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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTHY AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

J. EDWARDS, DES. & ENGR. LONDON.

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NO. 5.

Grandfather.

Upon the withering grasses lie
 Leaves reddened by a hectic glow;
 While autumn sings a requiem sad
 In measured tones both soft and low.
 And on the yellow cornstalks, bare
 Of blades, hung golden, ripened grain,
 And bees on nodding clover blooms
 Sing drowsily a sweet refrain.

And as I gaze on nature's face,
 All flushed, by summer's fevered breath,
 I seem to see another face,
 Now sleeping in the arms of death;
 A pair of tender, kindly eyes,
 That faded with life's autumn glow,
 A pair of loving lips that gave
 The sweetest counsels I shall know.

I hear again the feeble step
 That tottered o'er the gravelled sand,
 And in my palm I feel once more
 The pressure of a trembling hand.
 'Twas just one little year ago,
 We bared to each an aching heart,
 And even then we vaguely felt
 The drifting of our souls apart.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

WILL you tell me whether you want me or not? Judy."
 "I hope you will not stay away," she answered,
 softly, a smile hovering about her mouth. Then,
 without a word, he bent down and gently touched with his tip
 the little hand that had grown more sunburnt than when Au-
 gusta complained of its whiteness. From the moment when
 she felt his bearded lips touch her hand, all Judith's doubts
 and fears took to themselves wings and flew away. All
 Augusta's cruel speeches and insinuations were robbed of
 their sting, and she allowed herself to be supremely happy
 while every day she thanked the fate or Mr. Lennox's firm-
 ness, which had sent her to Bonny Dale instead of some other

place. She loved him, and was beloved by him, and the world was a very beautiful place, and she would be happy forever! Poor little fool! How long would it take her to learn that happiness at best is fleeting, and all is vexation of spirit.

Donald Standfield left Bonny Dale that afternoon in rather a perplexed frame of mind. He could scarcely doubt now that Judith loved—or fancied she loved him; in her youth and ignorance of the ways of the world, she betrayed herself in a dozen little ways which he could hardly fail to see, now that his eyes had been opened. And yet, while the thought of winning this fair young girl for his wife filled him with a subtle joy, it, even to himself, savored somewhat of the ridiculous. He felt so old, so terribly old; and she was but seventeen. In this respect he did himself an injustice; for thirty-six is comparatively young for a man, and he did not look his age. The dark hair was as dark and thick, and his form as stalwart and upright as it was ten years ago.

He smiled bitterly, that, perhaps after all, this was but a fleeting, girlish fancy of Judith's; that she thought she liked him because he was the first man to pay her those chivalrous attentions which women value. It might be that if she met with some other, younger man and received similar attentions from him, she would find that her regard for the older man was a fancy after all. This Littleworth, for instance. He was young, probably good looking and well off; what was more likely than that he and Judith should be attracted to one another? She was fair and sweet enough to please the eye of any man, surely! It cannot be said that up to this time Standfield was really what is called, in love, with Judith; but the idea of winning her had been very pleasant to this somewhat weary and world-worn man. During the past few days while he had been considering the matter, he had resolved to bury the past and its disappointments, and to that end he had striven, more successfully than he was aware of, perhaps, to put Dorothy's image from his mind and place her sister's there instead; and had looked forward to the future, which looked bright and tempting with that bright young face smiling at him; still he had been wavering on the brink of love; now, however, that the thought of failing to win her presented itself, that there was the prospect of a possible rival in the field, the needed stimulus was supplied, and he took the fatal leap, whether for his own good and her's remains to be seen.

Does it appear inconsistent in Standfield thus to accept the homage of one woman when he had been so intolerant to an-

other's? But a man does not censure a woman's betrayal of her love for him if the betrayal is unconscious, or if circumstances force it from her; but to openly exhibit her weakness to his eyes and to the eyes of all the world, is to gain, not only his contempt, but the world's uncompromising censure. In the former case if he feels that her love is hopeless, all the chivalry latent in the masculine nature is aroused; and it may be that years after he will remember with a tender regret, the girl who loved him once; not so in the latter case.

The extension chair arrived at Bonny Dale early the next morning; and soon after breakfast, Judith, full of delight at the prospect of getting into the open air again, and shyly gratified at Standfield's thoughtful kindness, was carried out by Susannah, and Betsy the kitchen maid. Miss Laurie, full of secret wrath at this new instance of the banker's interest in her cousin, held disdainfully aloof during the transit, nor offered to assist in any way. She had protested against the chair's being sent at all, when Standfield broached the subject to her on the preceding afternoon, and had declared that it was altogether an unnecessary trouble; but he good-humoredly held his own and succeeded in enlisting Mrs. Laurie on his side. But before leaving the farm he contrived to whisper a word to Susannah, who promised to see that Miss Judith was assisted out into the garden every morning and comfortably installed in the easy chair, under the old apple tree. Augusta had her revenge, by absolutely refusing to allow more than one of the smallest and most dilapidated of the sofa cushions to be taken into the garden for Judith's use; so that Susannah had much difficulty in making this chair a comfortable lounge.

"There, dearie; it's the best I can do for you, but I'm afraid it ain't very soft-like for your back," said the old woman, when she had arranged, to the best of her ability, a shawl of Judith's, on the back of the chair.

"That will do beautifully, Susannah, thank you; and you are a dear to take so much trouble about me," answered the girl, softly patting the withered old hand.

"Trouble! Miss Judy;" and she laid her hand on the young head.

"Nothing I could do for you would be a trouble; it's naught but pleasure to do for such a young thing as you."

Before the afternoon arrived Judith's back ached with leaning on the hard chair; but she wished Standfield to see that she appreciated his kindness by making use of the chair; so, in answer to Susannah's question, if she wanted to go out again after dinner, she answered, "yes."

Standfield came about three in the afternoon, and his quick eye took in at once the lack of cushions, and the consequent discomfort of Judith's position. Miss Laurie was at the sitting-room window, and she watched, with an angry sparkle in her eye, the meeting between the two in the garden—Standfield's half-tender, half-playful manner as he bent over the chair and held the young girl's hand in his, "much longer than was at all seemly or necessary," thought Augusta. He then advanced to shake hands with her and Mr. Laurie, who happened to be in the room at the time.

After a few words on either side, the young man made a bold request for some more cushions for Judith's chair.

"You see," he said, laughingly, "I boasted so much to Miss Judith of the luxurious comfort of my extension chair, that I fear she is sadly disappointed and doubts my veracity; of course, it requires to be well supplied with pillows, to afford that degree of comfort I promised for it."

"Pillows! Mr. Standfield, certainly; I will tell Susannah to get some more; it was stupid of her not to see that Judith had as many as she wanted," said Augusta, forcing herself to speak and smile pleasantly. She did not desire to seem ungracious to Standfield by refusing his request, and, moreover, she did not dare to do so in her father's hearing. So presently Susannah appeared, laden with two or three soft pillows and a rug, which, with the young man's skilful assistance, she arranged on the extension chair, transforming it immediately into a luxurious lounge.

Miss Laurie's discomfiture was complete.

CHAPTER V.

SUMMER DAYS.

THE week that ensued ere Judith was able to walk about as usual was one of more unalloyed happiness than, perhaps, she should ever experience again. For it was all so new and wonderful, this joy which filled her soul in another's presence. When Standfield's kind, dark eyes met hers, and his deep, manly voice filled her ears with sweetest music, there was absolutely no other thing in life she desired to make her happy. And when sometimes at parting his voice took a tender tone, and he held her hand in his firm clasp longer than need be, then she felt that it would be sweet, nay, blessed, to die thus, with her hand in his; for now she knew what it was to be utterly, unspeakably happy. Even Augusta's shafts fell harmless to the ground; and Mr. Thorpe's offensive love-making failed to annoy her as keenly as before; she was too full of happiness now to take much notice of the young man; while this indifference on her part aggravated him almost beyond bearing; he bated Standfield furiously; he hated Augusta, and cursed the fate that bound him to her; and he loved Judith more madly than ever.

The weather was perfect, and Judith, Standfield, Augusta and Mr. Thorpe formed a quartette each afternoon and passed the time pleasantly enough to all seeming, out under the apple tree in the garden, Judith lying in her chair while her cousin worked industriously with her needle at some article of her trossau; and the two young men lounged at ease on the grass with cigars between their lips, when Miss Laurie was gracious enough to permit it. At length, however, the lounging chair was dispensed with and Judith was able to go about as formerly. Just about this time, too, arrived Reginald and his friend Mr. Littleworth, or Jack, as he called him. He was a handsome, pleasant young fellow of twenty-five or so; "a thorough Saxon," as Reggie said. And he showed his Anglo-Saxon birth in every feature of his face; fair, curly hair, and fair moustache, drooping over a mouth that would have made a woman's face beautiful, so tender and refined, was it. Jack's eyes were blue and full of merriment; honest eyes, too. Indeed, Jack's friends said of him, that there was no honest or more manly fellow on earth. Men liked him, women adored him, and no child was ever known to fear him. In his mother's eyes he was simply perfect. He was the only son of a Hertfordshire squire, at whose death he would come into possession of an ancient Grange and a splendid income.

