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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND CHOICE LITERATURE
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

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One Life.

Her little white hand is resting
On the arm that held it of old,
And he thinks it is only the night breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.

Her eyes into his are gazing—
Eyes ever so faithful to him,
And he thinks it the shadowy twilight
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him ;
Ah, when did it turn away ?
And he thinks it the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and gray.

Oh, spirit that lingers and falters,
Take courage and whisper " Good-bye."
A life? Why a life is nothing,
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matters one life or death ?
One fragile and tender existence ?
One tremulous passing breath ?

A life? Why a life is nothing !
What matters though one burn dim ?
Alas for the folly of reason—
One life is world to him !
[Written for the Family Circle.]

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER IV.

DOROTHY'S LETTER.

"Have you been to Bonny Woods yet?" asked Standfield.
"No, Augusta says it is too damp to go yet."

"Well I suppose it is rather so, but in a week or two I think we might venture without incurring any more serious results than muddy boots. When the ground is quite dry we might go there often of an afternoon, it is a delightful retreat in the hot weather, the shade is so dense that one never feels the heat, even on the sultriest day in summer. Why! we might have some jolly little picnics there, might we not, Miss Judith?"

"That would be charming; but do you think Augusta would join us?"

"Oh yes! we have often picniced there in days gone by," he spoke regretfully, and she was quick to notice the sad look that clouded the kind eyes at the mention of those past days. She thought it was Augusta who had called up that look, that tone of regretful sadness. How could she tell it was Dorothy?

"Bonny Woods belongs to Mr. Laurie, I suppose?"

"Not quite all" answered Standfield—"a few acres belong to the man who owns the farm on the other side of the woods."

"I have a faint memory of going there once when I was a little child, to gather wild flowers."

"Yes there are any quantities of wild violets, lilies and others growing in Bonny Woods."

"And now is just the time for them; I wish I had not sprained my foot and I would go to-morrow and get some."

At this moment Augusta and Mr. Thorpe appeared coming up the lane toward the house.

"Why there is Mr. Standfield with Judith," said the former in a displeased tone.

"That is nothing new," retorted Thorpe with a laugh. He was not any more pleased than she was to witness Standfield's attentions to Judith and her pleasure in receiving them; but since the banker's arrival at Eastville there had not been wanting willing tongues to enlighten him about certain circumstances in the past life of his betrothed, and he soon saw that the place he held in Miss Laurie's regard was very slight in comparison with the estimation in which she held Standfield. It was therefore his pleasure to excite her jealousy of the young girl in every way possible; although at the same time the idea of Judith's being won by anyone was maddening to him. Thus two people bound to each other by a promise which one of them would have been only too willing to break if he could, indifferent to each other—nay almost despising one another, were each secretly in love with another, who, in turn, heartily disliked them. It was a deplorable state of affairs, to a humorist it would have presented a comical aspect, but judged calmly and sensibly and considering the almost certain misery of that wedded life which lay before Augusta Laurie and Clarence Thorpe, one cannot but deplore the present unhappy complication and think apprehensively of the future. So in answer to Thorpe's remark that it was nothing new to see Standfield with Judith, Augusta made an angry gesture.

"Nothing new to see Judith making a fool of herself? No, you are right there; she has been exposing her folly for the last two weeks or more."

"There are two fools I'm thinking," replied he dryly.

"Pshaw," answered she, not perceiving that his remark might have a different application,—

"You know what Donald Standfield is. He means nothing by his manner to women; besides he is old enough to be her father; and that is where her folly comes in."

"We'll let her pay for her folly then; most people have to," said the young man with a savage laugh. He had been assiduous in a sort of underhand attention to Judith during the past month, but his advances had been met with scornful coldness on her part; and now he was torn between love and hatred of her. One strong influence of his love for her was a passionate desire to seem better in her eyes than he really was; and yet with strange perversity he pursued the very course which effectually destroyed the last remnant of respect she might have had for him. Judith had risen as soon as Augusta and Thorpe approached, forgetting her injured ankle. She uttered a little cry of pain when she put her foot to the ground.

"My poor child you have hurt yourself; let me help you; lean on my arm." The girl hesitated a moment, fearing Augusta's ridicule; but Standfield coolly placed her hand within his arm.

"You should not have come out at all this afternoon, you should be more careful."

"Oh! indeed you make too much of it, and I did not walk to the orchard alone, Susannah insisted on helping me."

As they thus approached Augusta eyed them in wonder.

"What is the matter with you Judith, that you cannot walk without assistance?" she asked coldly. Clarence, who had an appointment to keep, had gone.

"I have sprained my ankle, Augusta."

"Oh! When did it happen?"

"A little while after you went out; I was running down stairs and slipped. It is only a slight sprain; it will be well to-morrow."

"I think if you had remained in the house and let Susannah bandage your ankle, it would have been wiser than walking to the orchard."

Judith blushed crimson, as she remembered why she had been so anxious to go to the orchard. Standfield would undoubtedly have called at the house, but there was only one sitting-room and that was always occupied by Mrs. Laurie, and the old lady, garrulous enough in her lord's absence, would have been a tiresome interruption to the delightful *tele-a-tele* she had been looking forward to.

"I was advising Miss Judith to take proper care of her foot," said Standfield as they continued toward the house.

"She will doubtless pay attention to, your advice," said Augusta with a cold smile.

When he had seen Judith safely seated in an arm chair and had himself placed a footstool for the injured foot to rest upon, Standfield took his leave, notwithstanding Miss Laurie's pressing invitation to tea.

He had left his cane in the orchard and went thither for it; reaching the spot where they had spent the afternoon, he espied, lying on the grass, the letter which he had rescued from Trap a short time before.

He picked it up and held it tenderly—it was Dorothy's letter. He raised it for an instant to his lips and then strode toward the house again to return it to Judith.

The sitting-room window was open and as he approached, the sound of Augusta's voice came plainly to his ears. She was speaking words which caused him suddenly to stand still, scarcely conscious that he was playing the eavesdropper.

"Only I warn you do not fall in love with Donald Standfield, though I daresay it is too late to warn you now, your weakness has been so obvious to everyone for the last few weeks. He means nothing by his attentions to you, he is the same to every woman who takes his fancy, until he tires of her."

"How dare you, Augusta?" cried the young girl in a choking voice, rising to her feet in her anger; but with a moan she fell back in her seat again.

"You had better let Susannah attend to your foot; Mr. Standfield was so tenderly solicitous about it this afternoon; he will probably be here to-morrow to inquire for you. It was odd how you managed to slip on the stairs; I should not wonder if the accident had been planned for the occasion."

But these last words were lost on Judith for she had fainted away from mingled pain and excitement; and the listener outside the window stole quietly away without being seen by Augusta from the house.

His mind was in a whirl; but he was conscious chiefly of a burning anger against Augusta. It was not until he had shut himself up in his own room, at the bank, and sat down to think over what he had heard that the probability of Judith's loving him occurred to him.

She had always seemed a mere child to him; and he had felt so elderly, so fatherly in her presence, that the idea of her regarding him as a lover was simply overwhelming.

"It is impossible! absurd!" he told himself impatiently. And yet as he thought over the past month, many little incidents occurred to his mind which seemed to offer some foundation for Augusta's accusation.

For a long time he sat brooding over this perplexing question. At last he arose and stood by the open window. Gradually the frown disappeared from his brow, the stern, dark eyes melted into a grave tenderness.

"If it should be so, if Judith loves me," he said, and his heart leaped strangely at the thought, "she shall not be wounded by having her love thrown back upon her; I will take it and cherish it as a precious gift; she shall be my wife if she will. Ayl in spite of the past."

He drew Dorothy's letter from his pocket. What should he do with it? Judith might wonder why he had not returned it to her immediately on his finding it; and he must be very careful not to allow her to suspect his discovery of her secret, if, indeed, what Augusta had said should prove to be true. No, he would burn the letter and say nothing of it. He carried it to the empty fireplace and kneeling down held a lighted match to the fateful missive which had caused such a revolution in his life. This time he did not kiss it, he felt no desire to do so. But he said, "Poor Dorothy!" That was his farewell to the love of nine long years.

For several days he kept away from Bonny Dale. Not from any disinclination to go there; but because he wished to accustom his mind to the idea of presenting himself as a suitor for Judith's hand. It was such a new, bewildering idea, this of making Judy his wife. His wife! He repeated the name over and over to himself, until the sound of it became dear to him. Gradually it seemed that Dorothy's face grew fainter and fainter, while Judith's was ever before him, fair, and sweet and bright.

On the fifth day he set out for the farm, impatient to see for himself if Miss Laurie was right. But first he went to Bonny Woods and gathered a quantity of wild flowers and arranged them artistically in a bouquet.

"Yes, Miss Judith was at home," Susan told him, in answer to his inquiry, and he was shown at once into the sitting-room.

