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Montreal, Canada.

OUR HOME

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IS WORTH KEEPING

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WATSON GRIFFIN.
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE BEAVER MANUFACTURING CO., GALT, ONT.

Send for a pamphlet, mentioning OUR HOME.

OUR HOME

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1896. No. 1.

POLICIES AND POLITICIANS.

The greatest defect in our system of government is that it does not distinguish between policies and politicians. A certain policy is represented by certain politicians. To overthrow these politicians is to overthrow the policy. The people may want the policy continued while they are disgusted with the politicians who administer it.

Where representative institutions prevail the government is supposed to represent the majority of the people, and it does in a certain sense. But it often happens that it only represents them on some one question which is considered of more importance than all the rest, and so the opinion of the people on many important questions is never known. It may even happen that a large government majority represents the will of the people in general on no question at all, for the votes of different sections at the same election may depend upon different questions, and adroit politicians will pay most attention, during a campaign, to the matter that most interests constituencies which they wish to represent. What the people of a small section want the people in general may be opposed to, and so the strength of a government may consist in the representation of sectional minorities on a large number of questions.

The people vote for the politicians? why should they not vote for the policies? If the constitution provided that a plebiscite on any public question should be taken on the petition of one half the voting population, the people could declare their policy, and then choose the men whom they wished to put it into effect. The policy of the people would be known; the men who were willing to carry it out could present themselves as candidates; and the people would choose their representatives on account of their honesty and administrative ability. It may be said that the men who believe in a policy are the only ones who can properly administer it. This is true, and in the choice of representatives their views would have to be taken into account, but the people would not be so much at the mercy of any one party of politicians. They would have no reason to overlook any kind of wrong doing for the sake of maintaining a desirable policy, and candidates would have to stand on their own merits.

MOVING ON.

A great many people, in discussing the question of Canada's future, talk as if the country were always to stand still instead of moving on. It is very hard for some people to look at the future, but anyone can look at past. Well, look at the past. Does Canada stand now where it did twenty years ago? Compare the cities and towns of to-day with the cities and towns of that day. Note the changes in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Halifax and St. John. Look at Vancouver and a host of other thriving towns that had no existence then. Make an estimate of the time it would take to travel over every mile of railway in Canada to-day; then ascertain how long it would have taken to have travelled over every mile of railway that Canada possessed twenty years ago. Visit the great annual exhibitions in all our larger cities and compare them with the little fairs of twenty years ago. Inspect our schools and colleges and churches. Look about you on every side and then answer the question, "Is Canada standing still or moving on?" The answer will certainly be "moving on." Yes, we are moving on, and the progress of the future will be greater than the progress of the past. We will move on by the lightning express instead of by the stage coach. The Dominion is fast becoming a network of railways, and railways induce immigration, bring distant towns into hand-shaking dis-

tance and build up trade. What Canadians as a people require more than anything else is confidence in the future, the same sort of confidence that is so characteristic of the Americans—such confidence as has built up Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Confidence of this sort makes people and cities enterprising. Great opportunities are ahead, they know it, and keep their eyes wide open for them.

Hundreds of thousands of people from Europe will become Canadian citizens during the next decade ; many Americans will cross the line to settle in Canada ; and most important of all the young men of Canada will take control of affairs. The old men have done much for the country and will always deserve to be honored by the country. They have given the Dominion many a friendly push forward ; but they are moving on too, and their places will be taken by their sons and grandsons. The young men are Canadians, most of them have confidence in Canada and expect for it a great future. They are content to bide their time. There is no hurry ; the nation is growing all the time, and some day it will assert itself.

THE VALUE OF A TREE.

A German railway some time ago paid six hundred dollars for one cherry tree which stood in the way of an extension. The owner asked nine hundred dollars for the tree and proved that its crops sold for sums equivalent to the interest on that amount. This is really the true way to estimate the value of a fruit tree. The value of a business or a house is usually estimated by regarding the annual income derived from it as interest on the capital and there is no reason why the value of an orchard should not be estimated in the same way. However the labor of caring for the tree, picking the fruit and marketing it must be taken into consideration.

If any farmer will estimate the average annual crop obtained from one of the best fruit trees in his orchard, ascertain its average market price, deduct the cost of production, and then calculate how large a sum of money must be put out at interest in order to secure as large an income, he will be surprised at the result. Suppose the rate of interest to be five per cent., then a tree whose average annual crop sells for ten dollars above the cost of cultivating and marketing it, is worth two hundred dollars. If the rate of interest be four per cent. the value of the tree is two hundred and fifty dollars.

Of course, in making calculations, a certain allowance must be made for the aging of the tree. A tree may have a certain value as timber apart from its crop, and it is important to know how long it may be expected to bear fruit and what its value as timber will be after it is cut down. Certain kinds of wood are very costly, and trees that do not bear fruit at all often command very high prices. Unfortunately the profit from trees of this class usually falls to speculators or middlemen instead of to producers. There are men who make a business of inspecting logs and buying up the valuable ones, often paying a mere trifle for what they are sure of selling for a small fortune.

It would pay our farmers to make a thorough study of tree culture, the best methods of packing fruit and the value of various kinds of wood. If farmers realized the real value of trees of all kinds they would treat them most tenderly and would view with horror their indiscriminate cutting. They would take care to replace the large trees that they cut down either for use or for sale, by young shoots that would grow into valuable trees.

Aside from the direct income to be derived from an orchard or a plantation of high-priced wood trees, if farmers in general devoted more attention to tree culture they would all be directly benefited. It has been demonstrated by experience both in Europe and America that after a country is denuded of its trees seasons of prolonged drought and annual Spring floods are certain to follow. Many districts of Europe formerly renowned for their fertility are now desert wastes, owing to the destruction of trees, and in some sections of the United States similar results have already been noticed. The floods on several American rivers with important cities on their banks have caused serious damage during recent years, and all who have studied the matter unite in saying that they are due to the destruction of the trees. The snow in an open, treeless country melts rapidly instead of gradually as in a well wooded country.

So far as the value of a tree concerns only the individual the government is not called upon to interfere, but it is evident that each tree has a general as well as a special value and it is the duty of the government to see that this general value is not converted into a source of general loss.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

It is often remarked that if the people who inhabited this world of ours in bygone ages could return to-day they would be astonished at the wonderful changes which have taken place, and if the people of our age could go back a century or two they would find as much to interest them in the

Fig. 1.

queer methods and customs of that time, although the prevailing feeling would be amusement rather than astonishment. The dead cannot return, but we can in a certain sense go back to the past by the study of history. So much time is spent in trashy reading that history is neglected, the popular impression evidently being that history is too "solid" to be interesting or amusing. This belief is not altogether without justification as nearly all historical works do contain a great deal of matter which can only be appreciated and enjoyed by students who concentrate their minds on what they read. When school days are over, very few have more than dipped into history and after a hard day's work on the farm, in the office, the workshop or the house, it is not easy to pursue a course of study. Yet there are many interesting and amusing things recorded in the numerous histories and biographies, and OUR HOME will save its readers the hard work of hunting for them in bulky volumes by publishing a series of bright and interesting articles about the people and the things of the days gone by under the heading, "People of the Past." The first of these articles follows :

In the eighteenth century the streets of Paris were only repaired at rare intervals and it was difficult to ascertain when the roadway wanted mending, concealed as it was beneath a layer of rubbish or thick filthy mud. The drain in the middle of the street, to carry off the water from the houses, formed a stagnant pool, which was stirred up by the carriage wheels and horses' hoofs. When it rained the stream, being greatly swollen, became quite wide and a moveable bridge was laid over it. The man in charge of this lifted it up to let carriages pass and expected to be paid for his trouble. If the plank which formed the bridge happened to break foot passengers had to be carried across if they did not wish to get their feet wet. It was not an unusual thing to see a fashionably dressed lady crossing the street on a man's back with her arms around his neck as shown in figure 1. This amusing spectacle may have a touch of sadness in it for the student of history if the thought of a lady on a man's back reminds him of a most pathetic incident which occurred in the streets of Paris many years ago. A young man attended a popular demonstration in company with a beautiful girl to whom he was engaged. There was a panic in the immense crowd assembled and in the mad rush many were crushed to death. The young man guided the girl through the crowd for some minutes, but at last, she exclaimed that she could go no farther. He told her to get on his back and put her arms around his neck, and he would carry her through. He stooped to receive her and feeling the clasp of soft warm hands about his neck, raised himself with difficulty, forced his way through the crowd with much hard fighting, and finally reached a place of safety. Then, putting his fair burden down, he turned with an exclamation of triumph to receive her thanks, but alas, to his astonishment and grief, he found that he had rescued a strange woman and the beautiful girl whom he loved had been crushed to death.

A century ago and in times more remote children of the better class were in the matter of dress, but men and women in miniature. Figure 2 shows how Marie-Antoinette and her children were dressed when painted by Madame Vigée Lebrun. Figure 3 shows the Holbein dress worn by little Dutch girls one hundred years ago, and not so very different from those that may be seen even now upon the shores of the Zuider Zee. Figure 4 represents the dress of a little English girl of the time of Charles I. The little dress in figure 5 is taken from an old Venetian picture of the

Fig. 2.

fifteenth century. In the original the child is seated on her mother's knee and the dresses of mother and child are the same except in the smallest details.

King George II. was once invited out to dine with a wealthy and eccentric old duke, who possessed more money than he very well knew what to do with. Upon this occasion, wishing to impress His Majesty with the immensity of his riches, he had the floor of the dining-hall paved from end to end with sovereigns, the head being up. Each coin was stuck in a mixture of lime, which soon dried, leaving the precious "tile" securely fastened. When the King arrived, and was shown what had been done in his honor, his amazement knew no bounds, and it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to set foot upon the golden floor.

In ancient times every monarch and prince, great or little, kept soothsayers or at least had recourse to some person who pretended to read the future in the stars or elsewhere. We have still persons who assume to be able to foretell the future, but the great difference between past ages and the present in this regard is that then the great and often wise men of the earth believed in the soothsayers, while now only the foolish and feeble have any confidence in them.

Fig. 3

The decline in the credit and honor of soothsaying dates in a considerable measure, perhaps, from a certain performance of John Galeaggo, Duke of Milan. One day his soothsayer came to him and said:

"My lord, make haste to arrange your earthly affairs."

"And why shall I do that?" asked Duke John.

"Because the stars tell me that you have not long to live."

"Indeed! And what do the stars tell you about your own lease of life?" asked the Duke.

"They promise me many years more of life."

"They do?"

"So I have read them, my lord."

"Well, then," said the Duke, "it appears that the stars know very little about these things, for you will be hanged within half an hour!"

He sent the soothsayer to the gallows with promptness and lived many years afterward himself. Star-reading fell into disuse in Milan from that time.

Before the days of railways, steamships and telegraphic communication news travelled slowly and when anyone returned from a journey, his relatives and friends gathered about him and listened with open-mouthed wonder to the tales he told of happenings in the places he had visited. Figure 6 represents a group of people listening to the tales of one who has returned from a journey. In our days the traveller brings home no news, for everything of interest, is recorded in the newspapers immediately, no matter where it happens.

Fig. 4.

A charming little incident which connects two wonderful and greatly beloved musicians, Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind, is told by Elise Polko, in her *Erinnevungen an Mendelssohn*. It was after a grand concert in Leipsic, at which both artists had taken the audience by storm, that Mendelssohn made his first appearance as an orator. The directors of the Gewandhaus gave a torchlight serenade in honor of the famous singer, and so many people thronged into the garden of the Brockhaus, where Jenny Lind was at the time, that it was crowded to overflowing.

The ovation was so wildly enthusiastic that it bewildered the "Sweedish Nightingale." who turned to Mendelssohn and asked what she should do to satisfy the crowd of people who had thronged there to serenade and do her homage.

"You must go down and say a few words to make them happy," said Mendelssohn.