At Bonny Dale farm he was speedily a universal favorite. He ingratiated himself with every one, from Mr. Laurie down to Betsy, the little kitchen maid, who peeped at him from the kitchen door, and then fell into raptures over the "handsome young gentleman" until summarily called to order by Susannah, who, however, in her heart of hearts, endorsed Betsy's every word of praise. As for Jack, himself, he was not an individual prone to take unreasonable prejudices; he

generally contrived to see people in their very best light, so that he was always prepared to like them until sufficient reason presented for disliking them, and it may be said in passing, that the young fellow could hate just as heartily as he could like a man.

"What a pretty little place this is!" he said, on the second morning after their arrival, as he and Reggie sauntered toward the farm.

"Awfully quiet, though; I would not like to live here month after month, like Standfield, for instance; and yet he seems not to mind it."

"Well, I think myself that two or three weeks of it would be sufficient for me at a time, not but that I could live a country life, and very contentedly too, if I were obliged to my boyhood was passed in a country place scarcely larger than this."

"Still, a fellow ought to have his ding in the world before he settles down in one quiet corner of it for the rest of his life, as you will probably do some day when you are Squire of Wortley," said Reggie, with a smile.

"I hope that day is a long way off, yet; the poor old governor may enjoy his possessions without a fear of my coveting them," said Jack, with a sort of tender pity in his voice; the present Squire of Wortley was an old man of sixty-four, he had been a stern, exacting father; but none knew better than Jack, that in his inmost heart the old man idolized his handsome son; and the young man in return gave a very sincere affection to his father.

"Nice fellow, that Standfield," remarked Reggie, presently.

"Yes, he is one of those men one cannot help feeling a respect for; I feel sure he is an unusually well-informed man, and yet there is nothing in the slightest degree boastful or pedantic about him."

"He is a gentleman," answered the younger man, simply.

"I am sure he is. It has been said that an English gentleman is unmistakable; he is unique; and I may say that a Canadian gentleman is a gentleman through and through, and a right good fellow into the bargain."

"Thank you; I suppose you came to Canada under the impression that the Canadians were a race of boors."

"Not at all," returned the other, laughing,—“but you know a man is always partial to his own countrymen, so that it is perhaps a surprise to him to find another nation equal in all respects to his own.”

"Thanks again, old fellow," replied Reggie, proudly.

"I can tell you, I am proud of being a Canadian, and of the same race as the English."

"As any man might be, for there is no greater nation in the world than old England," said Littleworth, exultingly. But now, after this brisk interchange of compliments, let us try and find our way back to the subject in hand. By the way, am I right in supposing that your cousin is engaged to Mr. Thorpe, that sulky-looking chap, you know?"

"Yes, quite right; I cannot imagine how they ever became engaged, for it is evident there is not much love lost between them; I suppose Thorpe has an eye on Augusta's money. I detest the fellow!"

"Miss Laurie is an heiress, then?"

"She has a pretty little fortune in her own right; and she will, I suppose, inherit Bonny Dale and her father's money."

"Indeed!"

"Judy cannot endure the man, either; I can see that. By the way, let us get the girls to show us the way to Bonny

Woods this morning; my sister says it is a lovely place."

"By all means; let us do so. Mr. Standfield was saying that there was pretty good fishing in the river; we must get out our rods and tackle to-morrow, and win old Mrs. Barber's heart by a present of some fresh trout for breakfast."

"They had now arrived at the garden gate, and throwing aside their cigars, entered, vociferously welcomed by Trap, whose joyous bark brought Judith to the window to see who was coming in.

She was engaged in dusting the ornaments in the sitting room, and wore a large blue gingham apron over her black muslin dress, while an old blue silk handkerchief arranged *laque-fashion*, protected her pretty hair from the dust. She looked wonderfully pretty and childish, standing there in the window, over and around which bloomed in abundant profusion the early June roses, filling the air with delicious fragrance.

"If I were an artist I would paint a picture of that girl, standing just as she is now," thought Jack, his beautiful blue eyes full of admiration.

Reginald also seemed struck with his sister's appearance, this morning.

"Why, Judy!" he cried, with brotherly outspokenness, "I never knew you were such a beauty before."

"Brothers are curiously unobservant mortals," laughed Jack, as he saluted the young girl and Mrs. Laurie, who had now appeared at the window—are they not, Mrs. Laurie?"

"Not always, Mr. Littleworth, not always, but young men nowadays seem to think it waste of time to compliment their own sisters," said the old lady, quaintly.

"Ah! it was different in my young days; I had one brother; he died twenty years ago, poor Jim! and he always did say that I was the prettiest girl in the village where we lived. You would not believe now, Reggie, that I was ever a pretty young girl like your sister; would you?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Laurie, I am quite sure you were for I have heard my father say many a time that you were a regular beauty when you married Mr. Laurie," answered Reggie, brightly, and won the old lady's heart entirely, for she dearly loved to hear people say that she had been a beauty in her far away youth. Poor old lady!

"We have come to beg you and Miss Laurie to accompany us to Bonny Woods; it is a beautiful morning for a walk," Jack was saying to Judith. He never dreamed that Augusta considered her time too precious to waste in idle morning rambles.

"I think Augusta is busy; but I will go, anyway; it will be delightful. I will go and tell Augusta that you are here."

"To Bonny Woods, indeed!" exclaimed that indefatigable young woman, when Judith informed her of Jack's request.

"I have a great deal too much to do, to go gadding about all forenoon; and for no earthly reason that I can see; Reggie and Mr. Littleworth could find their way to Bonny Woods by themselves well enough if they chose. Tell them I'll be in to see them in a minute," she added, as Judith turned to leave the dairy, much relieved by her cousin's decision to remain at home.

(To be Continued.)

"You must bathe regularly," said a physician, gravely, as he looked at the patient's tongue, and felt his pulse. "But, doctor, I do," returned the sick man; "I go in swimming regularly every First of July."

Bartonville's Mistake.

MAMMA, what makes the little girls act so naughty to me and call me such wicked names," asked a little blue-eyed girl of five years, the child of a beautiful woman who sat at an open window, her head bent industriously over her sewing, a sad weary look upon the white face, and in the large brown eyes an almost indefinable expression of tender and infinite longing.

"And do they still treat my little treasure rudely? Oh, Pearlle, my darling, they must not," and the mother's face wore a look which told too truly of the bitter struggle within.

"But they will, mamma. Bertie Willis said only to-day that I had no papa, and never had, 'cause her mamma and all the folks said so;" then, suddenly after a pause during which the baby eyes sought wistfully the mother's face, "mamma, where is my papa?"

But that wistful appeal was soon changed into a cry of terror, for there came over the white-faced woman a storm such as had never revealed itself to that child before. The slender fingers clasped each other convulsively, and through the pale lips of the mother there issued a cry so fraught with anguish that, except a repressive scream, the child was awed into a frightened silence.

"Oh, my God! how long, oh, how long, must shame and calumny and poverty be my portion. Innocent as a babe, yet my life is one continual bitterness. I am turned from every door at which I plead for labor, to earn an honest livelihood for myself and child, capable though I am in directions wherein men make fortunes. Hissed at, spurned, despised, and my beautiful darling the target for all the sneers and thrusts of which children are now-a-days so capable. And all for what? Merely because I choose to keep the secret of my life from the prying eyes of a vulgar public. They will not believe me pure and innocent because I live alone with sealed lips, and this child only an added proof of my supposed infamy. How long, oh God, how long?" And the frail form shook with sobs that threatened to drive her mad. But the heaving bosom at last became calm, the throbbing heart ceased, in a measure, its tumultuous beatings, and with all the bravery of a grand nature, she smiled at the little one through her tears, and clasping her to her heart, murmured, "did mamma frighten her little Pearlle? Well, she'll not do so any more. Let's go see if kitty has lapped all her milk."

Common-place words enough; but grand, when considered as an indication of a mastery over self—or a brave struggle with the giant sorrow. Rising in her spirit above the calumny of a cruel world, she resolved to be brave for love's sweet sake.

