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OUR HOME

..A Monthly Family..
Magazine.

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Published at 16 St. Sacrament St.,
MONTREAL.

By **WATSON GRIFFIN.**

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THE CARDINAL'S GODSON.

One evening, in the year 1649, M. Roullard, a rich goldsmith in Paris, was standing in the parlor behind his shop, busily engaged in reading a large and handsomely engrossed document. His niece, Jeanne, a pretty girl of eighteen, was seated near him, holding a piece of delicate embroidery in her hand; but her fingers were idle, and her eyes strayed continually towards the open window. Master Roullard at length folded up his paper, and with a satisfied smile exclaimed:—

"'Tis perfect! The cardinal certainly cannot refuse!"

"Are you then so anxious, uncle, to obtain the title of Goldsmith to the Court?"

"Anxious indeed! A wise question, girl! Know you not that if I obtain it, my fortune is made?"

"But it seems to me," said the young girl, hesitating, "that the title would prove embarrassing."

"And wherefore?"

"Because you have hitherto had the custom of all the great personages of the prince's party."

"Well?"

"You have been accustomed to hear and to speak so much evil of the cardinal—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the goldsmith: "We must not think of that now, Jeanne. If I ever *did* say anything slighting of his eminence, I am heartily sorry for it now."

"But, uncle, your clerks and workmen have all fallen into the same habit, and—"

"They must change it then," replied Roullard, resolutely. "I will not allow any of my people to compromise me. When I spoke ill of the cardinal, I did not know him. Besides, Master Vater was then alive, and I had no chance of obtaining his post. It was only the day before yesterday I heard of his death, when I was returning from seeing Julian off in the St. Germain coach. By-the-way, he has not yet returned."

"No, uncle," said Jeanne, "I cannot think what detains him;" and her eyes wandered anxiously towards the quay. Master Roullard fixed his eyes steadfastly upon his niece.

"Ah, yes," said he, in a testy tone, "'tis easy to make you anxious about Julian Noiraud. You have not put that fine project of marriage out of your head yet?"

"My mother approved of it," said Jeanne, in a very low voice.

"All very well; but *my* views for you are different. I intend to give you a fortune which will entitle you to marry a rich man, and Julian has not one hundred crowns of his own."

"He may make a fortune—"

"Yes, by some miracle, I suppose," replied the goldsmith, ironically. "Does he expect it from that Italian adventurer, who formerly lodged in his parents' house, and became his sponsor, —Captain Juliano, I think his name is?"

Jeanne was saved the trouble of replying, by her uncle being summoned into the shop to attend three gentlemen.

These were the farmer-general of the revenues, Jean Dubois, M. Colbert, and the governor of Louvre. All three were partizans of the cardinal, and by no means in the habit of dealing with Roullard; but they had heard of some beautiful pieces of plate which he had just finished, and they came to see them.

The goldsmith overwhelmed them with civility. He ransacked his shop for articles to suit their fancy, interlarding his polite speeches with protestations of his devotion to the cardinal.

He had just laid aside for Messrs. Colbert and Dubois several rich pieces of plate, considerably reduced in price, in honor of the purchasers' adherence to the cardinal; and he was commencing a fresh palinode in praise of his eminence, when the shop-door was suddenly opened, and a young man of pleasing appearance, with a frank, open countenance, entered. He laid on the counter a small packet, and having

saluted the three gentlemen and his master, said,—“ Good evening, sir; you must have been surprised at my not returning yesterday; but M. De Nogent detained me to repair his silver cabinet.”

“ Ah! you have seen the count?” said Colbert; “ How is he?”

“ Remarkably well, monsieur.”

“ Then,” remarked the governor of Louvre, “ he must have invented some piece of malice against his eminence.”

“ Hasn't he though!” exclaimed Julian, laughing; “ he sang a long ballad for me, against the cardinal.”

“ How! he has dared!” interrupted Dubois.

“ That he has,” replied Julian; “ He had even begun to teach them to me. Listen—I'll sing you the first verse.”

Master Roullard coughed, winked, and made various gestures inculcating silence; but Julian did not understand him, and commenced with a loud, clear voice:—

Hurrah for Mazarin!
The son and heir of Scapin:
He will blindfold France and her kind—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

“ Julian!” cried his master.

“ Don't stop him,” said the governor, who, although from interested motives, a partisan of the cardinal, yet by no means disliked to hear him turned into ridicule; “ I admire good political squibs, and I am making a collection of *Mazarinades*.”

“ Just like our master,” said Noiraud. “ M. de Longueville's valet has given him copies of all that have appeared.”

The goldsmith tried to stammer forth an angry denial, but his words were drowned by shouts of laughter from his three visitors.

Turning angrily therefore towards his clerk, he asked him what the packet contained which he had laid on the counter.

“ Some printed papers, master, sent you by M. de Nogent.”

“ Satires on his eminence, I'll warrant them!” cried the governor.

“ Out of my house!” exclaimed the exasperated Roullard. And taking Julian by the shoulder, he thrust him into the street, flung the packet after him; and, after ordering him never to return, concluded by shouting,—“ Long live Monseigneur Mazarin!”

Greatly astonished, and not less enraged, the young man walked on with the luckless packets in his hand. His dismissal was in itself a matter of little consequence, for he was an excellent workman, and would find it easy to obtain employment; but a rupture with Jeanne's uncle threatened to destroy

his prospects of marriage, and the thought of this he could not endure.

Walking slowly on, he cast his eyes on the packet which he mechanically held.

“ Wicked cardinal!” he said to himself; “ he is the cause of it all! But for him Master Roullard would not have been vexed—I should have still been in his employment, and probably would one day have married Jeanne!”

While thus soliloquizing, he idly opened the packet, and began to examine the pamphlets it contained. They were satirical remarks on the Spanish war, squibs against the Mesdames Mancini, Mazarin's nieces, and finally, a malicious biography of the cardinal. Julian was carelessly casting his eye over the last, when he suddenly started and trembled. He had just read the following sentence:—

“ Before entering into holy orders, Cardinal Mazarin had wielded the sword. He commanded a company in 1625; and the pope's generals, Conti and Bagni, charged him with a mission to the Marquis de Cannus. His eminence met at Grenoble, and sojourned there two months under the name of Captain Juliano.”

Again and again did the young goldsmith read these words with strong emotion. Name, place, and date, precluded all uncertainty: Julian found himself the godson of the great cardinal.

Hastening towards the splendid dwelling of Mazarin, Julian inquired for an old playmate of his, who now filled an office in the cardinal's kitchen. Pierre Chottart received him kindly, but after the first exchange of civilities, asked him what he wanted.

Julian replied that he came to see his eminence.

The sub-cook laughed heartily, and told him that was quite out of the question.

“ I who speak to you,” he said, “ although I minister to Monseigneur's appetite, am never permitted to see him.”

“ Is that the prime minister's chocolate?” said Julian after a pause, looking at a silver pot standing on a stove.

“ Yes,” replied Chottart; “ I am going to pour it into a china cup; then I will ring for a footman, who will reach his eminence's apartments by yonder staircase, and will place the tray in the hands of his own valet.”

Having then prepared the chocolate in all due form Pierre Chottart hastened into an adjoining room to procure a damask napkin. His temporary absence inspired Julian with a sudden

thought,—Seizing the tray, he ran up the staircase, traversed the corridor, and opening at a hazard the first door he saw, found himself actually face to face with the great man.

The cardinal, who was in the act of writing a letter, held his pen suspended, and looked with astonishment at the flurried, unliviered individual before him.

"What is this?" he said, with the slight Italian accent which he never totally lost. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"'Tis his eminence?" exclaimed Noiraud, placing the tray on the table. "Ah! now I am all right. Good-morning, godfather!"

The cardinal rose and seized the bell-rope, thinking he was in company with an escaped lunatic.

"You don't know me then?" said the young workman. "Well, no wonder; I was but a fortnight old when you saw me last, in 1625."

"I really don't know what you mean," replied his eminence, still more confirmed in his first conjecture.

"I mean," replied Julian, "that I am the son of Madame Noiraud, of Grenoble, in whose house you lodged for two months, when you were a captain and for whose son you stood sponsor, and had named after you."

"I think I remember," said Mazarin, "but this boy—"

"It is I myself! Julian Noiraud, of Grenoble! As soon as ever I discovered that you were Capt. Juliano, I hastened to come to you. Are you quite well, godfather?"

There was something in the young man's gay simplicity that caught Mazarin's fancy, and he asked to see the documents which should substantiate the statement. Julian first handed him his certificate of baptism, which he always carried about with him, and then frankly told him all that had occurred.

"And what do you want with me?" asked the cardinal, coldly.

"I thought that as your eminence has so often saved France, it would not cost you much trouble to save a poor boy like me."

Mazarin smiled, and placed his hand on his godson's shoulder.

"Come, *poverino*," he said, "I will do something for thee."

"Thank you, godfather."

"You are not to return to the goldsmith's shop."

"No, godfather."

"I shall retain you here in charge of my plate."

"Yes, godfather."

"I shall not pay you any wages."

"No, godfather."

"You will purchase a court dress."

"Yes, godfather."

"You may lodge where you please, and I will grant you an important privilege."

"I thank you, godfather,"

"You may proclaim to all the world that I am your godfather."

And was this all! Julian felt terribly disappointed, but he had the good sense to say nothing; and the cardinal dismissed him, desiring him to attend his levée on the following day in a befitting costume. Obeying this latter injunction cost poor Julian nearly all the gold pieces he was worth; however, he was afraid to disobey his eminence. "Many people," thought he, "are rotting in the Bastille for a less offence, so I must e'en do as I am told."

On the morrow our hero failed not to present himself in the great man's antechamber, dressed in a second-hand court suit, which certainly gave him quite the air of a gentleman. Several persons asked each other who he was, but no one knew, until at length, one voice exclaimed:—

"I protest, 'tis Noiraud!"

Julian turned round and found himself facing Master Roullard.

"It is he, and in a court dress! What brings you here, idler?"

"I am waiting for his eminence," replied Julian, with a careless air.

"So, Master Roullard," said Dubois, "this is really the saucy apprentice whom you dismissed yesterday. What can he want with the cardinal?"

At that moment the great minister appeared, making his easy way through the obsequious throng. Perceiving Julian, he smiled graciously, tapping him familiarly on the cheek with his glove, and said:—

"Well, *poverino*, how dost thou feel to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you, *godfather*."

One might have fancied that this one word contained a magic spell, for instantly there was a general sensation amongst the crowd. All eyes were fixed on Julian—every voice murmured:

"Monseigneur is his godfather!"

Leaning familiarly on the young goldsmith's shoulder, the cardinal paced up and down the room, frequently addressing him familiarly, and laughingly asking his advice touching the requests which were made by the various suitors.

Julian, half-bewildered, contented himself with replying:—

"Yes, godfather,—no godfather." And the courtiers admired what they regarded as his prudent reserve.

At length, the audience ended, and Mazarin retired, after having audibly desired his *protégé* to come to his private study in the afternoon.

Scarcely had the minister disappeared when an obsequious crowd surrounded Noiraud. Amongst the rest, the commander of Louvre drew him aside and said:—

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear M. Noiraud, on the great good fortune which has befallen you."

Julian stammered out his thanks.

"His eminence loves you much, and will, I am certain, do anything you ask. Will you then have the great kindness to speak a word in favor of my nephew, who is seeking the command of a regiment."

"I?"

"He will obtain it, if you will give him your interest."

"I am sure, I should be most happy,"—Julian began.

"Enough, enough!" cried the commander, pressing his hand. "Trust me, if the affair succeeds, you will find us not ungrateful."

The Sieur Dubois next took him by the arm.

"I have a word to say in your ear, M. Noiraud," he said. "You know that I am seeking the monopoly of commerce in the Windward Isles: if you procure it for me, I will pay you six thousand francs!"

"Six thousand francs!" exclaimed the astonished Julian.

"You don't consider it enough?" replied Dubois. "Well, I will go as far as ten thousand!"

"But," said Noiraud, "you are strangely mistaken as to my influence; I have no power whatever—"

Dubois looked keenly at him, and released his arms.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said, "my rival has spoken to you already."

"Sir, I declare—"

"Well, well, I try elsewhere,—we'll see how far your new-made influence extends."

Ere Julian had well recovered from his astonishment, he found himself once more closeted with the cardinal, who had sent for him. Mazarin asked what troubled him, and the young man told him.

"Bravo! bravo!" said the cardinal, rubbing his hands. "Since they want you to protect them, *caro*, why you must e'en do it."

"What!" said Julian; "am I then, godfather, to solicit for them?"

"No, no! no solicitations; but just allow them to think that you have influence, and that will pay."

"Then godfather, you wish me to accept—"

"Accept always, Julian; you must never refuse what is given you with good will. If you do not repay the givers with good offices, you may with gratitude."

Noiraud retired in a state of unbounded astonishment. Nor was this feeling diminished by the receipt, two days afterwards, of a bag containing three thousand francs, with a letter of thanks from the commander, whose nephew had just been made a colonel. Immediately afterwards, the Sieur Dubois entered.

"You have carried the day, M. de Noiraud," he said in a tone of mingled respect and ill-humor:—"My rival has obtained the privilege. I was wrong to struggle against your influence. —take them, and use your all-powerful interest for me on the next occasion."

Julian tried to refuse the munificent present, saying that he was quite a stranger to the affair, that he had not meddled in it at all. But the farmer-general would not listen to him.

"Good! good!" cried he, "you are discreet. His eminence has forbidden you to compromise him. I understand it all, only promise me that on the next occasion you will speak favorably of me."

"As to that," said Julian, "I promise it with pleasure, but—"

"Enough!" cried Dubois. "I trust in your word, M. de Noiraud; and on your part, if you should ever be at a loss for a few thousand livres, remember that I have them at the service of the cardinal's godson."

Julian failed not to relate all this to his patron, who rubbed his hands again, and ordered him to keep the sums bestowed upon him. These were soon augmented by fresh largesses from the courtiers. It was of no avail for the young goldsmith to protest that he did not possess the influence imputed to him. His most vehement denials served but to confirm the general impression; and after some time he found himself a rich man.

Meanwhile the affairs of Master Rouillard had declined sadly. Having failed in his attempt to become goldsmith to the court, he yet lost by it the custom of the cardinal's enemies; and thus between two stools he came to the ground.

Under these adverse circumstances he sought a reconciliation with his quondam apprentice. His overtures were joyfully met half way. Julian's heart and affections remained unchanged,

and Master Roullard was most willing not only to give him his niece in marriage, but also to yield up to him his business.

When the happy Julian brought his young wife to the cardinal, the latter took him playfully by the ear, and said,—

“Thou didst not expect all this when I granted thee as thy sole privilege permission to call me godfather?”

“No,” replied Noiraud, “I was far from imagining that I should owe everything to that title.”

“Because thou didst not know what men are, *picciolo*,” said the cardinal. “Trust me we succeed in this world, not on account of what we are, but of what we appear to be.”

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

Prof. Tyndall thus describes the singular phenomenon known as the “Spectre of the Brocken,” as witnessed by himself and a friend: “The Brocken or Blocksberg, is a mountain in Germany rendered famous by the poet Goethe. As I stood with my back to the sinking sun, my shadow was cast in the fog before me. It was surrounded by a colored halo. When I stood beside my friend, our shadows were seen with an iridescent fringe. We shook our heads; the shadows did the same. We raised our arms and thrust our ice-axes upwards; the shadows did the same. All our motions, indeed, were imitated by the shadows. They appeared like gigantic spectres in the mist, thus justifying the name by which they are usually known.”

THE HEART OF THE TREE.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants the friend of sun and sky;
 He plants the flag of breezes free;
 The shaft of beauty, towering high;
 He plants a home to heaven anigh
 For song and mother-croon of bird
 In hushed and happy twilight heard—
 The treble of heaven's harmony—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants cool shade and tender rain,
 And seed and bud of days to be,
 And years that fade and flush again;
 He plants the glory of the plain;
 He plants the forest's heritage;
 The harvest of a coming age;
 The joy of unborn eyes shall see—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
 In love of home and loyalty
 And far-cast thought of civic good—
 His blessing on the neighborhood
 Who in the hollow of His hand
 Holds all the growth of all our land—
 A nation's growth from sea to sea
 Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—H. C. BUNNER.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

One day Queen Margaret of France, finding Alain Chartier (who although a clever poet and brilliant conversationalist, was considered to be the ugliest man in France) fast asleep, impressed a kiss upon his lips in the presence of the whole court. “I do not kiss the man,” she said to her astonished attendants, “but the mouth that has said so many charming things.”

The question of woman's supremacy is not a new one. In Rome, under the empire, a tribunal of women was established to decide questions regarding luxury and etiquette. The Emperor Heliogabalus consulted this assembly frequently. They decided questions of precedence, the number and state of females at court, upon the style of carriage the Emperor should ride in, whether sedan chairs should be ornamented with silver or ivory, and contested the rights of man with an intelligence worthy of the present time. It was a veritable senate of fashion, was approved of by wiser men than Heliogabalus, and was re-established and maintained by his successors.