Mrs. Laurie was dozing in her arm chair; her cap awry and her mouth open, while a gentle, happy snore gave evidence every now and then of the peacefulness of her slumbers.

Judith lay on the sofa reading; her book fell to the floor and she half raised herself on Standfield's entrance. He was conscious of a feeling of elation when he saw the color flash into the girl's pale face, and her eyes fall beneath the gaze of his.

"You have been ill I fear? Your foot has troubled you?" he said, questioningly, while he still held her hand in his.

"Yes, the sprain was rather more serious than I thought at first, I have not been able to walk at all since—since the day you were here last. Dr. Jones says I may walk a little in about a week from this."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am," he said, seating himself in a chair near the sofa.

"You must have thought me very remiss in not calling to inquire for you; had I known that your foot was worse I should have come in spite of business."

"I thought you must have been busy," she answered simply.

"I was in Bonny Woods to-day and remembering your wish for some wild flowers I gathered these for you; they look a little wilted now, but water will revive them."

"Oh Mr. Standfield! thank you, it was very, very good of you to bring them; there is water in the jug on the table; will you pour some into the glass, please?"

"I thank you," as he brought her the glass full of water, into which she put the drooping flowers.

"How pretty these young ferns are!" she said touching them. "Now please put them on the table by the window, so that I can look at them."

"Don't you find it very dull lying in the house all day in this lovely weather?"

"Yes," she answered, turning wearily on her pillow.

"This has been the longest week I have ever spent, I think."

"Why couldn't you have a lounge carried out on the grass in the garden, you could lie there all day in this weather?"

She shook her head.

"This sofa is much too heavy to be carried in and out every day; it would be lovely though," she added with a longing sigh.

"I will tell you what I shall do, if you will kindly consent to my plan. I have an extension chair, it is cane and light enough to be carried any distance; will you do me the favor of accepting the loan of it till your foot is better? With some pillows and a rug it could be made as comfortable as this sofa and you could lie out in the open air all day."

"Oh! thank you; you are so kind, but I—"

"And you are so unkind; why do you hesitate? If you knew what pleasure it would give me to lend it to you, you would not refuse, Miss Judith."

"I do not refuse, I will accept the loan of the chair; and thank you very much, Mr. Standfield."

"Nay, it is rather I who should say I thank you. Then I will send the chair down to-morrow morning."

"Thank you."

"I have some news to tell you, Mr. Standfield," she said after a short pause, during which the silence was broken only by the solemn tones which proceeded from the arm-chair occupant.

"Indeed! pleasant news I hope?"

"Yes; Reggie is coming to spend his vacation here, in Eastville at least; his friend Mr. Littleworth is coming with him; and they have taken lodgings with old Mrs. Barber, in Eastville. Mr. Littleworth got someone to secure rooms for them."

"It will be a great pleasure to you to see your brother; but who is Mr. Littleworth? A young friend of Reggie's?"

"Reggie's friend, yes; but I think he must be a good deal older than Reggie. He is an English Gentleman whom my brother met at Mr. Lennox's house. It seems he is just travelling about for his own pleasure. Reggie says he has just returned from a trip to the Northwest, and as he is tired of knocking about he was only too glad to come with Reggie to Eastville where he could be quiet and have a rest. I only hope they will not find it too dull."

"You and Miss Laurie must take them in hand and organize picnics and all sorts of pleasant things for their amusement. I do not think they will find it dull," said Standfield with a vague uneasiness that surprised even himself; perhaps the English gentleman might discover a charm to keep him at Bonny Dale, notwithstanding that dirth of excitement which Judith lamented.

"Oh! don't you really? I am sure I hope they won't. It would be so disappointing if Reggie went away in a day or two when I expected him to stay for two weeks. But what can they do to pass the time? they would not care for too much of Augusta's society and mine, even if Augusta could spare the time."

"Which I am sure she could not," was his smiling reply.

"There is good trout-fishing in the river about a mile beyond Bonny Woods; and they could indulge in boating of a mild sort if they chose; and they could go for long drives if your uncle, I mean Mr. Laurie, would lend them a horse and buggy; and then, as I said before, there will be delightful picnics in Bonny Woods, and pleasant walks in the cool of the evening. Upon the whole I think they might manage to get through the two weeks without being overpowered with ennui, do not you?"

"You have made me more hopeful," she answered brightly and then, with the shyness that sometimes seized upon her in Standfield's presence, and which had amused him a little before, she said, but without looking at him:

"And you will come often and help us to amuse Reggie and his friend, will you not?"

"If you want me, yes," he replied in a soft, low voice, and with a slight emphasis on the *you*. Was he glad or sorry to see the flush that crimsoned her pure brow and the faint tremble of the lips and eye-lids—signs that proved almost beyond doubt the truth of Augusta's words? He was glad; surely yes; or why did his heart beat with a sensation he had thought never to feel again?

(To be Continued.)

A fellow working in a Maine factory where young women are employed, contrived a practical joke for the entertainment of himself and his admirers. He killed an adder and left it among some boxes that were to be assorted by the young women. Miss Stevens uncovered the reptile with her hands. The shock made her insane, and the physicians say that she will probably die, and in any event will be a maniac for life.

A Son's Adventures.

I WAS born in the Luxembourg just about fifty years ago. Goodness! How I used to work at the bench when I was a lad, sewing and hammering, hammering and sewing on boots and shoes. There was that dear old father of mine, with his big steel-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose, who set me an example of thrift and honesty.

"Above all," he would say to us, for a brother then worked with me, "be a good shoemaker. Never scamp anything. Do the best you can, and do it all the time."

We would work from sunrise till far into the night. The pay we got was little enough, so small that we used to watch the candle that fluttered in the wind, and worry over its cost. If we worked very, very hard, and custom was good, we might count on a gain of ten sous each, but sometimes we would all stop pegging away because the poor people in our village had no money to pay for shoes. Oh! how difficult it was to buy a sack of coarse flour or a little scrap of meat. We lived from hand to mouth. Poor old father, do what we could to help him, he got into debt, and owed at one time as much as thirty francs. What a huge sum that seemed to me to be what a whole mountain of embarrassment!

I starved myself in order to put a little money aside. One day I said to father:

"This thing don't work. I am going to clear out. I can't stand it."

"You will leave me, my son? Your poor old father is an incubance to you?"

"No, not at all. But I must go away to work for him."

"It is well," replied my father. "You are a good shoemaker. Your stitches are strong and even. You shape well. Go see the world, and God's blessing accompany you."

I went to Paris and led a miserable life there for a time. I hardly gained my bread at first. The habits of the Parisian shoemaker horrified me, for I had been brought up by a pious father. I was a good workman, however, and after awhile found steady employment, but I could help poor father but very little. Oh! it used to make my heart sore to think of him cramped up in his little, dingy room, working away for dear life, with the meagre reward of a crust of dried bread. The habits of economy he had taught me helped me then. I scraped together sou by sou and at last sent him 10f. He wrote me that the sum had saved him from being turned out of his poor old chamber. "This will never do," I said. I must go somewhere else. I am a good shoemaker, and my experience in Paris has given me the finishing touch. I must go somewhere else where the art of Crispin will be appreciated." One fine day in 1850 I took a place as landsman on an English bark, from Havre to Boston. I landed in the United States with just forty cents (two francs) in my pocket. I sought work at once. I saw in a little shoemaker's shop up a narrow street a sign written on paper and stuck on the glass with wafers. I could not read it. I did not know a single word of English then, but over the door there was a German name. I made bold to enter and talked German to the proprietor.

"Sit down," he said, "on that bench, and sew me on that sole."

"I am a fair shoemaker, as you will see," I replied.

It was a pleasure to take hold of the tools once more; they seemed to know me. How I blessed my father then.

My boss was satisfied, and I got a job right off at one dollar day and my food. That was a fortune to me then. I worked for six months steadily, and, save for a second-hand pair of trousers, bought by me at a bargain, I hoarded every penny. I sent the dear old father fifty dollars, and back came his blessing. He wrote he had never seen so much money at one time in his life. But I was ambitious. Just then the California fever was raging. Something told me to go to the Pacific coast. I took ship and crossed the Isthmus. Just before arriving at San Francisco there was a heavy gale; we came near being shipwrecked, and I lost my hat. I remember that quite well. I landed in San Francisco with one dollar exactly. On board there was a carousing shoemaker, who had been sent for from the East by a man who had kept a shop in San Francisco. I heard him say that he had come before his time, and that, anyway, if he could do better he was not going to work at cobbling. He mentioned the name of the man who was to hire him, and I had his consent to apply for the place.

I went to the shoe-shop at once and asked for the position.

"It is given to another man, who ought to be here soon, and I can't make use of you. Besides, you have no hat."

"That makes no difference," I replied. "I see shoemakers' wages are six dollars a day—(it was the flush times of California then)—give me three dollars and feed me, and only let me stay until the man you hired turns up, for I am indeed a shoemaker."

