsel, the instant quiet which succeeds hours of fretfulness, and the sleep which follows the relief, are the first witnesses of this magic remedy. Ice may be fed to a three-months' old child this way, each splinter being no larger than a common pin, for five or ten minutes, the result being that it has swallowed in that time a teaspoonful of warm water, which, so far from being a harm, is good for it, and the process may be repeated hourly, or as often as the fretting fits from teething begin.

Milk and lime water is said to prove beneficial in dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach. The way to make the lime-water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslacked lime, put the lime in a fruit-can, add water until it is slacked and of the consistency of thin cream; the lime settles, and leaves the pure and clear lime water at the top. A goblet of cow's milk may have six or eight teaspoonfuls of lime water added with good effect. Great care should be taken not to get the lime-water too strong; pour off without disturbing the precipitated lime. Sickness of the stomach is promptly relieved by a teaspoonful of warm water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. If it brings the offending matter up, all the better.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Ostrich plumes are the least fashionable of all feathers.

Letters from abroad say that white stockings are coming into fashion again.

Sleeves are still worn very high, and the most stylish of them are puffed on the shoulder.

Hairpins made of pure steel are coming into fashion. When the hair is coiled on the crown of the head, an amber prong is the proper ornament for it.

Sealskin jackets in the jersey style, but quite short and untrimmed, are more popular with young ladies than the long sealskin sacque of former years.

The fronts of elegant dress skirts are covered with tassels, tabs, loops or pointed ends of ribbon, or of beaded hanging bars, that shake and glisten with every motion of the wearer.

The English fashion of cropping the hair short all over the head, and forming it into little loose rings, has again reached America, and many ladies are sacrificing their luxuriant tresses to the Moloch of the present age.

The broad brimmed brown felt hats are very becoming and stylish for little girls; these may be faced with soft surah of any desirable shade, with a twist of the same around the crown, and a bunch of marabout feathers at the side.

Blouse waists are causing the revival of belts. Belts are seen with all kinds of dresses. They are made of either broad ribbon or velvet, and are fastened at the side with a rosette or bow. Cloth or leather belts are useful, and are usually black or brown.

Plain jersey waists of wool have become too common to be worn by exclusive ladies, but waists of silk stockinette are shown, beaded with borders of cut jet beads or seeded with beads to form an armor-like cuirass of solid jet. These waists range in price from \$50 to \$75 each.

A style of coiffure which is almost universally becoming has the appearance of being carelessly arranged. The back hair is drawn up rather high and loosely plaited. There is an almost indistinct parting noticeable in the front, while the locks at the side being shingled, a high and full effect is given. The frizzes are half rings worn high or low, according to fancy.

The rough, knotty surface of cloth resembling Astrakhan fur has been revived and will be very fashionable during the winter for cloaks. These are particularly nice for Misses and will answer for the street, for school cloaks and general wear. It also comes in different width strips for trimming redingotes, polonaises and jackets. It is just as effective and handsome and has as fine silky look as the real Astrakhan and is much lower priced.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CORN BREAD, OR JOHNNY CAKE.—Two teacupfuls of sour milk, one and a-half cups each of Indian meal and coarse flour, two large spoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, steam one and a-half hours. It makes a splendid loaf.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix finely ground graham flour with half milk and half water; add a little salt; beat, making the batter thin enough to pour; have the gem-pan very hot; grease it; fill as quickly as possible, and return immediately to a hot oven; bake about thirty minutes. Practice will teach just the proper consistency of the batter and the best temperature of the oven. It is very important to beat it well.

GOOD BREAD.—Six potatoes, boiled and mashed while hot, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, two of butter, one quart of warm water; into this stir three cups of flour, beaten to a smooth batter; add six tablespoonfuls of yeast, set over night and in the morning knead in sufficient flour to make a stiff, spongy dough; knead for fifteen minutes. Set away to rise and when light, knead ten minutes. Mould into small loaves, let rise and bake in a hot oven.

