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OUR HOME

..A Monthly Family.. Magazine.

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MONTREAL.

By WATSON GRIFFIN.

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Five cents Per Month. Forty Cents Per Year.

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(REGISTERED.)

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SIGNIFICANCE OF "HOW DO YOU DO."

Prof. Mathews, in commenting on the forms of salutation used by different nations, says: "Of all the national forms of salutation, the most signally characteristic—the one which reveals the very core, the inmost 'heart of heart' of a people—is the Englishman's 'How do you do?' In those four little monosyllables, the activity, the intense practicality of the Englishman, the very quintessance of his character, are revealed as by a lightning flash. To do! Not to think, to stand, to carry yourself, but to do; and this doing is so universal among the English, its necessity is so completely recognized that no one dreams of asking whether you are doing, or what you are doing, but all demand, 'How do you do?'"

Dr. Mathews may be right with regard to the origin of the form of salutation, but whatever its meaning may once have been, it is now altogether different from that he assigns to it. Words and phrases sometimes undergo a change of signification; this may be an example of such a change

It is only necessary to listen to the usual answer to the question to know that it now signifies, what is the state of your health? The idiom is not even kept up in the answer which varies with the state of health of the person addressed. Thus, when well, in answer to the question "How do you do?" we say, "Quite well, thank you; how are you?" Note the form of answering the interrogation. Not "How do you?" but, "How are you?" "How do you do?" then, is a sign not of the general activity of the age or of the race, but of its universal sickliness. Men in their desire for wealth or pleasure have little regard for health until they find it gone. Overwork, overeating, overdrinking, and a variety of other causes combine to make the majority of the race sick.

This universal sickliness has brought about the establishment of two distinct lines of business—the profession of medicine and the manufacture of medicine. The integrity of the medical profession is carefully guarded by law and by custom. A doctor is not allowed to practice until he has passed certain examinations and gone through a certain course of training. His certificate is a guarantee of a certain degree of knowledge and in the practice of his profession he is obliged to conform to certain well-defined rules of conduct. The manufacture of medicine is just as legitimate and just as necessary as the medical profession, but unfortunately it is impossible to throw the same safeguards around it. When a medicine becomes well known for its efficacy in curing disease and secures a wide sale, there are always inferior imitations placed upon the market. These inferior substitutes for medicines of well established reputation are often recommended to their customers by retail dealers in preference to the genuine article, because the manufacturers of them being able to produce the inferior article more cheaply offer the dealers a large commission. The retail dealers have nothing to gain in the long run by recommending such inferior medicines, but for the sake of a temporary advantage they often do so, and purchasers should be on their guard against such substitution. In buying

medicines of any kind, be sure that you get what you ask for. Do not allow the dealer to sell you an inferior article even at a lower price. An inferior medicine does more harm than good and it is worse than throwing money away to buy it.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

One Sunday morning in the year one thousand King Olaf Tryggveson, of Norway, being seated with his attendants, became thoughtful and taking a knife and a piece of wood began to whittle. Now, King Olaf after his return from Ireland, where he was converted to Christianity, had ordered that the Christian Sabbath was to be religiously observed throughout his kingdom; that no amusements were to be indulged in and no work done that might be avoided. When the attendants saw the king whittling they were horrified and looked at each other with dismay in their eyes, but at first no one dared to speak. At last one of the attendants said, "Sire, to-morrow is Monday." The king, not understanding the hint so respectfully conveyed, continued to whittle. The courtier tried again. "May it please your majesty," he said, "to-morrow is Monday." Then King Olaf comprehended the hint, and causing the whittlings to be gathered carefully and placed on his open hand, ordered them to be set on fire and burned there. This he did in the name of justice, so that none might complain that they suffered penalties for infraction of the new code of laws, while the king broke the Christian Sabbath and went scatheless.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his "Satires," and is referred to also by historians. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene, attended by slaves carrying bags of money, and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage, and made a bid to the distracted house owner, who was glad to accept anything, as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste, this earliest of fire assurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames, and so made a "coup." It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chance. Thus Cato the elder, and, above all, Crassus, laid the foundations of their wealth. The latter had a passion for such gambling. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

In 1717 the following singular commitment to the Bastille was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV., of France:—"Laurence D'Henry, for disrespect to King George I., in not mentioning him in his almanac as King of Great Britain." How long the unlucky almanac maker remained in prison is unknown.

One of the most remarkable duels ever fought, perhaps, took place in 1803 between two Frenchmen. The quarrel arose about a lady—a certain Mlle. Tirevet, who, it appears, was unable to decide which of the two she preferred. She finally found a way out of the difficulty by promising to marry which ever of them worsted the other. They thought over the matter in a calm and judicial spirit for a month and at the end decided to fight a duel in the air. Accord-

ingly two balloons were made exactly alike and upon the appointed day each soared aloft, accompanied by his second. They were each armed with a blunderbuss, the agreement being that they were to fire, not at each other, but at the balloons. They arose to the height of half a mile and then the preconcerted signal was given. One fired and missed; the other followed suit with more disastrous effect. He hit his opponent's balloon which instantly collapsed, with the result that the occupants of the car were dashed to the earth with frightful rapidity and instantly killed.

The long and trying siege of Acre by the French under Napoleon, at the beginning of this century, was one prolonged battle for almost two months, and acts of heroism were many. In the "Memoirs of Sir Sydney Smith" is the story of one performed by an English sailor. During his turn on the walls he had observed the body of a French general lying in the ditch. The sad spectacle and the gay uniform made a deep impression on the seaman, and when the body had laid unburied for twenty-four hours Jack could endure the sight no longer. Nothing divided the hostile entrenchments but the ditch wherein lay the body of the unburied Frenchman, and so close together were the besieged and the besiegers that a whisper could be heard from either side. Above the embankments was a line of menacing bayonets, and if a hat or a head appeared over the wall it was greeted with a volley of bullets. Our brave sailor, Jack Bowman, who had provided himself with a spade and pick-axe, suddenly broke the silence by shouting: "Mounsiers, ahoy! 'vast heaving there a bit, will ye? and belay over all with your poppers for a spell!" With that he raised his head over the lines. Two hundred muskets were at once pointed at him, but seeing his implements of digging and his peaceful manner, the French forebore to fire, although his demand for parley had not been understood. Jack scrambled over the entrenchments into the ditch, while the muzzles of the enemy's muskets followed his every motion. He took the measure of the dead general, dug a grave, reverently placed the body in it, shovelled back the earth and levelled and made all smooth. Then he made a bow to the French for their consideration in refraining from shooting him, and returned to his own entrenchment, followed by the cheers of both parties. He did not appear to think he had done anything remarkable, but observed simply, "I'll sleep better now that poor Frenchman's under." A few days later a French officer came on board the Tigre to attend to certain matters of negotiation, and expressed a wish to meet the hero of the burial. He praised Jack highly for his heroism and offered him a present in money. At first the sailor did not like to accept the gift, but at length he satisfied his scruples by telling the Frenchman he should be happy to do the same thing for him that he had done for the general—for nothing.

Before matches were invented all kinds of devices were adopted to prevent fires going entirely out as it was so difficult to start them afresh. It was important not to waste fuel and when a fire was not needed it was desirable to let it burn as low as possible without going entirely out. The coals were carefully covered with ashes and when a fire was wanted the coals were made to glow again, sometimes by the use of bellows, sometimes by blowing on them with the mouth. As the latter method was rather exhausting the travelling bellows vender did a good business. Sometimes when the fire went completely out and could not be revived by breath or bellows it became necessary to borrow coals from a neighbor and in sparsely settled districts a man would sometimes go quite a distance to the house of a neighbor to borrow a coal of fire rather than take the trouble to strike a spark for himself.

The cradle tomb in Westminster Abbey was erected in the year 1606 in memory of the two little daughters of King James I.,—Sophia, whose little life was but of a day, and her sister, who was two years and a half old, and of whom history says, "She was truly a most beautiful child." While dying, it is told that the baby continued to cry out, "I go, I go, away I go!" A life-size figure of her is sculptured on her tomb. An American lady, the poetess Susan Coolidge, when visiting Westminster, was much struck with the cradle tomb, and upon her return wrote the following poem, a copy of which is placed in Westminster:

A little rudely-sculptured bed
With shadowy folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble primly spread
And folded 'round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlid
With royal blazonries bedight,
Hangs, as by tender fingers set
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if to bless
That quiet sleep some grieving one
Had leaned and left a soft impress.

It seems no more than yesterday
Since the sad mother down the stair
And down the long aisle stole away
And left her darling sleeping there.

But dust upon the cradle lies;
And those who prized the baby so,
And decked her couch with heavy sighs,
Were turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful, pillowed head
Three centuries brood, and strangers peep
And wonder at the carven bed,
But not unwept the baby's sleep.

For wistful mother eyes are blurred
With sudden mists, as lingerers stay,
And the old dusts are roused and stirred
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

Soft, furtive hands caress the stone,
And hearts o'erleaping place and age,
Melt into memories and own
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies:
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.

Of common shares in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of love, which flowering 'round its cross,
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

In Haydn's oratorio of *The Creation* there is an unique arrangement which gives tremendous force to the words, "Let there be Light." The gradual fading of the previous sounds prepares the ear for a thrilling surprise. Instantly there is the crash of all the instruments, producing the effect of a thousand torches suddenly flashing from darkness and illuminating the space. The author of "Gossip of the Century" tells an anecdote illustrative of the effect of this passage on an Austrian audience. The oratorio was given in Vienna, and Haydn, then in his seventy-sixth year and very feeble, was taken to hear it. When the orchestra came to this passage, the whole audience rose and turning to the man, applauded with enthusiasm. Haydn, pointing upwards, falteringly exclaimed: "It came from there!" and overcome, he fell back, and was carried out.

FRENCH INGENUITY.

Madame Von Konig was a young woman who, ten years before the French and German war, had married a German army officer. Her heart was torn during the struggle, and, though her aid went to her husband, her tears were shed for Paris. At a dinner party, just after the war was over, some one had the bad taste to speak of "conquered Paris."

"Paris may be conquered," said Madame Konig, "but she still retains her ability to create a beautiful thing out of nothing."

The next day one of the gentlemen present sent her a single white hair, asking her what Paris could make out of that. She sent it to a great French jeweller, and told him of her challenge.

Presently there came back to her a device in gold and enamel. On a bed of sabres stood a Prussian black eagle, holding in its mouth the single white hair. Attached to one end of the hair were the arms of Alsace, in delicate, tiny gold workmanship, at the other, the arms of Lorraine.

Underneath was engrossed: 'Alsace and Lorraine; you hold them by a hair."

THE OLD HOUSE.

It stands in a desolate, weed-grown garden,
Where once the rose and the lilac grew,
And the lily lifted a waxen chalice
To catch the wine of the summer's dew.
The grass creeps in o'er the mossy threshold,
The dust lies deep on the rotting floor,
And the wind at will is coming, going
Through broken window and open door.

O poor old house, do you grieve as men do
For the vanished things that were yours of yore,
Like a heart in whom love was one time tenant,
But has gone away to come back no more?
Do you dream of the dead as the days pass over?
Of the pang of parting and joy of birth
In hearts turned dust? Ah, that dust is scattered,
By winds of a lifetime to ends of earth!

See! Here by the path is one little blossom!
It lifts to the sunshine a fragile face.
It springs from a root that some dead hand planted
A century back in the dear home place.
Little thought they whom the old house sheltered
That life would fade as the leaves that fall.
They had their day and are quite forgotten—
The little flower has outlived them all!

—Eben E. Rexford.

COT AND CRADLE STORIES

Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, a lovely old lady, ninety-four years of age, living on the banks of the Otonabee River, in the Eastern part of the Province of Ontario, is probably the most remarkable woman in the world. She is the last survivor of the five famous Strickland sisters, all of whom distinguished themselves as writers. Mrs. Traill achieved success both as a naturalist and a writer of stories and in her extreme old age her mind is as bright and active as ever. In her ninety-third year she wrote and published a book of beautiful essays entitled, "Pearls and Pebbles," and now in her ninety-fifth year she has given to the public a charming little book for children called "Cot and Cradle Stories" some of which were written in her ninety-fourth year. The following story written last year is a good example of the work of this wonderful old lady:

The Queen Bees.

It was a lovely bright morning in June. The dew still sparkled like diamonds on the freshly opened flowers in many a gay garden. The air was sweet with the scent of roses and lilies. Butterflies of many gorgeous colors flitted over blossoms no brighter than their own gay wings, which open and shut like living flowers in the sunbeams. Happy creatures! they had nothing to do but enjoy their short, joyous lives. Myriads of gauzy-winged insects, too, were dancing in the warm sunshine that June morning. The bees alone were absent. Why were they not busy seeking honey in the bells of the flowers? The humming-birds were darting hither and thither, hovering for a brief instant with their tiny bodies glittering like emeralds and ruby gems, just poised in air, while in haste they inserted their long, slender bills in the necks of the honey-bearing flowers, the larkspurs, columbines and balsams. These little summer visitors from the Southern States and West Indies know well where the sweets are hidden ready for them and the bees. But again we ask, why are the bees absent? There is the yellow powder on the anthers of the flowers to be gathered for the bee-bread, to feed the young ones that are ready to take wing; and there is other delicate matter to be got for making wax for the cells wherein to store the honey for winter use. What are the little creatures doing?

In reply, we hear a strangely mournful sound, and see the hive in great commotion. The bees are creeping outside, flying a short distance, then returning as if unable to tear themselves away. Something is certainly wrong to-day among the wise and orderly creatures. Yes, the sad news has just been told them, their beloved old Queen is dead. There is grief and deep trouble among her subjects—such trouble as would follow in this great British Empire were the tidings of so sad an event as the death of our most gracious and beloved sovereign Queen Victoria to reach her subjects.

The Queen bee had gone out for a few minutes to give some special order, to direct one of the chief workers to take his band to a clover-field in full bloom and abounding in fresh honey-bearing blossoms, when a rapacious fly-catcher—the largest of the Phœbe birds, known as the "Kingbird" or "Tyrant Fly-catcher"—saw her as he sat watching for prey on a bare pole near by. He gave a flirt with his wings and white-fringed tail as he swept round her, and she was quickly seized and torn by his cruel bill. Thus the hive was left without a Queen to rule over its inmates. There was grief among the bees, but no doubt the hungry kingbird had made a sweet meal, and cared nothing for the sorrow he had caused in the garden that lovely June morning.

The work of the laboring bees was at a standstill, the news of the Queen's death had been carried to them by trusty messengers. The drones were in a state of wild distress. The overseers in charge of the honey-seekers were in despair. The fine-dust gatherers ceased their cheerful buzzing songs, and, heavy with grief, wended their way back to join in the general lamentation of the hive.