After a minute's hesitation she replied: "Good! I will go to them, but you must lead me and speak in my place."

Mendelssohn presented his arm, and they went down and out into the crowd of artists and admirers in the garden. The

Fig 5.

appearance of these two together raised a perfect tempest of applause. When Mendelssohn could at last make himself heard, he said:

"My dear friends, you must not think for a moment that I am now Mendelssohn; I am Miss Jenny Lind, and I thank you heartily for this delightful surprise. After, however, taking to myself the honor of this splendid personality, I now return to my former self, the Leipsic musical director, and cry with you all, 'Long live Jenny Lind!'"

Fig. 6.

A thousand voiced echo followed the cry. Even though the singer protested against the manner in which he had performed the task she had intrusted to him, she was moved by the beauty and grace of his little speech, and accompanied by the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wood Song" the pair left the place together.

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came:
And lo, Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

—BLANCO WHITE.

Page 24 is the Publisher's page.

A BASHFUL MAN'S COURTSHIP.

I was the most bashful man that ever lived. That is the reason I had not a wife at thirty.

I used to wonder and wonder how I could get courage to propose long after I knew Polly White, though the minute I saw her I loved her dearly, and I used to think: If it was Polly's sister Abby, now why, it might be easier.

Abby was very like Polly, only twelve or fourteen years older, married, and the mother of four children, and we used to have lots of talk about everything, for her husband, Jack Markham, lived next to me. Our lands joined and we'd look over the garden fence and chatter by the hour, Mrs. Markham and I. Polly lived with her sister, but she was as shy as a good little school girl, and "yes," or "no," was about all the answer I could get to my remarks about the weather. But Abby Markham told me a good deal about Polly. That she had no sweetheart. That she was a good housekeeper. That she'd make any man happy who married her. I knew all that, but though I kept falling more and more in love with her for two long years, I couldn't say anything to her.

At last—I remember it was early spring—I was driving up from the station, when I saw Abby Markham at the store steps, and called out to her:

"How d'you do?"

"First rate," said she, "and glad to see you, for I don't care about the long walk home with my parcels, and Jack has gone miles away with the team."

I was glad to drive her over, and so I told her, and I jumped out of the waggon and helped her in, handed up her bundles and took the reins. She smiled at me, and looked so cosy and comfortable and sister-like that I made up my mind I would speak to her—tell her just how I loved Polly, and ask her what my prospects were, and to speak for me. It seemed a kind of a mean way; I felt that; but I could not propose to Polly right out; and if I waited much longer, why, some other fellow would come along and I should lose her. So I sat beside her, answering what she said, and putting off what I had to say until we got to her gate, and then it was dusk, so that I could just barely see her face. Then I spoke in a hurry:

"Mrs. Markham," said I, "I want to talk to you. I—I want to talk about Miss Polly, your sister. Miss Polly, I—I—I want to ask, to—to say—I—I—I—I—"

"Don't take to stammering, Si Whiting," said Abby Markham, laughing. "Catch your breath. You want to talk to me about Sister Polly."

"Yes ma'am," said I.

"Very good," said Mrs. Markham, "I rather think I know what you've got to say—do I?"

"Yes, I'm sure you do. No one could know your sister Polly without loving her," said I. "I want a wife," and I—I—"

"Si Whiting," said Abby, "I'll tell you just what to do. Go out there into the arbor under the honeysuckle and sit on the bench, and I'll put my groceries away and come and listen quietly—that is, if you have really something serious to say, for I think when a man talks about such things he ought to be serious."

"I am, Mrs. Markham," said I, "only I never can speak to a girl. I—I don't know why."

Abby laughed again and ran away, with her blue waterproof cloak tucked about her, and the hood drawn over her head—the women of our place often dressed that way to do their errands, and looked better so than city ladies in all their finery—and I went into the arbor and sat there waiting, making up my mind to be bold about the thing at last. I was not a fool; why need I act like one?

It grew darker. I could just see Abby as she came out of the house, and she was like a pretty little shadow as she sat down beside me. She did not say anything, so I had to begin myself.

"Abby," I said, "I'm pretty well off. I've been saving ten years, and you know my home and my place. I want to marry. Do you think Polly would have me?"

"Why don't you ask *her?*" said Abby, very softly.

"I'm afraid," said I, "she's as shy as I am. If she should say no, I should die right there. Abby, does she like me?"

"She doesn't know whether you like her," said Abby, in a whisper.

"But I do. I love her from the bottom of my heart," said I. "Tell her that, Abby."

"What will she think of you if you can't do your own courting?" said the little woman in blue waterproof, giggling.

"Oh, Abby, does she despise me?"

"No," said Abby.

"Does she love me?" I asked.

"Oh, dear," said the little woman. "That I should say such a thing about my sister, that she loves somebody. How do I know? You must ask her."

"Why, Mrs. Markham," said I, "you've been so kind, this doesn't seem like you, really. Help me, and I'll be grateful all my life. Do you think Polly *could* like *me?*"

Abby shrank away from me, and I could just hear her whisper:

"Well, I think she *could.*"

I stepped forward and caught her hand. She shrank farther away. A branch of honeysuckle caught her hood, and pulled it off her head.

The moon, just risen, peeped in through the branches, and I saw, not Abby, but my own Polly, and knew what a trick had been played upon me.

I was bashful no longer. I caught Polly in my arms, and smothered her with kisses.

"Sister *made* me do it," she sobbed. "Oh, I never thought you'd find me out; never!"

But I said again:

"Say you love me, Polly."

And she said:

"Yes."

And that's the story of my courting.

LOVE MADE A GREAT ARTIST.

It was a gem of a garden in the city of Antwerp, the little music park and parterre, full of natural beauty, arranged and embellished by art, and open two nights a week during the summer to the public for promenade concerts, and this was one of the most glorious evenings of the season; the air was soft and soothing as the zephyrs of Araby the Blest; a thousand flashing jets of gas set up a vain rivalry to the cloudless moon; the assembly was large and gay and animated, and every instrument of the monster orchestra present and in tune. Tired of the busy scene about the music stand, surfeited with a concord of sweet sounds, a pensive painter strolled around the miniature lake, along the winding walks, until he found a vacant seat beside the re-entering angle of the flowering hedge. Here he sat communing with his own thoughts, not heeding the gentle conversation carried on the while on the other side the projecting hedge. Presently a merry laugh that had escaped the guard of the whisperer, brought him suddenly to his feet with the mental ejaculation, "*My daughter!*"

Two hours later, from the sheltered window of his atelier, he saw the lovers, slowly approach the entrance door. The moon revealed the lovers' parting, and by the same illumination the latter measured the manly form of the youth, as he moved off gaily from the domicile. As father and daughter sat together at coffee next morning, the former said.

"My daughter, last evening at nine o'clock I sat on the upper side of the angle of the flowering hedge, beyond the lakelet in the music park, and was aroused from a deep reverie by your laugh, which you were cautioned to restrain, by a masculine voice; and later I saw you permit a fine looking youth to take a lover's *au revoir* at my door. What is the young man's profession?"

Blushes mantled the fair face of the daughter as, with downcast eyes, she answered:

"A blacksmith, father."

Silence for some minutes ensued, during which the roses of the young girl's cheeks were supplanted by lilies. The pause in the colloquy was broken by the father saying, in measured tones, and with firm but affectionate emphasis: "My daughter can marry

none but an artist." And rising, he walked slowly from the room, without observing his child's deathly pallor and gasping for breath.

Two years had elapsed. On a beautiful autumnal afternoon the maiden appeared at the door of the atelier and said:

"Father, you have wrought long and arduously at your easel; let us walk for relaxation and amusement." Along the street they sauntered, until turning into the welcome shade of the "Green Square," they stood in the open space before the cathedral, in the presence of an iron canopy of wondrous conformation. It was constructed of pounded iron. Some genius with his hammer had wrought out in most patient manner perfect marvels of angels and human beings, of flowers, fruits, and leaves, of animals and of many real and mythical existences, and the whole was arranged and consorted with such artistic taste and skill that the painter stood wrapped in admiration. At length he enquired:

"Whose work is this, my daughter?" The flush again surmounted her face as she answered, in subdued exultation:

"The young blacksmith, father. Is he not an artist?"

They walked home in silence, and having entered, the painter kissed his daughter and said tenderly:

"Yes, he is an artist, surely; but I meant my child should marry only a painter."

Another interval of two years had flown. The painter had for months confined himself in concentrated thought and labor on his great picture of the "Fallen Angels," and at last it was finished. Having taken his matutinal coffee he led his daughter to the atelier and pointing to the painting said:

"Behold my masterpiece."

The daughter responded enthusiastically: "It is beautiful, sublime! But, father, you have wrought too intensely; you confine yourself too closely; you must take a little rest and recreation; it is yet early in the day; you shall take a carriage and drive through the luxuriant fields to the cottage of Mr. Moyeaux and loiter the long summer day in the cool shade of his maple grove, and at six o'clock you shall return to a dinner worthy of the artist who could conceive and execute the "Fallen Angels."

As the sun was verging towards the horizon the father returned refreshed and strengthened by rest and the invigorating air at the rural retreat of his congenial friend, Mr. Moyeaux. At the threshold his daughter received him and escorted him straightway whither she knew his heart was yearning to go, into the presence of his freshly finished and greatest work. Gazing in mute admiration, he drew forth his handkerchief and stepped to the picture to drive away a bee that had alighted on one of the figures. The bee would not be frightened, and he sought to brush it from the canvas, and then only realized that it was a painted bee, executed in his absence. Turning to his daughter, who stood pallid and motionless by a curtained alcove, he asked:

"My daughter, who did this?"

"My blacksmith, father," she answered, trembling with emotion.

Turning again to the glowing canvas, the father said: "The man who painted that bee can marry my child, if she wills it."

The blood rushed in torrents to the girl's face, the curtains of the alcove parted and the noble form of the artist, painter, blacksmith, stepped to the side of the blushing maiden, and knelt with her before the father, who laid a hand on each head in tender blessing. It was late that evening when the happy trio arose from the dinner that had been a feast fit for artists, painters and lovers.

To-day every visitor to Antwerp finds the garden of music that nestles under the frowning battlements that protect the city, on frequent summer evenings a fairy scene of natural beauty heightened by art, populous with the best and brightest of society, while the ambient air floats saturated with music's most perfect and inspiring harmony. And every tourist passes through "Place Verte," and in the open space before the great cathedral he arrests his steps and stills his voice in admiration, as he contemplates the iron canopy, and feels it a marvel of artistic beauty, wrought by some cunning hand under the one only inspiration that could make its achievement possible, and lastly every lover of art will find in the magnificent picture gallery the great painting of the "Fallen Angels," the master-piece of Frau Floris, and on it the bee painted by Quentin Matsys; and he will see other noted pictures by both artists, in the same collection, but the sentimental visitor will linger in the presence of the bee that was painted in love, and won a painter's daughter for an artist's bride. This is a true story.

THE WORK ABOUT A SHOE.

In a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the instep, two rands, twelve heel pieces, thirty tacks, twelve nails in the heels, and twenty buttons, to say nothing of thread, both silk and flax; but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single complete work, for as an experiment, some of our shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and as a test a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.

THE SON OF ZOB.

There lived once by the shore of the Persian Sea a lad named Jami, son of Zob, a poor fisherman, who gained his livelihood between Bushire and Caboon.

Jami was so extraordinarily sharp of his eyes, his ears and his wits, that nothing escaped him, but so lazy that he would move neither hand nor foot, even to help himself; nor would he, if he could help it, so much as trouble to open his lips in speech; and when they reproached him because he was silent and lazy, he said: "When I see reason to speak I will speak, and when I see reason to act I will act; but as yet I have seen no reason."

