

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 type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

JOURNAL OF

EDMUND G. DESJARDINS, Proprietor

VOL. V.

LONDON, ONT., JANUARY, 1882.

NO. 7.

THE TWO GATES.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet was bare;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

THE LAST REQUEST.

By J. F. L.

"Come near to me Anna dear," said Lena Milbrook, as she lay bolstered up in her snowy bed, "I want to have a long talk with you, for it will take a good while to say all I want to, for it tires me to talk much at a time."

Obedient to the summons, Anna came quickly to the bedside of her suffering sister, and after kissing her affectionately gently stroked back the tresses of her dark brown hair.

"You will soon be better Lena, I trust," she said, "and we will go out to the groves and pluck the wild flowers, as we have done for so many years, and sing as we did when we were girls:

'Flowers, wildwood flowers;
Do they not tell of heaven.'

"Ah no, Anna. Something tells me the wildwood flowers will speak to me no more of heaven. Before the violets shall thrust their sweet blossoms above the green sward, I shall be

'Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom.'

"Anna, do not weep. It does seem hard sometimes to

die; not because I fear death, nor dread the ordeal on my own account; but it is hard to leave the dear ones to whom my heart clings with all the tender attachment of a wife and mother. And you, my dear sister, dearest of all except my husband and my two little ones, to you are the love-cords attached that bind my soul to earth, and make me shrink from the final summons."

"Do not fear for those you love," said Anna, as the tears gathering in her eyes betrayed the emotions which she vainly endeavored to suppress, "God will take care of them. But surely you will soon be better; the bright spring-time will stir the blood in your veins, and awake the vital forces to new energy, and when the roses bloom again, the lost bloom will return to your cheeks, and you will live to love and bless the circle of your friendships for many years to come."

"O no, Anna, do not try to keep me up, or build up your expectations on false hopes. I know that my work on earth is done, and these little ones whom God has given me must be nurtured by other hands, and trained and taught by some kind friend for their future position in life; but who will act the part of mother toward them when I am gone. O! Anna, I know of no one so good and true as yourself and none to whom I could commit their training with so much confidence that they would be well cared for and educated, and kept from the paths of sin and folly. Will you not be a mother to them when I am gone, and do for them as I myself would do? Promise me this and I will die content."

"My dear sister," Anna replied, "I will cheerfully do all that lies in my power for the welfare and happiness of the children, not only from a sense of duty and the love I bear to you, but also from the attachment I feel for the dear little ones themselves, but I need not tell you that it may not be in my power to do for them as I would feel disposed to do if I were otherwise circumstanced; but I am sure, if it must be that you be taken from us, God will provide for them."

"You say, 'if you were otherwise circumstanced.' Anna, I trust if Robert Milbrook asks you to keep house for him for a while after I am gone you will not refuse. This much perhaps you will feel it to be your duty to do, and I trust you will not allow the whisperings of tattlers and scandal mongers, which are sure to come, to influence you to do otherwise. Let the consciousness of your own rectitude of purpose, and the approval of Him who searches all hearts sustain you in your course of action independent of the opinions of others,—and listen, Anna, you know when Robert came to pay his addresses to me at first, it was hard for us to say which he admired most, you or me, and I have often wondered why he asked me instead of you to marry him. I know he was strongly attached to you, and I am equally certain that the more mature acquaintance of the few years that have intervened since then, while it has not shaken his fidelity to me, has not lessened his admiration for you, and I know too that you have always entertained a sincere regard for him, though, as in duty bound, your love for him has been purely sisterly; but when I am gone, as I trust, to the home of the blest above, it would add to my happiness there, if I might know that the sisterly were changed to the wifely affection, and that

the happy relations that have brought so much pleasure to my four years of wedded life were transferred to yours."

"O! Lena, do not talk of these matters; you are not in a fit state to discuss them with me, and I do not think it would be proper for me to cause you the agitation of mind which such a discussion would necessarily occasion, it is better you should leave all such concerns in the hands of the All-wise disposer of events; no doubt he will order all things for the best."

Two months had scarcely numbered their record with the past, and the violets had not yet peeped above the ground, when the craped hat of Robert Milbrook and the mourning habiliments of his sister-in-law, told that the wife and sister had gone to her last resting-place, and that the relationship formerly existing between Anna and her sister's home, which had continued uninterruptedly for more than two years, had been changed by the sad event already narrated.

Robert had asked Anna to remain with him for the present, to look after the little ones and keep the house in order, and Anna had, as she felt in duty bound, acceded to the request, on the condition that it should not be for more than a year at most. And so the time went on; the violets bloomed, and the roses budded, expanded and faded; fruits followed flowers, and grain succeeded fruit; the seasons came and went, and the children ceased looking for mamma to come again, and with the loving instinct of childish dependence clung to their aunt as to their natural protector; they sobbed on her bosom over their little heartaches, and nestled there when tired nature sought repose; they told her their little troubles and looked into her eyes for sympathy, and she kissed their frowns into smiles again. But this was not always to continue. Anna grew to love the children with almost a mother's tenderness, and Robert, absorbed in attention to his daily duties, forgot measurably his great sorrow in the satisfaction he felt with the way in which the duties of his household were discharged, and the willing obedience rendered by the children to the loving rule of his sister-in-law. But the year was fast drawing to a close, and Robert began to feel ill at ease.

What would he do when the year of Anna's engagement should terminate; who would look after the children and keep the house in order then? Such were the thoughts that came with more frequent recurrence to his mind as the year drew nearer to a close, and he felt that something must be done soon, but what to do he did not know. The future seemed impenetrable. Should he engage a housekeeper, an entire stranger, to take the place of his sister-in-law. "The children would not love her," he said to himself, "and I would not wish them to." Anna had been invested with full authority to rule in the household, and her gentle sway had neither been resisted nor disputed; and she had exercised all the care, and taken all the interest in the comfort and happiness of those over whom she exercised supervision that Lena could have done if she had lived. But could any one else take her place in the household; in the affections of the children, in his own; for had he not loved her with a brotherly affection?"

And then his thoughts would go back to other days. Had he not asked himself the question more than once which of the sisters held the largest place in his heart? But his choice had fallen upon Lena, and he had bestowed upon her the undivided affections of a faithful husband. But Lena was dead, and Anna lived, as true, as pure, as beautiful, as when he had asked his heart the question, is it for Anna or Lena. And then he would start up from his reverie and look about as if he thought some one had been reading his thoughts, with a kind of undefinable sense of guiltiness, as though he was entering upon forbidden ground, for did not the law pronounce against marriage with a deceased wife's sister? And if it were wrong to marry a sister-in-law it were surely wrong to love her with more than a brotherly love affection. But then was the law right; was it reasonable? Who of all the women in the world, would take as much interest in his deceased wife's children as his deceased wife's sister? Who of all women so worthy of his love, or so fitted to rule in his house as his late wife's sister. Besides, had not his wife on her dying bed advised him if his heart felt free to it, to marry her sister. The law *must* be wrong and the wishes of his departed wife, and the yearnings

of his own heart *must* be right. But would Anna look with favor on such a proposal; would she bear the stigma of a violator of the law, the ban of society, and the possibility of filial illegitimacy? Not unless he could satisfy himself and her that the law affecting the question was at variance with Divine law, in which case, as she had taken long since as her motto the advice of an eminent divine, "Be ashamed of nothing but sin;" holding the human as always subordinate to the Divine authority, she *might*, if her heart were as his, receive favorably such advances as his heart inclined him to make, but if the prohibition were supported by Divine sanction, he would suffer anything rather than ask his pure minded sister-in-law to incur the Divine displeasure.

Having thus turned the question over in his own mind, he determined to satisfy himself as to the *legality* of the law before taking any steps to further his own wishes.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look on his pretty face for just one minute.
His braded frock, his dainty buttoned shoes,
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it,
And tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight!
Mine was so short a pride!
And then my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger.
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are,
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him, though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies,
(Nothing but childish daisies, all year round),
Constantly God's hand the curtain raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

—Mrs. Mulock-Craik.

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Say, Delia, will you go in to Waterbury with me, to-morrow?"

"I'd like to, Mary; I wish I could, but I think it will not be possible. Luman finds it difficult to collect money from his patients this year, and I don't know how to spare a cent."

"Well, I was going to say if you'd go with me, I'd pay your fare for your company. I never traded much there, and don't know the stores, or where to go for my purchases; and I want to call at Aunt White's, too, but I hate to go alone."

"It don't seem right, Mary, for you to pay my fare, but if I can really help you, why I shall be glad to go. I ought to get my Mary a Sunday hat, and Luman some stockings, and myself a calico, and I should have a greater variety to choose from there than here."

Mrs. Peck was a country doctor's wife. Does my dear reader know all that means? She had to economize, because the doctor's bills is the last bill any body thinks of paying—in the country; and a good doctor, which means a good man—sympathetic as well as skillful, and kind-hearted as keen—torbears, even to his own detriment, to press the settlement of his accounts; seeing, as he only can see, how hard it is to be both poor and sick.

Blessings on country doctors! Out of their ranks a whole calendar of saints might be canonized, but the good Lord only knows how good are these ministering disciples of His, who go about as he did, doing good.

And their wives have a harder time than if they were missionaries. Many a dark hour did Mrs. Peck watch and wait for her doctor, knowing well that in storm and calm, through the wild bursts of thunder, or treacherous and blinding snows, his solitary little sulky was abroad on the rough hill-tops or in lonely valleys, holding almost her life in its frail shelter, tugged by the sturdy horse that was only less hard-worked than its master.

All alone with her little girl she spent the greater part of every day and night; hard work prevented anxiety from doing its worst upon her, though you could see its traces in the gray lines among the soft waves of her hair, and in the sad dark eyes that when she was not smiling looked tired with past tears.

Mary Peck was the doctor's sister. Having a large school in a village some miles beyond Dennis, where her brother lived, she frequently spent her vacations at his house.

It was now the spring recess of two weeks, and she wanted much to go to Waterbury, twenty-five miles east by rail, to do her shopping for the summer. She had a good salary and could well afford to give Delia this outing, so the tired little woman gladly consented to go.

The doctor literally had not a cent in his purse to give her; but she had a knack at raising poultry, and while her own table was well-furnished from the great "coop," as she called it, in the yard, the superfluous eggs had been rapidly bought at the village store, and she had laid up ten dollars, to be devoted to shoes, stockings, and calico, absolutely needed, for she did hate to ask the doctor for money. Not that he grudged it—never—but he never had it. Most of his bills that were paid, were paid in produce; and neither potatoes, buckwheat, pork, straw, nor oats would serve her purpose. She must have money for her purchases. So she set out for Waterbury with Mary, leaving little Mary with the minister's wife, and was soon-plunged into the attractive precincts of the Waterbury dry-goods shops.