The boss gave a kind of grudging consent. Then I set to work, and slept that night in the shop. When the master came to the place in the morning he found everything in elegant order, and I had made five dollars before breakfast by mending a boot. I suited him exactly—for I am a good shoemaker. I lived with that man for a year, and saved all my money. I sent the dear old fellow at home one hundred dollars. If you could only have seen the letter that came back! The blessed old daddy wanted to know if I thought he was a spendthrift? That one hundred dollars he was going to make do for the next three years! There was a chance I heard of in Sacramento. I went there, my master giving me some of his shop-worn stock. I did a splendid business. In six months I had made for my share \$3,000. My fortune was before me. Poor old daddy was not forgotten. I got a cross letter from him this time. The poor simple soul wanted to know whether I thought he was going to the dogs. Did I want to make him a drunkard, a gourmand, and put all kinds of temptation in his way? Too much money was the source of all evil. I was robbing myself to pamper him—but for all that there was a lot of sweetness in the letter.

Well, I thought that fortune was now mine. But one night a bad fire broke out and I was burned out. Fires occur in Sacramento every night and were the work of thieves. I gathered together the few pairs of boots. I could put my hands on, and placed them with my money, all in gold, in a trunk, and I carried it out of the wooden shanty just as the roof fell in. For better security I sat on my trunk, and gazed bewildered-like at the flames. "I have something left," I said, after all, "to begin the world with." Just then I was struck a heavy blow over the head with a club, and lost all consciousness. When I came to I found myself on the ground and my trunk gone. The thieves had done the business for me. Ah! then I gave myself up, just for a moment, to despair. "I am ruined—ruined for ever—

Poor old daddy!" I thought. But I was not ruined, for that crack on the head was the means of my making my fortune.

I didn't cry over things much, for I am a good shoemaker, and that is always a solid capital. I had a little money in my pocket, and went to San Francisco. I knew my old master would take me back, and he did so. I resumed my old place. There was an auctioneer among his customers with the tenderest feet I ever saw, and as I am a shoemaker, that explains all my good luck. This auctioneer had been grumbling ever since I left San Francisco. When he saw me he was delighted. "At least now," he said, "I am out of my great misery. I shall limp no longer." At once I made him a pair of shoes, and he was delighted.

One day he said to me: "I had an auction yesterday, and I put up without getting a single bidder, a lot of very fine French boots. They won't sell because there is a glut of boots on the market. They were imported a year ago, but the shape is out of fashion now. It was a square toe then, now it is a round one. Do you buy them?"

"How much?" I asked.

"Make your own price."

"But I have no money."

"That makes no difference; you may have them on credit; pay me when you can."

I went to look at those cases of boots. They were of the finest quality, and excellent as to make. Some of them were cavalry boots, but such as only dandy horsemen or General officers wear. Remember, I am a good shoemaker and know my trade. I bought these boots at one dollar per pair. The leather alone was worth twice that. At night I used to work on them. I made the square toes pointed; some of them I cut down into bootees. Oh! I worked night after night on them after hours. Then I hired a small shop and hung up a few pairs in the window.

A Mexican came first. "How much?" "Ten dollars." He took the boots. Then a miner passed. "How much?" "Fifteen dollars." Then a gentleman on a fine horse came by and looked from his horse at the boots, and he tied up his horse and asked, "How much?" "Twenty dollars." He put a double eagle down. I must have made \$2,500 clear on those boots. Then I found more of them—a mine of these boots, and I put in my pocket six thousand dollars in a short time. I worked for a year and made money in my trade steadily. Then I got married in San Francisco to a woman I loved, and my married life has been a very happy one. It was a pain when I said to my wife: "I must leave you, my love, for a short time—only long enough to pay my dear old daddy a visit." I left my business in her charge. It was a voyage of business and pleasure, for I went to Paris to buy goods.

Poor old daddy! There was the same magpie in the wicker-work basket, and he saluted me, for he remembered me. When I was a little boy I stuck a tail of false feathers on his with some cobbler's wax. He never forgot me, and ruffled his feathers at me as soon as he saw me, as if my insult to him had been of recent date. There was hardly a change in the room. There hung father's old watch, as big as a saucer, ticking away, with a spray of box-wood over it for luck. Then there was on the shelf the same old earthenware jug. The handle I broke one unfortunate day, and a piece of leather was bound round it, and it hung on a nail by a thong. He had the same awl in his hand—at least it was the same handle, for once I came near getting a thrashing for having whittled it. Even an old almanac of a year long gone

past was there, tacked to the wall with shoe brads. He had on the same apron, only it was worn thinner.

The dear old father was bending over his work, pounding slowly at some bit of leather on a last. You could count one, two, three, four, between the hammerings. In my time it was rat-tat-tat, like a drum beating, with no interval between the strokes. I strode in and the old gentleman first looked at my feet; that was a way he had. At a glance, for he was the king of shoemakers, he could take in all the differences between your foot and the feet of the rest of the world. He looked and looked again. He must have recognized a family foot, for I saw his hand tremble, and then he pushed up his great steel-rimmed spectacles, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he rose, and then tottered, and then fell into my arms. How we kissed one another. "My son, my son, you never would have succeeded had you not been a good shoemaker; you never scamped anything; you did the best you could all the time," was what he said when I told him of my good luck. "Like my dear old daddy did before me," I added. Then I kicked over his work bench and said: "No more work for you, old pappy, for I am rich. I have a wife, I have a baby—a boy baby, named after you—and you are to take the cars—first class—to-morrow or the day after-ward, and come post-haste out of the old country to California, so that grandchild shall sit on your knee, and you shall teach him to be honest and pious, and to love you." "And may I not make him a good shoemaker?" he asked. "But you go too fast. Let me think over it. You ask me to leave this old Luxembourg where I was born. I should never see again the grave where your mother, my good wife, has slept for these last thirty odd years. I don't know. I am very old. I should be in the way. I love my old trade. Do they wear shoes in California? May I cobble there? I assure you, though the hog-bristles bother me just a little at times, and my hammer moves just a trifle slower, still I can turn out a decent job. I wonder if I cannot beat you now. Come, let us try."

To please the old man, I took up a bit of work and commenced on it. "It is well done," said father, admiringly. "I see you have not forgotten my lessons. Perhaps that one stitch there is not quite—quite as even as it should be. My remarks don't worry you? Still," and he held in his shabby hands the old boot near his eye, "it will pass muster."

At last the blessed old man consented to go with me. Next day we had a feast in the village. All the old cronies were invited, the cooper, the watchmaker, the butcher, the drover, the tailor and the tax-collector. The Curate gave the party his blessing. Oh, what a good time we had! The old man was radiant. I was introduced to every one as "M.—, the American shoemaker, who had learned his trade in the Luxembourg." We kept it up all that afternoon and late into the evening. It was a feast such as that sleepy old town will remember for many a day. Just occasionally I noticed that the old man weakened when some ancient chum took him by the hand to bid him good-bye. Then I would say "Dear Daddy, it's your grand-child that claims you. How do you expect that he will ever be a good shoemaker without your teaching him?" That was an all-powerful argument. The blessed old man made the trip across the ocean without much fatigue. How glad my wife was to see her husband and father, and, as to the baby, he went at once into his grandpapa's arms.

"Of course, father was too old to work, but still he in-

sisted upon having his bench. As he grew feebler the stitches became more uneven, and we were often alarmed about the awl, which might have pricked him. He lived, though, happily with us for some years. He grew more unsteady day by day and wandered a little, but still he would spend an hour or two every day at his bench. He made a goat harness for the little boy, and quite a number of pretty things in leather.

One day I heard him in his room tapping, tapping away on his lap-stone with more than ordinary vigor. Then I listened to him. He said: "A good job; a very good job. Capital, though I ought not to praise myself. There never was but one man who could equal me, and that is my dear, dear son; and his son, my grandson, shall also be a first-class shoemaker, if the good God, whose name be blessed, only lets me live a little, a very little longer," and then I had heard the rattle of a hammer as if it had dropped on the floor, and I went into his room, and the dear old man passed quietly away, with a last prayer on his lips. There are no shoemakers now-a-days like in the old time.

A Little Heroine.

IT was only a few days after my mother died that old Kate, the blind woman who lived in the room next to ours, lost her little dog, and offered to share with me her small means of living, if I would fill his place for her. I was glad enough to accept her offer, and so, day after day I led her through the streets, and at night shared her humble cot. It was in that way, through passing so often the same houses, that I noticed and was attracted towards the inmates of one. It was an elegant brick dwelling, with a bow window, and in that window often sat a lady, with the most gentle, beautiful face I had ever seen, while leaning at her knee would be a boy of about twelve years, with eyes and brow like her own, but features in general more like the dark handsome face of one who would sometimes come and talk with them for a while.

It was all the same to old Kate where I led her, so long as she knew by the sounds about her that she was in a populous neighborhood, and I often would pass and re-pass that house with the bow window and its beautiful occupants as many as a dozen times a day; and so, though they knew me not, I came to know them well.