RAISIN COOKIES.—Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful chopped raisins, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, spice.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Beat two eggs in a cup, fill with sweet cream, and add one teacupful of sugar, one and one-half of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. *Filling.*—One cupful chocolate grated, one-half cupful pulverized sugar, one-fourth cupful of milk. Heat or melt on the stove, stirring all the time to prevent burning. Spread between the layers also on the top; use baker's chocolate. This receipt for cake will make nice jelly, cream, orange, lemon, and coconut cake.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Bedbug poison—oil of sassafras.

Do all your mending once a week.

Set brooms away handles downwards.

Saltpetre and olive oil will cure corns.

Eat slowly and you will not over-eat.

Brooms scalded once a week wear long.

Wash whitewashed walls with vinegar to make paper stick.

Where the corner of a carpet gets loose, nail it down at once.

Tobacco tea will kill worms in flower pots and is also good for the plant.

Camphor will prevent moths; the gum near your silver will keep it bright.

Do not always keep your piano or organ closed if you want the keys to remain white.

Scrub floors with an old broom and strong lye, little at a time, then mop with warm water.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory knife handles that may have become yellow with use or age.

A little milk in the water in which you are washing your dishes, is much nicer than soap.

Mix turpentine with stove polish, put on cold stove a little at a time; will shine when rubbed.

A door panel may be improved by carelessly arranging a number of bright Christmas cards upon it.

Silver becoming black may be avoided by keeping that which is not often used, in cotton-flannel bags, with small bags about the size of a thimble filled with bits of gum camphor packed in around the articles.

Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda—one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel and keep in a dry place.

SELECTED.

"S'pp'ing only what is sweet ;
L'et ve the chaff and take the wheat."

Words at Parting.

If you were starting on a long, long journey,
And loving friends were near
To say farewell and witness your embarking,
What would you wish to hear?

Would you desire that with distracting wailings
They cling, and pray you stay?

Although they knew the going and the passage
Were planned for many a day.

Would it appease the pangs of separation
If they should all declare
No draught of pleasure should by them be taken
While you were elsewhere?

But that each hour their doleful lamentations
Should sound to call you back?
They would not sing, nor laugh, nor join in joyance
But mourn, and mourn, alack!

Your soul would sink, and every day of absence,
Lie heavy on your heart ;
The profit and the pleasure of the journey
Would every whit depart!

What would it count if most exquisite landscapes
Were spread before your eyes?
You could not see their beauty for a vision
Of home-hurt miseries.

The riches of the wondrous, far off country
Would be ungarnered all,
Because forsooth, you must be so enfeebled
By self-love's hungry call.

O, how much better that the friends in waiting
Bid you God speed, and say
"We will avail us of the good things left us
The while you are away.

"We will not famish. Think of us as thriving,
Constant in love, and true.
If illness seize you, or mischance befall you,
Why—we will come to you!

You could depart, peace, like a white-robed angel,
Keeping you company ;
Calm, free, and heartsome, growing and enriching
By what you hear and see.

So should it be when through death's gate of silence
Those near to us depart—
Vex not their souls! Bespeak a pleasant future
With great love in your heart.

The theory has been advanced that a cross dog will not attack a man who lifts his hat to the animal, "as it presents to the dog's mind the apparition of a living creature taking himself apart." A Norristown man met a savage dog yesterday and gave the theory a practical test. It was not a gratifying success. It took a dollar's worth of court plaster to stick the man together. Some of him came apart in reality, but the dog didn't seem to care a particle.—*Norristown Herald.*

Within an Inch of My Life.

DURING the earlier years of my medico-military career I was selected as the Assistant-Surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum, then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but as I did not see it quiet in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of him.

"Sir," said I, "some men are born to honors; others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment, moral or medical, of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the asylum you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole."

"That is not of the slightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will fit you to a T; and if so be that ye don't know anything consarning lunatics, whoy the sooner ye learn the bether Ye'll be plazed to jine widout delay. Good morning." So he bowed me out, and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, "jined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings that "Use doth breed a habit in a man." Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces, I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid forever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider, naturally enough, entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a mad-house. With a pass-key which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wonder over it unattended either by the keeper or orderlies; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name "Within an inch of my Life."