She bought her little girl a pretty straw hat, and some ribbon to trim it, looking sharply about her to see how it should be trimmed.

This cost two dollars and a half. Then came some socks for the doctor, and four pair of these, strong and serviceable, cost another dollar.

In the meantime, Mary was looking at such pretty things that Mrs. Peck's eyes glistened. These soft suitings were not for her, nor that graceful wrap of gray cloth with its heavy fringe; but she was generous and gentle both, and it gave her almost as much pleasure to help Mary select her things, as if they were to replace her own black alpaca and worn shawl.

When it came to her own turn to buy a calico, she was as pleased as if it had been a summer silk, to find a neat skirt and jacket of pretty pattern, all made up, for a dollar and a half. The rest of her money must be saved for shoes. These she could get at the store in Dennis; a pair for her and a pair for little Mary.

Shopping is attractive, but it absorbs money very fast. When Mary Peck had bought her suit, her wrap, gloves, stockings and handkerchief, and ordered a white chip hat to be trimmed with pale blue ribbon and blush roses—just the thing to decorate her lovely complexion, dark curls and violet eyes, she found to her amazement her purse had given out.

"Delia," she said, "have you done your shopping?"

"Yes, dear."

"And have you any money left?"

"Yes; five dollars and ten cents."

"Oh, how lucky! Will you lend me the five dollars? I

am really penniless. My hat came to more than I thought it would cost, and as soon as I get back to Charlemont, I'll send the money to you."

"Certainly, dear," and Mrs. Peck drew out the precious bill, and handed it to Mary, not doubting what she said, and glad she was to be able to help her.

The ten cents she spent in oranges for little Mary, half-blaming herself for the extravagance, but then Mary was her only child, and a little delicate creature at that, holding her mother's heart in her hand, as such children do.

They got back at night to Dennis very tired. The day but one after, Mary returned to Charlemont. Two days after little Mary—whom for distinction her mother called May—came home from school with her shoes broken across the sole. They must be mended. The cobbler was a patient of the doctor's, so the shoes were sent to him, and Mary scuffed about in a pair of moccasins and took a slight cold.

Her Sunday shoes were worn out two weeks before, and so worn she could not put them on. They had gone to the timman's cart with other rubbish.

Mrs. Peck thought every day she should hear from Mary, and would get the money so that she could buy May some shoes, but neither letter nor money came.

The cobbler patched up the ragged shoes as well as he could; and now Mrs. Peck found to her dismay that her own boots had given out from the Waterbury trip, and she, too, had to stay at home from church on Sunday, because they were not fit to wear.

After ten days' delay, a letter came from Charlemont; a gay, bright letter, ending with: "There's a teacher's convention in Ludlow (the next town to Dennis), on the twenty-fourth, and I will bring the five dollars I borrowed of you when I come through."

This was the second of May. It was the twenty-second of April the money had been lent Mary. Eggs were now a drug at the store. The doctor never would let her run in debt, and she and May were all but shoeless.

In the meantime Mary had said to herself—seeing a pretty cambric she wanted in a Charlemont shop—"If I buy it, I can't send Delia her money till next month, but it's only five dollars. She will not want it before I go to Ludlow."

She did not think that Delia had been too poor to pay for her own car ticket to Waterbury, or that she had refrained from buying her shoes there as she meant at first, saying that she would get them at the store; because Mr. Clark had been so civil and kind to her always.

"But evil is wrought for want of thought,
As well as for want of heart."

May's old shoes soon gave out past patching. The slight cold she had taken from wearing moccasins hung about her, owing to the damp and cold spring winds. There came on a heavy shower one day while she was in school, and running out at recess her shoes were wet through, for the patched soles and cracked upper leathers soaked easily. She sat all the rest of the morning with wet feet, and went home very hoarse.

Mrs. Peck undressed her, and looked for some chlorate of potash in the office. It was all gone. The doctor had filled the bottle that morning with the last.

She did not like to leave May alone to go to the store where a small assortment of drugs were kept, and even if she would have left her, her own old shoes were unfit to wear, it still rained so hard.

She bound some salt pork on the child's throat, and steamed it with camphor, but the child grew worse and worse, and before the doctor came home at midnight, she was in a high fever. Wet feet had exasperated the cold she had before, and by the next morning she was in the grip of pneumonia, and very ill indeed.

The doctor scolded about her shoes; but Mrs. Peck could not complain to him of his sister. She cried a little and was silent.

May grew worse. There were many little alleviations to be had, if her mother could have paid for them. The child pined for oranges. There were plenty at the store, but no money to buy them with. Her gruel was sweetened with maple sugar, and she hated it. She cried for coffee, and there was none.

Only five dollars! But how Mrs. Peck wanted it! After a long struggle, little May begun to get better. Her fever subsided; she needed tonics.

"I wish I could get a little wine for her!" said the doctor, looking wistfully at his wife. He knew she had money from the sale of her eggs, but what could she have done with it? Mrs. Peck grew desperate. She could not see her darling so weak and white with any patience.

Suddenly she bethought herself of the calico dress she had bought. Perhaps Mr. Clark would take it, for it had never been unfolded. But how could she get it to the store?

Luckily the Doctor had an hour to spare after tea that day, so while he stayed with May, she put on his shoes and went down with the bundle. Mr. Clark was glad to buy the dress.

"It'll jest suit my wife, Mrs. Peck, I know. It's a dreadful chore, she says, to make her gowns, and this is sort of tasty, aint it, comin' from the city? Well, well, it is amazin' how they can make 'em so cheap."

Mrs. Peck did not stay to hear more. She went to an old maiden lady who "had the name" of making currant wine as good as any imported article, and bought a bottle off her at an exorbitant price, but as Miss Davis said,—

"It's seven years' old, and think of them worms! I haint made a drop for two year back; and it's dreadful healin'. I don't want to part with none o't a mite; but seein' it's your—"

And Mrs. Peck again cut short a discourse, hurrying home with her precious bottle, thinking no more of her calico dress when she saw the doctor's tired face light up, and a little color flicker in May's face after the first teaspoonfuls had been cautiously administered.

By the time Aunt Mary stopped at Dennis, on her way to Ludlow, May was able to sit up against her pillows; and Aunt Mary was shocked to see how pale and weak she was.

"You precious little morsel," she said, "How did you ever get such a dreadful cold to begin with?"

"My shoes was all worn to pieces, Aunty. Mover couldn't get me any new ones."

Still Mary did not think why it was that "mover" could not get them, though the weak, pathetic voice brought tears to her eyes. She had on her new cambric dress, the dress that meant so much to Mary and her mother; and when Delia admired it, she said:

"I tried to cut it like that pretty jacket to your calico, Delia; but I didn't quite remember about the neck. Let me see that, please."

The doctor's wife blushed. "I haven't got it, Mary."

"Why, child, what on earth did you do with it? Didn't it suit you?"

"Don't ask too many questions, dear," said Mrs. Peck, trying to laugh.

"I can tell you," said the doctor, coming in from the next room where he was sitting. "I found her out yesterday, Molly. She sold it at the store to buy her baby a bottle of wine," and the doctor gave a look to his wife worth a good many more five-dollar bills to the loving little woman than ever she had or would have.

"O Delia," said Mary, "here is your money. I am so ashamed!"

She held out the five dollars, and May gave a little cry of joy.

"O mover, now I can have some shoes!"

"What have I done?" said Mary, bursting into tears and hiding her face in her hands.

"You haven't meant to do anything, dear child," said Mrs. Peck, putting her arm around her.

"O Delia, I didn't think! I thought five dollars couldn't be a trouble to you. It was too, too bad!"

"Five dollars don't grow on the trees in Dennis, Molly, and a country doctor is worse off than a country minister very often," said Doctor Peck, trying to laugh, but with ill success, for he remembered how he had scolded about those old shoes, and how Delia had not said a word, only cried.

"Yes, indeed! That five dollars would have been more valuable here than fifty or five hundred elsewhere; but Mary had learned a lesson she never forgot. May's pale, thin face, Delia's anxious eyes, the doctor's careworn and weary countenance, rose up in her memory continually to remind her that small debts may be of great value to poor people; and any debts are sure to do some harm elsewhere.

And to clinch this driven nail and make it sure, she underlined deeply this text in the Bible which was her daily counsel—for Mary tried and meant to be Christian woman—"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in that which is much."—*Youth's Companion*.

What it Costs.

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poorhouse. He had come out to take air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation, "it is a pity that a man like you should be situated where you are. Now may I ask how old are you?"

The man said he was eighty years of age.

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, oh, no. I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"Oh, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his note-book, and he continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now, let me tell you," said he, as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself."

And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day, for sixty years, expended in beer, would if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars per week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whiskey cost," said a judge after trying a case. "One gallon of whiskey made two men murderers, it made two wives widows, and eight children orphans."

Oh! it's a costly thing.—*Dr. Richard Newton*.

Wesley and the "Beau."

Nash was a professional gambler, diner-out, and fashionable man about town. A big, awkward person, with harsh, irregular features, a fop in dress, a wit in speech, and a despot in rule, he was known far and wide as the "King of Bath." When John Wesley appeared in Bath as a street preacher, Nash undertook to drive him from the town. Their encounter is thus reported:

Nash, the great beau, confronted the great evangelist. The great, coarse, brawny, overdressed, fashionable exquisite stands in the presence of the little man with piercing eye and Grecian face, in gown and cassock, addressing a thousand people in the open air, who listen with intense interest to the dialogue that ensues.

"By what authority do you appear here?" exclaimed Nash.

"By the authority of Jesus Christ and the Archbishop of Canterbury?" replied Mr. Wesley.

Nash had doubtless expected to meet an ignorant, brawling "gospeller," but found himself face to face with a cultured clergyman of the National Establishment.

"This is contrary to act of Parliament. It is a conventicle," said Nash.

"The conventicle forbidden by Parliament is a seditious meeting. Here is not a shadow of sedition, therefore it is not contrary to that act," retorted the clergyman.

Beaten off his first tack, Nash could only insolently reply: "I say it is, and, besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits."

"Sir, did you ever hear me preach?"

"No."

"How then can you judge of that you never heard?"

"Sir, by common report."

"Common report is not enough to judge by. Give me leave to ask, sir, is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash."

"Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report."

This was a home thrust at a man who had been notorious

among all classes in Bath for a whole generation as the prince of gamblers!

He was a second time silenced. He rallied sufficiently to ask, in a tame way:

"I desire to know why all these people are here?"

"To save our souls, Mr. Nash," shouts an old lady, "while you take care of your precious body!"

