

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>							

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND CHOICE LITERATURE  
 A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., OCTOBER 1881.

NO. 4.

(Written for *The Family Circle*.)

## Autumn Woodlands.

Again the hills and woodlands are array'd  
 In gorgeous robes of every tint and shade,  
 Deep crimson hues and varied saffron dyes,  
 Whose mingled brightness fascinates the eyes.  
 A light haze nestles on the mountain's crest,  
 And rests upon the brook's scarce rippling breast,  
 While over all a still deep calm pervades,  
 A dreamy silence settles on the glades.  
 Yet, brilliant Autumn woodlands, as we rove,  
 And wander listless 'mid thy colored groves,  
 Far different thoughts arise within our minds  
 Than those awaken'd by the spring's first winds,  
 When the dark leaves that rustle 'neath our feet,  
 Burst forth, the kiss of vernal suns to meet.  
 Then, with awakening nature, all was blythe  
 And gay and happy. Saddened hearts repine  
 For the soft breeze that calls the violets forth,  
 And drives the ice-crowned storm king farther north,  
 Now, though around us rainbow tints are glowing,  
 A fairy grace to sylvan scenes bestowing,  
 Though round our pathway mellow'd sunbeams play,  
 " 'Tis but a halo hovering round decay."  
 And our hearts gladden not; a low sad sigh  
 Seems breath'd upon the soft gales wandering by;  
 And something whispers, "This is but a breath,  
 An apathy preceding nature's death.  
 Soon these gay leaves that now so gorgeous seem,  
 Will pass away as does a summer dream.  
 Soon will they lie with all their brightness fled  
 In dark brown heaps wither'd and straw'd and dead."

Oh! scar and withered leaves that round us lie!  
 Doom'd, ere the others of the race, to die!  
 How brief a space, since all so fondly green,  
 Ye imparted gladness to the summer scene;  
 And swift wing'd songsters 'mid thy shades at play  
 Trill'd forth on every breeze their joyous lay.  
 Now they have fled, thy "feather'd tenants," where,  
 Breathing rich perfume on the southern air,  
 The orange blossoms, and the date tree's flower,  
 And summer sits enthroned in all her power.

Oh! faded fallen leaves! ye call to mind  
 The blighted hopes my heart had fondly shrined,  
 The hopes that in the springtime gaily smiled,  
 And the midsummer's sultry hours beguil'd,  
 Delusive dreams, too bright perhaps to last;  
 But yet it costs a pang to know they're past.  
 Yes, they like thee in vernal beauty glow'd,  
 And a fresh gladness to my heart bestow'd;  
 But disappointment's frost came all to soon,  
 And nipp'd them ere they yet had reached their bloom.  
 I watch'd them droop, and now, all, all, I see  
 Lie at my feet, dark, autumn leaves! with thee.

M. J. S., Brantford.

(Written for *The Family Circle*.)

## MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER XIX.

The weeks that followed were anxious and sorrowful ones for the inmates of the little cottage.

Lesley was still at Buxly; Miss Janet had thought it better to keep her there, when the news came of Mollie's illness. She would have had Bertie also, but the boy begged so hard to be permitted to remain at home, that his leaving was not urged, especially as he was not at all likely to be troublesome; whereas Lesley would have been perpetually in the way. Bertie, indeed, proved himself very helpful in many ways; he was so careful and thoughtful for others. His anxiety for his aunt Mollie, showed itself in his pale, sorrowful face and his manner, which grew quieter and graver day after day. But scarce any attention was paid to the silent boy, for everyone was occupied with Mollie, who hovered between life and death for six long weeks, during which time she was watched over by Katie Howard, Mrs. Macdonald and Christie. Ruth happened at the time to be away in the States, or she would, doubtless, have installed herself as chief nurse at Mollie's bedside. As it was, the great part of the nursing lay between Sybil and Christie; Katie's time was so much occupied at home, where a pair of sturdy twin boys had lately made their appearance.

Sybil had over-ruled her husband's objections to her acting as Mollie's nurse, and had asserted her intention of caring for the sick girl; and so every day saw her at the cottage; moving softly about the sick room, or bending anxiously and tenderly over the poor fever-flushed face on the pillow listening to the pitiful murmuring of delirium; and again, going quietly to the door to answer Bertie's low-toned enquiries for his aunt.

At night Christie would take her place and Sybil would go back to her own home, tired and sick at heart, to act the part of hostess to the men Arthur persisted in bringing home with him now, almost every evening, utterly ignoring the fact of his wife being worn out with nursing all day, and pretending not to see the strain she was obliged to put upon herself to keep up at all. He grimly resolved, that if Sybil shirked her home duties during the day, she should make up for it in the evening. But at last her over-strained nerves gave way altogether, and one evening when three of Arthur's most particular friends were present, Mrs. Macdonald suddenly burst into a fit of nervous weeping just as she had seated herself at the piano to play and sing at the request of one of the guests. Of course every one in the room was struck with consternation at the unparalleled catastrophe. Arthur, though his swarthy face had flushed at first, with anger and mortification, was so conscious of its being all his own fault, that his heart softened as he led her from the room, up to her boudoir, refusing to leave her until she was quite calm and composed again; he then returned to the

drawing-room and apologized to his curious guests, for the extraordinary behaviour of the hostess.

But there is one, we must not forget, who during Mollie's long illness was often at the cottage. This was Paul Halliday. Not one day had passed that he did not stop to enquire for her, on his way to business in the morning and on his return in the evening. Sometimes he would go in and talk to Sybil about Mollie, or if Sybil was too much occupied to go down stairs, he would sit in the little dining room and talk cheerily and hopefully to Bertie. Nor was this all, for he had twice gone to Buxly to see little Lesley and cheer her up with the brightest news from home that he could bring. He would take the child out walking with him, through the pretty lanes about the village; where now a white carpet of snow was spread under-foot, and the branches of the trees which almost met over-head were laden down with the weight of snow, and long, sharp-pointed icicles. As they trudged along—the man and the child—hand in hand, he dreamed of a time long past when a merry, high-spirited boy and a fair, gentle little girl, very like the one now beside him, ran and played day after day through these very lanes in winter time; and in summer also when their eager feet pressed the green daisy-gemmed grass, and their glad young voices rang out upon the fragrant air, and the rustling leaves above their heads seemed to laugh in very sympathy with their child-like happiness. Ah me! years had passed since then and the little maiden of those days was a woman, the merry boy a man, and both had known sorrow and heartache, and—ah! well! anyway those old childish days were gone now. Nevertheless they were very sweet to remember—

“And in the silver beechwood where we walked that day  
The nine-and-thirty years were a mist that rolled away.”

Not that nine-and-thirty years had rolled away since Paul and Mollie, as children, played in the Buxly lanes; probably not more than fifteen or sixteen, but the quotation came in aptly there, for verily to Paul Halliday these sixteen years were as a mist rolled away, so vividly did the memory of those childish days return to him, as he walked along the old familiar ways with Mollie's little niece.

At last Mollie was pronounced out of danger by the physician and then the tedious process of convalescence began. But with returning health came also the remembrance of Neal's death and the thought of a lonely, uncared-for grave in that country which was so very far away. Oh! if she could only go there and search for that grave till she found it, and fling herself upon it, there to sob out her grief and kiss the cold sods that covered all that remained of her darling. These were the thoughts that filled her mind during the long days when she lay on her bed too weak and too miserable to respond to the well-meant efforts of her friends to arouse her by their cheerful conversation. They knew that her thoughts dwelt almost entirely upon the subject of Neal's death, but they did not venture to speak to her about it for two reasons—first, because it was their object to divert her mind as much as possible from it, and secondly, because she had herself desired them not to mention Neal's name to her. It may seem strange that she should forbid the name of the man she had so loved to be uttered in her presence; and yet was it not natural that she should shrink from hearing him spoken of in a half-pitying, half-censuring manner by those who believed him guilty of a dreadful crime? While she who knew him innocent and honorable, was unable to say a word to exonerate him; and she loved him so—she loved him so, that it well-nigh broke her heart to listen to their words. That was why she begged them to keep silence on the subject when they would have spoken to her in loving sympathy for the pain she felt.

To Christie alone she sometimes spoke of the dead man, and it did her heart good to talk to her simple, devoted servant, for she knew that the girl's faith in his innocence was as implicit as her own, though it had been first kindled from hers. And Christie to cheer her mistress would talk of old times at Buxly and of Mr. Despard's goodness to her family; of how, when her father had been ill, he—Mr. Despard—would come in nearly every day and read to him or talk to him, cheering him with bright, hopeful words; or recounting some humorous story that would make even the sick man laugh. And then he used to be so good to the children—Christie's little brothers and sisters, taking them up on his

knee and telling them stories; and he often would bring them candy or fruit or toys when he came to the cottage to see their sick father. So Christie would run on and Mollie would wipe away the tears that had gathered in her eyes and would say, with quivering lips,

“He was always so good, Christie, so good and true to everybody.”

“Yes indeed Miss that he was; a real Christian gentleman if ever there was one.”

It was strange that, not once during her long illness when she was delirious, did she betray the secret that she had kept for over six years and which was known to her and Neal alone. She had talked incoherently of that summer at Buxly; she would call piteously upon him to come to her for her heart was breaking for a sight of him; then she would murmur loving, tender words of farewell, telling him she would trust him always—always whatever the world might say of him. Never once did she mention Arthur Macdonald's name. And so Sybil learned nothing of her husband's crime as she sat day after day at the bed side of the raving girl.

It was but a wan, pale shadow of her former self that at length crept back to her old place in the little home. There was a deeper shadow in the dark eyes, a sadder droop of the sorrowful mouth, but when her old friends, Sybil, Katie, Ruth and Paul and other and later friends amongst her pupils, came about her, she did her best to be cheerful and happy; for she was grateful for their love; and besides it was no part of her creed to let the gloom of her own sorrows overshadow her friends.

When people persist in bewailing their hard lot and pouring the story of their woes into the ears of the world at large, their sorrows lose all sanctity in the eyes of others, and even become objects of ridicule to some of the less tolerant ones. And indeed what right have we to worry our friends continually with lamentations and complaints over our hard lot in life, or even to meet their kind advances with gloom-clouded eyes and down-drawn mouth as though it were a sin to smile when the heart is heavy. Oh! let us smile and be bright and show good cheer and gratitude to others even though the light of our eyes and the joy of our hearts be gone from us forever. For if our friends have not yet known sorrow, be assured they will learn the hard lesson ere long; meanwhile be it ours to do all in our power to make their lives as happy as possible before their day of adversity comes.