The old Irish gardener Pat was

grieved for the trouble the bees were in, and took a piece of black crape from an old hat-band and tied it to the stand where the beehive stood, to show that he sympathized with them in their sorrow for the untimely death of their Queen. When some one laughed at the kindly old man for putting the bees in mourning, he said, gravely:

"Shure an' the craythurs will take it kindly as a compliment, and be plazed that we think uv thim in the day uv their trouble for the loss uv their good ould Queen."

The excitement was greatest among the young swarm that had been hatched only a few days. A change was at hand, and it became an important question among them as to what was to be done without a Queen. Who was to take care of them?

Then the old bees held a consultation to consider the situation.

"How can we keep order here without a Queen?" asked one of the elders. "This newly hatched swarm are in a very excited and unruly state; they will not obey any law but their own sweet wills, and I fear we shall have great trouble with them."

"We must turn them out," said another of the old bees.

"They are already in a state of rebellion," remarked a third. "I just overheard a pert young bee saying they were 'not going to be lorded over and overruled by those old fellows.'"

It was only too true, the young bees were in open revolt. "We will have a Queen of our own," they cried, "and do as we like. Let us go off at once to the royal nursery and choose one."

So off they went to the royal cells. There were only three young female bees there, the dead Queen's daughters. One of the princesses was much larger than the others, and the velvet of her dress finer and brighter than the sober brown of her sisters' attire.

Of course, the young bees all said, "We will have this one for our Queen."

No one but a drone made any objection to the choice, and no attention was paid to him when he said, "This one is not the best for our ruler, she is proud, and vain, and selfish; she is fatter and finer than the others because she always got the largest share of the food and the best cell to live in."

The others drove him away, and said, "We like this one, she is the handsomest," and then they all paid homage to her as their Queen, and she buzzed her thanks as they followed her out of the hive in a great crowd, pushing and shoving very rudely in their anxiety to get near her, tumbling over each other like a parcel of rude boys just let loose from school. They had not even the manners to say good-bye to the old bees as they bustled off with their new Queen.

Now, the young Queen was very foolish. She had had no experience, and yet she thought she was wise enough to govern her numerous subjects and to make laws for her kingdom. She would not ask advice of anyone when she was in difficulty, so she constantly made mistakes.

The first day they had all to scatter abroad in search of something to eat, as there was no food prepared and their only shelter was a hole in the trunk of a tree. Although the hole was a fairly big one, it was not large enough to shelter so many in the event of rain or bad weather—a fact they were not long in learning, as that very day a thunderstorm came on with heavy rain and hail. The Queen bee and a few others managed to get in and shelter themselves in the hollow of the tree, but a number of the weaker ones, and the poor helpless drones, were beaten down by the hail and never rose again.

Of course, the poor young Queen was not altogether to blame. She could not prevent the storm coming that day, though some of her followers were unreasonable enough to say she could, but she had shown a great want of order and management. She did not set the right bees in the right places. In the old time there were regular overseers who set them their work and particular tasks, and no one interfered; but now, when the laborers came to the Queen she set the honey-makers to build the cells, and the makers of the bee-bread to pound the wax, the gatherers of the pollen from the flowers to get the honey, so that all was confusion. No one knew what to do, nothing was well done, and there was great waste of time and material. The honey-makers had no cells fit to hold the honey when they came home with it, the wax was badly made, the bees were hungry and out of humor, and all blamed the poor Queen. At last they fretted and harassed her so much with their complaints, that she fell sick and died. There was no one left then to rule and govern the bees. They had no honey laid up in store for the winter when the frost and snow came, so they perished from cold and hunger.

It was not so with the hive bees. The new Queen that had been despised by the young swarm proved to be a most wise and careful ruler. She caused the cells to be mended and cleaned, had all the rubbish removed, and appointed

careful overseers for the workers in their several departments. She saw that every place was well filled, everything done at the right time and in the right way, and plenty of food and honey stored up against the cold days of winter.

This good Queen was so kind and thoughtful about the welfare of her subjects that she often warned the workers against wandering too far away in search of honey, lest they should be overtaken by hungry birds, or heavy rains and high winds, when too far from the shelter of the hive.

She knew how desirous some of her working bees were to please her and make the hive famous as giving the largest yield of honey for the season, and if they heard of a field of white clover or buckwheat, or a grove of fresh basswood trees in flower, many miles away from home, they would wing their way to gather honey to increase their store. She was often very unhappy when night came and these stragglers had not returned. Many accidents happened, and she constantly warned her young bees never to go farther than two or three miles away. Some old strong workers would laugh at such advice, for they often flew as far as six miles away when the scent of the basswood blossoms was strong in the air. Many of these rash ones overloaded themselves and fell an easy prey to the kingbird or the shrike.

Things went well in the hive under the good Queen's rule. The nursery chambers were filled with eggs for fine swarms of new bees to be hatched out while the summer was yet warm, and one might have thought that nothing could happen to disturb the serenity of her reign. Suddenly, however, a report was circulated among the old bees that some thieves had entered the hive, and emptied a number of cells of the best and purest of the virgin honey.

The rumor caused a great commotion, and the Queen called her oldest and wisest counsellors together, to consider what was the best thing to be done.

One of the ablest among them said that he had noticed idle gangs hanging about a distant hive, and as none of them seemed to bring home honey from the fields or gardens, they had been suspected of being a set of thievish vagabonds. His advice was, that two or three brave working bees should be set to watch at a little distance, and if any bees not loaded with honey or flower-dust entered the hive, the workers should give a signal at once to have them seized: or if any bees came out loaded with honey, they should attack them at once and call for help.

This advice was taken and all arrangements made. Not long after a party of sneak-bees were seen creeping cautiously into the hive, where they soon were at work filling themselves with the contents of some of the best cells. Meanwhile some of the wax-workers had filled up the sides of the door of the hive, so that an overloaded bee could not pass through without a squeeze. This trap prevented the robbers from getting out. Then the enraged hive-bees set upon them, and a great battle took place, which ended in all the thievish bees in the hive being killed. A few terrified ones outside flew home to tell of the fate of their comrades. After that day no robber-bees ventured out to steal from that Queen's hive.

There were other enemies besides the robber-bees. There were miller-moths that laid their eggs within the bee-house, the worm hatched from them doing great damage, more even than the mice did. Spiders too, sometimes spun their webs across the door of the hive, and the unwary bees going forth got entangled in the meshes. I think had Mrs. Webspinner ventured to capture one of the good lively workers, she would have come off second-best in the battle, a dozen angry bees with their stings all ready being always at hand to defend their comrades.

Once a big snail crawled into the hive. It may have been to hide herself from some outside danger, from a garden toad or some voracious bird, as it is hardly likely that a snail would be in search of honey or bee-bread; or it may have been just out of curiosity to see how bees lived, that she ventured into the little house.

However, she had no business there, and when she was in she could not turn herself about to retreat, when she heard a mighty buzzing and fuss all around her.

The bees were in a great quandary how to get rid of the great ugly beast. It was useless trying to sting her, and she neither could nor would go, that was plain; so they wisely went at once to their Queen for advice.

"Bury the horrid creature," was all she could say.

They all clapped their wings and cried, "We will."

Without more ado they called the cell-builders and the wax-makers and set them to work, saying, "We will soon make the abominable beast a house;" so they covered the big snail with a roof and walls of wax, and I dare say she may be sleeping there at this day, a

warning to snails to mind their own business and stay at home.

There was a great deal of honey taken out of the hive by the bee-keeper that year, and for three more years the good Queen ruled well. She became the nursing mother for many swarms of fine healthy young bees, and at last died at a good old age.

All the hives in the neighbourhood were put into mourning for her by the old gardener, who loved his bees and knew all their ways. Her subjects raised a white dome of virgin wax over her by way of tomb, and Pat says it is somewhere in a secret place in the garden known only to the bees and himself.

A Difference.

Somebody said to the baby,
"My precious my darling, my sweet.
Your dear little, queer little dimpled hands
Are tempting enough to eat."

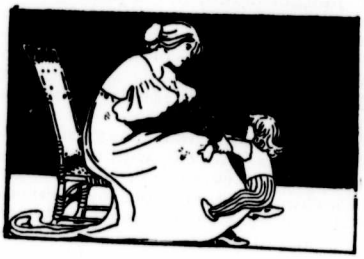
But because a mosquito decided the same
Somebody called it a very hard name,
And when it returned, like the bee to the clover,
It received a rebuff it never got over.

—Anna M. Pratt.

Banbury Cross.

While thousands of new books are being placed on the market every year the publishers of England are determined that the old books shall not be forgotten, and so they are constantly issuing attractive editions of them. One of the latest enterprises of this kind is the publication of a series of prettily illustrated editions of the old nursery stories and rhymes that were told and sung to our grandmothers when they were babies. An idea of the character of the illustrations may be obtained from the picture by Alice Woodward that accompanies the Banbury Cross rhyme:

Trot, trot to Banbury Cross
To see an old lady ride on a white horse!
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music whereever she goes.



The Elf and the Wren.

Far in the depth of the forest a little gray Elf sat down,
Late on a day in October, when the leaves turn red and brown;
Above in the beech tree branches a bird sat over his head,
"O Robin, come and listen," the little gray Elfman said.

"Don't shake your feathers and fidget, but quietly hear me, please—
You know the little Wren robber who stole my butter and cheese;
Just now I passed in the forest that bad little thieving thing—
Caught in a noose on the alder, he swung with a broken wing.

"Yet only think of his coolness, he didn't mind asking me,
Though he had stolen my butter, to let him go safe and free;
As if I would help him really, when I count up every day
What lots of butter he wasted and the cheese he took away."

"Little gray Elf," sang the Robin," the long days fly away fast,
However far we may wander, we must come home at last;
Each day when the shadows darken, the stars gleam out of the sky,
No little bird can be perfect, but each little bird can try.

"Forgive, forgive," sang the Robin above on the beech-tree bough,
"However naughty the Wren was, perhaps, he is sorry now;
The cool nights follow the sunshine, when the thirsty leaves grow wet,
Little gray Elf" sang the Robin, "forgive what you can't forget."

The little gray Elf moved softly that the robin might not see,
He crept through the leaves that rustled, blown down from the high beech-tree—
"The Robin is right," he murmured, "I was very cross, I know,
For perhaps the Wren was hungry, and it happened long ago."

He pushed through the tangled bushes and came where the alder stood,
Its branches bent to the ripples of the streamlet in the wood;
The snare hung over the water that glowed in the sunset red,
The Elfman crept away sobbing—the poor little Wren was dead.

And far through the sunlit branches re-echoed the Robin's song,
"Forgive, forgive, little Elfman, for often we all do wrong;
We try each day to grow better, but it is not well to wait,
Lest, when at last we are sorry, our kindness should come too late."

—Ethel Coxhead.

Good Friends.

"I'll try" is a soldier,
"I will" is a king;
Be sure they are near
When the school bells ring.

When school days are over,
And boys are men,
"I'll try" and "I will"
Are good friends then.

CARAVAN TALES.

By Wilhelm Huff

No. 1.—The Story of Little Muck.

Once on a time a great caravan was passing through the desert. Over the vast plain, where nothing was visible on every side but sand and sky, could be heard already in the far distance the bells of the camels and the tinkling of the horses' silver chains. A dense cloud of dust concealed their position; but, as often as a breeze lifted the dusty veil, gleaming arms and brilliant costumes glittered on the sight.

This appearance the caravan presented to a man who was approaching it from the side. He rode a superb Arabian horse, covered with a saddle-cloth of leopard's skin, and silver bells hung from its straps of scarlet leather. On the horse's head waved a plume of heron's feathers. The rider had an air of great nobility and splendor, and his dress corresponded in magnificence with the beauty of his steed. A white turban, richly adorned with gold, protected his head; his coat and his wide trousers were of a brilliant crimson; and a curved scimetar, with a richly-embossed and jewelled hilt, hung at his side. He had pressed his turban low over his forehead; and his black eyes, gleaming from under massive eyebrows, with his long beard and high, arched nose, gave him a bold and martial aspect.

When the horseman came within fifty paces of the head of the caravan, his steed bounded forward, and he reached in a few moments the van of the procession. It was such an unusual event to see a single horseman thus journeying across the desert, that the guard, fearing a surprise, levelled their long lances. "What!" cried the rider, observing the hostile character of his reception, "think you a single man will attack your caravan?" The guard, ashamed of their fears, swung their lances back over their shoulders, while their captain rode up to the stranger, and demanded his business.

"Who is the owner of this caravan?" inquired the knight.

"It belongs to no one man," was the answer, "but to several merchants, who are returning from Mecca to their native country, and whom we are escorting through the desert to protect them from ruffians."

"Then lead me to these merchants," demanded the stranger.

"That is impossible at this moment," answered the captain; "for we must advance without delay; and the merchants are behind us at least a league; but if you will ride on with us till we halt for our noon-day rest, I will then do what you ask."

The stranger made no reply; but, filling a long pipe, which had been till now tied to his saddle, began to smoke in long, steady pulls, meanwhile riding forward near the leader of the vanguard. The latter could make nothing of the new arrival. He did not venture plumply to demand his name; and, skilful as were his efforts to open a conversation, the stranger, to all such observations as "You smoke good tobacco," or "Your horse steps well," answered merely with a short "Ay, ay." At length they reached the place selected for their noon-day halt. The leader posted his men as sentinels, himself remaining with the stranger, to wait till the caravan came up. Thirty camels, heavily laden, passed by, accompanied by armed keepers. Behind these, mounted on beautiful horses, came the five merchants to whom the caravan belonged. Four of them were men of advanced age, and of grave and dignified aspect; but the fifth seemed much younger, as well as gayer, and more animated, than the others. A large number of camels and pack-horses closed the procession.

Tents were now pitched, and the camels and horses picketed outside. A large tent of blue silk was erected in the centre, to which the captain of the guard conducted the stranger. Passing the curtain of the tent, they saw the five merchants seated on cushions wrought with gold, and partaking of rich viands and sherbets handed them by black slaves. "Whom do you bring us?" cried the youngest merchant to the captain. Before the captain could answer, the stranger interrupted him: "My name is Selim Baruch, and I came from Bagdad. On my way to Mecca I was captured by a horde of robbers, and three days since escaped from their imprisonment. The Prophet permitted me to hear your caravan bells in the far distance, and therefore I came. Let me travel in your company. You will be extending your protection to no unworthy person, and when we reach Bagdad I will amply reward your courtesy, for I am the nephew of the grand vizier."

The oldest of the merchants took upon himself to reply. "Selim Baruch," said he, "be welcome. It gives us great pleasure to be of service to you. First of all, sit down and eat with us."