In her “Book of Golden Deeds,” Charlotte M. Yonge relates some interesting stories about People of the Past whose unselfish heroism was indeed worthy of being recorded in golden letters. Among them was Leena, the Athenian woman at whose house the overthrow of the tyranny of the Pisistratids was concerted, and who, when seized and put to the torture that she might disclose the secrets of the conspirators, fearing that the weakness of her frame might overpower her resolution, actually bit off her tongue, that she might be unable to betray the trust placed in her. The Athenians commemorated her truly golden silence by raising in her honor the statue of a lioness without a tongue, in allusion to her name, which signifies a lioness.

During the wars that raged from 1652 to 1660, between Frederick III. of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden, after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher of Flensborg was about to refresh himself, ere retiring to have his wounds dressed, with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on the field, made him turn, and with the words, “Thy need is greater than mine,” he knelt down by the fallen enemy, to pour the liquid into his mouth. His requital was a pistol-shot in the shoulder from the treacherous

Swede. "Rascal," he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return! Now will I punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; but now you shall have only half." And drinking off half himself, he gave the rest to the Swede. The king, hearing the story, sent for the burgher, and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burgher, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Thou meritest to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow! The family only became extinct about forty years ago in the person of an old maiden lady.

In the year 1308 Rudolph Baron von der Wart, a Swabian nobleman, was so ill-advised as to join in a conspiracy of Johann of Hapsburg against the Emperor, Albrecht I. of Hapsburg. Johann was the son of the Emperor's brother Rudolph, a brave knight who had died young, and he had been brought up by a Baron called Walther von Eschenbach until at the age of nineteen years he went to his uncle, the Emperor, to demand his father's inheritance. Emperor Albrecht disdainfully refused the demand, whereupon Eschenbach and some of the other noblemen of the disputed territory stirred up the young prince to form a plot against his uncle which resulted in the murder of the Emperor, to the horror of Baron von der Wart and some of the other noblemen, who had never intended that the affair should be carried to such an extreme. Prince Johann and Eschenbach escaped, but the others all fell into the hands of the sons and daughters of Emperor Albrecht, and woeful was the revenge that was taken upon them and upon their innocent families and their retainers. The brothers were horribly savage and violent in their proceedings, and their sister Agnes surpassed them in her atrocious thirst for revenge. She had nearly strangled Eschenbach's infant son with her own hands, when he was rescued from her by her own soldiers, and when she was watching the beheading of sixty-three vassals of another of the murderers, she repeatedly exclaimed, "Now I bathe in May dew." Rudolph von der Wart had taken no part in the assassination, and at his trial declared that he was taken by surprise by the murder. However, there was no mercy for him; and by the express command of Queen Agnes, after he had been bound upon one wheel, and his limbs broken by heavy blows from

the executioner, he was fastened to another wheel, which was set upon a pole, where he was to linger out the remaining hours of his life. His young wife, Gertrude, who had clung to him through all his trial, was torn away and carried off to the Castle of Kyburg; but she made her escape at dusk, and found her way, as night came on, to the spot where her husband hung still living upon the wheel. That night of agony was described in a letter ascribed to Gertrude herself. The guard left to watch fled at her approach, and she prayed beneath the scaffold; and, then, heaping some heavy logs together, was able to climb up near enough to embrace him and stroke back the hair from his face, whilst he entreated her to leave him, lest she should be found there, and fall under the cruel revenge of the Queen, telling her that thus it would be possible to increase his suffering.

"I will die with you," she said, "'tis for this I came, and no power shall force me from you;" and she prayed for the one mercy she hoped for, speedy death for her husband.

When day began to break, the guard returned, and Gertrude took down her stage of wood and continued kneeling at the foot of the pole. Crowds of people came to look, among them the wife of one of the officials, whom Gertrude implored to intercede that her husband's sufferings might be ended; and though this might not be, some pitied her, and tried to give her wine and confections, which she would not touch. The priest came and exhorted Rudolph to confess the crime, but with a great effort he repeated his former statement of innocence. A band of horsemen rode by. Among them was the young Prince Leopold and his sister Agnes, clad as a knight. They were very angry at the compassion shown by the crowd, and after frightfully harsh language commanded that Gertrude should be carried away; but one of the nobles interceded for her, and when she had been carried away to a little distance her entreaties were heard, and she was allowed to break away and come back to her husband. The priest blessed Gertrude, gave her his hand and said, "Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life," and she was no further molested.

Night came on, and with it a stormy wind, whose howling mingled with the voice of her prayers, and whistled in the hair of the sufferer. One of the guards brought her a cloak. She climbed on the wheel, and spread the covering over her husband's limbs; then fetched some

water in her shoe, and moistened his lips with it, sustaining him above all with her prayers, and exhortations to look to the joys beyond. He had ceased to try to send her away, and thanked her for the comfort she gave him. And still she watched when morning came again, and noon passed over her, and it was verging to evening, when for the last time he moved his head; and she raised herself so as to be close to him. With a smile, he murmured, "Gertrude, this is faithfulness till death." and died. She knelt down and thanked God for having enabled her to remain for that last breath. She found shelter in a convent at Basle, where she spent the rest of her life in a quiet round of prayer and good works; till the time came when her widowed heart should find its true rest forever.

HOLES IN THE SAILS.

It is hard to believe that the speed of a sailing-vessel can be increased by boring holes in her sails; but an Italian sea-captain claims to have conducted experiments which go a long way toward proving it. His theory is that the force of the wind cannot fairly take effect on an inflated sail, because of the cushion of immovable air which fills up the hollow. To prevent the formation of this cushion, the captain bored a number of holes in the sail. These holes let through the air which would otherwise have been retained in the hollow of the sail, and allowed the wind to exercise its whole power by striking fairly against the sail itself.

Several trials of this device have been made, and it has been found that in a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made four knots, while with the perforated sails she covered five and a quarter knots. In a fresh breeze she made seven knots with ordinary, and eight and three-quarter knots with the perforated sails; and in a strong wind she made eight knots with the old, and ten knots with the new sails. This gain—from twenty to twenty-five per cent—is of so much importance that the experiments will be repeated on a larger scale.

INK FOR WRITING ON GLASS.

The Microscope gives this formula for an ink for writing on glass with a pen as with ordinary ink: Bleached shellac, 10 parts; Venice turpentine, 5 parts; lamblack, 5 parts. Dissolve the shellac with the turpentine and stir in the lamblack.

THE CREATION OF WOMEN.

A Prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief; he surprised Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him."

The Rabbi's daughter overheard this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent.

The girl stepped forward, and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege, my liege, justice—revenge!"

"What has happened?" asked the Prince.

"A wicked theft has taken place," she replied, "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet and left a golden one in its stead."

"What an upright thief!" exclaimed the Prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!"

"Behold, then, sire, the kind of a thief that the Creator was; he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead."

"Well said!" avowed the Prince.

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands so careful and brisk,

Putting the tea things away;

While mother is resting awhile in her chair,

For she has been busy all day.

And the dear little fingers are working for love,

Although they are tender and weak.

"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself—

There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs,

For papa will quickly be here;

And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire

That is burning so bright and so clear.

Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch;

"He cannot come in without me,

When mother is tired I open the door—

There's nobody else you see."

Two little arms around papa's dear neck,

And a soft downy cheek against his own;

For out of the nest so cosy and bright

The little one's mother has flown.

She brushes the tear drops away as she thinks:

"Now he has no one but me.

I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad,

And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, unshed,

Dropped from the two pretty eyes.

Two little arms stretching out in the dark,

Two little faint sobbing cries.

"Papa forgot I was always waked up

When he whispered good night to me.

O, mother come back, just to kiss me in bed—

There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look

Out from her home in the skies,

She will not pass to her haven of rest

While the tears dim her little one's eyes.

If God has shed sorrow around us just now,

Yet his sunshine is ever to be!

And He is the comfort for every one's pain—

There's nobody else, you see."

—MARY HODGES.



Very Queer.

"A great big boy like you to tense
To let you stay at home and play,"
—That was after seven.—
"A little boy like you would freeze,
Tobogganing this blustery day!"
—At half past eleven.—

The stomach ache most made me die,
I was too big a boy to cry.

At three o'clock. Oh, dear!
And now, I am again at eight
A little boy, can't sit up late,
I think it's very queer!

—ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

A Beautiful Doll.

Any little girl who wants a beautiful doll should write to the editor of **OUR HOME**, 16 Sacramento Street, Montreal, to learn how to get one.

Prizes for Boys and Girls.

Boys and girls should try to win the prizes offered on page 22 of **OUR HOME** for writing letters about Christmas presents.

The Minutes.

We are but minutes—little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares,
Patiently take the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while we stay—
It takes but a minute to fly away—

We are but minutes—use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell;
Who uses minutes has hours to use—
Who loses minutes a whole hour must lose.
—SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Umbrellas and Boots for Dogs.

Blankets for dogs are common enough, but a new luxury has been introduced in London. In that city the weather is almost incessantly rainy, and dogs who spend much of their time indoors are said to suffer much from rheumatism contracted from wet feet when they go out. To guard small pets against wetting, two devices have recently been put on the market—dog boots, or nice little rubber "galoshes," with black studs and buttons and dog umbrellas, attached to a kind of harness which goes around the dog's body. Equipped with these things the pet dog can accompany his mistress outside the carriage with some assurance of not taking cold.



Besides the rubber boots, there are fancy boots worn at dog parties of soft brown Russia leather, with silk lace to match. A set of these is said to cost two guineas, or ten dollars.

The ladies who waste their money in this way often have engraved cards for their dogs, and leave these as they do their own cards when they are calling. The dogs are elaborately dressed on such occasions, and it is said that the ladies who indulge in this amusement are generally very serious about it, and do not seem to be aware that they are doing an extremely childish thing.

A Dangerous Ride.

It was the evening of my fourteenth birthday and among my gifts was a side-saddle and bridle. I was impatient to go for a gallop at once, but my uncle said it was too late to go that night, but that I could go as early as I pleased in the morning. You may be sure I did not oversleep myself, but with the first token of dawn I arose and hastily dressing myself, stole down stairs. I took a pan of oats and tripped away to the meadow, where the horses were feeding. There were a number of horses in the same field, but as "Old Tom" would always come when called I anticipated no difficulty in catching him. I opened the gate, called, and a horse came trotting up. I, thinking it was the one I wanted, slipped the bridle on, and had him saddled in a few minutes. I led him over the bridge into the road and mounted. To my astonishment he began rearing, plunging and striking, and to my horror I found that it was not "Old Tom" at all, but a young,

half-broken colt. I would have got off, but the horse went speeding down the road and soon came down to an easy canter. Then I began to enjoy my mistake, and thought how astonished uncle would be to hear that I had actually ridden "Black Ben." The horse was behaving so well that I became careless and relaxed my hold on the curb-rein at the same moment a locomotive coming around the opposite side of the hill blew a shrill whistle; and in a second the horse had the bit in his teeth, and was off like the wind. At first I did not care, but soon found that his pace was passing into a mad run, and soon realized that my horse was unmanageable; I could see through the intervening trees that the road and rail-track were becoming closely parallel. When the engineer saw my desperate riding, he surmised that the horse was not under control, and put on extra speed in order to pass the place where the carriage drive crossed the track ere I could reach it; but he had not calculated on the terrific speed of the horse, and when at last the track and road were side by side we were abreast the train. I had no thought of escape, I thought I must die, and oh! how sweet life seemed. What thoughts I had. I was so near I could have touched the side of the cars with my hand. I closed my eyes, but could hear the engineer's shout of horror, and then I could hardly realize the blessed truth, but we were safely passed, unhurt, before that hissing steaming, monster just grazing. The rest seems, even now, like a dream. I remember the horse coming down to a canter, then to a trot, then to a walk, and at last I got him turned towards home; I even took him to the pasture, unsaddled and turned him loose, then returned to the house, went to my room and lay down on my bed, where my aunt found me in a burning fever, and for over two weeks I lay, not recognizing any of the kind friends around me, but always seeing in my delirium that terrible engine rushing down upon me.—

R. DUTHRIE.

Pulling a Tooth.

When I was a little girl I had a decayed tooth that ached very badly. My mother wished me to have it extracted, but I could never summon the necessary courage until one day the pain became so perfectly unbearable that I determined that I would have it out. We had no dentist in our village, but Uncle Reuben Thoms had an instrument he called his turnkeys, with which he sometimes pulled teeth, and my mother said

she would send for him. He was no relation of ours, but everyone in the village called him uncle. He was a bit of a wag and very social. He could play the fiddle, and sing the quaintest old songs and ballads I ever heard in my life, and his talent for story telling was just wonderful. Though an old man long past active work he was always present at every merry-making, and in heart was as young, I believe, as any boy or girl of us all. In short, he was such a charming old gentleman it was almost worth one's while to lose a tooth for the sake of an afternoon with him. At any rate my brother Ben told mother if she would invite Uncle Reuben over for the day he would have a loose tooth of his own out that he had always before refused to let anyone so much as look at. It was one of his first teeth and was growing tighter because a new one was coming in close beside it. "If you will," said mother, "you may go right over and tell Uncle Reuben that if he isn't busy I would like to have him come home with you and spend the day. Ask him to bring the fiddle along and tell him Nellie has been having an awful time with a tooth, and I wish he would bring his turnkeys and maybe we can coax her to have it out."

Ben went directly, and before long we saw him coming back accompanied by Uncle Reuben. The moment I caught sight of them my tooth stopped aching, but I had made up my mind, and as soon as Uncle Reuben spoke to me about it, told him I was ready whenever he pleased. So he wound a handkerchief round the instrument and fixed it firmly on the tooth and began slowly turning, until just as I thought the top of my head was coming off he took the instrument out of my mouth, and the tooth came with it. But the sight had so cooled Ben's courage that when his turn came he ran away to the barn and hid himself. Father was going out to fetch him in, but Uncle Reuben said no, and putting up the turnkeys he took out his fiddle and told me to go and tell Ben to come in and listen to the music for he wasn't going to pull his tooth anyway.

"I can make it jump out of his head of it's own accord," said Uncle Reuben, "you tell him I say so, and I'm in earnest too."

So away I went to the barn and reported, adding that I thought if Uncle Reuben could do any such thing as that it was a mean thing to hurt me as he had. "He can't," said Ben, "He is just fooling, but I'll go in."

"Well, sir," said Uncle Reuben, when we came in, "Do you believe I can get

out that tooth without laying a hand on it?"

"No sir," said Ben.

"Well, well we'll see," was the answer.

"Go and get me a hammer, a nail and a piece of chalk."

When the articles were brought he drove the nail firmly in over the fireplace about on a level with Ben's head, then taking a slender but strong cord from his pocket he tied one end of it fast to the nail, and making Ben open his mouth fixed the other end of the cord securely upon the tooth, leaving him just room to stand comfortably before the fire, then giving the chalk to me he told us all to be perfectly silent, and seating himself in a chair on the hearth he bade me draw a half circle from each edge of the chimney that should enclose him and Ben, who was bidden to keep his eyes fixed upon me all the time.

The old gentleman meanwhile poking up the fire with the tongues in a thoughtful way picked up a fire-brand and suddenly thrust it within five or six inches of Ben's nose, who was so surprised and startled that he sprang backward with all his strength.

"I told you I could," said the old man quietly, and pointed to the cord which was dangling from the nail with Ben's tooth at the end of it. Ben stood with his mouth open, looking first at Uncle Reuben then at the tooth in such a surprised, comical way, that even father laughed heartily. This is a true story.

HELEN TAYLOR.

An Airy Delusion.

One day, in lovely summer weather,
A pretty, little, crimson feather
That in a garden path way lay,
Was by the wind uplifted lightly,
And, shining in the sunshine brightly,
Went flying gracefully away.

"Well," said he, with great pride, "I never,
Bright as I am, thought that I'd ever
Be turned into a bird and fly.
But it has chanced, and though I love you,
Now, that I am so far above you,
Dear flowers, I must say 'good-by.'"

The pinks and poppies, looking after
The boaster, fairly shook with laughter,
And thought some very funny things,
But an old thistle growled, "Like others,
I've known, who might have been his brothers,
He has mistaken wind for wings.

"Let him go on, a-twirling, twirling,
This way and that, a-whirling, whirling,
With airs that really are absurd.
He'll find when his false comrade stops him
In his vain flight; and rudely drops him
One feather does not make a bird."

—MARGARET EYTINGER.

Tell all your little friends about the prizes offered on page 22 of OUR HOME.

Gave Away His Birthday.

A few years ago Robert Louis Stevenson was visiting a friend in Northern Vermont. This gentleman had a little daughter about 11 years old, who very speedily became a devoted friend of the novelist.