It was toward the end of February when Mollie again resumed her lessons. Lesley was home and both children were back at school. Everything went on precisely as before at the cottage, except that Mollie had for the present given up her singing in public; it was understood that she had lately lost a dear friend for whom she was wearing deep mourning and that she would not appear in public again for some months.

There were moments when she was tempted to despond—moments when the veil she had thrown over her sorrows, was torn aside and she stood face to face with the “What-Might-Have-Been,” then the tears would gush forth and the tortured heart cry out in wild rebellion; and for the time *self* would be paramount. What had she done, that she should be so sorely tried? she would ask herself. And when she looked forward to the future it was so blank, so unutterably desolate that she shudderingly wished she could die. Then thoughts would arise of the two little ones, dependent upon her, and she felt that her life could not be utterly dreary after all, with their love to cheer her. Comforted by this thought, and strengthened by earnest prayer for guidance and help, she went on in her patient, uncomplaining way, sweetly bearing the burden of her cross, which was a heavy one indeed for such young shoulders. Winning all hearts by her gentleness and kindness, she surely could not say that her life was a loveless one; for her own little ones adored her, her pupils all loved her dearly and in many a humble home, the faces of the poor would light up with gladness at the approach of one who never failed to bring with her, comfort and brightness into their cramped, colorless lives.

As time passed on, Sybil Macdonald's happiness—or at least her peace of mind, for she had never been, strictly speaking, happy, since her marriage—vanished gradually, but surely.

Her husband grew more fractious—more difficult to bear with every day; and if she had loved him less her proud spirit would have rebelled a dozen times a day. An ordinary woman would have ceased long ago to feel any remnant of regard for him; would probably have learned to despise him and treat him with disdain; or else according to her nature, would have openly defied him and annoyed him by every means in her power. We have seen wives acting in this way; and it is truly a sorrowful sight to witness when one remembers the solemn and beautiful words of the marriage service. It is not for us to say in how far such conduct is justifiable; God alone will judge; but I think a woman will endure much ere she be tempted to violate her marriage vows.

Sybil Macdonald was a singular woman. Before her marriage she had held an idealized theory of love; with the poet she believed that—

"They sin who tell us love can die."

She thought that if ever she learned to love with all the strength and depth of her soul, no power on earth would be great enough to destroy her love; wounded it might be, many times, but it could never die. For would not the blissful memory of the time when first she learned to care for him, appeal to her heart? The time when he had been all that was chivalrous and loverlike; when the sound of his approaching footsteps had made her heart flutter with a strange, new joy, and the lingering pressure of his hand, the low, caressing tones of his voice had mantled her face and brow with swift blushes! Would not all these sacred maiden memories plead with the wife for the husband who was different from the lover of those happy days?

So Sybil reasoned, and though she had met with many evidences to the contrary, still her favorite theory remained unshaken.

"It could not have been true love," she would argue—"They could never have really loved each other in the first place."

"That is not love that alters, when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove."

Although her view of the matter may have been an idealized one, unsuited to the practical spirit of the age and incompatible with the laws of human nature; for it would be a degradation for some unhappy women to love the creatures they call their husbands—yet leaving these extreme cases there are others where the man may have done nothing to render himself actually *loathful* in the eyes of his wife, he may be mean and tyrannical, bad-tempered and harsh to her—he may even have committed a crime, yet so long as he has kept himself above the level of the brutes that perish, the woman who in the freshness of her youth gave him the whole treasure of her soul—may still cling to him, still love him with all a wife's devotion, though her belief in him may have vanished as completely as the bloom of her girl-hood.

It is only exceptional natures, we grant, that could endure the torments and indignities of such an unhonored wife-hood and still love on to the end. To such love we give all honor and reverence, for there is nothing like it upon earth—nothing. God bless the women who thus love deathlessly on to the bitter end!

Sybil Macdonald was just such a woman. She knew pretty well by this time what manner of man her husband was; she knew that in his inmost heart he held his honor but lightly; she knew that he was selfish, tyrannical, spendthrift and utterly callous to the woes of others. Knowing all this of him she still loved him dearly, mourned over his failings and sought by every means in her power to lead him to better things. But if she had discovered the dark secrets of his past life; if she had heard the miserable story of Grace Roberts; and learned of the vile treachery which had ruined the life of Neal Despard and blighted Mollie Stuart's happy girl-hood—would her affection for her husband have still endured? Who can tell!

Of late too, a terrible truth had forced itself upon her mind, and struggle as she would against it, the conviction still remained—her husband was fast becoming an habitual drunkard! No one knew the indescribable tortures the proud woman suffered when this bitter knowledge came to her. Often when she returned home alone from some entertainment—for Arthur frequently now objected to accom-

pany her—she would pace up and down the long drawing room, with pale, anxious face and feverish eyes; to and fro, to and fro, far into the morning hours, waiting for her husband to come home from some mid-night revel, much as other women in humbler homes wait night after night with sinking hearts for the return of their husbands. Sybil's object in thus waiting up for Arthur, was to shield him from the idle gossip of the servants as far as possible. But they knew of their master's intemperate habits, and freely discussed the subject amongst themselves. Mrs. Macdonald felt that they knew all about it, and a sort of shame took hold of her whenever she spoke to them; and there was not one domestic in the house who did not sincerely pity the unhappy mistress.

Sybil went out into society as much as she had ever done, and gave her own entertainments at home in her usual way; but she did it all under protest. She knew that the fashionable world was quite cognizant of her husband's habits; but she was a proud woman; one who would not bend an inch, though she knew that the world pitied her; and her dear five hundred friends commented upon her private affairs and shook their heads in disapproval over "that husband of hers."

It may readily be imagined that with such a constant strain upon her mind both at home and in society her health would suffer in no small degree. She grew thin; and lost the rich bloom which had formed one of her chief attractions, and dark circles began to appear underneath her eyes which told of sleepless nights, of anxious vigils and feverish tears. Her friends were shocked by the change in her, and intreated her to see a doctor; but she laughingly declared that she was perfectly well and refused to place herself under medical care. Then when they grew more solicitous about her, she proudly repelled them, and was allowed to go her way unmolested.

Katie Howard shook her little dark head dolefully as she talked with Tom about the matter; of course she, as well as everyone else knew the reason of Sybil's altered looks.

"Oh! Tom darling is it not sad? I cannot bear to be so happy while she is wretched; it nearly breaks my heart to look at her poor white face, so changed as it is. Ugh! how I hate that husband of hers!" and the small matron would clench her little hand and stamp her foot with energetic emphasis. If wishes were thunderbolts Arthur Macdonald would have been annihilated long ere this.

"I am awfully sorry for Mrs. Macdonald, but you know my dear Kate, she married Macdonald with her eyes open; she was warned repeatedly as to his character but—being a woman she naturally chose her own way. However she is a proud woman and will not give in a jot, or I am much mistaken." But Tom's practical view of the matter did not comfort his tender-hearted little wife; who shed many quiet tears on the unconscious faces of the twins as they lay upon her lap. "He is a bad man, and I would not wonder at anything he might do," she murmured to herself, as she rocked the babies to sleep. And yet Katie Howard, a day is coming and is not far distant, when those brown eyes of yours will dilate with horror and astonishment at something this man did. But how had Arthur Macdonald fallen so low in the eyes of his fellow men? he had never, it is true, been regarded as a good man; all the little world of fashion in which he lived knew that he had led a wild, dissipated life prior to his marriage; but a young man with no home ties whatever, is forgiven much that the world would never overlook in a married man. So when Arthur made Sybil O'Brien his wife and—outwardly—reformed his habits, the world forgot his past, and with many approving pats on the back welcomed him into the ranks of respectable married men. Hitherto he had done nothing to forfeit the good opinion of that world, and was indeed, regarded rather in the light of a model husband. Why then was it, that he had cast off all at once every restraint; and entered upon a course of reckless dissipation, till his hand was never steady, and the feverish flush of the drunkard never left his sunken cheeks; till good and honorable men passed him in the street with a cool nod of recognition, and when he had passed, shrugged their shoulders and thought pityingly of his lovely wife? Indeed if it had not been for her, many of his old acquaintances would have dropped him; but for her sake, they shook hands with him, eat at his table, and in return invited him to their

homes; bringing him in amongst their wives and daughters as they would never have dreamed of doing had he been other than Sybil's husband. How had all this come about? Had not the death of Neal Despard released him from all fear of an ignominious exposure? True; but it had not secured him from the pitiless clamourings of conscience or the Nemesis of an undying remorse. Yes! After that first, brief exultation at his safety; conscience awoke and refused to be lulled to sleep again; remorse had sprung up again with renewed vigor and ever shrieked into his ears the name of the man he had wronged. Go where he would the dead face of Neal Despard haunted him; when he sat at his own table and by his own hearth, or in crowded ball rooms and theatres that ghastly face would loom up before him and gaze at him with reproachful eyes that nearly drove him frantic. He dreamed such horrible dreams, that, awaking with a gasping cry upon his lips, he would creep stealthily from his bed so as not to disturb his sleeping wife, and going down to the dining room, in the dead of night, or in the gray dawn of morning, would drink glass after glass of raw brandy. Thus like many a one before him he had sought the oblivion of drink in which to drown his care and remorse. He very soon became utterly dependent upon this fatal means of forgetfulness; it was only when under the influence of liquor that the memory of the past ceased to haunt him; as soon as the fumes of drink cleared away from his brain, it would rush back upon him, mocking him into madness. Sometimes the face of Grace Roberts would haunt his mind; white and haggard, with gleaming eyes and pale compressed lips, as he had seen her that summer day at Busly.

There are those who will doubtless laugh to scorn the idea that any man wicked enough to commit such crimes as those of which Arthur Macdonald was guilty, could be capable of so terrible a remorse. But if they take into consideration the nature of the man, it will not seem at all impossible. Weak and unstable as water, selfishly impulsive, quick-tempered and imperious; he had not one single solid principle to guide him. Honor, as honor was to him the merest trifle; but he knew that without it society would surely shun him and this fact alone restrained him, when he would have given full sway to his passions. Many such as he have weakly and helplessly allowed themselves to be drawn into the meshes of sin, and then seized with fearful remorse, have been goaded and driven relentlessly on by that same remorse deeper and deeper into crime until there was left no way of extrication, and they have been doomed to go sinning to the very end.

