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# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

EDWARD DESJARDIS LONDON

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## Forsaken.

[This beautiful poem was written by John Clare, "the insane poet," while in an asylum, where he remained for twenty-two years.]

I am ! yet what I am who cares to know ?  
My friends forsake me, like a memory lost ;  
I am the self-consumer of my woe,  
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,  
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost,  
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,  
Into the living sea of waking dream,  
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,  
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem,  
And all that's dear—Even those I love the best,  
Are strange—Nay they are even stranger than the rest !

I long for scenes where man has never trod,  
For scenes where woman never smiled nor wept ;  
There to abide with my Creator, God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,  
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie  
The grass below—above, the vaulted sky.

## Matter-o'-Money.

BY MISS KATE RICHMOND.

PERHAPS he thought he had gone far enough. His next sentence was as quietly commonplace as anything Charley Morse would have said.

Kitty had reached home first. It was quite natural that she should come to the gate to meet them as they drove up. It struck Leah with a kind of surprise, as she realized all at once how very pretty her little sister had grown to be. Looking up, she saw her own surprise reflected in Holland's face with a warmer sense of admiration.

Leah's getting ready for sleep was always a protracted process. She had a hundred little old-maidish ways of disposing of her belongings. Kitty, whose room was always a drift of garments, used to curl up on the foot of the bed and gossip over the day's happenings. When Leah reached the last braid Kitty knew her time had come, and fled. To-night Leah was a long time in reaching that last braid, and Kitty was unusually silent.

"Have you had a nice day?" she asked, at length.

"Very nice," abruptly.

"Do you like George Holland?"

Leah was busy folding a ribbon she had worn. She did not answer at once.

"I do not dislike him," in her slow way.

"I am going to marry that man, if I can make him ask me. I am sick to death of this struggle for mere existence. Other girls have time for dress and amusement. I cannot bear it, and I will not."

Leah turned in amazement. Kitty had raised herself on her elbow. She was very pale, and her eyes were unnaturally large and bright.

After all, it was only determination. She felt herself incapable of reply or remark, turning away again with a weary-half sigh.

After that day life seemed to run in a new channel for the Allen girls. Where Mason had come once before, he came twice now, walking into the house at all hours and, on all pretences. Holland had been at the house three times before ten days had gone. He did not always talk much; when he did, it was with a curious absence of personality. Leah never had to complain of his self-consciousness in those times. He talked to her and looked at Kitty.

One day there came a note from Mrs. Herrick, Holland's cousin. She had some sort of a lawn party on her mind, and there were invitations for Leah and Kitty.

"Wear your white bunting and tea roses," a pencilled line to Leah said. "I have a special reason."

And Leah wore the white bunting and tea roses, "by request," smiling to herself over her own special reason—the want of another gown.

By contrast Kitty put on some thin black dress, a relic of other years, that with a little silk and lace and judicious bits of jet was pretty still for evening wear.

That night there was good parlor music—a piano deftly played, a violin that seemed to dissolve in the sweet Strauss waltzes. Leah Allen, floating down the long parlor in Dick Mason's arms, with softly flushed cheeks and luminous eyes, was something more than just an ordinary pretty girl.

Quiet and colorless as her life seemed, there was in her a vein of something that touched the edge of the realm of art. Like many another woman of our frozen North, she was dumb. She neither sang nor played, and she had not the gift of tongues. By the law of contradiction, perhaps, she danced as if a spirit possessed her feet.

It was three years since her last taste of the one enthusiasm of her life. As the waltz ended she paused a minute by Mason's side as the last strain left them. His arm half held her; she looked up into his face with a sigh of supreme satisfaction. Mason was the best waltzer in town, and the dance had been perfection. He smiled back, understanding her completely. And then she met Holland's eyes fixed on her with a look that drove the blood out of her face.

He hardly said a dozen words to her all the evening. He did not dance, and in the intervals he was with Kitty.

Mrs. Herrick found a minute for a private speech with Leah.

"Don't let that pretty sister of yours flirt with my cousin, unless she is prepared for serious consequences. George never gave up a fancy in his life."

"I don't think Kitty is a flirt," Leah said, thoughtfully. "Only to put you on your guard, my dear." George Holland is one of those dreadful men who are in dead earnest all their lives through."

After that Leah watched her sister with keener eyes. She made a discovery that took her by surprise. Dick Mason was watching Kitty, too, with a thunderous cloud on his

handsome face. It gave Leah a sense of things gone wrong in the world. Dick Mason had always seemed like one of themselves. That Kitty could bring that pained look into his eyes was the last thing she would ever have dreamed.

He came and bent over her chair with an air of confident friendliness that to a looker-on might have seemed to have a tender meaning of its own.

"What does it mean? Does she care for that man?"

"I don't know. I'm all adrift. Take me home, Dick. No one will miss me."

But one man at least missed her, and found the zest quite gone from his evening. He got himself out of the house, and taking all his chances in the malarial damp of the summer night, came to a conclusion as the gray dawn crept up the east.

"He never shall have her. Good fellow as he is, he is no more worthy of her than—I am. But I can understand her, thank Heaven, and he never will."

And "he" was Dick Mason, and the "her" Leah Allen.

A month slid by. Mason haunted the house, and Holland's evenings away were the exception. Mason was sulky, Holland cool, watchful, non-committal, Leah silent, and Kitty as brilliant and uncertain as a glancing flame.

"If we were young ladies of leisure, it might be amusing. As it is, does the game pay for the candle?" Kitty said.

They were sewing at midnight, to make up for the afternoon and evening hours. Mason had stopped on his way home from the bank, and had staid to tea. With the twilight Holland had come in.

"It eball pay," answering her own question. "And George Holland is the stake," with a hard laugh and tightening of the lips.

Leah did not answer.

"Not that I care," looking her sister in the face. "If he asks you, Leah, I shall be glad. It doesn't matter much, only it seems to be me."

"Yes," Leah assented.

They were not girls to waste words. Matters went on as before. If Kitty drove with Holland one day, and came back to find Mason sitting gloomily beside Leah, why, it was Leah's turn next day, and Mason had the comfort of spending the time in trying to please an absent-minded, preoccupied young woman who seemed not to know either his mind or her own.

Kitty's black dress was in strings; the white bunting was no longer fresh.

"It ought to have lasted another year," Leah said, with regretful emphasis.

"Blessed old dud! It was that dress that procured us the honor of Mr. Holland's friendship, as he tells me once in three-days. He has likened you to every thing from a calla lily to the Sphinx. It ought to have been you, Leah, I think."

"Do you mean—" quickly.

"No, I don't. He is quite as inscrutable as he was the first day he came here. I wish for Dick's sake he would speak and have it over with."

"For Dick's sake! Kitty, do you care for Dick?"

Kitty's fingers trembled a little over the rent she was darning.

"Care for him? Of course I do. I hope I am good Christian enough to care for all human kind;" and then her voice broke. "What is the use? I know what you mean, Leah. Girls as poor as we are can't indulge in the luxury of 'caring' for a poor man. George Holland has money and is respectable—O, deadly respectable!—and if he asks me to marry him, I shall say yes."

"But, Kitty," hesitatingly, "if you love Dick—"

"That has nothing to do with it. And I don't at all know that Dick loves me. Besides, you said it yourself, you would never marry a poor man."

"But this is different."

"Don't talk about it any more," taking up her work and speaking with cold decision.

"Suppose I should marry Dick—I mean in the event of his asking me—what would become of mother and you?"

Leah said no more.

That afternoon George Holland's black horses stood again at the door. Leah was coming down the staircase as he ran up the steps to the open door.

"It is a lovely day."

"Lovely," with regretful eyes going beyond him into the afternoon brightness. He saw the wistful look.

"Come and see how pleasant it is on the lake road."

She hesitated a little. Play now meant work by night. But Kitty loved Dick Mason, and if it was true that there must be a sacrifice in the family; and perhaps Kitty might be wrong in her opinion of his preference. She doubted sometimes if Kitty understood him thoroughly. As for her, she loved no one; and then her heart beat hard again.

It took only a breath or two for that and the half-desperate resolve to save Kitty if any womanly art could do it. She raised her eyes to his face—those soft, dark eyes—with all her trouble showing in them. He could not read their meaning; he saw only the shadows.

"You look as if a little of the out of doors would not hurt you," he said.

"Thank you. I will go. You will go in to mother and Kitty?"

"No. Thanks. I will stop here. Pardon me—I forbid a toilet," as she turned to mount the stairs again. "We cannot afford the time, you know."

So Leah's shade-hat went on with the afternoon dress—a white one with inexpensive Hamburg trimmings. At the door a cluster of roses, the very last of the season, burned their fragrant red fire. She paused to gather them. The stem was tough; she stooped and bit the stalk with her sharp little teeth. She uttered a low exclamation, and drew her handkerchief across her lips. A thorn had brought the blood.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"It is nothing," with a short laugh. "One has to take the thorns with the roses;" but the commonplace did not sound so commonplace as she said it.

Half the cluster she twisted into her belt. The other half was fastened at her throat. There was nothing shrinking nor repellent in her manner to-day. He felt it in a half-unconscious fashion. The snow maiden was suddenly alive, with life in her eyes and warm blood burning in her cheeks. Once before he had seen the transfiguration, but that was under the spell of music and—Dick Mason's presence. He looked at the red roses on her breast, and then into her face, with a sense of the harmony between the woman and her flowers.

To all seeming he was busy with his horses' head-gear. She did not know that he had looked at her, even. He seemed to her always cold, unimpulsive, self-absorbed.

Out through the summer afternoon among the shadows of the wood roads to the blue edge of the lake among the hills. Clearly it was his duty to offer some remark to the lady by his side, but for three miles not a word was said. Three miles of silence. Leah stirred a little restively.

"Your village is a pretty place," he said, absently.

"In summer—yes."

"And not in winter? You do not like the country in winter?"

"I know nothing of anything else. This place has always been my home."

"And you would not care for the city?" waking up to the situation, apparently.

Leah was in a high-strung mood that exaggerated every thing. She was resentfully conscious of his hesitation, his absent-mindedness, the effort with which he brought himself back to her presence.

"It was Kitty he wanted," she thought. "And Kitty doesn't love him, and she does love Dick Mason."

He was saying, "I can fancy, Miss Leah, that you would find your element there. Music and color and life—the intense, sympathetic life of a crowd. You would like it after a little."

"I should be lost, I am afraid," smiling faintly. "I belong among the half hues, the negatives, I think."