There were volumes of reproof and ridicule in this reply, and its source, and the discomfited panderer to the things of flesh retired crest-fallen from a field where he had expected to win an easy victory.

Christian Sermon in a Heathen Temple.

The day following we came to Kalaiarcoil, a village which, though not large in itself, is celebrated for its large temple, whose income, simply from the villages given it, is \$10,000. We went into this temple, and were invited to sit down and make known our mission, an invitation which we gladly accepted. Fifty brahmans and others listened for half an hour or more in a most interested way, and the leading man among them showed considerable intelligence and no little familiarity with some points of Christianity, derived, undoubtedly, from the Catholics. After taking up our argument and enlarging upon it, and enforcing its truth upon his companions, he turned to us and said, "Oh, yes, you believe in ten commandments and we (the heathen) and the Roman Catholics believe only in nine (the second being the one omitted, of course). We think you are right, and when the Lord reveals it to us, we also will finally come over to you and keep the 'Ten Commandments.'" This we thought a bold declaration from the leading man in one of the chief temples of the whole district, but the whole force of the temple brahmans seemed to applaud his remarks, and the classifying of Roman Catholics as idolaters by the heathen is common. Still we must not be too sanguine in reference to the speedy downfall of idolatry in this one of the centres of power. But the Lord can and will bring it about in his own good time, and we must preach and work and wait.—*Missionary Herald.*

TWO SINGERS.

The fact is patent to nearly every one that, with the possible exception of poets, who, it is said, are "born, not made," they who would win the commendation of the world must labor indefatigably. Few, however, fully realize the annoyances that obstruct the pathway of rising talent in its effort to secure success.

When the sweet songstress Henrietta Sontag made her debut at Vienna, she found there a bitter enemy in the person of Amelia Steininger, herself a former favorite with the musical public, whose excesses had told upon her health, and seriously impaired the power and quality of her voice.

But she still had a retinue of admirers who sought in every way to preserve her waning supremacy; and their venomous hisses were heard above the friendly roar which greeted the *debutante*—actually forcing her to leave Vienna, very much mortified, and naturally, deeply incensed against Amelia Steininger.

Several years subsequent to this event, while enjoying a brilliant career at Berlin—where her praise was the theme of the press and of conversation; where her singing filled the academies to repletion, and rendered it necessary that those desiring to hear engage their seats in advance; where bouquets of rarest flowers fell at her feet each night like raindrops; where the nobility even were pleased to drag the carriage she occupied through the streets—she was one morning driving about the city, attended by numerous cavaliers, when she heard a plaintive Austrian air, and, turning, saw the singer was a little girl who led a woman by the hand.

The celebrated vocalist ordered her driver to halt the *cabeche*, and calling the child to her, asked her name.

"Nannie," was the response.

"Who is the woman you are leading?"

"My mother."

"What is her name?"

"Amelia Steininger."

"Amelia Steininger!" repeated Sontag, in amazement.

"Yes; she was once a great singer in Vienna. She lost

her voice, and cried so much on account of it that she became blind. Then her friends deserted her, and now I am obliged to sing on the streets for a living, else we should starve."

The pathetic recital brought tears to Sontag's beautiful eyes, and, addressing the gentlemen clustered around her, she said:

"I propose to take up a collection in behalf of an unfortunate sister who has lost her sight. Here is my contribution," placing her purse in the hat she had removed from her head. "Shall it remain alone?"

Immediately a shower of gold and silver filled the hat. Miss Sontag passed it to the child, with the remark:

"Tell your mother her friend, Henrietta Sontag, will call upon her to-day." Then she drove on.

Nannie ran to acquaint her mother with the good fortune that had befallen them, and to give her Sontag's message, but was unable to comprehend why it caused her to weep so bitterly.

She did not know the remorse in that mother's heart occasioned by the remembrance of the unkind treatment which this benevolent woman had formerly received at her hands.

In the afternoon Sontag went to Amelia Steininger's home—nothing better than a hovel in a disreputable section of the city—and had a long conversation with her, dexterously avoiding all topics that could suggest the unpleasant season in the Austrian capital.

The next day she engaged a skilled oculist to make an examination of the visionless eyes, and learn if restoration of sight was possible; but he pronounced it a hopeless case. A few evenings later she gave a "benefit for a distressed artist," the proceeds of which placed the recipient outside the pale of immediate want.

Thenceforth Sontag provided for the necessities of her former rival and her daughter, and, when Amelia Steininger died, received Nannie as her protegee, whom she educated in such a manner as fitted her for a future of independence and usefulness.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Touching Romance.

A young girl came, one day, to the Mont-de-Piete of Paris, to pawn a bundle of clothes upon which they gave her only three francs. For fifteen years she came regularly to pay the interest of a few centimes, not having sufficient to redeem the clothes. The administration, struck by the care that she took to preserve this little deposit of clothing, sought information concerning her, and learned that working unceasingly at her poor little den, this *ourriere* in linen, good and honest, was scarce able to earn her daily living, and had never been able to raise three francs to redeem her little bundle. There was evidently in this little woman, so laborious and so good, a noble courage which took its source in noble sentiments, and she was asked to take, without payment, the modest bundle of which she had been so long deprived. Then they comprehended the beautiful spirit of this unfortunate. The little bundle was a petticoat and a woman's *fichu* of some cheap stuff. As it was opened, she took the things in both hands and covered them with kisses and tears. This was all that was left to her by her poor mother, who had died fifteen years ago, and to preserve these precious relics she had borne her pious tribute, as one places flowers upon the tomb of a loved one on an anniversary.

A Canary Bird.

Once I was at an inn in England, with other strangers, when a poor man came and asked leave to exhibit a wonderful canary bird which he had. As it was a rainy day, and we could not go out to walk, we consented to the poor man's proposal; and he brought his little bird into the parlor of the inn. The name of the little bird was Jewel. He stood on the forefinger of his master, who said to him, "Now, Jewel, I want you to behave well and make no mistakes." Jewel sloped his head toward his master, as if listening to him, and then nodded twice. "Well, then," said his master, "let me see if you will keep your word. Give us a tune." The canary sang. "Faster," said his master. Jewel sang faster. "Slower," said his master, and Jewel sang slower. Hereupon Jewel began to beat time with one of his feet.

I and the rest of the spectators were so delighted that we

clapped our hands. "Can you not thank the gentlemen for their applause?" asked his master; and Jewel bowed his head most respectfully. His master now gave him a straw gun; and Jewel went through the martial exercise, handling his gun like a true soldier. "Now let us have a dance!" said his master; and the canary went through a dance with so much glee, skill, and spirit, that we all applauded him again.

"Thou hast done my bidding bravely," said his master, caressing the bird. "Now, then, take a nap, while I show the company some of my own feats." Here the little bird went into a counterfeit sleep, and his owner began balancing a pipe and performing other tricks. Our attention was given to him, when a large black cat, who had been lurking in one corner of the room sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary bird in his mouth, and jumped out of the window before any one could stop him, although we all rushed to make an attempt. In vain we pursued the cat. The canary bird had been killed by him almost in an instant. The poor man wept for his bird, and his grief was sad to behold. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing!" said he; "well may I grieve." More than four years hast thou fed from my hand and drank from my lip! I owe thee my support, my health, and my happiness! Without thee, what will become of me?"

We raised a sum of money and gave it to him; but he could not be consoled. He mourned for Jewel as if it had been a child. By love the little bird had been taught, and by love was it missed and mourned.

"I GUESS."

The American expression, "I guess," is often made the subject of ridicule by Englishmen, unaware of the fact that the expression is good old English. It is found in a few works written during the last century and in many written during the seventeenth century. So careful a writer as Locke used the expression more than once in his treatise "On the Human Understanding." In fact, the disuse of the expression in olden times seems to have been due to a change in the meaning of the word "guess." An Englishman who should say "I guess" now would not mean what Locke did when he used the expression in former times, or what an American means when he uses it in our own day. We say "I guess that riddle," or "I guess what you mean," signifying that we think the answer to the riddle or the meaning of what we have heard may be such and such. But when an American says "I guess so," he does not mean "I think it may be so," but more nearly "I know it to be so." The expression is closely akin to the English saying, "I wis." Indeed, the words "guess" and "wis" are simply different forms of the same word. Just as we have "guard" and "ward," "guardian" and "warden," "Guillaume" and "William," "guichet" and "wicked," &c., so have we the verbs to "guess" and to "wis" (in the Bible we have not "I wis," but we have "he wist"). "I wis" means nearly the same as "I know," and that this is the root meaning of the word is shown by such words as "wit," "witness," "wisdom," the legal phrase "to wit," and so forth. "Guess" was originally used in the same sense; and Americans retain that meaning, whereas in our modern English the word has changed in significance.—*R. A. Proctor.*

Needs and Wants.

The mistake of people as to their necessities causes a large share of the "hardupness" in the world. We have no sympathy with the affected indifference to good food which characterizes the self-styled "high thinkers." Such people ordinarily are not to be trusted behind the pantry door, when there are any cold joints or mince pies within reach.

But there is a vast deal of money squandered on the tables of those who mind to save it to spend in other directions. Nobody ever suffered for want of dessert, if the dinner was good for anything. No normal appetite requires the moiety that cumbers the average breakfast and dinner tables of the so-called middle classes. As for the many-coursed dyspepsia breeders—the soup, fish, meats, cake, *entree*, double-dessert dinners—the man who will spend his money on these, when there are so many ways in which he can so easily lose it without further injury to himself, is undeserving of pity.

The point of these and other like remarks that might be

made on sensible and practical economies, and a wise classification of needless wants, and the highest needs, is, that many people could, if they would, enjoy, not only the summer trips and vacations which they must now forego, but many other delightful and helpful things. Half a dollar a day saved on such useless expenditures, would give many a family a delightful trip to the mountains or the sea, or a season of summer rest and change, which they cannot afford to do without. There isn't enough brains put into the average expenditure of money.—*Golden Rule.*

Some Eastern Parables.

Rochefoucauld says: "How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him, you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?" To beware of how you confide in your friends is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend: "I have now a thousand rupees which I will bury out of the city; and I will not tell this secret to any one beside yourself." They then went out of the city and buried the money under a tree. Some days after, the miser going alone to the tree to see if the money was safe, found it had disappeared.

At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this stratagem. Going to him, he said: "A great deal of money is come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow, we will go together." The friend coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime the miser went and found it, and having secured the money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

One of the kings of Persia sent a skilled physician to the prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making a trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed, and complained, saying: "They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions; but to this day no one hath taken notice of me, that I might have an opportunity of performing a service to which I had been appointed." Mohammed replied: "It is a rule with these people never to eat till they are hard pressed by hunger, and to leave off while they have a good appetite." The physician said: "Ay, indeed, this is the way to enjoy health." He then made his obeisance and departed.