The months went on, and summer came with its pleasant evenings. Then when old Kate, worn out, would fall fast asleep, I would watch my opportunity and slip out unheard. Perhaps it was wrong for me to do so; but surely, I thought, no one would harm a little girl.

One evening, drawn by the splendor of an open door, I stood looking in, when a lady who was passing left the arm of the elderly gentleman whom she was with, and came to my side.

"Come away, my child," she said, earnestly. "Do you not know that is one of the devil's most deadly traps? Come away, let me entreat you!"

I was not afraid—she spoke so kindly; but it did not seem to me that what she said could be true.

"Oh, it is too beautiful to be that," I answered, "it is like a fairy land.

Her voice was even more earnest as she spoke again, and there was a bitterness in it as if somehow she had suffered through just such a place.

"But it is so, my child. It is the straight road to destruction. True, it is beautiful, but it is only to entice and ruin.

I walked on by her side for some distance—the gentleman all that time not saying a word, but looking, I thought, a little amused—and then she loosed my hands and I sped home.

Another bright, moonlit evening came. I could not resist the temptation to once more stray out. This time my steps turned towards the house in which I was so much interested.

The lights were lit, but the curtains were all drawn; and though I crouched low by the iron railings, I could see nothing, and was turning away, when a light carriage suddenly drove up and stopped, and a gentleman alighted and ran up the steps. At the same moment the door opened, and the lady with the beautiful face came with outstretched hands to meet him. But her face was as I had never seen it before—all stained by tears that yet fell, though with her white hands she tried to brush them away.

"Oh George! where is Gaston? Herbert is ill—perhaps to death! I have longed so for you to come, for only you could I ask to search for him. My poor boy has done nothing but moan and call for his father the last three hours, and the doctor says if his wish is not satisfied and his mind set at rest, he fears the worst. Oh, George, I pray you leave no stone unturned till you find my husband! I cannot tell you where to look, for I have not seen him since early this morning. He did not know that Herbert was in any danger, for I did not. The fever became violent for the first time at noon."

The gentleman stooped and kissed her forehead.

"My poor sister, I only wish for your sake I had any clue as to where Gaston is; but I will do my best."

But ere he had left her I had gone, on the wings of the wind, for I knew where to look for him. Only an hour before, I had seen him enter the door that I had heard called "the devil's most deadly trap."

I knocked, and no one answering, though in my heart I was frightened, I pushed open the door and entered. I saw not this time the great crystal lights or the bright pictures that lined the wall, for my eyes were fastened upon two forms who, in the centre of the room, were confronting each other.

"You shall pay for your words—and now!" one was saying, and as he spoke, he drew something glittering from his pocket.

The man before him who was thus threatened with the weapon, was the one I sought. I sprang forward. "Stop!" I cried, with frantic energy. "Do not kill him. Herbert, his boy, is dying and calls for him!"

All eyes turned with curiosity and surprise upon me, but I cared not. The man's hand with the knife fell to his side.

"His boy, Herbert, is ill and dying," I repeated, "and he calls for his father; and the doctor says if he does not see him he cannot possibly live."

I shall never forget the look of agony that came in the place of the anger to the dark face of Herbert's father.

"My boy dying, and I here."

He had been beside himself with anger, but the shock of my words had sobered him, and taking my hand, he led me from the place. Once out in the street, I tried to leave him, but he held me tightly.

"If my boy lives, it will be you who have saved him. You shall come with me," he said.

Such a pathetic scene it was when the mother, hearing

footsteps, came to the door and saw her husband. I cannot think of it now without tears.

A couple of hours later the doctor declared that the danger was past; the boy had seen his father, and his delirium quieted and sunk into slumber.

So it was that I, Polly Evans, saved two lives.

Mr. St. John, true to his word, never from that time neglected his family; and Herbert grew and thrived from his childhood (which his mother had told me had always been delicate) into as stalwart a lad as ever gladdened a parent's heart.

Twelve years have passed since then and I am Polly Evans no longer. But I will not anticipate. That night was the turning point in my own life.

"You must stay with us, my child," Mrs. St. John said. "Henceforth your home is in this house, which but for you would be desolate indeed. I can never repay to you the benefits you have given to me, but all that is in my power I shall do. Your real name is Mary, you tell me. I had a sister Mary once, and I love the name. Mary, will you be willing to let me do what I can to make you a useful, happy woman?"

I was at once sent to school. Of course I was ignorant, and had much to unlearn as well as to learn; but hard work accomplishes wonders, and two years ago I received kindly words from my teachers that brought a thrill of pride to my breast for I felt that I could at last reach the ultimatum of my longing, and go forth in the world and work for myself and be independent.

One day, when I thought we were entirely alone—Mrs. St. John and myself—in her cosy boudoir, I broached the subject for the first time.

I was little prepared for the effect of my words. I know that she loved me, though not fill then how much. But though she pleaded, yet I was firm, for I had discovered during the last few months something within myself that forced me to be so. But oh! it was hard indeed to resist those tender, earnest tones.

"Mary, do you not know that to see you leave my roof would break my heart? You do not speak. Is there, no way in which I can induce you to give up this idea that has gained such a hold over your mind?"

"Of course there is," cried a rich voice at the door that brought the blood in a torrent from my heart to my cheeks, as pushing aside the curtain, Herbert entered.

His eyes met mine and mine fell. A joyous light sprang into his handsome face—that face that I had long known, I had cared for with more than a sister's affection.

"Ask her to stay as your daughter, mother."

As I stood there blushing crimson, a soft hand took mine.

"Can it be possible, Mary, that you care for my son. I had not dared to hope for this. I knew Herbert had loved you, but I never dreamed that you had a thought for him that was not merely sisterly." (Ah, my short-sighted benefactress!)

"Will you indeed stay, Mary, as my daughter—"

"And my wife?" another voice added, while a strong, young arm enfolded me.

And I stayed; and here I still am, no longer Mary Evans, but dignified Mrs. Herbert St. John. Herbert often calls me "Polly," for which I do not chide him, for I love to hear my old name spoken in his tender tones, though indeed, perhaps it might be as well to say that everything to me is music that comes from his lips.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

The only rose without thorns is friendship.

A delicate thought is a flower of the mind.

By living life well we find that life is well worth living.

To laugh at roguery makes the action doubly dishonest.

Without earnestness no man is great or even did great things.

The stupid son of a stupid father is a chip of the old blockhead.

Positive, wait; comparative, waiter; superlative, go and get it yourself.

Lose not thy own for want of asking for it. It will get thee no thanks.

The pure association of man and woman is refining and elevating to both.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.

A wealthy New York man married his servant-girl. Even the rich have to economize sometimes.

Don't lose your faith in women, my son, just because you get the mitten now and then. If they were near as bad as the men, we would go to eternal ruin.

"Professor, why does a cat, when eating, turn her head first one way, and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Mrs. Grosgrain, looking at the pictures of nude, savage women; "no clothing of any kind! I wonder what the poor things have to talk about?"

"I always have sense enough to know when to stop drinking," remarked Sandy. "I thought you generally stopped because you hadn't cents enough to keep on," said Zenas.

"I hope you will find it warm at home this bitter weather," said a kind lady to a poor Irishman. "Niver you fear, ma'am," said he; my wife takes good care to make it all that for me."

A Mount Holyoke girl who was studying to be a missionary wrote the following on the fly-leaf of a book on Moral Science, the name of the author of which is suppressed on account of the respectability of his family:

If there should be another flood,

For refuge hither fly:

Though all the world should be submerged,

This book would still be dry.

A capital anecdote is told of a little fellow who, in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look at me, slowly remarked, 'They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

"It's just too mean," remarked a Philadelphia gossip, "when that couple next door moved in, I could see by their faces that they quarrelled, and do you know I have hardly got any sleep for two weeks waiting to hear them commence, and now I've just found out that they are deaf and dumb."

A man makes an awful row if his wife takes his razor to trim a little maize on her little toe or sharpen a lead pencil, but he thinks it is all right, and scoffs at her, if she shrieks out her feeble protests when he takes her little embroidery scissors to cut a copper telephone wire. "Don't hurt the scissors at all," he says.—*Burdett.*

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PERIODICALS, ETC.

Electra is indeed an interesting and valuable magazine, and must be growing in public favor. This bright and entertaining monthly is conducted entirely by ladies, and is a credit to all connected with it. Its editors are Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Leyburn, the latter of whom publishes the magazine, and will be happy to receive subscriptions to it at 743 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky. \$2 a year.

CIRCLE CHAT.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

With the advance of civilization and ever growing population of the world, the contention in business circles, and competition in skill and every progressive art, becomes keener. The choice of an occupation, therefore, from which to reap that upon which comfort, to a great extent, rests, is becoming every day a more and more important matter.