There was much excitement in Bartonville and the gossips were revelling in chatter without end. The hotels and other public places, to say nothing of the homes, were filled with citizens eager to talk or listen to one subject at present of paramount interest. Bartonville was happy.

It was all because Horton St. Clare was coming home to take possession of the grand old ancestral estate, which had for several years remained closed and gloomy because the young master had, some way, ill-brooked the restraint which the care of the large estate would have imposed upon him. Indeed, nearly the whole town might be said to belong to him since the tract of land on which the village stood, with the

exception of a few sold lots, was originally part of the estate, and besides he owned the vast mills—the only manufacturing industry of the place, and his influence was, in consequence, almost limitless. There were fine schools in the place, which had brought several wealthy families with children to be educated. These advantages, taken with the natural beauty and healthfulness of the whole country about, made Bartonville a place of some consequence. She was not slow to feel this, and held up her head accordingly.

Horton St. Clare was loved and respected by all, but of late years, when he had returned from his roving, for a short visit at the old place, his face had worn such a look of sorrow and pain; his manner was so unusually cold and repellant, and he seemed so completely wrapped up in grief of some kind, that the employees of the mills scarcely dared address him as of old, but turned with relief to the manager, in whose hands all the business of the vast enterprise had been placed. But he had always soon departed again for foreign shores, and it became a settled thing in the minds of all that his secret grief was killing him.

The term of this, his last absence, had been much longer than usual, but he was now really coming to reside permanently among them, and speculation was rife as to the cause thereof. Was he bringing a bride with him? And many other questions of like character were asked till the excitement and wonder became great and people talked of nothing else, as they met each other in the mills, on the street, or in their homes.

Mary Holland sat in her scantily furnished room one beautiful morning her head bent in deepest dejection. Little Pearlle stood by her side, the sweet blue eyes, filled with a sad wistful tenderness as they fixed themselves upon her mother's face, as though she would read the secret of all their unhappiness. But she spoke no word—wise little thing—for she had learned to keep silence when these paroxysms of grief came over her mother, and the tiny fingers locked themselves closely together as she stood, a dumb and awestricken spectator of the scene. She had ceased to mingle in any way with other children, for since that last and most cruel attack the mother had determined to keep her child by her side.

The little one stood quietly waiting for the sobs to pass away, when suddenly the blue eyes fixed upon a figure passing down the street. A magnificent looking man he was; a prince he might be, were he judged by the splendid physique, the massive head and the general air of distinguished grace and superb manhood. But a manly man, and a perfect gentleman he certainly was, if not a prince, for the deep blue eyes beamed out a look that bespoke only kindness and courtesy to every creature. But his head was bowed and his whole air was that of a man whose heart is filled with a grief born with a Christian grace and patience almost pathetic but is slowly eating his life away.

Such a picture of manhood is seldom met with, and no wonder little Pearl stood and watched him with wide open lips and dilating eyes. So much grandeur and manly beauty was not lost upon her highly wrought nature, and soon, her wonder and admiration overcoming her awe at the mother's grief, and forgetting all else, she cried out, "Oh, mamma, look, look, see the strange gentleman; isn't he lovely? I never saw him before, did you, mamma?"

The mother looked up carelessly at her darling's words, and cast her eyes out of the window, but her look, first care-

less, soon froze into a stare of incredulous wonder. Then the shocked and miserable woman clasped her hands in a transport of grief, and with a cry like that of some haunted thing that sees a place of refuge but must not enter, she fell to the floor senseless.

Little Pearlle was frightened. Never before had her mother, with all her grief, fainted. Never before had she seen her mother thus, and she was at once overcome. Thinking her mother dead, and scarce knowing what she did, the poor little scared thing rushed out the door, and after the stranger—the only person upon the street, and who had passed the house and was making his way slowly and thoughtfully down the street. She ran after him, her long, yellow curls streaming in the wind, the wee figure looking like a very fairy, and in her excitement cried, "Oh, Mr., will you please come and see what makes my mamma dead? She fell right down on the floor when she saw you, and oh, I don't know what to do. Sir, will you come to see my mamma?"

The stranger looked at the child. She seemed wonderfully familiar to him, and as he understood that the lady had fallen at sight of him, his heart gave a great bound that seemed almost to stifle him, and a strange light came into his eyes as he gazed, for a sweet hope that had taken possession of him, and it took but a few seconds of time to catch the wondering child in his arms and fly to the cottage as though he had suddenly been given wings. Upon reaching the door he placed the child upon a chair, and rushed to the spot where lay the unconscious mother, and with a cry, "Is it possible!" raised the head that he might obtain a full view of the face, and then, with a great burst of gratitude, he cried, "My God, I thank thee! My God, I thank thee!" and the strong man wept like a child while he pressed the slender form close and yet closer to his heart, calling, "Mamie, Mamie, wake, wake, and look upon your husband who has found you at last—at last, thank God!"

Then suddenly remembering the presence of the astonished child, he turned to look at her and asked, while the breath almost choked him, the question, "Is this lady your mother, child? Upon receiving her answer, he asked her age, and when she answered, "Five years old next month," he almost shouted with joy. "Come here to me my sweet child, I am your father, I am your father, and no power on the wide earth can ever take you from me more. Nothing, nothing, on the face of God's earth shall prevent me from presenting to the world my wife and child!"

And who can picture the joy of the wife—for you have guessed my secret now, my reader—upon awaking to consciousness to find herself in the arms of her husband she had looked upon as lost to her forever. Oh, the peace that shone in her eyes, when she found that she might claim him and with the weary head resting upon the heart that loved her, she saw her child pressed to its father's bosom and knew that all her trials were over for aye.

The grand St. Clare mansion was all ablaze with light, and the magnificent parlors were filled with eager, smiling people who had gleefully and triumphantly answered the bidding of the grandest, most influential man of the place. Triumphantly, because the larger number of these present were guests in this beautiful home this evening for the very first time in their lives. Never before had the employees of the mills and the working classes of Bartonville been invited to partake of the hospitality of their grand master, and so it

was indeed with triumph that they had accepted the unwonted invitation.

But the gentleman himself had not yet made his appearance among them—the duties of host being performed by his warm friend and distant relative, the before-mentioned manager of the estate—and, as the evening wore on, the guests began to grow impatient at the delay, while whispers began to pass from lip to lip, as to the cause of this unaccountable thing.

Suddenly a hush of wonder fell upon the company, as the great doors were pushed open by a white hand, and immediately Horton St. Clair, looking even grander than ever, his head held aloft, and his princely form drawn up to its proudest height, stepped into the room, his right arm supporting the form of a beautiful woman in elegant attire, while his left hand clasped the wee one of a tiny little lady in raiment fit for the daughter of a king; and as he stood before them, there was a silence as of death upon the whole assembly, until St. Clair, first looking down, lovingly and proudly, upon the joy-flushed face of the lady beside him, and then upon the face of his child, raising his voice, and with a stern pride ringing in every tone, addressed the company. "Ladies and gentlemen—I will not say *friends*—no doubt you are at this moment nearly consumed with wonder and curiosity as to the meaning of this. "Well," continued he, with another look of love and pride upon the little lady and child, "it is simply this. In this lovely woman, and in this sweet child, you behold my wife and my own daughter!"

Had a thunder bolt suddenly dropped among them then and there, on this cloudless moonlit night, the consternation would not have been as great, and Horton St. Clair knew it, and what is more we fear he enjoyed it. There before them stood Mary Holland who had been, to them, for months, only the object of their suspicion and scorn. Declining, with the wicked perversity which characterizes some communities, to believe in her innocence and virtue, they had taken a cruel delight in torturing her in every way possible, refusing her employment when they knew she was actually suffering for the necessaries of life. Following her footsteps with sneers and insults and heaping shame upon her innocent child. Yes, she had been to them only an object of scorn. But here, by some strange shifting of the scenes upon life's stage by some strange turn of life's wheel, stood this same woman, in costly attire, surrounded by every luxury and precious gift that love and wealth could procure; and more than all she, herself, standing an honored wife beside the one man whom they all counted it a privilege and the greatest honor to know, while he proudly claimed as his own this child, *her* child, who had been to them but a waif of shame. No wonder they were almost overcome with surprise, amazement, fear for the future consequences of their guilt, and anger at their blind folly.

And Horton St. Clare felt all this, and more, and read it with a relentless sternness in his manner that chilled their very souls, and told them at once how little they had to hope for. Here then, was the secret of his sorrow and they had guessed it so little. They knew the kindness of his nature, and that a sin against himself would be forgiven even unto the seventy times seven. But they had ostracised his wife and child, and condemned them without a hearing. *They*, the dear ones of his heart which was always so full toward every creature, of that charity which "thinketh no evil and is kind," and they knew that this sin would never, never be forgiven.