One day, when he was almost grown to be a man, Jami was on the seashore with others of his age, stripped after bathing in the sea, when a pirate ship of the Arabs hove in sight, and, while the other boys ran away, he was too lazy to follow them, and was taken by the pirates and carried off to their country. When the pirates asked him who he was, Jami was too lazy to open his mouth with an answer, and when they required to know what work he was used to do that they might set him a task, he never so much as vouchsafed a word. Then the pirates said: "Certainly this youth is a nobleman's or a king's son, for he is too proud to speak to us;" and as soon as they had reached their own kingdom of Barva, they treated him accordingly and lodged him near the king's palace, bearing him each day in a palanquin to take his pleasure in a fine garden in the suburbs of the city, and clothing him in fine clothes, intending in time to offer him to be ransomed for a handsome sum of money to the Persian king.

One day, when Jami lay half asleep in the heat of noon-tide among the lower branches of a plane tree, whither he had climbed to shelter himself from the sun, two robbers entered the garden, and, sitting under the tree, began to eat their dinner of bread and dates. After they had done so, and thrown the crumbs and date-stones on the ground, one of them took out from a leather bag at his girdle a red gem of such exceeding brightness that, as the sun's rays fell upon it, it shone as a lamp shines in the darkness. When the men had considered this stone, they fell to disputing to whom it should belong.

"It is I," said one of them, "who discovered that this was the talisman of the great Sultan Oman, that brings good luck to its owner, and it was I who learnt how it was kept in the king's treasury; therefore it belongs to me."

"It was I," said the other, "who deceived the guards, broke into the treasury, and stole the stone, therefore it is mine."

So they disputed, till from words they fell to blows, and presently, drawing their daggers, the thieves began to fight till one was wounded and worsted and fled, and the other pursued him, while the talisman of Sultan Oman fell to the ground under the tree, in the sight of Jami, who, however, was too lazy to come down from the tree and pick it up.

In the meantime the unwounded thief had caught up his fellow, and they fought again till each was mortally stabbed, and they both fell to the ground, dead. At this moment the guard of the palace, who had got an inkling of the theft of the talisman, and had been following the thieves, entered the garden; but only in time to pick up and carry away the dead bodies of the two criminals. They searched for the talisman everywhere in the garden, and would undoubtedly have discovered it where it lay glittering in the sun; but it happened that at the moment when they opened the garden gates to come in, a dozen hungry cocks and hens that had been scratching for food in the street outside, entered too, and spreading themselves presently about the garden, began to pick up the crumbs that the thieves had cast down at their meal; and one hen took up the shining talisman in her beak and swallowed it.

The soldiers, after looking everywhere in vain for the gem, went out through the gates, driving the cocks and hens before them. Then did Jami, who had observed all this, shut his eyes and finish his slumber.

When he woke up he found the whole city in commotion. A crier was proclaiming how the great talisman of the Sultan Oman, that brought luck to the king and his people, was stolen out of the treasury, and how a noble reward would be given to any one restoring it to the king. But Jami did not trouble himself to speak of what he had seen.

An hour later, when the stone was still unfound, the trouble of the king and his people became greater still, and a third of all the gold and silver in the treasury was offered to him who should restore the talisman; but still Jami was too lazy to open his lips.

In the third hour after noon, the weeping and lamentations of king, court and people at the loss of the great talisman, were greater than ever, and it happened that, as Jami was being borne as usual in his palanquin to the garden, he was encountered by a great procession, in which rode upon a white camel the daughter of the King of Barva, unveiled that all men might behold her surpassing loveliness; and proclamation was made to the sound of trumpets that he who should restore the king's talisman should straightway have this fair princess for his bride, should receive half the money in the royal treasury, and, after the king's death, should rule over the land in his stead.

The fisherman's son, raising his eyes, beheld the face of the princess, and, overcome by her beauty, he bowed his head thrice.

When the king's daughter saw this well-favoured youth in his palanquin, clad in rich raiment, make a signal with his head, she supposed it was a sign that he was able to restore the lost talisman, and she commanded the procession to halt and the young man to be brought to her.

"Art thou," she asked him, "a king's son?"

But with a gesture, the fisherman's son ordered the guards to retire from around himself and the princess, and when they were out of hearing, he answered:

"Know, O princess, that I am greater than any king's son, for I love thee, and before the sun sets I shall become thy husband."

The princess asked him if he could restore the talisman. He bowed his head again in sign that he could. Then he was taken into the king's presence, who demanded:

"Art thou then a great magician?"

"I am!" said Jami.

"Canst thou restore to me the lost talisman of the Sultan Oman?"

"I can!" replied Jami.

Then the king said: "When and how?"

Whereupon Jami bowed his head and was silent for awhile, and the king and his courtiers waited for the words of wisdom from the mouth of the fisherman's son. Presently he spake these words:

"Know, O king, that I, Jami, the son of Zob, who lives by the sea between Bushire and Caboon, do require that thou make proclamation that forthwith every speckled hen and pullet in this city of Barva shall be brought into the great square near the king's palace."

When this was done, and when all the people were assembled, an open space was kept in the centre for the king on his golden throne, and the princess on her silver throne, and the lords of the council stood around, and the guards with their halberts and partisans kept the common people off.

Then twelve thousand and twenty-five men, women and children were admitted before the king's throne, each bearing a speckled hen or pullet under his or her arm, and the cackling was prodigious, and the bearers cried with one voice: "O lord king, we have brought the twelve thousand and twenty-five speckled hens and pullets that inhabit this city of Barva for the great magician to work his charm with, and restore the lost talisman of the Sultan Oman."

The king answered: "It is well, my faithful subjects;" and turning to the fisherman's son he said, "What next, O magician?"

Then Jami, the son of Zob, called for a flourish of trumpets, and when silence was obtained, said: "Let all the hens and pullets that have not black legs be taken away," and there remained only three thousand and seventeen.

The king said: "What next, O magician?"

Then Jami, after commanding all the trumpets to sound again, said: "Let all be taken away but those which have one eye grey and one eye black."

And it was done, and only two hundred and twenty-three were left.

Upon this the king again asked: "What next, O magician?"

And Jami, commanding the trumpets to sound for the third time, said: "Let all hens and pullets be removed which have not three green feathers in their tails;" and it was done, and only two hens and one pullet were left.

And the king said again: "What next, O magician?"

And Jami, after another flourish of trumpets had been made, commanded that all the fowls should be carried away that had not a black claw on the left foot, and only one hen was left.

Then Jami said: "May it please your majesty to command your majesty's chief executioner to behead this speckled hen with one eye grey and one black, with a black claw, black legs, and three green tail feathers, and with his sword of office to cut open her crop and hold up what he there shall find."

Then the trumpets sounded again, and when the executioner presently held aloft to the people the talisman of the Sultan Oman, they all, including the king and his court, jumped, and danced, and cried, and laughed for joy. Then the king embraced the fisherman's son, and gave him to the princess, and they were married before sunset, and loved each other dearly; and when Jami, the son of Zob, ascended the throne a few years later, on his father-in-law's death, he was known as "King Jami the Silent," and he was a great and good king, and, during all the years of his long reign, he made his people happy, and his enemies most miserable.—*Joseph Strange in Chapman's Magazine.*

A CITY CHANGES COLOR.

New York's change of color is notable nowadays, says *The National Builder.* A dozen years ago it was a red city that greeted the eye of the observer on the Jersey shore. Now it is a white and buff city. The general effect of the two or three miles of water front in view is many degrees lighter in color than it was in the early years of the present decade. Nearly all the great buildings in sight are of buff, while several glitter in marble whiteness. One divines at a glance that the city is in state of transformation, and that early in the next century the general effect will be buff or cream white.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

THE HONK OF THE GOOSE.

"On a drizzly October day, when the ducks are migrating southward in great flocks, you will suddenly hear the weird, unnatural and powerful cry of the Canada goose," says W. J. Henderson. "It sings

out above the rushing of the wind with a clarion peal that goes straight to the sportsman's heart. Perhaps, as a musician, the writer ought to say that the call of the goose, being a major ninth, is harsh and discordant; but considered as a part of the wintry and often tempestuous weather which the bird seems to love, I cannot look upon it as anything, but singularly harmonious and appropriate. Unfortunately for the goose, it can be imitated to perfection, and the unhappy birds frequently meet their end by paying too much heed to its deceptive notes. The call of the goose can be imitated by giving the first note in a hoarse, guttural tone, and the second in a strident falsetto. The notes are something like these:

The Canada goose is found throughout North America, breeding in the United States as well as farther north, but Dr. Bell of the Geological Survey of Canada says that the southern limit of the ordinary breeding ground runs north-westward across the continent from the Maritime Provinces of Canada to the valley of the McKenzie River. He has met with them breeding in considerable numbers in the interior of Newfoundland, but in the same latitude, between the Great Lakes and James' Bay, only chance pairs lag behind in their northward flight to hatch their broods. They also breed on the islands along the east coast of Hudson's Bay. To the westward of the bay they are first met with, raising their young on the lower part of Churchill River. To the eastward it is said that very few breed northward of Hudson's Strait.

In these remote regions they no doubt enjoy the quiet which is necessary to the raising of their young. Farther south, while on their migratory journeys, they are subjected to continual persecution, which has trained them to be extremely vigilant; and when feeding or reposing on the water, sentinels are placed on the outskirts of the flock, who at once spread the alarm on the slightest appearance of danger. "So acute," says Audubon, "is their sense of hearing, that they are able to distinguish the different sounds or footsteps of their friends or foes with astonishing accuracy. Thus the breaking of a stick by a deer is distinguished from the same accident occasioned by a man. If a dozen large turtles drop into the water, making a great noise in their fall, or if the same effect has been produced by an alligator, the wild goose pays no regard to it; but however faint and distant may be the sound of an Indian paddle that may by accident have struck the side of the canoe, it is at once marked. Every individual raises its head and looks intently towards the place from which the noise has proceeded, and in silence all watch the movements of the enemy."

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS.

What matter though my room be small,
  Though this red lamp light looks
On nothing but a papered wall
  And some few rows of books?

For in my hand I hold a key
  That opens golden doors;
At whose resistless sesame
  A tide of sunlight pours.

In from the basking lawns that lie
  Beyond the boundary wall;
Where summer broods eternally,
  Where the cicallas call.

There all the landscape softer is,
  There greener tendrils twine,
The bowers are roofed with clematis,
  With briony and vine.

There pears and golden apples hang,
  There falls the honey dew,
And there the birds that morning sang,
  When all the world was new.

Beneath the oaks Menaicas woos
  Arachnia's nut-brown eyes,
And still the laughing faun pursues,
  And still the wood nymph flies.

And you may hear young Orpheus there
  Come singing through the wood,
Or catch the gleam of golden hair
  In Diana's solitude.

So when the world is all awry,
  When life is out of chime,
I take this keg of gold and fly
  To that serener clime.

To those fair sunlit lawns that lie
  Beyond the boundary wall,
Where summer broods eternally
  And youth is over all.

Read the publisher's announcements on page 24.

GUNNING FOR BIRDS.

In his interesting book "Birds of Ontario," Mr. Thomas McIlwraith, the well known Hamilton ornithologist, says: "Since bird collecting can be successfully practised only by the use of the gun, let me, for the guidance of beginners, repeat the directions so often given to guard against accidents in its use. The excuse for three-fourths of the mishaps which occur is, 'Didn't know it was loaded,' but the safe way to avoid this is at all times to handle the gun as if it were known to be loaded, for in the Irishman's way of putting it, 'It may go off, whether it's loaded or not.' When in company with others, never under any circumstances allow the gun for an instant to be pointed toward anything you do not wish to shoot. Never for any purpose blow into the muzzle, and do not have it 'on cock' till the moment you expect to use it.

"With regard to the choice of a gun, I am supposed to be speaking to a reader who has made up his mind to make a collection of the skins of those birds he finds near his home in Ontario. Water-fowl shooting, I may here remark, is a special department by itself. A 12-bore double breech-loader, and cartridges charged with No. 5 shot, with a few of No. 1 or BB, would be a suitable equipment for ducks, with the possibility of a chance shot at geese or swans.