Grave errors are made by many parents, by reason of ambition and pride, while some few others, through a lack of appreciation of their children's capacities, or a stubborn idea as to what "pays best," fall into an equally wrong course in the direction of their offspring to the following of a pursuit which, all through life, should harmonize with one's mental and physical capacity and inclination.

With the world's progress occupations change, both with regard to their nature and their remuneration. The pursuit of farming has been extolled by writers who know no more about the labor of ploughing or harvesting than they do about "growing up with the country;" and making a living by one's "head," without what they are pleased to call "hard work," is to many a quite possible consumption of comfort, who know nothing of the toils and struggles of the speculator, merchant and professional man. Amid the keen competition in business and the enormous multitude that cannot hope to earn a livelihood, by reason of their numbers, in the genteel professions, work of the muscles is now, as a rule, fully as well, if not better remunerated, than brain work, and fairly skilled mechanics and average farmers are rapidly becoming a more independent people than the ordinary physicians and barristers. It is constantly urged that there is room at the "top of the ladder," and there undoubtedly is; but be sure that your son has the depth of character required and a strong inclination toward a profession, before you advise, or, as in some cases, command him to adopt this or that.

As a rule, if a boy will be more than an average success in any position, marked manifestations of his inclination towards this will early present themselves, and parents should, therefore, study well their sons' tastes and ambitions. Let parents beware of taking too much upon themselves in this matter; and yet let them pay good heed not to slight it. A father should instruct his son in the requirements, as to education and physical development, so far as he is able, of the different occupations, and then let the boy assume as much responsibility as he will in the matter, the importance to himself of which he should have been previously taught to appreciate.

There are enough in the world for all occupations and as civilization progresses the concentration of one's energies to one special limited branch seems to be demanded for success.

Could we only see each individual following a pursuit to which his ability, tastes and development perfectly adapted him, we would hear much less of the enormous amount of ill-health resulting from mental depression, and fewer people would try to convince us that their occupation is the most difficult and worst remunerated in the world.

SOME REFORMS.

With the usual conservatism of the public in accepting reforms, the day when people believed that drugs were the most important effect in relieving the sick, is passing away, and whatever composes, pleases or stimulates, to healthy action, the mind, in conversation, in actions and in all surroundings is becoming known to the world as the greatest specific, sometimes aided by 'medicines,' for all complaints.

The superstitions of our religion are rapidly giving place to more rational views. Cause and effect and the laws of nature in their punishments and rewards are becoming better understood, and every day, we believe, the world is becoming more surely aware that what a man sows, that shall he also reap, and good works are the outcome.

The unperverted instincts of a morally well developed person may often be a good guide to a right mode of living—The unperverted senses and appetites of a physically well developed person may often be a good guide to their proper care and nourishment; but it is wise for people to keep conversant, through good periodical literature, with the newest and most advanced ideas of leading minds upon the necessities and wholesome luxuries of living, and proper moral restriction. Every new theory or method in life need not necessarily be adopted, but grave and just reflection should be the means of causing us to adopt every true reform.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

H. D. L.—The necessary information will shortly be mailed you.

READER.—Notes of congratulation and condolence should be brief, and should not allude to any subject except the one for which you are offering your congratulations or sympathy; they should not be formal in composition, but expressive of real feeling.

STUDENT.—There will be little change in our weekly issues from the monthly. Our Biographical Bureau and Puzzle Column will be inserted once a month. The weekly will not be covered; but monthly parts, containing the weekly numbers of each month, will be neatly bound together and covered.

Mrs. K.—Your constant noticing of the child's weak tendency, especially before company, will surely increase the evil. Gentle reproof with a little reasoning when she is not in an ill humor, and not too frequently, is your most powerful means of training her, or any other child, out of all bad habits.

W. B.—The term, "The Almighty Dollar," is said to have been first used by Washington Irving in "The Creole Village," in the following sentence: "The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages."

MAGGIE H.—The gentleman you write of may not have known his mind, or it is possible that something in your conduct has turned him against you. Certainly a gentleman who does not contemplate matrimony has no right to pay exclusive attention to any one young lady, and if he respects himself will be very careful not to give any one the impression that he is devoted only to her. It may be that you exaggerate in your imagination his attentions toward you, not having ever had a beau; but at all events, if he chooses to discontinue your company with indifference you are better without him; and if his affections should still be yours you need not fear that he will not return.

Answers crowded out of this number will appear next week.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Starch in Food.

As soon as a piece of bread is put into the mouth, an abundant flow of saliva takes place; and in fact it needs no actual tasting to induce this flow, for even the sight or smell of anything nice is quite sufficient to "make the mouth water," as we express it. The saliva is poured into the mouth by three pairs of glands, to the extent of some twenty ounces a day. It consists, in great part, of water, with a little salt and a peculiar substance called ptyaline, which possesses the property of changing starch into sugar, the change being accomplished most completely when the starch is dissolved or baked, and at a temperature of about ninety-eight degrees, Fahrenheit, the normal temperature of the body. Although this ptyaline is present in the saliva to the extent of only one part in five hundred, yet on its presence and action, the heat, and consequently the life, of the body is largely dependent; hence the importance of avoiding any unnecessary waste of it, such as frequently and unnecessarily accompanies smoking. Hence, likewise, we see the importance of chewing the food slowly and thoroughly, that it may be all brought under the influence of the ptyaline; and thus we can understand how indigestion, or dyspepsia, may be caused by hasty chewing or by excessive spitting,

the starchy portion of the food in either case lying in the stomach in an undissolved mass.

Bread-making, we have already stated, is a form of cooking. The heat of the oven has converted the outside of the bread into sugar; and the starch in the inside has in fact been boiled in the steam of the water which the dough contained, so that it has become capable of being readily converted into sugar. The porous nature of the bread favors this conversion; for the saliva easily penetrates through the whole of the spongy mass; and the change is still further assisted by the water which the bread contains, to the extent of some forty per cent. Biscuits, on the other hand, being as a rule dry and non-spongy, are less suitable for ordinary use, although containing in the same weight far more food-material than bread.

It may surprise some of our readers to be told that the starch of bread has small nutritive properties. Its sole office is that of a heat-producer; and just like the coal of the engine, the starch or sugar is burned up inside us to keep up the temperature of the machine. It is the gluten, the sticky, tenacious matter in the grain, which is the nutritive, flesh-forming material; but in the present article we have no space to follow the changes which it undergoes in the system, for we are simply treating of starch at present; and we trust we have made it clear how it is changed into sugar, and thus made soluble and fit for absorption into the juices which keep the body at a uniform temperature and in good repair.

It is a common but mistaken notion that sago and tapioca are very nutritious. On the contrary, they consist almost wholly of starch, with only about three per cent. of gluten, so that unless cooked with milk or eggs, they form a very insufficient food. The same is the case with arrowroot; hence it is a great mistake to feed an invalid or a child on such materials. They are no doubt useful as easily-digested heat-producers, but they must be cooked with milk or eggs before they are of much use for natural nutriment; and many a child has been starved to death through its parents' ignorance of this fact. It is true, medical men often recommend arrowroot for those in delicate health, as it is of great importance to keep up the natural heat of the body with the least exertion of the digestive organs; but it cannot be too widely known that arrowroot, pure and simple, is a mere heat-producer; and milk, soup, or other suitable flesh-forming food, must be given with it, if the child or invalid is to be kept alive. On the other hand, semolino, hominy, lentil-meal, pea-flour, etc., contain a much greater amount of flesh-forming material than sago, arrowroot, etc.—From *Chambers' Journal*.

Gluttony Among Great Men.

The fact that some men of genius have been prodigious eaters, in fact gluttons, has led many to the erroneous conclusion that heavy food is essential for the best quality and greatest quantity of mental labor. A writer, who evidently holds this opinion, ridicules Charlotte Bronte because she became disgusted with Thackeray on seeing him eat while sitting beside him at the table on the occasion of first meeting him, although she had formerly idolized him and worshipped his productions. Johnson, Dickens, Thackeray, Bayard Taylor, and other characters whom we might mention, were almost as notorious for their gormandizing as for their literary productions, but their literary fame was achieved in spite of their dietetic abuses, rather than by their aid. It would be very easy to show that several of the literary characters named were cut short in their brilliant careers by habitual abuse of the stomach. A temperate life and a simple dietary would have enabled several of them to prolong their lives to the present moment, with increasing ability in the lines of literary effort for which they were celebrated.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Dark velvet faces all the fall hats, sometimes a narrow gilt braid finishing the upper edge.

Handkerchiefs with lace borders are fashionable. The initials are now embroidered directly in the centre.

Narrow pale blue velvet is fashionable to wear about the neck, tied in a small bow at one side and held by a pin of some fancy design.

White skirts are made quite full, and some of them have whalebones inserted in the back to keep them rather bouffant, instead of putting them into the skirt of the dress.

The taste now seems to incline toward rich material, simply made. The most fashionable people wear very little trimming on their street dresses, most of them being tailor-made.