All Arthur Macdonald's crimes had resulted from this fatal weakness and selfishness of his character. Some men seem to have been born possessed of the demon of hate against their fellow creatures, and against all laws of honor and morality; but he was not one of these. He had never had any wish or intention to outrage the laws of his God or his country, and yet in his desire for self-gratification he had done both.

When he first met pretty, innocent Grace Roberts, he no more dreamed of injuring her than of blowing out his own brains. She was farmer Robert's only child, a bright, winsome girl of seventeen, the pride and joy of her parents' hearts, and the sunlight of the old farm-house. Her sweet, charming face took the fancy of the young stranger in the village and he wooed her with all the chivalrous, courtly grace at his command; she, girl-like gave her heart unquestioningly to her handsome young suitor, who in her simple eyes was a king among the rough, honest country lads around. It is only just to say that, at this time he meant well by the girl; he honestly meant that she should be his wife; he asked the farmer for his daughter and was refused and peremptorily forbidden to see her again. However, the young people contrived to meet again and he persuaded the simple, loving girl to fly with him, and she yielded and went with him, leaving behind her two broken hearts and a sorrow-darkened home. He took her to the city, but he never married her; day by day he made her fresh promises which were never kept; he honestly meant even then to make her his wife but for various reasons he delayed doing so. And then—Ah well! 'tis the old story, he grew tired of her; her tears and entreaties and endless reproaches wearied him; anxiety and vain regret made inroads on her beauty, and it came to pass that his love for her died slowly but all too

surely. Still he never owned to himself that he had given up all idea of marrying her; he still said to himself "some day." It was only when he met Sybil O'Brien that he cast from him once and for all the idea of visiting Grace Roberts. We know the rest; how, to obtain Grace's silence he bought her off with the money stolen from the Bank. And for this crime Neal Despard had suffered. Macdonald was thunder struck when informed that he had confessed himself guilty of the theft. He—Arthur—had calculated upon the accusation being made against Despard for he was the only clerk in the Bank who had access to the safe; but he had never dreamed that he would own to a crime of which he was perfectly innocent. At first Arthur could not make it out, but presently the light burst in upon him; he knew that Neal had been an old lover of his wife's and he guessed that it was for her sake he thus elected to bear the burden of another's sin. His suspicions were correct, as the reader knows.

But in one conclusion to which he came, he was utterly wrong. He supposed that, since Despard still cared sufficiently for his wife, to give up Mollie for her sake he could never have really loved the latter, but meditated marriage with her simply as a means of pecuniary gain. Knowing nothing of the sacred promise made to Alice on her death-bed, Arthur concluded that love for Sybil alone prompted Neal's actions; his jealousy was thus aroused and he inwardly congratulated himself on the fact that his wife's old lover was likely to be located at a safe distance for some time to come. He was careful however to hide from Sybil his real feelings on the subject of Neal Despard, for unprincipled as he was, he instinctively felt that it would be offering an insult to her to show jealousy of her old lover. One thing he resolved, namely, that no word from him would ever recall the exiled man to his home. Ah! Arthur Macdonald, but a day of reckoning must come to each one of us, and yours is coming swiftly and with awful certainty.

(To be Continued.)

## SELECTED.

### At Long Branch.

The waltzes were over at Leland's,  
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,  
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean  
Just toyed with the bang of my hair.  
And if ever a mortal was thankful,  
It was I that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,  
And it seemed like the moment of doom;  
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,  
Making love—don't you think I—and to whom  
But the heiress of Pillpatent's millions,  
And the vulgarest thing in the room.

Now Tom, as you know, is too handsome  
For anything under the sun—  
Yes, I honestly own I had flirted,  
But only a little, in fun,—  
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch him,  
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over,—  
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss,—  
For of course 'twas a grand speculation  
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss.  
But to think after all his palaver,  
That he ever could scrub me like this.

I cannot describe my emotions,  
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug;  
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,  
And up to me whom should she lug  
But that great millionaire from Nevada  
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,  
And it came to me just like a flash:  
He's been dangling around all the season.

Yes, of course it was dreadfully rash  
But I just thought I'd show Mr. Thomas  
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy veranda?"  
"O, thank you"—now, Nell, you can guess  
How it all came around, and imagine  
That moment of choking distress  
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,  
"Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—yes."

So it's all coming off in October;  
I am having my trossseau from Worth.  
He is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,  
And a man of respectable birth;  
But, somehow—that is—well I don't know—  
I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth.

—Scribner's Monthly.

### "CHARGE IT."

"I wish I had some money," said Harry Morrel, in a wistful way.

"What could you do with it?"

"Oh, spend it. I'd buy taffy, or something else may be. Why can't I have some pennies every week? Don't you know Charles Durkee does? Couldn't I have two?"

"That doesn't seem unreasonable for a beginning," said Mrs. Morrel. "Will you be contented with two, though?"

"Yes indeed," Harry answered, beginning to jump up and down. "Because often I go a week and don't have one. Unless you meant to give me more," he added, hastily; "I'd like to have three.

"Very well, you shall have three. You love to share everything too well to run any risk of making yourself sick with what is left. I'll give them to you now, only remember that it is only three a week, and that you must plan how to do the most with them."

"Oh, you loveliest mamma!" Harry said, with a choking hug, and then ran down to tell grandfather of his good fortune.

The next morning Harry called at Bob Field's little store near the school house, and, after a great deal of thinking, decided upon the purchase of a stick of wintergreen candy. The stick seemed so small that he hesitated, and Bob said:

"Well? You want something else?"

"I'll take half a cent's worth of peanuts and half a cent's worth of raisins," Harry said, putting the other penny at the very bottom of his pocket. It never would do to spend all three the first day.

"That ain't no way to trade," said Bob; "I don't do business that way."

"Then I'll have all peanuts," Harry said, so cheerfully that Bob changed his mind, and counted out thirteen peanuts and four raisins.

"Just for once," he growled; "and don't you let on."

Like other people before and since, as time went on, Harry found it difficult to live within his income. "Treating" was so pleasant, and three cents did so little toward it. Harry longed for more, but a way came out one day to him as he went with grandfather into the grocery.

"Charge it on my bill," said Mr. Burton, as he went out.

"Charge it," repeated Harry, climbing into the buggy. "You always say that, grandfather."

"Not always," said Mr. Burton; "for I pay the bill once a month. Charging means that he writes in his books what I owe him until I am ready to pay. It is more convenient, because sometimes I have not the money with me; but it is generally best to pay as you go."

Harry sat quite still. Why should he not have a bill and let Bob "charge it"? Grandfather often gave him pennies, and he could save them and pay all at once. He would tell mamma the moment he got home. No, he wouldn't either. He'd try it first and see how it seemed, and then tell her.

Harry might have known there was something not quite right when he was not quite willing to go at once to her, but kept still, thinking he would call it a secret and enjoy telling it after a while. So next morning he went into Bob's and looked about. Fresh dates, altogether too good to do with in the window, and he said at once:

"Five cents' worth o' dates, Bob," adding as he took the sticky little bundle, "you may charge 'em, Bob. I have'n't any pennies this morning."

Bob looked doubtful a moment. Then, sure that Mr. Burton would pay said, "All right," and Harry ran off.

That very evening Uncle John drove over from Cornish and gave Harry a five-cent piece, and the small debtor, who had been a great deal worried through the day over his morning's work, went to bed happy. Bob was paid next day and more dates bought, and then, seeing some fresh lemon drops, one cent over was charged on Bob's slate.

So it went on. The bill grew slowly but surely. Harry sometimes catching up, but oftener not, and hardly realizing how surely, until one morning Bob, with a very sober face, handed over a dirty slip of paper.

"I can't read writing," said Harry, uneasily. "What is it?"

"It's your bill, boy. High time you paid up!"

"How much is it?" asked Harry, faintly.

"Twenty-eight cents, and you'd better pay to-day, because I want all the money I can get in."

"Well I'll pay you pretty soon," Harry said slowly, but his heart sank within him as he turned away and walked down the road.

"He's a plucky one," said old Bob to himself. "He hasn't got a cent, but he wouldn't let on if he was flogged to make him. I wonder what he'll do about it."

Harry walked on until he came to the wood-path, into which he turned, and went on till he came to an old log near a spring, over which grew a clump of alders. He sat down here and began to think. Twenty-eight cents! What would his mother say, and grandfather, too? How long would it take to pay at three cents a week? Harry thought it out slowly. Nine weeks and a little bit of another! Would old Bob wait? The school bell was ringing, but he could not go there. How was he to learn a spelling lesson or a table when over and over in his head, seeming to say itself, he heard: "Twenty-eight cents! Twenty-eight cents!"

"I hate an allowance! I hate it!" Harry said passionately, throwing himself on the ground and beginning to cry. "I wish I hadn't ever had one! What shall I do? O dear, what shall I do?"

Down the wood path came a tall figure, with hands clasped behind and bent head. It was Mr. Osgood, the village minister, who very often walked here, and who stopped now in surprise as the sound of sobs fell on his ear. He looked for a moment, then went on softly, sat down on the log, and said: "Harry!"

Harry sprang up with a cry. Then seeing who it was, ran right into the kind arms he had known ever since his babyhood, and sobbed as if his heart would break. Mr. Osgood waited until he was quieter, then said gently:

"Now, Harry, boy, what is it all about?"

"I hate my allowance! I don't want to have an income!" began Harry, incoherently. "I'm in debt awfully. I never can pay it, not until nine weeks and a day, and Bob'll put me in prison, may be. What shall I do?"

Little by little the privately much astonished Mr. Osgood heard the whole story, and smiling in spite of himself, as Harry looked up pitifully, said:

"There are two things to be done; it seems. First to tell mamma; then to think of some way of earning money to pay the debt."

"Then you don't believe Bob will want to put me in prison?" Harry said.

"Not at all. But you must pay him just as soon as possible, and I think I know a way. We will go and see what mamma thinks of it. On the whole, Harry, I'm rather glad you had this trouble."

"Glad?" repeated Harry. "How could you be?"