Selim Baruch took his seat with the merchants, and ate and drank. After the repast was ended, the slaves cleared away the relics, and brought in long pipes and Turkish sherbet. The mer-

chants sat a long while in silence, blowing out volumes of blue smoke, and watching it float, rise and vanish in the air. Muley, the youngest merchant, at length broke silence: "Thus have we sat," said he, "for three days, on horseback or at table, without finding means to amuse our tedious hours. I suffer greatly from ennui, for I am accustomed after dinner to see dancing, or listen to song and music. Know you not some way, my friends, by which we can make the time pass more swiftly?"

The four elder merchants smoked on, in thoughtful silence, while the stranger replied: "With your permission, I will make a proposal. I suggest that at every halting-place one of us shall narrate his adventures or tell some story to the others. This would cause our time to slip away agreeably."

"Selim Baruch, you have said well," said Achmed, the oldest of the merchants. "Let us adopt the suggestion, and as Muley was the one who demanded entertainment let him first begin."

Merchant Muley at first excused himself. "I should be most happy," he said, "to tell you anything to afford you entertainment; but modesty is becoming to the young; my older fellow travellers here must take precedence."

Being urged, however, he consented. The five merchants pressed eagerly around him, placing him in their midst. The slaves re-filled the cups, loaded afresh their masters' pipes and brought in hot coals to light them with. Then Merchant Muley related the following story:—

THE STORY OF LITTLE MUCK.

In Mecca, my beloved native city, lived a man, whom people called Little Muck. Although very young at the time, I can still distinctly remember him, partly because I was once nearly cudgelled to death by my father on his account. Little Muck, when I knew him, was already a very old fellow, yet he was only three or four feet high. In addition to this, he had an extraordinary figure; for his body, small and slender as it was, carried a head much larger and thicker than any other head in the city. He lived entirely alone in a large house, and did all his cooking himself; and no one in the city would have known whether he was alive or dead,—for he only went out once a month,—but for the fact that about noon every day a mighty steam ascended from his house. He was occasionally seen of an evening walking up and down on the roof of his house, though people who saw him from the street below, thought that it was his head alone, taking its evening exercise by itself.

I and my comrades were riotous boys, ready to banter and laugh at everybody; and it was consequently a day of great rejoicing with us whenever Little Muck came out. We used to assemble in front of his house on the appointed day, which was always the same, and wait till he made his appearance; and as soon as his door opened, and his big head first poked itself out in its huge turban, followed by the rest of his diminutive body, clad in a miniature threadbare cloak, and wide trousers, from which hung a long dagger,—so long indeed, that you could not decide whether Muck was attached to the dagger, or the dagger to Muck;—when he came out in this way, the air echoed with our shouts of delight, and we would throw our caps high over our heads, and dance round him like mad as he went along. Little Muck would greet us with a solemn bow, and go down the street with great, long strides, shuffling about absurdly in his big slippers, which he wore very wide, and which I never saw paralleled elsewhere. We boys used to run behind him, shouting, "Little Muck! Little Muck!" and we had a ludicrous verse, which we used occasionally to sing in his honor. It ran thus:

"Little Muck, Little Muck!
What an ugly dwarf you look;
Living in your great big home,
Out but once a month you come.
Oh, what a handsome little dwarf,
With your head too large by half!
Turn it round and take a look;
Run and catch us, Little Muck."

In this way we used to torment him incessantly, and, to my shame be it spoken, I was generally the most mischievous of the gang, for I often plucked him by the mantle, and once stepped in such a way on the heel of his huge slipper, that he fell down. This I thought was an excellent joke, but the laugh crossed to the other side of my mouth when I saw Muck making straight for my father's house. He went in, and remained some time. I took my post near the door, and saw Little Muck come out again some time after, accompanied by my father, who held him very respectfully by the hand, and parted with him at the front door with many bows. I felt very ill at ease, and remained in my place of concealment a long time; but at length hunger, which I disliked even more than a flogging, drove me out, and, with submissive air and hanging head, I stood before my father.

"I am informed you have insulted good Muck," he said, in a severe tone.

"I will tell you the story of this Muck, and you will never laugh at him again; but before and after, sir, you shall receive your regular dose."

My regular dose was five-and-twenty blows with a stick, which my father never failed to pay with exact punctuality. He now took down a long pipe-stick, unscrewed the amber mouth-piece, and belabored me with the stem more severely than ever.

The five and twenty having been administered, he commanded me to listen, and told me the story of Little Muck.

The father of Little Muck, whose real name is Mukra, was a respectable but poor man, and lived almost as much the life of an anchorite as his son does now. He could never endure his son Mukra, being ashamed of his dwarfish appearance, and left him to grow up in total neglect and ignorance. Little Muck was, even to his sixteenth year, a mere child, and his father, who was a stern man, found incessant fault with him for being so stupid and silly at an age when he ought long before to have outgrown his baby-shoes.

The old man, however, met with a bad accident, which soon after cost him his life, and Muck was left, poor, ignorant, and destitute, on the world. His hard-hearted relations, whom the deceased owed more than he could pay, drove the poor little fellow from the house, and advised him to go abroad and seek his fortune. Little Muck replied that he was perfectly ready to start, and only begged that his father's clothes might be given him. The request was granted. His father had been a large, stout man, and, of course, the fit was the worst in the world. But Muck soon determined on his remedy, and, cutting off their superfluous length, put them on. But he had forgotten that it was necessary to take off some of their width as well; in consequence of which mistake he presented the extraordinary appearance which he still retains. The large turban, the broad girdle, the wide hose, the mantle, are all heirlooms, from his father, which he has worn ever since. But what mattered it to him? He thrust the long Damascus dagger into his girdle, and, seizing a staff, departed from his father's house. He wandered merrily about the whole day, for he had set out to seek his fortune. If he saw a piece of broken pottery shining in the sun, he picked it joyfully up, in the belief it would change into a diamond; if he saw a pond shining like a mirror, or the dome of a distant mosque glancing like fire in the sun, he ran towards them with delight, thinking he had come to a land of magic. But, alas! the delusive pictures vanished as he approached them; and all too soon his fatigue and the craving in his stomach, reminded him that he was still in the land of the living. He travelled in this manner for two days, suffered much from hunger and wretchedness, and began to doubt considerably of the success of his search after fortune. The fruits of the field were his sole nourishment, and the hard earth his only bed.

On the morning of the third day he saw from the top of a hill a large city. The crescent-moon shone brightly on its pinnacles, gay banners fluttered from its roofs, and seemed to beckon to our little Muck. Taken by surprise, he paused and stood gazing at the city and the surrounding landscape. "Here surely will Little Muck find his fortune!" he said to himself, leaping for joy in spite of his fatigue; "here or nowhere." He summoned all his strength, and walked rapidly to the city. But, near as it had seemed, it was mid-day before he reached it, for his puny limbs almost refused their office, and he was fain to sit down in the shade of a palm-tree and rest himself. At length, however, he reached the gate. He pulled his mantle straight, bound his turban in neater folds, spread out his silken girdle still wider, and sloped his dagger at a more graceful angle; and then, brushing the dust from his shoes, and taking a fresh grasp of his stick, passed boldly through the gate.

He passed slowly along through several streets; but no doors flew open at his approach, and, contrary to his expectations, no one called after him, "Little Muck, come into my house, and eat and drink, and rest your little feet."

He was gazing at a large, handsome house, with great longing, when a window opened overhead, and an old woman put her head out and called, in a sing-song tone:

"Come up, come up,
All, ready to sup—
The porridge is ready,
So come, with your friends
And taste of the food
Which my bounty extends.
Come up, come up,
All, ready to sup."

The door of the house opened, and Muck saw a great many cats and dogs going in. He stood several minutes in doubt whether to follow up the invitation; but he plucked up courage at last and entered. A couple of young kittens were going on in front of him, and he determined to follow their lead, thinking that they probably knew better than he did where the kitchen lay.

When Muck had mounted the stairs, he met the old woman who had screamed from the window. She looked at him

surlily, and demanded his business.

"You just now invited everybody to come and taste of your porridge," replied Little Muck; "so, being very hungry, I accepted your invitation."

The old lady laughed, and said: "You odd fellow, where on earth do you come from? The whole city knows that I cook for nobody but my darling cats, though sometimes, as you saw, I invite their friends from the neighborhood."

Muck told the old lady how hardly fate had dealt with him since his father's death, and entreated her to let him feed to-day with her cats. The good lady, much moved by the open-hearted story of the little fellow, invited him to be her guest, and gave him abundance to eat and drink. When he had refreshed himself, the lady took a long look at him, and said at length:

"Little Muck, stay with me in my service; you shall have little work to do, and shall be treated well."

Muck, to whom the cats' broth had given great satisfaction, immediately assented, and became on the spot the servant of Lady Ahavzi. His duties were easy, but peculiar. Lady Ahavzi was the owner of two cats and four kittens, and every morning Muck was obliged to comb their coats and rub them with costly ointments. If the lady went out, it was his business to keep guard over them; when they ate, he was to keep their dishes supplied with food; and, at night, his duty was to lay them on silken cushions, and wrap them in velvet coverings. There were also several little dogs in the house, which he had likewise to attend to; but these were not so well taken care of as the cats, which Lady Ahavzi loved like her own children. With these exceptions, Muck led as solitary an existance as when in his father's house; for, not counting his mistress, he saw, all day long, nothing but cats and dogs. For some time all went well; he had plenty to eat, and little to do, and the old lady appeared to be well satisfied with his fidelity. But the cats gradually grew mischievous. When their mistress went out, they would run like mad round the room, knock down the furniture, and break a great many valuable articles in their way; but, as soon as they would hear her coming up stairs, they would creep back to their cushions, and be playing with their tails in the most innocent manner, as if nothing had happened. Lady Ahavzi would fall into a violent passion when she saw her goods so much damaged and broken, and lay all the blame on Muck, let him protest his innocence as much as he pleased; for she believed her cats, who looked so innocent, sooner than her servant.

Little Muck was much cast down at this second failure in finding his fortune, and determined to quit Lady Ahavzi's service. But as he had discovered, on his first journey, how miserably a man lives who has no money in his pocket, he resolved to obtain by some means or other the wages which the old lady had often promised but never paid him. In Lady Ahavzi's house there was one chamber which was always locked, and which he had never seen the inside of. While thinking about his wages, the thought struck him that here must be the place where the old lady kept her treasures; for he had often heard her bustling about in there, and had several times felt willing to lay down his life if he could only know what she was doing. But the door was always locked, and he could never get at her treasures.

One morning, when Lady Ahavzi had gone out, one of the little dogs, which had always been treated negligently by his mistress, but whose friendship Muck had cultivated by all sorts of kind attentions, pulled at his wide trousers, and seemed to be making signs for Muck to follow him. Muck did so, and, to his surprise, the dog led him into Lady Ahavzi's bedroom, and to a little door there, which he had never noticed before, and which he soon opened. The dog went in, followed by Muck, and he was mightily pleased to find himself in the room which had been so long the goal of his ambition. He sought in every direction to find some money, but failed. Nothing but old clothes and oddly-shaped vessels lay about. One of these latter drew his wondering attention. It was made of crystal, with elegantly wrought figures upon it. He took it up, and turned it about in all directions. But, Oh, horror! he had not noticed that its cover was but slightly attached! The cover fell down, and broke into a thousand pieces.

Muck stood some time, paralyzed with terror. His fate was decided now beyond recall; for if he did not run away, the old woman would strike him dead. He instantly formed his resolution, and only paused for a moment to look about for something belonging to Lady Ahavzi, which he might need for his journey. Suddenly his eyes fell on a huge pair of slippers. They were far from handsome, to be sure, but his own were too far gone for travelling in; and the very size of these was a recommendation, for he flattered himself everybody would see at once with half an eye that he had got beyond baby-shoes. He pulled off his own, therefore, and jumped into the big ones. A walking-stick with a hand-

somely-carved lion's head on it, seemed to him to be standing far too idly in the corner; so he appropriated this, also, and hurried from the room. He flew to his chamber, threw on his mantle, put on his paternal turban, thrust his dagger into his girdle, and ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, out of the house and out of the city. Once out of the city, he continued to run, from the terror of the old woman, till he could scarcely stir another step from fatigue. He had never run so fast before in his life, and it actually seemed as if he could not stop, for an invisible power appeared to be driving him forward. At last he noticed that this was owing to some mysterious property in the slippers, for they continued to shuffle on without a moment's pause, carrying him with them. He tried to stop in every way, but without success; and at last, in the greatest desperation, he shouted to himself, as one speaks to a horse: "Whoa!—Oh, whoa!—whoa!"—when the slippers stopped, and Muck threw himself on the ground exhausted.

His slippers delighted him immensely. He saw that at any rate he had gained something during his service, which would help him finely through the world in his search after fortune. In spite of his joy, however, he went to sleep through mere exhaustion; for Little Muck's body, having to carry so heavy a head at the top of it, could not bear much fatigue. In his dreams, the little dog who had helped him to the slippers at Lady Ahavzi's house, appeared before him, and said: "My dear Muck, you do not yet fully understand the uses of your slippers; know, that you can fly wherever you please, if you will turn round three times on one heel; and your stick you can use to discover treasure, for it will strike thrice on the ground wherever gold is buried, and, where silver, twice." Thus dreamed our Little Muck. As soon as he awoke, he recalled to his mind his singular dream, and determined to put it to the test as soon as possible. He pulled on the slippers, and, raising one foot in the air, attempted to turn round on the heel of the other. But whoever has tried to perform this experiment thrice in succession, with a very loose slipper, will not be surprised that Muck's efforts were rather unsuccessful, especially when he remembers that the dwarf's heavy head kept pulling him down, now on one side and now on the other.

The unlucky pigmy fell heavily several times on his nose, but he would not allow himself to be disheartened, and at length success crowned his labors. He spun on his heel like a humming-top, wished himself in the nearest large city, and—the slippers mounted into the air, flew through the clouds like lightning, and, before Little Muck knew what had happened, he found himself in a large market-place, surrounded with open shops, and countless men running busily up and down. He walked about a little while among the people, but soon saw that it would be prudent to betake himself to a more retired street; for in the market-place either some one would tread on his slippers, so as almost to throw him down, or he would be continually hitting somebody or other with his long projecting dagger, so as with difficulty to escape being flogged.