In pouring forth her joys and sorrows in existence, she confided to Mr. Stevenson the woeful fact that she was born on the 29th day of February, and, therefore, had enjoyed only two birthdays in all her 11 years. The poet sympathized not only in comforting words, but also in action. He meditated a few moments, then went to the writing desk and drew up the following document:

"I, Robert Louis Stevenson, in a sound state of mind and body, having arrived at that age when I no longer have any use for birthdays, do give and bequeath my birthday, on the 13th of November, to Miss Adelaide Ide, to be hers from this year as long as she wishes it.

Robert Louis Stevenson."

The little girl's delight at this rare and most welcome gift has shown its appreciation once a year through several years of birthdays, and now the anniversary will be doubly treasured.

A Young Sceptic.

A charming anecdote comes from William Grimm, one of the pair of famous story tellers. One day a little girl rang their bell and met him in the hall with the words, "You are the Mr. Grimm who writes the pretty tales?" "Yes, I and my brother." "And that of the clever little tailor who married the princess?" "Yes, certainly." "Well," said the child, producing the book, "it is said here that every one who doesn't believe it must pay him a thaler. Now, I don't believe a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler, but here is a groschen, and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees." Just then Jacob came up, and the brothers had an interesting interview with the little dame; but they could not persuade her to take away the groschen which she had laid on the table. She had the courage of her convictions, and she was willing to suffer for them.

A PAIR OF CARRIER PIGEONS.

Any boy who would like a pair of carrier pigeons that will carry letters home from a distance should write to the editor of OUR HOME, 16 St. Sacramento St., Montreal.

CARAVAN TALES.

BY WILHELM HUFF

No. 1.—The Story of Little Muck.

[The first part of the story of Little Muck was published in the September number. For the benefit of new subscribers it may be summarized as follows:—A great caravan owned by five merchants who had combined their forces was passing through the desert on the way to Bagdad when Selim Baruch, the nephew of the grand vizier at Bagdad joined them and, finding the company rather dull, proposed that the journey should be shortened by the telling of stories. The youngest merchant, who was named Muley, was first called upon to entertain the company and he told the story of Little Muck. He said that in his boyhood he and his companions were wont to torment a dwarf called Little Muck who lived in a big house by himself and only occasionally went out. One day Muley's father caught him in the act of tripping up Little Muck and proceeded to thrash him for it, but stopped while administering the punishment to tell him the story of the dwarf. Little Muck was left alone in the world with no inheritance excepting his father's clothes which were much too large for him. He started out to seek his fortune and before long came to the house of a rich old woman named Lady Ahavzi who was very fond of cats and dogs, especially the former, and he made a bargain with her to take care of her cats and dogs. He remained with her sometime, but as she neglected to pay him the wages she had promised him he at last decided to run away which he did one day when she was out. Before going he took possession of a huge pair of slippers and a walking stick in lieu of his unpaid wages. He did not suppose that these things were of any value but he afterward learned in a dream that the slippers had magic powers of flying and that the walking stick would discover gold and silver wherever buried. Soon after this he presented himself at the court and offered his services to the King as a courier and when he was laughed at proposed to run a race with the fastest messenger in the King's service. The King made great preparations for the race, expecting much amusement from it, but he and the entire court were astonished when Little Muck easily won the race by means of his flying slippers. The King was so delighted that he at once appointed Little Muck to be his private courier with a high salary.]

Muck began to think he had found his fortune at last, and joy and happiness filled his heart. He enjoyed the especial favor of the king, who used him to carry his most important secret despatches; and, in the execution of his trust he never failed to show the greatest accuracy and the most incredible speed.

But the rest of the king's servants were ill-disposed to him, for the reason that they very unwillingly saw themselves supplanted in their king's favor by a dwarf who understood nothing except how to run. They organized, therefore, many a conspiracy to overthrow him; but all their efforts failed to impair the implicit confidence felt by the king in his high and confidential private courier,—for even in this short time he had arrived at this high dignity.

Muck, whose attention these plots did not escape, entertained no thoughts of revenge, for which his disposition was far too good. No; he looked about for means to make himself beloved by and useful to his enemies. Suddenly he

remembered his stick, which in his prosperity had escaped his recollection. If he could find a treasure, thought he, the gentlemen would surely be better inclined towards him. He had often heard it said that his present majesty's father had buried prodigious sums, at a time when enemies had invaded his territories; and people said, also, that he had subsequently died without being able to divulge the place of concealment to his son. From this time forth, therefore, Muck invariably carried his stick, in the hope, some time or other, of passing over the spot where the old king's money lay buried. One evening, chance led him to a remote part of the palace-gardens, which he had hitherto little visited, when suddenly he felt his stick move in his hand, and strike three times on the earth. He well knew what this meant, so drawing his dagger he slashed the neighboring trees and then crept into the palace; there he procured a spade, and waited for night to commence operations.

The buried treasure gave Muck more trouble than he had anticipated. His arms were weak, and the spade was large and heavy; and he had worked at least two hours before he had dug to the depth of a couple of feet. At last his spade struck on some hard substance, which sounded like iron. He dug now with greater zeal, and soon exposed to the light of day a large iron lid. He jumped into the hole, to see what this lid covered, and sure enough he found a huge pot filled with pieces of gold. But his feeble strength was insufficient to lift it out of the hole; so he crammed into his trousers and girdle as much as he could carry, and, filling his cloak as full as it could hold, covered up the remainder with great care. But so much was he oppressed by the weight of his gold, that, but for his magic slippers, he would never have succeeded in leaving the spot. He succeeded, however, in reaching his chamber unobserved, and concealed his gold under the pillows of his sofa.

Finding himself the possessor of so much wealth, Muck now thought that his misfortunes would turn over a new leaf, and he would gain many patrons and warm adherents among his enemies at court. But, from this single fact, it is obvious that Muck had never enjoyed the advantages of even a moderate education, for otherwise he never could have imagined it possible to gain true friends through gold. Alas! he should have bribed his slippers, and with his cloak full of gold, scampered away as fast as they could carry him!

The gold which little Muck now squandered with liberal hands awakened the envy of his fellow-servants. The chief cook, Ahuli, swore he was a coiner. The overseer of the slaves declared he must have been cajoling the king; while Archaz, the treasurer, his bitterest enemy, who had a nibble now and then at the king's coffers himself, pronounced authoritatively that he must have stolen it. Certain at last of their game, they laid a plot among themselves, and Korchuz, the chief butler, put himself one day, with a sad and downcast air, directly in the king's way. He made his misery so conspicuous, that the king asked him what was the matter.

"Ah!" answered Korchuz, "I am unhappy at having lost the favor of my sovereign."

"What nonsense are you talking?" replied the king, "Since when have I withdrawn from you the sunbeams of my favor?"

The chief butler responded that he judged he had forfeited his regard, because he had heaped his high and confidential courier with gold, and gave nothing at all to his poor and really faithful servants.

The king was much astonished at this information, and made further inquiries into little Muck's extravagant expenditures; and the conspirators easily persuaded him that Muck must have stolen the money from his bed-chamber. The treasurer was particularly delighted with the turn things had taken; as, but for this, he would have found considerable difficulty in squaring his accounts. The king gave orders to institute a strict watch over all Muck's movements, so as, if possible, to catch him in the act.

On the very night of this unlucky day, Muck, seeing his liberality had much diminished his resources, took his spade and crept into the garden to procure fresh ammunition from his secret stores. The watch followed him at some distance, led by the chief cook, Ahuli, and Archaz the treasurer; and at the very moment he was piling the gold into his cloak out of the pot, they fell upon him, bound him fast, and dragged him instantly before the king. His majesty, very savage at this interruption of his slumbers, received his secret courier very ungraciously, and put him on his trial on the spot. The pot had been by this time removed from the earth, and was laid, with the shovel and the cloak-full of gold at the king's feet. The treasurer swore that he and his guards had surprised Muck just as he had fin-

ished burying the pot of gold in the ground.

The king thereupon asked the accused whether this was a true statement, and where he had obtained the gold which he had buried. Little Muck, conscious of his innocence, declared that he had discovered the pot in the garden, and that, so far from burying it, he had dug it up.

All present laughed contemptuously at this excuse, and the king shouted, his anger excited to the highest degree by the supposed impudence of the little dwarf: "How miserable! Do you dare so stupidly and basely to deceive your king, after having robbed him? Treasurer Archaz, I command you to state whether you recognize this quantity of gold for the same which is lacking from my treasury."

The treasurer replied that he was perfectly certain of what he alleged; that as much and more had been missing some time from the royal treasury; and he would willingly take his oath that this was the stolen property.

The king, thereupon gave orders that Little Muck should be cast into chains, and conducted to the Tower; and delivered the gold to the treasurer, to be again replaced in the treasury. Delighted with the fortunate turn of events, the latter carried it away, and, when at home, counted the glittering coins. But the wicked man never mentioned that at the bottom of the pot lay a note, which said:

"The enemy have invaded my land, for which reason I bury here a portion of my treasures. Whoever finds it will be blasted by the curse of a king if he does not instantly surrender it to my son.

KING SADI.

Little Muck, in his lonely cell, was overwhelmed with sad reflections. He knew that the penalty for converting royal property was death; yet he hesitated to disclose the secret of his walking-stick to the king, justly fearing that he would be deprived immediately of both that and his slippers. His slippers, alas! were of no benefit to him in his present emergency, for he was fastened to the wall with short chains; and, try as hard as he pleased, he could not turn round on his heels. His sentence of death being made known to him on the following day, he came to the conclusion that it was better to live without his magic cane than die with it; so, craving a secret audience, he disclosed the mystery to the king. At first the king placed no confidence in his confession; but on Muck's promising to give him proofs if the king would agree to spare his life, he assented; and causing

some gold to be buried in the garden, unseen by Muck, ordered him to find it with his stick. He did so in a few minutes, the stick striking very visibly three times against the ground. The king instantly saw that his treasurer had deceived him, and sent him, according to the custom of the East, a silken cord with which to strangle himself. To Little Muck, however, he said, "I have promised to spare your life, it is true; but my opinion is that this secret of the stick is not the only one you possess. I shall keep you in perpetual imprisonment, therefore, until you confess the mystery of your wonderful swiftness."

Muck, whose one night's experience in the Tower had deprived him of all appetite for longer imprisonment, admitted that his whole skill lay in his slippers, but did not divulge to the king the secret of turning three times on the heels. The king pulled on the slippers, to convince himself of their peculiar properties, and ran like mad round the garden. He tried to stop, but, not knowing the magic word, wholly without success; and Muck, who could not find it in his heart to renounce this bit of revenge, let him run till he fell down insensible.

When his majesty had recovered his senses again, he was frightfully angry with Little Muck for having let him run himself so out of breath. "I have given my royal word," said he, "to grant you your life and liberty; but I will have you hanged as high as Haman if you do not quit my territory within twelve hours." He ordered the slippers and the stick to be laid away in his bed-chamber.

Unhappy Little Muck left the country as poor as ever, cursing the folly which had induced him to think he could play a distinguished part at court. The kingdom from which he was ejected was fortunately not large, so he reached the boundary in eight hours, although from being used to his darling slippers, he found walking came very hard to him.

After crossing the boundary he quitted the travelled road, and sought the thickest solitudes of the forest, feeling a hatred for all mankind. He came upon a spot in a dense grove, which appeared suited exactly to the resolutions he had taken to live alone. A pure stream, overshadowed by large fig-trees, and a fresh, soft turf, invited him in, and here he threw himself down with the determination to take no more food, but wait till death relieved his woes. But his melancholy put him to sleep, and when he woke up, and the gnawing of hunger

began to be felt, he remembered that death by famine was a dangerous matter, and he looked about to find something to eat.

The trees under which he had gone to sleep were covered with ripe figs; so he climbed up to pluck some, found them very toothsome, and afterwards descended to slake his thirst at the brook. But what was his horror when the water, showed him his head adorned with a pair of enormous ears, and a long thick nose! He felt of his ears, confounded, and actually they were more than half a yard long.

"I deserve ass's ears!" he cried, "for I have trampled my fortune under foot like a very ass." He wandered about under the trees, and hunger again coming upon him after a while, he was compelled to have recourse to the figs, for he could find nothing else edible. While reflecting over his second dose of figs, whether he might not find room for his ears under his big turban, so as to prevent his looking so ridiculous, he felt that they had vanished. He ran back to the brook to convince himself, and sure enough, his ears had regained their former size, and his long, shapeless nose was shapeless no more. He had now discovered the cause of these changes—he had attained the long nose and ears from the first tree, and had banished them by means of the second. Perceiving with joy that his good destiny had once more put into his hands the means of happiness, he plucked as much as he could carry from each tree, and went directly back into the kingdom which he had so lately quitted. There, in the first village he came to, he disguised himself by a change of dress, and proceeded without delay to the imperial city.

It was the season of the year when ripe fruits were still a rarity. Little Muck sat down near the palace gate, for he knew from former experience that here was the place where such delicacies as his were purchased by the head cook for the royal table. Muck had sat there but a few minutes when he saw the head cook crossing the court-yard. The latter examined the wares of the various tradesmen who had assembled around the palace gate, and at length his eyes fell on Muck's basket. "Aha!" said he "a rare luxury! What will you take for the whole basket?" Muck named a moderate price, and the bargain was soon struck. The cook handed the basket to a slave and went on, and Muck immediately made himself scarce, for he feared lest, if any misfortune fell upon the

head of the sovereign, they would hunt out and punish the seller.

The king that day was much pleased with his dinner, and complimented his head cook more than once on his excellent cookery, and on the care with which he ever provided the choicest rarities; but the latter, who knew what a tit-bit he had still in the background, only smiled blandly and answered oracularly, "Evening has not come yet," or "All's well that ends well;" so that the princesses grew very curious to know what he intended to produce next.

When the handsome, inviting figs made their appearance, a general "O!" escaped from every one's mouth. "How ripe! how appetizing!" cried the king. "Cook, you are a perfect jewel, and deserve our especial favor." So saying, the king, who was wont to be very stingy of such luxuries, divided the figs around the table with his own hands. Each prince and princess received two, the court ladies, and the viziers and agas, one each, and the rest he took to himself, and began to devour them with great relish.

"Good heavens, father! what makes you look so strangely?" cried out all at once the Princess Amarza. All gazed at the king with astonishment, for enormous ears hung down from his head, and a long nose extended below his chin; and they looked at one another also, with wonder and dismay, for every one was decorated more or less with the same ornaments.

Imagine the horror of the court! Surgeons and physicians were sent for, and came in crowds; but though they prescribed pills and mixtures, the noses and ears refused to decrease. An operation was performed on one of the princes, but his ears grew out again.

Muck had heard the whole story in the hiding-place where he had taken refuge, and saw that now was the time to be up and doing. He had already procured, with the money obtained from the sale of his figs, a dress which disguised him as a professor of literature; a long beard of goat's hair completed the deception. He wandered into the royal palace, with a small bag full of his figs, and offered his services as a foreign physician. People were at first incredulous; but after Little Muck had given a fig to one of the princes to eat, and had restored his nose and ears to their original size, every one wanted to be cured by the unknown doctor. The king took him in silence by the hand, and led him into his chamber; there he opened the door leading into the private treasury, and motioned

Muck to follow, "Here are my treasures," said his majesty; "take your choice. It shall be yours, whatever you select, if you will only free me from this terrible deformity."

This was music to Little Muck's ears. He had noticed as he entered, his slippers lying on the floor, and his cane not far off standing in a corner. He made the circuit of the room, as if admiring the king's treasures; but the moment he came to the slippers he pulled them on, seized his cane, tore off his false beard, and showed to the astonished sovereign the well known face of the banished Muck. "Faithless king," said he, "who reward the most faithful services with wicked ingratitude, take these disfigurements as a well-merited punishment for your offences. I leave you your ears, to remind you daily of the ill-used Muck." So saying, he spun himself round rapidly on his heels, wished himself far away, and before the king could find breath to call for help, Little Muck had disappeared. Since that time Muck has lived in this city, in great comfort, but wholly alone, on account of his contempt for men. He has become, through age and experience, a wise gentleman, who, though his exterior may be peculiar, deserves your admiration rather than your ridicule.

This was the story told me by my father. I expressed my regrets for my thoughtless conduct towards the good little man, and he presented me on the spot with the other half of my punishment. I told my comrades the dwarf's wonderful history; and we conceived so strong a regard for him that none of us ever insulted him again. On the contrary, we honored him as long as he lived, and used to bow before him as humbly as we did before *cadi* or *mufti*.

WASHING CHILDREN'S FACES.

Care should always be observed in washing children's faces not to let the soap get into the eyes. A physician writes: "I think it cruel to allow the face and eyes to be washed over with soap in the coarse and rough way in which I have often seen it done. Some nurses appear to take a sort of morbid delight in its employment in this way. Even to an adult, soap in the eyes is a very painful ordeal to go through; in the end it inevitably produces chronic, sometimes acute ophthalmia. In washing children's faces with soap use fine flannel, sponge or the corner of a towel."

—Your cow will give more milk if you feed her *Herbageum*.