"The collector going into the country may unexpectedly meet with some very desirable bird, and should be prepared to take it, whatever be its size or shape, and to do so with the least possible injury to its plumage.

"The birds met with on such excursions range in size from a horned owl to a humming-bird, the majority being intermediate between the two. Supposing that only one gun is desirable, the most suitable weapon is a No. 14 double breech-loader of good make. This will be just right for the majority, and with a little care in loading the cartridges, it can be made to suit the two extremes. I have found three sizes of shot to be sufficient for ordinary collecting trips,—Nos. 5, 8 and 12,—but the size of the charge must be varied to suit circumstances. For instance, a charge of No. 12 will bring down a snipe at 30 yards, but to shoot a kinglet, or a warbler, for preserving, with the same shot, the charge would have to be very much lighter. Just how much lighter is a point be learned by experience. It depends to some extent on the individual peculiarities of the gun, equal measure of powder and shot being in all charges the usual rule. I have often used dust shot for very small birds, but to be sure of getting them with that, one has to be pretty close to the birds, and then their feathers are a good deal cut up and broken. I find that a warbler killed by a single pellet of No. 12, is in better condition to make into a specimen than one that is killed with a dozen pellets of dust. No. 5 is big enough for hawks, owls, etc., and No. 8 is right for plovers, sandpipers, rails, etc., but the nature of the locality and the size of the birds most likely to be met, are the best guides in such matters.

"To approach birds without alarming them, a mild form of deception is sometimes practised with advantage. They have keen sight, sharp hearing, and are at all times on the alert to escape danger, so that a direct approach is almost sure to make them take wing; but by walking as if intending to pass and yet gradually slanting nearer, a better chance may be obtained. Birds are used to the sight of horses and cows, and do not usually object to their presence near their haunts. I once knew an aged gunner who was aware of this fact, and for a time turned it to good account. He lived on the bay shore not far from Hamilton, at a part of the beach which was a favorite resort of curlews, plovers and sandpipers. His old nag used to graze on the sward close by, and the gunner got into the way of steering him by the tail till he was within shot of the birds, when he would step out from behind and blaze away without alarming "Jerry" in the least. The same flock would rarely be deceived twice, but fresh arrivals were sure to be taken unawares.

"A game bag, such as used by sportsmen, is not suitable for a collector, for the specimens are injured by the pressure to which they are often subjected. I have found a fishing basket very suitable for carrying small birds. It is not heavy to handle, and the birds, when once placed therein, are beyond the reach of injury. In this basket, when leaving home, should be placed some sheets of brown paper, and a little cotton wadding. When a bird is killed, the shot holes should be plugged with cotton to stop the bleeding, and a pellet of the same material put into the mouth to prevent the juices of the stomach oozing out and soiling the feathers. If the bird is wing-broken or otherwise wounded, it should be killed at once, and the simplest way of doing this is to catch it firmly across the small of the back and press hard with the fingers and thumb under the wings, which will suffocate the bird in a few seconds. The throat and shot holes can then be filled as described. A paper cone of suitable size is made next, the bird dropped into it headforemost, and the outer edges of the paper turned inwards to prevent it slipping out, and so it is placed in the basket."

A SEASICK PIANO.

Dr. Van Goidtsnoven, the pianist, once said that a piano never recovers from seasickness. He said the finest piano in Europe after the sea voyage to America, loses its crispness and spirit, and never is exactly the same piano it was.

A LAND OF PLENTY.

Not many in Canada, still fewer elsewhere, appreciate the vast range in agricultural capabilities possessed by the Dominion in virtue of its great variety of climate. Not only wheat and the other great cereals of temperate regions, and the apple, vine, and peach are cultivated, but, strange as it may seem to many, even the fig, the almond, the pomegranate, and cotton may be grown within limited areas.

The law that holds throughout the vegetable world, that each species reaches its highest development, or perhaps rather its greatest productiveness, toward its colder—in our case its northern—limit, operates in Canada in a manner unequalled anywhere else in either of the Americas. The reason for this is obvious. The distance from south to north in which cereals may be cultivated in the Dominion extends over 1,600 miles, or from latitude of Rome (nearly 42 degs.) as in southern Ontario, to the latitude of middle or northern Finland, as in the MacKenzie River basin north of Peace River. Very few among us realize that the single province of Ontario reaches south and north from Pelee on Lake Erie, to Albany on James's Bay, over a distance as great as that between Lake Erie and the nearest waters of the Gulf of Mexico—the Bay of Mobile, in Alabama. In this Ontario range alone is embraced the region of the greatest productiveness of Indian corn, a tropical plant, and barley, a cereal of the far North, growing in some parts of the world up to and beyond the Arctic Circle. The fact, in its bearing on Canadian agriculture, is most important, for it may be truly said that the one province referred to can produce in perfection, every great crop grown in the United States, with the two exceptions of cotton and tobacco; and in the latter case, the exception seems rather a matter of soil constituents than of climate.

The province of Ontario is exceeded in Indian corn production per acre by only one state of the American Union, Missouri—and the excess there barely amounts to half a bushel of shelled corn. The great corn State of Illinois grows per acre but little more than two-thirds the product of Ontario, and the province actually produces per acre six times as much as South Carolina. Yet Ontario is not a corn country in one sense of the word; the yield rarely exceeds 12,000,000 bushels of shelled corn. This is not from inability to grow corn, but that Ontario grows wheat well, while the great corn States cannot do so, and wheat, at the average price of the past twenty years, has relatively been to us a more profitable crop than corn.

The illimitable wheat fields of Canada are famous the world over. Here the general law already stated in regard to highest productiveness holds in a very marked degree. The great wheat belt of America—the area of the highest productiveness—lies mostly within the Dominion, where it occupies hundreds of thousands of square miles. The northern limit of generally profitable production is not yet known; but it is known that excellent crops have been raised in the extreme Northwest almost as far north as the 58th parallel; while wheat has been grown beyond that latitude. In the valley of the St. Lawrence and in portions of the lake region partial exhaustion of the soil through the over cropping of former years has lowered the average yield per acre from the returns of twenty years ago; but this drawback is being overcome by the general adoption of rotation of crops and generally improved farming, and there is reason to believe that with anything like a return of good prices for wheat the area under cultivation with that crop will increase. In 1891 the wheat production of Ontario was over 32,000,000 bushels; the average yield per acre for a series of years has been much higher than in almost any State of the American Union, and the average return has been something over $15 per acre, against a little over $9 in the United States. It is to the Canadian Northwest, with its virgin prairies and plains, that Canada looks for the bulk of its wheat export. There the climatic influences are favorable to wheat culture in a degree nowhere approached over any wheat area of similar extent. From Manitoba northwest to Edmonton the average temperature of the summer is that of the best wheat lands of Europe, and there is a remarkable rarity of both excessive rains and drought. "Manitoba hard" enjoys the reputation of being the best wheat in the world, and commands the highest price. This appears to be due to the climate, the air being dry, the daytime warm, and the nights cool.

In occasional years, just as in Dakota and Minnesota, damage is done to late sown grain by early frosts, but this is being avoided by a more general practice of early seeding, and is, after all, not so serious a drawback as the bursts of excessive heat, the droughts, and the rains that effect the more southerly portions of this continent.

Whatever influence the character of the soil may have, there can be, no doubt that the high reputation enjoyed by Canadian six-rowed barley, is largely due to the peculiar climate of the barley counties of Ontario, especially the belt north of Lake Ontario and protected in a measure by the lake from the excesssive heats of southerly winds. What is true of the capacity of Canada in wheat and barley is equally true of it in regard to oats, peas, and root crops; in fact over an area of more than a million square miles these crops may be grown wherever the soil is fertile, and in each and all of them the belt of highest development and greatest productiveness lies almost exclusively in

Canadian territory. With this superiority in productiveness of the great field crops goes, as a matter of course, a remarkable adaptedness for stock raising and dairying. Altogether the facts of the Canadian climate afford abundant reason for Canadians to have full confidence in the future; to them is given the agricultural dominance of America, and all that this implies.

Both Nova Scotia and Ontario export large quantities of apples, a fruit in which they excel all other States and provinces in America. The export of Nova Scotia alone usually amounts annually to some hundred thousand barrels, and the prices obtained are the highest the British market offers. New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec grow the apple, pear, and plum with notable success, and to some extent the vine also. For great variety of fruit, Ontario, however, leads the other provinces of eastern Canada. This may well be understood when it is remembered that in the warmest localities of the province July is warmer than at Vienna, Constantinople or Lisbon, while over much of the province it is at least as warm as at San Diego, in Southern California. In these warmer counties September maintains a heat as great as July in the south of England; the season entirely without frost extends to six and in Pelee to nearly seven months; the most extreme frosts of winter ever recorded are not so great as have been reached in St. Louis, Missouri, and not greater than have been known in parts of Kentucky, Arkansas, and Texas, while, generally speaking, throughout the large area markedly influenced by the great lakes, the average cold of midwinter is the same as that in the Mississippi Valley two or three hundred miles farther south. In addition to the influence of the great lakes, there is felt also the influence of the thousands of small lakes which abound in northern and eastern Ontario, and which by lengthening the frostless seasons in the autumn permits many a variety of apple, grape, and other fruits to be grown northward of their usual limits.

Perhaps no better way of indicating the capabilities of Ontario for fruit could be chosen than to cite a few examples of the vegetation of the mildest portion of the province. Of the seven species of the magnolia known on the continent, five can be grown in southern Ontario. The tulip tree also flourishes, and the pseudo-papaw, a tree, the northwestern limit of which extends southwesterly from Lake Erie across Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, and Texas into Mexico. Cotton has long been grown in small quantities on Pelee Island, while at Niagara-on-the-Lake the fig and almond are grown successfully in the open air, and with only nominal winter protection. The sweet potato attains a weight in southern Ontario sometimes exceeding three pounds, and the apricot and nectarine are numbered among the orchard fruits.

Among the fruits of considerable commercial importance to Ontario orchardists, the peach is the most tender. But the Niagara peninsula is the most famous peach district west of New Jersey, and its peaches surpass in flavor those of California; while the area in Ontario capable of growing some varieties of this fruit covers nearly 9,000 square miles, and attains its most northerly limit on the Georgian bay in a latitude higher than the peach culture attains anywhere else in America east of the Rocky Mountains.

The apple, the yet leading fruit in Canada and America, finds its highest development in Ontario, both in productiveness and quality. Every agricultural portion of the province grows it, and over a stretch of hundreds of miles the large apple orchards of almost every farm make a conspicuous feature of the landscape. The northern limits of the apple in Ontario are not yet known, but some varieties may be grown on the south side of the little lakes abounding in the wilderness north of Lake Huron. At Rainy River, away beyond Lake Superior, the Northern Spy, a variety of good size and excellent quality, approaches Manitoba with suggestions as to what may be done in that province by planting very hardy fruit trees in situations protected against frosty autumn winds by the waters of a lake.

The cultivation of the vine in Ontario is assuming great importance. The area in Ontario and western Quebec adapted to the grape, in at least as great a degree as some parts of the Rhine Valley where wine making is an industry of great proportions, has been estimated at about 30,000 square miles. The average yield per acre of the vineyards, from the Ottawa to the Detroit, is said to be greater than in France; in portions of southern Ontario the average per acre is twice as great as in France, and some vineyards show the highest yield recorded in America, or in the world. The varieties chiefly grown are derived from the native Labrusca, and besides being more prolific than any other grapes known, enjoy immunity from damage by that American parasite phylloxera, which is now playing havoc with the vineyards of Europe. In fact, it may be said that in the southern part of the province the vine is the most certain and least irregular in returns of all the fruit crops grown. It is no wonder, therefore, that wine making has developed within a very few years to a considerable industry; that thousands of acres are now planted in vineyards, and many hundreds of thousands of gallons of claret and other wines are annually manufactured.