"Who told you that? I don't know of a woman in the world more emphatically capable of deep tones than yourself."

He was quite awake now.

"It is rather unfortunate," dryly. "I am not likely to come in contact with much that this place does not afford."

"When the fairy prince comes—you'll scorn the reputation, but you are dreaming now—you'll be 'o'er the hills and far away' into all kinds of wonders."

"Shall I? I cannot imagine a fairy prince, or one of any variety, coming into Lakeden."

"And till he comes—you'll never marry?" looking away from her.

"I have hardly thought as far as that," coldly. She could not control her voice.

"No, I suppose not. Women are different." He was still looking away from her; his own voice was not cold, rather broken and unsteady. "As for me, I'm no longer a young man. Years ago, when I stood alone face to face with the world, I said to myself that I would never ask a woman to share my struggle. Now that there is no longer any need of hardship, I find that I have hardly the courage to ask a woman to share the easy life that my new riches has opened to me. It seems some way as if I was simply buying a wife."

It was more like a soliloquy than any speech that required answer. Leah did not speak. Was that the way he talked to Kitty?

"Sometimes I am conscious of a kind of pity for myself, as if there were nothing more lonely in the world than my life. I can't even work. I have tried to interest myself in the old pursuits, and there is no motive behind it. I can't do it."

"If I were a man, with money, I should neither ask pity, nor feel that I deserved it."

She looked him straight in the face. There was a touch of scorn in the expression of her lips and in the sound of her voice. She began to be interested in him, to the extent at least of wanting him to assert his man's prerogative of dominant strength.

"You know what it is to be poor, you say. But to be poor and a woman—you do not know that!"

She flung out her hands with palms turned outward, this woman who never made a gesture, and then dropped them with a shivering sigh.

"Is it so bad as that?" he asked, gently.

She did not answer him. The horses were walking over the sandy road among the pines. There was no sound but the soft crushing of their hoofs and the wheels. This was no unconscious self-betrayal in which he had been indulging. He meant to win this woman for his wife, and if one means of approach failed, he should try another. That he believed Dick Mason loved her did not matter in the least to him. Dick would console himself elsewhere. If she loved Dick, that would have been a different matter—perhaps.

"I think," he said, slowly, "there may be brighter days in store for both of us. Would you marry a man you did not love, Miss Leah?"

The question was so irrelevant, so unexpected! She flung it back at him.

"Would you marry a woman who did not love you, Mr. Holland?"

It took him off his guard a little.

"If I loved her and believed in her—yes." He said it slowly; there was a kind of sweetness, almost a solemnity in his voice. It was almost as if he were repeating a vow to himself. "Yes, I think I should be strong enough for even that, and she would love me at last, if patient endeavor could win her."

The tears came into her eyes. There was no purpose in that. George Holland was worth something beside his money. She looked up into his face, not trying to hide her own.

Why did he not speak the final words then? He never could tell himself. Perhaps at heart he was a coward, and dared not face defeat. Perhaps it was easier to linger a while longer in the shadow of uncertainty, rather than meet the bare, hard fact of refusal.

He touched his horses lightly with the whip, and they sprang forward. The spell was broken. With the rapid motion they flung all personal subjects behind them. They talked of the hills and Lakeden in winter, and he told her of his life in India and Australia and the ends of the earth.

The next morning, without a word to any one, he went to New York.

When he stood again in Lakeden post-office a week's accumulation of mail awaited him. He was carelessly looking over his handful of letters and papers, standing with his back to a group of loungers on the porch. Out of the hum of voices came as distinctly as if spoken for his benefit the words:

"Both the Allen girls are down with the small-pox."

He felt as if some one had struck him. He did not turn for a minute, standing quite still. When he had got his balance again, he walked out among the idlers.

"Who is their doctor?" he asked, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Dr. Sprague;" and then there was a silence.

They looked after him as he walked away.

"He was courting the youngest one," some one remarked.

"Bad business for her. She was as pretty as a picture sometimes."

Dr. Sprague was in his office. Holland and the young man had grown very friendly in the few weeks of his stay in Lakeden. The doctor confirmed the story.

"Who is taking care of them?"

"Their mother."

"Yes, of course; but she has help, I suppose?"

"She is quite alone."

"You don't mean that that woman is alone, absolutely alone, in the house with two cases of small-pox?"

"I do mean just that. Remember that you are in the country and among Yankees. Prudence and a traditional horror of the disease will relieve her from all annoyance from callers."

"Where are the Masons?"

"Out of town, unfortunately. Lizzie Mason—the only one at home—and my landlady send in everything they have to eat. I take it myself."

"But they might get a professional nurse."

"They might—yes, if they had money. But one would have to come from the city, and the Allans are poor—probably you do not know how poor?"

"No."

"They own that place without a cent of income. That is all. Food, clothing, taxes, everything, those two girls have earned with their needles."

"Good Heavens!"

"Perhaps you can see now that there cannot be any wide margin for the luxuries or even the necessities of life."

George Holland walked twice the length of the narrow office before he spoke.

"There ought to be a man in the house."

"One would be a convenience, certainly."

"And I am going there."

Dr. Sprague looked at him curiously.

"I suppose you see all it involves?"

Holland turned sharply.

"See here. The day before I went to New York I did everything but ask Leah Allan to be my wife. If she gets well, I shall give her the chance to accept or refuse, as she chooses."

"She can't well refuse. Think twice."

"I don't want her to."

That afternoon Mrs. Allen, half asleep in her arm-chair between the two beds, heard a man's step behind her. She was too worn out to turn her head.

"I've had a hard day, doctor," she said, faintly.

There was no answer. Holland stood looking about the rooms. Every bit of superfluous furniture had been removed. The windows were darkened, but the carpetless floors and bare walls looked comfortless enough. A narrow bedstead stood on each side of the room. Under the white covering of each a motionless figure lay outstretched.

"It is I, Mrs. Allen. I have come to stay with you till this is over."

"You!" in blank amazement. "I don't understand."

"There is nothing very strange. Dr. Sprague told me. I have had the disease, and I am not in the least afraid of it. I have taken the liberty of sending to New York for a nurse. She will be here on the midnight train, and Dr. Sprague will bring her up."

"I don't understand."

"Then you will have to take me on trust," smiling "I am here, and you can't turn me out. I have a fire under the kettle boiling below. I am a tolerable cook along with my other good qualities, and I shall bring you a cup of tea in a few minutes."

The nurse came that night—a strong-armed, unemotional, skillful machine. But fearful days followed. Help in the kitchen was not of course to be thought of. Holland had all kinds of deft, helpful ways. He cooked with a woman's

handiness and a man's skill. Mrs. Allen, busy with her invalid messes and forgetting herself, found food ready for her without thought of her own. The nurse ate with the same mechanical regularity that she did everything else. Holland and Sprague had more than one interview in pantry and kitchen, and found a good deal of fun in the new attitude of affairs. The doctor was the one channel of communication with the well, untainted outside world.

"How that woman does eat to be sure!" Holland said, ruefully. "She has ordered beefsteak and onions for to-day. How do you cook 'em?"

"I'll ask Mrs. Smith. It isn't in a book anywhere, I suppose?"

Poor Mrs. Allen! She had given up everything in her anxiety. They could not even take their beefsteak-and-onion problem to her. And though she knew well enough the tempest of conjecture and criticism and unkindly remark that George Holland's presence in the house would arouse, the nearer misery of these days shut it all out. As for him, he never thought of it. I suppose if he had, he would not have cared. He had lived too long outside of conventionalities.

In the long days when he was not house-keeping he wandered about the still rooms with a strange feeling of treading on sacred ground. Mrs. Allen had given him the freedom of the house with trembling lips. He smoked his cigars wherever he pleased; the feeling of sacredness did not hinder that sort of incense burning.

At sundown one night Dr. Sprague came.

Holland came in from the kitchen. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and there was a dash of flour in his moustache. He looked hot and cross.

"I've been baking biscuit," he said, "and saleratus is the devil."

"Why don't you use baking powder?"

"Because you were not here to send for it."

"I will bring it in the morning. I shall stay here to-night," gravely.

Holland looked at him.

"The turning point comes to-night for both of them," answering the unspoken question. "And the end is doubtful."

He came back to Holland after a while. All night the two men sat in the dimly-lighted porch. At intervals Sprague went to the sick-room. Holland did not leave his chair. The brief summer night went on. He heard the hours strike in the house; the great slow stars went on and down their short circuit. At dawn, after a longer stay than usual, the doctor came back.

"They are going to get well," he said, "but how I don't dare think. Next to the way I've struggled for those girls' lives I've fought for their complexions."

"Will you come up now?"

Holland started up. He was still in the house. Indeed, the inmates were by no means out of quarantine, though the nurse had gone back, and all sorts of disinfecting disturbances had been going on for some days.

He stood in the room. He knew that the two sisters were there, dressed, waiting for him, but he stood on the threshold without raising his eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Holland?" It was Kitty's voice, tremulous and high-keyed with weakness. And still he did not look up.

"O, you may look at Leah," Kitty went on, querulously. "She won't shock you; but you may keep your eyes off me, if you please."

He crossed the room and took the two wasted hands that Leah held out to him.

"My dear," he said, "I vowed if this minute ever came, I should ask the question that I left unspoken the last time I saw you. Will you be my wife?"

Kitty sprang to her feet.

"Leah, you shan't! George Holland, she is only selling herself to you because we are so poor. You think because she's been so ill and has lost her beauty that she will say yes."

"Kitty!" Leah's voice sounded clear and stern. But Kitty's hysterical excitement was at too high flood to be checked by a word.

"You came into the house when no one else would come; you have kept us from starvation, I believe; and now you spoil it all by this. Leah shall not marry you."

She stumbled back into her chair with a sob.

"You know just how people will talk about us. It is the price we will have to pay for being kept alive. And you think it will force her to accept you."

Without one other word, George Holland dropped the hand he held, and went out of the room and out of the house. Dr. Sprague was not in his office. He shut himself into an inner room and waited. The doctor came after he had had an hour for reflection, and brought him a feebly-pencilled line over Leah's name:

"Do not go away till I have seen you again."

"So that little termagant has been giving you a piece of her mind. Dick Mason will have his hands full some day."

"Dick Mason?"

"Yes. If you hadn't been the blindest of infatuated owls, you would have seen that he has been jealous as a Turk all summer. That's an old affair."

"Dick Mason and Kitty!"

"Don't you see that Kitty's question cuts both ways? You had better let them understand that you did not play Providence first out of humanity, and then offer to marry one of them to save their feelings. You are a well-meaning young man, but you are an awful blunderer."