A HORSE RETURNS TO HIS EARLY HOME.—A horse raised in Norwich, Vt., but used for family purposes in this city for several years, was sold recently to a party in Oxford, N. H. In taking him from the wagon one evening he slipped away from his owner and disappeared, going at a high rate of speed. A diligent search in the morning on all the roads for a circuit of several miles failed to reveal any trace of the animal. A despatch was received during the day by his former master in this city, asking if the horse had made his appearance here. In reply to which the owner was directed to enquire at Norwich. The horse was found there, and the owner was told that the animal made his appearance in the place at 3 o'clock in the morning, after his escape from Oxford, having in six hours crossed the Connecticut River and travelled twenty-seven miles in the darkness over a road he had not seen since he was a three-year-old colt. To make this distance in the time mentioned he must have avoided all cross roads and without delay gone by the regular route.—*Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.*

Proverbs that have become household words in the Church sometimes interest one deeply with their history. More than a thousand years ago the workmen at St. Gall were building a bridge over an Alpine abyss, when the poet-monk, Nother, was moved by the peril of men who seemed to be hanging between earth and heaven. So impressed was he that he wrote the Latin hymn, "In the midst of life we are in death," with the melody. At once it became a Church favorite, especially among the Crusaders' battle-songs, until in the fifteenth century the Church laid its ban upon what was popularly used as a magical charm. This monastery of St. Gall has survived to our time, and still boasts of such literary treasures as the oldest copy of Virgil, a Greek manuscript of the New Testament of the tenth century, and a still older Psalter, besides the musical fame of the saintly Nother

A Religious Horse.

A religious horse lived a few years ago in Connecticut. He was owned by a good deacon, a pillar in the Congregational church of the place. From the time of his colthood the deacon accustomed him to go to church. Year in and year out, through all sermons, and in storm and sunshine, the deacon's seat was filled in the sanctuary, and the place of the horse was occupied without. Each had his appointed place for Sabbath morning, and each was always found in it. Old age confirmed the habit upon both. At last the deacon died quite suddenly. He attended church the preceding Sabbath and was in his coffin before the next. On that Sabbath, when the hour for worship arrived, the old horse grew restless. He heard the church bell, but felt no gentle hand harnessing him for the carriage. He waited until patience ceased to be a virtue, then he undid the stable door and with his accustomed serious pace, took his way to the house of the Lord, and stood in the appointed place—his head lifted to the tree, where for years he had been tied every Sunday morning. Here he demurely remained through the service, and when it was over, he was seen accompanying the retired congregation to his abode, into which without difficulty he made his way.

Within the last six months, says a Japan correspondent of the Congregationalist, a marvelous change toward Christianity has taken place in Japan. "The largest theatres," he writes, "are too small to hold the thousands that gather to hear preaching that is carried on entirely by native Christians. The newspapers have entered the lists, and while some are for choking down, by fair means or foul, this 'cursed way,' others are boldly siding with the new religion as the only hope for the country. Buddhism and Shintoism, too, are at last aroused to their danger, and have not only begun their mass meetings, but have also put forth several polemic tracts, which, of course, serve to awaken public interest." Japan, he thinks, is on the eve of a great religious movement that will attract the attention of the world.

Fair Play for the Hog.

If our forefathers had studied the hog with any closeness, we would have been spared the sayings of: "Selfish as a hog," "hungry as a pig," and "he eats like a regular hog," etc. To begin with, the hog is not a selfish creature. Two hogs will agree about as well as two men, and a hog who was taken along on a steamboat excursion would have cause to say to his porkers: "You act like men and women." The hog is not a hungry animal. Give him three square meals a day, and he is content, while most men must chew, smoke and nibble between meals and have a lunch at bedtime. To "act like a hog" would be to mind one's business, go to bed early, and be satisfied with the situation. The hog is not a liar, hypocrite or dead-beat. He acts on the square, is always as represented, and in disposition he has few equals in the human race. He has been misunderstood and abused, and it is time that his friends rallied to give him fair play.

Canon Farrar, who has been studying the Jewish Talmud, which some have imagined to be a mysterious mine of literary treasures, says: "There is more beauty and poetry in a single book of Homer—I had almost said in a single ode of Horace—than in the entire Mishna. There is transcendently more wisdom and depth in a single chapter of St. John or St. Paul than in all the folio volumes of the Talmud together."

A man in the path of duty is twice as strong to resist temptation as out of it. A fish is twice as strong in the water as on shore; but a four-footed beast is twice as strong on the land as in the water. The reason is, because the water is a proper element of the one and the earth of the other. Thy work is thy element wherein thou art most able to resist temptation.

The man that has an empty cup may pray, and should pray, that he may have it filled; but he that hath a full cup ought to pray that he might hold it firmly. It needs prayer in prosperity that we may have grace to use it, as truly as it needs prayer in poverty that we may have grace to bear it.

Curious Observations.

Sir Robert Chistison, the great Scotch chemist, has made some curious observations on the effects of a cold, wet season in diminishing the normal growth of trees. He makes out on careful measurements that, comparing 1879 with 1878, eleven deciduous trees—not oaks—made on an average forty-one per cent. less growth in that year than in the year before. Of seventeen pine trees, the average deficiency was twenty per cent. and of seven oaks the deficiency was ten per cent.; so that heat appears to have more to do with the making even of wood than moisture has. It is strange that the growth of the oak, which drops its leaves, seems less dependent on heat than that of the pine, which we usually associate with the very cold regions; but, perhaps, it need not be the tree which is most stunted by the cold which is most easily killed by it.

Not long ago, in one of the Paris police courts, a workman accused of stealing a pair of trousers was discharged, after a long and patient investigation, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to establish his guilt. He remained seated, however, on the prisoner's bench after his acquittal had been announced. The lawyer who had conducted his defence, observing that he did not move, informed him that he was free to go about his business, if he had any. He shook his head slightly, but did not budge. By this time, no other case being on hand, the court was nearly empty. Again addressing him, his defender inquired, with some irritation, "Why the deuce he did not get up and go?" "Step this way a moment, please," replied the steadfast sitter, "and let me whisper in your ear. I can't go till all the witnesses for the prosecution have left the court." "And why, may I ask?" "Because of the stolen trousers—don't you understand?" "Most assuredly. I do not understand. What about the trousers?" "Only this—I've got 'em on!"

Home Fruits.

It may comfort some of our readers, who see no prospect of a possible visit to Europe, to know that the fruits of Southern Europe are greatly inferior to our own. A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* speaks of a great disappointment in tasting the famous grapes and oranges of Italy. He says: In Italy, the land of the vine, there were seen no such grapes as at home. The Italian pears are small and of poor flavor; German somewhat larger, but of little worth; the Italian oranges not to be named, except in damaging contrast, with our own California and Florida fruit. German grapes are somewhat larger than the Italian, but not much better in flavor. Our Concord, Hartford Prolific, Rogers No. 15, Delawares, Catawbas, and a host of other varieties, would look like kings and queens of the vine in their royal robes of purple and wine-color when placed among these. And as for pears, the russet jackets of one of the Flemish Beauties or the Buffums at home hide more sweetness than any or all the specimens seen here.

Many pleasant anecdotes are known of kind and generous treatment of servants by Queen Victoria and the Emperor William of Germany. Last June, at Windsor, a servant died, whose name was Philp. He was buried in an old churchyard in Scotland, near where his parents still lived. During the Queen's stay in Scotland this season she has called on the aged parents, and placed a bouquet of flowers on the faithful servant's grave.

Cold is not kept out with a "For God's sake!" or "For the Prophet's sake!" but with four seers of cotton.—Afghan. A learned man without works is a cloud without rain.—Arabic. Worship without faith is a waste of flowers.—Telugu. Equivalent of our saying concerning "faith without works."

According to the official report on the subject, there are only 5,740 square miles of reorganized territory in the United States.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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

Subscription Prices 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 in cash. Send for terms to agents. We also want agents to sell "Gems of Fancy Cookery." Canvassing can be done for both at the same time, thus naturally increasing the profits with little additional labor, and no one with moderate ability need be without profitable employment while they have the opportunity for earning which we offer.

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.

Condensed Milk.

A correspondent inquires our opinion of condensed milk. We think it a wholesome article of food in small quantities, but it cannot be largely used on account of its too saccharine character from the addition of sugar. It is a very good article for use on long journeys, as it is greatly to be preferred to the milk which is usually obtainable at hotels and eating-houses. The following is a brief description of the method of manufacture:—

"When the milk is brought into the factory it is carefully strained, placed in cans or pails, which are put into a tank of water kept hot by steam coils. When hot, it is transferred to larger steam-heated open vessels and quickly brought to boil. This preliminary heating and boiling has for its object the expulsion of the gases of the milk, which would cause it to foam in the vacuum pan, and also to add to the keeping quality of the milk by destroying the mold germs. A second straining follows, after which the milk is transferred to a vacuum pan, where at a temperature below 150° Fahrenheit, it boils and is rapidly concentrated to any degree desired. The vacuum pan employed is a close vessel of copper, egg-shaped, about six feet high and four and one-half feet in diameter. It is heated by steam coils within, and by a steam jacket without,—inclosing the lower portion. In one side of the dome is a small window through which gas illuminates the interior, while on the opposite side is an eyeglass through which the condition of the contents may be observed. The pan is also provided with a vacuum gauge and test-sticks. Much of the milk used in cities is simply concentrated without any addition of sugar. The process of concentration is continued in the vacuum pan until one gallon of the milk has been reduced to a little less than a quart—one volume of condensed milk corresponding to about four and three-tenths volumes of milk. Condensed milk, intended to be preserved for any length of time, has an addition of pure cane sugar made to it during the boiling, and is usually put up in sealed cans. This sugar or 'preserved' milk, when properly prepared, will keep for many years."

Effect of Sunshine,

From an acorn, weighing a few grains, a tree will grow for 100 years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons. If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be the very same amount of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air, and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains, three important elements equally essential to both vegetation and animal life—magnesia, lime, and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives it its sparkling red color and its strength. It is the lime in the bones which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to all of the tissues. Thus it is, that the more persons are out of doors, the more healthy and vigorous they are, and the longer they will live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early forenoon in summer.

COLD WATER DRINKING.—Dr. Dio Lewis says cold baths of the skin are good, but it is doubtful if flooding the stomach on going to bed and on rising is not, on the whole, the most profitable form of cold bathing. Costiveness, piles, and indigestion are uniformly relieved by this morning and evening cold douche. The quantity must be determined by each one for himself. Two or three swallows will do to begin with, but the quantity will soon grow to a tumbler full; and I have known persons to use much more with marked benefit. If advisably managed, every dyspeptic will be greatly improved by this cold stomach bath.