—*The Rural Canadian.*

Be sure to read page 24 for particulars about terms of subscription and other matters of interest to every reader.

How Berta Lost Her Hand.

Mrs. Hahn stopped with her hand on the garden gate and her work-bag on her arm, and looked back at Berta and little Elfrida in the doorway.

"Be good children, both of you" said she, just as she had said half-a-dozen times before, while making ready for this neighborly visit. "Take good care of Elfie, Berta."

"Yes, mother, I will," answered Berta, brightly.

"Don't let her get out of your sight, will you? She is such a flyaway! Remember, won't you, Berta?—because she might get on the railroad track."

"Yes, mother," answered Berta again, "and I'll tend to everything. Oh, mother! can I have grandma's Pilgrim's Progress to read, after I get all my work done?"

Mrs. Hahn hesitated. In the family the big, leather-covered book which was the dear old grandmother's sole legacy to them was revered next to the Bible. Even Berta's careful fingers were not often allowed to turn the pages, yellowed with age, whose large type and quaint illustrations were a never failing source of delight to her, no less than to Elfie.

"Please, mother, may I?" pleaded Berta; and no doubt her earnest, flushing face and sparkling eyes, and reiterated promise to be very careful, would have won the day and the coveted enjoyment, had not Elfie's little pipe chimed in:

"Please, mother may I, too?"

And Elfie's little brown fingers were sticky even now with syrup from the bread she had been eating. Mrs. Hahn shook her head as she unlatched the gate.

"Not to-day, dearie," said she; don't touch the book to-day, either of you. To-morrow, Berta, when I am at home, you shall take it for an hour."

And with this promise Berta was fain to be content, though she couldn't help wishing her mother had been willing to let her take the book when her work was done. She would have liked to think of it while she was sweeping, and dusting, and washing the dishes: it would have been such a comfort.

She wished it more than ever when her tasks were all finished and she was free to sit under the elm trees and do anything else she chose, so long as she obeyed her mother's injunction and kept Elfie in sight.

"If only just I could have Pilgrim's Progress," she said to herself, with a little sigh. "I want to read how Christian and Hopeful got away from that dreadful Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. Oh, dear, I don't see—"

Elfie was eating a lunch of bread and milk on the doorstep. The fore-room door was open. Her mother had forgotten to lock it, as she generally would do. Berta went softly toward it. The forbidden book was in its usual place on the round oaken table, carefully covered from the dust.

"It won't do any harm just to look at it," Berta thought; "of course it won't. Mother only meant that Elfie mustn't touch it, and she's busy eating her bread and milk. I can hear her when she comes in through the kitchen: and I'll only look a minute, anyway, just to see—"

There was a little red flush, deeper than usual, on Berta's cheek as she lifted the book and sat down on the hair-cloth sofa with it in her lap. Once she gave a guilty start and half-closed the volume as she

thought she heard a step in the kitchen. But it could have been nothing, after all, unless perhaps the cat, for Berta did not hear it again, and she breathed a little sigh of satisfaction as she went on with her reading, thinking it was almost time for Elfie's bright little face to show itself.

"I hope she'll be a real long while eating."

she thought. "I do hope she won't come till I get this chapter through."

And she didn't. The minutes grew towards an hour, and Berta's head was still bent over the fascinating pages. The robin twittered in the elm trees around the open door, and still there was no sound from Elfie. One chapter was finished, and another, and another yet, before Berta's thoughts again reverted to her charge. She started up stung by a consciousness of wrong doing, and there was a little anxious flutter at her heart as she hurriedly laid her book in its place and ran out to the kitchen doorway.

"I can't have been reading more than ten minutes," she thought, "or fifteen, at the most. May be Elfie's gone to sleep over her bread and milk. It's almost her time for a nap."

But Elfie wasn't there. The sunshine fell through the open door and lay in a solid block of mellow light upon the floor, unbroken by any little dancing shadow. Elfie's empty bowl was on the steps, with her spoon beside it, but the pretty white hat with its blue ribbon was gone.

Berta's face grew white to her very lips.

"Elfie!" she called. "Elfie! Oh, Elfie, dear, come to sister!"

There was no answer. Everything was still, except the robins. Poor Berta! Her first thought, when she could collect her alarmed senses sufficiently to think at all, was of the railroad. Elfie was always wanting to go there; she never tired of watching the long trains go by. Berta's heart sank as she threw a swift glance backward at the clock.

"It's time for the cars now, almost," she cried, with a choking sob. And then she was fairly flying through the orchard and down the pasture lane, calling all the while the little sister's name.

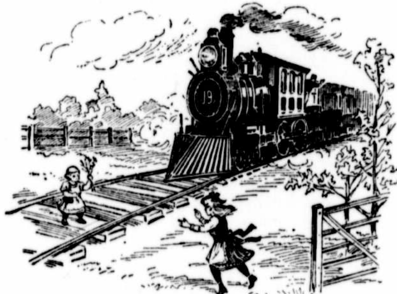
There was a deep low rumble towards the south, that grew louder and louder, and a line of smoke that swept nearer and nearer. The train was coming, and just as Berta, breathless with haste and pale with dreadful fear, came in sight of the track, it rounded the curve less than half a mile below. Berta saw it; she saw something else, too—Elfie, her own sweet, darling sister Elfie, sitting on the bank beyond the track, her blue eyes sparkling, her yellow curls tossing around her dimpled face, and one little hand upraised to grasp a butterfly.

And then—just then Elfie spied Berta, and springing up with a little cry of joy, came running towards her down the track. Poor Berta! her heart gave one great, wild, frightened throb.

"Don't Elfie, don't!" she shrieked. "Go back? Oh, go back, Elfie!"

The voice did not sound like her own, it was so hoarse and shaking. But Elfie could not stay, if she would, her little flying feet. It was all the work of an instant, for there was no time to lose. Berta darted across the track almost under the wheels of the ponderous engine! She flung herself against Elfie and bore her back; and then she stumbled dizzily and fell, with one hand upon the iron rail.

It was hours before she came to herself—longer yet before she could realize what had happened. Her mother's face was bending over her when she opened her eyes—a sorrowful tear-wet face.



Mother," whispered Berta, and a shiver went over her, "mother, where is Elfie? Oh, mother!"

"She is safe—quite safe, my child."

"Then what makes you cry?" Berta questioned, her eyes full of dazed wonder. "Don't, mother, don't cry."

She tried to raise her hand to pat her mother's cheek in an old baby fashion. There seemed only a dull, heavy throbbing pain where her hand should have been. Her mother's pitying face bent lower; the tears fell on her own. A vague terror seized her.

"Mother!" she cried. "Oh, mother, what is it? Is it—"

"Dear heart," her mother said, "you must let mother be right hand to you."

Then Berta knew, and she turned her head to the wall and cried as though her heart would break.

But it did not. By degrees she grew calmer, and then and in days that followed—she had plenty of time for thought, poor Berta—she couldn't help wondering if her mother knew it all, and wishing she did, and dreading to tell her.

"Because she won't pity me so much when she knows," she thought; "she can't. But I wish she knew—I'll have to tell her."

And so she did. And when the pitiful little story was finished they cried together, Berta in her mother's arms.

"Dear heart," the mother said, "'twas a hard lesson, and one you never can forget. No disobedience, however small, is ever without harm, my child."

That is just what aunt Berta tells her own small nephews, Johnny and Will, pointing her little sermon by a glance at what might have been a good right hand.

"You may not see the harm at first," she says; "or yet the punishment; but it will come. Will you remember?"

"Yes'm," say Johnny and Will. And they mean it.—*Ada Carlton Stoddard.*

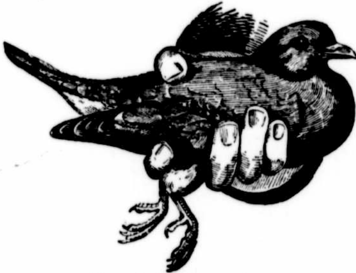
Should Girls Keep Pigeons?

"Do you think I am a tomboy because I love pigeons?"

This is a question which a little girl eleven years of age asks OUR HOME to answer.

She says in explanation that her brother Tom has pigeons and she loves them dearly. She asked her brother to take her into partnership with him in keeping pigeons. She had saved all her pocket money for months for this purpose, and offered to pay him a good price for a half interest, but Tom laughed at her. He said:

"Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end, and a girl who wants to keep pigeons is just as bad. Don't be a tomboy."



HOW TO HOLD A PIGEON.

The editor of OUR HOME does not think that little Jessie is a tomboy because she loves pigeons and wants to go into partnership with her brother. There is no good reason why girls should not keep pigeons as well as boys, and if Tom is a sensible boy he will take his sister into partnership.

The keeping of pigeons is a great source of pleasure for both boys and girls, and it may be made a source of profit too. In future numbers OUR HOME will give the boys and girls a great deal of useful information about pigeons and how to keep them.

One of the first things to be learned is how to hold a pigeon. A pigeon can be held in either hand, but in each case it should be with the breast in the palm of the hand, the head towards the little finger, the legs going through between the first and second fingers and the thumb across the back. Held firmly, but lightly, in this position, a pigeon is helpless, knows it is and never attempts to escape. It can be examined thus in all parts and in all directions, and soon becomes used to being handled. Sebastian Delamier, the great authority on pigeons, considered that a great deal of the charm of the pigeon fancy lies in the facility with which a pigeon can be thus held in the hand. He said, "It gives a sense of personal possession and enjoyment which count for much in the long run. The cumbersome bodies of poultry and the fragility and wildness of small birds make it impossible to pet them in the same way."

The usual food given to domestic pigeons that are kept in lofts is grey peas; but they will also thrive on wheat, barley, oats, buckwheat and the smaller pulse and grain. They are less partial to rye; but a great point is to vary or to mix their diet. Hemp-seed, so often recommended as a stimulant, is apt to bring on skin disease, and to disfigure a bird by causing naked patches to appear. It should therefore be given rarely and then with great caution, although the pigeons are extremely fond of it. New tares are said to bring on scouring especially in young birds.

All pigeons are fond of the seeds of many wild plants; and there is no doubt that both the Blue Rock Dove and the Dovehouse pigeon render good service in preventing the increase of weeds in those fields which they frequent. They are most industrious in the zeal with which they follow out this pursuit. In walking, or rather running, in the fields in feeding, they sometimes aid their advance by a flutter of the wings; and in a flock of tame pigeons feeding in a field, the hind ones may be observed every few minutes to fly over the rest, and take their places in front, to have their turn of the best pickings, and this in constant succession, as if the whole of the flock admitted the right in each other, and claimed it individually for themselves.

M. Beffroy says that whether you open a Dovehouse pigeon that gets its food at large, in harvest or seed time, you will always find in its stomach at least eight times the quantity of food consisting of the seeds of weeds as of grain which has been cultivated for the use of man. Moreover, the grain in its crop is almost always injured grain. This bird, therefore, ought to be regarded as the most efficient weeder the farmer can employ; for it removes the very origin of weeds by picking up the seeds which come to the surface as the different ploughings succeed each other.

As pigeons do not scratch they are not injurious to gardens, unless their little footprints be thought an eye sore. They will not disturb anything which the gardener has properly deposited in the ground; and what they do pick up is what would otherwise be wasted. There are two luxuries of which pigeons are so fond, that they will have them whatever risk or trouble it may cost to obtain them. These are salt and carbonate of lime. Pigeons living within an easy distance from the sea will obtain the former article by drinking hearty draughts of salt water; in chalky countries, they pick up the chalk as it lies on the ground, and they will often swallow not a few small snails for

the sake of the material which composes their shells. Everywhere they get into bad repute by picking out the mortar from the roofs of buildings. The wisest plan is to provide salt and carbonate of lime for them.