"Yes, thank you," reaching out vaguely for his hat. "I'll go up and make it right."

"No, you won't to-day. You've done quite enough for one day."

Mrs. George Holland finished her convalescence on board her husband's yacht. They had been at sea a month, and Leah had learned the secret of keeping her feet even in a half gale. Looking at her now with the sea-brown on forehead and cheek, unscarred if not so smooth and clear as of old, George Holland was thinking that she looked far younger than in the days when he had first known her. She looked up and caught his eyes fixed on her. She went over to his side; it was in the twilight, and the shadow of the sail.

"George," she said, "there is one question you have never asked me."

"I wonder what?"

"No matter. Look at me" creeping closer to his side—"I love you, dear."

They wintered in the Mediterranean. As the weeks passed Kitty—Kitty was with them—got back something of her lost bloom. She had perseveringly refused to see Dick Mason before she left home—poor Dick who had pleaded with all his eloquence. Even his little notes went back unopened. But toward Spring she spoke of him once, the first time, voluntarily.

It was not long after that that the yacht made a quick run to Cowes. "To meet a friend," Holland said.

And the friend was Dick Mason.

[THE END.]

### Growth of Children.

Growth varies in different children. Some increase in stature so rapidly that their clothes are outgrown long before they are worn threadbare, while others grow very slowly. A table prepared by a French savant gives the following data: During the first year after birth, the growth in stature is about seven and one-half inches; from two to three it is four or five inches; from three to four, an inch and a-half; from four to seven, about two and a-quarter inches, annually; from seven to eight, two and a-half inches; from eight to twelve, two inches, annually; from twelve to thirteen, one and eight-tenths; from thirteen to fourteen, two and a-quarter inches; from fifteen to sixteen, two inches; from sixteen to seventeen, nearly two inches; and after this, though growth continues until twenty-one and sometimes for years after, its rate rapidly diminishes. If mothers would measure their children regularly on their birthdays and preserve the record, they would thus accumulate valuable data for statisticians. Progressive increase of stature is a sign of good health, as increase in strides shows weakness of constitution or imperfect health.

## Lost, Somebody's Child.

[The following poem, by Mr. Thomas Mackellar, in the *Oriental Casket*, cannot but be appreciated wherever read, and its sentiment will deeply move the hearts of mothers, everywhere. As a gem of our literature it will be treasured by all readers, and will add greatly to its author's reputation.]

Somebody's child is lost to-night! I hear the bellman ring;  
And the earth is frozen hard and white, and the wind has a  
nipping sting.

I know my babes are long abed, a tender, motherly hand  
Laying a blessing on every head, after their evening prayers  
were said—

    Gow keep the slumbering band!

Yet somebody's child is lost, I say, this night so bitterly cold,  
Some innocent lamb has gone astray, unwittingly from its  
fold.

"Bellman! oh, bellman, whose child is lost?" And I grasp  
my staff and cloak;

But the ringer over the wold had cross'd before I tardily spoke.  
The neighbors soon gather, and far and near we pry into ditch  
and fen,

Till, hark! an answering shout I hear—The rover is found  
again.

Ah! mother, fond mother, your heart is light, with Joe to  
your bosom bound;

But many a child is lost to-night, who'll never, no, never be  
found.

Ay! somebody's child is lost to-night, while the wind is high  
and hoarse,

And the scudding ship, like a bird a-fright, flies shivering on  
its course.

She suddenly drops in the yawning deep, as never to return;  
She leaps a-top the watery steep, a-creaking from stem to stern.  
Hold well, good bark, for a score of lives comprise thy cost-  
liest freight;

Else loving mothers, and maids and wives, will ever be  
desolate.

And well she holds, with a single sail outspread to guide  
her way,

While all the furies of the gale, around her bulwarks play.  
The sailor boy with a fearful heart, sighs for his distant home,  
And the hasty tears from his eyelids start, and drop in the  
briny foam.

In the months agone a father sigh'd, and a mother trembled  
with fears;

But that father's law had he defied, and scorn'd that mother's  
tears.

The pitiless blast now mocks his grief, and a huge and hun-  
gry wave

Bears him away beyond relief, to the depths of an ocean grave.  
The brand is blazing upon the hearth, the work for the day  
is done,

And the father's heart runs over the earth in search of the  
wandering sod.

"Oh! where is our poor boy to-night—this night so bleak  
and wild?"

The mother shuts her eyes to the light, and inly prays for  
her child.

The busy needles all cease their flight, while their hearts  
say, "Where is he?"

They dream not he has sunken from sight, down, down, down  
in the sea.

The mother may pray, and she may weep, till she weep her  
life away,

But never more will she find the sheep, that wilfully went  
astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night! Oh! sorrow is on the day  
When a virgin's fame is marr'd with blight, that cannot be  
cleansed away.

A humble family sit in the gloom, bemoaning their hopeless  
shame:

Would that she were safe in the tomb, with honor upon her  
name!

While deck'd in the garments of satin and sin, the fallen  
daughter, I ween,

Is scorched with a fever of heart within, though reigning as  
wanton-queen.

O, merciful Father! is this the child, Thy hand created so fair?

With eyes where simple innocence smiled, and coy and maid-  
enly air?

Is this the promising morning-flower, the brightest its rivals  
among?

Is this the bird that sang in the bower, with sweetest and  
merriest tongue?

Ah! me! this child is more than lost; for her low-fallen form,  
On sin's voluptuous surges tossed, will perish in passion's  
storm.

And the mother may sigh and she may weep, till she weep  
her life away,

But never more will she find the sheep, that wickedly went  
astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night—a widow's only son,  
With brow as light, and eye as bright, as ever you look'd upon.  
"And he will be my staff and stay"—Her words were inly  
spoken—

"When I am old and my hair is gray, and my natural strength  
is broken."

    Her motherly soul with pride o'erran

    As the lad grew up to the estate of man,

And she said, in her joy, that nobody's boy

    Could match her paragon by a span.

Time stole along, and her locks were gray, but her heart  
had lost its pride,

For the man had wandered so far astray, 'twere better the  
boy had died.

    A loathsome, vile, and gibbering thing,

    Stung by the poisonous still-worm's sting,

    Despised of man, contemning God,

    And gnashing at the avenging rod,

    Wherewith his passions scourged him sore,

    Till fainting he could feel no more—

Ah! somebody's child was lost in him

    When he took up

    The wassail cup,

And sipped perdition from its brim.

Then his manhood died, and the beautiful boy  
Of his mother's pride, spilled in the sand the cup of her joy.

Instead she quaff'd a wormwood draught,

    A sorely-smitten woman;

Yet loved she still, through every ill,

    The child so scarcely human.

In weariness and watchings often, un murmuringly her grief  
she bore,

Until, unwrapp'd in shroud or coffin, her son lay dead before  
her door.

Her sorrows had come so thick and fast, they cluster'd round  
her everywhere,

Till, reason utterly overcast, the darkness hid away her care.

    Yet oftentimes she would ask for one

    Long gone from home, her beautiful son;

    And while she chided his long delay,

    She would longingly sigh, and whimper and pray—

That mother will sigh and she will weep, till she weep her  
life away;

But never more will she find the sheep, that wickedly went  
astray.

So many children are lost to-night, that I, even I, could weep  
As I hear the breathings, soft and light, from the crib where  
Tommy's asleep.

And I strain my vision to pierce the clouds, that hang over  
years to come;

But utter darkness the future shrouds, and the tongue of the  
seer is dumb.

So I lay them down in the bosom of grace, the children whom  
God has given,

Trusting He'll bring them to see His face—the face of our  
Lord in Heaven.

—  
A good wife is the most faithful and constant companion  
a man can possibly have by his side while performing the  
journey of life. When a woman loves, she loves with a double  
distilled devotedness. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as  
strong as a hempen halter. She will not change except in a  
very strong fit of jealousy, and even then her love lingers as  
if loth to depart, like evening twilight at the windows of the  
west.

## SPARKS OF MIRTH.

“Jog on, jog on the foot-path way  
And merrily hent the stile—a day  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.”

A nightgown is nothing but a napsack.  
An unspeakable blessing—a dumb wife.  
A chasm that often separates friends—sar-casm.  
The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.  
A lynching affair out West is called a “swinging sorrie.”

Can anyone improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

Suet pudding as served at the generality of hotels is said to be one cause for prevalent suicides.

“Generous to a fault,” may be said of men—at least they are generous enough to their own faults.

A New Jersey man has patented a stove that explodes at ten o'clock at night. He has four daughters.

A writer in *Harper's* commences a poem with the line, “Some day I shall be dead.” It is indeed a beautiful thought.

Liberalism is creeping into all churches; but the poor preachers notice that it has not yet struck the contribution-box.

A Buffalo girl never has her wedding dress made in that city, for fear that somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe.

At a fashionable wedding in Philadelphia, recently, the absent-minded organist played “Empty is the Cradle.” He was retired on half pay.

We have heard of persons going into a drug store and inquiring for nails, but the latest oddity is an old lady who went into a butcher shop to buy liver pads.

Instead of having written on his tomb-stone, “he never told a lie,” the greatest man of modern times will probably prefer the words, “he never stole an umbrella.”

When you see a sour-faced woman sitting ashes on her sidewalk, it is difficult to tell whether she loves the human race or hates the new carpets of her next-door neighbor.

Some genius has invented a machine to play pianos, which will fill a long-felt want. When two young people of opposite sex are in the parlor in the evening, the old lady don't begin to saunter in until the piano stops.

The meanest man on record is the one who promised his boy a pair of skates if he would not cry for a week, and when the time was nearly up, and the boy felt certain of the skates, took him into the shed and thrashed him.

An old bachelor recently gave the following toast:—Women—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, and the evening star of age: bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance.

Health Journals say that to retain a sound constitution a man must lie on the right side. Yes; but which is the right side? Every lawyer, preacher and editor in the country thinks the side he is lying on is the right one.

My mother's awful fickle,” said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. “When she saw you coming up the street she said, ‘There's that horrid Mis' Smith; I hope she isn't coming here; and a minute after she told you she was real glad to see you. Mother says I'm fickle, but I guess I don't change my mind as quick as that.’”

A Chicago judge riding in the cars last week, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady at his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered, “Yes.” “Why do you wear a veil?” “Not to attract attention.” “It is the province of gentlemen to admire,” replied the gallant man of law. “Not when they are married.” “But I am not.” “Indeed!” “O, no; I am a bachelor.” Then the lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever since.—*Chicago Cheek*

## LITERARY LINKLETS.

“Honor to the man who brings honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors.”