Burns and Soda.

We must again call the attention of our readers to the power of bicarbonate of soda—the common cooking soda—to relieve the pain of burns. This power is truly wonderful, and the fact that soda is always at hand makes it important for every mother fully to understand that she has in her cupboard a sure and inexpensive remedy for the sufferings of her burnt child.

A friend of ours, one morning not long since, burned and blistered his wrist. The length of the blister was at least two inches, and the width half an inch. Moistening the wound, and spreading dry soda thickly over it and then dropping just enough water upon the soda to make it a sort of paste, he was instantly relieved, nor did he have an unpleasant sensation from the burn afterward.

A writer in a St. Petersburg medical journal, speaking of sixteen persons who were severely burned in efforts to save their property from a fire, all of whom were treated exclusively with soda, says "he considers himself justified in pronouncing this remedy the best and most efficient in burns of all kinds and degrees."

In one case the burns covered half the body of the sufferer. The whole face was stripped of the epidermis (scarf skin.) The front of the neck, chest and abdomen, and upper part of the foot presented burns of the second degree. Burns of the third degree were found on the right mammary gland, and on the right forearm, all the muscles of which were exposed, as if prepared by dissection.

Soda was used and it relieved the pain, and a cure was effected in four weeks, excepting that the healing of the chest and arm required another month. The scars were insignificant.

In burns of the first degree—the slighter—powdered soda will do. In burns of the second degree, cover with linen rags and keep them moist with a solution of soda. In burns of the third degree, the rags will need frequent changing to wash off the pus which accumulates beneath.—*Exchange.*

The *Lancet* has an article which says—although it is not phrased in just that way—that men must learn to eat less rapidly, be provided with a gizzard, or die out.

A Man's Heart on His Right Side.

An autopsy on the body of George Vail, of Whitby, Ont., was held by Drs. Seely, Whitcombe and Stone, which is of interest to the medical profession at least. Mr. Vail has been under treatment at the Air Cure for abscess of the right lung for some months. Dr. Stone noticed, upon the first examination when the patient came for treatment, that there was what is technically called juxtaposition of the heart, which is a very rare condition. He had called the attention of a score or more of people to it, and was gratified at the autopsy to have his diagnosis confirmed, the heart being found on the right side of the body instead of the left. The human heart is ordinarily situated as follows:—The base is attached to the spinal column just back of the upper portion of the breast bone. It takes a direction downward, forward, and a little to the left, the apex or point striking the walls of the chest near the left nipple. In the case of Mr. Vail the heart occupied the same position on the right side of the body.

ASTHMA CURE—Belladonna leaves, two ounces; stramonium leaves, one ounce; powdered nitrate of potassium, one and one-half drachms. Mix them thoroughly. To be used by igniting a drachm in a suitable vessel and inhaling the fumes.

Idleness does more to reduce the average length of human life than the full normal exercise of one's industrial energies. In other words, more men and women rust out than wear out. Ease and abundance of the good things of this life have apparently little influence in staying the hand of decay and death if the mental and physical faculties are restrained by will or circumstances from useful employment.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

POTATOES SCALLOPED WITH EGGS—Two cups of mashed potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of milk and two of butter, yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, one beaten raw egg, handful fine crumbs, salt and pepper. Beat the hot potatoes smooth with milk, butter, and raw egg, and season well. Put a layer in the bottom of a buttered bake dish, then one of sliced yolks (salted and peppered). Fill the dish in this order, having potatoes on top. Strew with crumbs, cover, bake half an hour, and brown.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—One pound of sweet potato, boiled in a little water: when done, take them out, peel them, and mash very smooth; beat eight eggs very light, add to them half a pound of butter (creamed), half a pound of sugar (granulated), half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a very little nutmeg, one wineglass of rose-water, one gill of sweet cream; stirring very hard; then butter a deep dish, put in the pudding, and bake three-quarters of an hour; or line pie-plates with puff paste, put in the pudding, and bake twenty minutes.

SUET DUMPLINGS.—Two cups fine crumbs soaked in a cup of hot milk, one cup powdered suet, four beaten eggs, one teaspoonful cream of tartar (mixed with one tablespoonful of flour), half a teaspoonful of soda (dissolved in milk), a little salt. Beat the eggs into the soaked crumbs; add salt, suet, sugar, lastly the flour. Beat and knead hard, make into balls, put into floured cloths, leave room to swell, tie tightly, and boil one hour. Eat hot, with sauce.

DELICIOUS MUFFINS.—Take two cups of flour and work into it thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; wet the flour with milk until it is about the consistency of pancake batter, then add three well-beaten eggs the last thing, mix well, and drop quickly into muffin-rings, well buttered, and bake in a quick, hot oven.

HOW TO CLEAN TEA-KETTLES.—When the inside of the teakettle becomes furry, boil for half an hour a tablespoonful of carbonate of ammonia with three pints of hot water. Wash out in two or three waters. An oyster-shell kept in a teakettle will keep out any deposit.

Buckwheat Cakes.

One quart buckwheat flour; four tablespoonfuls yeast; one teaspoonful salt; one handful Indian meal; two tablespoonfuls molasses—not sy up; warm water enough to make a thin batter; beat very well and set to rise in a warm place; if the batter is in the least sour in the morning stir in a very little soda dissolved in hot water; mix in an earthen crock, and leave some in the bottom each morning—a cupful or so—to serve as sponge for the next night instead of getting fresh yeast. In cold weather this plan can be successfully pursued for a week or ten days without setting a new supply. Of course you add the usual quantity of flour, etc., every night, and beat up well. Do not make your cakes too small. Buckwheats should be of a generous size. Some put two-thirds buckwheat, one-third oat-meal, omitting the Indian.

APPLE FRITTERS.—These make a cheap and delicious dessert. Prepare a batter as for griddle-cakes; that is, a thin batter made of flour and sweet milk and baking-powder, or flour, sour milk, and soda; then stir in apples which you have chopped fine, the quantity depending on your taste; fry them as you would griddle-cakes, and serve with a syrup made of melted white sugar. If you wish, you may make them in patty-pans instead of frying them.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and core fine, juicy apples that will cook quickly; then take light bread dough, cut into round pieces half an inch thick and fold round each apple until well covered. Put them into a steamer, let them rise, then set the steamer over a pot of boiling water, and steam until done. Try them with a fork. Eat with cream and sugar, or butter and sugar, or maple syrup. The latter is very nice.

COCONUT PUDDING.—One quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of five eggs, one quarter of a pound of sugar; beat butter and sugar together; add a little of the coconut at a time, and one-half teacupful of cream. Do not bake too long, or it will destroy the flavor. Use one coconut. After it is baked, beat the whites of the eggs with four or five tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over the pudding, and bake a light brown.

Drop cakes are made in this way: One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of lard, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one each of cloves and of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a cup of warm water; stir in flour enough to make a batter that will drop readily from a spoon; add a little salt and a cup of dried currants, or, if you have not these, well-washed English currants are nice.

NUT CAKE.—Half a pound of sugar, five ounces of butter creamed together, four eggs beaten in one at a time, a teacupful of cold water, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour, and a small pinch of salt; last of all two cups of carefully-picked shell-barks; the utmost care must be taken not to leave in any shells, or a broken tooth may be the consequence; bake in a quick oven in small pans.

HOW TO MAKE MEAT TENDER.—Cut the steaks, the day before, into slices about two inches thick, rub them over with a small quantity of soda; wash off next morning, cut into suitable thickness, and cook as you choose. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, etc. Try, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

CELERY.—Celery boiled in milk and eaten with the milk served as a beverage is said to be a cure for rheumatism, gout, and a specific in cases of small-pox. Nervous people find comfort in celery.

Ink stains on mahogany or black walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains with a feather wet in a solution of nitre and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. If the ink stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

You can tell dogwood by its bark.

Can a shepherd's crook be termed a ram rod?

Never known to get tired—Outstanding debts.

On the artless heart the flirt practises her heartless art.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

Chinamen don't rock the cradle; they make the sky rocket.

"Whiskey is a great evil," said the toper, "and must be put down."

Never trust to appearances; it is the prosperous dentist who looks most down in the mouth.

It is easier to tie a knot in a cord of wood than to do an evil deed and get rid of the consequences.

A reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says: "This accident came upon the community unawares."

One can breathe freely in the densest smoke by placing a wet silk handkerchief over the mouth and nostrils.

"What did you get?" she asked as he returned from a two days' deer hunt. "Got back!" was the cool reply.

A Nevada school-teacher died the other day, and the local papers announced it under the head, "Loss of a Whale."

"That beats awl," said the old shoemaker as he looked at the shoe machinery.

A Bridgeport man courted his wife seven years, and after living with her two, now acknowledges it was a court of errors.

Men who never have had any advantages sometimes make it up by taking advantage of every body they have dealings with.

Silver dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

"What did you think of my argument Fogg?" "It was sound—very sound. (Jones is delighted.) Nothing but sound, in fact." (Jones reaches for a brick.)

A Frenchman in business in California advertises that he had a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.

A little urchin in one of our schools being asked, "What is Rhode Island celebrated for?" replied, "It is the only one of the New England States which is the smallest."

It has been said that a chattering little soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn—the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

It was after a concert, and a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet.

A Dublin newspaper contained the following: "I hereby warn all persons from trusting my wife, Ellen Flanagan, on my account, as I am not married to her."

"I'm in the guessed chamber," as the fellow said who had forgotten the number of his room and gone into the first one he came to.

Some one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"I have come to the conclusion," said Brown, "that the less a man knows, the happier he is." "Allow me to congratulate you, Brown," said Fogg.

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It is no use, doctor," replied the poor patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

It came at last. Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he was "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

A south-end rough was fined ten dollars and costs, last week, for spoiling a celestial's nose. He said he thought it was a heavy penalty for breaking the handle of a China mug.

"I clasped her fair hand in a rapture of bliss, and thought, O, how blessed our fates, till I looked on the gloves that encircled her wrist, and found that, alas, they were eights!"

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

A Waterville girl worked the motto, "I need thee every hour," and presented it to her chap. He says he can't see it; it takes him two hours to milk, and feed the pigs, morning and night, and business has got to be attended to.

Officer—How's this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you called him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, surr, I niver called him anny names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie!"

"I think the binding of this book will have something to do with its success," said a biblio-maniac, looking lovingly at an elegantly gotten up volume. "Yes," said the bookseller, "it is bound to succeed."—*Com. Bulletin.*

An impatient boy, while waiting for the grist at the mill, said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as your mill grinds it." "How long could you do so?" asked the miller. "Till I was starved to death," retorted the boy.