Twine netting is becoming fashionable, not only for ties and dresses. The netting is made to admit of ribbon being run through it, and the effect is happy.

Young ladies are wearing a great deal of black at receptions, dinners and balls, but very little on the street. The black dress always heightens the fairness of the skin by gaslight, and this is doubtless the reason why they are so popular.

Black stockings are almost universally the choice for girls of all ages, and for boys in dresses or short trousers. The fashion is expensive, as black hosiery is apt to be inferior in quality to white or colored, therefore requiring more frequent renewal of supply.

Fichus of black and Spanish lace are worn twisted about the neck, especially with the Jerseys, which are popular this fall. Jerseys in dark blue and black are the only kind permitted by fashion for street wear. They are worn over black silk or dark blue silk skirts, and have a sash back, and often sash drapery down the front.

Gray is one of the most popular colors of the season, and goods in woolen, silks and wash stuffs come in all the various shades. When judiciously chosen, a very elegant costume may be arranged. Gray flannel dresses are excellent for school wear or for rainy days. They can be made to fit to perfection, and will not be ruined by a wetting.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One half gallon ripe tomatoes, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls black pepper, three tablespoonfuls ground mustard, one half tablespoonful red pepper. Simmer all together three or four hours; add one pint of vinegar, strain through a sieve, sweeten a little, bottle and cork tight.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—Wash and wipe them and place in a jar. To one gallon of cider vinegar add one teaspoonful of salt, one or two red peppers, cut fine; one quarter pound of white mustard seed, quarter ounce of ginger root, a piece of alum size of a butternut, one teacupful of horseradish root, not grated. Bring the ingredients to a boil, pour over the cucumbers boiling hot, cover closely.

TOMATO PICKLES.—For four gallons of pickles heat one-half a pail of water, add one teacupful salt. When boiling drop in the sliced tomatoes, and skim out again as soon as they have boiled a few moments; then place them in a jar

and cover with vinegar. The next day pour off the vinegar, and cover with vinegar spiced with cinnamon, cloves and pepper, and sweeten to suit taste. A good proportion is two pounds sugar, two tablespoonfuls cloves and the same of cinnamon to three quarts of vinegar.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

A CHAIR TIDY THAT WILL WASH.—Take a yard of very fine crash towelling, and get some figure in outline stitch stamped in the centre of it and work it with Turkey red floss and fringe the edges quite deep, and then tie them in three rows of knots.

PASTE FOR POLISHING STOVES.—Mix finely-powdered black lead to a paste with water in which a small amount of glue has been dissolved.

CHEAP PAINT.—Three hundred parts washed and sifted white sand, forty parts of precipitated chalk, fifty parts of resin, and four parts of linseed oil are mixed and boiled in an iron kettle, and then one part of oxide of copper and one part of sulphuric acid are added. This mass is applied with an ordinary paint brush while warm. If it is too thick, is diluted with linseed oil. The paint dries very rapidly, and gets very hard, but protects woodwork excellently.

Hints About Canning Fruit.

There are various methods practised for preserving the fruits and berries which are so plenty in many sections at this season. Mrs. George W. Ladd, Bradford, Mass., gives her methods of canning fruits, for which she was awarded first premium at the last exhibition of the Essex County Agricultural Society, as follows: "As the season of ripe fruit advances, I prepare such quantities of syrup as I think I may need, in this way: Three pounds of granulated sugar to one gallon of water and boil twenty minutes; this I put in glass jars, when cool, and set away for future use. Peaches, pears, apples, plums, pine-apples, rhubarb, crab-apples, and in fact, all fruits of this kind, I peel, quarter and place in a dish of cold water (to prevent discoloration), until I have prepared enough to fill a jar; I then pack them as solid as possible in a jar, and then fill the jar with the syrup previously prepared. I then place a wire stand in the bottom of my preserving kettle, on which to place the jar, then fill the kettle with cold water until the jar is two-thirds covered leave the jar open, just cover the kettle and boil until the fruit is sufficiently soft, have ready a little boiling syrup, if needed, to fill the jar full to overflowing. Then place the rubber band around the neck of the jar and screw the cover on as tightly as possible; then in from three to five minutes give the cover another turn, in order to be sure it is air tight; and you will have no more trouble with it. I use jars with metallic porcelain covers."

For canning berries and small fruits Mrs. Ladd gives the following directions: "Place the fruit in a preserving kettle, and then add just water enough to prevent burning and boil from five to ten minutes; then place a wet towel around and under the jar, then fill the jar with the boiling fruit and seal immediately. I do not use any sugar until I open them for the table. The present year I have filled 150 jars and have not broken a single one. Others vary the above methods somewhat. The main object by all methods is to heat the fruit sufficient to drive out the air and destroy all germs, then seal immediately and keep in a cool, dark place."

SELECTED.

—♦—
 "Sipping only what is sweet ;
 Love the chaff and take the wheat."

The New-Old Story.

Across the valley, from hill to hill,
 A bird is flying to meet his mate ;
 Across the summers, from will to will,
 Young love is shooting the threads of Fate.

The miller's girl and the farmer's boy
 In the village church give glances sly ;
 And each to each is a growing joy,
 As the ruddy years sweep waltzing by.

To the home-tree brings each happy bird
 A lock of hair or bit of clay ;
 So build the lovers, by look and word,
 A cosy nest for a coming day.

In branching willows beside the rill
 The young bird's mimic the old birds' notes ;
 And children are shouting above the mill,
 As they run to launch their tiny boats.

Oh, ever the stream runs sweet and clear,
 Outpoured anew from the streams above ;
 And ever the world keeps young and fair,
 Since love is its life and its life is love.

Charles G. Ames.

Do Not Withold Praise.

The woman who is faithful and devotional in her home, spreads happiness and joy around her; the woman who devotes her life to the realization of a noble principle brings happiness and joy to humanity. A true woman, and indeed the future woman, will exercise both elements of devotion. She will combine her home duties with those of public. I consider a wife's devotion and faithfulness one of the beneficent, most beautiful, and most desirable duties, and she who exercises devotion in her narrow sphere will, sooner or later, grow into the larger spirit of love and devotion to humanity. But what I contend against is that society slights and deprecates the noble, more heroic tendency, and sets a premium on the other. Women as well as men will be what society demands of them. We all like praise, and the more we honor those women who are so ardent in their work, the more such women shall we have in the future.

"Our Birth is Nothing but Our Death Begun."

Birth among the Sakhalavas, one of the tribes of Madagascar, is a more than usually risky piece of business. Every child that is born on Friday, an unlucky day here as in other parts of the world, is placed in a shallow hole in the nearest wood and left to its fate. Certain children born on Sunday are also doomed to death by exposure. Sunday being a lucky day, it is considered that Sunday's bairns whose fathers hold high rank will, if they are allowed to grow up, become dangerous to their progenitors, and they are therefore put out of the way lest trouble should ensue. Twins, too, are killed and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother, is destroyed, because according to the law of the Sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight it is customary to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way the infant's life is saved, but if a hoof or a hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

"Kill It."

"Kill it! Hurry dear! Stamp on the ugly thing with your little boot!"

The words fell from the lips of a beautiful young mother, who led by the hand a rosy-faced boy of four. Did she pause to think, as she gratified her instinctive horror of the poor beetle which was pursuing its harmless way, that she was giving her son his first lesson in cruelty? The life his small boot crushed out was a boon from God, who had made the fragile yet perfect coats of mail, the wonderfully contrived and jointed body, for some wise purpose. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not restore that tiny life.

No! she did not think. It is in utter thoughtlessness that such mischief as this is done. Many women have an aversion to insects and shudder at the sight of them; but the shudder and the repugnance could be conquered by the exercise of a little will in the matter. At any rate, they should not teach their children to have either the fear or the cruelty.

The boy who practises cruelty on a beetle will try his hand on the kitten next, by-and-by on his sister, and, perhaps, when he arrives at man's estate, on his wife.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

How Tornadoes are Predicted.

H. C. Maine, of the Rochester Democrat predicted the tornadoes of last month. He now explains his system as follows: The great sun storm which became visible on Saturday by the sun's rotation made an immediate impression upon our meteorology, as the storm reports of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday indicate. The sun storm is of enormous extent, and its effects on the earth have been terrific. Now, for a few facts in regard to our prediction. For five years we have faithfully observed the sun, and during three years have photographed it. During that time we have noticed that violent storms and tornadoes on the earth have invariably followed the advent of violent storms on the sun. We have noted, too, that the region of the tornadoes move northward as the summer advances. While tornadoes occurred as far south as Texas in the early spring, they ceased in the South as the summer advanced. The tornado belt now comprises the Northern States, including Missouri and Canada. We are asked why our predictions do not include the South. The answer is that the tornado belt has defined itself. The observed facts have come to have the force of law. We will not undertake to tell why the tornado belt is mostly confined to the Northern States and Canada at the present time. The fact remains—the reason is a question yet to be determined. The signal service has failed to predict tornadoes or to tell us anything of value about them. The reason is quite plain. Their source is in the sun, and they are formed with the rapidity of the electric forces which control them.