When pigeons live in a state of freedom within easy reach of a pond or streamlet, they are very fond of drinking and bathing. In a shower of rain a pigeon will often lift up its wing and expose its whole side to the drops as they fall, for the sake of the pleasure which the shower bath gives it. In a pigeon loft, provision should be made for both drinking and bathing. Three or four times a week in summer, and once or twice a week in winter, a large flat pan should be placed in the middle of the floor of the loft, and filled with water. In this they will play and splash to such a degree that a stranger to their habits would almost think they were going to drown themselves. The first comers will soon splash all the water out and it must be filled again until every pigeon has had its turn, and then removed and set on one side.

For drinking it is of no use to leave any flat, shallow open vessel, because the contents would soon be emptied in the way just described. There must be some drinking place into which they cannot get and dabble, and whose shape insures its serving for drinking only. Good bottles for this purpose are the earthenware fountain bottles, resembling on a larger scale the glass fountains which are fixed to cages.

To Make Big Soap-Bubbles.

It is a great sport to make soap-bubbles, but it is twice as much fun if the bubbles are big ones, strong enough not to break when they are floated to the floor. Bubbles twice as big as your head or as big as the biggest kind of a foot-ball can be easily blown by any one who knows how to mix up the soap-bubble material. To make these big bubbles, take a piece of white Castile soap about as big as a walnut. Cut up into a cup of warm water and then add a teaspoonful of glycerine. Stir well and blow from a small pipe.

This will make bubbles enough to last all the afternoon. And this is really all you care to make in one day. To make pink bubbles, add a few drops of strawberry-juice, and to make yellow ones put in a little orange-juice.

What is a Round Robin?

It has happened before, and will happen again that people sometimes suffer great injustice but do not care to complain of it directly for fear of dismissal from their situation, or of other unpleasant consequence of their action. They therefore adopt what is called a "round robin"—that is, they sign their names to their petition or letter in a circle, in which form it is impossible for anyone to detect the name that was first written down, which, of course, would be the name of the leader of the agitation or, as we say in this connection, the *ring*leader. The phrase is merely a translation of the French *rond* (round) and *ruban* (ribbon, or robin).

"Put Down One and Carry One."

When I do my sums in school,
  I remember but one rule,
When eleven's to be done,
  "Put down one and carry one."

That sounds very queer to me,
  I don't care for sums you see;
It's not my idea of fun,
  "Put down one and carry one."

I brought home, the other day,
  Two dear puppies, black and grey,
From my uncle Robert's farm,
  Carrying one dog in each arm.

When I reached the stream, I thought,
  "Oh, what heavy dogs I've brought;
I can never cross, I see,
  They are quite too much for me!"

And I dared not let one go—
  It might run away, you know—
The one set down away will run
  If you only carry one.

So I took them both across;
  We were all so tired and cross.
Perhaps I should have better done
  To put down one and carry one.

But I did not know, I own,
  Which to carry, which set down,
So I carried both with pains;
  I took two—and nought remains.

—*Round the Hearth.*

The Two Wishes.

The following pretty little fairy story was written at the age of eleven years by Miss Mary A. King, of Canfield, Ont. :

Many years ago there lived a little girl named Sweet-as-Sugar,—so called because she had such a sweet disposition. She lived with her grandmother in a pretty little cottage covered with ivy, and as her grandmother was very much troubled with rheumatism, Sweet-as-Sugar tried her best to help all she could. Now across the road lived the miller's daughter, who was the very opposite to little Sweet-as-Sugar, being as sour and disagreeable as she well could be, and for this reason she got the name of Sour-as-Lemons. One day, as Sweet-as-Sugar was going to town with a basket of eggs to sell for some sugar and cotton, she saw beneath a tree a wee-wee bird, so she ran and picked it up and looked around to see where its nest could be. As she was standing thus, Sour-as-Lemons came up, and asked what she was doing there. Sweet-as-Sugar replied :

"I have found a little bird and am going to put it back in its nest."

"Oh ! you silly thing," said Sour-as-Lemons, "give it to me and I'll have some fun with it."

"No, indeed," said Sweet-as-Sugar, and having at last spied the nest among the branches of the tree, she climbed up to it, and lo ! there was a cunning little fairy sitting in it, with the other little birds.

"Much obliged to you for bringing him back," said she, "I promised his mother to take care of him and his brother and sisters, while she went to get their breakfast, but the wind rocked the branch the nest rested on so nicely that I fell asleep and let him fall out. Much obliged to you, for if he had been killed or stolen the queen of the bird-fairies would have punished me severely, and now I give you two wishes for being so good."

"Oh! I wish that grandma would never have the rheumatism again," said Sweet-as-Sugar.

At this the fairy laughed so hard she nearly fell out of the nest.

"You're a funny girl," said she.

"She's a fool," said Sour-as-Lemons, who was filled with envy at the good fortune of Sweet-as-Sugar.

"And what is your second wish ?" asked the fairy.

The little girl thought a moment. "I wish Sour-as-Lemons would not be so naughty, and that she would love everybody and everybody would love her."

The fairy looked at Sour-as-Lemons with a twinkle in her eye. The little girl hung her head and blushed. Just then the mother-bird came home, and as Sweet-as-Sugar was leaving, the fairy whispered, "Your wishes are granted."

Sweet-as-Sugar was in such a hurry to see if her grandma's rheumatism had left her that she hurried back home, and Sour-as-Lemons went with her, and as they were going along hand-in-hand, Sour-as-Lemons told her companion she was going to be good, and so she was. She became so sweet and obliging that she gained the name of Honey. When the girls got to the cottage, grandma met them at the door with a smile and said she never had felt better in her life, and didn't believe she would ever have rheumatism again, and she never did. Sweet-as-Sugar always speaks gratefully of the good fairy who granted her two wishes.

An Edible Flower.

Cloves are the unexpanded flower-buds of a beautiful evergreen tree, which grows only in tropical countries. The buds are at first a pale color, and gradually become green, after which they develop into a bright red, when they are ready for collecting.

During the drying process they are exposed to the smoke of a wood fire and then to the action of the sun, which accounts for their dark-brown color when ready for the market.

The clove tree, which attains a height of thirty feet, is a native of a small group of islands in the Indian Archipelago, called the Spice Islands, but in the last four centuries it has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world.

Cloves were one of the principal Oriental spices which early excited the cupidity of Western commercial communities, having been the basis of a rich and lucrative trade since the early part of the Christian era.

The Five Little Peas.

In a pretty green pea-pod
Lived four little peas,
Who always said "Thank you,"
And "Yes, if you please."

But one pea was naughty,
And cross, and a tease,
And frightened the four
Good little green peas.

They lay here one day,
Those five little peas,
When the naughty one said :
"I'm going to sneeze."

"Oh !" "Oh !" and "Oh !" "Oh !"
Said four little peas ;
"It's dreadful to think of !"
"Oh, don't if you please !"

But he said : "Yes, I will,"
That most wicked of peas ;
"I shall do what I choose to,
And you needn't tease."

The pod never saw
Such a very big sneeze ;
It split and out tumbled
Five little green peas.

That day there was blowing
A very strong breeze,
And I never could learn
What became of the peas.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

The Speckled Hen.

Dear brother Ben! I take my pen
To tell you where, and how, and when
I found the nest of our speckled hen.

She would never lay in a sensible way,
Like other hens, in the barn, on the hay,
But here and there, and everywhere,
On the stable floor, and the woodhouse stair;
And once on the ground, her eggs I found;
But, yesterday, I ran away,
With mother's leave, in the barn to play.

The sun shone bright on the seedy floor,
And the doves, so white, were a pretty sight,
And they walked in and out of the open door,
With their little red feet and their feathers neat,
Cooing and cooing, more and more.

Well, I went out to look about
On the platform wide, where, side by side,
I could see the pig-pens, in their pride;
And beyond them both, on a narrow shelf,
I saw the speckled hen hide herself
Behind a pile of hoes and rakes,
And pieces of board, and broken stakes.

Ah! ah! old hen, I have found you now,
But to reach your nest I don't know how,
Unless I could creep, or climb, or crawl
Along the edge of the pig-pen wall.

And while I stood in a thoughtful mood,
The speckled hen cackled as loud as she could,
And flew away, as much as to say:
"For once my treasure is out of your way."

I didn't wait a moment, then;
I wouldn't be conquered by that old hen;
But along the edge of the slippery ledge
I carefully crept, for the great pigs slept
And I dared not even look, to see
If they were thinking of eating me.

But all at once—oh, what a dunce!—
I dropped my basket into the pen—
The one you gave me, brothen Ben;
There were two eggs in it, by the way.
That I found in the manger, under the hay.

Then the pigs got up and ran about,
With a noise between a grunt and a shout;
And when I saw them rooting, rooting,
Of course I slipped and lost my footing,
And tripped, and jumped, and finally fell
Right down among the pigs, pell-mell.

For once in my life I was afraid;
For the door that led out into the shed
Was fastened tight with an iron hook,
And father was down in the field, by the brook,
Hoeing and weeding his rows of corn,
And here was his Polly, so scared and forlorn;
But I called him, and called him, as loud as I could.
I knew he would hear me—he must, and he should.
"O father! O father!—get out, you old pig!
O father! oh! oh'—" for their mouths are so big—
Then I waited a moment and called him again:
"O father! O father! I am in the pig-pen!"
And father did hear, and he threw down his hoe,
And scampered as fast as a father could go.

The pigs pushed me close to the wall,
And munched up basket, eggs and all,
And chewed my sun bonnet into a ball,
And one had rubbed his muddy nose
All over my apron, clean and white;
And they snuffed me and stepped upon my toes,
But hadn't taken the smallest bite,
When father opened the door, at last,
And oh! in his arms he held me fast.

—*The Voice.*

Boys and girls who have not money to buy pigeons will learn how to get some easily by reading page 24.

Conundrums.

Why are cowardly soldiers like tallow candles? ANS.—Because when exposed to fire they run.

***

When has a man something and nothing in his pocket at the same time? ANS—When he has a hole in it.

***

Why is a short negro like a white man? ANS.—He is not a tall black.

***

What is most likely to become a woman? ANS.—A little girl.

***

Which travels the fastest, heat or cold? ANS.—Heat, because one can catch cold.

***

Which is the longest word in the English language? ANS.—Smiles, there being a mile between the first and last letters.

***

What is that which goes up the hill, and down the hill, and spite of all standeth still. ANS.—The Road.

***

Old mother Pitcher
Has but one eye,
And a long tail
Which she lets fly;
And every time
She goes over a gap,
A bit of her tail
She leaves in a trap.
ANS.—A needle and thread.

***

In early morning I point to the west;
When the sun shines brightest I show the best,
And as noon draws near, so short I have grown,
You that early knew me, hardly would own
The little short fellow, northerly lying,
And not an ounce in any scale weighing,
When the sun's setting down in the west
I point to the east and measure my best;
I am of no use, yet with you each day,
And hardly, if ever, get into your way.
ANS.—Your shadow.

***

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? ANS.—When it is wrung for dinner.

THE MAN WITH A GOOSE HEAD.

The man with a goose's head first appeared before the public at the famous "Gingerbread Fair," Liverpool, in 1872. He was 20 years of age at that time; had eyes perfectly round, and a nose eight inches in length, flat, and shaped exactly like the bill or beak of a goose. His neck was three times the length of that of an ordinary person, surmounted by a round flat head perfectly devoid of hair. He seemed to have as much common sense as that of the average country boy of his age; learned very fast, and, after giving up the show business, became a photographer. His name is Jean Rondier and he lives at Dijon, France.

HOUSE DECORATION.

There are a few fundamental principles to be applied in decorating a house handsomely in the interior, writes Thomas Bancroft. First, every movable article should be considered with reference to its proportion to other objects in the room. Thus a couch should not be so long as to extend past, or even partly past a doorway. The bookcases should not extend, partly in front of a window, nor stand out so prominently and large as to overshadow other articles of furniture in the room. A picture may look so small upon the wall as to appear insignificant, and it may be so large as to be out of proportion in the place assigned for it.