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarly. I was doing so, as usual, upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the Forty-fifth, or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden tools or other implements put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle in his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess

that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly and exclaimed, "Holloa, Mathews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said "Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated. "I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment, to see my poor old mother and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad, like the others. God knows that, so do you. But if I am kept much longer I shall be stark-staring mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now boiling over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground. "Mathews," I said, "I know that you are not mad, so listen a moment. How can I get you out? I am not the mad doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now."

"No, you won't indeed.

"Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of."

"That's no matter to me. 'I'll make you. See this?' He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving stone of some pounds in weight, such as the court-yard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defence. The rules prevented my taking into the interior of the asylum even a walking-stick, and man to man the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then while, Damocles-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: "What if I try to dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out.

"Let me out, then!" he answered.

"Put down that stone and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done."

"Doctor, I swear!" And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked around once again, really to spy if any official was in sight, but in such a shy, covert way as to make Mathews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

"You know the locality outside the barracks?"

"Yes. I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment."

"Well, this door (pointing to one which was close to us) leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Denes."

He was all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

"Here, take this key." I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket, I forgot to what

it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor.

"What then sir?" he asked in less excited tones.

"This: With my pass-key I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down, feel for the lock of the outer door, open it with this key and escape!"

"You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this if I am brought back I'll murder you!"

"Mathews, if you escape by the method I have pointed out, no one shall know it."

"You are the soldier's friend!" he replied. "Let me shake hands with you, sir."

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his, but I quickly opened the door alluded to, and without the least shadow of suspicion he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very wall. He was enclosed in a bath-room.

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor; and as soon as I came to my senses I told them what had happened, and steps were taken to have Mathews so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care never again to perambulate the asylum without my orderly escort.

About Bears:

In early times on the Pacific slope, says a correspondent of the *Portland Oregonian*, adventures with the grizzly bear were very common, and it was always a favorite theme around a camp-fire. No doubt many of these stories were lies from end to end. But many true ones were never penned. There were many poor fellows who carried unmistakable marks of having had a dreadful encounter with a grizzly bear. These stories naturally created a desire, especially among those who love the excitement of the chase, to have a skirmish with a grizzly. But the first sight of one of these monsters usually produces a kind of paralysis, a cooling off of the ardor engendered around a camp-fire, and the first desire experienced is personal safety, and, suiting the action to the desire, a place of safety is generally sought in a hurry.

Grizzly bears are not yet ranked among an extinct race of animals, for they are frequently found in the Selkirk Mountain and still farther south. They are the genuine stock, too, weighing from one to two thousand pounds, and have all the native ferocity of those formerly found in Southern Oregon and California. There are several other varieties of the bear family found—the cinnamon, brown, and black bear. Their tracks are frequently seen in the sand and mud on the banks of the rivers and creeks where they go to catch salmon. The Indians say they have killed three grizzly bears this season—two very large ones. We must not always reckon on the size of the track. The black bear, the smallest of the family, makes sometimes the largest track. He is very loose-jointed, his paws spread out, and he leaves an impression on the sand and mud very large for the size of his body. The nimbleness of his joints permits him to handle his legs, particularly his fore legs, with a great deal of dexterity. He can climb a tree faster than a man. Not so with a grizzly. He stands more erect on his legs. He is built more for

strength than nimbleness, and therefore is not in the habit of climbing small trees. This fact has saved many men from being torn to pieces, and is a consolation to the pursued.