THE BOY IN THE HOLD.

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship Petersham. She was an old craft and had seen just as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm region of the gulf stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was angry, and I gave the look-out a severe punishment without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother and had promised her that I would see him well treated, that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever met with. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him. In reply he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen top-gallant haliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he'd got enough, and he told me I could give him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to put him overboard, but at that moment he staggered against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most intelligent and faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him to bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail and I knew he did not hear me; the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath, and intimated that if he did not move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear you," he said with an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I suppose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

"And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope and beat him till my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

"How's that," said I.

"There's a little more life in me; you'd better flog it out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down and swore I would keep him there till his stubborn will was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunction of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition.

"I will do it," I said to myself; "I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him, but he returned no answer. At ten o'clock I called again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses had not some of the men assured me that they heard him not an hour before, talking to himself.

I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him nor could I see him. I called out several times but he would make no reply, and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. He'll beg before he'll starve, I thought; and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulk-head in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to

go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty-six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there of actual starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and jumped down upon the boxes alone. A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there, but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let anything that might have been stored there rest directly upon the thin planking of the ship. To this place I made my way and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing; but as I became used to the dim light I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and thought he looked up—"Jack are you there?"

He answered in a faint, weary tone, "Yes! help me! Do help me! Bring men and bring a lantern; the ship has sprung-a-leak!"

I started, and he added in a more eager tone—

"Make haste, I will try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in any moment it was left by the boy, whose feet were braced against the plank before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming about him and he was wet to the skin. I saw the plank must

burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up.

Other men were called down with planks and spikes and adzes, and with much care and trouble we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and was sure that he saw a small jet of water springing up through the bottom of the ship. He leaped down, and, in a few moments, found that the timber had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was pressing it inward. He had sense to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And also saw, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood; So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask and called for help. But he was too far away—so low down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself, and there he sat, with his feet braced, for four and twenty hours, with the water spurting all over him, and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His limbs were racked with pain, but he would not give up. I asked if he should not have given up if I had not come to time as I did. He answered that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself; he was ready to die; but he

would save the rest if he could—and he had saved us, surely saved us all from a watery grave.

The boy lay sick almost unto death, but I nursed him with my own hands, nursed him through all his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms around my neck, and told me if I would be kind to him he would never give me cause of offence; and added as he sat up again—

“I am not a coward; I could not be a dog.”

I never forgot those words; and from that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men, that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person.

For nine years I have sailed in three different ships with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me, save for an officer's berth. Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin-boy; one of my foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new barque, because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best the country ever offered. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard.

TO MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHT.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let the comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it!
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather.
You will soon forget its moan,
“Ah, the cheerless weather!”

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it;
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother.
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breath the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.
—LUCY LARCOM.

Windsor Salt purest and best.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

“Outside fall the snowflakes lightly.
Through the night loud raves the storm:
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.”

—HEINK.

It may well be doubted which is most delightful,—to start for a holiday which has been well earned, or to return home from one which has been thoroughly enjoyed; to find one's self, with renewed vigor, with a new store of memories and ideas, back once more by one's own fireside, with one's family, friends, and books.

“To sit at home,” says Leigh Hunt, with an old folio of romantic yet credible voyages and travels to read, an old bearded traveller for its hero, a fireside in an old country house to read it by, curtains drawn, and just wind enough stirring out of doors to make an accompaniment to the billows or forests we are reading of—this surely is one of the perfect moments of existence.”

It is no doubt a great privilege to visit foreign countries; to travel say in Mexico or Peru, or to cruise among the Pacific Islands; but in some respects the narratives of early travellers, the histories of Prescott, or the voyages of Captain Cook, are even more interesting; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which now has been much changed and Europeanized.

Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another.

Moreover, even if the beauties of home are humble, they are still infinite, and a man “may lie in his bed, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth.”

It is no doubt very wise to “cultivate a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair; of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlor, to distant places, and to absent friends; of drawing scenes in my mind's eye; and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance.”

We may, indeed, secure for ourselves endless variety without leaving our own firesides.

In the first place, the succession of seasons multiplies every home. How different is the view from our windows as we look on the tender green of spring, the rich foliage of summer, the glorious tints of autumn, or the delicate tracery of winter.

In our happy climate, even in the worst months of the year, "calm mornings of sunshine visit us at times, appearing like glimpses of departed spring amid the wilderness of wet and windy days that lead to winter. It is pleasant, when these interludes of silvery light occur, to ride into the woods and see how wonderful are all the colors of decay. Overhead, the elms and chestnuts hang their wealth of golden leaves, while the beeches darken into russet tones, and the wild cherry glows like blood-red wine. In the hedges crimson haws and scarlet hips are wreathed with hoary clematis or necklaces of coral briony berries; the brambles burn with many-colored flames; the dogwood is bronzed to purple; and here and there the spindle-wood puts forth its fruit, like knots of rosy buds, on delicate frail twigs. Underneath lie fallen leaves, and the brown brake rises to our knees as we thread the forest paths." Nay, every day gives us a succession of glorious pictures in never-ending variety.

It is remarkable how few people seem to derive any pleasure from the beauty of the sky. Gray, after describing a sunrise—how it began with a slight "whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue, all at once a little line of insufferable brightness, that before I can write these five words, was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one too glorious to be distinctly seen"—adds, "I wonder whether any one ever saw it before. I hardly believe it."

From the dawn of poetry, the splendors of the morning and evening skies have excited the admiration of mankind. But we are especially indebted to Ruskin for making us see more vividly these glorious sky pictures. As he says, in language almost as brilliant as the sky itself, the whole heaven, "from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsoftened, shadowless crimson and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language, and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible: the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep and pure, and lightness; there, modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold."

It is in some cases indeed "not color but conflagration," and though the tints are richer and more varied towards morning and at sunset, the glorious kaleidoscope goes on all day long.

Yet "it is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure."

Nor does the beauty end with the day. For my part I always regret the custom of shutting up our rooms in the evening, as though there was nothing worth looking at outside. What, however, can be more beautiful than to "look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," or to see the moon journeying in calm and silver glory through the night; and even if we do not feel that "the man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world," still "the stars say something significant to all of us: and each man has a whole hemisphere of them, if he will but look up, to counsel and befriend him" for it is not so much, as he elsewhere observes, "in guiding us over the seas of our little planet, but out of the dark waters of our own perturbed minds, that we may make to ourselves the most of our significance." Indeed,

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air:
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night!"

I have never wondered at those who worshipped the sun and moon.

On the other hand, when all outside is dark and cold; when perhaps

"Outside fall the snowflakes lightly;
Through the night loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

"Musing sit I on the settle
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays."

For after all the true pleasures of home are not without, but within, and "the domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of."

We love the ticking of the clock, and the flicker of the fire, like the sound of the cawing of rooks, not for their own sakes, but for their associations.

It is a great truth that when we retire into ourselves we can call up what memories we please.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew."

It is not so much the

"Fireside enjoyments,
And all the comforts of the lowly roof,"

but rather, according to the higher and better ideal of Keble,

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure."

In ancient times, not only among savage races, but even among the Greeks themselves, there seems to have been but little family life.

What a contrast is the home life of the Greeks, as it seems to have been, to that described by Cowley—a home happy "in books and gardens," and above all, in a

"Virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet:
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

No one who has ever loved mother or wife, sister or daughter, can read without astonishment and pity St. Chrysostom's description of woman as "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill."

In few respects has mankind made a greater advance than in the relations of men and women. It is terrible to think how women suffer in savage life; even among the intellectual Greeks, with rare exceptions, they seem to have been treated rather as housekeepers or playthings than as the angels of home.

The Hindoo proverb that you should "never strike a wife, even with a flower," though a considerable advance, tells a melancholy tale of what must previously have been.

The Algonquin (North America) language contained no word for "to love," so that when the missionaries translated the Bible into it they were obliged to invent one. What a life! and what a language without love!

Yet in marriage even the rough passion of a savage may contrast favorably with any cold calculation, which is almost sure, like the enchanted hoard of the Nibelungs, to bring misfortune. In the Finnish epic, the Kalevala, Ilmarinen, the divine smith, forges a bride of gold and silver for Wainamoinen, who was pleased at first, to have so rich a wife, but soon found her intolerably cold, for, in spite of fires and furs, whenever he touched her she froze him.

Moreover, apart from mere coldness, how much we suffer from foolish quarrels about trifles; from hasty words thoughtlessly repeated (sometimes without the context or tone which would have deprived them of any sting); from mere misunderstandings! How much would that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," effect to smooth away the sorrows of life and add to the happiness of home. Home indeed may be a haven of repose from the storms and perils of the world. But to secure this we must not be content to pave it with good intentions, but must make it bright and cheerful.

If our life be one of toil and of suffering, if the world outside be cold and dreary, what a pleasure to return to the sunshine of happy faces and the warmth of hearts we love.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

The Bachelor's Difficulty.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A Good Cement.

A good cement that will stand considerable heat after it has cooled may be made as follows: Mix one handful of quicklime in four ounces of linseed oil, boil to a good thickness, then spread on thin plates in the shade, and it will become exceedingly hard, but may be easily dissolved over the fire and used as ordinary glue.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Varioloid.

Varioloid, or modified small-pox, is a name used to indicate the disease either as it occurs in those who have been previously vaccinated, or as it occurs as the result of direct and intentional inoculation from a patient suffering with small-pox. Since, in these days, the latter practice has been discontinued the term varioloid now designates small-pox as modified by previous vaccination. It is, of course, essentially small-pox, and presents the same features, though in a less intense degree. It is rarely fatal, and usually occasions the individual comparatively little indisposition. The vesicles are usually few in number, and widely scattered; the fever is slight, the chills and pains not severe. Indeed, many a patient with varioloid is astounded to learn from his physician that he has small-pox. Yet, while the individual himself suffers so little inconvenience, he is just as dangerous to others as the most malignant case of small-pox. He should, therefore, observe the same precautions for the protection of others as if he were himself seriously ill. It is probable that much of the promiscuous dissemination of small-pox in our large cities is accomplished, in great measure, by these cases of varioloid, since many such individuals find it unnecessary to interrupt their usual avocations.

The Value of Poultices.

Most ills are vastly helped, and some are wholly cured, by the simplest remedies. Among these, poultices stand at the head of the list. Nearly every one is acquainted with their worth when local inflammatory conditions are recognized. Who has not had at some time in his life a "festered" finger, or a boil? and what more quickly relieved the pain than the soft, warm poultice? In deep-seated inflammation, such as in affections within the chest or the abdomen, poultices are of inestimable service. In pneumonia a poultice like a jacket is often placed about the sufferer. So, too, in bronchitis, "catarrh of the breast," so called, and so common among infants, the poultice is called into service. The easiest way to make such a poultice is to spread the moist mixture whatever it may be upon an under vest. Split open the vest, so the spreading can be done smoothly and thickly. Pin it together with safety pins closely about the patient, and cover the vest all over with a jacket of

oiled silk. If this cannot be procured use oil-cloth of any kind. The reason why a poultice needs covering is to keep it warm and moist. The only way to accomplish this is by placing over the poultice a substance which is both impervious to air and moisture. No matter what the poultice is to be used to relieve, nor where it is to be applied, it must be kept warm all the time or it does no possible good. If one is so situated that even oil-cloth is beyond reach, let her fill a bottle with hot water and place it on the poultice; or heat an iron and place against it if a pendant part like the hand or foot is poulticed.

Care of a Child's Scalp.

When little scabs and scales begin to come on baby's head, and get thicker and more dirty looking in spite of frequent washings, don't resort to any harsh measures in trying to make the head look clean; that will only make matters worse, and result in a solid thick scab all over the head. As soon as these little formations are noticed on the scalp, grease baby's head at night with sweet oil or vaseline; this softens and heals. When baby has its bath next morning, take a little soft rag and dip it in the yellow of an egg, which has been mixed with a little water, and rub his head all over, then rinse with clear, lukewarm water. Repeat this operation of greasing at night and washing with egg in the morning for several days, and it will be surprising how clean and free from blemishes the little scalp will be. A little very gentle combing after the morning bath helps in removing the little scaly particles.

The Time for Baby to Sit Up.

People sometimes ask: "At what age can we seat a child in a chair; when put him on his legs; how old must he be before we can teach him to walk?"

"The answers are easy," says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*. "He must not be made to sit till he has spontaneously sat up in his bed and has been able to hold his seat. This sometimes happens in the sixth or seventh month, sometimes later. The sitting posture is not without danger, even when he takes it himself. Imposed prematurely upon him it tires the backbone and may interfere with the growth. So the child should never be taught to stand or to walk. That is his affair not ours. Place him on a carpet in a healthy room or in the open air, and let him play in freedom, roll, try to go ahead on his hands and feet, or go backward, which he will

do more successfully at first; it all gradually strengthens and hardens him. Some day he will manage to get upon his knees, another day to go forward upon them, and then to raise himself up against the chairs. He thus learns to do all he can, as fast as he can, and no more. 'But,' they say, 'he will be longer in learning to walk if he is left to go on his hands and feet indefinitely.' What difference does it make if, exploring the world in this way, he becomes acquainted with things, learns to estimate distances, strengthens his legs and back—prepares himself, in short, to walk better when he gets to walking? The important thing is not whether he walks now or then, but that he learns to guide himself, to help himself, and have confidence in himself. I hold, without exaggeration, that education of the character is going on at the same time with training locomotion, and that the way one learns to walk is not without moral importance."

Shut Your Mouth.

"I have seen a poor Indian woman in the wilderness lowering her infant from her breast, and pressing its lips together as it falls asleep in its cradle in the open air, and have seen the beneficial results of such a practice," writes George Catlin. "I have seen the *careful, tender mothers* in civilized life, covering the faces of their infants, sleeping in overheated rooms, with their little mouths open, and gasping for breath; and have been struck with the evident evil and lasting results of this practice; and I believe mortality to be frightfully increased by the results of this habit, which is unnatural and generally confined to civilized communities. If this unnatural habit is so destructive to the human constitution, and is caused by sleeping in over-heated air, under the imprudent sanction of mothers, they become the primary causes of the misery of their own offspring; and to them, chiefly, the world must look for the correction of error, and consequently the benefaction of mankind. It is a great pity that, at the very *starting-point* of life, man should be started wrong,—that mothers should be under the erroneous belief that while their infants are awake they must be watched, but asleep they are 'doing well enough.' The mouth was made for the reception and mastication of food for the stomach and other purposes; but the nostrils, with their delicate and fibrous linings, for *purifying and warming the air* in its passage, are designed to stand guard over the lungs, to measure the air, and equalize

its draughts. The atmosphere is nowhere pure enough for man's breathing until it has passed this refining process; and hence the imprudence and danger of admitting it in an unnatural way, in double quantities, and charged with the surrounding epidemic or contagious infections. The impurities which are arrested by the intricate organizations and mucus in the nose are thrown out again from its interior barriers by the returning breath; and the tingling excitements of the few which pass them cause the muscular involutions of sneezing, by which they are violently and successfully resisted. The air which enters the lungs is as different from that which enters the nostrils as distilled water is different from the water in an ordinary cistern or a frog-pond. The saliva exuding from the gums floods every part of the mouth while it is shut, loosening and carrying off the extraneous matter which would otherwise accumulate and communicate disease to the teeth and taint to the breath. The suppression of saliva, with dryness of the mouth, and an unnatural current of cold air across the teeth and gums during the hours of sleep, produces malformation of the teeth, toothache, and tic-douloureux, with premature decay and loss of teeth. If I were to endeavor to bequeath to posterity the most important motto which human language can convey, it should be in *three words*—SHUT YOUR MOUTH. I would place it in every *nursery* and on every *bed-post* in the universe, where its meaning could not be mistaken; and if obeyed, its importance would soon be realized. The habit of breathing through the mouth is one of the symptoms of throat disorder—catarrh, swelling of the tonsils, with accompanying deafness; and the obstruction of the nose is of serious importance, as increasing, or even giving rise to, a tendency to consumption. It is also a well-known fact, that foul air, carrying mineral and vegetable poison, may be breathed a considerable time through the nose with no immediate effects being apparent, which, if breathed through the mouth, would cause immediate death. Infectious diseases are also most readily caught when breathing through the mouth. The training of the respiratory organs to a healthy activity when young is of great importance, and rapid exercise in running, etc., such as children delight in, is most conducive to this end, its beneficial results being seen in the increased appetite and brightened eyes, and in the evident enjoyment afforded."

Windsor Salt purest and best.

TERMS.

OUR HOME is issued every month from the office of publication, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, Canada, by Watson Griffin, editor and publisher.

Its subscription price is forty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to this office. We do not request agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive OUR HOME regularly, write to this office and the matter will be looked into at once. Write addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made.

When the term for each subscription has expired the magazine will be discontinued without further notice, unless a renewal has previously been received.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of OUR HOME they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of OUR HOME.