Mirrors, mantles, tables and chairs should be selected of a size to be in proportion to other pieces of furniture in the room, care being had that such article of use or ornament be not too large for the place.

The figures in carpets and rugs to a certain extent, furnish a room. They may be of good size and bold in a large room, but should be smaller in proportion if the room is of small size.

Under the head proportion may also be considered the subject of even balance. Thus, in the human figure, on each side of the neck there is a shoulder, on each side of the body there is an arm, on each side of the nose there is a cheek, an eye and ear. The eyes are supposed to be alike in size and color, the shoulders of the same height, the arms of the same length.

The application of these principles in architecture, are shown in the public building having a cupola in the centre corresponding to the human head, and the wing of the building extending on each side, of equal size, corresponding to the arms and hands of the human frame.

The application of this principle of a central object with a small figure on each side, is shown in the larger picture on the wall with two smaller ones, equally distant on each side; the central object on the mantle with a figure to balance on each side, and the central keystone in the arch with an exact curve of equal size on each side.

This principle of balance may be observed in the hanging of curtains, draping of windows, and in decoration generally. Good judgment will be necessary, however, in order that this idea may be rightly used. It may be carried to such an extent as to present a stiffness in appearance. Thus an enclosure in front of a house having two trees of exactly equal size, equally distant on each side of the path leading to the house, may not create so favorable an impression as when the trees are set in what is termed the picturesque style without regard to balance.

The picturesque may be represented in architecture by the cupola on one side of a house; in landscape gardening by the grove of trees here, the clump of shrubbery there, the winding pathway, running without any regularity.

So in the interior of the house different articles of furniture may be arranged with reference to artistic and picturesque effect, entirely independent of the idea of balance, and cultured taste alone will decide what will be the best arrangement.

Care should be had in the furnishing of a room that it be not too much crowded with furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac or wall ornaments.

The danger is that there will be two much rather than too little. Some otherwise very charming interiors have their beauty sadly marred through an over-abundance of objects in the room that give the place the appearance of being a museum.

AN UNFORTUNATE NAP.

Sleep is one of the best things in the world if taken at the proper time, but there are occasions upon which it is out of place, and gives rise to grave disappointments. A case in point was that told by the Paris *Charivari*, of a clerk in a government office at Marseilles which never granted any holidays, who had all his life cherished the fond desire to witness a performance of *The Huguenots* at the Grand Opera in Paris. At length after thirty years' waiting, he managed to obtain forty-eight hours' leave of absence. He took an early train and arrived safe in the wonderful city. *The Huguenots* was going to be given that very night, and in an ecstasy of delight the poor fellow rushed off to the opera-house and secured a seat immediately after the doors were opened. He waited awhile madly endeavoring to keep his eyes open, for what with the fatigue of travel and the excitement induced by his unwonted freedom from the cares of his office, he was tired out, and fell sound asleep, nor did he awake until about quarter past twelve the sweeper-out came and roused him.

"Going to begin, eh?" he asked, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"No indeed, it's all over," replied the sweeper.

The poor fellow had to catch the next train to Marseilles, and ended his days without ever hearing *The Huguenots*.

MIDNIGHT.

Blest hour of rest—gift of a Hand divine!
What quiet, peace, tranquillity are thine!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Malarial Fever.

Malarial fever—also called fever and ague—is best described as a periodical fever, writes a physician for *The Youth's Companion*. Its chief characteristic is not so much the nature of the single attacks as the peculiar manner of their repetition. The two principal types of malaria are intermittent fever and remittent fever. The intermittent type is characterized by recurring attacks, in which, as a rule, chill, fever and sweating follow each other in orderly sequence. One generally knows a few hours beforehand, by unpleasant sensations, and sometimes by headache, that a chill is approaching. The entire duration of an attack is usually from twelve to fifteen hours. The periodicity of the attacks is most striking; they occur with regularity at the end of twenty-four, forty-eight or seventy-two hours. During the intervening period the patient feels pretty well, and except in unusually severe cases is able to be about. The remittent type of the disease has no distinct intermissions of the fever; the temperature is constantly above the normal, though marked remissions occur. Malaria is caused by the presence in the blood of a parasite, a minute organism which can be seen only by the aid of the microscope. The natural history of this parasite is not known; nor do we know how the organism enters, or how or in what form it leaves the human body. It is known, however, that these organisms are always present in the blood of a person suffering from malaria, and that they disappear with the disappearance of the symptoms, or with the administration of quinine. Low, marshy regions, with abundant vegetation, badly drained low-lying districts, old river courses, tracts of land which are rich in vegetable matter, and particularly districts which have been allowed to fall out of cultivation, are favorite localities for the development of the malarial poison. In regions where malaria constantly prevails, it occurs most frequently in spring and autumn; in temperate regions it is at its worst in September and October. Wherever it prevails the drinking water should be boiled, and unnecessary exposure to the night air should be avoided.

A Glass of Water at Bedtime.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change, says *Hall's Journal of Health*. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This materially assists in the process during the night and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day. Hot water is one of the best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs.

Hot Water Kills Thirst.

It is a mistake to suppose that cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach, and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve the thirst and "cool off" the body when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than ice-cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the free use of drinks below 60 degrees; in fact a higher temperature is to be preferred. Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion, instead of causing debility of the stomach and bowels.

A Nettle Antidote.

A sportsman gives the following information. A stinger that sportsmen are very apt to fall in with when rampling bottom lands adjoinings creeks and marshes when in quest of woodcock or ducks is the common nettle, and most of your readers who frequent such places have no doubt made its acquaintance, and much to their annoyance. Growing rank in such places, sometimes shoulder high, it is very annoying to both man and dog; indeed, I have seen dogs completely used up with it, while the sportsman only partially escaped by holding his hands above his head when pushing through the rank mass. I have often been stung by this vile weed, and until two years ago knew of no antidote, but I then found one in this wise: I had gone on the invitation of a rural friend to inspect a low marshy creek which in seasons when the water remained high, abounded in ducks; and if prospects were good we intended to lay plans for the opening of the season, then some two weeks distant. While tramping about the woods and marsh adjoining the creek I had my hands severely stung with the nettles which were very rank. My friend said, "Why suffer? The cure is at hand;" and reaching out he took a handful of the soft, tender ferns which are always found growing in such places, and directed me to rub them well upon the sorely afflicted parts. Well, I did so, and I must say with considerable lack of faith; but presto! In less time than it takes to tell it the pain had gone; yes, and

not to return until another brush into a nettle brake made another application necessary. I have often tried it since, and always with the same result. One advantage is that you don't have to carry the remedy with you; it is always on the spot and costs nothing.

For Those Who Cannot Sleep.

"Take this little white powder; it will give you a night's delightful sleep," says some persuasive friend, and you look hesitatingly and longingly at the folded paper which encloses such longed-for possibilities. It is so hard to lie awake night after night, hearing the clocks strike one, two, three, four, knowing full well that you will be desperately sleepy when the rising bell shall send its tocsin pealing through the house, and realizing, too, that the next day's duties will confront you as an armed battalion, when you will have neither courage nor strength to face them.

But it is a mistake, believe me, to take the sleeping powder, unless, indeed, your physician absolutely orders it. The narcotic, however innocent, the sedative, however subtle, is in its way a crutch, and the use of a crutch is always the acknowledgment of infirmity. Furthermore, a crutch is liable to snap, or to slip, or to prove treacherous, or to lose itself or be lost when most needed, and only a cripple, never a strong man, carries one.

In this whole matter of insomnia the wiser way is to fight the wakeful fiend by lying calmly still, with eyes shut and hands and feet stirless, if you can. To be genuinely tired by exercise in the open air, to detract the blood from the two active brain by a light repast before going to bed, and, above all, not to fret and worry, are better remedies than the whole range of the apothecary's shop affords.

In a beautiful volume printed for the entertainment of a family I lately came upon a pleasant bit of description, referring to an old gentlewoman past eighty, who, as the old often do, lay awake at twelve o'clock. A grand-daughter in an adjacent chamber heard her crooning something softly to herself, and asked if anything were amiss. "Oh no," was the quick and cheerful reply. "He giveth songs in the night." No need of a crutch for this strong soul.

Another insidious and dangerous habit is sometimes formed by women who are a little run down and have become nervous and listless; they fancy they need a tonic. A sip of this cordial, a glass of that stimulant, and they are "set up" for the moment and made over anew. But alas for the crutch! Such things are only temporary, and the last state of the person who depends upon them is worse than the first.

Nature and rest are competent to renovate in most cases if only allowed a fair chance.

Sunshine and Health.

A well-known physiologist has shown that the processes of healthful activity proceed more rapidly, other things being equal, if one is exposed to the light of day. More oxygen is absorbed into the system in the same time; the heart beats more strongly, and the circulation is more rapid. In fact so far as has been observed, all the organs of the body, such as the kidneys and skin, whose work is that of eliminating from the body the waste products harmful to it, are stimulated and strengthened by the mere presence of sunlight.

Again, the student of bacteriology, in his search for the causes of disease, has shown that many disease-germs thrive poorly, if at all, with the direct rays of sunlight upon them. Indeed, few bacteria survive exposure to many hours of sunlight.

The germs of the disease known as tuberculosis, or consumption, have been shown by one investigator to survive for many months in a receptacle guarded from sunlight and air. Placed in another receptacle, and set in a position where there was a slight circulation of air, the bacteria lived a much shorter time. Others, exposed to direct sunlight, lived but a few hours.

We have, therefore, two scientific reasons why the mere presence of sunlight is beneficial. It enables one to throw off more easily the waste products that are constantly generated in the body, and it is also one of the most powerful disinfectants known to science. Sunlight is thus nature's germ-killer; in comparison with it, indeed, no other agent deserves the name.

Flowers flourish in the sunlight so as to appear to grow toward it; and some, like sunflowers, follow the course of the sun from dawn till sunset, exposing to his ardent rays their full expanse of blossoms, thus openly acknowledging that the delicate chemical processes which are necessary to their perfection are accomplished by his direct aid.

Give to houses plenty of window space, then, and open their portals to sun and light.

Many who pay high prices for the luxury of the sun-bath of the sanitarium are extremely chary of exposing themselves to its influence in other places. Sunlight is beneficial, not only to the strong and well, but to the delicate and weak, both at home and during the outing season.

THE STORY OF "TWOK."

The first edition of the novel "Twok," by Watson Griffin, was published nine years ago, and nearly two thousand copies were sold within a few weeks. So great was the demand for the book at the time that the publishers were unable to supply it. It was very favorably received by the press as will be seen by reading the notices on the inside page of the last cover of OUR HOME.

VIRTUES OF GLYCERINE.

Few people realize, says the *Scientific American*, the importance of the use of pure commercial glycerine and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place.

As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact.

Where the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night, and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odour, so disagreeable to those who are sufferers.

For bunions and corns *cannabis indicus* and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, adding a few drops of liquid to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, applied to the face at night with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds or consumptives, one or two tablespoonsfuls of pure glycerine in hot, rich cream will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with the proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part powdered burnt alum and two parts of pure glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed before applying.

And finally, the epicure who relishes a nice breakfast dish of fried fish will find "a feast of the gods" by frying the fish in glycerine to a brown, adding a small sprig of parsley when nearly done.

Glycerine was first obtained in the year 1779, by Scheele, by boiling fats with oxide of lead and water, and was called by him the sweet principle of oils. All the oils and fats occurring in nature which can be saponified —*i.e.*, which yield soap when boiled with an alkali—are ethers of glycerine. The old process for preparing glycerine consisted in heating olive oil with litharge (oxide of lead) and water. The oxide of lead gradually decomposed the oil and united with its fatty acid (oleic acid) to form insoluble oleate of lead (lead plaster) whilst the glycerine remained in solution, and was purified by removing traces of lead by a current of sulphuretted hydrogen, and concentrating to remove water. The modern process consists in heating fats in copper or iron stills, and passing a current of superheated steam through them, at such a temperature that a thermometer placed in the still stands at from 288-315° C. Under these conditions the fats absorb water and are resolved into fatty acid and glycerine. Both the fatty acid and the glycerine are carried over with the steam, and are found in the condenser. The fatty acids being specifically lighter than the solution of glycerine, rise to the surface and are removed by decantation. The solution of glycerine is concentrated by evaporation.