Bear stories are less frequent in camp than formerly, but still we have, now and then, an adventure with the mountain monster. One of our party, Capt. P., once went out prospecting for a quartz lode. With pick in hand he commenced climbing the mountain, closely scanning every rock showing indications of mineral. At last he came to a large fallen cedar lying across his course. Fastening his pick on the top of the log he hoisted himself up so he could look over it. Just then a large grizzly raised himself up. They met face to face, each staring into the other's eyes, with nothing but the cedar log between them. The Captain says the bear showed him his teeth. He thinks there was a full set and in excellent condition. He does not know how long this pantomime lasted, but he remembered letting all hold go from that log and sliding down, and making for a tree near by, which he went "up in a jiffy." Just as he was leaving the log he says he saw a big paw reach over on his side of it, and give a terrible scratch. He felt thankful that he was not there to get that scratch, and it was a "bare scratch" that he was not there.

Up that tree the Captain felt safe for the time being, and could look down and see Mr. Grizzly, who was standing on the opposite side, with his paws resting leisurely on the log, looking straight up the tree, evidently studying the situation for an offensive as well as defensive operation. Grizzly soon got down and went off a short distance, then turning around took another glance at the man up the tree, then went into the bush, and was soon out of sight.

After some delay the Captain ventured down from the tree, and, finding a smooth, narrow gulch, where he sat down, gave a wriggle or two, and soon found himself on the banks of the Columbia River, going down at 2.15 speed. He came into camp alone and without his hat, and related his adventure. The captain thinks that grizzly went after reinforcements.

Now, this interview between the Captain and the grizzly is the Captain's side of the story. The other side has not been heard from. As both sides of a story ought to be heard, the writer would suggest that it is quite reasonable to suppose that the cause of the grizzly's leaving the field first was that he had become tired of the monotony and disgusted with the non-combativeness of his intruder, and that he went in search of more agreeable and exciting amusement, but as it stands the Captain claims the victory because he left the field last. It was a noticeable fact that the Captain preferred standing to sitting while partaking of his camp meals for several days.

The day of this adventure some Indians passed, and they were informed of it. They pursued grizzly with their dogs, and on the following day a large grizzly was killed in that vicinity. Notwithstanding the evidence being conclusive the identical animal has been killed, the Captain thinks that some of the kindred might still be living, and that he has no desire, personally, to dispute a grizzly's claim to a quartz ledge.

The Texas Cowboy.

The Texas cowboy is yet to be described. They have had no Bret Harte to write their histories, as the Californians of 1849 had, and no man who has not been among them, seen their lawlessness, their bravery, their heroism, their reckless

disregard of human life, can have an idea of what they really are. The cowboy is a law unto himself. I was a cowboy myself for five years before I bought a ranch and made some lucky ventures in cattle, and I know them and like them. The cowboy's dress is usually a shirt, a pair of Mexican cloth pants, with belt around the waist, in which is carried a couple of pistols, generally of the Smith & Wessons, a broad white sombrero, a pair of heavy top-boots, into which his pants are stuffed, and a rifle swung over his back. They are in the saddle fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and are the finest horsemen in the world. The stories told of their marksmanship are not exaggerated. I have seen them snuff a candle at fifty and seventy-five yards with a rifle and think nothing of it. The quickness with which they can draw and fire is something wonderful. I saw Black John Adams, a notorious character who roams about the western part of the State, shoot a man five times before his victim fell. When they examined him they found that the five shots had entered into his breast in a space hardly larger than a dollar, and all the five bullets had passed through his heart. The man had thrown a glass of whiskey at Adams's head. These men know no law and respect no law. They have a strange kind of system of ethics among themselves. One will always take the part of another in a row. A man who gets whipped is held almost in the same light as a man would be held here who would depart with his employer's money. Murder, open, fearless murder, is to a cowboy's credit. I saw one of them with a notched knife. There were fifteen notches, and each notch represented a dead man. He was but twenty years old. They are paid about twenty dollars per month, and, as they generally work far from the haunts of men, they have no opportunity to spend much of this money. When they come to town they usually come in crowds, and with plenty of money. Then woe to the man who insults or cheats them. They usually get drunk on such occasions, and, among other methods of amusing themselves, they have a way of going into a bar-room and shooting the corks off bottles, and other little eccentricities of that kind.