Address all communications to

"OUR HOME,"

16 St. Sacramento Street,
MONTREAL, Canada.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1896.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher makes an important announcement regarding the subscription price of OUR HOME on the inside page of the back cover of this month's issue. Every subscriber should read it.

HELPFUL SUBSCRIBERS.

Many new names have been added to the subscription lists of OUR HOME during the month of September through the kindness of subscribers, who have urged their friends to subscribe for the little magazine, which they like so much themselves. All the subscribers have not done so, but a great many have, and no doubt most of the others will. It is not very difficult for each subscriber to get one friend to subscribe, and when thousands of subscribers do so the circulation rapidly grows. Many of the subscribers succeed in getting a number of new subscribers, and it is possible

for every subscriber to get at least one new subscription. The publisher asks each subscriber to do this much to help the little magazine to become great. Every subscriber who gets one new subscriber at forty cents per year may keep fifteen cents and send twenty-five cents to the publisher of OUR HOME. Any subscriber may send the magazine to a relative or a friend for the first year for twenty-five cents.

A LITTLE GIRL'S QUESTION.

"Must I wait until I get four new subscribers before sending their names to you with one dollar, or may I send you twenty-five cents as soon as I get one new subscriber, and keep fifteen cents myself?" This question is asked by a little girl who has succeeded in getting only one new subscriber, but hopes she may get more later on. The answer is: If you can only get one subscriber at present send twenty-five cents and keep fifteen cents for yourself.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The editor of OUR HOME would like to know what the boys and girls think of Christmas presents, and the kind of presents they like best. Four prizes will be given for the best letters on this subject to be written by boys and girls, and sent to OUR HOME, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, not later than the 30th October. The letters must contain not less than 250 words and not more than 500 words. The conditions are as follows:

Prize No. 1—Three dollars for the best letter to be written by a boy not less than twelve and not more than fourteen years old.

Prize No. 2—Three dollars for the best letter by a girl not less than twelve and not more than fourteen years old.

Prize No. 3—Three dollars for the best letter by a boy under twelve years of age.

Prize No. 4—Three dollars for the best letter by a girl under twelve years of age.

TEMPERANCE.

It Uses Up the Strength.

Alcohol does not give strength, it simply enables a person to use up more completely the strength he may have, like the spur in the side of a horse, eliciting force though not supplying it. Hence it will rarely be useful even in disease, except when a cure can be effected in a short time. All parts of the body are affected by alcohol.—*Medical Pioneer.*

A Good Temperance Drink.

Honeyade is said to be a good temperance drink. It is made in this way: One ounce of ginger boiled for half an hour in two quarts of water. Add two quarts of cold water, a pound of sugar, an ounce of lime juice, and two ounces of clear sweet honey. When cold, whip in the white of an egg, and squeeze a lemon or two into it.

He Struck the Cause of It.

An invalid sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, said, "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you would strike the cause of my ailment, if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane, and demolishing a decanter of spirits that stood upon the sideboard.

Alcohol as Food.

Two young physicians, practising in a hospital, were much taken with Dr. Ainslie's theory of the food value of alcohol. In good faith they set about a personal demonstration, taking the doctor's "safe dose" instead of their usual rations of eatables three times a day. By the end of three days they were hardly able to crawl up and down stairs; they had each lost six pounds of flesh, and they were altogether so miserable that they were glad to return to their usual diet, and discard alcohol.

Farewell to All Good Things.

"When drunkenness has taken fast hold of a man farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appe-

tite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation? Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for anyone; all is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for one day at a time. No one knows anything of his outgoings or his incomings; when he will rise or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows pain as hourly as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it; our own will is all that is requisite, and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion."—*William Corbett.*

The Children Suffer.

"I have been drinking whiskey every day for thirty-five years," remarked a gentleman of sixty, rather proudly, "and I don't see but I have as good a constitution as the average man of my age; I never was drunk in my life." He was telling the truth, but to learn the whole truth you would have to study his children. The oldest, a young lady, had perfect health; the second, a young man, was of a remarkably nervous and excitable temperament, as different from his phlegmatic father as possible; the third, a young lady of seventeen, was epileptic, and always had very poor health. Did the father's whiskey drinking have anything to do with these facts? This instance may be duplicated in almost every community. Think over the families of your acquaintance in which the father has been a moderate drinker and observe the facts as to the health of his children. The superintendent of a hospital for children at Berne, Switzerland, has found by careful observation that only forty-five per cent. of those whose parents used intoxicating liquors habitually had good constitutions, while eighty-two per cent. of the children of temperate parents had sound bodies. Of the children of inebriates only six per cent. were healthy. Can any man "drink and take the consequences?" or must his children take the consequences. — *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

THE BABY'S SISTER.

"Rock-a-by. Baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall.
Down will come Baby, cradle and all."

You needn't be one bit alarmed, Baby, you won't fall. Little sister will take care of you if mamma is too busy. She is so glad to have a dear little baby brother; and she was very indignant when she heard some one remark that some day she would find out that there was very little difference between a *brother* and a *bother*.

As if she could ever think you were a bother, you dear little rosey-posey, pinky-winky darling! Isn't that what she calls you? Oh, yes, you are very lovely and very sweet and all that, I know. I have heard them say so, very often. But I have been keeping my eyes open as well as my ears, and I have noticed that you don't always do just as you would if you were a little more considerate.



But then you don't know any better yet, baby, and you'll have to be excused, altho' it is certainly very tiresome of you to wake up at dinner time, when mamma had spent so much time putting you to sleep, that she was obliged to step round pretty lively so as to have everything ready when papa came home. Poor mamma, she is very tired, and it would rest her to be able to eat her dinner in peace, without having to hold you. And she would enjoy a nice quiet talk with papa, which she can't have if you are going to claim so much of her attention.

Why do you insist upon getting up? I am sure it is very comfortable in your snug little cradle. You really ought not to cry to be taken up. So papa thinks, and he tells mamma to finish her dinner, it won't hurt you to cry.

It is so lonesome off there by yourself that you can't help crying. You shut your eyes and open your mouth, and prepare to give a louder yell, when you feel the cradle begin to rock very gently. Can it be the Wind who is rocking it? You have heard them sing about the Wind, but you have never seen him, though you want to very much.

You keep as still as a mouse, so as not to frighten him away, and then you pop open your eyes very suddenly. You've caught him, this time! It isn't the Wind after all, it's little sister, who has slipped away quietly from the table, and has come to try to comfort you. Isn't she a dear little girlie?

She bends over the cradle and tries to hush you off to sleep again with some pretty lullaby, but she looks so sweet and pretty, that you can't think of shutting your eyes. You want to look at sister, and you put up your dear little hands and pat her face and laugh and coo, you are so pleased. Little sister is delighted, and smiles and looks so pretty, and her cheek is so soft and rosy that you think it must be good to eat, and you try to bite it.

How sister laughs! She calls out to mamma that little brother kissed her all his own self, without anybody saying a word. "He just put up his little mouth and gave me a kiss. Wasn't that cute? Isn't he a cunning little darling?"

Wasn't it kind of sister to leave her dinner, and come to cheer you up?

Mamma appreciates her thoughtfulness, and thinks there never was so helpful a little girl before. And papa feels very proud of his little daughter. He and mamma smile at each other, and one says, "What a change the baby has made in our little girl! She was beginning to be so selfish before he came."

"Yes, indeed, says the other. "She seemed in danger of being spoiled."

And they go on praising little sister for being a little woman, and saying how happy it makes them to see her so kind and gentle with you, and what a comfort it is that she is so unselfish.

Then mamma lifts you out of the cradle, and gives you to papa for a frolic, while she sees that little sister finishes her dinner. When papa puts you down he pats little sister on the shoulder, and tells her she is quite a little woman; and he calls her the baby's little mamma. Sister is very happy, as she always is when papa praises.

Sister loves to help, too, when you are having your bath in the morning. She holds your little garments to the fire

to air, and hands things to mamma. When you are beginning to feel cross about having to be dressed, she tells you pretty stories on your wee toes, about some little pigs, and you listen and laugh, and don't notice that your arms are being squeezed into sleeves, or that a skirt is being put over your head. You don't mind it when you are dressed. It's having to be dressed that makes you fret. But sister makes that a merry time with peek-a-boo and play, and almost before you know it your toilet is complete, and you are ready for your nap.

Sister would like to hold you and carry you about, but that is something mamma will not allow—at least not very often. She thinks it would not be safe for either of you. Your little bones are so soft that being held in such little arms as sister's might make you crooked. And sister might let you fall and hurt you; she is not strong enough to carry such a load. Besides it would make her round-shouldered to stagger about under such a weight. Some mammas are not careful enough about such things; and many a poor little girl is bent, and has an old look, and a weary air, when she is not much more than a baby herself, because her mamma has been so thoughtless as to let her have too much care on her young shoulders.

It is all very well for sister to rock your cradle, or to sit on the carpet and play with you, to catch your ball when it rolls out of reach, and amuse you once in a while when mamma is busy or resting, but not to give up all her play-time to taking care of you.

She is willing to share her candy with you, but mamma won't let you claim more than sister chooses to give you, just because you are the baby. She won't let you tyrannize over sister, if she is the wise mamma she appears to be.

Now, baby dear, you are beginning to wink and blink, and look sleepy, so as I have talked a long time, and the Wind is beginning to blow, I'll cease, and then perhaps, you will fall—asleep.

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

NOTE.—Mrs. Elizabeth R. Burns, has written many interesting articles for former numbers of *OUR HOME* over the signature of "Miss Mary Quite Contrary."

Read the publisher's announcements on the inside page of the back cover.

Cows require a smaller grain ration when *Herbageum* is used as *Herbageum* ensures nutrition by the thorough assimilation of the food.

IF YOU CANNOT TRAVEL.

Now that the summer days are gone we must settle down to our every day lives again, taking up our studies and duties which may have been lightened during the warm weather. Perhaps a feeling of envy stirs in our hearts as we stop for a chat with some friend just home from abroad. To many of us travel in foreign countries seems such a wonderful thing, a season of such perfect pleasure, an education with all the hardship of study left out, which makes the traveler seem such a superior being without much effort on his part.

We quite overlook the fact that it is the selves we have here at home that we take traveling with us, and if we at home are neglectful of our opportunities wasting our time and our brains, we would do the same wherever we happened to be.

There is an old saying that, "to see more one must be more," which contains much truth, though we are apt to think we could be more if we had the chance to see more.

Now if the envious one had been so minded her summer could have been made interesting by providing herself with atlas and guide book and tracing step by step the journey of her friends or by reading some of the famous novels in which descriptions of foreign scenes and people give both pleasure and information, and the reader is all the better prepared to enjoy a visit to some historic country when the opportunity comes, for then she realizes fully for the first time, how much she owes to the great masters of fiction, Scott, Dickens, Dumas and many others who have lent their power to make her acquainted with the scenes and streets through which she is treading for the first time. And even if the opportunity for travel never comes the home-stayer who has studied in this way has at least the pleasure of being able to carry on an intelligent and appreciative conversation with friends who have travelled.

It is not indeed easy to be well informed concerning art and artists when one's chances for culture are restricted, for one cannot truly know the beauties of the old masters without studying their pictures, and a day in the Louvre will do more to make one understand the history and progress of art than can volumes one might read on the subject, yet one needs the information that Ruskin and Symonds and other art critics can give, to make the most of that day.

When lamenting our shut in horizon let us stop to consider if we are making

the most of our present opportunities. We have been hampered in our chances to study art but have we made the most of our chances to study nature? While we cannot all have the art of Europe to instruct us, many of us may have had long summer days in the country or by the sea, and without an appreciation of nature we can never have a good knowledge of art. Watching the lights and shadows of nature for a day is worth more than weeks in foreign art galleries if one saunters through with ignorant and un-seeing eyes.

We may return from distant lands with only a remembrance of the best place to shop, or to dine, or we may return from some lonely farm-house, with a clearer vision and a deeper knowledge, better fitted for our winter duties, better fitted to live. "The small opportunity well used avails more than the greater neglected." And it all depends on ourselves.

MARY SOLLACE SAXE.

THE USES OF SALT.

Salt and water will sometimes revive a person when unconscious from a hurt. For poisoning with alcohol, an emetic of warm water and salt should be frequently given. A teaspoonful of salt in a glass of water is a cure, in many cases, for stomach trouble, relieving colic, and helping digestion.

A bag filled with salt and heated, is a great comfort to any one suffering from neuralgia. There is nothing more restful to tired eyes than a bath of warm salt and water. If the head be washed occasionally with salt and water, it will lessen the falling out of the hair. Salt added to the bath will be found almost as invigorating as a dip in the sea.

If the carpet be sprinkled with salt before sweeping, it will be found that little dust will arise, and the carpet be wonderfully brightened. Salt thrown on burning soot will soon extinguish the flames. If it be sprinkled on the stove when the kettle has boiled over, it will prevent all disagreeable odors. If sprinkled on the coals when meat is to be broiled, it will make the fire clear and bright.

To remove egg stains from spoons, rub with moist salt. If straw matting be washed with salt and water it will look like new. These are some of the very numerous ways in which salt is an aid to us. It is so common that it is within the power of every one to keep it for emergencies, as well as for cooking.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

How Far From Heaven.

How far from here to Heaven?
Not very far my friend:
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.
Hold there! Where runnest thou?
Know Heaven is in thee!
Seekest thou for God elsewhere?
His face thou'lt never see.
—*Angelus Silesius.*

The Thoughtlessness of Youth.

In general we have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. We had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can be in any way materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune depends on the chances or the passions of an hour? A youth thoughtless—when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless—when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every thought a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should be left to be done there.

Ready-Made Happiness.

We spend so much time getting ready to be happy! The picnic to-morrow; the journey next week; the preparation now; the fulfilment of our desire to-morrow, and the frequent disappointment of our expectations, day after day! This is the true history of many days, is it not? Suppose you try for just one day to be happy in the little things that come without anticipation or preparation. Suppose you take note of your mother's smile and father's "Good-morning," and baby's eager chuckle as you appear. Suppose you abandon yourself to a frolic without anxious care for the good time to-morrow. Suppose you give yourself up to the sunshine and the out-of-doors and the new book, and the helping father and mother for their sake purely. Suppose you talk to your friends about the pleasant things already yours, and let those of the future wait. Oh you don't think that "take no thought for the morrow" means you? But it does. Heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little

children to reward those about them for their heavy cares.—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

Sunlight Through Work.

If you would have sunlight in your home, see that you have work in it; that you work yourself, and set others to work. Nothing makes moroseness and heavy-heartedness in a house so fast as idleness. The very children gloom and sulk if they are left with nothing to do. If all have their work, they have not only their own joy in creating thought, in making thought into form, in driving on something to completion, but they have the joy of ministering to the movement of the whole house, when they feel that what they do is part of a living whole. That in itself is sunshine. The morning is bright with the knowledge of how much has to be done. The mid-day walk is looked forward to; the hour of rest or play is a true joy; the evening hour, when all that has been done is talked over, is delightful; and sleep, "sore labor's bath," is only another piece of pleasant work. All eyes in that household look forward, all its members are bright; all honor one another. Every day there is the light of something conquered in the eyes of those who work. Time, the gray shadow, takes substance, walks as a friend with those who work; and he is a charming companion when we wake him out of a ghost into a reality. In such a house, if there be also the good temper of love, sunshine never ceases; for in it the great law of humanity is obeyed, a law which is also God's law; for what said Christ, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Sunlight comes with work—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Boil the Peas in Your Shoes.