And their guilty remorse was not lessened as they listened to the story of Mary St. Clare's wrongs as it fell from her husband's lips. Fell with an earnestness and pathos most unwanted to them, and they learned how doubly cruel had been their wrong to her. And then came the story that sounded to them like some romance of far-away times and places. They found that the woman who had suffered their condemnation unheard, had been living in their midsts one of the most heroic lives—heroic as ever found place upon the pages of history—though silent. They learned from her husband's lips that a secret marriage had been contracted between them six years ago. Secret because the St. Clare family were proud and haughty, and had determined to wed him to a lady of their own choice. But he loved Mary Holland with all the ardor of his strong nature and determined to wed her at all hazards and make it impossible for his parents to force him to enter a marriage with one he loved not. He had written to Bartonville to his parents that he could not wed this lady of their choice, and confessing his marriage with her whom he loved; that they had been living together in perfect happiness for months, while he had intended to break the news to them as soon as he deemed it practicable.

But the answer to the letter was different from what he had expected. Being the only child of his parents he had expected to be forgiven and taken into their hearts again; but alas! It contained the announcement that he would be disinherited and disowned as their son, unless he gave up all claim to this stranger, obtain a divorce, and return to them. They would not own her, would not receive her; for with all the strong prejudices of their race and their station they could not consider any marriage binding, or in any degree sacred, that was made without the parental sanction, not to mention their absolute displeasure.

But of all this the young wife was completely ignorant. It happened that she received the letter from the hands of the postman, in her husband's absence, and at once concluded upon her manner of action. She would never stand between her husband and his old parents. He had never told her that he had any parents. She had met him at college, and loved him; the secrecy had been all on his side. She had supposed him his own master—as indeed he had so considered himself. In this he had deceived her, but she knew it had been through his love for her, and—knowing her keen sense of right, and her scruples with regard to parental and other authority—he had, through his impatience to possess her beyond recall, kept this secret from her knowledge. This she could forgive, understanding it all, but a horrible, phantom-like fear possessed her, that should she remain, he might, in time, be brought, through the influence of his parents and his horror of disinheritance, to regret his marriage with her. She could conceive of nothing so horrible as this, and the fact might, though without her full consciousness thereof, have had its weight in determining her course of action. The intelligence contained in the letter came like a thunderbolt and nearly prostrated her. But a brave woman is never daunted, and Mary St. Clair was a brave woman. And so, with the courage that was always characteristic of her, she determined to go away, though it broke her heart. Her woman's pride was stung to the core, and her husband's people should never be troubled with a daughter whom they considered so far beneath them. She would go away and at the end of a stated period he could obtain a divorce, or, according to the laws of the State, after the lapse of a certain number of years, if he heard

no tidings from her, he could consider himself as free as though she were, what he would suppose her to be—dead.

And so when the young husband returned to his home he found it desolate, empty! Stung to fury, remorse, and wounded love, the loss of his wife, and what he had considered her doubts of him, after reading the letter, he started at once for Bartonville. He confessed everything with such a manly dignity and sorrow; with such an earnest outpouring of his love and devotion for his beautiful young wife, that he, after a time, so melted the hearts of the old couple that he was bidden to seek her and bring her hither. He demanded that until she be found the whole affair should be kept a profound secret between them, and he started upon his search for the wife he idolized. But all in vain. She had flown, and all these years had been one continued search for her. After his parents' death he continued in an almost unbroken search, until weary, discouraged and almost heartbroken, he had returned to the old estate, only to find her in this his own native village, an object of the cruel suspicions of these, the people he had known from his birth, and with her, his little daughter, of whose existence he had often dreamed, but whom he had never seen. She had not for a moment dreamed that she was in the native village of her husband. During the months she had resided here she had enjoyed no opportunity of making much acquaintance with the people. They had evinced no faintest desire to welcome or to know her—indeed they knew how entirely it had been otherwise—and, since the great house of the master had been closed and tenantless during her entire residence here, she had of course formed no friendships there. Had she known the truth the village would not have held her twenty-four hours. In her haste and shame and excitement upon the perusal of the letter from her husband's parents she had not even glanced at the postmark, and when she learned of her husband's perfect freedom for all these years, and of his parents' death she was very much surprised and very sorrowful that the years had been so barren, which might have been crowded with happiness and joy. But it was all ended, and she had done the best, the noblest she knew.

This was the substance of his story, only told in a voice ringing with injured feeling, and at the end of the rehearsal he added, "And now I will say to you all I have no further use for the services of the traducers of my wife's name. A newly fallen snow crystal could not be whiter or purer than she, and this is, I fear more than a good many of you can say for yourselves. There are plenty of laborers from other parts who will gladly enter my employ and I now and here discharge every man whom my wife shall point out as one, who, in the past has as much as hinted to her, or—as far as her knowledge may go—to any one else, a doubt as to her perfect truth. My dear wife, you will now please to enter upon your task. To-night shall witness your complete revenge."

The husband looked down upon the sweet face of his wife in the breathless silence that could almost be felt, and watched to see the white finger raised at this one, and at that one in the crowd before; expected to see her take the revenge upon these people who had made as bitter as Marah's water every moment, of every day, of every month, for herself and her child, since she had come among them, a lonely but an honest woman asking of her fellow creatures only the opportunity to earn with her own hands and her own brains, an honest livelihood for herself and her babe.

But instead—oh, loving, patient, heart of forgiveness!—instead of the white accusing finger, was raised the sweet voice of pleading for these, her traducers. "I have no wish for revenge," she said; "I forgive them all from the very depths of my soul. The happiness of this hour is enough to atone for all the years of suffering I have endured, and I have no ill will toward any earthly creature." And then raising the soft brown eyes to her husband's astonished face she added, "My husband, would you make me to-night a bridal gift a thousand times more precious than gold or priceless gems? If so, make it now, and grant the wish of my heart, which is that your full and free forgiveness may be extended to these people here to-night, even as they have mine. Do it for my sake, and remember that it is human to err, but divine to forgive. What say you my husband, shall it be so?"

Can any one imagine the effect of this noble sentiment upon the heads of those people? Certain it is, it can better be imagined than described. Suffice it that the hearts which but a moment before were filled with consternation and fear, were now overflowing with a remorse, a repentance, tenderness and love they had never know before. Indeed it was an angel that had been in their midst and they had known it not.

It was not in the heart of the husband to refuse this bridal gift to the wife he adored—in this new bridal hour, which had revealed to him the exceeding beauty of the heart he had won in years ago; beauty which—though lovely as he had always thought her—far exceeded anything he had ever guessed she possessed.

And so the defamers of her fair name were forgiven, and the heart of Mary St. Clare rejoiced, for her religion was not that of creeds and of show, but consisted in the full possession of the love of Him who said of his enemies, "They know not what they do."

To say that Mary St. Clare is beloved in Bartonville and among her husband's employes and their families is expressing in a very faint way the real truth. Beloved is scarcely the word. She is looked upon almost as an angel among them, and their feeling for her is nearly that of worship. They fly to her in times of perplexity or of sorrow, sure that all will be healed in so far as human sympathy and love can heal; and for woes beyond mortal ken, she points to the great Healer of all, the balm of whose love poured into bruised and aching hearts for yet greater conquests upon the battlefield of life.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."—*Mattie D. Merriam.*

A Good Wife.

A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man—an angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest days—her kiss, the guardian of innocence—her arms, the place of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his surest steward—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocate of heaven's blessings on his head.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, although more than threescore and ten, believes the better part of her life is yet to come. She has cleanly cut and refined features, and long silver braids of hair. She is fond of the society of young people.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

Writing a wrong is the forger's work.

The Provincial Press—Cider manufactories.

A time honored court-room—The front parlor.

"We parted by the river side" was written by a melodist who just missed the ferry-boat.

Principle is not noble conduct indulged in while under favorable circumstances.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

The worst trait in the character of man is his tendency to pull down the character of his fellow men.

"Why, Talpurd, you never wear an overcoat!" "No," replied Talpurd, "I never was."

The eye is sometimes called the window of the soul; consequently a black eye must be a stained window.

"There is a *tiéd* in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune," remarked a young man after marrying an heiress.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

As we expected, the Louisville editor who signed the pledge now claims that the paper is null and void because it was dated on Sunday, and besides he was drunk when he signed it.

"What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a teacher of a slow boy. "I'm going to be a school teacher and make the boys do the ciphering," was the reply.