Little Muck pondered earnestly on what he should do to earn a little money. To be sure, he had a staff, which would point out hidden gold and silver, but where should he find the place where gold and silver lay hidden? Should he exhibit himself for money? No; he was still too proud for that. At last he remembered the swiftness of his feet. "Perhaps," he thought, "my slippers can earn me a living;" and he resolved to take service as a courier. Having reason to suppose that the king of the city would pay better than anybody else for such services, he inquired of the people in the street the way to the royal palace. Before the door stood a guard, the captain of which demanded his business; and, on his answering that he sought employment, referred him to the superintendent of the slaves. On his requesting the latter to obtain him employment among the royal messengers, the superintendent measured him superciliously from head to foot with his eyes, and replied: "And with your little feet, scarcely a span long, do you expect to be made king's messenger! Be off with you! I'm not here to waste time with every fool."

Muck assured him that his proposal was made in all good faith, and that he would prove it by running for a wager with the fastest messenger he had. The superintendent thought it an excellent joke. He directed him to hold himself in readiness for a trial of speed towards evening; and, taking him to the kitchen, gave orders that he should be well supplied with meat and drink. He himself sought the king, and told him of the little man and his proposal. The king was a jovial fellow, and was greatly tickled that the superintendent had retained Little Muck, intending to make a butt of him. He commanded preparations to be made on the most extensive scale behind the palace, so that the race could be seen with ease by the entire court; and, ordering the greatest care

to be taken of the dwarf, sent immediately to inform the princes and princesses of the amusing exhibition to come off that evening. These told it again to their suits, so that, when evening arrived, every one was in the highest state of expectation, and all who had feet streamed out to the meadow, where scaffolds and galleries had been erected, to see the trial of speed of the boastful dwarf.

When the king and his sons and daughters had taken their places on the platform, Little Muck stepped out into the plain and made a bow of great dignity and elegance to the assembled nobility. A universal shout of delight went up

when the little fellow came in sight. Such a strange figure had never before been seen in the place. The little body with its prodigious head, the small mantle and wide trousers, the long dagger thrust into the girdle,—no; the spectacle was so ridiculous that they could not refrain from bursting into shouts of laughter. Little Muck, however, paid no attention to the general roar. He leaned in a haughty attitude on his stick, and waited for his opponent. The superintendent had selected his swiftest runner, at Muck's express request. The latter now stepped out, took his place near the pigmy, and both waited for the signal. The Princess Amarza gave the signal with her veil, as it had been arranged she should do, and, like a pair of arrows shot at the same target, our two racers flew over the plain.

Muck's adversary had at the beginning a noticeable advantage; but Muck, in his vehicular slippers, flew after him, overtook, and passed him, and had stood some time at the goal when the other, panting for breath, succeeded in reaching it. Wonder and astonishment filled the spectators for several minutes, but when the king set the example of clapping his hands, the entire multitude shouted, in one voice: "Long live Little Muck, the winner of the race!"

Muck was brought before the platform. He threw himself on the earth before the king, and said: "All-powerful sovereign, I have shown you but a very small example of my skill; grant me permission to take my place among your majesty's runners."

"No," replied the king, "you shall be my private courier, and attached always to my person; your salary shall be a hundred pieces of gold, and you shall eat at the table of my highest servants."

(To be Continued.)

LOVE THAT LIVES.

Dear face, bright, glinting hair—
Dear life, whose heart is mine—
The thought of you is prayer,
The love of you divine.

In starlight, or in rain,
In the sunset's shrouded glow,
Ever, with joy or pain,
To you my quick thoughts go.

Like winds or clouds, that fleet
Across the hungry space
Between, and find you, sweet,
Where life again wins grace.

Now, as in that once young
Year that so softly drew
My heart to where it clung,
I long for, gladden in you.

An when in the silent hours
I whisper your sacred name,
Like an alter-fire it showers
My blood with fragrant flame!

Perished is all that grieves;
And lo, our old-new joys
Are gathered as in sheaves,
Held in love's equipoise.

Ours is the love that lives;
Its springtime blossoms blow
'Mid the fruit that autumn gives;
And its life outlasts the snow.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR.

By Robert Louis Stephenson.
Commenced in the August Number.

The Sire de Malétroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, messire of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Malétroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person, at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Malétroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honour, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honor," he said.

Messire de Malétroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed

by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced towards Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried, "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling towards me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as to not spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Malétroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccup of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's: but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cock-crow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . . . "very gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blan-

che. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep.

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapour that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of the windows as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Béaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Malétroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Anyone who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments towards me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own: and I declare if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a grey reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow

who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said: and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their posts, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning towards him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covered her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good morning.

(*The End.*)

THE POISON OF FATIGUE.

Experiments have shown that fatigue causes a chemical change in the blood, resulting in the production of a poison resembling the *curare* poison, which certain savage tribes use for arrows. Arrow poison, however, is of vegetable origin. When the blood of a tired animal is injected into the arteries of a fresh one, the latter exhibits all the symptoms of fatigue.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Chicken-Pox.

Chicken-pox, technically known as *Varicella*, is rarely if ever fatal. It is confined almost entirely to children, though cases are known in which adults also are affected. It is a highly infectious disease, and presumably spreads only by contagion.

The appearance of the eruption is generally preceded by slight constitutional disturbance for about twenty-four hours. There is some fever; possibly nausea and vomiting. The rash usually appears first on the body, and afterwards on the face and head. It is easily distinguished from the eruption of small-pox, by the fact that it is from the first composed of *vesicles* (blisters), and not of hard *papules* (pimples). On the fifth or sixth day the *vesicles* begin to dry; by this time they may be as large as small peas, and are surrounded by a broad red margin. They soon scab and fall off, rarely leaving scars. Not infrequently a second crop of *vesicles* appears during the first three days.

The indisposition attending this disease is so slight as to require nothing more than the simplest home treatment, a saline laxative, such as the citrate of magnesia, occasional sponging and light diets will fulfill all requirements. It is desirable to isolate the child, so as to protect other children.

The only point of special interest in connection with chicken-pox is the possibility of confusion with small-pox. This mistake is often made, sometimes even by physicians, who unguardedly give an opinion before the characteristics of the respective diseases become manifest. Two points may be recognized by the non-professional; in small-pox the rash begins as hard *papules*, which become *vesicles* only after the lapse of several days; in chicken-pox the rash consists of *vesicles* from the outset. In small-pox the *vesicles* exhibit the characteristic umbilication which is wanting in chicken-pox.—*The Practical Home Physician.*

Bad Ventilation.

Vast numbers of children and adults are made ill by living in badly ventilated rooms, and many when ill are deprived of every chance of recovery by the same lamentable mistake. The processes of inhaling and respiring, which are commonly called breathing, although under proper conditions a source of constantly renewed health, strength and vigour, are, under improper condi-

tions, a cause of debility and feverishness, producing some of the worst diseases and the most fearful sufferings. The proper conditions are those in which the air we respire or throw out is allowed to escape from the room, and that which we inhale, or take in, is received into the lungs pure, fresh, and in the proper state for promoting healthy, vigorous action in the system. Both these ends are served by ventilation, which simply means letting out the foul air, and letting in the fresh or oxygenated air. The longer the air of a room remains unchanged, the more unwholesome and mischievous does it become, and the more difficult is the task of thoroughly expelling it.

Open Windows at the Top.

It is self-evident that for the escape of gases, or poisonous air having a tendency to rise, an opening near the bottom of the room can be of little service; yet how often do we see thoughtless people attempt to air their bedrooms by opening a window at the bottom instead of at the top. A room can be as thoroughly aired in half an hour by opening the window at the top as in half a day by opening it at the bottom.

Let any one try the following experiment, and he will be convinced:—Where gas is known to be escaping in a close room, let the escape be stopped, and a window opened at the bottom, when it will be found that the gas will remain for hours in the upper part of the room; then let the lower sash be closed, and the upper one put down even an inch, and it will be found that the gas will immediately escape. In the same way, on washing day, when the room is full of steam, and the lower part of the window is opened, the steam will not go out; but if the top be opened, the steam will be seen to rush out at once.

The same rule holds good in regard to the daily airing of rooms. Neither gas nor impure air will *descend* and escape at an opening below. Their tendency is *upwards*.

Many houses are constructed so that the windows do not let down at the top, but they can easily be made to do so by cutting a few inches from the strips which hold up the top sash, and having peg-holes bored in the window casement underneath the sash. The released sash can then be kept in any desired position by inserting pegs, access to which can, of course, be had by raising the lower sash.

Miss Nightingale, in her Notes on Nursing, says, "The gardener knows that if a chink is left at the bottom of the window the plants opposite that chink will die from the cutting air, while the plants above the chink will die for want of air. The air throughout a room can never be changed by an opening in the lower part of the room; but it may be changed by an opening in the upper part." And she adds, "It is a somewhat curious fact, which you may observe for yourself, that air admitted through a chink at the top of your window will circulate throughout the room, and keep it perfectly fresh *without a draught;* while with a much larger chink near the bottom the room will be both close and draughty."

Eating Too Much.

An old gentleman on the verge of ninety was being pressed to eat more, with the usual phrase, "You have eaten scarcely anything." "Nobody ever repented of eating too little," was the sage reply of the old gentleman; and his words indicated one of the by-ways along which he had travelled through his long life, and to which he owed his remarkably hearty condition. On being interrogated whether he had always been a small eater, he made the following reply: "Yes, ever since I was two or three and twenty. Up to that time I was a weakly young fellow enough, and I used to make the great mistake of *trying to eat and drink as much as I could, in the hopes of becoming strong.* All my friends and the doctors backed me in my error, but fortunately I found it out in time, and "knocked off," as your modern slang has it. I gave up the idea of making myself strong, and merely strove to make myself well; and was contented with eating just as much as I could digest, and no more. Of course, it took a little time and experience to discover the precise limits. . . . . By persistently erring on the right side I got hold of one of the great secrets of life—the secret of knowing when one has enough; and, after a year or two, I found myself so much better, that I used to find I could eat a meal at any time, and by degrees actually acquired an appetite. Naturally temptation grew stronger, but I was firm. I did not behave ungratefully to my stomach, and impose upon its increased powers by overloading it." Here, indeed, is the secret of a great deal that is amiss with many of us. We are in the habit of eating too much—more than our digestive powers can tackle, and that which is not assimilated more or less poisons. The system becomes overcharged, and gives any latent tendency to disease within us every facility for developing itself.

TERMS.

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KIND SUBSCRIBERS.

The publisher of "Our Home" has received many kind letters from subscribers, expressing appreciation of the great improvement in the magazine and promising to get as many new subscribers for it as possible. It would be impossible to answer all these letters individually, but to each and every one of these friendly subscribers the publisher extends his thanks. A large number of new subscribers have been added to the list during the month of August, through the kind efforts of such good friends and the number is increasing every day. As the circulation has grown so remarkably during the hot weather great things may be expected when the cool weather comes, for "Our Home" will be full of entertaining matter for autumn and winter evenings.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The secret of the success of OUR HOME in securing such a widespread circulation in both Canada and the United States is in the co-operation of the subscribers. The subscribers of OUR HOME feel that the magazine belongs to them. They intend to take it as long as they live, and so they are as much interested in extending its circulation as the editor and proprietor, for they know that as the circulation increases OUR HOME will improve. Then the women and children find that there is no easier way of making pocket money than canvassing for OUR HOME. They get sixty cents for every four new subscribers they secure, and the price is so cheap that it only requires a little urging to make anyone subscribe. But the canvassers are not the only ones who help to increase the circulation of OUR HOME. Many women who are so well-to-do that they do not care to make money by canvassing advise all their friends to subscribe for it because they believe that its influence is good.

SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.

An Ontario subscriber writes, "I have four boys living in the United States and I want to send OUR HOME to each of them. You offer subscribers a commission of sixty cents for four new subscribers at forty cents each and my boys will be new subscribers. Can I send you one dollar to pay for the four the first year? I am sure my boys will like OUR HOME, and, going to them every month, it will remind them of home and mother." The answer is, yes. You may deduct the commission of sixty cents and send one dollar for four new subscriptions. No doubt many other subscribers will like to take advantage of this privilege. Any one of OUR HOME subscribers can have the magazine sent for a year to four relatives or friends for one dollar. And really there is no other gift costing so little that will give so much pleasure. One dear old maiden lady sends one dollar with the names of four nieces living in different places. They will think of her whenever they read it.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT.

"My children are delighted with OUR HOME," writes a business man, and we would not be without it. It is as instructive as amusing and will educate the young people while entertaining them."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO CANVASS.

The proprietor of OUR HOME would like each of the boys and girls who intend to canvass for OUR HOME to write and tell him so. He may be able to do something to help them make pocket money.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

A Nice Girl's Rules.

To give away more than I spend on myself. To do all I can for every one at home first, before I go to walk or to parties. At a ball to make one forlorn girl happy and introduce her to some pleasant gentleman,—and to do this at *every* party. To draw other people out without trying to shine myself. As soon as I feel that I am talking or acting in such a way that I should hesitate from shame to *pray* at that moment, to leave the room.

Something for You to Do.

There is not a spider on the king's wall but hath its errand, there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the churchyard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank and to be a nothing.

He made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—*Spurgeon.*

You Must do Your Part.

When you say, "Lead us not into temptation," you must in good earnest mean to avoid in your daily conduct those temptations which you have already suffered from. When you say, "Deliver us from evil," you must mean to struggle against that evil in your hearts which you are conscious of, and which you pray to be forgiven. To watch and pray are surely in our power, and by these means we are certain of getting strength. You feel your weakness; you fear to be overcome by temptation; then keep out of the way of it. This is watching. Avoid society which is likely to mislead you; flee from the very shadow of evil; you cannot be too careful; better be a little too strict than a little too easy,—it is the safer side. Abstain from reading books which are dangerous to you. Turn from bad thoughts when they arise.—*Newman.*

The Beautiful.

The beautiful is everywhere:
The good lies all around;
And every spot of this fair earth
Is truly hallowed ground.

Cup Offerings at Home.

In his essay, "A Cup of Cold Water" Rev. William C. Gannett says:—What shall we say of cup-offerings in the home? That they are of more importance there for true house-furnishing than either money or good taste or both combined. What *are* they there at home? Pleasant Smiles; gentle Tones; cheery Greetings; Tempers sweet under a headache or a business-care or the children's noise; the ready bubbling-over of Thoughtfulness for one another—and *habits* of smiling, greeting, forbearing, thinking, in these ways. It is these above all else which make one's home "a building of God, a house not made with hands"; these that we hear in the song of "Home, Sweet Home." Into a five hundred dollar shanty put strangers who begin to practice the habit of anticipative thoughtfulness for each other, and we have a "home." Put husband and wife, and three children into a fifty thousand dollar house, and let them avoid this interchange of gentleness, and we have only family-barracks.