A statue of Rousseau is to be erected in Paris, to be paid for by popular subscription.

A portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is to be painted by Mr. John W. Alexander.

Mr. Whittier recently told a reporter that in the last year he received between two and three thousand requests for his autograph.

It is thought that the most highly remunerated and successful author of the nineteenth century, taking into account the amount of work accomplished, was George Eliot.

It is announced that General Lew Wallace, author of “The Fair God” and “Ben Hur,” has written a love story which is not historical. The name of it is not yet divulged.

“Perhaps it is not generally known,” says the *New Haven (Conn.) Register*, “that Hawthorne drudged for Peter Parley of this city for a few years, beginning with 1831, writing immortal tales for \$3 apiece.”

Miss Mary Dickens, a granddaughter of the great novelist, purposes to illustrate the theory of heredity, by going on the stage. She will make her debut as Anne Carew in Taylor's “A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.”

Peter Cooper, now in his ninety-second year, declines a statue in the Cooper Institute. “Such a monument,” he says, “would cause me much pain while I am living. The people can do what they please when I am gone.”

The *Literary World* announces that Baron Nordenskjöld's narrative of the voyage of the *Vega* has been translated into eleven different languages, having been issued simultaneously in Swedish, Bohemian, English, Finnish, French, Dutch, Italian, Norwegian, Russian, Spanish and German.

*Vanity Fair* tells a story of how Anthony Trollope once heard two novel-reading youths, in a wayside inn, discussing one of his “eternal” characters, of whom they were tired. He rose, acknowledged himself to be the author, and promised to go home and kill the character. In the following installment she died of apoplexy.

Mr. J. M. McGregor Allan is writing in *Modern Thought* a serial criticism on Miss Braddon as a novelist. His remarks are classified under such appropriate headings as “Murder,” “Bigamy” and “Poisoning.” He asks in capital letters the question, “Are Miss Braddon's novels immoral?” and replies, in effect, that the lady is not to be blamed, since she only paints the world as it is. He is further convinced that “Miss Braddon's novels prove her a Christian, neither a bigot nor an enthusiast.” This testimonial to her orthodoxy may console her for such unpleasant elements as the articles may contain.

There are many reminiscences of a very amiable character which illuminate the memory of Earl Beaconsfield especially the affectionate and grateful regard he always entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes and the co-partner of his fame. She was fond of traveling with him, and on his more public occasions witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honor which greeted him. A friend of the Earl was dining with him, when one of the party—a member of the house for many years—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the vicountess with him. “I cannot understand it,” said the graceless man; “for you know you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you.” Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said: “I don't suppose you can understand it, B, I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever in the wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude.” The same friend, on another occasion, when the House was up and almost everybody out of town, passing by Disraeli's house, saw indications that he was at home. He knocked and enquired. Yes, he was in town and at home. “Why,” he enquired, “how is this? I thought you were abroad.” No; the vicountess was too weak to travel, indisposed to leave London, and he would not and could not leave her.

## 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."

Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springs from the soul.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

The least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient, "Do something for somebody."

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

There is fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

The darkest chapter in the nature of man is the tendency to pull down the reputation of his fellow men.

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

No man is more nobly born than another unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.

Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning it; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is not sure of winning.

Many a small man never ceases talking about the small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

A moderate self-confidence is the foundation of true manliness of character, and the source whence have issued most of the noblest enterprises in the world's history.

Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.—*Spurgeon.*

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

It is common to talk about the work of the school in making good citizens. The school can aid in this work, but the homes of a country, far more than its schools, determine the character of its citizens. It is in the home that the foundations of character are laid.—*Geo. McDonald.*

Hope and daring will not accomplish a great deal unless toil is their handmaid. Duties and toil may not be sought; they are always near at hand, if our eyes will only see them. Well directed toil will insure success in every walk of life, high or low.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time, keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquires say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.—*George Eliot.*

Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent in the proportion of ten to one.

## CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Plaster-of-Paris is made hard enough for a mould for metal castings by the use of ten per cent. of alum in the water used for mixing the plaster.

A marine and mechanical exhibition will be opened in London next July, and it will contain practical examples of gas, hydraulic, and the electric engineering.

Paris is having so much trouble burying its dead, owing to the crowded condition of its cemeteries, that the government proposes to legalize cremation as the only practicable solution of the problem.

The body heat of birds is greater than that of any other class of animals, ranging from 106 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit. Among the mammalia it is from 65 to 105 degrees, varying in adult man from 98 to 100 degrees.

London fogs are dangerous as well as disagreeable. According to official statistics, no fewer than six hundred and thirty-seven people died in the week ending Dec. 16, from diseases of the respiratory organs, under the influence of the almost continual fog.

Near Tabiana, Italy, the remains of a fossil elephant have been found. The tusks measure 3.2 metres in length and 0.28 metres where they are narrowest. The find has caused quite a sensation, and there will likely be a careful excavation made when the winter is over.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, an eminent medical authority, asserts, on the authority of the Registrar-General's returns, that nearly one-fifth of the mortality in large towns is due to diseases which it is in our power, by the adoption of proper sanitation measures, almost to eliminate.

Mr. Routledge held lately at a scientific meeting that the paper trade was probably the one which turned to immediate use the most waste, utilized cotton, flax, hemp and jute waste and old ropes and canvas-rags. In fact, the paper manufacturer could turn to profitable purpose any vegetable fibre.

In a recent paper, Prof. Willis de Hass stated that all the mines of the Lake Superior region give evidence of having been worked by a prehistoric race, and that a greater amount of labor had been performed by those ancient miners in a space of not less than two thousand acres than two thousand men could do in twenty years in our time.

The startling discovery has been made by M. Pasteur that the saliva of a person fasting is venomous, as it contains parasites which will inoculate. Breaking the fast deprives the saliva of its poisonous quality, as the parasites are taken into the stomach with the food. The eminent biologist gives for the present only the fact, and makes no attempt at explanation.

The *London Lancet* believes that naked electric lights are injurious to the eye, and suggests that some mode of mitigating their intensity be devised. It says the light is too hard and needs to be softened. The waves of motion are too short, and the outstroke, so to say, joins the instroke at too acute an angle.

The following compound for general use as a grease eradiator, is recommended by the *Chemist and Druggist*: Castile soap, in shavings, four ounces; carbonate of sodium, two ounces, borax, one ounce; liquid ammonia, seven ounces; alcohol, three ounces; sulphuric ether, two ounces. Soft water enough to make one gallon. Boil the soap in the water until it is dissolved, and then add the other ingredients.

Our finger-nails grow about three times a year. They should be trimmed with the scissors once a week, not so close as to leave no room for the dirt to gather, for then they do not protect the ends of the fingers, as was designed by nature; beside, if trimmed too close at the corners there is danger of their growing into the flesh, causing inconvenience and sometimes great pain. The collections from under the ends of the nails should not be removed by anything harder than a brush or a soft piece of wood, nor should the nails be scraped with a penknife or other metallic substance, as it destroys the delicacy of their structure, and will at length give them an unnatural thickness.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

The interest of our readers in the welfare of the FAMILY CIRCLE seems to increase with every issue, and we wish to extend our sincere thanks to the many kind subscribers, who in renewing their own subscriptions, have sent along the subscriptions of one or two friends, to whom they have kindly introduced our Magazine. We have also to thank a large number of young readers, who in working for pocket money for themselves, from the liberal cash commission we allow them to retain, have helped us greatly.

In order to show our gratitude tangibly, we will continue to put forth every effort toward the improvement of our columns. No pains will be spared to fill the Magazine with the newest lively and interesting, as well as useful and instructive literature. We desire to obtain a still more general interest among our readers, and hope they will all kindly render us some little assistance when an opportunity occurs.

Any who are desirous of canvassing for subscribers will have our 1882-83 circular, giving terms to agents, sent them immediately on application. Address: LAWSON & JONES, Publishers, London East, Ont.

### PERIODICALS, ETC.

We welcome to our exchange list the *Matrimonial Review*, published at Farmersville, Lancaster Co., Pa., by M. S. Weber. This matrimonial reformer, devoted to courtship, love, marriage, sociology and human rights, is an excellent monthly at 50 cents per annum, and no one can lightly value the lessons it is its objects to teach without paying the penalty.

We have received from the London Publishing Company, the City of London and Middlesex County Directory for 1883. It is printed in a more condensed and convenient form than former issues, and is very perfect, showing much labor and research on the part of its compilers. The work commends itself to the business people of London. Price \$3.00. London Publishing Company, 428 Ridout Street.

### CIRCLE CHAT.

"MAY WOMEN WOO?" is the title of an article in an exchange which discusses at length the subordinate position of woman in conventional courtship. It is set forth as a popular impression that the well-directed female only discovers that she has a heart when the right man asks for it; and the writer urges that "many girls long, with all the intensity of fresh and ardent souls, for certain men as consorts, when no word of love has been whispered in their ears, and no token of affection has been tendered them." There may, indeed, be cases of such feelings in the female heart, but in such cases nature will assert herself. As a rule, woman loves because she is loved, and in all relations to man is adapted to the further development of what he initiates. Etiquette may, to some extent, change a woman's manners in exhibiting her affections, but nature has made her more attractive than man, and from other traits in her character, as opposed to the opposite sex she has a power of influence that leaves her in not so subordinate a position in the matter of conjugal selection as this writer would have us suppose.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE is generally of more weight in developing and elevating our minds than are the circumstances of real life, by reason of the author's power of representation. Our appreciation of literature, however, is based upon our own experience, and what we read at one stage of our career with indifference, at another is to us full of life and interest. There are persons who have never, because of their training and experience, got above gossip and smutty stories, which form no small part in the literature of all countries. May we hope that the advance of education in which our Dominion prides herself, will raise the masses of the rising generation above such rubbish, which is filthier and more degrading than even the most exciting novels.

## RESPONSES TO READERS.

Questions for answers should be addressed, Correspondents' Department, "Family Circle," London East, Ont.

W. W.—Send in the names you get promptly, as subscribers like to receive a number of the paper as soon as possible after subscribing.

POPE.—The answer of the riddle sent may be "the whale," Jonah's being swallowed by one would agree with a soul's being given and claimed from it.

P. A. R.—Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, O. S. Fowler's Science of Life and Dr. Hall's works are all good; perhaps the first mentioned would suit you best.

P. P. R.—The rates of interest given by the various banks and loan societies are low. To loan money, through a solicitor, on good security, pays better, when possible.