"Because I think you will hardly want to run in debt to anybody again. To do it when you don't know any way of paying is almost as bad as stealing, though I know very few people who think so."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Morrell looked up in surprise as she saw Mr. Osgood and Harry coming up the steps. Harry told his story in a very low voice and with a very red face, while Mr. Osgood walked around the garden with grandfather, coming back when the confession was ended.

"I am very glad it is no worse," mamma said. "Earning the money to pay your debt will be the only punishment you

will need, and I shall be very glad if Mr. Osgood shows you a way."

"It is hard work Harry. Back-breaking work, for my back, at least," Mr. Osgood said. "My little onion bed is full of weeds, and if you can pull them all out you will earn your twenty-eight cents very honestly. Are you willing to come a little while every day until it is done?"

"Indeed I am," Harry said, gratefully. "I'm glad I've got the chance."

So, for several days, Harry went down every afternoon weeding a row each time. It was hot, hard, tiresome work, but he persevered, and in time had finished the four long rows, one a day being all that Mr. Osgood thought it well for so small a boy to do. Seven cents a row, and four rows, fixed four times seven once for all in Harry's mind, and the afternoon when he walked home with twenty-eight bright pennies, jingling them all the way, was one of the proudest of his life.

"You have earned more than twenty-eight cents," said mamma, as she counted the shining pile. "Much more than you would understand if I told you now. Patience and perseverance and honor more than I was sure my little boy had. Now you want to pay Bob; and then I think you will be happier than you have been for a long time."

Harry ran off, and burst into Bob's quarters with a sort of war-whoop, which brought out the owner at once.

"Here's your money," said Harry, putting down the pennies with such energy that some rolled on the floor.

"Your ma gave it to you?" said Bob, "or your grandfather, may be?"

"No they didn't; I earned it," said Harry, and that was all Bob could ever make him tell. So the trouble ended for that time; and if Harry was ever tempted to say "charge it" at any time; he remembered that half-hour in the wood, and the long rows of onions, and marched away from temptation as fast as possible.—*Christian Index.*

### Woman the Queen of Home.

There is probably not an unperturbed man or woman living, who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and the best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever good there may be in their characters and condition. Home based upon Christian marriage, is so evident an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is pure and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the noblest instincts of society.

Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes the cue and hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously and unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power of eloquence, can possibly effect.

The men of the nation are what mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice that those men speak in the expression of power, is the voice of the woman who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for milk. There is no other substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the woman of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficially upon Society and State.—*Scribner.*

### Are Rich Men Happy?

On one of the last days of his earthly existence Mr. Hopkins, the late Baltimore millionaire called his devoted gardener to him and said: "I am beginning to hate this place because it does not bring in money. I hate everything that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn, and that the weaker ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasures will be lost or dropped?" The gardener replied that the sketch was a true one. "Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every piggish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me Sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener. "do you

think a very rich man is happy?" The gardener answered: "The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, bears with it many tribulations." Mr. Hopkins rejoined: "You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

### Dr. Schliemann's Courtship.

Dr. Schliemann's description of his courtship of his wife is an interesting one. "It is now twelve years," he says, "since I met her in the house of her parents in Athens. It was Saturday. In the course of the conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The young 18-year-old girl, as the talk turned upon the *Iliad*, recited to me a long piece from that work with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the same day I was able to tell her, 'Next Thursday will be our wedding day.' And Thursday was our wedding day, for important business called me at once to Paris. We made our wedding tour thither. Then came the time for learning. I recited Homer to her, and she repeated it after me. During our married life we have not had a single falling out—not even over Agamemnon and his sister. The only dispute we ever had was when we had different ideas about the rendering of a passage in Homer."

### A Beautiful Incident.

In the Cathedral at Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and the maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him, after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes, pealed from the Cathedral towers.

His practical ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associates of his life, were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at that well-known chime had snapped its strings!

### The Biter Bit.

An excellent illustration of the "biter bit" came to our knowledge the other day. An attorney to whom a somewhat impecunious client had given a check for one hundred pounds in part payment of his bill of costs presented the cheque several times, but always with the same result, the bank clerk marking "N. S."—not sufficient—in the corner. Almost without hope, the attorney presented it yet once more, observing to the clerk as he did so, "The same old tale, I suppose!" The clerk looked over the client's account, and, having added up the total to his credit, remarked quite unconsciously, "Ninety-eight pounds—only two pounds short." Suddenly a happy thought struck the sharp attorney; he would pay in two pounds of his own money to the credit of his client, and immediately present his cheque, for the payment of which there would then be sufficient funds. Unfortunately he had not the money in his pocket. He rushed back to his office, and in less than half an hour reappeared at the bank, and, to make his assurance doubly sure, paid in five pounds to the credit of his client's account, and then triumphantly presented his cheque of one hundred pounds for payment. What was his dismay when the clerk returned it as before, marked "N. S." "Why, you told me he had ninety-eight pounds to his credit," cried he; "and since that I have paid in five pounds more!" "True," replied the clerk; "but since you left Mr. ——— mentioning the client's name—has been here and drawn out all that was standing to his credit."

### At the Last.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no more,  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.

Clonds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age descries,  
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home,  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

—Edmund Waller.

### Anecdote of John Hopkins.

Hopkins left \$9,000,000, a moiety of which was divided between eighteen relatives, and the bulk retained for a university and several hospitals. The nephew who was often at variance with him received almost twice as much as his brothers who never contradicted him. Mr. Hopkins never married. The daughters of Epaminondas were that hero's famous victories. The children of John Hopkins are the splendid institutions he has left to learning, to mercy, and to science. There never was a stronger man. He started life with four hundred dollars, and built up, by his own exertions, a colossal fortune. From the beginning he declared that he had a mission from God to increase his store, and that the golden flood that poured into his coffers did not belong to him, or to the hundreds who sought to borrow or beg it from him. He declared that a supernatural power prevented him from taking money from his pocket to bestow foolish alms, and that some day the world would know that he was not the grasping, avaricious and narrow-minded man he was accounted. He nevertheless helped secretly many worthy persons, and, after his death, it was discovered that not a few merchants had been saved by him from financial embarrassment and sorrow. But in the common acceptance of the term he was not liberal. His "mission" prevented that. Toward the close of a very long life he became stingy and suspicious, but the end he had proposed never suffered change, and that was the mistress of his soul toward whom he maintained an inflexible fidelity.

"Clifton" was his pride, and upon it he spared no expense. Here the great university was to be founded; but in this his design will be baffled. The city authorities have taken some seventy acres just in front of the imperial mansion, and the noble chestnut grove he had nurtured, not one tree of which would be cut down even when withered, has fallen before the remorseless axe of progress. The foundations of a vast lake for the water supply of Baltimore are already in course of excavation, and the engineers and their rude implements occupy several of the beautiful chambers of "Clifton."

An uncanny old tramp used to station himself under a giant oak that stood sentry by the lodge of "Clifton." This made Mr. Hopkins nervous, and became a mortal offence. He told one of his nephews of it, and said he did not know how to abate the nuisance. "Why not pay him, up'le, and send him away?" queried the young man. "Pay him money!" Mr. Hopkins shrieked, while his long arms flew about like windmills; "pay him money! God forbid! When I do that there will be a hundred vagabonds here instead of one!" "Well then," added the nephew, "if I were you, Uncle John, I would kick him out." "I cannot do that," the old man pleaded. "I am afraid." "What!" the nephew retorted; "are you afraid of such a cur as that?" "No, no," Mr. Hopkins whispered, hoarsely, "I am not afraid of him, but afraid of God. Did you never read in the Bible how Dives treated Lazarus? Would you have me repeat that story, and burn in hell forever?" That ended it.

ONLY A SMILE.—Life teems with unnecessary pain. For every living soul there is work to do, effort to make, sorrow to alleviate. No day in the short time allotted to us should pass without some attempt, however feeble, to lessen the load of suffering pressing so unequally upon the lives of those

around us. All can do some little, and if each soul that has suffered would take share in removing or lessening the burden of another, life would be other than it is. An old writer beautifully says: "All can give a smile." How few value a smile as they should, yet who does not know the brightness which some faces bring when they appear? The smile of kindly recognition, the acknowledgement of existing suffering, the free-masonry of endurance, all are conveyed by a glance, and no one can tell how often the effort to be cheerful has helped the weaker sufferer to endure.

### Lady Macdonald on Wine-Drinking.

[From the Messenger of Peace.]

Extract of a letter written by Lady Macdonald, wife of Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, to a co-laborer and correspondent of Savannah, Ga.:

"I was myself led to give up wine drinking after some reflection, suddenly, at last, on Christmas day, 1867. I had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made any decided resolution until this day, when at dinner with a large party, the conversation turned on total abstinence, one of our guests, himself a strictly temperate man, holding high office in our country (then and now) said that practically total abstinence was impossible for anyone in society. I said laughingly, 'What a dreadful statement; I quite differ from you.' He took me up warmly, and several joined in, all without exception agreeing with him in saying that the requirements of modern society were such that no one could be so singular as to become teetotal without being more or less ridiculous, and that the fatigues, excitement and wear and tear of political society life especially, made the use of wine, in great moderation of course, absolutely a necessity. I entered the lists, scarcely knowing why, and declared I did not believe this theory. At last the question was pressed more closely. My friend, who had begun it, said that he did not believe even 'you, yourself, Lady Macdonald, could or would give up your glass of sherry at dinner.'

I asked 'why not?' And he went over with great force and clearness all the specious and dangerous arguments that are urged in support of drinking wine in moderation, ending with the remark that in Sir John's public position my being a total abstainer would do him great harm politically. This seemed too monstrous, so I said (emptying my half glass of sherry into the finger glass as I said so) 'Well, I will try; henceforward I enter the ranks of the total abstainers, and drink to our success in water.' Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine. In health I can do my life's work without any aid from dangerous stimulants; in sickness I have invariably and positively refused to touch it. My life is a very busy one; I have sometimes, for weeks together days of constant occupation and nights almost all sitting up. Politics are exciting and fatiguing, and every temptation to try stimulants is to be found in the late nights of listening to debates, and the constant necessity of being up to the mark late and early. I have had a great deal of nursing to do with a delicate husband and child, and this often during our busiest society season; and yet I have never sought strength from wine at any single moment, and my health is far better than that of so many of my friends who take a glass of wine, or a little beer just to give them a little strength. Thus I give you my experience, so far as it goes, to show that stimulant is not necessary in the station of life where it is unfortunately most commonly used. So far as mental and bodily fatigue go, I have tested the possibility of doing without stimulant to the fullest extent, in long anxious hours over sick beds, in sudden disaster, in long watchings and journeys where food was uninviting, and in many fatiguing and very ungenial society claims.