Did you ever read "Peter Pindar?" Excuse me, my good friend, if, in these days of reading for the million, I very much doubt it. You have read the last novel off the railway bookstall, no doubt, though there is such a strong resemblance between it and half-a-dozen of its predecessors that you have not the least idea at this moment what it was about; but as to your acquaintance with our really original English writers, I suspect the less closely we examine you the better. Well, you possibly know that Peter was Dr. Wolcot, and that he amused himself and the public by libelling—with tolerable good-humor, however, I should say—that best of men and monarchs, or that pig-headed Hanoverian farmer (which was he?) George the Third. But as the Doctor may not

be a very familiar acquaintance to the men of this generation, let me tell you one of his stories. The original is in verse, and is called "The Pilgrim and the Peas." Two unfortunate sinners, by way of penance, were bid to undertake a pilgrimage to Loretto. To Loretto, then, they were bound; and by way of making the travelling easy and pleasant, there being no excursion trains in those days, their father confessor had recommended them to put peas in their shoes. Any one who has walked a mile with an accidental grain or two of gravel under the heel of his stocking may form some idea of what it would be to do fifty (that was the distance) under their circumstances. One of them had scarcely got over half his journey, in much bodily grief, and in a frame of mind scarce befitting a penitent—for, according to our friend Peter, he was doing anything but blessing "the souls and bodies of the peas"—when he met his brother sinner returning, stepping out as briskly as if he were the daily postman, and happy in the consciousness of having been thoroughly whitewashed, and free to begin a new score. He very naturally expressed his surprise and envy, in pretty strong language, too, according to Dr. Wolcot, whom, therefore, I decline to quote. As to *his* getting to Loretto, he said, it was quite out of the question; if his absolution depended upon that, there was an end of him; for the peas at all events had done their duty, and he had not a toe left to stand upon. How had the other managed?—was it long practice, or a miracle? Neither one nor the other; the simplest thing in the world, as all great discoveries are;—"Why, to tell the truth," said the successful traveller,—

"Just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

Now in this story there lies an admirable moral, which may, perhaps, have been an unintentional prophecy, on our friend Peter's part; for, indeed, morals do not seem to have been much in his line. We have all of us heard this human life of ours very often described as a pilgrimage. Rather a favorite theological fancy, in short, and, as such, common property, from Bishop Patrick and John Bunyan down to the present archbishops and Mr. Spurgeon,—which is a long way down. Yet the word is by no means so very happy a selection after all. It will not do to say that we have scriptural authority for it; in the English language, no doubt, it stands visible enough; but there is nothing whatever in the word in the original which at all corresponds to our English

notion of a pilgrim. We surely understand by the term, a person who undertakes a journey *purposely* long, or wearisome, or perilous, or it may be all these combined, either as an expiation of some crime, or with a view of thereby purchasing a certain quantum of sanctity. "A superstitious discipline" is what our modern theological dictionaries give us as the explanation of the word "pilgrimage." And we picture to ourselves at once, if we call up our notions of the pilgrim apart from the accident of theological association, a weary, way-worn traveller, voluntarily expatriating himself for a while, from a high religious motive, making an asceticism more or less strict a necessary part of his vow, and looking forward, as the termination of his wanderings, not to the city or the shrine towards which his vow leads him—and here lies the great failure in the analogy—but to the country from which he set out. Not merely to reach Jerusalem, or Rome, or Loretto, was the real pilgrim's object, but to return to his own home, and resume his place in society when his penance was completed, or his religious standing secured. It is plain that this is not the idea conveyed in any passage where the word occurs in the Bible; it could not be, for pilgrimage is of necessity a comparatively modern idea; and one rather wonders, when one comes to think about it, that the Puritan writers especially, excellent men, who hated palmer, and penance, and absolution, and religious vows, with an honest and hearty hatred, should have been so very fond of the word. Bunyan's pilgrim is, in fact, no pilgrim at all; the very last thing he would have wished to do would have been to return to the City of Destruction where he was born; he is a traveller, and a soldier; and these are the real similitudes which the sacred writers use. Man is a wayfarer, life is a journey; man is a soldier, life a campaign; but surely the soldier will hardly fight the better for looking upon his vocation as a hardship, or the traveller get through his journey more successfully for groaning at every step.

I would not willingly be suspected of throwing the slightest ridicule, intentional or otherwise, upon any scriptural view of human life; but if it turns out to be only a theological view instead of a scriptural one, I have not the slightest additional respect for it on that ground; it must stand or fall by its own weight, and put up with a little rough handling like the rest of us; if it be not *ortho*-doxy, but only *your*-doxy, as Swift has it, then let it take its chance. I argue, then, if you will have it still that life is

a pilgrimage, at all events there can be no objection to boiling the peas. In fact, the great mistake we are all apt to make is the not doing so. Troubles we shall all have, plenty of them, Heaven help us! But it has been admirably said, that "the worst are those which never come;" certainly they are those which we run to meet half-way, and look at through magnifying glasses when they do arrive. If life must be a pilgrimage, let us put a stout heart to it, and not make it a more painful one than it need be. The peas must be in the shoes; that makes part of our sentence; little things in themselves, but with a wonderful capacity for making themselves unpleasant; but there can be no religious or moral obligation against boiling them, and the difference it makes is wonderful. Some men, instead of boiling their peas, seem to take a pride and pleasure in choosing for themselves the largest and the hardest—Brobdiagnag marrowfats—and disposing them conscientiously under the tenderest places. It would be nothing to them to walk through life without a grievance. There will be trials duly appointed for you, penances which you must perform whether or no; but even these will hardly be lightened by making a long face. And there will be still more of which the making and the mending will lie entirely in your own hands. If you choose to speculate in annoyances, there lies a large field open to you, between your own weaknesses and your neighbor's. But let me advise you not to take more shares in such investments than you can help. Have as high an opinion of yourself and your deserts as you please, but don't expect to cut all the world out after your own pattern. Keep a good digestion, if possible, and a cheerful temper. It's easy enough to laugh when you win; but, you may depend upon it, it will prove a great advantage to your play in the end, to be able to laugh when you lose.—*Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1859.*

God's World and Man's.

It is not God's world, with its love and friendship and little children, its fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunlight and starshine and sweet consolation of Art and Songs, against which we are bidden to beware. No it is *man's* world—the world which devotes itself to gain, or to the wish to be somebody in society; to the frittering away of our days in fashionable frivolity, or in struggling to outdo our neighbor, not in the purity of our lives, or the dignity of our actions, but

in our clothes, our carriages, and the company we keep—*this* world it is which cannot be rightly loved by one in whom dwelleth the love of the Father.

But God's world we can never love half enough, can never sufficiently appreciate and enjoy. I believe that if God were to make a man, a full-grown man in a moment and were to set him down in the midst of the world, to look upon it with new eyes, and for the first time, instead of letting him grow up from a child, to *become accustomed to it*—for it is true, as Mr. Lowell says, that "we glance carelessly at the sunshine, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades." I believe that that man would be in danger of delirium from his overwhelming joy and wonder at the beauty and the boundlessness of that which he saw around.—*A Dead Man's Diary.*

Good Thoughts Condensed.

Children have more need of models than critics.

How many weak shoulders have craved heavy burdens.

All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil is idle.

Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see.

The great drawback in new books is that they prevent our reading older ones.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.

There is about neat and clean clothing a sort of youthfulness in which it is well for old age to envelop itself.

Jealousy is tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

When a man's life gives the lie to his tongue we naturally believe the former rather than the latter.

Order is to arrangement what the soul is to the body, and what mind is to matter. Arrangement without order is a body without a soul.

Truth takes the stamp of the soul it enters. It is rigorous and rough in arid souls, but tempers and softens itself in loving natures.

We are all of us more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live.

Place before children nothing but what is simple lest you spoil their taste; and nothing that is not innocent lest you spoil their hearts.

A direction post may point out the right road, without being obliged to follow it; but human finger posts, especially teachers and preachers, have not the same privilege.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end, when conjoined; separated they lose the greater portion of their utility.

A hundred years hence what difference will it make whether you were rich or poor, a peer or a peasant? But what difference may it not make whether you did what was right or what was wrong.

ECONOMICAL PRIDE.

"Did you ever reflect on the economy of pride?" said a grocer to me as a little girl came in and asked for two eggs and five cents worth of sugar.

"The economy of pride!" I echoed. "Yes. Now there are many people who send half a dozen times a day for small quantities of things such as that. They always buy in small quantities, and yet they very often purchase as much in the end as customers who give larger orders. But it is not so convenient for us. It wastes our time, and we are consequently obliged to charge more for the goods, and people who deal in this way lose quite a sum of money during the course of a year. We have many customers of this sort. They generally belong to the poorer classes, because the others are ashamed to give such small orders, although we occasionally meet with such customers among the well-to-do classes. But if you want to get some ideas in the matter, just go to some place where clothes are cleaned, repaired and dyed, and ask who patronize such places the most."

Accordingly I visited a well-known dyeing establishment. In reply to the question, "Who are your best customers?" the manager said, "The wealthier class."

He produced a book showing the names of some of the richest and most prominent people in the city, who often had their clothes cleaned, repaired and dyed. "The fact is," he continued, "the mechanical classes don't, as a rule, get the worth of their money in buying clothes. They buy goods of poor materials, which soon wear out, are not

worth cleaning or repairing, and will not dye well, and yet they often spend more money on them than people who always look stylishly dressed. Many people who are not wealthy are too proud to wear anything cheap or ill-fitting, so they buy the very best and make them last as long as possible. Some gentlemen bring the same suits half a dozen times to be cleaned and pressed, and thus while they last a long time, they always look nice. The ladies, too, are good customers. They bring dresses, ribbons and feathers to be dyed, and we often clean the same pair of gloves several times. Gloves that are soiled by perspiration, however, will not clean."

I visited a number of establishments—there are a large number in the city—and all agreed with the first one in saying that the best customers were business men, doctors, lawyers, clerks and their families. One dyer said,

"Here is a suit of clothes belonging to a prominent banker that we have cleaned six times. And it is the same in other cities as it is here. I was in Toronto some years ago, and called to see a Yonge street dyer. He told me that he cleaned a great many clothes for the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario."

Another dyer said: "In buying clothes it is very important not only to get good cloth, but to have it made up by a good tailor. Poorly made clothes don't retain their shape when dyed. All wool clothes dye best, and the best colors are black and seal brown."

EDGAR WICKELL.

A Marriage Settlement.

We know of a working-man who, on the eve of his marriage, signed a promise to abstain from intoxicating liquor. He put the document into a frame, and presented it to his wife after the wedding as a marriage settlement, and certainly there cannot be a better marriage settlement than for a young husband to settle his habits.—From *"How to be Happy Though Married."*

To Remove Worms from Furniture.

Worms in furniture may be eradicated by the following simple treatment: Dip a steel knitting needle into paraffin, and insert it in the holes daily for about a fortnight, when the pests will be destroyed. When you notice that no more dirt is being worked out of the holes fill them with putty, and when dry, paint the same color as the furniture.

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW.

Turpentine will remove ink from white wood work.

If your oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

To clean a kettle fill it with potato parings, and boil them fast till clean.

Nothing made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point.

To make labels stick to tin add a little honey to common flour paste.

Egg shells will clean vinegar bottles as well as shot.

To remove grease from leather apply the white of an egg to the spot and dry in the sun.

Vegetables growing above the ground should be cooked in salted water, those below the ground in fresh.

If a dish gets burned in using do not scrape it. Put a little water and ashes in it, and let it get warm. The stain will then come off nicely.

When hot grease has been spilled on the floor, dash cold water over it, so as to harden it quickly and prevent it striking into the boards.

To clean hair brushes sprinkle pulverized borax over them and let it remain half an hour, then wash them thoroughly and rinse well.

To keep knives and forks in good condition when not in use dust them with finely-powdered quicklime and keep them wrapped in flannel.

To remove a rusty screw apply a red-hot iron to the head for a short time, the screw-driver being used immediately afterwards while the screw is still hot.

Marks on tables caused by hot dishes may be removed by paraffin being rubbed in well with a soft cloth, finishing with a little methylated spirit, rubbed dry with another cloth.

Milk is made specially nutritious if it is put in a jar and placed in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours. It is then called "baked milk" and has become thick and creamy.

Old paint and varnish may be removed by an emulsion formed of two parts of ammonia shaken up with one part of turpentine. It will soften them so they may easily be scraped off.

If horse radish be added to pickles it will keep them free from scum, and also give them a fresh green color.

Tinware may be cleaned with ordinary flour rubbed on with a piece of newspaper. The article should first be thoroughly washed with hot water and soap, and when quite dry rubbed with flour.

To remove grease from wood cut a lemon in two and rub on the grease marks. This is worth knowing, for grease marks if left for long on a table are difficult to remove, and are very unsightly.

If a carpet is put down over a greasy spot in the floor it is likely to strike up through the carpet in time. If it cannot all be removed by scrubbing with soda or lye, spread a sheet of thick glazed paper over, before laying the carpet.

To test butter take a clean piece of white paper, smear a little of the butter on it, roll up the paper and set it on fire. If the butter is pure the smell will be rather pleasant, but the odor will be distinctly tallowy if the butter is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.


The annoyance of squeaking boots may be remedied in the following way: Stand the boots in a dish and pour round boiled linseed oil sufficient to cover the soles. Let them remain for twenty-four hours. If one application does not remove the annoyance, repeat the process.

A capital way to clean and polish knives is to dip a cork in the knife-powder, rub the blades vigorously on each side, and then polish with a dry cloth. This answers quite as well as rubbing the knives on a board, a proceeding which causes the dust to fly in all directions, and it demands less expenditure of force.

One of the simplest means of cleaning silver that has become badly blackened by gas or time is to mix a teaspoonful of ammonia with a cup of water, and use a little of this liquid to form a paste with whiting. Polish the article to be cleansed with the paste, using a soft chamois to apply it and another to dry it.

Broken china may be mended with the following cement: Dissolve a little gum arabic in water so that it is rather thick; put enough plaster of Paris into this to make a thick paste. Cement the pieces of china together, and in half an hour they cannot be broken in the same place. Hot water seems to make it firmer.

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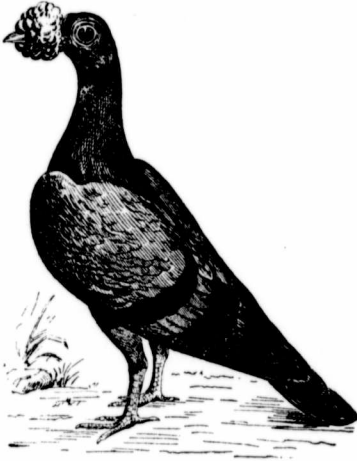
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filled from cover to cover with illustrations and cartoons on social reform movements of the day.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

"Carriers are a remarkable race of pigeons, which from a remote antiquity, have been employed in the office of bringing, rather than of carrying letters," says Delamer. "They fetch intelligence home from whatever place, within their power of return, they may have been purposely sent to. They do not carry letters out wherever they are bid, as some ignorant people



A Blne Carrier.

have supposed. To avail one's self of the services of Carrier pigeons, the birds must first have been sent to the place from which intelligence is desired; so that in cases where difficulty of access is likely to occur, considerable foresight has to be exercised. Repeated experiments have been tried with the view of ascertaining whether Carrier Pigeons can instinctively return to their home from a distance, or whether, to make them useful as messengers, it be necessary to teach them the road. The result clearly proves that the Carrier is guided in his journey solely by memory and a knowledge of the country he has to traverse. These birds, when employed to carry intelligence from one part to another, are trained by being taken, first, say five miles from home, then ten, and so on, till the whole journey is completed in short stages; and even if the bird should know the road it cannot



travel in foggy weather. Inexperienced birds find their way back from short distances very easily if the ground over which they have to fly lies all in one plain, or in one valley; but if any high ground intervenes between the place where they are thrown off and their home, they are apt to lose their way. It is said that pigeons are guided on their return home from long distances by instinct. Instinct is said to be unerring; not so the pigeon's flight. If instinct be the guide, why not fly through foggy weather with equal speed and facility as in clear sunshine?



This they cannot accomplish. When the ground is covered with snow pigeons seem to lose their points of guidance and are lost. This would seem to favor the idea that they travel by sight, and are less indebted to instinct than is generally imagined. Carrier pigeons do not fly at night; they settle down if they cannot reach their home by the dusk of evening, and renew their flight at daylight next morning. Several treatises direct that the letter to be carried must be gently tied under the bird's wing, in such a manner as not to incommode its flight; but an express pigeon flyer would just as soon think of tying a letter to a bird's tail, as under its wing. The practice is to roll some fine tissue paper neatly round the leg, secured with a thread of silk; and thus the bird can travel without the paper causing resistance or impediment in its flight."

Lewis Wright says of the Carrier: "It must first be explained generally that the Carrier is a long-headed pigeon, having the cere round the eye developed into a broad circular surface of whitish naked substance, called by modern fanciers the eye-wattle. The warty substance visible on the beak above the nostrils on all pigeons is also enormously developed into a large, whitish, cauliflower-looking substance, called the wattle or beak-wattle."



"The beak of the Carrier should be long, straight and thick. The wattle ought to be broad across the beak, short from the head towards the apex and tilting forward from the head. The properties of the head are its length, narrowness and flatness. The eye-wattle ought to be broad, round and of an equal thickness. The length of beak is now measured from the point to the centre of the eye itself. It is not difficult to procure birds that will breed mere length of beak; but it is difficult to procure length combined with the other properties, and a good head and beak $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. measure are infinitely to be preferred to a face over two inches which is deficient in other points. Straightness of beak is a rare point, The growth of the peculiar substance termed the beak-wattle seems to have a natural tendency to both shrivel up and curl the upper mandible, so as to leave a space between the upper and lower.

When pigeons are fed from a hopper the upper mandible always has a tendency to overgrow, which is not the case when the food is picked from the ground. The beak should always be thick and *blunt at the point* to give the best effect. It is particularly esteemed if the lower mandible be as thick as the upper. When all the points as here described are fairly combined we have the 'box-beak,' so much valued. The beak-wattle is perhaps by many people the most valued point in a Carrier. The day has passed, however, when mere size of wattle is worth everything, for birds can now be readily found with any amount, owing to the long efforts of many fanciers. Mere size is valueless without shape. There are various shapes admired by different fanciers, but they chiefly resolve themselves into two types. One resembles an ordinary peg-top, the steel peg standing for the point of the beak; the other more resembles a walnut or even a sphere. But the essential points in all are that the wattle be symmetrical, with no great inequalities anywhere, or any preponderance on one side, and that it is rather convex in every direction, with no flat, much less hollow, places. The picture of a Blue Carrier will illustrate one type of wattle, and the picture of a Carrier's head the other."