POPE.—In speaking of a married lady, it is proper to say Mrs. James Pope, not Mrs. Ann Pope. A widow, on marrying again would style herself, Mrs. Ann Pope on her wedding invitations.

JOE. B.—New Subscribers can commence with any number of the FAMILY CIRCLE as far back as July 1881, and an agent sending in the subscription for two years at once of one person may retain the double commission.

J. R. W.—In sending manuscript for publication mark "Printer's Copy" on your envelope. If you should enclose something for which you wish to seal it, you would do well to ascertain from your postmaster the amount required for postage.

KATE F.—Whether buying a ticket in a lottery is gambling or not depends entirely upon what you conceive as being the meaning of the word. Staking an amount for the chance of gaining a larger sum is, we believe, generally designated "gambling."

CHARLIE L.—If the young lady in question really experiences more pleasure in the company of others than with you, you are both unwise and cruel in holding her to her promise; but you are likely mistaken, as young ladies are accustomed to hiding their real feelings.

OLIVETTE.—1. An unmarried lady is very unwise to accept presents from gentlemen who are not closely related nor engaged to them. 2. If you do not wish to have anything to do with the gentleman who persists in writing to you, you would do well to return his letters without a word of explanation.

L.L.Y.—You should pay no attention to the anonymous letter mentioned. If the writer had not been too cowardly she would have signed her name. If you are certain that you care more for the gentleman you call Mr. X than the one who comes to see you so often, and that you cannot ever regard the latter as more than a friend you are doing very wrong in encouraging his attentions, and if you continue in this course you may, either in the event of becoming his wife or of finally rejecting him, suffer more than you can imagine.

M. W.—We can see no reason why you should not follow your first inclination in the matter of so audacious an insult. People usually follow the bent of their own nature in such circumstances, regardless of everything, from a sense of wounded honor. If you can conceal or crush down your anger altogether, you will ultimately find more satisfaction in so doing; but all right-thinking persons will sympathize with you in an open, bold revenge, while they will despise an underhand course.

BEGINNER.—1. When two gentlemen are walking on the street with a lady they should not both be on the same side of her, but one of them should walk upon the outside and the other upon the inside. 2. When a gentleman meets a gentleman acquaintance in company with a lady whom he does not know, he lifts his hat to salute them both; if he knows the lady he should salute her first. The gentleman who accompanies a lady always returns a salutation made to her. 3. Bowing once to a person upon a public promenade or drive is all that is necessary; if you meet a friend several times, it is only civil to smile if you catch their eye, but if a mere acquaintance it is better to avert the eyes.

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

## Coffee and Indigestion.

Observing physicians learned long ago that coffee is a hindrance to digestion; but scientific evidence was needed, and so M. Laved, according to *La Medecin Practicien*, has been making experiments upon dogs to determine the exact fact with the following results:—

"To a dog which had eaten 210 grammes of meat he administered 30 grammes of coffee in 15 grammes of water. After three hours he killed the dog, and found the mucous membrane of the stomach pale, discolored, and profoundly anemic. The vessels of the internal superficies, like those of the periphery, were contracted; 145 grammes of the meat remained undigested; the coffee then had retarded the stomach digestion."

If coffee will thus delay the digestion of a dog, notably strong, especially in the digestion of meat, who will attempt to dispute that it must be equally injurious to human stomachs? It is a well recognized fact that dyspeptics are exceedingly common in all countries where tea and coffee are freely used, as in this country, England, and Holland. No dog of ordinary sense would continue the use of the fragrant beverage after becoming aware of the above fact; but how many tea and coffee toppers will exercise as much sound judgment in reference to the matter as the average canine?—*Good Health.*

## The Value of Light.

A dark house is always unhealthy, always an ill-aired house. Want of light stops growth and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among the children. People lose their health in dark houses, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. Dr. Edwards, of Paris, says the action of light tends to develop the different parts of the body in just that proportion which characterizes the species, and that in warm climates the exposure of the whole surface of the body to the action of the light will be very favorable to the regular conformation of the body. Humboldt confirms this in the account of the voyage to the equinoctial regions. He says, "both men and women (whose bodies are constantly inured to the light) are very muscular, and possess fleshy and rounded forms."

## Physical Education.

The constantly increasing proportion of round and stoop shoulders, crooked spines, weak backs, narrow and flat chests, and lean calves among men as well as women is evidence sufficient of the necessity for greater attention to the development of the body in connection with brain culture. The Prussian Minister of Education, Herr Von Gossler, has recently issued a circular in which he directs that all students shall be required to engage in such exercises as will develop their muscular systems in the most thorough manner. We believe the day is not far distant when physical culture will be considered an essential part of the education of a young man or woman. This educational reform is one in which every sanitarian should be interested.

## The Body's Worth.

Respect the body. Give it what it requires and no more. Don't pierce its ears, strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother it under heavy bed-covering at night; don't put it in a cold draft on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wine cask or a chimney. Let it be warranted not to smoke from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body; don't overwork, overrest or overlove it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it, a well-worn, but not a misused thing. Meanwhile, treat it at least as well as you would your pet horse or hound, and, my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it an excellent thing to have.—*Hearth and Home.*

## Suicide by Imagination.

The following interesting incident, written some time since by a San Francisco reporter, contains a moral worth repeating:

One evening a handsome and well-dressed young lady, living with her father well up toward the summit of Nob Hill, hastily entered Edwin Joy's drug store on the corner of Mason and Post Streets, and asked for some arsenic. She asked for two bits' worth, saying she wanted to kill some troublesome cats with it. Noticing her unusual agitation, Mr. Joy gave the young lady a tablespoonful of precipitated chalk—a harmless powder resembling arsenic.

The young lady left the store, and, carefully hiding her purchase, returned home. Going to her room, unobserved by any of the household, she prepared for death, for the arsenic was intended as a means of suicide. Certain letters were hastily looked over and arranged, and a whispered prayer for forgiveness followed, and with desperate determination the whole of the druggist's package was swallowed. The unhappy young woman lay down in her bed in a delirium of excitement. Her brain was in a whirl, and her blood rushed and throbbled through every vein. She felt that death was approaching, and confident that the work of the deadly drug was too far advanced to be counteracted, she left the room, and gliding into the parlor, announced to her father and a young gentleman there what she had done. The gentlemen were wild with consternation. While the father supported the now sinking form of his daughter, the young gentleman raced in desperate haste to Joy's drug store. The druggist explained that no antidote was required; that the young lady had only taken a spoonful of chalk.

"But she is dying—unable to stand!" gasped the young man.

"That's the effect of imagination. Explain to her the true state of the case, and she will recover."

The young man hastened back with the joyful intelligence. The would-be suicide, resting in the arms of her distracted father, was sinking rapidly. Her recovery, which was amazingly rapid, was hastened by her rage at the druggist.

## How People Get Sick.

Eating too much and too fast; swallowing imperfectly-masticated food; using too much fluid at meals; drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating drinks; repeatedly using poison as medicines; keeping late hours at night, and sleeping late in the morning; wearing clothing too tight; wearing thin shoes; neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores open; exchanging the warm clothes worn in a warm room during the day for costumes and exposure incident to evening parties; compressing the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress; keeping up a constant excitement; fretting the mind with borrowed troubles; swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill; taking meals at irregular intervals, etc.

## The Immortality of Tight-Lacing.

According to a Philadelphia journal a pastor of that city recently preached a sermon in which he took strong ground against the corset, asserting that "divine truth could not find its way into a heart squeezed and cramped by corsets." If every clergyman in the land would preach but one sermon a year on the immortality of abusing the body, more would be accomplished in securing obedience to the laws of health than by the combined efforts of all the sanitarians in the country. Perhaps this same clergyman will next give his audience a sermon on the immortality of cigar-smoking. It is as difficult for "divine truth" to find its way into a nicotine-narcotized mind as into a corset-cramped heart.

Hot water in the treatment of eye disease is highly recommended by Dr. Leartus Connor. He believes it to be the sole agent which will induce contraction of the blood-vessels without irritating the eye. The water must be as hot as can be borne, and must be thrown against the eye with the hand. It should be used two or three times a day, or for five minutes every half hour, according to the indications.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

## LATEST FASHIONS.

Velveteen grows in popularity.

Very high linen collars are again in vogue.

Cloth crowns and felt rims are used in bonnets.

Pearls, and imitation pearl beads are very fashionable.

White and tinted laces trim house jackets and house wrappers admirably.

The loose-gathered or plaited English frock remains the favorite for girls under ten years of age.

Turbans with a fur band and gathered cloth crowns are worn with redingotes of cloth trimmed with fur.

The fashion of wearing the jacket and waist of a different color and material from the skirt grows in favor.

The newest bonnets are very small, but have a pointed brim extending over the forehead and long ears with square corners.

Brocaded flounces, with the figures of velvet raised on repped silk, are the elegant trimmings for the front of trained dresses of silk or velvet.

Round collars are very popular for outdoor garments. They may be entirely of fur or of the same material as the garment, deeply edged with fur.

Tan is the favorite color for evening gloves, where the rule for matching the dress and gloves is disregarded. Tan color harmonizes with white, black, and all colors.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**FIFTEEN MINUTE SOUP.**—Boil together in a granite saucepan one quart of tomatoes, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, four cloves, four peppercorns, or saltspoonful of white pepper and a speck of cayenne. Fry one tablespoonful each of chopped onion and parsley in one tablespoonful of butter five minutes, but do not brown it. Add one tablespoonful of corn starch, and when well mixed add gradually one cup of hot water; pour it into the tomato, simmer ten minutes, strain and serve with toasted cracker.

**ROLLED FLANK OF BEEF.**—This is an inexpensive and very palatable dish, and not at all difficult to prepare. Take four or five pounds of the flank of beef, wipe and remove the skin, membranes and extra fat; pound and trim it until it is of uniform thickness. Make a stuffing with one cup of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped salt pork, one-half teaspoonful of salt; one saltspoonful each of thyme, marjoram and sage, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, a few drops of onion juice or one-half teaspoonful of chopped onion, and one egg. Moisten with hot water until the stuffing is soft enough to spread over the meat. Roll over, and tie or sew securely. Wrap a cloth around it, and put it into boiling water and simmer six hours, or until tender. Remove the cloth and press, and when cold remove the strings. It is to be served cold, and should be cut in thin slices.