Like all Americans on the border of civilization, they have a strong sense of humor and of sentiment. No matter how drunk a cowboy is, he is always ready to appreciate a joke; and a woman never has to appeal to a him in vain for protection. It is true, if he fancies her particularly he may express his devotion in an uncouth way, but I have seen some instances of rare delicacy among them. I knew one of these men to give almost a year's salary to help a poor Massachusetts girl who had stranded in a frontier town, without friends or clothes or money, to get her back to her people. Of course, these men have their leaders, their heroes—men who can drink more whiskey, shoot faster and surer, risk their lives more recklessly, be first in at a dance and at a death, more chivalrous, more generous than the common herd. If I would tell you of some of the noted desperadoes I have met, and repeat the stories that are told of their lawlessness, deeds of heroic ruffianism, you would hardly believe me. But the cowboy is fast losing caste. The law is becoming supreme. The great ranches are being divided up, towns are becoming more numerous and their police more efficient. The cowboy like the Forty-niner will soon be a thing of the past.—*W. G. Gates.*

Edison is credited with saying, "It requires just as much ingenuity to make money out of an invention as to make the invention."

Healthy Women.

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that the pale, interesting type of beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago, when tight lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed.

Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more and are more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of all blessing that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes.

American homes, more than any other perhaps in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and then go into the air and sunshine as men do and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to.

On the contrary it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole country over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to go ahead, and the result will soon be manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horseback, and walking as for a wager, but they will be in style.

Getting Up.

Have you brought my boots, Jemima? Leave them at my chamber door.

Does the water boil, Jemima? Place it also on the floor. Eight o'clock already, is it? How's the weather, pretty fine? Eight is tolerably early; I can get away by nine.

Still I feel a little sleepy, though I came to bed at one. Put the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are nicely done! I'll be down in twenty minutes—or, if possible, in less; I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin to dress. She is gone, the brisk Jemima; she is gone, and little thinks how the sluggard yearns to capture yet another forty winks. Since the bard is human only—not an early village cock—Why should he salute the morning at the hour of eight o'clock?

Stified by the voice of duty; prudence, pry thee cease to chide, While I turn me softly, gently, round upon my other side. Sleep, resume thy downy empire; re-assert thy sable reign! Morpheus, why desert a fellow? Bring those poppies here again

What's the matter now, Jemima? Nine o'clock. It cannot be. Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon, and the matutinal tea? Take away the jug, Jemima. Go replenish it anon; Since the charm of its caloric must be very nearly gone. She has left me. Let me linger till she re-appears again. Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy vein. After sleep's profounder solace, nought refreshes like the doze.

Should I tumble off, no matter; she will wake me, I suppose. Bless me, it is you, Jemima? Mercy on us what a knock! Can it be—I can't believe it—actually ten o'clock? I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up! Let the tea be strong Jemima. I shall only want a cup. Stop a minute! I remember some appointment by the way. 'Twould have brought me mints of money; 'twas for ten o'clock to-day.

Let me drown my disappointment, slumber, in thy seventh heaven!

You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me at eleven

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

This being the last issue of the FAMILY CIRCLE in its present form and under its present title, on account of its having been amalgamated with the *Exponent*, we publish, this week, the answers to the puzzles given in our issue of November 17th, and also award the prize. The competition however has been so close that in place of giving the edition of Chambers' dictionary, as announced in our issue of September 22nd, we have decided to divide its value between two contestants between whom it is impossible to judge. The successful competitors are Geo. U. Stiff, Hamilton; and George H. Toronto; to each of whom we give a handsome landscape edition of one of the English poets.

Correct answers have also been received from our young friends, Scout, West Point, N. Y.; Bertha Millar, Walkerville; Albert Aspley, Montreal; Walter Symmes, Goderich; James Thompsou, Toronto; Robert Lee, St. Catharines and Charlie Hutton, St. Thomas.