Let us re-state the basis of our predictions: First—Long observed sequence to tornadoes and violent electric storms on the earth to violent storms on the sun. Second—An observed limitation of the tornado belt to the Northern States and Canada as the summer advances. Based on the observed facts our predictions have not been astray. The tornadoes have swiftly followed the advent of the sun storms. This sequence has come to the dignity of a law.

* The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

The Echo Boy.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and the boy said, 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself!' And I jumped over the ditch, and went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Take Your Sunshine Home.

If your wife is sensitive, do not ignore the fact. Refrain from jesting with her on a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Take your sunshine home with you.

Alarm Caused By Balloons.

Many are the stories told of the alarm caused by the descent of balloons. "Dinna ye think the world will soon be at an end?" was the remark of an old Scotchman, when one descended near Glasgow in the year 1755. "Eh, missus, but he's come at last, and no mistake!" was the observation of an old countryman one night, when Coxwell descended near Croydon. "Who's come at last?" cried his better half, running out with another light. "Look ye, Sally," said he, pointing to the dim, dark outline of the mysterious visitor "that's the old gemman himself, or else I'm a Dutchman." Coxwell tells another story of descending near a village late at night, and being absolutely denied shelter or refreshment at several houses, two of them inns. He had to sleep in the car, with ballast-bags for pillows and curtain-silk curtains, —formed by the folds of the balloon, in the middle of a field. Next morning some workmen approached, and he lay still purposely, to see how they would behave. "On jumping up, like Jack-in-box, the worthies looked perfectly bewildered, two ran off and the rest were powerless as to speech. "Why

lass, it's a balloon,' said I; 'dont be frightened.' 'And what be you?' inquired the bravest of the lot. 'Why, the aeronaut, to be sure; the party who goes up.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I thought you wa'nt a mortal man.' 'But I am, though; feel me,' said I. 'No, I shall not come any closer;' and immediately a side movement was made for the gate." The landlords who had denied him the night before apologized, but one of them said, "Lord love ye, sir a man coming out of the clouds, what could he expect on this here wicked earth?" Looking at the matter in this light, one can understand the alarm of a young girl, tending sheep, who, from no apparent source, once saw a deal chair descending from the skies! Arago tell us that Gay-Lussac, when he had reached twenty-two thousand and odd feet, wished still to ascend, and the chair being readily available, over it went. Its workmanship was sufficient to prove that it was not of celestial origin. —*Frederick Whymper in Good Words.*

A Possibility of the Future.

On more than one occasion during the last 3,000 years the barbaric hordes of the East have overflowed their boundaries and have swept westward, overwhelming the young civilization of Europe and obliterating nearly all the landmarks of western art and progress, and at the present time, if we may credit the Pekin correspondent of one of the Calcutta papers, there is in China a powerful and rapidly growing party that advocates the making of yet another gigantic excursion toward the land of the setting sun. The Celestial Empire is, no doubt, immensely over-populated, and will probably ere long seek some new outlet for her surplus citizens; but it is difficult to believe that she will attempt, save by peaceful means, to attain the desired result. The great unknown country has been quiescent for so long that it is impossible for a European to contemplate that the sleeping myriads should ever again put forth their herculean strength. Yet, if China were to wake; if she were to look westward with covetous glance, and were once more to burst her bounds, in response to that mysterious impulse which in the East occasionally seizes upon a whole people, how could she be resisted? According to the last edition of the *Bevolkerung der Erde* she has a population of 434,000,000; and, supposing that estimate—for it is only an estimate—to be even approximately correct, China could put into the field more soldiers than there are souls in Germany, and, if she so willed, with a host of 86,000,000, trample all the civilization of Europe beneath her feet.

Borrowed Books and the Parcel Post.

An excellent but terrible suggestion is made by a correspondent in one of the morning papers. Will not people generally, he asks, "while the joy of the new Parcel Post is fully on them, turn out their cupboards and examine their bookshelves for volumes long borrowed and never returned, and thus set in motion for the time being the largest circulating library in the world?" What a day of judgment that would be for many of us! How many forgotten offences would rise to reproach us from the dust with which they had long been covered! But wholesome as such a general ransacking of neglected corners, and the consequent searchings of heart, might be, it is hardly advisable that the whole English people should set about it at the same time. If they did the national rejoicing over the birth of the Parcel Post might speedily be followed by national lamentation over its sudden and complete collapse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Hasty Marriages and Their Cure.

A nineteen-year-old brakeman upon one of the railroads which meander through the sandy plains of Long Island took it into his head last December to make himself a Christmas present of a wife. No sooner was the idea conceived in his brain than he hastened to put it into execution. Looking around among the pretty girls of his acquaintance, his fancy at last settled upon a comely damsel some months his junior, who at once signified her assent to the proposed alliance. On Christmas Day the pair were married, with the usual accompaniment of cake, congratulations and kisses. No couple were happier in their honeymoon than this youthful husband and wife, but unfortunately the billing and cooing did not last. As the spring drew on, the young man's thoughts lightly turned to other fields of pleasure than domestic life afforded, and he began to make excuses for frequent absence from home. Finally, in the first week of summer, he took up his abode permanently at a distance from his wife and neglected her company altogether. Being a woman of spirit, his mate did not pine in secret for him, after the approved fashion of romance, but systematically hunted him down and had him arrested. To jail he went ignominiously, and when asked his excuse for his cruel abandonment of the young wife he had sworn to love and cherish forever, he replied that he wanted to save money, so as to buy a new suit of clothes for himself. Instead of reckoning the cost of matrimony beforehand, and counting the number of surplus garments he would have to dispense with in order to provide food and raiment for his family, the impetuous bridegroom had put his head into the matrimonial noose without any forethought for the future and without any idea of abandoning his accustomed bachelor luxuries. Awakened to the realities of married life, it never seemed to occur to him that he had promised to dispense with all personal comforts sooner than lose his wife, but his first thought seemed to be that the wife was the luxury to be cut off and the new suit of clothes an indispensable necessity to his happiness. Probably there could not be found a better illustration of the folly of hasty and improvident matches. By his own showing the young man was in no pecuniary condition to take upon himself the charge of a wife, and certainly he had no adequate idea of his responsibilities. Had it been possible to make him prove in advance, his ability and entire readiness to support a wife, by placing at her disposal a portion of his pay, the unpleasant spectacle of a wife cast away by her husband of six months would have been avoided. What the law cannot do, however, the young woman who was asked to become a wife should have done. The case that is quoted is only one of many of its kind. Hasty marriages between people who know nothing of one another, either of their real disposition or of their pecuniary abilities, are of every day occurrence, and the majority of them end badly. The remedy lies in the hands of the women themselves. They have the final word to say that settles the proposed partnership. It is a comparatively easy matter in most cases to discover whether the man who proposes matrimony to them is worthy their love and confidence, and they would find that they would lose nothing in the estimation of the world if they promptly refused to throw themselves into the arms of the first comer, but held themselves at a high price in the market. That so much misery exists in the married state is too often the fault of heedless girls and head-strong women, who hold themselves all too cheaply at the matrimonial net of the first suitor.

How to Keep a Wife Young.

You have won a beautiful young bride, with a light heart, rosy cheeks, a neatly moulded form, graceful, healthy and happy. Now, you cannot stay the lapse of time. You wife, like yourself, will grow old in years. But the light heart, the rosy cheeks, the health and happiness, which make even old people feel young and appear young, are largely in your keeping. You can mar them by neglect, or preserve them by love and devotion. True love for a wife extends to everything. It manifests itself in the most delicate attention to her comfort and feelings; in consulting her tastes; in concealing her failings; in never doing anything to degrade her, but everything to exalt her before her children and servants; in acknowledging her excellencies, and commending her efforts to please you; in meeting and even anticipating all her reasonable wants; in doing all that love can do for her welfare and happiness.

Never cease to be a lover, or fail to bestow any of those assiduous attentions, and tender expressions which marked your intercourse before marriage. All the respectful deference and self-sacrificing devotion that can be claimed by the sweetheart, is certainly due to the wife, and no true husband will habitually withhold them. Let no unkind word or seeming indifference remind her sadly of the days of courtship, or cause her to regret the day when she left parents, brothers and sisters for you. When you come home at night, bring her the news of the day; the latest, freshest thought, and in selecting your reading-matter, get what suits her tastes and needs.

The chosen companion of your life, the mother of your children, the sharer of your joys and sorrows, deserves the highest place in your affections; the best place everywhere; the softest, kindest words, the most tender care and truest devotion. These will make her a contented wife and loving companion, vivacious and abounding in a healthy state of vitality that will bless and cheer the family circle, make her the angel of the household, and the helpmate of her husband in the truest sense, instead of the weary broken-down invalid we so often meet.

Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to flowers. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They give her courage to tread life's pathway, and light to discern its issues. Remember that your wife is "God's best gift, and her prayers the ablest advocate of Heaven's blessings." Let her know that you love her, are proud of her, and believe in her, that her face to you at least is the fairest face in the world; let her voice be your sweetest music; her kiss the guardian of your innocence; her arm the pale of your safety; her lips your faithful counsellor, and her smiles your brightest day. Let her life be pervaded with such an influence, and she will never grow old to you, but will blossom and sweeten and brighten in perpetual youth; and, through the march of years, and the wrinkles of time, you will always see the face you have loved and won.—*Edward P. Jones, in the Matrimonial Review.*

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the English story-writer, is described as a pleasant-faced lady of sixty years, with gray hair and spectacles. She spends her winters in Rome, and is a general favorite in society because of her brilliant conversational powers.

Missed a Big Thing.

"Boy," said an excursionist to a bootblack at the post-office, yesterday, "are there any sights worth seeing near here?" "Not this afternoon, as I kin think on," was the reply; "but you missed an awful big thing this forenoon." "What was that!" "Woman passed a bogus quarter on a man up here. Man passed a green watermelon on the woman. Both found it out about the same time, and it was 'nuff to make your blood run cold. She called him a gentleman, and he called her a lady, and she busted the green melon on the floor, and he flung the bogus quarter at a dog, and a horse, he run away, and two boys had a fight, and the woman cried, and it was the awfulest time we ever saw. Next time you are coming on a 'scursion you'd better telegraph me and see if there's anything big going on."

That Awful Boy.

He was naturally cruel, and he told an acquaintance one day that he had a new trick to play on the public—something entirely new. He had a long string and brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture. Over the front sidewalk a large tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by leaves. Into this, after dark, the boys climbed.

"Now wait," said that awful boy "till the first victim comes along, and don't make a noise."

Soon an ordinarily dressed woman came along, and just as she had passed he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk immediately pulling it up again.

Both now watched developments.

The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pocket, and wondered what she could have dropped.

She started on, but had not gone far before she came back impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk.

Meanwhile the boys in the tree had stuffed their fists in their mouths to keep from spoiling the game, and hardly dared look down below for fear of laughing.

A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones, and turned over all the bits of wood and paper and orange peel on the walk.

No money, no key, nothing did they find, and so went on to their homes, perhaps to worry all night; or perhaps a giggle in the tree turned their looks of disappointment into a cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys.

One victim found a piece of tin, and laying the cause of the noise to that, was saved a great deal of sorrow; but when he picked it up, and threw it down several times to test the sound, the wicked boys nearly fell out of the tree.

A man, when caught, would slap all of his pockets, and glance around a little, but it was seldom that he was brought to a right down thorough search.

When anyone saw the trick, after searching half an hour, and saying all kinds of little things for the amusement of the boys, he simply went away hurriedly. To get out of sight as soon as possible seemed to be most desirable. That awful boy is still "going around." Be wary of him.

Playing the Western Man.

"Look here!" roared a tall chap, attired in a broad brimmed hat and an insolent air, as he approached the ticket window of the Brighton Beach Railroad yesterday afternoon. "Look here, you, I want a first-class ticket on the top shelf

car to the other end of this line, and don't you forget it! See this?" and he developed a horse pistol and stuck the muzzle through the window.

"I see it," replied the agent calmly. "I'm looking right at it. Now what can I do for you?"

"Didn't you hear me bark a few minutes ago?" demanded the tall man. "Didn't you hear me compliment you with an order for the best you've got in your work-shop there? Have I got to put a bullet in there to make you comprehend that I'm waiting here for the upper row of preserves? Must I take the blood of another station agent on my hands before I manage to get what I want? Throw me out the most embroidered ticket there is on the line of this road, or I'll commence to make vacancies."

The agent carefully closed the window, stepped out the side door, picked up the tall man, set him down again on his head, whirled him around three or four times and then kicked him under the gate and out into the middle of the street, where a policeman gobbled him and hustled him off.

"Am I awake?" asked the tramp, rubbing the dust of the conflict out of his eyes. "Never mind about that, am I alive?"

"What did you want to bother the man for?" demanded the policeman, hauling him around by the collar.

"I didn't want to bother him, I only meant to scare him. I hadn't any money to go to the island; so I played the Western man on him, just as I have seen it written up in the funny papers. I say, either those papers are the basest liars on the continent or I missed the combination on the gag!"

And they locked him up to think over which might be the case.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

(Written for the Family Circle.)

Who Was She?

Who is that woman, yonder, wan and weak,
 Standing within the crazy old storm porch,
 Holding a fragile babe whose pallid cheek
 Its mother's heated breathings seem to scorch?
 A while she stands, then clasps her babe more close,
 And drags her weary, drooping limbs away;
 The winter wind is whistling loud and blows,
 With all its sweeping, cold and furious sway.
 She pauses, trembling on the river's brink,
 One lingering kiss she gives her little child,
 And then—oh God! she sees it swiftly sink
 Into the angry waters, black and wild.
 A loud, wild scream, came from her broken hearth,
 And closer o'er her babe's deep grave she bends—
 "My child, my little one, we will not part!"
 And to her Maker her poor soul she sends.
 Who was she? God knows, and perhaps some other,
 Some one who knew the sorrow of her life;
 Some time she must have had some one to love her:
 Perhaps she was a dear and honored wife.
 Yet now no ring gleamed on her cold white finger,
 When the chill waters washed them both ashore,
 In stiff embrace the waves still watch them linger,
 Together now—perhaps forever more.
 She might have been—ah well, God only knows,
 And He is pitiful, and wondrous kind.
 She's sleeping now beneath the drifting snows,
 Her only requiem the wailing wind.

MENOTA, MAN.

Mrs. S. H. Snider.

Tornadoes.

SCIENTIFICALLY ACCOUNTED FOR, AND SOME REMOTE CAUSES THAT PRODUCE PAINFUL RESULTS EXPLAINED.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New York society for the promotion of science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit :

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity ; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however is certain ; the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful ; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvelous effect of the sun on vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come ? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone the speaker goes on to say :

This rule finds its application in nearly every department, of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument, manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The president makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An uneasiness and disgust with everything in life, commonly called home-sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head ? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pain in the head increases to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause ; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun ; but it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this

very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago, I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year ; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too weak to make any resistance. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable, and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage. I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but of greater vigor than I had before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means of restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows :

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident that four-fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that cannot be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver ; to render their action wholly normal, and their effect upon the system that of purifiers rather than poisoners. That this end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

Prof. Moses Stuart Phelps, who came to his death two weeks ago by a sad accident, was the son of Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, a grandson of Moses Stuart, the famous Andover professor, and a brother of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. He had filled the positions of instructor in mathematics at Yale, and of logic and mental science at Middlebury College, Vt. At the time of his death he was connected with Smith College, Northampton. He was the writer of many thoughtful articles in American magazines.

Why call them "dead beats," when they never die

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

Yellow fever is on the increase in the Southern States.

Mr. Wilkie Collins' health has improved during his summer yachting cruises.

"The Hoosier School-Boy" is to be the title of Edward Eggleston's new story.

The wife of the Tichborne claimant and her two children are in the workhouse at Southampton.

Stanley, the African explorer, is preparing to re-ascend the Congo river. He is in good health, and hopeful of success.

It is charged that the French burned the village of Loando, in West Africa, because the natives refused to sell their territory.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is to deliver a special course of lectures on literature before the Senior Class of Princeton College.

A statement is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Queen Victoria has asked Tennyson to write a poem on the death of her servant, John Brown.

William Black has already constructed the plot of a new novel, "Judith Shakespeare." The time is the seventeenth century; the place, Stratford-on-Avon.

The French papers are having a gentle laugh at Victor Hugo, whose name is posted among the delinquent tax-payers of Jersey for non-payment of taxes on two dogs.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, has commenced a Christian convention at Chicago for the purpose of considering the prosecution of evangelistic work during the coming winter.

Nearly a million dollars' loss was the result of a fire on Broadway, New York City, on the evening of the 18th. Several firemen were overcome by the smoke, and taken to the hospital.

Victor Hugo has lately been giving his opinion of American poets. He calls Mr. Whittier "a womanly versifier," Mr. Lowell a "smart chatterer;" Oliver Wendell Holmes, "afflictingly laughable;" and regards Poe as the "prince of American poets."

A little paper published in Manzano, New Mexico, and called the *Gringo and Greaser*, is printed entirely with italic type. It presents a good opening for young writers who imagine that their language is stronger and more forcible when set up in italics.

At the recent session of the United General Conference of Methodists, it has been decided to strike out the word "obey" in the marriage ritual. This is in accordance with the progress of the age. There has been for a long time a strong feeling of objection to putting the particular obligation of obedience on the wife.

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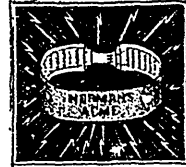
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