Perhaps the best single test of a man lies in the answer to the question, What is he where he is most at home? At home one should be his best, his most graceful, most entertaining, most agreeable,—and more so ten years after marriage than ten days after. The same, of course, with her. Yet strange to think how many persons save their indifference for this one place that should be all tenderness; how many take pains with their courtesy and geniality abroad, but at home glide into the habit of letting geniality be taken for granted instead of being granted. That tells in the course of years; for the cold moods, the silent ways, the seeming harmless banterings, are the ways and moods that increase with the years. By and by, when the children are growing up and growing away from us, and we are growing old and would like kind words and looks a little more ourselves, we shall wish for our own sake and for theirs that we had done differently. Men often think, "They love us and we know it; we love them and they know it." Nay but it is *not* enough to have the love and do duty *in silence*. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of those we love. Out of the mouth—it is the *spoken* love that feeds. It is the kindness *offered* that furnishes the house. Even we men who push it coldly away want to have it offered somehow, sometimes, by the wife, the sister, the children; now and then they want it visible. The presence of those children

in the rooms is a constant importunity for the outspoken, not the silent sort, of love. Children bare of kisses seem cold as children bare of clothes. We have seen children who evidently did not know how to kiss their fathers,—they went about it, when they had to, so shyly and awkwardly,—and were forgetting how to kiss their mothers. And as for women, it is a woman who writes, and all who have a mother or a sister know how truly she writes,—"Men, you to whom a woman's heart is entrusted, can you heed this simple payer, 'Love me and *tell me so sometimes*'?" Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the famous "Navigator," added to his fame by formulating this law in the science of married life: "Whenever she came into my presence, I tried to express to her outwardly something of the pleasure that it always gave me" A navigator, that, worth trusting! On the other hand, there are homes whose atmosphere suggests that the man has never told the woman that he loved her—but once, and that then he was exaggerating. The loneliness of sisters unbrothered of their brothers! The loneliness of wives unhusbanded of their husbands,—who go back to the store, the club, the lodge room night after night, and scarcely see their children to get acquainted with them save on a Sunday afternoon! Yes and sometimes the loneliness of men! What half-tragedies in homes we know, our thought falls on at these words! Homes that began as fresh and bright with love as ours, with as rich promise of joy, with as daring a trust that the years would bring new sweetness and carry none away,—now, homes where the sweetness comes like the warm days in November, and the heart-numbness stays and grows like the cold. Nor is it enough to have *moods* of affectionate expression. That would be like trusting for your water to an intermittent spring; the thirst will come when the water is not there. The *habit* of loveways is the need. In many a home neuralgia or dyspepsia or the business worry makes the weather within as changeable as it is without in a New England spring; sometimes a morning greeting all around that seems like a chorus to one's prayer, and then a table-talk of sympathy that sends one bravely out to his work, and one cheerily about her house, and the children off to school, each with a sense that the best time in the day will be the time which brings them all once more together,—sometimes so, and sometimes a depot-breakfast where no eye meets eye, and you hear yourself eat, and the stillness is broken by dish-jogglings and criticisms on what is in the dishes, or what ought to be and isn't, and then a scurry off like boys from school.

How is it with *ourselves*? Each one had better ask himself the question in the quiet now and then. Are our homes more tender than they were a year ago, or has love grown dimmer in them? Are we closer to each other's hearts, or more wrapt up in silent selves? Do we spring more readily for those who call us by the home names, or do the old sounds make eyes a little colder turn to look? Are the year's best festivals the anniversaries of the home-love,—the meeting-day, the engagement-day, the marriage-day, the birthdays, and the death-days? It is not bread you chiefly owe your family, Father. It is not mended clothes, Mother. It is not errands done and lessons learnt, Children, that make your part. It is the *way* in which the part, whatever it be, is done that *makes* the part. The time comes when we would almost give our right hand, could we recall some harsh word, some indifferent cutting manner, some needless selfish opposition. Happy we, if the one gone out from our homes into the unseen Home has left us no such ache to bring the bitter tears! "Too late—too late to love him as we might, *and let him know it*!" "Too late to let her know that *we* knew she was sweet!" Among all "might-have-beens" does the wide world hold another one so sad? There is only one way to make that sad thought die,—and that is to clear untenderness utterly from heart *and from the manner* towards the others who still make home "home" to us, to redouble thoughtfulness for them, and try to fill up the measure of missed love there. When at last the tenderness of our bettered service is blossoming evenly, unfailingly on the root of that old sad memory, perhaps we can feel self-forgiven and at peace.

Good Thoughts Condensed.

Religion is the best armor, but the worst cloak.

A happy fireside is better than a big bank account.

Of all forms of atheism loss of faith in man is the deadliest.

When you bury an evil habit do not visit the grave too often.

Care for your thoughts and your acts will take care of themselves.

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned with cheerfulness.

Childhood itself is not more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.

Genius is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner, who works and brings it out.

The surest and shortest way to prove a work possible is strenuously to set about it.

He is not worthy of the honeycomb that shuns the hive because the bees have stings.

Man and wife are like a pair of scissors so long as they are together, but they become daggers as soon as they are disunited.

Whenever you see want and misery or degradation in this world then be sure either industry has been wanting or industry has been in error.

Do not judge a man upon one word, nor upon a single act. Life is composed of so many contradictions that one often takes the exception for the rule.

All knowledge is lost which ends in knowing, for every truth we know is a candle given us to work by. Gain all the knowledge you can—and then use it for the highest purpose.

The wise man will not expect too much from those about him. He will bear and forbear. Even the best have foibles and weaknesses which have to be endured, sympathized with, and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not need forbearance and forgiveness?

Walking in the Gloom.

Let him walk in the gloom whoso will,
Peace be with him! But whence is his right
To assert that the world is in darkness because
he has turned from the light?
Or to seek to o'ershadow my day with the pall of
his self-chosen night?

—Solomon Solis Cohen.

A Voice From Afar.

Weep not for me;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near;
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth:
Now too I hear
Of whisper'd sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread;—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

—Newman.

Angry Words.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour,
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power;
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words, Oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

—James Middleton.

THE WIFE IN ADVERSITY.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter!

Middleton.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly, because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze on her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept away from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time he kept the situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eye of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow—and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest things. Besides you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve: it feels undervalued and outraged when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me

into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart?"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary that she should know it, that you may take steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—" "I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with: and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburthen his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger.—In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract: she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation: she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could

not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery at the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music — Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I have been watching and waiting for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.—*Washington Irving.*

WEIGHTING A HORSE'S FEET.

The discovery of the fact that to improve the speed of many trotting horses it is necessary to weight their forefeet was made in a rather peculiar way. About thirty-five years ago Edward Butler, afterward a well-known and wealthy Democratic politician of St. Louis, Mo., was but a struggling young journeyman blacksmith. He was at that time in the employ of a man who was the owner of several trotters in the interior of New York state. The horseman had entered one of his horses in a race which was about to be run, and on the morning of the day of the race had exercised the trotter on the track. When the horse was taken back to the stable it was found that he had lost a shoe from one of his forefeet. Blacksmith shops and horseshoers were not

so plentiful then as now, so young Butler had to go all over the track to find the lost shoe, but was unsuccessful in his search. He was in a dilemma, as he had no stock of shoes on hand and the nearest place where he might get a shoe was a wagon shop three miles away. Off he went for the wagon shop, only to be disappointed, as the only shoe to be had was a large heavy one. The horse had to be shod, so on went the big shoe. When the owner saw his horse later in the day he made the air blue with profanity, but as there was no help for it the shoe remained on. The horses got away pretty well together, but it was noticed that the trotter with the big shoe would throw his newly shod foot much farther forward than he would the other, and his speed seemed much increased. At any rate he won the race. The owner had another heavy shoe put on his other foot after the race, and when given a trial it was found that his strides were much longer and his time much faster, so that ever since weighting has been in common practice.

AN ANTIQUARIAN LUNCH.

Amaziah Dukes, a New York broker recently said:—"I have eaten apples that ripened more than eighteen hundred years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread it with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa. The remarkable spread was given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, the buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids; the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."

A FALL IN THE BROOK.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he palmed off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings. My running away arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over a brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with a little more than friendship, Helen Graham the prettiest girl in our school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted such a length of time that it is with bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came when the spark of jealousy was lit in my boyish bosom, and fanned into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when jealousy perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran higher than ankle deep we proposed to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to do with hands interwoven chair fashion.

Just as we were in the middle of the water, which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves, a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now without emotion, but this evening I fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quickly, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we reached the opposite bank I wished Donald at the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with

"Ye need na haud sae gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa'. I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can carry half o' ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with a declaration that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers.

But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of strength.

On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to decide who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance that the one to obtain the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. This thought stimulated me to exert every effort.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned with Helen to the brook. With the utmost care I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute; but alas, in the very deepest part of the ford I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested on a slippery stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me; nor did we rise till soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability by bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen feeling drier and somewhat better humored, attempted to conciliate me; but I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress. That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the reverse which I had sustained, and prompted me to an act which fortunately led to better results than usually attend such a course. I went to Edinburgh, where I had an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed upon him. I became his partner, went abroad, resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated—in short, everything but married.

One evening while at a ball in Glasgow I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and noble expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ears, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face too that seemed familiar—something suggestive of pleasure and pain. But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned her history without difficulty. She was from the country, had been educated; her parents had lost their property, and she was now governess of a family in the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted her.

I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence but there was that in this young lady which inspired me, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with anyone before. Her questions about the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and was succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request proceeded to relate my adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of the heroine.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant, remembered—and was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached in our carriage I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, and asked for some particulars relating to the neighborhood.

He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style—

"Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye'r old fren's?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was great, and it was with difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our old friends.

Different men start in life in different

ways. I believe, that mine, however, is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

HOME COOKERY.

One great feature in which the home, if it is worth the name, excels is the attractiveness of its cookery, and it is well for the housekeeper to realize how much a man enjoys the simple but tasteful meals of home after the monotony and tastelessness of boarding house and hotel cookery. In fact the highest aim of a restaurant is to be able to give "homelike meals." Many of the so-called economical dishes described in the magazines and newspapers are so far beyond the means of the average housekeeper that both time and money are often wasted upon them. OUR HOME will publish every month a selection of recipes especially adapted for people to whom money is an object, but who like tasty dishes and variety in their food. These recipes will be furnished by a lady whose cookery is a source of never-ending satisfaction to her relatives and friends. As they will be gathered from all kinds of sources some old acquaintances may be recognized but only those will be given which have stood the test of experiment and can be recommended as tasty, cheap and easily made. The recipes furnished this month are for making lemon cake, lemon marmalade, tomato cream soup, butter and fruit pudding, shepherds' pie, creamed salmon, Boston cream, filling for lemon pies, ebony shape, cottage fruit pudding, foam sauce and mayonaise salad dressing.

Lemon Cake.

Cream together one cup of white sugar and two tablespoonsful of butter; add two eggs well beaten, three-fourths of a tea cup of cold water, and two cups of flour into which three teaspoonsful of baking powder have been thoroughly mixed. This quantity makes two cakes, which must be baked separately, and can then be used as two, or have a layer of preserves or filling put between them, and be iced or not, according to taste.

Lemon Marmalade.

The old favorite marmalade, may be varied considerably by using lemons instead of oranges, and this has been found a good and easily made recipe: Cut into slices and remove all the seeds from as many lemons as desired, and put into cold water, allowing one quart of water for every three lemons. Leave this overnight. In the morning, bring this to a boil, and boil until the peel is quite tender. Strain off the liquid, and to each cupful add one cupful of white sugar. Cut up the peel into small pieces, put it back into the liquid, and boil again until it will jelly on a plate when cool; about one hour and three-quarters to two hours is generally required. One dozen lemons make about eleven pints of marmalade. It is better to put it into small pots, as it does not keep well after being opened.

Boston Cream.

A very tasty and refreshing summer drink, which has the double merits of being quite inexpensive and thoroughly free from spirit, is one known as Boston cream which is made as follows: Dissolve one and one-half lbs. of white sugar in two and one quarter pints of water; then add the white of an egg, well beaten, and two oz. of tartaric acid, with essence of lemon to taste. For use, add one wineglassful of the mixture to a tumblerful of cold water and stir in as much baking soda as will cover a five cent piece, which will make it effervesce. The mixture will keep for a considerable time.

Filling for Lemon Pies.

Lemon pies are always in favor, but it needs both good paste and filling to make them a thorough success. The following is a good recipe for filling: Take the juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of bread crumbs soaked in boiling water, one cup of white sugar, and the yolks of two eggs. Mix these altogether thoroughly, and use the whites of the eggs for frosting.

Ebony Shape.

A very pretty and unusual looking dish, because of its dark color, is called ebony shape, and it has the merit of being delicious and appetising in hot weather. It is made as follows: Put one lb. of the best prunes into enough water to cover them, and let them soak for twelve hours. Then remove the stones, return the pulp into the water, and add one-fourth lb. white sugar, one-half oz. of gelatine and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Add a little flavoring, lemon being best, and simmer for five minutes more. Pour the mixture into a buttered shape or mould, and turn out when quite cold. Put blanched almonds into the sides, or sprinkle with powdered cocoanut.

Cottage Fruit Pudding.

A fruit pudding that takes well with both children and grown up folks and is very healthy is the following: Cover the bottom of a baking dish about an inch deep with fresh fruit (canned may be used in the winter), and pour over this the following well stirred together: one egg, one-half cupful of white sugar, one-half cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one and a half cups of flour, and two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Put into the oven and bake until the crust is done: then remove from the oven, and turn upside down on to a dish, thus having the fruit on top, and serve hot with foam or any other sauce. This is called cottage fruit pudding.

Shepherds' Pie.

An old recipe, but one that gives a tasty way of using up cold meat, and makes a pretty dish, is made as follows: Cook some potatoes, and mash them smooth with milk or white sauce. Put a thin layer of them in the bottom of a dish or tin, and over this put the meat, which has been hashed very fine and mixed with onion sauce or gravy, as preferred (white sauce made with milk is very nice); cover over the meat with the rest of the potatoes and put into the oven to brown. Serve very hot.

Creamed Salmon.

A very simple and tasty dish for either luncheon or high tea, is made of canned salmon and called creamed salmon. To make it, boil one pint of milk and thicken with two tablespoonsful of either corn starch or flour; add two tablespoonsful of butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix in the salmon, broken into small pieces, and let it heat up thoroughly. Then put part of the bread crumbs on to the bottom of a dish or tin and put the fish on it, spreading the rest of the crumbs on top. Put into the oven to brown and serve hot.

Tomato Cream Soup.