We hope our young friends will find plenty to interest and amuse them in the *Exponent*, which they will hereafter receive.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

- Square Word:— L O R E
O V E N
R E A D
E N D S
- Decapitations:—fox—ox
spat—Pat
stool—tool
stop—top
cage—age
- Hidden Cities:— Venice, Richmond, Quebec
- Diamond Puzzle:— E
A X E
A P P L E
E X P L O R E
F L O R A
F R A
E

PUBLISHERS, ATTENTION!

The undersigned, having disposed of the FAMILY CIRCLE to the Publisher of the Rochester *Exponent*, and being about to devote their entire attention to the JOB PRINTING business, offer

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A GOOD INTRODUCTION.—J. Kennedy, a merchant in Dixie, about three years ago introduced Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to his customers by trying it in his own family for Coughs and Colds. Being pleased with results, large sales followed, and it is now the favorite remedy in that neighborhood.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken or your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Feb 31y.

ANOTHER WITNESS.—A. Chard, of Sterling, testifies to the efficacy of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which he used for a badly injured knee-joint. It is the great household remedy for inflammation, pain, soreness, lameness, etc., and is used both internally and externally with infallible success.

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Remedy.

Wholesale by Western Supply Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

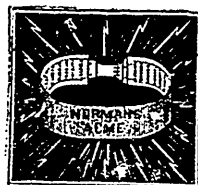
A WONDERFUL RESULT.—A single bottle of Dr. Lowe's Pleasant Worm Syrup has frequently destroyed from 100 to 200 worms. It is pleasant to take—no other cathartic being required. Tape worms have also been removed by it, of 15 to 35 feet in length. It is effectual for all varieties of worms afflicting both children and adults.

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CONSULTATION AND CIRCULARS FREE



Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lamé Back, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Chest and Throat Troubles, and all Female and Genital Affections are immediately and permanently corrected by using these Electric Belts, Bands and Insoles. Every Belt guaranteed genuine

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(Apr 83 ly)



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PRIVATE
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Dr. Andrews' purificantia, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address
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WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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RUPTURE.

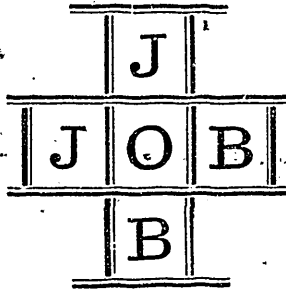
NORMAN'S ELECTRO CURATIVE TRUSS is the best in the world. Guaranteed to hold the Rupture and be comfortable, Circular free.

A. NORMAN, 4 Queen St. East, TORONTO.

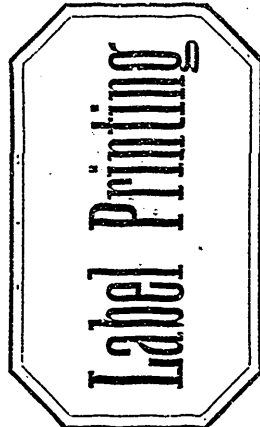
REST not, life is sweeping by go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. \$66 a week in your own town. \$5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine

A WRONG OPINION.—Many a dollar is paid for prescriptions for some disease that never troubled the patient, and when the sole difficulty was worms, which a few of Freeman's Worm Powders would remove. These Powders are pleasant, safe and sure, contain their own cathartic, and are adapted for children or adults

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Supplied with promptness, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Send for estimates before placing your orders elsewhere for Christmas Printing

Lawson & Jones,
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A QUERY ANSWERED.—People often ask when is the best time to take a blood purifier? We answer, the best time is now. Burdock Blood Bitters does its work of purifying, regulating, and toning the system at all times, and all seasons. Purity in all things is always in order when required.

RUPTURE.

To those suffering from Hernia or Rupture in any of its various forms, and having tried all the different kinds of trusses without relief, we say suffer no longer, the Excelsior Rupture Cure Manufacturing Company, Prescott, Ont., will guarantee a cure and ask no pay until a cure is effected. Their remedies—the RUPTURE PLASTER and HEALING COMPOUND are a positive cure, no surgical operation or detention from business. Send 6 cents for free book on Rupture which contains full information.

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