When I told my husband my decision, and that our friend had said that it would hurt his prospects politically. Sir John answered with a laugh, 'O, I will risk the prospects; you can be a total abstainer if you like.' My example can and ought to help many similarly situated. My husband's long public career and position only second to that of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, makes our family a prominent one in Canada.

"Our greatest troubles," says Jean Paul, "can rob us of nothing but life, and death gives us the sweet rest that life has denied."

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at 400 Radout Street, London, Ont., by J. F. Latimer, to whom all contributions and correspondence should be sent.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE fifty cents per annum in advance.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received. Now is the time to do something toward extending the circulation of THE FAMILY CIRCLE. Let each subscriber please try to get one more to subscribe. It will help us wonderfully.

Subscriptions may be sent in three, two, or one cent postage stamps, when paper money is not at hand.

To anyone renewing his or her subscription and sending another, with \$1.00, we will send (free of postage) "Gems of Fancy Cookery," containing many of the choicest recipes heretofore published.

### AGENTS WANTED,

to whom an unusually large commission will be given, including the following

#### VALUABLE PREMIUMS:

A fine Gold Watch to the Agent who sends in the most paid subscriptions. A Silver Watch to the second best. A Gold Pencil Case, or a Fountain Pen valued at \$4, to the third best. These or similar premiums will be given again at the close of the fourth volume.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, giving their former as well as their new address; as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "Removed," "not found," "vacant house," "not called for," &c. We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and do all in our power to enable them to do so, by mailing correctly to the address given us.

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

### Beware of Impure Water.

Most people are as carelessly indifferent concerning the character of the water they drink as of the air they breathe, though these two articles are of greater importance to life than any others, and when impure, are more productive of harm to the human system than impurities received in any other way. Few, however, have reached such a state of indifference to dirt as that of the Vienna professor, a Dr. Emerich, who drank daily from the dirtiest ditch accessible to him, and declared that he was benefited, healthwise, by so doing. Such foolhardy experiments prove nothing except that the experimenter is tough or lucky. Modern science has established the fact that dirt is an inveterate foe to health, and in no form is it more dangerous than in drinking-water. Inorganic or mineral dirt is of little consequence, as it is seldom productive of disease unless long used; but organic filth is the well-known cause of many serious and often fatal maladies, even when used in the most transient manner.

Among the most useful discoveries of modern chemistry are reliable methods for testing water for these poisonous organic impurities. Two of the most simple and useful are the following:—

Dissolve in a little pure water a few crystals of nitrate of silver. Add the solution to a tablespoonful of the water to be tested. If a milky appearance is produced, the water contains chlorides in considerable quantity, which is very unusual in inland wells or springs, except in salt districts, the most likely source being contamination with human excreta from a privy vault or a cesspool. The more dense the milky appearance, the greater the quantity of chloride contained in the water, and the greater its unfitness for use. If it is in any degree marked, the water should be considered dangerous.

A second method which is still more reliable is the permanganate of potash. One drop of this solution should be added to a glass of water to be tested. A delicate pink tint will be produced if the water is pure, and will not disappear for several hours. If the water is impure, the color will speedily disappear. The solution should be added one drop at a time, as the color disappears, until the pink tinge

remains. The number of drops added indicates the degree of impurity. It may be taken as a safe rule that if the color produced by two drops of the solution disappears in fifteen minutes, the water is too impure to be safely used.

The danger of contamination of water is so great that no one should think of using water from any source, without occasional testing to determine its purity.

### Relapses in Typhoid Fever.

Some people depend wholly on domestic treatment in typhoid fever. They seem to be successful; for, in the large majority of cases—eight out of ten—the system usually throws it off wholly apart from medicine, especially if there is a strong circulation of pure air in the room, and the body is frequently sponged with cold water, or better, with a weak solution of common soda. The fact, however, that one cannot know beforehand the character of the case, makes it always safest in the hands of a faithful physician who can watch it and care for it according to the symptoms.

This seems the more important in view of the discovery recently made by the late Dr. Irvine, of England, respecting relapses of typhoid fever, of which the *London Lancet* says, "To most of us it must come like a revelation."

He has shown that these most troublesome contingencies are much more frequent than is generally supposed by the profession; that in fact, there are often several, the first predisposing to a second; that a real relapse may set in without any interval of convalescence; and that many cases of the disease, when they first come under the notice of the physician, are relapses, following upon a mild primary attack.

The fever normally lasts twenty-eight days. A first relapse, where there are no complications, lasts twenty or twenty-one days; subsequent relapses are each shorter than that immediately preceding. The interval of convalescence, between the first attack and the relapses, averages about five days, during which the temperature is natural, or nearly so.

The onset of the relapse is marked by a sudden rise of temperature, which reaches its height by the fifth day, maintaining a high level until the eighth or ninth, when it falls decidedly, but again rises and gradually declines to the end on the twentieth or twenty-first day.

### The Feet.

Of all parts of the body, there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. Every one knows from experience that colds, and many other diseases that proceed from the same are attributable to cold feet. The feet are such a distance from the "wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked in them. You see all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated there is no part of the body so much trilled with as the feet. The young and would-be genteel-footed, cramp their feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. Now this is very wrong. In cold weather, boots of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, and large enough to give free circulation of the blood in the feet, should be worn by all. They should be water-tight, but not air-tight. It injures the feet to wear an air-tight covering over them. India-rubber shoes or boots should not be worn except in wet and slushy weather, and then taken off as soon as the exposure to it is over. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering which entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outward, and the moderate passage of the air inward to the skin. There is one great evil against which every person should be on the guard, and it is one which is seldom guarded. We mean the changing of warm for cold boots or shoes. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. It is a dangerous practice, and many an individual has suffered hours of illness because of it.

Prudence in working, temperance in eating and drinking, and as much sleep as possible—these are three main conditions of health and vigor in the hot season.

## Dr. Clark on Alcohol.

In an address recently delivered in London, Dr. Andrew Clark, for twenty-five years physician to the London Hospital, gave utterance to the following sentiments well worthy of consideration as coming from a man whose opportunities for observation have been so ample as to enable him to form reliable opinions on this subject.

He first stated that alcohol is a poison, like arsenic, strychnia, and opium, and in nine cases out of ten it produces distinctly injurious effects upon those who use it.

"As to the influence of alcohol upon work, Dr. Clark encouraged his hearers to try the experiment of total abstinence, and observe the result in regard to work. Let them, however, try it fairly, and not allow themselves to be deterred from it by the evil prognostications of friends. He was certain that if this experiment were tried, each individual present would come to the conclusion that alcohol was not a helper of work, but on the contrary a hinderer.

"Now as to the effects of alcohol upon disease. He went through the wards of his hospital to-day and asked himself how many cases were due to natural and unavoidable causes, and how many to drink, and he came, after careful thought, to the conclusion that *seven out of ten owed their ill-health to alcohol*. He did not say that these were excessive drinkers or drunkards—in fact, it was not the drunkards who suffered most from alcohol, but the moderate drinker who exceeded the physiological quantity. The drunkard very often was an abstainer for months together after a period of intemperance, but the moderate drinker went steadily to work undermining his constitution, and preparing himself for premature decay and death. He had no means of finding out how many victims alcohol claimed each year, but certainly more than three-fourths of the disorders of fashionable life arose from the drug of which he was speaking. Finally, Dr. Clark dwelt upon the heredity of the alcoholic taint, and closed by saying that sometimes, when he thought of all this conglomeration of evils, he was disposed to give up his profession, to give up everything, and to enter upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men everywhere to beware of this enemy of the race."

## An Appalling Fact.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell talks plainly to the ladies. She says "the waste of time, the waste of strength and health which women accept on account of fashion is appalling. The shoes of women have pegs for heels, half way under the foot, on which they walk with a tottering, hobbling gait, like Chinese women. Frills, fringes, cords, straps, buttons, pull-backs and flounces, supposed to be ornamental, but which have no other use, burden and deform even our young girls. If the rising generation is to be healthy, there must be a return to the simpler as well as more becoming styles. We need artists who can devise simple and beautiful dresses, which shall secure to the wearer the free and untrammelled use of the whole body."

**FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.**—Take epsom salts and water, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of the salts to one-half tumbler of water, or milk and water, and bathe the eyelids every few minutes until the inflammation has abated. It is harmless, soothing, and cooling, and I consider it an invaluable remedy.

**COUGH SYRUP.**—An ounce each of flaxseed, stick licorice, slippery elm, and thoroughwort. Simmer these all together in one quart of water till the strength is extracted, then strain and add one pint of the best molasses, and one-half pound of loaf sugar. Simmer again twenty minutes. This syrup has been used for years in cases of every kind of severe coughs, with perfect success. Enough cannot be said in favor of it.

**TO REMOVE MOTH PATCHES.**—Put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur, better still of lac sulphur, ground, as being more finely comminuted, in a pint bottle of rum. Apply to the patches once a day, and they will disappear in two or three weeks. The moth patch is a vegetable fungus, and sulphur is a sure destructive.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

**BOILED CHICKEN.**—Clean and split open the chicken, and broil it on the gridiron over a clear fire. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, spread it with the best fresh butter, and serve on a hot platter with a few sprigs of watercress around it. Serve lettuce salad with it. Dress the salad with oil, salt, pepper, and vinegar.

**CHICKEN PIE.**—Take two full-grown chickens (or more if they are small), disjoint them, and cut the backbone, etc., as small as convenient. Boil them, with a few slices of salt pork, in water enough to cover them; let them boil quite tender; then take out the breast-bone. After they boil, and the scum is taken off, put in a little onion, cut very fine, not enough to taste distinctly, but just enough to flavor a little; rub some parsley very fine when dry; or cut fine when green; this gives a pleasant flavor. Season well with pepper and salt, and a few ounces of good fresh butter. When all is cooked well, have liquid enough to cover the chicken; then beat up two eggs, and stir in, also some sweet cream. Line a five-quart pan with a crust made like soda biscuit, only more shortening; put in the chicken and liquid; then cover with crust the same as the lining. Make an opening for the steam to escape. Bake till the crust is done, and you will have a good chicken pie.