"Did you observe the scraper at the door?" exclaimed an offended spinster to a gentleman who had entered the house with rather muddy boots. "Yes, thanks," said he, "and I will use it, if I may, when I go out."

She was eating green corn from a cob, when her teeth became entangled with a corn-silk. "Oh, dear!" said she impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the basting-threads!"

In education, the effort should be to train the mind not only to receive instruction, and not only to exercise the individual powers, but to be able to do both with facility, and to make both subservient to the purposes of life.

"Why didn't you deliver that message as I gave it to you?" asked a gentleman of his stupid servant. "I did the best I could, sir." "You did the best you could, sir, did you?"—imitating his voice and look. "Pshaw! If I had known I was sending a donkey, I would have gone myself."

A man whose wife was taken suddenly ill hastened to a physician, who immediately responded. "What is the matter with her, doctor?" "I fear she has lockjaw." Lockjaw Well, doctor, you may as well let her run along that way a few hours."

Man, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth. And, indeed, it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days, he wasteth one-third of them, and, as for his teeth, he has convulsions when he cuts them, and as the last one comes through, lo, the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry seeds.—*R. J. Burdette.*

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Eighth Year.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The development of the muscles and improvement in health acquired by regular exercise, not too tiring, is beyond the conception of those who have never practised it, and at no time in life has this so much effect as in early boyhood. Nature intends this period for the growth and culture of the physical man, and certainly provides for this development to a great extent in giving the young a strong desire to take much exercise. But regularity is the most important law of nature and an undeviating course of calisthenics, to be participated in during a fixed time every day, while being one of the best means of increasing and hardening the muscles, is at the same time an excellent mental discipline. We do not, however, wish to urge too much strictness in compelling children to follow this course, and believe that by not causing them to over-exert themselves they may easily be taught to enjoy this daily exercise. Children should be taught the reason for what they are told to do, and by explaining the effect of regular calisthenics, they would soon be possessed of a proper pride in this temple of the Holy Ghost, which is, to such a disastrous extent, lacking among the youth of our day.

The tendency of parents is to attend to the cultivation of the mind, to the utter neglect of the body.

Men who have achieved great things by their power and strength of mind have in every instance had good muscles, and there is no power of such wonderful assistance in study as health of body. The physical culture should be attended to before the mental.

AN EXPLANATION.

The *English Mechanic* gives the following explanation of the story of Joshua's making the sun stand still:

"Joshua had, like some of our recent commanders in our latest wars, different castes of religion in his army. Every regiment was known by its banner in those days—and in ours, too—so that, reading by the light of common sense, we can see that Joshua had two regiments—one having on its banner the 'Sun' and the other the 'Moon.' Joshua saw that he had already won the fight, and so gave orders to the 'Sun' and 'Moon' to stand still. They were not required to finish the work of death any more than the guards in 'Egypt.'"

The different points of controversy in the Scriptures admit of an astonishing number of widely varied theories. The above explanation, while giving a reasonable solution of a vexed question, which our sceptical friends are accustomed to sneer at, without any of the moral love they profess, it is not unorthodox. Our age demands research, thought and reason and their outgrowth, progress; and we are glad to see any new ideas advanced to throw new light upon any of the points, which cause so much wrangling between two classes who profess love and charity toward all men.

THEORIES IN DIET.

The changes which take place in public opinion, and the different views advanced by eminent physicians, regarding the effects of the same article of food or drink, is often astonishing. First we are given a glass of cold water every morning before breakfast for indigestion, next the water must contain a teaspoonful of salt, and finally we are shifted around to the use of hot water for the same complaint. Now each of these simple remedies have their advocates, and it is a fact that there are many who claim to have found immediate relief from each.

The *Druggist's Circular* tells of a physician who advocates and reports success in the use of ground sand in dyspeptics' food, which he had concluded to be a proper remedy because of most animals' eating a certain amount of sand with their food. A novel idea, indeed, this.

A doctor of a large practice in Chatham, Ontario, holds that white bread is better than brown for those who have weak stomachs, on the ground that the rind or hull of either fruit or grain is difficult to digest, a suggestion which may be worthy of consideration in spite of the popularity of brown bread for dyspeptics; and while many physicians hold that fish are of little value as food, and despite the popular belief that this kind of diet is brain-feeding, Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employments. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he scolds as a complete fallacy the notion that fish-eating increases the brain-power. "The only action fish had on the brain was to put a man's body into proper relation with the work he had to do."

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

TYNO.—Thanks for kind assistance. Let us hear from you again.

ARTHUR B.—Send the MS. and we will inform you, if we can, in the matter.

D. W.—Until you state more fully the cause of dispute, we don't care to give you any expression of our judgment in the matter.

S. T.—1. A lady should reply to an invitation to a concert immediately upon receiving the invitation. 2. Your friend is right; the proper form is "spoonfuls."

Mrs. S.—We are always pleased to receive tried recipes, and you cannot send us too many good ones. We publish the name of the senders or their initials, or neither, just as they desire.

Mrs. McV.—1. For the cure of vomiting by children, take kernels of corn and brown in a boiler over the fire; make a coffee of it, and in case the stomach is very weak, give teaspoonful doses quite often.

ANON.—Parts of poem very good, but some grave mistakes in metre. All contributors should sign their names, not necessarily for insertion, if their contributions should be accepted, but as a guarantee of good faith.

W. S.—We supply all who had subscribed or renewed their subscription to the FAMILY CIRCLE, before the 15th of August with the weekly in place of the monthly. To all who have sent us an extra amount, we have added a proper term to their credit on our list, those sending seventy-five cents before September 15th having been credited one year.

Answers crowded out of this number will appear next week.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

An Instant Remedy for Poisoning.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded his stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however, let the white of an egg or a teacup of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

Eggs for the Sick.

Eggs may be taken in most all diseases, and at almost all times. If the stomach revolts against them, they may be beaten, and, with the addition of half a glass of fresh cream and a little sugar, may be given raw; but if the patient prefers them cooked, they should be boiled for three hours (of course we would not recommend all persons going to restaurants to have their eggs boiled three hours, nevertheless they are better for the system when so cooked—they require it as much as meat), when they become very crumbly and may be easily picked to pieces by the patient, and will not resist mastication, insalivation, dulcet on, digestion, or assimilation, half as much as if only boiled a few minutes. In the latter case the albumen is only coagulated, and the gastric juices act very slowly on it, and sometimes not at all.

The bluish yellow color of the yoke of a hard-boiled egg is due to the sulphur it contains, and has a beneficial rather than a deleterious effect upon the system.—*Scientific Californian.*

A Delusive Danger.

Arsenic has sometimes been used by vain persons for the purpose of producing clearness of complexion, as it seems to have some remarkable effect upon the skin. This fact has also led to its employment in the treatment of some common maladies of the skin. For either purpose it is usually employed a long time. We have often known specialists of skin diseases to prescribe the drug to be used for a year or more.

Recently two French physicians, de Poncey and Livon, have been administering the drug to animals in this way, and find that "cats so treated seem improved at first; they eat more, and fatten, and have all the signs of very good health. But by and by they begin to grow lean, are subject to diarrhoea, lose appetite, and seem languid; and at length they die in a state of poverty of blood (anaemia) and leanness. On examination, one finds the muscles (the heart included) extremely pale; the liver, lungs, kidneys, and mesenteric ganglions have the characteristics of fatty degeneration."

It has been claimed that mercury, in small doses, increases the number of blood corpuscles, and apparently improves the health, very similarly to the first effects of arsenic. The two drugs possess many points of similarity in their relations to the system; hence, is it not possible, even probable, that the apparently beneficial effects are as delusive in one case as in the other? Let us have some experiments on animals on this point, before the experimentation on human beings goes on much longer.—*Good Health.*

Milk for Typhoid Fever.

Surgeon-General Barnes, about three years ago, heard of an allopathic physician in Virginia, who, it is alleged, never failed to cure typhoid fever. As there were many patients in the United States Army dying with that disease, General Barnes decided to visit the ancient Virginia doctor and learn how he treated his typhoid patients. When he met the old gentleman, General Barnes inquired: "What is the mode of treatment by which you succeed?" "Why," replied the venerable physician, "it's the simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is to get the patient's stomach in good order, and then diet them on buttermilk; that's all. I never lose a patient, if he isn't in a collapsed condition when I get to him." Surgeon-General Barnes tells me that he adopted the buttermilk treatment among the soldiers in the army, and has found it most efficacious. It appears that some ten years ago the medical scientists of France and Russia compared notes as to the use of plain sweet milk in the treatment of their typhoid patients, and concurred in the decision that milk not only is a wonderful efficacy in typhoidal cases, but in the treatment of fevers generally. An eminent medical man, a professor in a New York electric medical college—Dr. Newton—informed your correspondent a few weeks before he died (his death took place about a year ago) that he had found to be substantially true all that is set forth relative to plain sweet milk and buttermilk, and that the latter "acted like a charm in cases of nervous debility. Its a great blessing.—this discovery," said he.—*Baltimore Day.*

It has been discovered by a Boston man that the human body would float like a duck's, were it not for the legs.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Seal brown suits are very fashionable.