Add one pint of tomatoes—either fresh or canned—to one pint of water, and boil together. Add pepper, salt and, if liked, a little sugar, and thicken with rolled cracker, flour, or dried bread crumbs. Put one pint of milk and a piece of butter, the size of a small egg, or else a quart of milk, to boil in a separate pan. Add half a teaspoonful of baking soda to the tomatoes and then pour in the milk; let it come again to the boil and serve immediately. If a smooth soup is desired the tomatoes should be strained before adding the thickening.

Batter and Fruit Pudding.

Chop one lb. of apples—other fruit will do if preferred—and put them into a greased pudding dish, and sprinkle sugar over them. Make a batter of one egg, one cup of sweet milk, and six ounces of flour into which you have mixed one teaspoonful of baking powder. When the batter is smooth, press it over the fruit and steam for one hour. Then serve hot. Care must be taken that the water is kept boiling and that too much steam does not escape.

Mayonaise Salad Dressing.

A piquant dressing adds a great deal to the table value of salad, and care should also be taken to have the salad crisp and ice-cold. A good dressing containing no oil, which is so distasteful to some people is made as follows: Put one teaspoonful of mustard, one of salt and two of sugar into a cup with half a cup of vinegar (or the same of vinegar and water if the vinegar is very strong). Put the bowl over steam and gradually add one well beaten egg; keep stirring and cook until it becomes the consistency of cream. Remove, stir in a piece of butter, the size of a small egg, and allow it to cool.

Gathering Berries in the Rain.

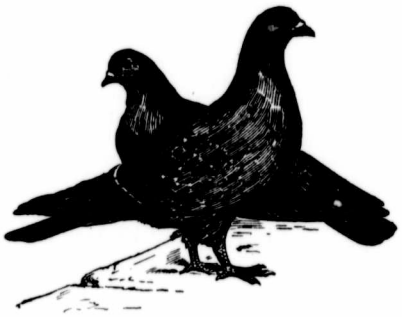
Do you remember, Emma,
One misty afternoon,
Of a sweet, blue, laughing summer,
That passed away too soon,
When we with willow baskets,
Went over hill and plain
With John and his umbrella
For berries in the rain.

Oh! how we laughed and shouted!
As free as were the birds,
Provoked to mirth uproarious,
By Johny's witty words;
And when the rain came pouring
In torrents from the cloud,
Crouched beneath the umbrella,
We woke the echoes loud.

And when the sun was setting,
And glory lit the hill;
And clouds and mists were fleeing,
We picked the berries still;
And piled them high and higher,
Beneath the golden light,
And watched the twilight armies
Draw up the eve of night.

I watch the golden sunset,
When mist and clouds depart,
Then memory lifts the pictures,
And one that brings no pain,
Is a gay group pickin, berries
Beneath the summer rain.

PIGEON-KEEPING.



The Blue Rock Dove.

Some naturalists believe that all varieties of pigeons are descended from the Blue Rock Dove. Sebastian Delamier says: "There are two very distinct varieties of pigeon, which are kept in large flocks for the supply of the table. Some naturalists regard them as separate species. The first is the Blue Rock Dove (*Columba livia*); the second is the Dovehouse Pigeon (*Columba affinis*). Both are found wild, breeding independently in a state of nature; but the former affects caverns, cliffs and rocks as its resting place (whence its name); while the latter seems to prefer the inaccessible parts of public buildings, ruins and ecclesiastical edifices,—such a home, in short, as a jackdaw would choose. A very permanent difference between the two is, that the Rock Dove has the rump, or the lower part of the back, just above the tail, decidedly whitish, while the Dovehouse Pigeon has it of a light slate-color. This feature is particularly noticeable when the birds are flying, especially if they are in a flock of any considerable number, when it imparts quite a character to them as they are wheeling about. The general coloring of the Dovehouse Pigeon is considerably darker than that of the Rock Dove. The distinction between them has long been known to dealers, less so to fanciers (who are apt to despise both these species, notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of the latter), and is scarcely acknowledged by ornithologists. The Dovehouse Pigeon is much the more common inhabitant of dovecots, is less capricious in its sojourn therein, and when it betakes itself to a free state of complete independence, exhibits much less dislike to the neighborhood of man, than is shown by the Rock Dove under similar circumstances.

"It is to be remarked that these two species are the only kinds of domestic pigeons which ever desert the homes provided for them, and betake themselves to the wilderness. A main characteristic in the plumage of the Blue Rock Dove is the absence of spots which are so remarkable a feature in that of the Dovehouse Pigeon. The bill is dark slate-color, with a whitish cere at the base; it is much compressed about the middle, both in depth and width, a peculiarity which is common to the whole family of pigeons. The head is slate-color, continued down the neck and belly, with iridescent hues of green and purple, which are brighter in the male bird than in the hen. The back and wings are paler slate-color or a sort of French gray. The quill feathers are darker towards the tips. Across the wings are two very dark and conspicuous bands, which are formed by a black spot near the end of each of the greater wing-coverts. The rump is whitish. The tail is of the same color as the head, each feather being darker at the portion near the end, so as to form a dark semi-circular band when the tail is outspread in flight. The feet and toes are coral-red, which color the Arab legend attributes to the birds having walked on the red mud that was left after the subsidence of the waters of the Deluge. The claws are black. The irides are bright orange, shaded to yellow towards the pupil, which is black. The average weight of the Blue Rock Dove is about ten or eleven ounces."

Food for Pigeons.

The following article on food for pigeons, is from the pen of Lewis Wright, the well known English pigeon breeder.

I will begin with the food; and as I have to start by advising different diet for summer and winter, it is well to explain why this is so. In winter the birds are not breeding, and the principal dangers to be guarded against are colds and diarrhœa. It will be readily understood then, that at such a time of year, solid, rather heating, and slightly constipating diet may act as a safeguard; and that, moreover, the food of birds passing at first to a receptacle, from whence it goes to be digested at leisure, food that does not digest too fast, but lasts some time, will better support the bird during long and cold nights. In winter sound thick beans or good old grey peas, with a few of the finest tares, make the best food for ordinary pigeons, to which may be added a proportion of barley. But in summer the case is very different. At this season a large part of the food has to go to the young in a partially digested

state; and hence, we want naturally a *softer* food, which can be rapidly converted into pap. The process of feeding also absorbs so much moisture that there is very little danger of scouring. In summer, therefore, beans should be exchanged for grey peas, and these largely mixed with such soft grain as wheat, small maize or dari. This last is a grain much resembling pearl barley in appearance, and is occasionally called Indian millet. There is sometimes difficulty in getting it; but I can say from experience that in the breeding season it is a most valuable aid to the pigeon fancier. The birds seem to prefer it to almost any grain; its small size enables it to be fed to the young with ease even by small-gulleted birds; and it tends also to an abundant supply of soft food or pap. In making these changes, however, and especially in adding softer grain to the staple of beans or peas, there is one simple precaution to be taken, viz., to make all such changes or additions gradually. The most valuable food may entirely upset the digestive system if suddenly given in exchange for a different food far inferior. With this precaution we may add to the list of useful food during the breeding season a grain otherwise dangerous, viz., raw rice, which seems to have an extraordinary effect, given in moderation, in assisting some birds to feed their young.

There are some pigeons, such as Short-faced Tumblers or foreign Owls, too small in the gullet to swallow beans or even full sized peas. Such must be fed on the smaller grey peas in winter, with a few tares; adding dari, wheat, or rice in summer with great discretion.

Hempseed is bad for all pigeons as regular food, being too oily and heating; but a handful now and then amongst the occupants of a loft acts as a gentle stimulant; it is also useful in matching birds, and as an occasional restorative. Pigeons prefer it to nearly anything, and careful use of hempseed is, therefore, an excellent means for those who desire it, to make their pigeons tame. By its use, the wildest may be taught to eat on the hand. Other small seeds, such as canary and millet, are very useful as a relish now and then, to tempt the appetite in sick birds or for old birds in breeding time; for instance, if young ones seem badly fed on any particular occasion, a supply of small seeds will often cause the parents to give them a bountiful meal. Mixtures of such smaller grains are often sold by corn merchants for pigeons, and when all the kinds are of good quality, are very useful in these ways.

I have just spoken of quality, and should here add that this is of the greatest importance for all pigeons. Beans are sometimes sold (to any one who will buy them) so old and hardened with age as to be almost impossible of digestion; and I have also seen peas and tares so old, dry and worm eaten as to be equally worthless. Both peas and tares should be a certain age, new ones being apt to scour the birds; but should be sound and unshrivelled. I may also remark that the ordinary white peas, such as are used for soup, are not as a rule so good for pigeons as the grey or dark peas. They seem to suit some birds very well, especially the hardier sorts which can be allowed to fly at large; but other pigeons are scoured by them; and they should therefore be always given at first with very great caution.

Pigeon Notes.

Very young pigeons are called squabs or squeakers.

In all pigeons, the feathers of the body adhere loosely, and easily come off; in some species they are detached from the skin by the merest touch.

A pigeon lays and hatches two eggs at a time and from these two eggs generally come a cock and a hen, but occasionally two cocks and rarely two hens are hatched together.

Young pigeons when first hatched are blind, half naked, weak and helpless. They are fed nearly till they are able to provide for themselves entirely by their parents. The aliment necessary for their feeble organs, during their earliest stage is elaborated in the crop of the old birds just before hatching and they administer it according to their instinctive knowledge of the fit intervals.

The eggs of the different breeds of domestic pigeons are much less dissimilar than those of fowls. They vary a little in size, but their shape and proportions are the same. It would be most difficult on being shown an egg of any of the pigeon family to pronounce by which species it had been laid.

Foul crop is a name given to a complaint that particularly attacks Pouters, but is found in other varieties of pigeons also. The crop is more or less full of offensive fluid and the food passes out very slowly, the organ being evidently flabby and torpid. Old cases are often incurable; when taken in reasonable time the complaint will generally yield

to boluses made of powdered charcoal, mixed up with butter and a little oatmeal to bind them together till swallowed. A couple may be given morning and evening, giving food and drink very sparingly. Often a few drops daily of quinine and iron mixture afterwards are of service. Sometimes this complaint comes on while feeding young, the bird leaving its squabs and moping and losing weight rapidly. In such cases there is usually a torpid liver, and benefit will be found from a quarter of a grain of calomel, mixed with one and a half to three grains of rhubarb, according to the size of the bird. Sometimes a second pill may be needed after two days, following with the charcoal.

TEMPERANCE.

In Two Chapters.

"The life of a man who tampers with strong drink," says Miss Frances Willard, "can be written in two chapters: The first, 'He could have left off if he would;' and the second, 'He would have left off if he could.'"

It Might Feed Twenty Thousand.

A single brewery in the northwest provinces of India, where so many millions suffer from hunger, daily uses an amount of grain to form malt for beer that would feed twenty thousand each day.

The Ants Became Tipsy.

We have it on Sir J. Lubbock's authority that he once fed some ants on food saturated with alcohol. Like human beings they became tipsy. Then the other ants, presumably disgusted with the condition of the topers, picked them up and dropped them into the nearest water.

A Refreshing Drink.

"When heavy work is to be done, do not take beer, cider, or spirits," says Dr. Parkes. "By far the best drink is the following: Take ¼ lb. of oatmeal to 3 quarts of water, boil well, and then add 1½ oz. of brown sugar. Use double the proportion of water if the weather is hot and thirst great. Shake it well before drinking. In summer drink it cold, in winter hot. It quenches thirst, and gives more strength and endurance than any other drink. It may be made with cold water, but is not so good this way. Use double the quantity of oatmeal when hungry. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheatflour will do, but not so well."

It Takes Away the Health.

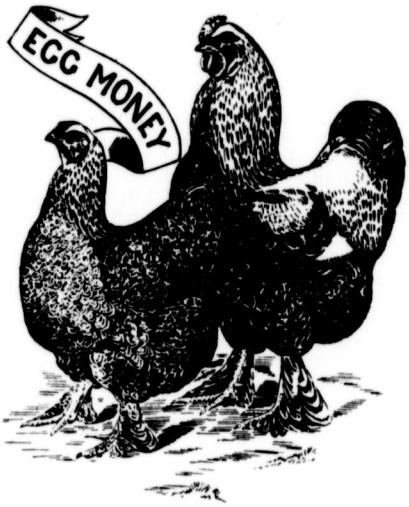
Sir Andrew Clark, the great English physician, said a few years ago: "I call health the loveliest thing in this world and alcohol even in small doses will take the bloom off, will injure the perfection of loveliness of health both mental and moral; I go still farther and say, alcohol is not only no helper of work, but a hinderer of work, and every man that comes to the front of a profession in London, is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets the less in shape of alcohol he takes, and his excuse is, "I am very sorry, but I cannot take it and do my work."

It Rots the Fingers.

New York hospital surgeons have found a disease that has become alarmingly prevalent among bartenders. It is the rotting away of their fingers, caused by their coming in contact with the beer they draw for customers during the day. If there is any sore on the bartender's hand he has to be especially careful in handling beer, for the sore will rapidly spread. It is the acid and rosin which is used in making the beer that causes this disease. It rots leather as well, and a pair of shoes worn behind the bar will soon become worthless. Imagine the effect upon the stomach and other internal organs.

Women Who Drink Secretly.

Dr. F. C. Coley, writing of solitary, secret drinking says: This is a danger to which women are far more open than men. For the most part a man's strongest temptation to drink is company; a woman drinks alone. A man drinks for pleasure; a woman drinks to escape from pain or distress. Hence it happens that inebriety is so frequently the result of a habit begun at the recommendation of some medical adviser, more commonly amateur than professional. I have no words sufficiently strong to condemn the abominable practice of administering spirits to young women for the relief of neuralgia and other pains which are naturally liable to last long or recur frequently. Few such cases escape without at some time being exposed to the temptation to seek respite from suffering by this doubtful and dangerous means. It is well for the victim, if the wholesome teaching of the Band of Hope leads her to refuse it, or if she is protected by judicious parents, or a conscientious medical adviser.



Dark Brahmas.

"The Dark Brahmas are one of the most prominent members of the great Asiatic family," writes C. C. Shoemaker, the American poultry breeder. "They are very beautiful, especially the female. The plumage of the female is a steel gray with delicate pencilings, except on the hockle, where the pencilings are quite prominent, making them a very desirable fowl for the city and town, as the dust and soot will not soil their plumage. The plumage of the cock, although quite different from that of the hen, commands the admiration of those who have a taste for the beautiful in nature. No breed is more hardy from the time it picks the shell until ripe in old age than the Dark Brahma. As egg producers they are second to none of the Asiatics. With their great vigor of constitution when young, they feather rapidly and are ready early for the market as spring chickens or broilers. In weight they are about the same as the Light Brahma, cocks weighing at maturity when in good condition from ten to twelve pounds, and hens in good condition eight to ten pounds.