**DAWY CAKE.**—Four and a half tea cups of flour, two and a half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup of sweet milk, five eggs, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, cream, butter and sugar; beat the eggs separately; bake in gem pans.

**GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.**—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of sweet milk, four of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda and four eggs; take the whites for silver cake and the yolks for the gold.

**MOUNTAIN DEW CAKE.**—One cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful butter, flavor with lemon, two-thirds cup of milk, two cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in four jelly tins; put frosting between the layers.

**FEATHER CAKE.**—One cup sugar, one cup milk, one tablespoonful butter, one egg, two and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda. Flavor to taste with nutmeg or lemon.

**FRENCH CAKE.**—Five tumblers sifted flour, three of white sugar, one-half tumbler butter, one tumbler milk, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little water; mix well; beat three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separate, one teaspoonful nutmeg; beat all well for ten minutes; bake in a moderate oven.

**LEMON PIE.**—Two lemons, three eggs, two cups sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together; add the rind, grated, and the butter; pour into the crust and bake in quick oven; then beat the whites of the eggs into a froth; add three tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar, spread over the top smoothly and let it brown slowly.

**GREEN CORN PUDDING.**—Grate a dozen ears of corn; season with a teaspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of white pepper; add the yolks of four eggs, beating them well in; two tablespoonfuls of butter, warmed; a quantity of milk, and last, the whites of the four eggs, well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour, covering with a piece of letter paper if it brown too quickly.

**GREEN CORN FOR WINTER.**—Cut the corn from the cob (raw) before it gets too hard; to each gallon of cut corn add two scant tea cups of salt, pack tightly in a jar (don't be afraid of getting the jar too large), cover with a cloth, put a heavy weight to keep the corn under the brine which soon forms; now the most important part is to wash the cloth every morning for two weeks or the corn will taste queer. If the corn is too salty, freshen before cooking. This is as good as canned corn, and is much easier put up. I put tomatoes in jugs and seal with good corks and sealing wax; get a large funnel, and you can put up as fast and much as you please.—Ez.

### How to Tell a Good Potato.

Here is a good place in which to impart what is a secret to the vast majority of people, and it is one well worth knowing. It is simply how to tell a good potato, that is, as well as it can be done without cooking it, for sometimes even experts are deceived. Take a sound potato, and paying no attention to its outward appearance, divide it into two pieces with your knife and examine the exposed surfaces. If there is so much water or "juice" that seemingly a slight pressure would cause it to fall off in drops, you may be sure it will be "soggy" after it is boiled. The requisite qualities for a good potato which must appear when one is cut in two—for color a yellowish white; if it is a deep yellow the potato will not cook well; there must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not too much; rub the two pieces together and a white froth will appear around the edges and upon the two surfaces; this signifies the presence of starch, and the more starch, and consequently froth, the better the potato, while the less there is the poorer it will cook. The strength of the starchy element can be tested by releasing the hold upon one piece of the potato, and if it still clings to the other, this in itself is a very good sign. These are the experiments generally made by experts, and they are ordinarily willing to buy on the strength of their turning out well, though, as stated above, these tests are by no means infallible. So a San Francisco paper tells us.

To take the woody taste out of a wooden pail, fill the pail with boiling hot water; let it remain until cold, then empty it and dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it and wash the inside well with the solution; after that, scald with hot water and rinse well.

### PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

#### The Declaration.

What makes my heart so wildly throb?  
I'm glad, not sorry—yet I sob;  
What ails me that I cannot rest?  
He told me what I partly guessed.

Why will the tears o'erflow my eyes?  
It must have been the glad surprise:  
Surprise to find I rightly guessed,  
Delight to hear he loved me best.

A sudden joy affects like grief;  
But with joy's tumult comes relief  
To feel all tears are set at rest,  
As when he drew me to his breast.

Sir George says he don't wonder his sweetie is afraid of lightning—she's so awfully attractive.

"A red flag is a danger signal," said old Uncle Zadkins. "I know it is, for I found it out by waving a red flag at a bull."

A great many people's morality resembles sign posts at corners of country roads. They point in the right direction but they don't budge an inch themselves.

A lady put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there, all the time, was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all.

**PUNNING UPON NAMES.**—On being told that Bishop Goodenough was appointed to preach before the House of Lords, a wag wrote:

'Tis well enough that Goodenough  
Before the Lords should preach:  
For sure enough they're bad enough  
He undertakes to teach.

When the above most respectable prelate was made a bishop, a certain dignitary, whom the public had expected would get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new bishop, replied, "Because I was not Goodenough." The pun is perfect in its way.

A rather verdant young man, conceited and consoriorious, while talking to a young lady, at a party, pointed towards a couple that he supposed to be in another room, and said, "Just look at that conceited young prig! Isn't it perfectly absurd for such boys to go into society?" "Why," exclaimed his companion, "that isn't a door; it's a mirror!"

A Buffalo girl will not have her wedding dress made in that city, for fear somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe.

**IN A RESTAURANT.**—*Gent* (to the waiter)—Bring me some grammatical and typographical errors. *Waiter* (looking puzzled at first, but recovering in a moment his usual serenity)—we're just out of them, sir. *Gent*—Then what do you mean by keeping them on your bill of fare?

**HOW MRS. SMITH ESCAPED SEASICKNESS.**—"Strange!" said Mrs. Smith, as Mrs. Brown concluded the tale of her terrible seasickness; "strange that going on the water should have made you so sick! Why, I am never seasick." "Aren't you?" replied Mrs. Brown; "I suppose you are an old sailor." "No, indeed!" Mrs. Smith responded; "I never was on the water in my life." Mrs. Brown: "O!"

At a recent examination in a girl's school the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of Government?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. A little girl in the class raised her hand. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Salie, what do you say the answer is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came, "Civilized, half civilized, and savage."

Horne Tooke, when at Eton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the master. "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne, however, persisted, and the master flogged. After the punishment, the master quoted the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied, "I know that very well, but you did not ask for the rule; you demanded the reason."

There is an awful state of affairs in a little Michigan town, where a type-setter substituted the word "widows" for "windows." The editor wrote: "The windows of the church need washing badly. They are too dirty for any use, and are a disgrace to our village."

As weeds grow fastest in fat soil, so our corruptions grow and thrive most when our natural state is most prosperous. Therefore God's love and care of us constrain Him sometimes to use severe discipline and to cut us short in our temporal enjoyment.

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed. made to feel his need of God—to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence he is no better off in this world than a lost child in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent.

A man's greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, arrogance to the lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say.

**YOUTH IN OLD AGE.**—Longfellow the poet thus writes on growing old: "To those who ask how I can write so many things that sound as if I were a boy, please say that there is in this neighborhood, or neighboring town, a pear-tree planted by Gov. Endicott, two hundred years old, and that it still bears fruit not to be distinguished from the young tree flavor. I suppose the tree makes new wood every year, so that part of it is always young. Perhaps that is the way with some men when they grow old. I hope it is so with me."

**STRAY THOUGHTS.**—A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

The great truth that needs to be taught to every child, impressed upon every youth, and established in every mind, is that the basis of all happiness is loyalty to truth and right.

**WAITING TO SEE HIM OFF.**—A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was a-dreamin' that I was going to California, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell as I was going in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was awaiting to see Tom off!"

### It Will Out.

In the reign of Louis XIV. a certain brilliant abbe was one of a large party who had assembled round the royal supper-table. There were clever talkers, sharp dealers in epigram, skilful bandiers of compliment and repartee. One lady, famous for her wit, being asked to name the three sights that gave her the greatest pleasure, replied, "A great general on a war horse, a great preacher on a platform, and a great thief on a gallows."

The abbe added to the mirth of the evening by telling of the adventures of a gay and memorable career. "I remember," he said, "very well the first penitent who came to my confessional. I was young then, and little accustomed to hear the secrets of court life. It was a murderer who told me the secret of his crime." The abbe was pressed to tell the tale, or to give a clew to the culprit; but he kept a guarded and wary silence.

Presently "in came one of the most trusty of the king's favorites. "Ah, M. l'Abbe," he said—recognizing an old friend; "gentlemen, I was the first penitent whom the abbe ever shrived, and I promise you, when I told him my story, he heard what astonished him!"

That night the nobleman was carried to the Bastille, and the evidences of a crime, committed thirty years before, was complete, and the culprit detected.

Royalty can make puns as well as other beings. The Queen, when Princess Victoria, was one day reading the Roman History to her noble preceptress, the Duchess of Northumberland. It happened to be the passage where a Roman lady, having visited Cornelia, "the mother of the Gracchi," after the custom of the time displayed her casket of precious stones, and called upon the Roman matron to produce her jewels in return, when Cornelia brought forward her children, exclaiming, with maternal pride, "These are my jewels!" The little princess here laid down the book, and, looking up into the face of the duchess, said, "Jewels! Now I think they must have been cornelians!"

The organ-blower in a London church, recently, fell asleep during the service, of which fact the audience soon became conscious by his vigorous blowing of his own organ. Rev. Arthur Hall, the preacher, after bearing it for a while, stopped and remarked: "I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to any body's repose. But, while proud of being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it distinctly understood that I draw the line at snores. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him." The offender was quickly roused.

It is related of an Aberdeen minister, whose preaching was very rambling, and "through-ither," that observing one of his hearers, as he fancied, sound asleep, he paused in his discourse and shouted out, "John Tamson! sit up; ye're sleeping." "I'm no sleepin'," was the rejoinder. "But ye were." "I wasna." "Weel, tell me what I said last." "I cannot do that," said John, with a sarcastic grin; "can ye do that yourself?"

### Standing by Orders.

During the siege of Paris in 1870 M. Arthur Rane was Mayor of the Ninth Arrondissement. One night, when a sortie had been made, the streets were crowded with people anxious to learn news from the battlefield.

With great difficulty M. Rane forced his way to the door of his office, but there two sentries crossed their bayonets before him.

"No one can pass in here without an order from the Mayor!"

"But, I say, I'm the Mayor!"

"That makes no difference—you can't pass in here without an order."

Thereupon M. Rane gravely drew out his pocket-book and wrote on a leaf:

"Allow me to pass. (Signed), Rane, Mayor," which precious order he handed to the sentry.