Wool and velvet combinations are all the rage.

Velvet and plush are the leading dress trimmings.

Sleeves are longer than those on spring dresses.

Very long English overskirts are worn with plain skirts.

Waistcoats plain or pleated, appear on almost all new corsages.

Embroidery will be much worn on all woollen and silken goods.

Heads, wings, breasts and crests of birds are the favorite ornaments for fall hats.

Pointed velvet yokes are used on silk dresses which have Vandyke pointed trimmings.

Velvet and velveteen will be worn to excess, and with all sorts of stuffs, even silk gauzes.

Long close-fitting cloaks, trimmed with five-inch bands of fur, are being made by the tailor for the coming winter.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

MASHED TURNIPS.—Pare, quarter and cook tender in boiling salted water, mash in a colander, pressing hard; stir in butter, pepper and salt, and turn into a deep dish.

PICKLED PEARS.—Six pounds pears, three pounds sugar, one pint vinegar; dissolve the sugar, and make the syrup boiling hot; put on the pears and cook until done.

PICKLED PEACHES.—One pound sugar, four pounds peaches, half pint vinegar; put the vinegar and sugar in a preserving kettle and let it boil; pear your peaches and leave whole; put in a few at a time and cook until done; boil down syrup quite thick and pour over.

APPLES FOR PRESENT USE.—Take about half a peck of nice cooking apples and put them in a preserving kettle with about a quart of water; then add three cups sugar, one cup vinegar, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon; cover them tightly and cook slowly until the apples become soft.

BUTTER COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

TAPIOCA CUP PENDING.—This is very light and delicate for invalids. An even tablespoonful of best tapioca soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; stir into this the yolk of a fresh egg, a little sugar, a grain of salt, and bake it in a cup for fifteen minutes. A little jelly may be eaten with it.

APPLE PENDING.—One egg, one teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar, one large tablespoonful sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, five tablespoonfuls flour; stir to a batter in the dish you intend to cook the pudding in; pare, core and slice eight good sized apples, stir into the batter and steam one hour and a-half. The sauce to use with this pudding is one pint sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls sugar, a piece of butter the size of a pigeon's egg, and a little grated nutmeg. Set on stove and stir until the butter melts; cool before using.

PEAR PRESERVES.—Peel and quarter large pears, and allow

one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit; stick one clove to a pear in the pieces. Boil the sugar with one pint of water to the pound; put in some bits of lemon peel, and when the syrup has boiled up clear put the pears in and let them heat through; take them out, let cool, and put back to cook until soft. Small ones can be put up whole with a clove in the end.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—Two cups of frosting sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water boiled to a syrup; when cold add the whites of two eggs, well beaten, with three teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

TO TAKE INK SPOTS FROM LINEN.—Dip the spotted part of the linen in pure melted tallow, before being washed.

TO KEEP GLASS FROM BREAKING.—Wrap a cold, wet cloth round each jar when pouring in boiling fruit.

TO BEAUTIFY THE TEETH.—Brush the teeth briskly with the ashes of stale bread thoroughly burned.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM SILK.—Place blotting-paper over the spots and pass the heated blade of a knife over the paper.

A REMEDY FOR SORE MOUTH.—Burn a corn cob and apply the ashes two or three times a day.

TO RESTORE THE HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of carbonate of ammonia in one quart of water; wash the head thoroughly with the solution and brush while wet.

WATERING PLANTS IN POTS.—Some people attempt to keep pot plants without giving them any water at all; the result is familiar to every one. Usually, however, the earth in the pot or box is kept soaked and very much in the condition of an ordinary swamp. It is even said that malaria has resulted from living in rooms containing house plants, owing to the damp soil. We have ourselves seen dead evergreens pulled out of boxes filled with mud. Neuste Erfindung gives utterance to the following timely remarks: "Watering plants is one of the most important things in the culture of house plants, and special care should be devoted to it. Plants ought not to be wet until they need it. It will be evident that they require wetting if on taking the earth from the pot it crumbles to pieces like dust; a sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger knuckle. If it gives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; if there is a dull sound there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant. Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day; on dry, clear days they require more water than on damp, cloudy days. On the other hand, the earth must not be allowed to dry out entirely, for this is also very injurious. In wetting them the water must be poured on in such a way that it will run out again through the hole in the bottom of the pot. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water so that the water will saturate the dirt very gradually. They may be watered at any hour of the day, except when the sun is shining on the pot or has just left it; for the earth gets hot when the sun shines on it, and then if cold water is poured on it will cool off too rapidly. The best time for watering flowers in summer is the evening, and in winter noon is best. Well water should never be used, but always use either rain water or brook water."

SELECTED.

"Smiling only when it is sweet:
Lo with a "tak" the wheat"

Lake Leman.

If we two were together
Beneath these tranquil skies,
Lulled in the drowsy weather,
The past dream might arise;
A dream of memory golden
Amid the ruins olden,
If we two were together
Beneath these tranquil skies.

If we two were together
Upon this lotos shore.
With noiseless dip and feather
I'd ply the boatman's oar;
Across these ripples rowing,
From earth to heaven 'twere going,
If we two were together
Upon this lotos shore.

If we two were together
The scene would lack no more;
No void the soul would tether
And mar this alien shore.
But now the waters gliding
Seem but a gulf, dividing;
Since we are not together
The scene can charm no more.

—Boston Transcript.

The Monkey and the Baby.

Some time ago an English lady, who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward-bound vessel, taking her two-months-old infant with her. A large, stout, active monkey which was on board took a violent fancy for the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled the little one, and followed her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsuccessfully to get possession of the baby. One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed the baby on the sofa and had just raised the glass to her eye when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the main mast. The captain was at his wit's end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby and escape by leaping from mast to mast. The child in the meantime was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing it imitate the motions of the mother, dandling, soothing and endeavoring to hush it to sleep. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa and placed the baby upon it. The captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.—*Boston Globe*.

The Causes of Blushing.

The physiology of blushing has long presented a difficult problem to solve. Many unsatisfactory explanations have been given of the causes of that interesting phenomenon. The *British Medical Journal* lately received an inquiry as to the measures to be taken for the cure of a chronic tendency to blush, and one of its correspondents takes up the matter in a very practical way. Among other causes of blushing, he gives prominence "to the wearing of too thick under-clothing, and especially of too thick socks." He adds that long sleeved woollen sacks or Jerseys are often a cause of blushing, and, in fact, warm clothing in general. He does not fail to remark that the blusher must choose in this matter between the risk of rheumatism and the annoyance of blushing. As collateral evidence in support of his views he says: "An aunt of mine had habitually a red nose from this cause alone, which disappeared when she took to thinner stockings."

Regarding the matter from a social standpoint, the writer says: "The best plan for an habitual blusher is to laugh and be very gushing, as for instance, on meeting an acquaintance on the street, when he colors up; and he will then feel more at his ease than if he looks sheepish and reserved."

An obvious cause of blushing is over-sensitiveness and self-consciousness, which will wear away as the person becomes used to society, and strengthens his character by adopting wise principles of thought and action. The physiological explanation of blushing given by the writer just quoted is that it is due to paralysis of the sympathetic circles of nerves surrounding the arteries, which not contracting properly, allow a freer flow of blood to the surface.

A Simple Heretic.

Up in Polk County, Wisconsin, not long ago, a man who had lost eight children by diphtheria, while the ninth hovered between life and death with the same disease, went to the Health Officer of the town and asked aid to prevent the spread of the terrible scourge. The Health Officer was cool and collected. He did not get excited over the anguish of the father, whose last child was at that moment hovering upon the outskirts of immortality. He calmly investigated the matter, and never for a moment lost sight of the fact that he was a town officer, and a professed Christian.

"You ask aid, I understand," said he, "to prevent the spread of the disease, and also that the town shall assist you in procuring new and necessary clothing to replace that which you have been compelled to burn in order to stop the further inroads of diphtheria. Am I right?"

The poor man answered affirmatively.

"May I ask if your boys who died were Christian boys and whether they improved their Gospel opportunities and attended the Sabbath-School, or whether they were profane and given over to Sabbath breaking?"