**TO HASH BEEF.**—Shred three or four onions very fine, and turn them upon the fire with a bit of butter till they are colored, moisten them with some broth, half a glass of wine, pepper and salt; then put in your beef cut small; let it simmer till it has taken the flavor of the onion. When dished, add a spoonful of mustard and a dash of vinegar.

**CHICKEN BROTH.**—Joint a chicken, wash the pieces, put them in a stew pan, with three pints of cold water, two ounces of rice, two or three blades of mace, some white pepper whole, a pinch of . . . Simmer for three hours, skimming frequently.

**GAME OR POULTRY SOUP.**—An excellent, clear soup can be made with scraps and bones of game or poultry, boiled down with a little bacon, vegetables, such as carrots, onions, leeks, turnips, tomatoes, celery, parsley, etc., cunningly proportioned, and spices and sweet herbs. When the whole is well boiled, clear and strain it. Then serve either plain or with macaroni or crackers.

**BAKED TOMATOES.**—Open a can of tomatoes, put them in an earthen dish, not tin. Dress with bread or crackers, season and bake till brown on the top; serve in same dish.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—Take equal parts of chicken and celery, or, if chicken is to predominate, one-half as much celery as chicken. Cut the chicken into quarter-inch slices, wash, and scrape thoroughly clean the celery, cut into dice. Mix and moisten with a French dressing, and keep it on the ice until ready to serve. Make a mayonnaise dressing, and mix part of it with the chicken and celery, arrange the salad in a bowl, pour the remainder of dressing over it, and garnish with celery leaves and capers.

**BROILED OYSTERS.**—Select large oysters, drain them, dip them in melted butter, then in fine, seasoned cracker crumbs. Broil on a well-buttered wire broiler until the crumbs are brown and the juice begins to flow.

**FRENCH DRESSING.**—Mix one saltspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper, add three tablespoonfuls of oil, slowly stir ring all the time, one teaspoonful of grated onion, or one-half a teaspoonful of onion juice and one tablespoonful of vinegar.

**POTATO BORDER.**—Mash and season the potatoes, and shape a border on the edge of a platter. Brush over with the beaten white or yolk of an egg, and brown slightly before putting in the veal.

**CREAM TOAST.**—Bread for toasting should be stale, cut in one-quarter inch slices, and well dried over the fire before browning. Make one pint of thin cream sauce with one pint of hot cream, one scant tablespoonful of butter, and one tablespoonful of corn starch; season it to taste with salt, and pour it over five or six slices of toast.

**TAPIOCA CUSTARD.**—1 cup tapioca, soaked in a pint of water, 1 quart of milk, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 heaping cup of sugar; boil this stirring constantly for five minutes. Pour into a bowl gently, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, flavor and set aside in a glass dish till cold. Serve with gelatine. Delicious.

## TOILET RECIPES.

**CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.**—Equal parts of dilute nitric acid and peppermint water, to be applied daily at first, and then twice a day.

**FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE.**—Pulverize a piece of alum the size of a walnut, dissolve it in one ounce of lemon juice, and add one ounce of alcohol. Apply once or twice a day.

**WASH FOR THE COMPLEXION.**—The whites of four eggs boiled in rose-water; half an ounce of sweet almonds; beat the whole together until it assumes the consistency of paste. Spread upon a silk or muslin mask, to be worn at night.

**TO SOFTEN THE SKIN.**—Mix half an ounce of glycerine with half an ounce of alcohol, and add four ounces of rose-water. Shake well together and it is ready for use. This is a splendid remedy for chapped hands.

**TO CLEANSE THE HAIR AND SCALP.**—Beat up a fresh egg and rub it well into the hair, or if more convenient, rub it into the hair without beating. Rub the egg in until a lather is formed, occasionally wetting the hand in warm water softened by borax. By the time a lather is formed, the scalp is clean; then rinse the egg all out in a basin of warm water, containing a tablespoonful of powdered borax; after that rinse in a basin of clean water.

**A TOOTHACHE PREVENTATIVE.**—Use flower of sulphur as a tooth powder every night, rubbing the teeth and gums with a rather hard tooth-brush. If done after dinner, too, all the better. It preserves the teeth and does not communicate any smell whatever to the mouth.

**TO EXTRACT PAINT FROM GARMENTS.**—Saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine, let it remain a couple of hours, then rub it between the hands; it will crumble away without injury either to the texture or color of any kind of woolen, cotton or silk goods.

**REMEDY FOR CORNS.**—Soak the feet for half an hour two or three nights successively in a pretty strong solution of common soda. The alkali dissolves the indurated cuticle and the corn comes away, leaving a little cavity, which, however, soon fills up.

## OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

[Written for the Family Circle.]

## Francis Bret Harte.

BY J. H. GARDINER, M.D.

MAN is a creature of circumstance." But it is only by moulding the circumstance to suit our genius or ambition that we may hope to leave lasting foot-prints on the fast receding sands of time. It requires the flight of a poet's fancy to trace, in the chequered career of the subject of our sketch, those peculiar surroundings and that special training which made him "The Poet of the Golden State." Better perhaps to say poets are born, not made, and it only requires events to strike forth the fire of genius and give direction to the flight of fancy.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, N.Y., in 1839. From his parents he inherited Hebrew, German and English blood (a type of the new nation), hence the truly American character of his ideas, the spreading of his imagery, the mysticism of his novels, and the genial rugged common sense which pervades all his works.

Left without a father's care in early childhood, his education was scanty, and he owes more to men and his surroundings than to schools or colleges for his after fame. Little did his early youth betray to what a peerless height his genius would raise him in after years.

It was in 1854 that he removed to California, and here, perhaps, whilst the everlasting hills in all their rocky splendor, tipped with perpetual snow towered far above him; whilst around and beneath deep gulches, ravines and chasms, added awe and grandeur to the enchanting scene, that the fire of genius was kindled. It smouldered for a time gathering energy and direction from his peculiar surroundings, and then with the rapidity of the meteor, and the steadfast light of the planet, burst forth to an admiring world.

In the rude society of the mining camp, with its ever-changing population, plenty examples of sterling goodness, heroic self sacrifice in the cause of friendship, and patient endurance under ever-varying fortunes were to be found; as well as men freed from all the shackles of law and society, intoxicated by success (and forty rod) or maddened by being thwarted in the eager race for gold. Many of the thrilling events here witnessed afterwards proved the nucleus of novel or poem.

For a time he was a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka; then he mined for himself, increasing little his capital, as the world goes, but laying up a lode or rich experience, afterwards to grow under his wizard touch into romance or song. As an example, I will quote from "Dow's Flat," a poem which shows well the peculiar style of the author as well as the hazardous nature of the mining industry, and the native goodness of heart of the miners:

"You see, this 'yer Dow,  
He'd the worst kind of luck:  
He slipped up somehow  
On each thing thet he struck.

Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail, the derned  
thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
Till he couldn't pay rates;  
He was smashed by a car  
When he tunnelled with Bates;  
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and  
five kids from the States.

It was rough—mighty rough;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff  
For a house, on the sly;  
And the old woman—well, she did washing, and took  
on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean,  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a  
drop to be seen."

"Let's see,—well, that forty foot grave wasn't his, sir,  
That day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side;  
And he looked, and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For, you see, the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—  
Beg your parding, young man, there you lied!

It was gold,—in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike;

That's why it's Dow's Flat  
And the thing of it is,  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness;  
For 'twas water the derned cuss was seekin', and his  
luck made him certain to miss."

Again in the poem entitled "The Tunnel," where he tells of the noble self-sacrifice of Flynn, of Virginia:

"Thar in the drift,  
Back to the wall,  
He held the timbers]  
Ready to fall;  
Then in the darkness  
I heard him call:  
"Run for your life, Jake!  
Run for your wife's sake!  
Don't wait for me."  
And that was all  
Heard in the din,  
Heard of Tom Flynn,—  
Flynn of Virginia."

After tiring of the mining industry, he tried his hand at school teaching. Traces of this occupation we find in that beautiful fiction entitled "M'Liss." Also in some of his poems, as "The Spelling Bee," or perhaps better "The Society upon the Stanislaus." From the latter I will quote two stanzas, showing the rude attempts at improvement among the miners, as well as the difference between a war of words and unrestrained action:

"But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan  
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,  
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,  
To lay for that same member for to 'pat a head' on  
him."

Then after a lively war of words between Brown of Calaveras and his neighbor Jones over a reconstructed skeleton of a mule, the proceedings are wound up in Harte's peculiar style:}

"For, in less time than I write it, every member did en-  
gage  
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;  
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger  
was a sin,  
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of  
Thompson in.

Following his educational efforts were his experiences as an express agent. As records of this thrilling year we have the clear-cut pictures of Yuba Bill and other stories.

In 1857 he went to San Francisco as a compositor in the office of the *Golden Era*.

This event he afterwards commemorates in that beautiful poem entitled "San Francisco." Commencing thus:

"Serene, indifferent of Fate,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

"Thou drawest all things, small or great,  
To thee, beside the Western Gate."

His Bohemian sketches translated him from the case to the desk, and now his way to fame was clear, and bright indeed were his dawning efforts, many of his articles during this time ranking with his finest, although he has not deemed it fit to preserve them in his complete edition.

It was not until 1863 that his first sketches appeared in the East; and through the influence of Jessie Benton, Fremont, the *Atlantic* published "Monte Diabalo." Since that time his busy life has been one succession of brilliant efforts, each pregnant with the fire of genius, and all replete with humor.

As a lecturer he visited Britain in 1873, and a perfect ovation awaited him. I was in London at the time; he was the lion of the day, and princes and peasants listened spell-bound to his witty illustrations.

His novels hold a prominent place in the literature of the 19th century. Always fresh on account of depicting scenes and characters in a hitherto unexplored region. His heroes are well supplied with the milk of human kindness, tempered by a strong arm, a quick eye, and a ready revolver. The thrilling nature of their adventures, whether from famine, flood and flames, or from the rude hand of the lynchers, hissed on by some fiend incarnate, too cowardly to face the object of his hate, yet possessing means of stirring up the fierce spirits of the gold hunters. The miraculous nature of the escapes in which earthquakes or the revolver helps him out of a knotty scene, entrances the reader, and read one must, even if the story at times becomes disjointed or hazy, and in any other part of the world improbable. His poems, written in a style peculiarly his own, and distinctly American, are distinguished by a withering sarcasm hurled at the ostentatious show of the successful miners; in the song:

"All that is false in this world below,  
Betrays itself in a love of show;  
Indignant nature hides her lash  
In the purple-black of the dyed moustache."

together with a sincere love for the land and people of his adoption.