In company, set a guard upon your tongue, in solitude, upon your heart. The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discover the faults of others, the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

Our homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody of discord, are the members. If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument and destroys its sweetness.

A wicked exchange says: "The revisers of the Bible, when they struck the passage, 'And he was naked,' thought they must do something, and so they fixed it to read, 'He had on his under garments only.' The suggestion of the American revisers was mercilessly overruled. They wanted it to read, 'He had only his liver pad!'"

A young lady at Mills Seminary who recently sent us a poem entitled "Murmurings from the Outer Utterness," is informed that any pecuniary assistance she can send to the widow of the man to whom we gave it to read will be gratefully received by that lady.—*San Francisco Post.*

A woman who carried around milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into the can, and remarked with surprise, "Why, there is actually nothing there but water!" The woman, having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

A Connecticut pastor declined an addition of \$100 to his salary, for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labors, heretofore, had been the collection of his salary and it would kill him to try to collect \$100 more.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

Frivolity, under whatever name it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

A lady called into a drug store, where they also kept books, and inquired of one of the firm, "Have you 'Grote's Greece'?" "No mum; but we've got some excellent bear's oil. Wouldn't that do?"

A Brooklyn paper, speaking of a workman in a factory in that city who was so unfortunate as to have his entire beard torn off by being caught in a revolving belt, says that it was a narrow escape. It was rather a close shave, that's a fact.

Mr. Spurgeon is as apt in his similes as ever. His last is a saying concerning "experimental religion," which he says "is a bicycle; there can be no standing still; you must go on or come down."

An auctioneer, by birth a native of the Green Isle, of course, caused to be printed on his handbills, at a recent sale, "Every article sold goes to the highest bidder, unless some gentleman bids more."

INDUSTRIOUS.—Some years ago Miss Libbie Minkler, of Rochelle, Ill., lost both her arms by falling in front of a reaper. To-day she is earning a good living by oil painting, holding the brush in her teeth.

A Boston gentleman abroad sends this extract from a bill for a dinner at a Paris hotel, in September, 1881: One chicken, 10 francs; two portions of potato, 2 francs; two peaches, 3 francs; two bunches of grapes, 4 francs; one pear, 1 franc. The peaches could have been bought on the Boulevards at five cents each.

"MY BRETHREN," said a Western clergyman, "the preaching of the Gospel to some people is like pouring water over a sponge—it soaks in and stays. To others it is like the wind blowing through a chicken-coop. My experience of this congregation is that it contains more chicken-coops than sponges."

An engineer examined not long since in an arbitration case was asked, "How long have you been in your profession?" "Twelve years." "Are you thoroughly acquainted with your work, theoretically and practically?" "Yes." "Do you feel competent to undertake large constructions?" "Yes; most certainly." "In what engineering works have you been engaged during the last twelve years?" "The manufacture of iron bedsteads."

A gentleman, who was fixing a water-pipe which was leaking, became very much annoyed by his colored body-guard, a youth of about ten years of age, and drew the wrench back as if to strike him. The body-guard stood his ground, and contemptuously remarked, "I ain't afraid of you; I've worked for a heap s'nt meaner men den you is." To this the gentleman indignantly replied, "You lie, you little rascal; you never did."

"You want to be free from whatever gives you annoyance," said the doctor to the sick man; "free from all causes of worry and nervous excitement, from every thing that tends to produce mental distress or agitation." "Doctor!" exclaimed the patient, sitting bolt upright in bed and clasping his professional adviser's hand with enthusiasm, "put that in writing, and I'll apply for a divorce at once."

It is said to be a noticeable fact in Ceylon that where Christian women are married to heathen husbands generally the influence in the household is Christian; whereas, when a Christian man takes a heathen woman, he usually loses his Christian character, and the influences of the household are on the side of heathenism.

In the English literature class of a Western college, Thackeray was one day up for consideration. The discussion turned to Vanity Fair, and the professor remarked that it possessed the peculiarity of having two heroines and no hero.

"I presume, professor," remarked a misanthropic classman, "that there is where the *vanity* comes in."

"And I presume," retorted a young lady from the other end of the class, "that there is where the *fair* comes in."

EXPERIMENTAL.—"Whew!" said the minister, as the barber put the bay rum on a tender place. "Powerful, ain't it?" "Well," said Moses, "I just put it on for an experiment." "How so?" quoth the parson. "You see," said Mose, "I put some on a chap, the other day, and he yelled out that that would make a minister swear. So I thought I'd try it."

"You are the worst boy I ever saw!" exclaimed Brown to his son. "Why will you go on as you do? I should think you would have some respect for your father." "How can I, dad, have any respect for a man with such a rascally son?" asked the young reprobate.

The Sunday-school was in debt, and the superintendent got up an excursion to wipe it out, and was successful. At the next meeting of the Sunday-school the superintendent congratulated the scholars on what had been accomplished. "Now, children," said he, rubbing his hands, "we are out of debt; what shall we do?" "Get in again!" piped up a shrill voice from a small boy on the front seat.

Mother (to her daughter, just seven years old)—What makes you look so sad, Carrie? *Carrie* (looking at her baby brother, three months old)—I was just thinking that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entertaining company and having beaux, that brother of mine will just be old enough to bother the life out of me.

A colored man entered a fashionable church, on a recent Sunday, and was proceeding down the aisle, when he was touched on the shoulder by the gentlemanly sexton, who said, "The seats in the rear row are reserved for colored people." "O, it doesn't matter," said the dark-skinned brother; "I'll sit anywhere. I'm not too proud to sit among the white folks." And he entered a softly-cushioned pew well down in the broad aisle.

"I just went out to see a friend for a moment," remarked Jones to his wife, the other evening, as he returned to his seat at the theatre. "Indeed!" replied Mrs. J., with sarcastic surprise; "I supposed, from the odor of your breath, that you had been out to see your worst enemy." Jones winced.

CLASSICAL OXFORD.—Said Miss Gushington to Mr. Syntax, the college tutor, "So you teach at Oxford! That must be so delightful, I'm sure! But then I should be frightened to death to meet any of the undergraduates with half a dozen foreign languages at their tongues' end. I suppose they never speak English at all?" "Very seldom," said Syntax, in a dreamy way. "There! I knew they didn't," continued Miss Gushington. "What language do they speak most, Mr. Syntax—Greek or Latin, or —?" "Slang," replied the tutor, with laconic simplicity.

"Captain," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents, if I examine that compass too closely?" and the stern mariner, loving his little joke, promptly responded, "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them."

A SQUINT-EYED MAN, who stole a valuable picture from an art store, on being asked by the judge, before whom he was brought, his reason for the theft, replied that he had been told by several photographers that it was impossible for a man with such an expression of face to take a good picture, and he wanted to prove the contrary. In view of the circumstances, he begged the judge would let him off, but his honor replied that to that request the prisoner would have to take a negative.

THE STRONG-MINDED WAY.—Under the influence of a spring evening, moonshine, and other romantic surroundings, a Putney boating-man was led on to ask a pretty but somewhat strong-minded young lady to "row in the same boat with him for life." "On one condition," she answered promptly, "and that is—I steer."

A spread-eagle orator, at a political 'meeting, said, "if he had the wings of a bird he would fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, and carry the glad tidings of victory which he was so sure of." A naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flied a mile."

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.—"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school-teacher. "If you add a sheep and cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin Avenue milkman held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.—One day this week our village school-master, examining a reading class, asked the head of the class, "What is artificial manure?" "Don't know," said he, and the same reply was given by four other boys; but a precocious youngster, not yet in his teens, was equal to the occasion and said, "Please, sir, it's the stuff they grow artificial flowers in."

A very slight stretch of imagination is required to depict the amazement of that inquisitive old gentleman of a botanical turn of mind, who inquired of the gardener in one of the public places of promenade, "Pray, my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the 'Arbutus' family?" when he received the reply, "No, Sir, it don't; it belongs to the Corporation!"

A MOVING MELODY.—A very conceited young man came in at the Garrick Club fresh from Covent Garden, where he had been hearing an opera. He was talking in a most enthusiastic but silly way of the music, and said, speaking of one air, "Oh, that is perfectly enchanting, it carries me away!" Douglas Jerrold looked imploringly round on a little circle he was trying to talk to, and said, "Can anybody whistle it?"

John Philpot Curran, the witty and eloquent Irish barrister, who was for some years the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was dining with an Irish judge, who, from the severity of his sentences, was called "the Hanging Judge," and of whom it was said that he had never been seen to shed a tear but once, and that was when, at a performance of "The Beggar's Opera," he saw Macbeth get a reprieve. "Pray, Mr. Curran," said the judge, "is that hung beef beside you? If so, I will try it." Curran's ready reply was, "If you try it, my lord, it's sure to be hung."

Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions, asked, "What is your name?" and "How old are you?" turned to her companion and said, "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence, tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The *ruse* took, and the question was not pressed.

Puzzled.—He was a grave and reverend college professor, and he was enjoying the air on one of the wharves.

"Do you catch many mackerel this year?" He asked of a hardy fisherman.

"Well," the son of Neptune replied, "we seine some."

"Pardon, young man," exclaimed the man of letters, "you mean we saw some."

"Not by a hornful," replied the fisherman. "Who ever heard of sawing a fish? We split 'em sir, we split 'em, but we never saw 'em."

The man from the college seemed mystified.

A HEINOUS CRIME.—Lord Kenyon thus addressed a dishonest butler, who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted, on the most conclusive evidence, of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."—*Oddities of the Law, Heard.*

A New Jersey preacher, annoyed by the ladies of his congregation turning about in their seats, paused in his discourse to say: "Ladies, if you will give me your attention for a few moments, I will keep a look-out on the door, and if anything worse than a man enters, I will warn you in time for you to make your escape."

LONG WORDS.—"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word in all the English language to pronounce?" "Don't know," said Rob, "unless it is a swearing word." "Pooh!" said Tom, "it is 'stumbled', because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and the last letter."

"Ha, ha!" said Rob; "now I've one for you. I found it one day in reading the paper. Which is the longest word in all the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom, promptly.

"No, sir, it's 'smiles', because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing; I know a word that has got over three miles, between its beginning and ending!"

"Now, what's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"Beleaguered," exclaimed Tom, triumphantly.

A Western paper says: "We are indeed a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shop-men, they are all assistants; no shops, they are all establishments; no servants, they are all helps; no jailers, they are all governors. Nobody is punished in prison, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is inebriated, the very utmost you can assert is that 'he has taken his wine.'"