The bereft father said that his boys had never made a profession of Christianity; that they were hardly old enough to do so: and that they might have missed some Gospel opportunities owing to the fact that they were poor and hadn't clothes fit to wear to Sabbath School. Possibly, too, they had met with wicked companions and had been taught to swear; he could not say but they might have sworn, although he thought they might have turned out to be good boys had they lived.

"I am sorry that the case is so bad," said the Health

Officer. "I am lead to believe that God has seen fit to visit you with affliction in order to express His divine disapproval of profanity, and I cannot help you. It ill becomes us poor, weak worms of the dust to meddle with the just judgment of God. Whether as an individual or as a *quasi* corporation, it is well to allow the Almighty to work out his great plan of salvation, and to avoid all carnal interference with the works of God."

The old man went to his desolate home, and to the bedside of his only living child. I met him yesterday, and he told me about it all.

"I am not a professor of religion," said he, "but I tell you Mr. Nye, I don't believe that this Board of Health has used me right. Somehow I ain't worried about my little feliers that's gon'. They was little fellers, anyway, and they wasn't posted on the plan of salvation, but they was always kind and always minded me and their mother. If God is using diphtheria agin perfanity this season they didn't know it. They was too young to know anything about it and I was too poor to take the papers so I didn't know it nuther. I just thought that Christ was partial to little kids like mine, just the same as he used to be three thousand years ago, when the country was new. I admit that my little shavers never went to Sabbath School much, and I wasn't scholar enough to throw much light into God's system of retribution, but I told 'em to behave themselves and they did, and we had a good deal of fun together—me and the boys—and they were so bright, and square, and cute that I didn't see how they could fall under divine wrath, and I don't believe they did. I could tell you lots of smart tricks that they used to do, Mr. Nye, but they wa'n't mean nor cussed. They was just frolicky and gay sometimes because they felt good.

"Mind you I don't kick because I am left here alone in the woods, and the sun don't seem to shine, and the birds seem a little backward about singin' this spring, and the house is so quiet, and she is still all the time and cries in the night when she thinks I am asleep. All that is tough, Mr. Nye—tough as the old Harry, too—but its so and I ain't murmurin', but when the Board of Health says to me that the Ruler of the Universe is makin' a tower of Northern Wisconsin, mowin' down little boys with sore throat because they say 'gosh,' I can't believe it.

"I know that people who ain't familiar with the facts will shake their heads and say I'm a child of wrath, but I can't help it. All I can do is to go up there under the trees where them little graves is, and think how all-fired pleasant to me them little, short lives was, and how I rasted with poor crops and pine stumps to buy clothes for 'em, and didn't care a cent for style so long as they was well. That's the kind of a heretic that I am, and if God is like a father that settles it, he wouldn't wipe out my family just to establish discipline, I don't believe. The plan of creation must be on a bigger scale than that, it seems to me, or else it's more or less a fizzle.

"That Board of Health is better read than I am. It takes the papers, and can add up figures, and do lots of things that I can't do, but when them fellers tells me that they represent the town of Balsam Lake and the Kingdom of Heaven, my morbid curiosity is aroused, and I want to see their stiffykits of election."—*Bill Nye, in Texas Siftings.*

The number of female writers and poets now living in Germany is nine hundred and fifty-six.

The Person of Jesus Christ.

For the benefit of some of our readers, who may never have seen it, we publish the following description of the person of Jesus Christ which was found in an ancient manuscript which was sent by Publius Lentulus, of Judea, to the Senate of Rome:

"There lives at this time, in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch.

"His form is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable and reverend; his hair flows in beautiful shades, which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth, and his cheeks without a spot, save that lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene.

"He reuokes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether word or deed, being elegant, brave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh, but the whole world has frequently beheld him weep; and so persuasive are his tears that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate, temperate and wise.

Note on Swedenborg.

A correspondent of *Good Literature* writes to that paper as follows, concerning the teaching and influence of Swedenborg:

In the reviews of last week's paper you consign Swedenborg to oblivion but for the zeal of his followers. Of course! And you might go further and say that of all other truths that have been taught. But while Swedenborg is a most unknown man, his writings have leavened to a great degree Christian thought; and a singular thing in connection with his prophecy of a new Church founded on the worship of one God, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the tremendous change in the Revised Version of the New Testament: I. John, v. 7, the only verse in the whole Bible teaching the Doctrine of the Trinity, is altogether left out (in the Revised); and in Ephesians iv. 32 the changing of "for" in the Old into "in" in the Revised changes the whole character of Christ. These remarkable changes in the word are but slight tokens of that which has taken and is taking place in men, and Swedenborg is the apostle of that light which is not only for a New Church but also for a New Age.

An Incident of the Recent Earthquake.

One of the most singular incidents of the recent disastrous earthquake was the sudden rising on the forenoon of Tuesday of fourteen new volcanic mountains in the Straits of Sunda, forming a complete chain in almost a straight line between Point St. Nicholas on the Java coast and Hoga Point on the coast of Sumatra, almost on the tops of what had been the Merak and Middle Islands, which sank into the sea the previous day and went heaven knows where. The Gunung Teng-

ger has not had an eruption before since 1880, when an extent of land seventeen miles long and seven wide was completely covered with the white and sulphurous mud so peculiar to the eruptions of Java. The peak of Gunung Tengger is 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the monument of flame on top of this made a scene of wonderful grandeur. Every moment a huge boulder at a red and white heat would be hurled from Tengger's crater with terrific force, and after going hundreds of feet into the air, would fall back with a whirr, crashing through the thatched roof of some Chinese fisherman's hut, or crushing beneath its huge mass the body of some native peasant. Much of the northern portion of the island, which was covered with tracts of forest, was soon in one great blaze. The red-hot vomitings from the craters had set the trees on fire, and the giants of the woods fell, one after another, like so many sheaves of wheat before a gale. As the eruptions increased in frequency and violence the disturbance of the waters surrounding the barren coast became more and more violent. Here the waves rushed with terrific force up the steep rocky incline, breaking upon the overhanging crags and receding rapidly, leaving a lava flow, cooled just at the moment when it was about to fall over a precipice, and there remaining quickly hardened by the water and forming distinct strata of black and bright red, purple and brown, all thrown about in the most eccentric masses, while huge peaks of basalt rose at frequent intervals.

Then came the waves overwhelming a marshy plain, engulfing a hamlet of fishermen's rude houses, and turning suddenly back, swept away every vestige of what a moment before had been a scene of bustling activity. What a few hours before were fertile valleys covered with flourishing plantations of coffee, rice, sugar, indigo or tobacco, the staples of the island, were now but mud, stone and lava-covered fields of destruction and ruin.

Consecrated Womanhood.

How great is the power of consecrated womanhood in domestic life! It has been shown by able writers that boys, who have sisters, and grow up in their society, are more likely to develop into strong and noble men than boys who are deprived of woman's influence. Whatever separates man from woman separates both from God. The great objection urged against social clubs is that they destroy domestic life by isolating the sexes; they furnish an amusement for the husband in which the wife cannot participate; open the social club to both sexes, and its evil tendency is removed. Then there is the marriage relation. How many wedded lives come to failure through ignorance! Men and women assume the most sacred responsibilities without preparation, and with no knowledge of themselves nor of each other. We say in the marriage service, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," but when God does not join, is there anything to sunder? Passion dies, novelty disappears, youth fades, and unless love be founded upon an intelligent and mutual esteem, shall it not also crumble? We need to cultivate friendship. Passion will come and go like the shadows of clouds over the smooth surface of a lake, and no love is abiding without friendship. He was right who exclaimed, "They who are joined by love without friendship, walk on gun-powder with lighted torches in their hands." They who build love upon the foundation of mutual esteem,

"Make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

The supreme glory of consecrated womanhood lies in the consecration itself. The love of God makes every other love immortal. What love through Him we give to others is forever.

Only as we consecrate our lives to the divine love can we hope to become heavenly-minded and they only consecrate themselves to the divine love who, in imitation of our Saviour, give heart and hand to the service of mankind. There is a fable that four young ladies, disputing as to the beauty of their hands, called upon an aged woman who had solicited alms, for a settlement of the dispute. The three whose hands were white and faultless had refused her appeal, while she, whose fingers were brown and rough, had given in charity. Then the aged beggar said: Beautiful are these six uplifted hands, soft as velvet and snowy as the lily, but more beautiful are the two darker hands that have given charity to the poor.' Learn the lesson of consecrated womanhood. In the olden time when the children of Israel prepared the tabernacle in the wilderness, "all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen. And all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair." The wise-hearted women of to-day are the daughters of modern Israel, who, from the love of God, serve faithfully the great family of mankind.