LANGUAGE OF THE HEN.

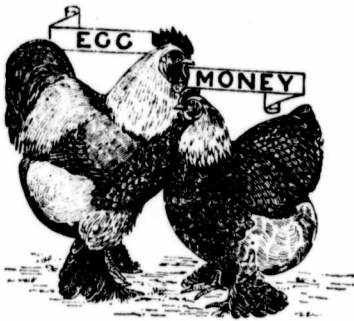
The ordinary domestic fowl affords the most positive evidence of the possession of a language that is understood, says an American writer. There are many decidedly different calls, which if taken down in a phonograph and re-

peated in a henhouse or yard would produce interesting results. I need but mention a few calls to illustrate the range of sounds in the domestic fowls. On a warm day, when hens are released from their coop, when their minds are undisturbed and all nature looks bright and inviting, they sing as they feed—a continuous repetition of kerr-kerr-kerr, with various modulations. The rooster never utters it, nor the mother hen; it is the song of the happy-go-lucky of hen creation. Now let a hawk appear in the sky or any disturbing element; an entirely different sound is heard. The hen stops, stretches her head upward, and, with the cock, utters a decided note of warning in a high falsetto, k-a-r-r-r-e! And if the enemy still comes on it is repeated, and every bird in the vicinity lowers its head and runs to cover. The sound says in the gallus language, "An enemy is coming, run!" and run they do, the kerr-kerr-kerr being discontinued only when all danger is past. Note the joyous call of the hen that has laid an egg. Cut-cut, ca-da-cut! comes oft repeated from the henhouse, and other envious hens are informed beyond any question or mistake that Mrs. Gallus has laid an egg.

Now, when the eggs are hatched we have other and maternal notes. There is a deep, monotonous cluck, cluck! that is a warning to others and a general admonition of the chicks to remain near, but it is not a call. Note the difference when the mother or proud cock finds a worm. The cock appears to be greatly excited, and he pretends to peck at it, to make the guileless hens believe that he is about to devour the *bonne bouche* himself; all the time he is saying, cut, cut, cut—come, come, come—rapidly, which causes the hens to run pell-mell in his direction, to find in many instances nothing, being merely a device to call the flock away from some rival. But in the case of the mother the little ones always find some tidbit which she has discovered.

When the hen has her brood beneath her ample folds she often utters a sound like c-r-a-w-z-z-e of half-warning and contentment. And when an intruder enters the coop after dark she utters a high, prolonged whistling note like w-h-o-o-e, softly repeated, indicative of wonder and slight alarm.

If now the fox or coyote, or other enemy seize her, how cockily comes an entirely different cry—a scream of terror and alarm, c-i-a-i-a-i-o-u, repeated again and again, and so full of meaning that the owner, some distance away, reaches for his shotgun and answers the signal of distress.



Buff Cochins.

The Buff Cochin is the oldest of the Cochin family, says C. C. Shoemaker. They are pure and princely Asiatics. The Buff Cochins are elegant fowls, being compact, good layers, good sitters, good mothers, and are well adapted to confinement in small enclosures or yards. They are very large and broad, ranking in size with the Brahmans, are very hardy, both as chicks and fowls, it being very seldom that sickness of any kind is found among them. They are well adapted to cold climates, being quite heavily feathered, and not having very large combs and wattles, so that they are not apt to get frostbitten in the severest weather. In color they are a rich buff, which makes them a suitable fowl for country, village or city. They are of very quiet habits, and will not fly over a fence four feet high, which makes them very desirable, as it ensures comfort to your neighbors, and you have the satisfaction of living in peace with those around you. They are good winter layers. Early hatched pullets will begin laying in December and lay all winter. Cocks, when matured (in good flesh) will weigh from nine to twelve pounds. Hens from seven to ten pounds. However, in many instances they have attained much greater weights than those given." Stephen Beale, the English poultry authority, says of Cochins in general: "Cochins somewhat resemble Brahmans in shape and appearance, but have more abundant feather and are rather rounder. They are fairly good winter layers, but in the spring and summer are so continually broody that very few eggs indeed are obtained from them. In fact they are the most inveterate sitters of all fowls, and on this account cannot be recommended; for sit they will, choosing all kinds of unlikely articles if they cannot obtain eggs. They are clumsy, and often break the eggs, or crush the chickens

given to them. They are very hardy and easy to rear, can be kept on any soil, are very docile, but make poor table birds, except so far as size is concerned, having coarse flesh and large bones. There are four colors—buff, partridge, black and white—all of which are very handsome, and look well in a show pen, or on a lawn, where appearance and not utility is looked for. But as commercial fowls they are of no use whatever."

Evidently there is difference of opinion regarding the value of Cochins. OUR HOME will give the opinions of other successful breeders in Canada and the United States later on

A Way of Preserving Eggs.

A correspondent of an English paper says: "Last year we had some eggs, as an experiment, rubbed over with vaseline, and then packed in boxes with dry salt. The boxes were turned over every fortnight to prevent the yolks settling and adhering to the shell. After the lapse of four months the first box was opened, the eggs wiped clear from vaseline, and they were then boiled along with fresh-laid ones. As a matter of fact, it would have been difficult to distinguish one from the other, if it had not been known that some of the eggs had been preserved. This year we commenced preserving by the same method only eight weeks before the time at which I write; and although the test is a much shorter one, it is quite sufficient to prove the value of the process. The fortnightly turning over is an essential feature, as it keeps the yolks in position; and the impossibility of doing this with lime-water, brine, or any wet method, condemns these at once, on account of the adhesion of the yolk to the shell, irrespective of the flavor, which with most other processes is not at all satisfactory. The result of our test this year is as follows: The first lot of eggs preserved were laid March 12th, and were rubbed with vaseline and covered with salt on the 13th; the lids of the boxes were then tied down, and the boxes turned upside down every fortnight or so. Eight weeks afterwards the first box was opened; two eggs were poached and found perfect; two eggs were boiled for two different persons who are in the habit of taking a new-laid egg daily. One of these two persons, not knowing the egg was a preserved one, remarked that it was very fresh and nice, but that the hens must be getting short of green food, as the yolk was paler than usual. This remark proved clearly that the

egg was not passed over without critical notice; and the fact that the yolk was pale is easily accounted for, as during March the hens were practically without green food, they being kept in confinement, and depending for green stuff on the garden waste and grass-cutting from tennis lawn. The eggs had the curdy, milky appearance which fresh-laid ones lose in about two days, and also the inimitable flavor peculiar to those which have not been handled much."

A Very Small Run.

Every breed of fowls does much better when it has freedom than when cooped up, and it is a mistake to expect eggs to be very plentiful without liberty, except by very great care and attention; and hardy chickens are scarcely to be hoped for in the small, miserable pens so often devoted to breeding stock. Those who wish to keep about half a dozen fowls, simply to supply eggs for their own table, may do so in a small run, but they must not feed them too well, or internal fat will ensue, which will stop the laying as well as bring on disease. The birds so confined should never be bred from, and it will be found advisable to kill them off when about twenty-seven months old.

Cross-Bred Poultry.

There is an idea prevalent, writes Stephen Beale, that cross-bred poultry are much more profitable to keep than pure bred ones, and whilst there can be no question that it is a decided advantage to cross certain breeds one with another, in order to obtain specific results, that is, of course, if the crossing is scientifically and skilfully performed, having an end in view, this is altogether different from the breeding of mongrels, which is so common. In the former case there is method, in the latter there is none, and it is to this indiscriminate crossing that we owe the present degenerate races of farmyard or barndoor fowls; small, subject to disease, poor as layers, equally as useless on the table, and certainly neither profitable nor creditable to the owner. The first cross may be useful if properly made, but, it has been found from the experience of many, that if these are bred from the progeny deteriorates, both in fecundity and size with every generation. The basis of every yard should be pure-bred stock, but where there is room, these should only be used for breeding layers or table fowls. If only a few can be kept for home consumption, then we

should advise that crossing be not attempted, but only pure-bred birds kept, unless there is some means of getting the cross-bred ones at a reasonable price, with the certainty that they are as represented.

Chicken Cramp.

Chickens kept upon a clay soil or in a damp place are often subject to cramp, which is known by the toes of the bird beginning to curl in, and then the bird has to walk on its knuckles. When discovered, the chicken should be placed on a perfectly dry floor, and fed upon stimulating foods. It will also be a help towards cure, if the feet and legs are bathed with warm water, and afterwards rubbed with turpentine.

Disease of Egg Organs.

The delicate mechanism by means of which the egg is formed and voided, is sometimes put out of order, but as a rule, this is the result of bad feeding, which stimulates or forces the organs, and the ordinary course of nature is upset. Or, it may be, that the insufficient supply of shell-forming materials, results in soft or shell-less eggs being voided. Birds at liberty are not often so troubled, and those in confinement need to be carefully fed, and to be supplied with the materials for shell formation. Sometimes a hen becomes egg-bound, when a little castor oil may be tried, but if that fails, then a little olive oil should be injected into the oviduct, and this will generally secure the object in view. Great care must be taken in so treating a bird, as rough usage may easily break the egg, such a circumstance being almost always followed by a fatal result.

A MISTAKE OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Some of the old subscribers of OUR HOME imagine that because the ownership of the magazine has changed they must pay their subscriptions again before the term of their subscriptions expires. For instance quite a number whose subscriptions expire in March have sent money for renewals. It is not necessary to pay so far in advance. Every person who has subscribed for OUR HOME before the change of ownership, will receive the magazine regularly without any further payment until the term of subscription expires. A great many subscriptions have nearly a year to run, and the date when each subscription expires will be marked on the wrapper.

—It pays to feed poultry Herbageum.

THE DINNER MAKERS.

We Cannot Do Without Them.

We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

—BULWER.

Corn Fritters.

To make corn fritters grate the corn from the cob, allow one egg and a teaspoonful of milk to every teacupful of corn. Season with pepper and salt; stir in flour to thicken. Fry in hot lard.

Escalloped Tomatoes.

To make Escalloped Tomatoes put in a dish a layer of bread crumbs with bits of butter, and then a layer of sliced tomatoes, sprinkled with pepper, salt, and sugar. Continue until the dish is full. Spread bread crumbs and butter over the top. Bake one hour.

Potato Salad.

Potato Salad makes a nice addition to a cold meat dinner or lunch, or goes well as a relish for tea or supper. Slice some nice cold boiled potatoes very thin; chop an onion very fine and mix with the potatoes; some finely chopped parsley may be added if the flavor is liked. Pour over the whole a salad dressing and serve quite cold.

Date Pie.

To make Date Pie boil one pound of dates in three pints of water for one hour, and take out the stones. Then add three cups of milk, three eggs, two crackers rolled fine, three tablespoonsful of sugar, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a flavoring of nutmeg and salt. Bake without upper crust.

Ginger Apple.

Ginger Apple is very appetizing and keeps well when made as follows: Pare and core four pounds of good hard cooking apples; boil the skins and cores in one quart of water for half an hour. Cut the apples into square pieces. Having strained the stock add four lbs. of white sugar to the juice and boil it again for ten minutes. Then skim the liquid; add the fruit and boil until the fruit is tender—about twenty minutes will probably be sufficient. Then add essence of ginger to taste, using enough to make the flavor quite perceptible. Put into pots, from which the fruit may be turned out on to a dish for the table.

It Is a Pleasure

For Mr. Hamilton to Speak.

An Esteemed Citizen of the Ancient Capital.

What He Thinks of Paine's Celery Compound.

The following letter from Mr. Wm. Hamilton, of No. 2 Oliver Street, Quebec, P. Q., is so very plain and lucid that it requires no explanatory remarks. His object is to draw the attention of the sick and afflicted to that fountain and source of life from which he received supplies of new health. He says:

"It is with sincere pleasure and gratitude I refer to your Paine's Celery Compound, and the wondrous blessings that I received from its use.

"To tell the truth, before using it I had little confidence in it, but concluded if it did me no good it could not make me any worse than I was.

"I had suffered for years from indigestion, liver complaint and kidney disease, and began with Paine's Celery Compound in order to give it a thorough testing. After a fair use of the Compound I am as well as ever I was, and all my troubles have disappeared, and I am enjoying good health.

"Your medicine is a wonderful one; it is far superior to all others, as it truly gives life, and puts the entire system in a healthy condition. As a purifier of the blood I find it has no equal, and I heartily recommend its use to all sufferers."

Can stronger proof than the above be required to convince any sick and diseased man or woman that Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world?

Surely, dear reader, you will admit that it is worthy of a trial. You are seeking for new health, and therefore need the very best. Be sure you ask for and use only "Paine's," the only genuine celery preparation in the world.

Preserved Pears.

Preserved Pears done in the following way make a very rich dish for dessert. Pare and core four lbs of cooking pears, and cut them into quarters. Make a syrup of 3½ lbs. of white sugar, adding three or four cloves if their flavor is liked, and boil half an hour. Add the fruit to the syrup and boil twenty minutes. The late, hard varieties answer the best.

Corn Soup.

To make Corn Soup grate twelve ears of corn. Mix two tablespoonsful of corn starch with enough milk to make a smooth paste and add it to the grated corn. Boil the corn cobs in three pints of water until the juice is extracted. Strain the water from the cobs and add the corn mixture to the water. Then add one cup of cream or milk, a tablespoonful of butter and pepper to taste.

Tomato Sauce.

To make Tomato Sauce take twelve large ripe tomatoes, four ripe or three green peppers, two onions, two table-spoonsful of salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon, and three cups of vinegar. Peel tomatoes and onions, chop all fine, and boil one and a half hours. Bottle, and it will keep any length of time. One quart of canned tomatoes may be used instead of the ripe ones.

Tomato Catsup.

To make Tomato Catsup boil one bushel of tomatoes until soft, and squeeze through sieve. Take two ounces of cloves, a quarter pound of allspice, one ounce of cinnamon, a little mace, one ounce of black pepper—these spices all to be whole. Tie in a thin muslin, and put it in the strained tomatoes. Add half a gallon of vinegar, half a pint of salt and three ounces of cayenne pepper. Boil until reduced one half.

Mustard Pickle.

To make Mustard Pickle take one peck of large cucumbers and twelve large onions. Peel and slice thin, sprinkle plentifully with salt, stand over night. In the morning boil one quart of vinegar with half a cup of mustard, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoon of tumeric and one of cayenne pepper. Pour the hot mixture over the cucumbers and onions, which should be first drained out of the salt. This pickle is fit to use as soon as cold.

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and Curtain Materials.**

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is Worth Inspecting.

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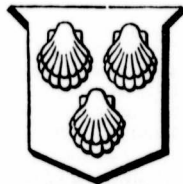
the fraud of the day.

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Insist and demand

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Address: THE SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.
HAMILTON, ONT.

Tomato Chow Chow.

To make Tomato Chow Chow take half a bushel green tomatoes, one dozen onions, one dozen green peppers; chop all together very fine, and sprinkle over one pint of salt, let it stand all night, then drain off the brine, cover with good vinegar, cook slowly for one hour, then drain and pack in a jar, take two pounds of brown sugar, two table-spoonsful of cinnamon, and one each of allspice, cloves, pepper and celery-seed, all ground together except celery seed, half cup of mustard or two ozs. mustard seed, one pint of grated horseradish, vinegar sufficient to mix them, and when boiling hot pour it over the contents of the jar; cover tight.

Meat-Tomato Pudding.

One of the problems of the house-keeper, especially when means are limited and the family is small, is what to do with cold meat. The careful housekeeper is always on the look-out for some dainty way of disguising the remains of the joint, and doing it so thoroughly that no reproach of a "second hand" dinner may be possible. Following is a very nice recipe for doing up cold meat with tomatoes: Put into any convenient pudding dish, alternate layers of bread crumbs, sliced meat and sliced tomatoes, having on top a good layer of bread crumbs; and putting small pieces of butter, and salt, pepper and sugar between each layer. Some nice stock or gravy is a good addition. Bake in the oven until the top is nicely browned, and serve hot.

Unpeeled Pickled Peaches.

To make Unpeeled Pickled Peaches rub off the fur with a coarse cloth, and prick each peach with a fork, or should you prefer, stick in each peach four or five cloves. Heat in just water enough to cover them until they almost boil; take them out and add to the water the following proportion: For every seven pounds of fruit, three pints of nice cider vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful each of mace, cinnamon, celery seeds and cloves. Put the spices in thin muslin bags. Boil all together about ten minutes, put in your fruit and boil until they can be pierced with a straw. Take out your fruit with a skimmer, boil the syrup until thick, pack the peaches in glass jars and fill with the hot syrup.