"Ah, that's all right! Pass in, sir! Our orders were imperative, you know!"

**CALLING ON A DEAD FRIEND.**—La Fontaine, the French fabulist, was remarkable for absence of mind. The following comical anecdote illustrates this habit. Once upon a time, while engaged upon his Fables, he lost, by death, one of his nearest and dearest friends; and he not only attended the funeral, but acted as pall-bearer. After he had given the last of the copy of his compilation to the printer, and had time on his hands for recreation, he thought he would call upon a few of his cherished friends; and the first to receive his attention was the man whose funeral he had attended a few weeks previously. He rang at the door, and of the porter who answered the summons, he asked to see his master. The man looked at him in surprise.

"Has monsieur forgotten?"

"Eh? Is not this the place?"

"It is the place; but do you forget that *M. le Prefet* is dead?"

"Why!" cried La Fontaine, elevating his eyebrows in simple, childlike astonishment. "Bless me, so he is!—I attended his funeral, didn't I?—What a mistake!—You need not call him!—Good-day!"

### A Sporting Parson.

A curious story is told by Land and Water of an English parson of the sporting school: A marriage ceremony had been fixed; but it was a fine September morning, the clergyman loved his gun, and so, forgetful of the momentous knot he was to be the instrument of tying, he sauntered forth into the stubbles of his glebe. He had not been out long before he got a shot, but scarcely had he done when he heard the well-known voice of the parish clerk shouting after him, "Sir, the young people be ready, and be at the church a-waiting."

"Bless me," said the old gentleman, "I forgot, I'll be there in a moment." He hastily picked up the partridge he had shot, and putting it in his pocket, he hurried to the church.

In the midst of the ceremony, something was seen to be fluttering under his surplice; and in a moment, to the astonishment of every body, out from its folds flew the partridge, for it had been more stunned than killed.

"O, dear! there goes the bird," involuntarily exclaimed the vicar. "It's all right, sir," replied the clerk; "she can't get out, and she's gone into the Squire's pew."

### Made His Fortune:

QUANG LONG GOES BACK TO CHINA A MILLIONNAIRE.

Among the passengers that boarded the Western-bound train last evening was Quang Long, Esq., the washerman of Seventh Street. Seeing the reporter, he became clamorous

for a "personal," which he wanted inserted in this issue without any "dam foolce."

"Going far, Quang?" asked the reporter.

"Going home," was the sententious reply.

"Not to China?"

"Yes."

The reporter looked at Quang's ticket, and saw it was good for San Francisco, and on to the port of Shanghai, in the Celestial Empire. The pagan and reporter sat down to exchange farewells. In their conversation Quang stated that he had made enough money in Erie to support him and his family in affluence the remainder of his life. He had been nearly six years in America, and had worked most industriously to attain the competency with which he was now retiring from business. Sewn up in the lining of his pants he had \$2,200 in bills of \$100 denominations. This sum he will pay into the Chinese Bank, at California, in which he has already quite a respectable sum deposited, and will get a draft for the whole on a Chinese "money house," as he terms it. In a little pocket near the concealed bills he wears a sharp-pointed dagger, and behind him he carries an arsenal of assorted firearms that not only impede his locomotion, but will make it risky for those who share the same car with him.

He says the fortune he has made in washing shirts will be as good as millions, and henceforth he will be a big man—a boss among his fellows. In his satchel he had quite a collection of spurious nickel, bronze and silver coins which had been "shoved" on to him by unprincipled patrons before he became civilized to the extent of knowing good from bad money.

"Going to give these to your children, when you have them, I suppose?" remarked the reporter. Quang shook his head, and looked knowing.

"Me going to pass 'em on Chincemen in San Faugsisko just come over," said he. And then the reporter apologized for calling Quang a pagan.—*Erie Despatch.*

A philosopher who speaks from experience says: "If you drink wine you will walk in winding ways; if you carry too much beer, the bier will carry you; if you drink brandy punches, you will get punched; and if you always get the best of whiskey, whiskey will always get the best of you."

The thoughts which bring forth actions, the actions which, repeating themselves, become habits, the habits which form character, the character which is built into us and becomes our real selves—these are the threads out of which is woven the true happiness or the true woe of life, and from which they never can be separated. "Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are."

### CORRESPONDENT'S COLUMN.

In the June number of "THE FAMILY CIRCLE" a lady reader asks for instructions how to make a switch from hair combings. As no answer has appeared yet, I will undertake to tell how I make mine. You will need to have a lot of time and patience to get the combings ready for weaving. I know of no other way than just drawing the hairs out a few at a time. Then take four threads (good strong silk twist is the best), twist them hard, fasten them on a nail on the left hand side of a window; fasten three of them on three nails two inches apart on the right side of the window. Now take about a dozen hairs, one and a half inches from the end you wish to weave in, holding in the left hand. Weave in back of under thread, front of two uppers, back of two upper, front of under, back of under, front of two upper, back of upper front of centre, back of under. Then draw the long part until the short end is about an inch long, keep hold with the left hand and push up tight with the right.

Now take the fourth thread and work button hole stitch over the hair in centre thread, drawing up tight. This keeps the hair firm and in its place. When wove about twenty-four inches long, or as long as you wish, twist a boot lace or cord hard, sew the bottom end of the switch to one end of the string, twist the switch around the cord, keeping both tight until the top, then fasten and comb out with a coarse comb. Make three of these for a braid. Try it.

ANNA.

—Exchange.

### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

#### Going for the Cows.

The western skies were all aglow  
With clouds of red and gray,  
The crickets in the grassy fields  
Were chirping merrily,  
When up the lane and o'er the hill  
I saw a maiden roam,  
Who went her way at close of day  
To call the cattle home:  
Co-boss—co-boss!  
Co-boss—co-boss!  
Come home—come home!

The echo of her charming voice  
Resounded through the vale;  
It lingered on the evening air,  
It floated on the gale;  
'Twas borne along the mountain-side,  
It drifted through the glen;  
It died away among the hills,  
Far from the haunts of men:  
Co-boss—co-boss!  
Co-boss—co-boss!  
Come home—come home!

Her face was flushed with hues of health,  
Her arms and feet were bare;  
She had a lithe and active form,  
A wealth of ebon hair.  
Beyond the hill she passed from sight,  
As sinks a falling star,  
Until her voice was faintly heard  
Still calling from afar:  
Co-boss—co-boss!  
Co-boss—co-boss!  
Come home—come home!

Soon o'er the distant knoll appeared  
The cattle, red and brown,  
And from the pasture to the lane  
Came gayly trotting down.  
With sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow  
Returned the maiden gay,  
Who waved her arms and shouted low:  
Whay-boss—whay-boss—O whay!  
Whay-boss—whay-boss!  
Whay-boss—whay-boss!  
O whay—O whay!

—Eugene J. Hall.

#### Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,  
Boys of muscle, brain and power,  
Fit to cope with anything—  
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,  
That all trouble magnify—  
Not the watchword of "I can't,"  
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do  
With a true and earnest zeal;  
Bend your sinews to the task,  
Put your shoulders to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,  
Look not on it as an ill;  
If it be an honest task,  
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil, on the farm,  
Wherever you may be,  
From your future efforts boys,  
Comes a nation's destiny.

## Bennie and Blossom.

"I thought, Mr. Allan, that when I gave my Bennie to this country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I knew that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was? I know he only fell asleep one little second,—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was not as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours, the telegram said—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope, with his Heavenly Father."

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!"

"I should be ashamed, Father, Bennie said, when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm—and he held it out so proudly before me—for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow."

"Go then—go, my boy, I said, and God keep you! God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead, Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, Father, it might have been on the battlefield, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances—time to write to you, our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I died as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now; God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-bye, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better—better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said solemnly—"Amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all. Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is that you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went up to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and banded Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this despatch at once."

The President then turned to the little girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened to the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way back to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of the boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: "The Lord be praised!"

### How to be a Gentleman.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down with rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and thought that his anger proved him to be a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman I should think you would be a gentle-boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he has got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons do not keep a boy from being a gentleman, but a bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must first be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what is the matter between you and Will this morning?" he asked.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and I missed him, and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Then, when he threw stones at you, why did you not throw back?"

"Because, sir, mother says to be a gentleman I must be a gentle boy; and thought it best to keep out of his way until he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, but kept the boys in mind. He lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all—*Children's Friend*.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Nightfall.

Lie still, O heart!

Crush out thy vainness and unreach'd desires.

Mark how the sunset-fires,  
Which kindled all the west with red and gold,  
Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow  
Of the receding day whose tale is told.

Stay, stay thy questionings; what would'st thou know,  
O anxious heart?

Soft is the air;

And not a leaflet rustles to the ground  
To break the calm around.  
Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;  
The world is full of flowers even yet,  
Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest.

Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;  
Day is for care.

Now, turn to God.

Night is too beautiful for us to cling  
To selfish sorrowing.  
O memory! the grass is ever green  
Above thy grave, but we have brighter things  
Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I ween.  
Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath wings  
To leave the sod.

The thought of night,

That comes to us like breath of primrose-time,  
That comes like the sweet rhyme  
Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,  
And stirs the angel that is in us—night,  
Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.  
Hush! for the heavens with starlets are alight.  
Thank God for night!

—Harriet Kendall.

#### The Telegraph Alphabet.

- A— A dot and dash is A,  
B— A dash and three dots B,  
C— Two dots, a space, and one dot, C,  
D— A dash and two dots, D.

- E— One single dot is E,  
F— For F, a dot, dash, dot,  
G— Two dashes and a dot for G,  
H— H, four dots you allot.

- I— Two dots will stand for I,  
J— A dash, dot, dash, dot, J,  
K— For K, a dash, dot, dash you try,  
L— A long dash L always.

- M— Two dashes M demands,  
N— A dash and dot for N;  
O— A dot, and space, and dot, O stands,  
P— Five dots for P, act ten.

- Q— Two dots, dash, dot, are Q,  
R— A dot, space, two dots, R;  
S— For S three dots will always do,  
T— One dash is T thus far.

- U— Two dots, a dash for U,  
V— Three dots, a dash, make V;  
W— A dot, two dashes, W,  
X— Dot, dash, two dots, X see.

- Y— Two dots, space, two dots, Y,  
Z— Three dots, space, dot, are Ze;  
&— A dot, space, three dots, & imply,  
Period— A period is U D.