Whether he writes in the broad vernacular of the mining camp, or in English pure and undefiled, his originality shines forth at every page, and as the characters which he sketches and the scenes he portrays are indigenous, he must ever remain the Chaucer of the Pacific Coast.

#### Charles Reade's Epitome on Woman.

In reply to a friend who spoke to him concerning a recent criticism of his portraiture of woman, Charles Reade says:—

It said that I made her painfully realistic to any one who looked at her as I did—cross-eyed. Not so. My friend, she is just like a man, like ourselves, but with certain tendencies we call womanly. Like ourselves, she ardently desires love. She knows it is the best, absolutely the best thing the world has to give; that we are all born for love, man and woman alike; that to lack this consummate and supreme blessing is to lose the best part of life.

"She desires above all things to be wooed, and is forbidden to woo on her own account. She conceals her own thoughts, yet from her experience in hiding she is quick at reading the thoughts of others. She is satisfied with nothing less than she herself gives, which is all herself. Her reserve leads her, in the lower natures, to deceit and falsehood. Her devotion, which is part of her nature, leads her also in the lower natures to suspicion and jealousy. She is always in the house, therefore her mind is apt to run in narrow grooves. The prodigality and wastefulness of men are things beyond her understanding or patience. She is unversed in affairs, and therefore understands nothing of compromise.

"She is generally ill-educated, and therefore is incapable of forming a judgment, hence she is carried away by every word of doctrine; as, for instance, in matters ecclesiastical. Knowing nothing of the early church or its history, she believes the poor little ritualistic curate, who knows, indeed,

no more than herself; or in art, where for want of a standard she is led astray by every fad and fashion of the day and worships sadfaced fatnesses with rapture; or in dress, where her taste being uncultivated, she puts on whatever is most hideous and unbecoming, provided it is worn by everybody else.

"This is the woman I present to my readers. She is not, at all events, insipid—no real women are. She is an artificial, the real woman shows from underneath. What I love most is the woman whom fashion has not spoiled; the true feminine woman, with her natural passion, her jealousy, her devotion, her love of admiration, her fidelity, her righteous wrath, her maternal ferocity, her narrow faith, her shrewdness—even her audacity of falsehood, when that can serve her purpose, and finally, her perfect self-abnegation. That's the woman—that's the woman I believe in. That is the creature that is human. She is natural."

(Written for the Family Circle.)

#### A Forest Dream.

BY J. R. WILKINSON.

Bare and gaunt the stately forest  
Reaches upward wide and high  
As if mutely suplicating  
Mercy of an angry sky;  
And wild, weird and hollow voices  
Issue from its solemn aisles,  
As if lonely forest phantoms  
Mourn the loss of Summer's smiles.  
I have sought the dim old forest,  
And its still familiar ways—  
Frozen streams, dark glens and bowers,  
Dear to me in childhood's days.  
All is silent and forsaken,  
Leaf and flower lie cold and dead;  
Mute, appealing to the memory,  
Telling of a day that's fled.  
I have known when Summer's mantle,  
Fair and sweet as poet's dream;  
Covered in a wild profusion  
All these haunts with rustling green.  
Then the forest aisles were merry,  
With the music song-birds made;  
And its gentle echoes followed  
Every stream and every glade.  
Then I sang with boyhood's rapture,  
Leapt, and shouted in the dell;  
Till the golden hush of sunset,  
With its silent shadows, fell  
O'er the hills, that, wrapt in dreaming,  
Watched the moonrise on the sea,  
Where the wavylets danc'd and murmur'd  
Low-voiced and mysteriously.  
Life was one long dream of gladness,  
All unknown the future lay;  
Ah! the years have brought deep sadness—  
Summer's merged in Winter's gray.  
And I wander, lone and weary,  
Grieving o'er the faded past;  
As the snowflakes flit around me  
Borne upon the wintry blast.

#### A Talmudic Legend.

A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel, "Your God is a thief, he once surprised Adam in a sleep and stole a rib from him." The Rabbi's daughter overheard the speech, and whispered a word or two to her father's ear, asking permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent. The girl stepped forward and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege! my liege! Justice! Revenge!" What has happened?" asked the prince. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a gold one in its stead." "What an upright theft!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence!" "Behold then, sire, the kind of thief our Creator was, he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead." "Well said!" avowed the prince.

## SELECTED.

—❖—  
 "Shippin' only what is sweet ;  
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

## Two Women.

A grandma sits in her great arm-chair ;  
 Balmly sweet is the soft spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane  
 She looks to the orchard beyond the lane,  
 And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress  
 As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—  
 Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Up from the orchard's flowery bloom  
 Floats fragrance faint to the dark'ning room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace  
 And a softer light steals into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,  
 And twining roses in her hair ;

Once again blithe as the lark above,  
 She is only a girl, and a girl in love !

The years drop from her their weary pain ;  
 She is clasped in her lover's arms again !

The last faint glimmers of daylight die,  
 Stars tremble out of the purple sky,

Ere Dora fits up the garden path,  
 Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath.

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair  
 She nestles down by the old arm-chair.

"Grandma, Dick says, may we—may I—"  
 The faltering voice grows strangely shy.

But grandma presses the little hand ;  
 "Yes, my dearie, I understand !

He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain  
 Did grandma dream she was a girl again !

She gently twists a shining curl ;  
 "Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl !

"Take the world's treasures, its noblest, best—  
 And love will outweigh all the rest?"

And through the casement the moonlight cold  
 Streams on two heads, one gray, one gold.

## Making a Scientist.

An incident in the school life of a teacher, as related by herself, illustrates one of the most important points in education. She had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study and showed no interest apparently in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detention after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and, spying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day. "Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling several of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she asked the dunce who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to

what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic, that the teacher was astonished, and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked, and how it ate, and many things which was entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished, she said: "Thank you! You have given us a real nice lecture in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself." After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring bees, flies, butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted with this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.

## Domestic Monotony.

In fashionable life we have a formal exhausting and mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand, the evenings of great numbers of families are generally of monotonous humdrum. They involve an assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same paternal-familias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overlaid with family cares. Fresh people with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, anything to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be the business of all after the day's work was done to entertain each other and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds if not thousands of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from the utter lack of domestic recreation. There might be written over the graves of many: "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."

## Sweet-Minded Woman.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile, the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast. And so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

## Choosing a Husband.

That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his

wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the same circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He is no more tired of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more bored with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to feel happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply-engaged man, and not to loungers, or even the easy-minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the most pleasant to live with, and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

### A Duel on Principle.

A civil official of the little town of Rosenberg, West Prussia, unintentionally gave great offence to a Lieutenant in the army, who forthwith challenged him to a duel. The civilian answered that if fighting were absolutely necessary he could not refuse the challenge, but that he was bound to make one preliminary condition.

"I have, as you well know," he wrote, "a wife and five children, for whom I am bound to care in the event of my death at your hands. My present yearly income is 4,500 marks. I require you to pay over to a bank a capital sum the interest of which will correspond to my present income, so that it may yield a livelihood to my widow and fatherless children. For this purpose 20,000 marks will exactly suffice."

The young fire-eater replied that he had no property beyond his pay, and that he could not possibly raise so immense a sum.

"In that case," wrote his antagonist, "I fear that our duel can never take place. A man who has nothing to lose except his own life will scarcely expect me to allow him to shoot me and to beggar my widow and children without any sort of equivalent."

The correspondence closed with some fatherly and common-sense advice to the young Lieutenant, who finally was brought to acknowledge that the civilian was right.

### Eloquent Tear-Shedding.

A contemporary gives the following instructions in tear-shedding: Although a woman's greatest power is her tears, few know how to shed them. Aside from adding to the mute eloquence of the eyes, tears enhance a woman's beauty and overpower the giants whom pugilists can only master with difficulty. They should be brief, not too wet, and by no means bitter. They must rush to the eyelids, linger like dew drops, and when they do fall the precipitation must be speedy. To be effective they must be premeditated. A whiff of the tearful onion, a fresh inhalation of pungent smelling salts, a few grains of pepper, or a slight irritation of the outer corners of the eyes, with a match or toothpick will suffice for a copious flow, and if the lover, husband or father can be cornered the shower will have the desired effect. But avoid a frown or scowl. Manufacture a feeling of sadness, hold the breath to get up color, pout judiciously, incline the head to one side, droop the body but not the shoulders, use a small, soft-finish cambric handkerchief with both hands, taking care to rub the eyeball down and out. The object in rubbing out is to have the tears roll over the cheek. There is too much of the deer sentiment when they course down the innocent nose in piteous chase.

### A Parson's Text.

The Rev. Brooke Hereford, of Boston, doesn't like to be interrupted when he is busy writing a sermon, and so the other day, finding himself somewhat behindhand with his preparation for the coming Sunday, he retired to his study, giving implicit orders that he was not to be disturbed by visitors, no matter who might call. Pretty soon came along the autograph fiend, that is, a lady who was collecting autographs and favorite texts of Boston preachers, for a charitable object. She was so importunate that Mrs. Hereford at last went to the study door and tapped. "Brooke?" "Yes?" "There's a lady down stairs, and—" "But, my dear—" "I know, Brooke, but she only wishes your autograph and favorite text, for dear charity's sake." Hereford yielded, and dashed down his name and the reference, 1st Timothy, v., 13, on a sheet of paper. There was a grim smile on his face as he handed it to his wife. She took it down to the visitor, and she, in turn, went away rejoicing. But when, in reviewing her treasure, she looked up Mr. Hereford's text, she read: "And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not."

### Little Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner is so indelibly associated in the Anglo-Saxon mind with the popular pie of the Christmas season that it is interesting to hear that he is believed to have been a member of a family of his name last seated at Mells, near Frome, in Somersetshire. A will, dated 1540, contains bequests to "John Horner, the younger," and in the previous year, at the destruction of the great Abbey of Glastonbury, so eloquently alluded to by Froude, the Horners clawed up a considerable share of the good things going, so much so that an old distich runs:

"Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne,  
When the Abbot came out then they went in."

The plum, which little Jack pulled out, is surmised to have been a handsome share of the monastic estate, satirically alluded to by a wag, who certainly never dreamt that nearly 400 years later every child on this continent would be familiar with his rhyme. The Horners are still living at Mells.