RIDICULOUS SAYINGS.—General Taylor was made ridiculous for a time by the sentence which occurred near the beginning of his message to the Thirty-first Congress, December, 1849, as follows: "We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with the rest of mankind." But Mr. Buchanan almost matched it in a speech which he made at the South, in which he said: "I do believe, gentlemen, that mankind, as well as the people of the United States, are interested in the preservation of this Union;" and John C. Calhoun, in commenting upon the clause in the Declaration of Independence to the effect that all men are created equal, remarked that only "two men were created, and one of these was a woman."

"How was it, Mike, that you did not vote for me, as you agreed and I paid you to do?" asked a defeated candidate.

"Sure, an' I did, sor, an' I got twenty av me friends ter do the same thing, so I did."

"Well, both you and your friends must have got mixed somehow, for I received only one vote after all my trouble and expense."

"Ah, sur, then me friends all went back on me; and that wan vote was mine, so it was."

"O, it was, eh? Well, then, the vote that I cast wasn't counted, I guess," replied the defeated, walking thoughtfully away.—*The Judge.*

Not long ago a bright little girl in the Sunday-school of St. Luke, M——n, New Jersey, who was in the Calvary Catechism class taught by Miss S., and evidently had reached the bottom facts of the lesson—the creation of man out of the dust of the earth—came running home to her mother, overfull of confidence in the Scripture theory and her own reflective conclusions, and exclaimed:

"O, mother, I know it is all true what the catechism said about Adam's being made out of the dust of the earth—I know it is!"

"Why?"

"Because I saw Aunt Emma whip Gracie, and I saw the dust fly out of her. I know it is so."

Little Gracie had been playing with ashes.

Judge Settle, of the United States Court in Florida, is cultivating an orange grove at Orange Dale, on the St. John's River, Florida. Last year he had a negro boy in his employ, named Julius, who did not give satisfaction. Last July the judge, accompanied by T. B. Keogh, of North Carolina, and C. D. Willard, of Washington, D. C., both lawyers, employed a black man to boat them from Green Cove Springs to Orange Dale. On the way over, the judge, seeking information about Julius, asked the boatman if he knew Julius.

"What! Julius Lemmons?"

"Yes," said the judge.

"Know him! Ob course I does. Ebery man, white and black, 'bout here knows him."

"What do you think of him?" asked the judge.

"Do you mean as to principle?"

"Yes."

"I don't tink nuthin' of him; don't b'lieve half what he says. He'll take contracts for work, collect de money, and neber pay 'em. He's mean enough to fool his old fadder and mother boofe. He's so smart you can't make a garnshee stick on him. He owes ebery body. He'll lie, cheat, steal, an' do ebery ting bad. But, I tell you, he can talk—la! he's a slick talker. He can outtalk 'em all. Tell you what's a fact, Mister Settle, he ought to 'bin a lawyer."

The laugh that followed disconcerted the boatman, and nothing more was said about Julius.

TRUTHFUL FRITZ.—"Do you have any fast horses in Germany?" asked Gus De Smith of an old Austin German, who is known as "Truthful Fritz," on account of his sincerity and hatred of every thing sensational. "Does ve have fast horses in Shermany?" he replied; "I should schoost schmile. Von day Baron von Kubshwappel, a good friend by me, dakes me out in his horse and puggy. After we rides apout an hour, I says, 'What for you drives so much in dis cemetery?' He says, 'Dem vas milestones; but ve goes so fast de milestones make it look shoost like ve vas in von big graveyard.' And now you wants to know if ve has fast horses in Shermany!"

A HUMOROUS COMBINATION.—A correspondent of the San Francisco Wasp writes to that paper, saying: In Virginia City, lately, I saw a large church, on the inside of which some work was being done. The notice to keep out intruders nailed over the entrance made a humorous combination with a stone tablet set in front, reading together: "Verily this is the house of God and the gateway unto heaven." "Positively no admittance." Probably there were none in Virginia worthy of passing in.

One of the ludicrous incidents of the Congregational Jubilee, which was held recently at Manchester, England, was the perplexity of the committee having charge of the collection of hymns when the jubilee hymn of Charles Wesley was proposed. It begins with the familiar line, "The year of jubilee has come," and would have been especially appropriate for the occasion had not the unfortunate line been found, "Return, ye ransomed sinners, home." It was thought that the American delegates might regard this reflection as uncalled for, and the hymn was given up. The joke was too good to keep, and when the omission was explained at the closing ceremony, by Mr. Milne, in his reply to the resolution of thanks to the people of Manchester, his words were "received with roars of laughter."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Children.

2. 911

God bless our darling children,
That go to school to-day,
God guide the little feet that tread
The future's devious way,
And keep them scathless till they come
To man or womanhood;
For in their hands the nation lies;
- For evil or for good.

As is the husband so the wife;
The mother, so the child;
Each makes for each a future life
That shall be undefiled,
Or stained and blurred. The doctrine true
Will serve a general rule;
We mould our fate at youth's bright gate
And shape it at the school.

Telling Fortunes.

I tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts within reach of my hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard with boughs hanging down,
With apples, russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning mill whirling so fast,
I see them threshing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a battered in hat,
And I think the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men with rags;
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And be right side up with your thir,
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish.

Contrary Billy.

Billy was a pedler's horse. Every day he drew a large wagon along the country roads. This large wagon was loaded with tins and brooms. It was a heavy load to draw. He stopped at all the houses, so that his master could sell the brooms and tins. One day, after he had trotted along for several miles, Billy stopped where there was no house in sight.

"Go along!" said his master.

"I won't!" said Billy.

This is the way Billy said "I won't." He set his forefoot out. He laid out his ears, and shook his head.

His master got out of the wagon and patted him on the neck.

Billy would not stir.

He talked to him in a very pleasant tone.

But Billy would not stir.

What was to be done?

The pedler wished to sell his brooms and tins, and go home to supper. But he could not do this if Billy refused to do his part. He went to the back of the wagon. A gentleman who passed by thought he was going to whip the horse with some heavy thing. Instead, the pedler took a pail from the wagon. There was some meal in this pail. He showed this to Billy, then he walked on, and set the pail down.

Billy could see the pail.

Pretty soon Billy lifted his ears. He looked very good-natured. He went forward to the pail.

Then his master let him eat the meal. Then he put the pail back in the wagon, and Billy trotted off briskly with his load.

The meal was better for Billy than the whip.—*Little Folks' Reader.*

Prove it by Mother.

While driving along the street one day last winter in my sleigh, a little boy six or seven years old, asked me the usual question, "Please, may I ride?"

I answered him: "Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh, and when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly and said, "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, by mother," said he.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but has confidence in him or her, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by mother, they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think that he will go to the saloon, the theatre or the gambling-house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blest indeed. Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents and every one else.—*Exchange.*

"Then again to make the new year a happy and successful one, we must not forget that perseverance is a great element towards this end. I want to show you what *trying* did for a poor little chimney-sweep":

THE LITTLE SWEEP.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin for the purpose of education. Among the others came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"O yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"O yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?—*Child's World.*

MISCELLANEOUS.]

Clothed in White.

Clothed in white—a happy child at play,

Her face all radiant as the hues of morning—

With fairy step she trod;

A creature lovely as the flowers of May,

Who could bewitch us with her childish scolding,

Or rule us with a nod.

Clothed in white—with blossoms in her hair,

A maiden whom to love appeared a duty—

A spell around her hung;

A sense of all that nature makes most fair,

That filled with rapture all who watched her beauty,

Or heard her silver tongue.

Clothed in white—she heard the wedding chime,

Blushing beneath her crown of orange flowers,

As her soft answer flows

Like music, with no prescience of the time

When o'er her life, which love so fondly dowers,

The shadowy grave will close.

Clothed in white—her form we seem to see

Shine in the glory of a new existence

Defying time and night;

And from all earth-born memories set free;

While we, like travellers toiling in the distance,

Yearn for the coming light.

—*Joseph Verey.*

Lassoing a Wild Cat.

WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY WANTED A RIDE AND A SQUARE MEAL.

Now, let it be understood that when Dr. Carlson said "jump in, Harry, and stop a week at my ranch," the aforesaid Harry had no thought of cat—wild, tame or otherwise. A pleasant drive of twenty-eight miles brought us to the famous Bluff Creek Ranch, where the great heathen missionary, the Rev John Glenn, is resident pastor and distributor of food, raiment and German mineral water to the foot sore, the weary and the thirsty. Two miles from the parson's the range of the doctor "takes hold." After crossing this we "observed in the distance a solitary horseman," who on closer observation proved to be one of the doctor's henchmen. While talking cow to him a tremendous wild cat, fully four feet long, jumped up in front of us and started for the brush, but the rowels were already in the flanks of Charles' horse, and at a break-neck speed, the lariat curving its graceful but certain coils above his head, went pursuer and pursued. When within twenty-five of his catship the lariat was thrown, and encircling like the weird chain of a magician landed the fatal noose around loudon's neck. Never was a cat of any description in a tighter embrace; horse at full run, the rope fastened to the horn of the saddle, and the game making unwilling jumps of twenty to thirty feet. This, however, only lasted a few hundred feet, when the cat, catching the rope with his teeth, snapped it as if it were a tow string. Charley, finding that his line was empty and his hook gone (as a fisherman would say), returned to look at the dead quadruped. Dead! "He was not dead, but sleeping." For with a yell and two bounds he clears at least forty feet, and fastening one set of claws in Charley's leggings and the other in the hip of the horse, he seemed to insist on a ride and a square meal. But for the presence of mind of the rider and his luck in having a three-pound loaded squirt, with which he mashed the animal's skull, we rather opine he would have been the best mounted wild-cat in the cattle regions of the West.—*Ford County, Kansas, Globe.*

Men have a great deal of respect for the clergyman on account of his office. I do not want any such officious respect. I do not want any of that feeling for the parson as a sort of embodiment of cold ecclesiastical formalities—for instance, that of respect for the clergyman that will check a man from swearing in his presence—"Ah, I beg pardon; I see there is a minister present." Never beg my pardon for swearing; if you don't care about offending God, you need not trouble yourself about offending me.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

A Squirrel Kills a Rattlesnake.