Keep An Account.

Every one who goes in for poultry keeping should keep a strict account of every item of expenditure and receipt, and annually make a balance sheet, for there can be no question that in this, as in many other matters, there is far too great laxity in the keeping of accounts. Wealthy persons, who do not care how much a thing costs them, may be permitted to dispense with all such records as we are now recommending, yet even they will find it advantageous to have them. But so far as those are concerned who look upon the poultry as a means of adding to their income and with whom they must be profitable if kept at all, it is almost essential that they should set down every item of expenditure and receipt, not only for reference and as a means of seeing whether the fowls pay, but also for future guidance. Armed with a full and faithful record of a year's work, an intelligent poultry keeper will be able to avoid past mistakes, to see in what direction he may develop his business, with the greatest probabilities of success, to know which breeds have proved the most profitable, what expenses can be cut down, and it may be, can discover how to turn a loss into a profit.

Too Much Animal Food.

Many persons appear to think, that if they give the same food to fowls in confinement that they obtain when at liberty, all will be well; but such is not the case, writes Stephen Beale. Under the latter circumstances the food consists of worms, slugs, and grain, the two former chiefly, and we are sure that if the same amount of animal food was given to birds in a limited run that is obtained by those at liberty, it would result in disease very speedily. Birds with plenty of space are much more active than those in confinement, and eliminate surplus matter from the system very rapidly. As this elimination means exhaustion of fatty matter chiefly, because exercise causes warmth, which is the result of a consumption of oil in the body, fat-forming foods can with advantage be given to such fowls: whereas, on the other hand, birds that are in confinement do not consume the oil so rapidly, and if as much fat-forming food is given to them, it cannot be used, but will clog up the machine, storing the fat by laying it on internally, and this storage will be found an evil instead of a benefit. The great chemist Liebig used to say that all fat was a disease, and that it should not be allowed under any circumstances; but, whilst we are not able to accept this statement fully, for it must be remembered that a slight reserve of fat is beneficial as a reservoir of heat, yet there can be little doubt that if this fat is not consumed before any more is stored up, and one layer piled upon another, then it takes the form of disease.

Sunflower Groves for Poultry.

Few poultry raisers really appreciate the true worth of the sunflower, writes John M. West. It is very easily grown and produces food of a rich and nutritious quality. When fed properly to fowls it promotes laying and produces a luster upon the plumage and otherwise benefits the bird. When fowls learn to eat the seeds they become very fond of them, and I have found them excellent mixed and fed with oats. The sunflower has other merits also which claim the attention of those who would be successful poultry raisers.

The one which we wish now to call special attention to is their use as shelter for poultry. While fowls enjoy the sunlight at the same time they require shade, to produce the best results and we know of no better and cheaper protection to suggest than the planting of sunflower groves. The seed can be planted at most any time in the spring when other seed is planted — often patches are self-sown—and by warm weather afford a most excellent protection. They have large leaves which shield from the sun and the stalks grow so heavy that they form a protection in winter, when thickly planted. Fowls and chicks take readily to the protection thus afforded and enjoy it hugely. The ground is generally dry under them and fowls enjoy dusting and resting under the stately and beautiful flowers —they are indeed the chickens' flowers. We would therefore in the light of these advantages advise those who can possibly do so to plant them—it will pay you to try it.

When The Fowls Take Cold.

Catarrh or common cold in fowls is indicated by the same symptoms as we find in human beings, namely, a running at the nostrils, and a slight swelling of the eyes. It arises from cold or exposure, and if not attended to may develop into roup or consumption. For cure the bird should be kept in a warm place, and have doses of roup pills or homœpathic tincture of aconite, and have nutritious food, rather stimulating in its nature.

Poultry Apoplexy.

Fowls which have been apparently in good health, are sometimes found lying on the floor of the fowl-house, being unable to move, having fallen from their perches. This is apoplexy, and is the result of over-feeding, which means not only too much food, but also too rich food. Indian corn has been found to be a great cause of this disease; and the death of one bird should be taken as an indication that the others can only be saved by reducing the food both in quantity and quality. If the bird so affected is not dead, a vein on the under side of one wing should be opened, and the blood taken will reduce the pressure on the brain. The bird should be fed on light food for some time, and kept in a quiet place.

To Prevent Scaly Legs.

A writer in *Farm Poultry* says: The unpleasant condition known as "scaly legs" comes from a parasite which gets under the scales of the fowl's shanks. One form of treatment, to serve as a preventive, is this: Take a quart can full of lard, coal oil and crude carbolic acid, and set the can in an old bucket, piling hot ashes and some coals around it. Then with a swab, made by wrapping rags on the end of a stick, I proceed to the hen house, and, holding each perch over the bucket, sliding it along as I grease, I completely fill every crack and crevice with the mixture. The lard cools rapidly, leaving the perch very greasy, and the legs of fowls roosting on such perches look bright and clean. It serves a two-fold purpose—ridding the perches of lice, and preventing scaly leg. I never had a case of it among my fowls. This work can be done in very cold weather, as the grease will keep hot, and is less troublesome than treating one fowl after it gets the disease.

Poultry Notes.

Make hens lay when eggs are dearest.

For a soft crop, nothing is better than a gill of strong vinegar in a quart of drinking water.

Fowls require lots of water, especially in warm weather. Fill their drinking cups often with pure fresh water.

If not accustomed to poultry, begin with a small number. Learn to make a success of the few, then go on with a larger number.

In fattening, close quarters, cleanliness, a small amount of light and fat forming food will tell the story. Prepare the food so that the smallest amount of labor will be necessary to digest it. Save the energies of the system by protecting it from labor.

BIDDY—A BIT OF COURTSHIP.

I had put it off till I was ashamed of myself for being so shamefaced, or what others might have called so, if they had known how I was worrying myself, day after day, and week after week, with Biddy there all the time ready to be spoken to, and too kind a girl to take ill what I might say to her.

"Are you not well?" she said feelingly.

"Not quite, Biddy," I said.

"What is the matter with you?" she said.

"Nothing much," I said; and the next moment wished I could have kicked myself for being such a humbug, but a thousand times more that I could have taken back my foolish words.

"If it isn't much, I dare say you'll soon be right again," said Biddy, smiling.

"I dare say I shall," I said; but as soon as I had said so, I could have howled with disgust at my false speaking tongue, that was telling lies by itself without my having any power to stop it.

"Good-bye," said Biddy, holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," I said, taking her hand and holding, without shaking it.

"Good-bye," she said softly, taking her hand out of mine.

I felt that I could not let her go, and yet I could think of no way of keeping her except one, and that was the way of all others I could not force up courage to take. She was going, and, in my desperate need of resources, I could almost have taken hold of her to stay her even for a moment.

"Biddy?" I cried.

"What?" she said.

"Biddy, I want to say something to you," I said.

She laughed and said, "Why don't you say it, then?"

I desperately tried in my mind half-a-

dozen different ways of telling her what I wanted to say; but no way seemed possible to me.

"What is it you want to say to me?" said Biddy. "Can't you recollect it?"

I dare say I looked as pale as a ghost; I felt of all things most inclined to burst into tears. Biddy—I could see it by the smiling calmness of her face—had no idea of the agony that was making me dumb.

"Tell me to-morrow, if you can't recollect now, what it was you wanted to say to me," said Biddy.

She held out her hand to me again, and I took it in mine, trying to hold it so that she might not feel how mine trembled.

"Biddy," I said, "it is not that I can't recollect what I want to say to you; but that I have not courage enough to say it."

"Oh, well, if it's anything you are afraid to say, don't say it—for it might frighten me to hear it," said Biddy, laughing.

"No, no." I said; "but—but, Biddy, I love you."

"Do you?" she said.

"Indeed—indeed I do, Biddy," I said.

"How very strange," said Biddy.

"Strange, Biddy?" I said.

"Yes," she said; "for it is what everybody says to me."

"Do they, Biddy?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and isn't that very strange?"

"I don't think so, Biddy," I said, while a sort of tremor ran all over me, and the cold sweat burst from the roots of my hair.

"Don't you?" she said.

I could not speak.

"Well," she continued, "I'm sure I don't mind their saying it, if they like. It does not do me any harm."

"No harm!" I said.

"None that I know of," said Biddy.

"Nor any good, Biddy," I said, with a lump in my throat growing bigger and bigger every moment.

"What good should it do me" said Biddy.

Words again went away from me altogether. If all the gold in the world had been offered me for an answer I could not have given one; and the more I tried to make an answer, the more I could not speak or do anything but think of—I don't know what harm that might happen to Biddy, from everybody telling her that they loved her. And the lump in my throat was choking me so, that, when Biddy once more said, "Good-bye," I could hardly say, "Good-bye, Biddy," in return.

"I don't think I slept at all that night

and it was little I slept for many months after it. The idea of anybody besides myself being in love with Biddy was a torment to me; and it did me no good to think that it was as natural for others to love her as it was for me to do so. But my greatest misery was in thinking that, while I had been tongue-tied, others had told her that they loved her; and it nearly made my heart die within me to think what answer Biddy might have given to one of her lovers.

I fretted, and thought and watched for weeks and weeks; but Biddy was always the same—always cheerful, unconstrained and kind. I took heart again, and once more told her I loved her and asked her to be my wife. I only know that she said yes, and that Biddy could never have given herself to be the wife of a man whom she did not love.

"Biddy," I said, "many have told you that they loved you——"

"I told you so," she cried; "my father, mother, sisters, everybody."

Oh! the comfort of those words! And the mystery, that Biddy should speak of them without knowing the load of happiness they would carry with them into my he art.

While I have been writing, Biddy has been sitting near me by the fire, her baby asleep upon her lap. I show her what I have written and she reads it, bending towards the firelight. When she has read to the end, she puts up her mouth to be kissed; and as she does so she encircles my neck with an arm that is not employed in nursing baby.

"You never thought I had been in love with you so long, Biddy, did you?"

She kisses me again, and then says, laughingly: "You dear goose, I was sure of it three months before you knew it yourself."

For a moment I look at her. She seems to me as if she were suddenly become somebody else; but after that she seems to me more than ever like no woman under the heaven, but my Biddy.

CHARLES S. CHELTNAM.

BREAD INSTEAD OF CANDY

She was old and weak and worn and the sun shone hotly upon her head as she sat on the sidewalk with three cents in her lap, waiting patiently for some one to add another to the little heap. Some beggars keep the charity coins in a cup and rattle them to attract the attention of the passers-by, but this one scarcely noticed the people who went by. My hand went instinctively into my

pocket, but I had just been reading a newspaper article about the beggars of Montreal, which set my heart against them, and I took my hand out of my pocket. Just then there came tripping along the street a very pretty, daintily dressed child, probably five years old, clasping tightly in her little chubby hand a bright five cent piece, with which she was going to buy candy. She opened the hand now and then to see if the money was still there, and the girl's face looked as bright and hopeful, as the old woman's did weary and sad. She stopped when she saw the old woman with the money in her lap, and said, "Are you going to buy candy too, and did you get tired on the way? I'll take the coppers for you, if you like, and bring the candy back."

"I don't want candy," said the old woman, "I'm old and weak and I'm just a sitting here until somebody gives me enough to buy some bread."

The little girl's brown eyes opened widely as she said:

"Well, I don't think I need candy very, very much, and I might be old myself someday," and the child's five cent piece rattled down among the coppers, while I was putting my hand in my pocket again.

EDGAR WICKELL.

A CANADIAN SONG.

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine;
Here's to the Land of the raft and the river;
Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-light's [quiver.

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe;
Here's to the hearties that give them their glory
With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,
The might of the forest has passed into story!
Here's to the Land with her blankets of snow,
To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow;
Here's to the Land where the stormy winds blow
Three days, ere the mountains can talk to the billow!
Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board;
Here's to the maple that sweetens their story;
Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword,'
And here's to the fields where we gather our glory!
Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer;
Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers
Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native [bowers!

—WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

BURMESE CRADLE-SONG.

St. Paul's, a London magazine, publishes a rough translation of a Burmese cradle-song, to which the translator prefixes this question:

"Doesn't it remind you of a nursery ditty your mother used to sing? It does me."

Sweet, my babe, your father's coming.
Rest and hear the song I'm humming.
He will come and gently tend you,
Rock your cot and safe defend you.

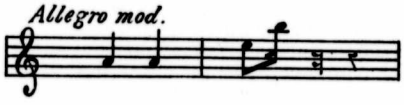
BOB WHITE.

The quail familiarly known as Bob-White is found in Southern Ontario and in the United States from Southern Maine to the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, West to Dakota, Eastern Kansas and Texas. Mr. Thomas McIlwraith, the author of "Birds of Ontario" says of it: "The quail follows in the wake of cultivation, and under ordinary circumstances thrives best near the abode of man. It is a good friend to the farmer, and is well entitled to his protection in return for the service it renders, not only in the consumption of large quantities of the seeds of noxious weeds, but also in the destruction of many sorts of insects whose ravages among the crops are often very severe and difficult to prevent. A recent writer mentions having examined the crop of one which was killed as it rose from a potato patch and having found that its stomach contained seventy-five potato bugs. This is only one of the many instances illustrating the value of this bird to the farmer. Were I a farmer, I should hang on the end of my barn the motto inscribed in goodly characters, 'Spare the quail.'"

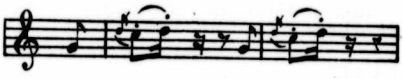
Mr. J. Henderson says of Bob-White: "In the summer season the quail is filled with domestic dreams, and is engaged in watching the growth of his downy family under the protection of his beautiful mate. At this season of the year the quail's voice is rich and mellow. It has all the full, rounded sweetness of the flute-note mingled with the penetrating, tender quality of the oboe. A musician who thoroughly understood the value of the modern tonalities, who is keen to perceive the key in which an air was pitched, would say at once that the three notes of which this call is composed were suggestive of boldness and triumph as well as of love; that they were certainly the song of a proud happy and affectionate father.

"At first thought the mind flashes to the conclusion that so beautiful a call should be easily expressed in the notation commonly used for music. But there is nothing in nature that resembles music. The succession of sustained sounds which composes a melody is not heard. The peculiarity of the songs of all birds is that they never sustain notes.