### Weather Wisdom.

A prominent attorney, of Philadelphia, claims that the weather invariably repeats itself, and gives the following as the result of his observations:

- All years ending in 9, 0, or 1, are extremely dry.
- Those ending in 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, are extremely wet.
- Those ending in 7 or 8 are ordinarily well-balanced.
- Those ending in 6 have extremely cold winters.
- Those ending in 2 have an early Spring.
- Those ending in 1 have a late Spring.
- Those ending in 3 or 4 are subject to great floods.

### Alcohol For Catarrah

Rev. W. H. Bergfels, Newark, N. J., thinks he has a simple and certain cure for catarrah. He was pastor of the Baptist Church at Lyons Farm, but in 1872 was compelled to give up preaching, on account of a severe catarrah. He is a member of Newark Nickle Plating Co., and one evening after using in his business a lacquer composed of alcohol, he found that his disease was not so bad. He then put alcohol, into an inhaler and breathed the vapor from it. He did this for a month, night and morning, and was greatly relieved. A few months later he was cured, and he is now again pastor of the Lyons Farms Church. His family find that the vapor from alcohol also prevents colds.

### Churches and Creeds.

We extract the following from the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* for the benefit of readers not versed in the conflicting beliefs of the day:

Atheism—A disbelief in the existence of a God.

Deism—A belief in the existence of God, but a denial of revealed religion. A Deist is, therefore an infidel. He often declares his belief in natural religion—that is, what man may discover by reason alone.

Polytheism—A belief in the existence of many gods.

**Pantheism**—A belief that the universe is God. Spinoza was a Pantheist, and so was Hegel, a recent German philosopher.

**Unitarianism**—A belief in the unity of God, as opposed to the orthodox belief of a trinity in unity.

**Materialism**—A belief that there is nothing but matter in the universe. What we call mind and soul are to Materialists only properties of matter. Of course Materialists deny immortality to man. Death is annihilation of existence.

**Spiritualism**—The opposite of materialism, originally was a belief that all matter is really spirit, and that, therefore, the universe is only God's concreted thought. Latterly it means those who believe in intercourse with the spirit world.

**Fatalism**—A belief that all events necessarily happen—that is, are ordered and cannot be altered.

**Mohammedanism**—The doctrine of the Mussulmans, who believe in the unity of God, and that Mohammed was His prophet. They are Fatalists.

**Calvanism**—The leading doctrines are original sin, particular election and reprobation, particular redemption, effectual grace in regeneration and perseverance of the saints.

**Arminianism**—Is nearly the opposite of Calvanism. Its beliefs are (1) conditional election and reprobation; (2) universal redemption, limited in its benefits only by man's act in his failing to believe and obey; (3) regeneration is absolutely essential and immediately follows justifying faith. It is the work of the Holy Spirit given of God. There is no irresistible grace, and apostatism possible. Both Calvinists and Arminians believe in total depravity and future eternal punishment.

**Universalism**—A belief that all men will be finally saved.

**Buddhism**—Nominally believed by one-third of the human race, teaches that there have been so far four successive incarnations of Deity, followed by stages of unconsciousness. The highest good is Nirvana, or the state of unconscious repose. The last incarnation was called Guadama, 500 years before Christ, and in after ages another will come to lift men up.

Minor isms are almost as plentiful as the leaves of the forest; but most of them like falling leaves have had their day.

### Delicate Charity.

Dr. Romances, of England, tells a charming story of the father of the late Charles Darwin. For the benefit of the district in which he lived, Dr. Darwin offered to dispense medicines gratis to any one who applied and was not able to pay. He was surprised to find that very few of the sick poor availed themselves of his offer, and, guessing that the reason must have been a dislike to become recipients of charity, he devised a plan to neutralize the feeling. Whenever any poor persons applied for medical aid, he told them that he would supply the medicine, but they must pay for the bottles. This little distinction made all the difference, and ever afterwards the poor used to flock to the doctor's house for relief as a matter of right.

### Two Faces.

A girl with two faces! I wish you could see her and hear her. When speaking to mother she is snapping and cross, looks lofty and proud, lifts her head with a toss; but when company comes she is all melting with goodness, her face lights up cheerful, and her words come with sweetness. She is a regular hypocrite—ugly in private, but just like an angel before all the public. When she marries, if ever, she will be her husband's tormentor, pout and scold, and make home a place dreadful to enter. When her husband appears, she will always be grunting: but happy enough when he is gone and she hunting for other dear friends whom she loves to make happy. The girl of two faces, wherever you find her, is a mixture of serpent and dove, so do not imitate her. Her cruelty makes her a tormentor. Neither mother nor husband can cure her foul temper.

A scientist claims that no man living walks in a straight line, and that the squarest-footed walker walks to the right or left a distance of thirty-six feet in a mile. In case there is a saloon on the way he may diverge as much as one hundred and fifty feet.

### The Recognition.

Home they brought her sailor son,  
Grown a man across the sea,  
Tall and broad and black of beard,  
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake, and mouth to kiss,  
Both he offered, ere he spoke;  
And she said, "What man is this  
Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him—called him "smart,"  
Brightest lad that ever stopt;  
But her son she did not know,  
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,  
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;  
She saw him eat—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!"  
She knew him—by his appetite!

### Had Suffered Enough.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, and proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore?" said the justice.

"Yes sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long-term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your Honor."

"You wanted to steel money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?"

"You are right, Judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said, 'Thank you sir!'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the Judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterward you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

### A Question of "Intentions."

A Clinton-street young man who has been for some months a regular caller at a certain East Broadway house, the attraction being a very pretty young lady of some twenty years. On Wednesday evening last he sent up his card, was ushered into the parlor, and a few minutes later heard a step on the stairs, very unlike the light foot-fall of the object of his affections. The door opened; there was no rustle of silken draperies, no extended hand, no smile of welcome. Instead, entered the father of the family, with mild, yet determined visage. Without seating himself, or inviting his visitor to do so, he said: "Mr. Tompkyns, you have been a regular visitor at my house for five months; to-night you have sent up your card. I wish to ask you one question. If it is satisfactorily answered Ethel will come down, and I may ultimately do the same, handsomely. What are your intentions?"

Tompkyns shuffled uneasily as he stood, blushed and stammered. He was a nervous young man. But at the bottom of his organism was a stratum of that invaluable earthly substance known as sand. Hence he finally answered:

"Mr. Robson, I am not—am not aware that I—I have any."

Then answered Robson: "You may not have any intentions, young man, but I have. I give you one second in which to get your hat, and if that front door doesn't click behind you in less than five seconds, it is my intention to kick you so high that the telegraph poles will look like hitching-posts. Get!"

Tompkyns got.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

## The Little Missionary.

I have met her many mornings  
With her basket on her arm,  
And a certain subtle charm,  
Coming not from her adornings,  
But the modest light that lies  
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries naught but blessing,  
As she journeys up and down  
Through the never-heeding town,  
With her looks the ground caressing;  
Yet I know her steps are bent  
On some task of good intent.

Maiden, though you do not ask it,  
And your modest eyes may wink,  
I will tell you what I think:  
Queens might gladly bear your basket,  
If they could appear as true  
And as good and sweet as you.

—[Charles H. Crandall, in February St. Nicholas.

## "I Can Swim, Sir."

During a terrible naval battle between the English and Dutch, the English flagship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the mainmast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water, under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin-boy.

"Why," said the admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied. "If I am shot, I can be easier spared than any one else."

Narborough hesitated, his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as time went on defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserve were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet was scattered far and wide, and the cabin-boy, the hero of the hour, was called to receive the honor due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old admiral that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the king.

## Value Your Time.

Above all things, learn to put a due value on time, and husband every moment as if it were your last. You should dispose of the time past to observation and reflection, of the time present to duty, and of the time to come to Providence. In time is comprehended all we possess, enjoy or wish for; and in losing that, we lose them all. This is a lesson that can never be too often or too earnestly inculcated, especially to young people; for they are apt to flatter themselves, they have a large stock upon their hands, and that, though days, months and years are wantonly wasted, they are still rich in the remainder. The moments thus prodigally confounded are the most valuable that Time distills from his alembic; they partake of the highest flavor, and breathe out the richest odor; and, as on the one hand, they are ir retrievable, so neither, on the other, can all the artifice of more experienced life compensate the loss.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other people will think so.

## OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

More letters than ever have been received this month and the majority have the answers nearly right. The close competition for the prize-book results this time in favor of Earnest Livingston, Hamilton.

For the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number, sent in before the fifth of March, we will give a similar handsomely-bound, interesting story book.

The following have been awarded our extra little chromo prizes:—Minnie A. Ramsey, Ulverton, Que.; R. L. Eedy, London; H. Reeves, Toronto; Louie Bolton, Toronto; Mary Sheppard, Berlin; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Ellen Ralph, Goderich; Anna I. Stevens, Kirkdale, Que.; Katie Darrah, Rapid City, Man.; J. Mullock Jackson, Toronto; Delie Sawyer, Huntley; Samuel Beattie, South Lake; C. M. Stewart, St. Catherines, and Charles H. Anderson, Toronto.

Correct answers have also been received from:—Ashton Langrill, Jarvis; William Gill, London; Lizzie Kinnisten, Parkhill; Maggie Walker, Ulverton, Que.; Rose Salter, Holland Landing; Annie Emery, London; John E. Gow, Windsor; W. Cunningham, London East; George West, Montreal; Sarah King, Ottawa; Fred Hayes, Kingston, and Josie Abel, Windsor.

## FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

A digest of laws.  
A cavity over a fire.  
Deprived of life.  
Conclusions.

2.

DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a weapon, and leave a fruit, behead a fruit, and leave a part of the head.

Behead a portion, and leave an animal, behead an animal, and leave a verb.

Behead to begin, and leave acid; behead acid, and leave cunning.

Behead mild, and leave ground; behead ground, and leave a conjunction.

Behead a hard mass of earthy matter, and leave a sound; behead a sound, and leave a unit.

3.

A consonant.

A heavenly body.  
A people of Europe.  
Congealed water.  
A consonant.

4.

EASY DECAPITATION.

If you a sailing vessel take

And rob it of its head,

A portion of the human frame  
You then will have instead.

5.

HIDDEN FRUIT.

If you would be admitted rap earnestly.

Be brave if you would grapple with the straggles of life.

In luxury's lap each sluggard laid himself down.

## ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

1. Square word:— G R I N  
R I D E  
I D L E  
N E E D

2. Diamond puzzle:— Y  
D O G  
Y O U T H  
A T E  
H

3. Hidden names:—Mary, Tom, Will, Grace.

4. Enigma:—Heartsease.

Poetical pi:—

The thickest ice that ever froze  
Can only o'er the surface close;