A story so strange that it seems almost incredible comes from the Zoological Garden. Yesterday afternoon a little squirrel killed a rattlesnake about to devour it, and the aggressor became the victim. It is customary to place live animals, such as the rabbit, the rodent, or the squirrel, in the dens of the reptiles. The snakes, when they are hungry, with fearful deliberation approach their terrified prey, and relentlessly devour it. The squirrel crouched tremblingly in a corner of the snake's abode, and seemed to understand that it would soon be food for the disgusting creature. Slowly but surely the rattlesnake crawled toward the squirrel, but the bunnie quickly jumped on a perch above the deadly reptile's head. The long flat head was raised upon the perch, and the forked tongue spit forth its venom. But the squirrel, with a sudden spring, alighted on the back of the snake and bit off one of his rattles. The wounded reptile wheeled quickly round and struck the little hero a fearful blow, breaking the right hind leg. Brave little fellow, once more he leaps beyond the reach of his maddened foe. Another spring and the squirrel was triumphant. He caught the snake behind the head, and with one firm thrust of his sharp white teeth decapitated the slimy monster and fell exhausted by the wiggling mass; but the battle had been won and the snake was dead.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, Dec. 4.*

A HEN THAT SANG.—A novel case was heard before Squire Wilson, of East Nottingham township, Chester County, Pa., recently. Last spring a farmer of East Nottingham had thirty chickens stolen. Summer wore away, but no traces of the lost fowls. A few days ago the chicken owner visited a farmer in the same township, and while looking at the fowls on the premises saw a hen which he thought resembled one of the number stolen from him. He enquired how the farmer obtained it, when a conversation followed, and concluded by the poultry owner saying, "If that chicken comes to me when I call her by name she is mine." This was agreed to. "Annie, Annie," called the owner, and sure enough the hen came to him. "Jump upon my hand." Up jumped Annie. "Now sing for a grain of corn, Annie," called the owner. The pretty little hen immediately began to sing in her fowlish style a solo which fully convinced the two men to whom she rightfully belonged. The thief and pet chicken were brought before the Squire, who heard the story and Annie's solo, and sentenced the thief.—*Reading News.*

A Recommendation.

The Greenbush, N. Y., *Gazette* has devised this original and ingenious triple acrostic: Read the capitals of the first nine lines down in their order, then read the capitals in the two succeeding lines in their order, then read the capitals in the two succeeding lines as they come; then heed what you read.

All you merchants who	Industriously	Toil.
Dealers in varnish, in	Fishes, or	Oil,
Velvets, music or furs,	Yankee notions or	Shoes,
Eggs, butter or cheese,	Or whatever we	Use;
Robe, wagon or harness,	Umbrellas or	Crash,
Trying in all	Ways to rake in the	Cash,
In vain are your efforts,	In vain riches	Expect,
Save you show up your	Stock with glowing	Effect.
Each day in the paper a	Half column will	Do.
Despise Our Injunction,	Then Obstinacy Rue,	
Bring Unsuccessfulness,	Sheriff To.	

MORE CARVING.—Here is a little story with a very piquant flavor of French sauce, though prepared by American hands. A splendidly gilt dining-room, with almost nothing on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dinner, on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste."

"And pray what change would you make?" asked the host.

"Well," he answered, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding;" and here he glanced furtively at the dining-table, "and more carving."

How Savages Swim.

Nature, in an article in regard to the swimming of savage people, says: "The Indians on the Missouri river, when they have occasion to traverse that impetuous stream, invariably tread water just as the dog treads it. The natives of Joanna—an island on the coast of Madagascar—young persons of both sexes, walk the water, carrying fruit and vegetables to ships becalmed, or it may be lying-to in the offing miles away. Some Croomen, whose canoe upset before my eyes in the seaway on the coast of Africa, walked the water to the safe-keeping of their lives with the utmost facility, and I witnessed negro children on other occasions doing so at a very tender age. At Madras, watching their opportunity, messengers with letters secured in an oilskin cap plunge in the boiling surf and make their way, treading the water, to the vessels outside, through a sea in which an ordinary European boat will not live.

A Dog's Fidelity.

A curious and interesting exhibition of canine fidelity came under our observation on the day after Thanksgiving. On Curtis Street, between Washington and Madison, at six o'clock on the morning above mentioned, there was to be seen a dog of not over-refined breed, watching by the dead body of another dog, with all the appearances of mystified grief and undespising affection. The survivor would lie on his dead friend, with the evident hope of warming him back to consciousness; would snuggle alternately at either side of the carcass, and, failing to get a response to his caresses, would lick the frozen body with the tenderness of a cow to her new-born calf. Passers-by were threatened by the faithful sentinel, and other dogs were especially under ban of his displeasure. At times he would sit or crouch at a little distance from his dead, watching the rigid, motionless remains with every attitude and gesture of silent, woe-begone solicitude.

It was in vain that the residents of the neighborhood endeavored to draw him away with the offer of food and warmth. Coaxing and threatening were equally useless. At length two boys, whom the watcher evidently knew, succeeded in trying a rope around his neck and drawing him away, the picture of reluctant acquiescence. Until the corner was turned, and he disappeared from our sight, he would, at intervals or a few steps, tug at the rope and look back in the subdued but persistent concern. There are many instances related in the books of such fidelity to a human friend or master after death, but we do not remember reading of any such exhibition over the body of a canine companion.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Rev. John Jasper's Philosophy.

On the Washington train I met Rev. John Jasper, the "Sun-do-move" philosopher from Richmond. Mr. Jasper maintains that this theory—that the world stands still, and that the sun moves around it—is true.

"Ef de sun don't move," said Mr. Jasper in the most solemn manner, "den why did Joshua command it to stan' still? No, sir, de minesters who tell you dat de sun stands still and dat de world moves round her—why, dey is mistaken. Dey is lying to de people, and ef dey don't change dere b'leef, dey will die in dere sins."

When I asked Mr. Jasper what his theory of the telegraph was, he said:

"Well, de telegraf stan's to reason. I see de principles of de telegraf 'lustrated every day."

"How, Mr. Jasper?" I asked.

"Well, de oder mornin' my dog stood in de doorway. His tail was in de kitchen, while his head was in de dinin' room. When he was standin' dere my wife she trod on de dog's tail and bark, bark! bark! went de dog in de oder room. Now dat was de principles of de telegraf 'lustrated. De tail was one end of de telegraf and de mouf was de oder. De bark was de 'click,' 'click' of de machine. Now, ef dat dog had been big 'nuff to reach from Richmond to Washington, den I could have trod on his tail down dere and de bark could have been heard all over de Capital. Yes, sah, de telegraf is plain 'nuff, and de movement of de sun is plain 'nuff, too, ef de people wouldn't pervert de Scriptures." *Ed Perkins.*

How to Deal with Rats.

A writer in *The Scientific American* says: "We cleaned our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas, and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the copperas and scattered it in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard around the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar as a purifier and as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling, they are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

To EXPEL RATS.—I have used the following plan with instant and unflinching success, procure copperas and sprinkle wherever they are likely to run, in and about their holes. Make it very fine, so as to enter the pores of their feet, and my word for it you will be "safely delivered" of rats in forty-eight hours. They always migrate to the nearest neighbor's premises.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Sand Blast.

Says the *Journal of Science*: Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a gravestone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast, and the sand shall cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the cut letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two by six feet, cover it with fine lace and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have a delicate and beautiful figure raised on the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hand under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest cutting-glass, iron, or stone but they must look out for finger-nails, or they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails, it will do but little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them, they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance—even glass—but does not effect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, fine lace, or even the human hand.

THE CANTELOPE QUESTION.—The consumer of cantelope has observed that only about one melon in five is of first-rate quality. That one will have a high, rich, musky flavor most delicious to the palate. The others will vary in flavor. One will taste like raw pumpkin, another like unboiled sweet potato, and another, perhaps, like a hickory chip. What we want to know is if it is not possible for some careful and ingenious horticulturist to produce entire crops of melons which have the tempting flavor? Is there no method of extirpating the melon with the taste of chips and the melon that is akin to pumpkin, and making the good melon universal?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

An ancient and remarkable clock has been recently set up in the reading-room of the municipal library of Rouen. A single winding keeps it running for fourteen months and some odd days. It was constructed in 1782, underwent alterations in 1810, was bought by Rouen for 1,000 francs in 1838, has recently been repaired and just set going.

Silver that is not in use may be kept from tarnishing by burying it in a box or barrel of oat-meal.

A Great Naphtha Fire.

Although the existence of the naphtha springs in the neighborhood of Baku, Russia, has been known for centuries, it is only within the last ten years that measures have been taken for realizing their production, by using it for lightning purposes. From one of the chief wells the liquid shoots up as from a fountain, and has formed a lake four miles long and one and a quarter wide. Its depth is, however, only two feet, so that in very hot summers it is nearly dried up.

This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited, and presented an imposing spectacle, the thick black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glare of the central column of flame, which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire were not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagration would spread underground in such a manner as to cause an explosion. This supposition led many inhabitants of the immediate vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet. The trees and buildings within three miles distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on persons' clothes, and even on the food in the adjacent houses.

Not only was the naphtha itself burning, but the earth which was saturated with it was also on fire, and ten large establishments, founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed. The fire ceased of itself unexpectedly, and thus the fears of a total destruction of the local naphtha industry have been allayed.

A CHINESE STATUE.—A statue of the Marco Polo, discovered in Canton, has been received at his native city, Venice. It is life size, made of wood and gilt. According to a foreign contemporary, the famous Venetian traveller is represented seated, wearing the Chinese attire, although the cloak and hat are after the European fashion. His moustache and beard, which surround his face, are tinged dark blue, and while the Chinese artist has given him a peculiar form the features in no way resemble those of a Mongolian type. Opposite the large, red, easy arm-chair upon which Marco Polo is seated is placed a porcelain bowl, intended to receive perfumes, with which he was honored in the same manner as is the protecting genius of China in the temple of Canton. The statue has at the foot an inscription in Chinese characters.

Bombardment of the Earth:

"It's lucky for us that the earth has such a good bomb-proof on the skyward side," said the astronomer, as he stood on the roof, watching the meteors.

"Why?" asked the reporter, through the scuttle-hole.

"You'd have seen if you had been up here with me for the last hour. Why, the earth has been undergoing a regular bombardment. It's not over yet. Look at that fellow, how he skims. You would call it a shooting-star. Well, there's as much reason for calling it a celestial shell. That meteoroid was moving twenty or thirty miles a second; yet it could not get through the bomb-proof that protects the earth."

"Where's the bomb-proof?"

"Why, right under your nose; it's the atmosphere. When the meteoroids strike the air, the heat produced by their tremendous velocity runs up a million degrees a second, and in a twinkling they are changed to vapor. If they could get through the atmosphere, no man could tell at what instant he might be struck down by a shot from the sky, for meteoroids are plunging into the atmosphere millions a day for the whole earth. The soft air is to most of them as impenetrable as a wall of steel. Some are able to penetrate to the earth, but they are few. When a meteoroid strikes the earth, it is called an aerolite. No good museum of mineralogy is without one or more specimens."

Prentice Mulford declares that two hours' work about a hot stove is more exhausting than four hours' work out of doors, and thinks the women who in Europe do men's work in the fields are better off than the American housewife, of whose life five-sixths are spent in the kitchen. There is more truth than poetry in this.