There is a constant *portamento*, or sliding of the sound, which blends one note into another, just as is done in human conversation, making a succession that may be pleasing, but is not melody. This being the case it is with a profound sense of the impossibility of doing justice to the call of the quail—or that of any other bird—in musical notes that I here write his summer song in the common notation, as well as I can give it:



"In the winter, when the birds are full grown and are gathered in coveys, when the hunting season has begun, you will hear another and equally beautiful call from the quail. After your intelligent dog has pointed, and you have flushed the covey and flashed out your message of destruction to the brown ranks, the birds will scatter in every direction. For a long time there will be silence, and you will wonder what has become of the quail. Be patient, and soon you will hear the splendid bugle call of the leader as he sounds what may be called the 'assembly.' It is the summons by which the scattered birds are informed of the chosen rendezvous for the covey. It is similar to the other in some respects. Here it is in musical notation:



"This call the quail continues *ad libitum*. The summer call is only given once, when an interval of silence always follows. This second call is sharper and more metallic in tone than the other, though it is given in about the same tempo, a moderate allegro. I know of no instrument upon which these calls can be performed except that somewhat vulgar one known as the 'human whistle.' The flute and clarinet cannot give the blending effect, which, as I have said, is never absent from bird-calls. The violin can attain this, of course, but it has not the proper quality of tone. The human whistle, however, can imitate this and all other bird-whistles with such finish as to deceive the bird himself. The writer knows one or two sportsmen who, after shooting into a flushed covey of quail, wait a short time, and then begin whistling the 'assembly.' They rarely fail to collect the birds at a short distance from them, and thus save much walking. In the summer the quail is much less wild than in the winter, and the writer has frequently enticed one across a ten-acre field by simply answering him every time he sounded his 'Ah, Bob-White.'"

The following is a naturalist's description of Bob-White:

Coronal feathers erectile, but not forming a true crest. Forehead, superciliary line and throat, white, bordered with black; crown, neck all round and upper part of breast, brownish-red; other under parts, tawny-whitish, all with more or fewer doubly crescentic black bars; sides, broadly streaked with brownish-red; upper parts, variegated with chestnut, black, gray and tawny, the latter edging the inner quills. Female:—Known by having the throat buff instead of the white, less black about the foreparts, and general colors less intense, rather smaller than the male.

MAKING SHOES.

In his little hut by the rocky shore,
Where the waters ever with changing hues
Creep in and out, with a drowsy roar,
Sits an old man fashioning babies' shoes.
His face is wrinkled, his hair is white,
His form is bent with his years of care;
But always the old man's heart is light,
And he sings to himself as he labors there:
"Pegging away
All the long day,
Stitching ever till set of sun;
Tides ebb and flow,
Hours come and go;
Rest comes after the work is done!"

Through the window, glistening far away,
He watches the white, sails out at sea
As they slowly fade from the shining bay,
Chased out by the west wind, light and free;
And a far-off look in his faded eyes
Reveals that his thoughts are drifting far
With the gleaming sails where the sea-gull flies;
And he sings with his heart o'er the harbor bar:
"Pegging away
All the long day,
White sails drifting across the sea,
Tides ebb and flow,
Tides come and go;
Voyage soon over for you and me!

He turns to his work, and his rough old hands,
As honest as human hands can be,
Draw out the threads with their twisted strands,
And stitch the crooked seams faithfully.
For babies' feet must be shod with care,
And old age carries the work along;
And shoes are better by far to wear
When pegged and stitched with a little song:
"Pegging away
All the long day,
Infancy, childhood, youth, and age;
Tides ebb and flow,
Years come and go;
Life is only a written page!"

And thus he toils, while the days go by,
Spring turns to Summer along the shore;
The Summers fade, and the roses die;
The snow-drifts whiten the headlands o'er;
And day by day, as the seasons run,
He sings and toils in a thoughtful use,
His thread near wasted, work almost done—
An old man fashioning babies' shoes.
"Pegging away,
All the long day,
Shine and shadow, Spring and Fall;
Tides ebb and flow,
Men come and go;
God the Father is over all!"

—F. C. CUTLER.

A BARN THAT BECAME A HOUSE.

Ready made information, like a ready made garment is often a misfit, and the tired house-wife gets little comfort out of an article which lays down hard and fast rules for running a house on a school of domestic science schedule, for such rules seldom allow for the pinch of poverty or the numerous burdens of a large family. Yet the clever bargain hunter might find in this misfit information a domestic garment which if taken in a little here and let out a little somewhere else, would prove a success.

The able house-wife can sort out and pick over such experiences as are suited to her household and let the rest go, they may do for others, but are too grand or too small, too fine or too coarse for her needs.

It is a mistake, however, to be afraid of new methods, simply because they are *new*. If one keeps house exactly as one's mother did—it is to be hoped that, that mother's way was a good way, that she was a good house-keeper, for there is no sense in doing "mother's way" unless that way was excellent in itself.

Take for instance the old homestead. The fact that several generations have been born and grown up there under unhygenic conditions is no excuse for continuing these faulty conditions, nor does it follow that because the former occupants did not seem to suffer, that the present residents will escape as well.

How often one sees an old farm-house badly ventilated, with no drainage, a damp cellar and many other drawbacks, and close at hand majestic barns, furnished with every modern equipment, from the gilded weather vane on the roof to the great rolling doors over the threshold of which the cows pass in stately file.

In a story called "The Revolt of Mother," by that charming writer, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, is told the final revolt of a good New England woman who for forty years had been a faithful wife and mother, bringing up her family in a one-storey miserable little farm house without a murmur because she thought her husband could afford no better. She kept the shabby little home clean, darning, mending, cooking the years away, and presently under such good management the farm prospered, the farmer became rich, two new barns were built, more cows were bought, there was more work for the farmer's wife, but they continued to live in their cramped unhealthy quarters. She remonstrated sometimes, always gently, until one

spring, when foundations for still another barn were laid. Then she asked her husband if instead of another barn he could not possibly build a new house. He listened to her homely eloquence and only replied, "I ain't got nothing to say," but he kept on with the barn. When it was done he went away from home for a few days to buy some horses, and his wife took things into her own hands, moved her family and all her household goods into the new barn; was settled and had his favorite pies and cakes baked ready for his return. The neighbors marveled at her boldness. The minister reasoned with her, but she replied firmly that she felt it was her right. Her daughter would have a respectable home to be married from, and all the children would have good bed rooms, for by running up a few partitions, there would be plenty of light and air for everybody.

Of course, the crisis came when "Adoniram" arrived home. Leading two horses he walked up to the new barn door. The table was laid for supper, his son took the horses back to one of the other buildings, and he looked around, sat down, ate his supper in silence, and then went and sat down on a bench by the door. Here his wife found him weeping and all he could say was:

"It's all right, mother. I'll do everything that wants doin' to make this a good house instead of a barn. I had no idea you was so set on it!"

Here was a good woman who after a forty years' struggle, made sure she was right and then went ahead.

The theory that people should all live in houses agreeing at every point with the latest developments in sanitary arrangements is an excellent one, but many cannot put it into practice—at least not just now. What are such to do? It is impossible for an intelligent woman to go on living under conditions that smother all refinement and delicacy of feeling, knowing that such surroundings breed disease.

At least she can "aim high, if she cannot fire more than a foot above the ground." She need not sit hopelessly down, but strive on hopefully, keeping her house clean and orderly, improving the sanitary arrangements so far as possible, and like the farmer's wife in the story she may some day have a house after her own heart.

MARY SOLLACE SAXE.

[NOTE—Miss Mary Sollace Saxe has contributed many interesting articles to former numbers of OUR HOME under the name of Solace.—THE EDITOR.]

It has been suggested that when the flying machine is perfected we shall be able to visit our castles in the air.

The story is told that a certain very miserly man, who, during the greater part of his life, had never been known to give anything either publicly or privately, at last bestowed a chime of bells on a church in the town where he lived.

"What do you suppose he did that for?" some one asked.

"Oh, some one else answered, "he did it so that he could hear the ring of his money!"

"Are you still troubled with your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass under the grape-vine, and every morning when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

A Georgian negro was riding a mule, when he came to a bridge, and the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, I'll make you go ober dis bridge," and with that he struck the mule over the head which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow, cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been standing close by unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I take de quarter out."

An Irishman was employed in a village, where he was well-known, to dig a public well.

The contract was made that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot, and warrant a free supply of water. At it he went with a will, and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties. Early and late he delved away faithfully, deep down into the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labors. He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet, and soon hoped to "strike water." Early one morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labors, and horrible to tell, it had caved in, and was nearly full. He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him. After a moment's reflection he looked earnestly around and saw that no one was stirring; then, quickly divesting himself of hat and coat he carefully hung them on the windlass, and speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overlooked the village. Here, hiding amid the undergrowth, he quietly awaited the progress of events. As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir out. Several were attracted to the well, thinking that, as Pat's hat and coat were there, he was, of course, below at work. Soon the alarm was raised that the well had caved and Pat was in it. A crowd collected and stood horrified at the fate of poor Pat. A brief consultation was held, and soon spades and other implements were brought to dig out the unfortunate man. To work they went with a will. When one set became wearied with the unusual labor, a dozen ready hands grasped the implements and dug lustily. Pat quietly looked on from his retreat on the eminence, while the whole village stood around the well and watched with breathless suspense the work go bravely on. As the diggers approached the bottom, the excitement of the bystanders grew intense, and they collected as near as safety would admit, gazing fearfully down the well. With great care and precaution the dirt was dug away, and when the bottom was at length reached, no Pat was found. The crowd, before so anxious, gradually relapsed into a broad grin, which broke forth in uproarious merriment when the veritable Pat walked up, with a smiling countenance, and addressed the crest-fallen diggers, who now stood weary and soiled with their labor. "Be jabers, gentlemen, and it's Patrick Fagan sure that is much obliged to yees for doin' of that nice little job of work."

The Story of "Twok."

By WATSON GRIFFIN.

PRESS NOTICES ON THE FIRST EDITION OF 1887.

"There is a good deal of originality in this story. The plot is ingeniously constructed and the story is told in a simple and graceful manner. Twok is a singularly attractive little personage and her philosopic lover, the blacksmith, Joy, is a character of equal interest. The simple and yet stirring life of a Canadian village is graphically depicted and the mystery in connection with Twok's birth and parentage carefully unravelled. The moral tone of the tale is refreshingly pure, and the author, in his dialogues, discusses with original force many religious problems of moment. The story is healthy as well as entertaining and ought to commend itself to readers on this side of the ocean who have grown weary of the sameness of modern English fiction."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

"The story itself is simple, unaffected and pretty."—*Evangelical Churchman*, Toronto.

"The story nowhere lacks in interest."—St. John, N. B., *Telegraph.*

"A most interesting and striking story. The scene of the novel is laid in Canada, and the incident, scenery and conversations are managed with tact and skill. Mr. Griffin writes with great taste and spirit. His entire work is very even, and we may, without hesitation, declare this story to be one of the brightest bits of Canadian fiction that we have yet seen in English. The philosophy is charming. It is a real credit to the author and to the country. The love-making is particularly well done."—*The Chronicle*, Quebec.

"An ingenious and interesting story. But who is Twok? The chain of events which led to her identification is skilfully linked together and the career of Trenwith, as related by himself, is highly sensational. The book is not faultless (what book is?), but it has the main merit of being entertaining, and that is a virtue in a writer that covers a multitude of sins. Mr. Griffin has originality, constructive ability and considerable tact as a story teller."—Montreal *Gazette*

"Mr. Griffin has the power of seeing to the bottom of most of those problems that trouble the thinking man, and he has a refreshingly clear style of expression."—Montreal *Herald.*

"The heroine is Twok, and from the moment she is introduced to the reader, interest in her never abates. Mr. Griffin outlined a plot with rare skill and marshalled his characters with consummate ability, the result being a book of intense interest,"—Toronto *Mail.*

"Mr. Watson Griffin is a young Canadian who has distinguished himself by some good writing in American magazines done in a few calm moments between the 'flurries' of a journalist's work. Twok is a queer, pleasant story. The tale is mostly of Ontario life, is full of local color, is marked by a good deal of curious observation, and has the great literary merit of being unpretentious."—Toronto *Globe.*

"The plot is cleverly constructed and the characters are drawn with a bold hand. Twok cannot but exercise a wholesome, moral influence on those who read it. It is manifestly the production of a man with broad and liberal views. The mind that planned such a literary structure is not contracted by the silly religious prejudices of modern times. Such books as 'Twok' are certainly calculated to make men happier, better and wiser."—Guelph *Herald.*

"The story is interesting—unique in some respects, and does credit to Mr. Griffin, who is a newspaper man."—Buffalo *Express.*

"The book is full of incident and life, but the more thoughtful reader will find abundant food for reflection in the clear and searching observations on living topics, more especially with reference to character building and spiritual forces. The tone of the writer is pure and hopeful, and anyone should be the better of a careful perusal of 'Twok.'"—Guelph *Mercury.*

"'Twok'" is the decidedly odd title of a domestic story, somewhat out of the common run. The scene is Canadian, and this not very usual *locale* for a work of fiction gives the scheme novelty, which is enhanced by numerous clever realistic touches. The book is markedly religious in tone, yet is not wanting in vivacious incident."—Philadelphia *American.*

"There is a great deal of human interest in the story."—Cleveland *Leader.*

"It presents a great deal of originality of thought, though somewhat heterodox on many points. The tone of the book is pure, its ideas bright and wholesome, its characters well chosen, and it is well worth reading."—London *Advertiser.*

"We can say like the modern school girl, this story is 'just too lovely for anything.' That is, it is a pure, harmless story, but is crowned with a true novel's ending, such as gives the sensational thrill, without which a novel is unsatisfying."—New York *Church Union.*

'There is an amount of thought in some of the dissertations which, though altogether out of place, these are in a story, is by no means to be despised."—London (Eng.) *Graphic.*

"Canadian literature has been enriched by a novel, 'Twok.' We cannot have a national library unless the few authors we possess are encouraged, and through this excellent work Canadians have an opportunity of showing legitimate encouragement and appreciation."—Kingston *Whig.*

"The author has written an interesting tale. He has succeeded in creating a truly lovable heroine, his dialogue, without being witty, is interesting and his discussions of religious problems and metaphysical difficulties sufficiently original to make them well worth reading."—Kingston *News.*

"For originality of thought and purity of tone the book is highly commendable and should be extensively read"—Dufferin *Advertiser.*

"Twok is a story which combines much original thinking, with a variety of sensational elements."—Montreal *Witness.*

"It is an extremely clever work, and could only have been written by an original thinker, actuated by high principles.—Cobourg *World.*

"A readable, healthy and even striking story. The story commands the interest of the reader from start to finish. The book is worth reading and there is a great deal of originality in it."—Ottawa *Journal.*

"Interestingly written, and its delineation of character shows careful observation and insight. It is a creditable contribution to Canadian literature."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

"None who read it through will fail to be convinced that Mr. Griffin has written it with a high and earnest purpose."—*The Week.*

"'Twok'—this odd word is the title of an odd novel from the pen of a bright young Canadian. Quaint as it is, it is full of thought and food for thought."—*International Royal Templar.*

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