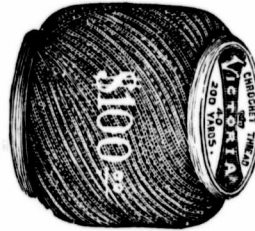
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Perfectly dry and white, and no lime
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with it than with any other salt.

It pays to use it.

THE MILLER OF HOFBAU.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

There is a swift little river running by the village of Hofbau, and on the river is a mill, kept in the days of King Rudolf III. by a sturdy fellow who lived there all alone. The King knew him, having alighted at his house for a draught of beer as he rode hunting; and it was of him the King spoke when he said to the Queen: "There is, I believe, but one man in the country whom Osra could not move, and that is the miller of Hofbau." But though he addressed the Queen, it was his sister at whom he aimed the speech. The Princess herself was sitting by, and when she heard the King she said:

"I do not desire to move any man. What but troubles come of it? Yet who is this miller?"

The King told her where the miller might be found, and he added: "If you convert him to the love of women you shall have the finest bracelet in Strelsau."

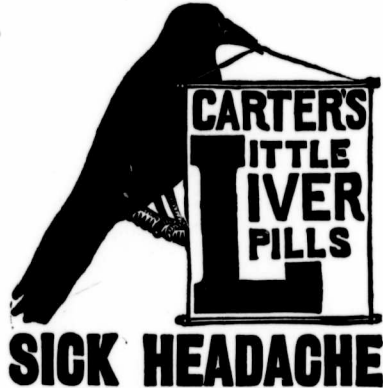
"There is nothing, sire, so remote from my thoughts or desire as to convert your miller," said Osra, scornfully.

And in this, at the moment, she spoke truthfully; but being left alone for some days at the Castle of Zenda, which is but a few miles from Hofbau, she found time hang very heavy on her hands; indeed she did not know what to do with herself for weariness; and so, for this reason and none other at all, one day she ordered her horse and rode off with a single groom into the forest. Coming, as the morning went on, to a wide road she asked the groom where it led. "To Hofbau, madame," he answered. "It is not more than a mile farther on." Osra waited for a few moments; then she said: "I will ride on and see the village, for I have been told that it is pretty. Wait here till I return," and she rode on, smiling a little and with a delicate tint of color in her cheeks.

Before long she saw the river and the mill on the river, and coming to the mill she saw the miller sitting before his door smoking a long pipe, and she called out to him, asking him to sell her a glass of milk.

"You can have it for the asking," said the miller. He was a good-looking, fair fellow, and wore a scarlet cap. "There is a pail of it just inside the door behind me." Yet he did not rise, but lay there, lolling luxuriously in the sun. For he did not know Osra, never having been to Strelsau in his life, and to Zenda three or four times only, and

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, **TORPID LIVER.** They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



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that when the Princess was not there. Moreover—though this, as must be allowed, is not to the purpose—he had sworn never again to go so far.

Being answered in this manner, and at the same time desiring the milk, the Princess had no choice but to dismount. This she did, and passed by the miller, pausing a moment to look at him with bright, curious eyes that flashed from under the brim of her wide-rimmed feathered hat; but the miller blinked lazily up at the sun, and took no heed of her.

Osra passed on, found the pail, poured out a cup of milk, and drank it. Then refilling the cup, she carried it to the miller.

"Will you not have some?" said she.

"I was too lazy to get it," said the miller; and he held out his hand, but did not otherwise change his position.

Osra's brow was puckered and her cheek flushed as she knelt down, holding the cup of milk so that the miller could reach it. He took and drained it, gave it back to her, and put his pipe in his mouth again. Osra sat down by him and watched him. He puffed and blinked away, never so much as looking at her.

"What have you for dinner?" asked she presently.

"A piece of cold pie," said he. "There's enough for two, if you're hungry."

"Would you not like it better hot?"

"Oh, ay, but I cannot weary myself with heating it."

"I will heat it," said the Princess; and, rising, she went into the house and made up the fire, which was almost burned out; then she heated the pie, and set the room in order, and laid the table, and drew a large jug of beer from the cask. Next she placed an arm-chair ready for the miller, and put the jug by it; then she filled a pipe from the bowl of tobacco, and set a cushion in the chair. And all this while she hummed a tune, and from time to time smiled gayly. Lastly she arranged a chair by the miller's chair; then she went out and told him that his dinner was ready, and he stumbled to his feet with a sigh of laziness and walked before her into the house.

"May I come?" cried she.

"Ay, there is enough for two," said the miller of Hofbau, without looking round.

So she followed him in. He sank into the armchair and sat there, for a moment, surveying the room which was so neat, and the table so daintily laid, and the pie so steaming hot. And he sighed, saying:

"It was like this before poor mother died;" and he fell to on a great portion of pie with which Osra piled his plate.

When he had finished eating—which thing did not happen for some time—she held the jug while he took a long draught; then she brought a coal in the



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BABY'S OWN SOAP. Keeps the skin soft, clean and sweet. For sale by all druggists.

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tongs and held it while he lit his pipe from it; then she sat down by him. For several moments he puffed, and then at last he turned his head and looked at Princess Osra; and she drooped her long lashes and cast down her eyes, and next she lifted her eyes and glanced for an instant at the miller, and finally she dropped her eyes again and murmured shyly: "What is it, sir? Why do you look at me?"

"You seem to be a handy wench," observed the miller. "The pie was steaming hot, and yet not burned; the beer was well frothed, but not shaken nor thickened, and the pipe draws well. Where does your father dwell?"

"He is dead, sir," said the Princess Osra, very demurely.

"And your mother?" pursued the miller.

"She also is dead."

"There is small harm in that," said the miller, thoughtfully; and Osra turned away her head to hide her smile.

"Are you not very lonely, living here all by yourself?" she asked a moment later.

"Indeed I have to do everything for myself," said the miller sadly.

"And there is nobody to—to care for you?"

"No—nor to look after my comfort," said the miller. "Have you any kindred?"

"I have two brothers, sir; but they are married now, and have no need of me."

The miller laid down his pipe, and setting his elbow on the table, faced Princess Osra.

"H'm," said he, "And is it likely you will ride this way again?"

"I may chance to do so," said Osra; and now there was a glance of malicious triumph in her eyes, and she was thinking already how the bracelet would look on her arm.

"Ah," said the miller; and after a pause he added. "If you do, come half an hour before dinner, and you can lend a hand in making it ready. Where did you get those fine clothes?"

"My mistress gave them to me," answered Osra. "She has cast them off."

"And that horse you rode?"

"It is my master's; I have it to ride when I do my mistress's errands."

"And will your master and mistress do anything for you if you leave their service?"

"I have been promised a present if—" said Osra; and she paused in apparent confusion.

"Aye," said the miller, nodding sagaciously, and he rose slowly from the

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Diamond Dyes Guarantee Success and Satisfaction.

Many people go to the city or town dye-house when they have goods to be dyed.

This means a loss of time and much unnecessary expense. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred women can do their own dyeing at home with Diamond Dyes, at an expense of ten or twenty cents for what the professional dyer will charge them \$1.50 to \$2.00. Home dyeing means a saving of time and much annoyance, as the professional dyer often puts the work aside for a week or ten days.

All difficulties are avoided by using Diamond Dyes in your home. The plain directions for each color make good results absolutely certain. There is a standing guarantee that Diamond Dyes will color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes in the world, and will always give the best and strongest colors.

When buying dyes, avoid all imitation package dyes that your dealer may offer you; take only the "Diamond," and you will be crowned with success.

Send for our Diamond Dye Cook Book, free to any address. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal.

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Is pure color; beautiful rich permanent color with such colors pictures are a success; they last forever. Winsor and Newton make only that kind of color. Colors last a long time; they go a long way. It does not pay to try cheap stuff. Ask your dealer.

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arm chair, "Will you be this way again in a week or so?" he asked.

"I think it is very likely," answered Princess Osra,

"Then look in," said the miller; "about half an hour before dinner." And he nodded his head again very significantly at Osra, and turning away, went to his work, as a man goes who would far rather sit still in the sun. But just as he reached the door he turned his head and asked, "Are you sturdy."

"I am strong enough, I think," said she.

"A sack of flour is a heavy thing for a man to lift by himself," remarked the miller, and with that he passed through the door and left her alone.

Then she cleared the table, put the pie—or what little was left—in the larder, set the room in order, refilled the pipe, stood the jug handy by the cask, and, with a look of great satisfaction on her face, tripped out to where her horse was, mounted, and rode away.

The next week—and the interval had seemed long to her, and no less long to the miller of Hofbau—she came again, and so the week after; and in the week following that she came twice; and on the second of these two days, after dinner, the miller did not go off to his sacks, but he followed her out, pipe in hand, when she went to mount her horse; and, as she was about to mount he said:

"Indeed you are a handy wench."

"You say much of my hands, but nothing of my face," remarked Princess Osra.

"Of your face?" repeated the miller in some surprise. "What should I say of your face?"

"Well, is it not a comely face?" asked Osra, turning toward him that he might be better able to answer her question.

The miller regarded her for some moments, then a slow smile spread on his lips.

"Oh, ay, it is well enough," said he. Then he laid a floury finger on her arm, and he continued: "If you come next week—why, it is but half a mile to church! I'll have the cart ready and bid the priest be there. What is your name?" For he had not hitherto asked Osra's name.

"Rosa Schwartz," said she, and her face was alight with triumph and amusement.

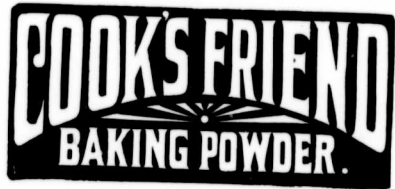
"Yes, I shall be very comfortable with you," said the miller. "We will be at the church an hour before noon, so that there may be time afterward for the preparation of dinner."

"That will be Thursday in next week?" asked Osra.



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16 oz. Bottle.

\$1.00

Johnston's Fluid Beef.

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"Ay, on Thursday," said the miller, and he turned on his heel. But in a minute he turned again, saying: "Give me a kiss, then, since we are to be man and wife," and he came slowly toward her, holding his arms open.

"Nay, the kiss will wait till Thursday. Maybe there will be less flour on your face then." And with a laugh she dived under his outstretched arms and made her escape. And, the day being warm, the miller did not put himself out by pursuing her, but stood where he was, with a broad, comfortable smile on his lips; and so he watched her ride away.

Now, as she rode, the Princess was much occupied in thinking of the miller of Hofbau. Elated and triumphant as she was a having won from him a promise of marriage, she was yet somewhat vexed that he had not shown a more passionate affection; and this thought clouded her brow for full half an hour. But then her face cleared. "Still waters run deep," said she to herself. "He is not like these court gallants who have learned to make love as soon as they learn to walk, and cannot talk to a woman without bowing and grimacing and sighing at every word. The miller has a deep nature and surely I have won his heart or he would not take me for his wife. Poor miller! I pray that he may not grieve very bitterly when I make the truth known to him." And then at the thought of the grief of the miller her face was again clouded; but it again cleared when she considered of the great triumph that she had won, and how she would enjoy a victory over the King, and would have the finest bracelet in all Strelsau as a gift from him. Thus she arrived at the castle in the height of merriment.

It chanced that the King also came to Zenda that night to spend a week hunting the boar in the forest, and when Osa, all blushing and laughing, told him of her success with the miller of Hofbau he was greatly amused, and swore that no such girl ever lived, and applauded her, renewing his promise of the bracelet; and he declared that he would himself ride with her to Hofbau on the wedding day, and see how the poor miller bore his disappointment.

"Indeed, I do not see how you are going to excuse yourself to him," he laughed.

"A purse of 500 crowns must do that office for me," said she.

"What, will crowns patch a broken heart?"

"His broken heart must heal itself, as men's broken hearts do, brother."

"In truth, sister, I have known them cure themselves. Let us hope it may be so with the miller of Hofbau."

"At the worst, I have revenged the wrongs of women on him. It is undeniable that any man should scorn us, be he king or miller."

"It is indeed very proper that he should suffer great pangs," agreed the King, "in spite of his plaster of crowns. I shall love to see the stolid fellow sighing and moaning like a love-sick courtier."

(To be continued.)

AN ENTERTAINING BOOK.

One of the most entertaining books of the year is Anthony Hope's "Comedies of Courtship," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The volume contains a number of amusing love stories in the bright and pleasant style that characterizes all the writings of Anthony Hope.

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 Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. No Fits and little Nervousness after first day's use. Infallible for all Nervous Diseases if taken as directed. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to all patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names and P. O. address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 337 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sold by Druggists. Beware of Imitating frauds.

What are you Laughing at?



Employer: "You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you?"

Boy: "Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."

"Gracious, Smith, old boy, how are you. I haven't see you for ages. You are altered. I should scarcely know you again."

"Excuse me, sir, my name is not Smith?"

"Great Scot! Your name altered as well?"

"Is your father a large man?" asked a stranger of little five-year-old Ted. After a moment's thought he replied: "Well, he's just twice as big as I am, because one pair of his pants will make two for me."

Jack was a little city boy, and it was his first day in the country. He ran into the house to his mother, his chubby hands full of mullein-leaves. "O mamma," he cried, "see the flannel I found growing in the yard!"

The eldest of three little chaps was sternly reproved by his mother for his bad behaviour.

"You are the oldest, Cyrus," she said, "and you ought to be an example to Homer and Jack."

"Well, I'll be an example to Homer," said Cyrus, "but I won't be an example to both of 'em. Homer's got to be it for Jack."

Little Edith was playing in the yard. Suddenly she ran into the house. "O mamma!" said she, "I saw a great long snake in the yard." "How long?" exclaimed mamma. "A foot long?" "Oh, longer than that. It was a leg long!"

"Laughter," says Horace Smith, "is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and one which there is therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it has passed without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. 'Ah!' cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, 'if I were to die ten times over I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh.'"

Many years ago a certain magnate in the West of England—doctor of divinity and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions—was also an enthusiastic geologist. One day a farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, was riding along a quiet road, when he discovered the Magistrate seated on the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was engaged in breaking with a small hammer in the course of a hunt for fossils. The farmer reined in his horse, and for a moment gazed open-mouthed; then, shaking his head over the changeableness of all things human, exclaimed in tones of the deepest commiseration: "What, doctor! Be you come to this a'ready?"

The little word "again" has nothing humorous about it, but it once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down full length on the platform. The accident occasioned a little subdued mirth, especially as the unfortunate divine was very tall, and seemed to cover the whole platform in his frantic efforts to rise. When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Mr. R. will again take the floor."

Clapping, stamping and laughter reigned for several minutes. The reverend gentleman had never before met with so enthusiastic a reception.

Price of Our Home.

At the time OUR HOME was purchased by the present publisher the price was twenty-five cents per year. The magazine has since been doubled in size, and the price has been increased to forty cents for new subscribers, but the price for those who were getting it before the 1st of August continues to be twenty-five cents per year. Anyone who subscribed for it before the 1st of August may renew for another year by sending twenty-five cents when the present subscription expires. It is not necessary to send the twenty-five cents now, as some subscribers have supposed, unless your subscription expires this month. Send twenty-five cents one month before your present subscription expires. That will be soon enough. You will find the date when your subscription expires on the wrapper of the magazine. The price of OUR HOME for new subscribers will be increased to fifty cents after the 1st of December, but those who have subscribed for it at the price of forty cents, expecting it to remain at that price, may continue to get it at forty cents per year if they renew their subscriptions one month before they expire. In short, those who subscribed for OUR HOME at the price of twenty-five cents per year may continue to get it at twenty-five cents per year; those who subscribed at the price of forty cents may continue to get it at forty cents per year, but all new subscribers after the first of December will have to pay fifty cents per year. Thus all who subscribed for OUR HOME before the 1st of August, 1896, will get the magazine at half the regular subscription price. This arrangement will be continued for at least two years, and if the publisher decides to alter it after that the old subscribers will be notified at least six months in advance. In return for this privilege of getting the magazine at half price, the publisher asks each of the old subscribers to try hard to get at least one new subscriber every year.

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One package of this powder will make a pint or sixteen ounces of the Best Black Ink. There is absolutely no trouble in making ink with this powder.



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.

Dissolve the contents of the package in one pint of boiling water; let it stand until cool and then it is ready for use.

"Radnor flows clear as crystal, icy cold, from the heart of the Canadian Laurentides."



... DRINK ...

**PURE,
SPARKLING,
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RADNOR Empress of
Natural
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Is a unique natural combination of most valuable health-promoting ingredients.



Being also a delightful beverage, equally adapted for the Table, the Sick-Room, or the Club.

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"A purely natural water, brilliant, pleasantly sparkling, and delicate to the taste."
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"I consider RADNOR a most excellent and delicious table water."
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THE BRITISH TRADE JOURNAL,
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FRANCIS W. CAMPBELL, M.D.,
Professor of Medicine,
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RADNOR can be had on all Railway Buffet Cars, Dining Rooms, Steamship Lines, and at the leading Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Grocers, Druggists, etc.

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