#### Threatening Children.

Being once in company with a mother and her three children, we observed one of them, a boy about six years old, who was particularly unruly and mischievous. At one act of his rudeness his mother, being somewhat excited, turned to him and threatened to punish him severely if he should repeat it. In a few minutes the little fellow did precisely the same thing, and as the mother did not notice it, we ventured to say to him: "Did you not hear your mother say she would punish you, if you did that again?" The urchin, with the expression of a bravado on his countenance, quickly replied: "I'm not afraid; mother often says she'll whip me, but she don't do it." The mother smiled, as if her little boy had really said a smart thing; but, alas! she was teaching him a lesson of insubordination which would probably make her heartache. Mother, never unnecessarily threaten; but when you do threaten, be careful not to falsify your word.

#### The Problem of Unbelief.

The problem of Christianity may seem great and deep; but the problems of unbelief are greater and deeper still. And not the least problem is the impossibility of answering the question: "Shall I find elsewhere any real peace or rest of soul, if I leave Christ? To whom shall I go? Where in all the world shall I find a more excellent way than that of faith in Jesus? Where is the personal friend who will supply this place?" Give me a thousand thousand times the old Evangelical Christianity with all its difficult facts and doctrines—the incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection, the ascension—than the cold barren creed of the Socinian or the deist, or the cheerless negations of modern unbelief. Give me the religion of texts and hymns and simple faith, which satisfies thousands, rather than the dreary void of speculative philosophy, which thoroughly satisfies none.

#### Take Care of the Pennies.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop in a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth;

many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings-bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

#### Individual Rights.

Granting all that men can claim of "personal liberty" in the matter of strong drink, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has this to say to those who, by using their liberty, are causing others to stumble:—

"When I look out upon the throngs and throngs of young men that come down, half-apparelled, to this great city; when I see every form of pleasure and business urging men to indulgence in the accursed cup; when I see hundreds and thousands perish every year; when it is an open secret, known and read of men at large, that all causes of mistake, and stumbling, and sickness, and vice, and crime, and utter destruction, for time and for eternity, put together, are not equal to the danger that comes from the intoxicating cup, can I or any Christian man say, 'It is a matter of my own private convenience what I eat or drink or wear?' I vindicate your right, but I lay the law of God's judgment upon you. You are bound to use your rights so that they shall not hurt anybody."

#### Bad Work.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right: thee drink and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I will tell thee something that will do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make thee work."

Squib's boy has been for some months an inmate of a lawyer's office. He entered with the determination, as he announced to his family, to become Secretary of State. There would seem to be some probability of his succeeding to judge from the following note sent the other day to his anxious mother, who had inquired why he did not come home to see her oftener: "The impossibility of my absence will be readily apparent when I convey the intelligence that my senior principal is, at the current juncture, exhaustively engaged in the preparation of a voluminous series of intercalatory interrogatories to be propounded to a supposedly recalcitrant witness whose testimony is of cardinal importance in the initial stages of an approaching preliminary investigation involving the most momentous consequences."

#### Reversing the Wheels.

Experiments lately made at Blackburn, with a train made up in imitation of that of the express which ran into the train standing in Brighton station, to test the statement of the driver that he reversed his engine as soon as he found the brakes did not check his train, are of some interest, though they elicited the fact that the reversal of an engine of a train running at a high velocity has but a very small effect in reducing the speed. A high speed was attained, and the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile before reaching the station, but the train ran through the station at about twenty miles an hour, and had to be stopped by the brakes. Locomotive driving wheels, when running the reverse way, are not effective in stopping a train. The experiment shows how little can be gained by reversing an engine under such circumstances.

#### The Cows are in the Corn.

Oh! father's gone to market town,  
He was up before the day;  
And Jamie's after robin's nests,  
And the man is making hay;  
And whistling down the hollow goes  
The boy that minds the mill,  
While mother from the kitchen door,  
Is calling with a will:

Polly! Polly!  
The cows are in the corn!  
Polly! Polly!  
The cows are in the corn

From all the misty morning air,  
There comes a summer sound,  
A murmur, as of waters, comes  
From ships, and trees, and ground;  
The birds they sing upon the wing,  
The pigeons bill and coo,  
And over hills and hollow rings,  
Again the loud halloo!

How strange at such a time of day,  
The mill should stay its clatter,  
The farmer's wife is listening now,  
And wonders what's the matter!  
Oh! wild the birds are singing in  
The woodland on the hill,  
While whistling up the hollow goes  
The boy that minds the mill!

In considering what constitutes a call to preach, the Golden Rule says: Any comprehensive answer would include a sound body, good health, a good voice, a pleasing address a sound mind, a good judgment, aptness to teach, accompanied by an equal aptness to learn, and, withal, a heart quick in its sympathies, earnest in its purposes, and loyal to the truth as a needle to the pole. The will should be stiff as the oak before all evil influences, and lithe as the willow before all heavenly influences. Great capacity to yield to the wishes of others is an excellence; but it should be accompanied by an equal power to mould others, so that they shall wish for good things. Then the power to make all due allowance for the prejudices of others is a very convenient gift for the pastor of a church. The young man who finds himself thoroughly furnished in these particulars has a very urgent call to preach. For the world's need of preaching from just such men is a very urgent need. Theological seminaries cannot make them; their credentials are of divine origin, but the seminaries are very glad to get them for students.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.—Ex-Senator Merrimon, of North Carolina, is reported to have said recently in a speech at a prohibitory meeting in Reidsville, in that State: "I have never meddled with liquor! I have never drunk it, have hardly kept it as medicine in my family, and yet it has meddled with me, has made my boy a wandering vagabond, has broken my wife's heart; yes, when I was asleep thinking him at home in the house, he was being made a drunkard in the bar-rooms of Raleigh."

GOOD DEEDS.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in the darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as stars in heaven.—Sel.

**NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.**—A very curious accident happened last Wednesday afternoon on the Avenue des Champs-Elysees at the hour when fashionable Paris—or rather what remnant of fashionable Paris is still within the walls of the city—was moving toward the drives in the Bois de Boulogne. A handsome phaeton, drawn by two slow black horses and driven by a lady, was pursuing this direction, when suddenly an enormous mastiff who was going the other way in charge of a man-servant, dashed toward the carriage, leaped at a single bound, and fell to covering the lady with caresses. In her natural surprise the lady dropped the reins, the alarmed horses dashed madly off, and after a few seconds one of the animals stumbled, overthrowing the carriage, almost breaking the coachman's head and breaking the lady's arm. As to the poor dog, whose violent affection had been the cause of the accident, he was killed on the spot. The lady, on recovering her senses, recognized the dog as having belonged to her formerly, and as having been stolen from her about a year ago. It is needless to say that this curious episode caused some excitement among the promenaders in the Champs-Elysees, and perhaps under the circumstances it is very fortunate that the only victim was the dog.—*Paris American Register.*

**THE TRICK WIFE.**—Ofttimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel, still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with heart of fire and of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-necked, full-freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### Bank of England Notes.

Bank of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each individual workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence, consequently there never has been a duplicate bank note except by forgery. The stock of paid notes for seven years is said to amount to 94,000,000, and to fill 10,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would cover over three miles in extent.

**WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.**—Fourteen years ago a Mr. Sterling, of Monroe, Michigan, planted two gate posts of white oak in front of his residence. When they were set he bored into the top of each with an inch and a half auger a hole three inches deep, filled it with common salt, tightly plugged it, and copped the posts. Having occasion recently to change the location of the posts, he found them as sound from top to bottom as the day they were planted.

**THE HOLY FLOWER.**—There is at present, in the conservatory of the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco, an attraction of unusual interest. The *Peristeria Etala*, or Holy Ghost flower, which recently commenced to bud, has within a few days blossomed. In the center of the blossom of this extraordinary plant is, in miniature, the figure of a dove, the color being of snowy whiteness, excepting the wings, which are tinged with brown, in the attitude of drinking from a little white font. The larger petals of the flower bend about the remarkable figure like an oval frame around some piece of delicate wax-work. The plant now in the east wing of the conservatory

is a remarkably large specimen, the stock on which are the blossoms being 5½ feet tall, and having fifteen well-defined buds, another stalk, growing from the same bulb, being 5 feet tall, and having twelve buds. This remarkable plant will continue to put forth blossoms for from six weeks to two months, when the parent bulb will die, leaving two small bulbs that will, if properly cared for, put forth stalks and bloom on nearly the same day in August next year as the parent blossom did on this. The bulbs of this extraordinary plant first came to San Francisco from the Isthmus of Panama, where it is very common, the residents calling it *El Espiritu Santo*, the Holy Spirit.

### Dead Stars.

Like the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven, says Sir John Lubbock, in his opening address at the recent meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, have ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvement in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their greater distance, smaller size, or feebler light, indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light or comparatively little. Thus in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again I may refer to the curious phenomenon presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude, and then, in another three and a half hours, reassumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body which intercepts at regular intervals a part of the light emitted by Algol.

Thus the floor of heaven is not only "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," but studded also with extinct stars once probably as brilliant as our own, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be, some seven-tens millions of years hence.

**A RAILROAD IN THE TREE-TOPS.**—The Petaluma, Cal., Argus says. "It may not be known outside of the neighborhood where it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma County we have an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of this county, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed in the tree-tops. Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart's Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level, and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the centre of the ravine mentioned two huge red-wood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support, and they are cut off seventy-five feet above the ground, and cars loaded with heavy sawlogs pass over them with as much security as if they were framed in the most scientific manner."

### A Beautiful Science.

The Norristown *Herald* says.—Astronomy is a beautiful science. We are told that if a railway was run from the earth to the nearest fixed star, and the fare was one penny for every hundred miles, and if you were to take a mass of gold to the ticket office equal to the U. S. national debt—or \$3,800,000,000—it would not be sufficient to pay for a ticket to the nearest fixed star aforesaid.

If this is the case, it matters very little to us whether such a railway is ever constructed. It would be discouraging to go to the ticket office with a mass of gold equal to \$3,800,000,000 and be informed that the fare was \$5,678,032,000. If the ticket agent wouldn't trust until we got back we'd be compelled to forego the trip.

Cinchona gets its name from Anna de Osoria, Countess of Chinchon, who in 1640 brought with her to Spain from Peru a supply of Peruvian bark. Hence the genus *cinchona* of Linnæus.