True Purity.

Purity is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone. It is not a mere recoil from impurity of thought. It is the quick, sensitive delicacy to which the very conception of evil is offensive. It is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart as of a citadel or individual sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for, it is exalted purity of heart, the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it gives the peace, the triumph, and the serenity of heaven along with it. There is a health and harmony in the soul, a beauty which though it efforesces in the countenance and the deportment, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make purity of heart the most distinctive guidance of character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.

In The Arkansas Woods.

The diet of the people who live in the Arkansas woods, says a newspaper correspondent, is a remarkable thing in its way, not only in quality, but also in quantity.

Corn bread and bacon constitute the bill of fare, and in the meagre compass of its life-sustaining qualities, it combines all—and the only—delicacies of the season, never out of season. It's corn bread and bacon for breakfast, corn bread and bacon for dinner, corn bread and bacon for supper; that is all the year round. To moralize upon the ingredients of that corn bread would be as hazardous as to attempt to solve the mysteries that cluster round that world-famed dish, boarding-house hash. I know it is a horrible mixture of corn meal and water, but I am innocent of anything else it may contain—utterly devoid of salt, saleratus, or soda. This is poured into a small, rusty iron pot, half buried in the ashes, where it bakes and dries until it becomes hard enough to knock a hole through a brick wall, provided the aforesaid wall isn't more than ten feet thick. While the baking process

is going on the family squat about the fireplace in languid listlessness and fire random shots of tobacco juice at the fire.

The bacon, too, is an article worthy of comment, inasmuch as it imparts a sort of flavor to the corn bread and thereby renders it more palatable. You first discover it in huge slabs of fat, with little or no lean in its composition, and almost completely encrusted in the accumulated filth of weeks and months. One glance at it would make a health officer sick; but to eat it! oh, horrors! The corn bread, being baked to the proper extent, is placed on a stump outside the door to cool, while the dogs form a circle about, lick their chops in silent hunger, and bestow wistful glances upon the, to them, delicious morsel. Slices of bacon are then placed in the great iron pot where they sizzle and splutter until finally resolved into a number of little dried-up chips floating about upon a miniature sea of slimy grease. This horrid mess—grease and all—in conjunction with the corn bread, is eagerly devoured by these rapacious natives, and on this meagre diet, strange to say, but nevertheless true, they manage somehow to keep the sands of life in motion. Truly, one half the world knows not how the other half lives.

A New Career for Women.

In connection with the current talk about the opening of new careers for women the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that a lady whose mode of life recently occupied the common pleas division at Dublin deserves no little credit. She has devoted her more mature years to the study of law, and more particularly to the law of breach of promise. The novelty of her case consisted in the number of actions which she managed to run at the same time. In her last case the unsusceptible jury awarded her only fifty dollars, but on her cross-examination in that case she confessed to having just sued another gentleman, whom she "really loved," in spite of his seventy winters, and from whom she had obtained five-hundred dollars damages. In a third case she is believed to have been more successful still, having induced the defendant to compromise it by a payment of three thousand dollars. It is perhaps in view of the enterprise of this lady and of others who are carrying on a lucrative industry, that an English Judge remarked in court the other day that he was not at all surprised that many people advocated the abolition of actions for breach of promise.

Telling the Truth as to Wounds.

A William street saloon-keeper dropped into his store. He had been absent for a week, and when he arrived his face looked like a chopping-block.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"I don't see anything the matter," he answered.

"What have you got your head bound up like a bass drum at a soldier's funeral for?"

"Oh! that's all right."

"Where did you get that black eye?"

"Now, see here," said he, "for fear that you'll go away with the idea that I've been splitting wood or got up in the night for a drink, or that my mother-in-law is in town, I'll tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. My neighbor's cat ate up all my chickens, and I shot the cat."

And then the interviewer shook his head knowingly, and remarked:

"I see! The gun kicked."

"No," responded the saloon-keeper; "it was the neighbor who kicked."

To Let.

The placard hung beside the door,
Inscribed in words of jet
That might be seen ten feet or more—
"The basement floor to let."

For days and days it swung about,
The winds of March were high,
And many stopped to spell it out,
And many passed it by.

The house, an ancient dwelling, wore
A coat of freshest paint;
The owner had the parlor floor,
And she was not a saint.

A woman came along the street,
And, as the sign she spelled,
She smiled upon the babe, so sweet,
Within her arms she held.

Then rang the bell, inquired the rent,
When one who held the door
Replied, with looks of coldness bent
Upon the babe she bore:

"How many children do you own?"
The woman answered, "Two;"
"That's two too many," said the crone,
"We cannot let to you!"

The door was closed against appeal,
The woman turned and smiled,
Through tears she sought not to conceal,
Upon her sleeping child.

"My little one! My precious one!"
She murmured with a kiss;
"Were I alone, I still would shun
So cold a house as this!"

"As dark and doleful as a tomb,
For all it looks so fair
Outside; since there's not any room
For little children there!"

Beside the dark and stately door
The sign is swinging yet,
And I know why the basement floor
So long remains to let.

A Boy's View of It.

A Sunday-School teacher was telling her class about the land which flowed with milk and honey, when a little boy piped out:

"I'll bet the fellers had lots o' fun there!"

"Why, Johnnie," exclaimed the teacher, "what do you mean?"

"Well, you said the land flowed with milk and honey—didn't you?"

"Of course I did."

"Don't cows give milk?"

"Certainly, my boy."

"And don't bees make honey?"

"Yes. What makes you ask such questions?"

"'Cause I was just a-thinkin' how them fellers must have laughed when the bees got mad and chased the cows like sixty all over the lot."

The teacher changed the subject to more serious matters.

— — —
A master of free-hand drawing—A pickpocket.

The Highest Authority.

UPON A SUBJECT OF VITAL INTEREST, EFFECTING THE WELFARE OF ALL.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day, and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined, and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time, or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly, and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarrelling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental, and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy, and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but, like many others, I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time, and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation, and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis (Bright's disease), and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed, in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

Belonging, as I do, to a branch of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,

R. A. GUNN, M. D.

Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of *Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.*

A practice common, although risky, is the sending of gems and jewelry from England and France to America in the mails. Recently at the New York post office a package was seized containing two hundred and sixty stones, worth three thousand dollars, which bore the address of a prominent jeweller of Philadelphia. This peculiar method of smuggling has grown to such proportions as to require the utmost vigilance on the part of government officials to prevent the passing of dutiable goods through the channels devoted to postal matter. The high duties on gems, and the comparative ease with which they may be concealed, afford most tempting incentives to fraud.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY

The monument to Lafayette was unveiled at Paris recently.

The new United Church is to be called "The Methodist Church."

Frank James the notorious outlaw has been brought in "not guilty" at his trial in Gallatin, Mo.

Sir Samuel W. Baker has written a new book for boys: "True Tales for my Grandsons."

The Buddhist temple in Java, the largest in the East, was destroyed by falling rocks in the recent volcanic eruptions.

"The Little Schoolmaster Mark" is the old title of the new story by Mr. Short-house, author of "John Inglesant."

Sir Harry Parkes new British Minister to China, has arrived at Shanghai and was cordially received.

Proi. Bell, the inventor of the Bell telephone, has become involved as plaintiff in some heavy litigation concerning alleged infringements of his patent, in Prague, Trieste, and other places in the Austrian domain.

The first newspaper ever published in what is now the Dominion of Canada was the *Halifax Gazette*, the first copy of which dated March 23, 1752, is in the possession of Mr. Samuel Green, in the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.

Shakespeare uses more different words than any other writer in the English language. There are about 15,000 different words in his plays and sonnets, while no other writer uses as many as 10,000. A few writers use 9,000 words, but the great majority do not employ more than 8,000. In conversation only from 3,000 to 5,000 different words are used.

In the six months from January to July 7058 books were published in the German language, an average of 45 books a day. The largest class was of educational books; afterwards followed theology, law, novels, medicines, industry, natural science, and history, in the order given.

Longfellow's two unmarried daughters have decided to enter themselves as students at Newham College, England.

Victor Hugo is accustomed to work at several subjects simultaneously, passing from one of several tables to another, as ideas on the different subjects occur to him.

Mr. L. N. Fowler, one of the founders of the well-known publishing firm of Fowler & Wells, has just returned from Europe, where he has been traveling and lecturing for nearly twenty-five years.

An English publication has engaged pencil sketches from the Princess Beatrice, it is said, and agreed upon a price for them.

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