COMBINING COLORS.

It is not given to all to detect as many shades of colors as that Swiss ribbon-manufacturer who is said to be able to discern twenty-seven hundred different shades; therefore the following suggestions which he makes may be useful.

Black combines well with almost all colors, except those which are so lacking in brightness as to be too nearly like it. Black and pale pink, blue, yellow, green, red lavender and even rather dark shades of blue, clear brown and green are excellent combinations.

Brown combines well with yellow, gold and bronze if it is the shade of brown which has brightness. It is effective also with black and with certain tones of green. A chocolate-and-milk brown combines well with old rose and the dull shades of pink.

Very dark green is effective when brightened by linings of narrow trimming of pale blue. A medium shade of green unites well with old pink. Brownish greens look well with bronze and copper color.

Dark blue may be brightened by lines of bright, rich red; by lines of old rose or of clear yellow. Blue of the "electric" and "cadet" varieties is best combined with black or with figured silks in which the same shade predominates.

A TREE OF IRON.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, Professor Carter gave an account of a tree-trunk discovered in a sandstone quarry in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. It is ten inches thick and eighteen feet long, and has been turned into iron through a natural process of substitution, by which the wood has been replaced with iron hematite derived from the sand. This is analogous to the transformation into agate undergone by formerly submerged tree-trunks in Arizona and the Yellowstone Park.

TERMS.

OUR HOME is issued every month from the office of publication, 16 St. Sacrament street, Montreal, Canada, by Watson Griffin, editor and publisher.

Its subscription price is forty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to this office. We do not request agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive OUR HOME regularly, write to this office and the matter will be looked into at once.

Write addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made.

When the term for each subscription has expired the magazine will be discontinued without further notice, unless a renewal has previously been received.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of OUR HOME they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for.

Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of OUR HOME.

Address all communications to

"OUR HOME,"
16 St. Sacrament Street,
MONTREAL, Canada.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1896.

THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

As announced in the July number OUR HOME has been purchased by Mr. Watson Griffin, who was for nearly ten years managing editor of *The Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star*, the most successful paper published in Canada, having as is well-known a circulation of over eighty thousand. Previous to taking the management of that paper he had had practical experience in every department of daily newspaper work on leading dailies of Canada and the United States and the experience thus obtained was of very great value to him in conducting *The Family Herald and Weekly Star*. He has now severed his connection with that excellent paper, but he hopes that the experience gained in editing it will enable him to make OUR HOME the most popular cheap magazine in America.

CIRCULATION OF "OUR HOME."

OUR HOME has already a well established circulation in every province and territory of Canada, the island of Newfoundland and throughout the United States. It is so cheap that every home in America, however humble, can afford to have it and it is so readable that those who once subscribe for it will not fail to renew their subscriptions every year.

THE LEAST YOU CAN DO.

The least you can do to show your appreciation of the improvement in OUR HOME is to get one new subscriber for it. You can do more, for it will be easy to induce many of your friends and neighbors to subscribe, but the publisher asks as a favor that each subscriber will send him at least one new subscriber this month so that the circulation of OUR HOME may be doubled at once.

The subscription price of OUR HOME is forty cents per year and a commission of fifteen cents will be paid for every new subcriber whose name has never been on the subscription list before. In other words if you get a new subscriber at forty cents per year you can pocket fifteen cents and send twenty-five cents to OUR HOME.

If you do not care to make money by canvassing you can urge your friends to subscribe simply for the purpose of extending the circulation of a magazine which will exert a good influence upon those who read it.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN CANVASS.

If you do not wish to canvass for subscribers yourself let your boys and girls do it. It will be an easy way for them to earn some pocket money. The magazine is so cheap that hardly anyone will refuse to subscribe if urged to do so.

AN EASY WAY TO GET PIGEONS.

Many boys and girls would like to keep pigeons if they had the money to buy them and provide for them. They can easily earn money to buy pigeons by canvassing for OUR HOME. Every farmer should encourage his boys and girls to keep pigeons because they are such excellent weeders. No farmer can afford to be without these little weed destroyers. And then they are so pretty and give so much pleasure to the boys and girls.

RETURN THE ENVELOPES.

Each subscriber of OUR HOME will receive this month an envelope containing a blank subscription form with room for the names of four new subscribers. The publisher of OUR HOME will be very grateful to those subscribers who return the envelopes with the names of as many subscribers as they can secure.

TEMPERANCE.

The Way to the Poor House.

A gentleman was once accosted in the Kensington Road, London, by an elderly female. She had a small bottle of gin in her hand, and not knowing the way to the work-house, where she had business, she said, "Please, sir, I beg your pardon, but is *this* the way to the poor-house?" The gentleman looking at her very earnestly, and pointing to the bottle, gravely, but very kindly, said, "No, my good woman, but *that* is."

It Will Make You Work.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; you drink and it will make you work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that may do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and now she lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread, whereas had I been sober I might live in comfort in my old age without being forced to work. Drink! drink! and it will make you work in your old age if it does not kill you before you grow old."

Inherited Gout.

Sir Walter Trevelyan, who died in 1879 at the age of eighty-two, had inherited an immense cellar of wines, said to have been then the rarest collection in the world. Some of the wines were bottled in 1752, and others in 1777.

But the baronet was himself a total abstainer and bequeathed his wines to Doctor Richardson, his colleague in temperance agitation, to be "employed for scientific purposes."

Sir Walter's wife would have wine on the dinner-table. A visitor, after a glass of port from a bottle bought by the baronet's father in 1784, offered to purchase the whole at a guinea a bottle.

"No, sir," said Sir Walter, "I mean to have the whole carried out some day and emptied into the Wansbeek!"

One night Sir Walter had such a severe attack of gout that he was obliged to ascend the stairs on his knees—he was too selfreliant to permit a servant to carry him. A friend suggested that he might console him self by reflecting that he was not to blame.

"No!" he answered, "my father and grandfather drank the port, and I came in for the gout."

Drinking a Farm.

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for the free and independent life of a farmer, but have never been able to get money enough together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm, at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it yourself. An acre of ground contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at $43.56 per acre, you will see that this brings the land to one mill the square foot. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in your friends and have them gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin. There is dirt in it, one hundred square feet of good rich dirt worth $43.56 per acre.—*Bob Burdette.*

Making the Heart Work Hard.

Dr. R. W. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying that he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so.

I said: "Count it carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse is seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count again. He did so, and said:

"Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay down on the lounge, and said: "Will you take it again?"

He replied: "Why, it is only sixty-four; what a very extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart a rest. You know nothing about it, but the beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply it by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by 8 hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference

of 20,000 ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets; but when you take your wine or grog you do not allow the rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting the rest you put on it something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have a little more of the 'ruddy bumper' which you say is the soul of man here below."

How a Drunkard Was Reformed.

John Roach, the famous ship-builder once told the following story of how he reformed a confirmed drunkard who was one of his employees:

He had terrible sprees, and had them quite often. He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober, he was penitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. One morning he came in after one of his sprees, and said, "Mr. Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything of me. You took me up when I had nothing to do, and paid me good wages, and have borne with my faults till it ain't human to ask you to bear any more."

"Mike," says I, "I won't discharge you, but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation," for an idea struck me. I went to my desk and wrote:

"JOHN ROACH—Sir: You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You have always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you, or love for my wife and children, to behave like a man, and I withdraw from your employment."

I gave it to him and said, "I want you to promise me one thing—that you will always carry this with you, and that, when about to take a glass of liquor, you will take this out, read it, sign it, and mail it to me before you drink." He promised solemnly that he would. He stayed in my employ for years, and was never drunk again.

A Novel Temperance Society.

On the night of December 31, 1883, three young men sat around a tavern fire in Georgetown, a little village in Connecticut. They were intoxicated, and were watching the old year out. As the clock struck twelve, one of the young men said: "Boys, the new year is here; now let's swear off, and form a temperance society." The others, in a spirit of fun, agreed. The articles of association were then and there drawn up. They were similar to the rules of other temperance organizations, with one exception. The clause containing the pledge had the following penalty attached: "And any one of us who shall drink any intoxicating liquor, for any purpose whatsoever, between now and midnight of December 31, 1884, shall be tarred and feathered."

This clause, becoming known, gained the club the name of "The Tar and Feather Temperance Society." Meetings of the society of three were frequently held. Gradually, applications for membership began to pour in, and before six months had passed the society numbered thirty members. The year of abstinence expired on New Year's eve, and a grand ball was given by the society, to which a large number of the best people of the place were invited. The hall was filled. At midnight the president announced that the pledge had expired. By a unanimous vote it was renewed for another year, and some twenty names were added to the roll. The peculiar penalty proved an attractive advertisement, the matter became the talk of the neighborhood and nearly every resident soon wore the society's badge, which was a blue ribbon with a lump of tar filled with chicken feathers attached.

Drank a Tear.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are the chief of the mixed drinkers, and I will not agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What! water?" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, an' I expect it is a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago a party of us went fishing, an' we took a fine chance of whiskey along an' had a heap of fun. Long toward evening I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drunk up all the whiskey an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke, 'cause they'd left me thar drunk, an' told it around with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the morning thar sot my wife right

thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin."

"I wish I had suthin ter drink," s'I.

Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her an' went down to whar a spring biled up, an' dipped up a cupful and fotch it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hand I vowed that I would never haf ter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

Why She Would Not Kiss Him.

Well, well! what *did* ail Dottie? She had positively refused to kiss her father for a whole week. He went to work very early in the morning, long before her blue eyes were open, and did not come home till dark. Dottie always watched for him, and ran to meet him, and when he came in would sit on his knee, but when he tried to kiss her, she would shake her head so emphatically as to set the sunny curls dancing about her eyes, and then tuck her rosy face down on his shoulder.

At last he grew almost angry, and one evening he put her down, saying, sternly, "I won't have any little girl that does not love me."

Dottie went to her mother with a grieved look, and tears stealing into her eyes.

"I do love my papa, ever so much—*five bushels.*" By her childish mode of measureing affection, this seemed immense.

"Then why did you treat him so?" asked her mother; "he does not see his little daughter all day, and when he comes home so tired she refuses to kiss him. Why is it?"

"Because, because"—and here Dottie stopped.

"Speak out, darling; don't be afraid; or suppose you whisper it to me now"—and she bent down her head.

Dottie put both chubby hands around her mother's neck, and putting her rose-bud of a mouth close to her mother's ear, in what she supposed to be a whisper, said:

"He drink some medicine or somethin' in the even'time before he gets home; and it must be dreadful stuff, for it makes me feel sickerish to smell when he puts his face close to mine—and that's all; and I do love papa." And she sobbed as if her loving heart would break.

As the wife's glance met that of her husband his face crimsoned with a flush of shame. The secret was out. For the week past he had been in the habit of stopping for a few moments at the house of a friend, who had just returned from Europe, and had a great many interesting things to relate. He always took a glass of something strong at night, and insisted that Dottie's father should drink with him; and that was how it happened. But he never touched a drop afterwards. The pure caresses of his innocent child were of more value to him than even the good-will of his friend, and the little Dot never had cause to refuse him his evening kiss.

Someone Watching for Him.

A laborer in the temperance cause, while lecturing among the islands of the English Channel, was accustomed to hold meetings at St. Peter's Fort. One evening a venerable friend presided at the meeting, and gave in substance the following recital from his own experience:

"Several years ago, long before I had heard tell of total abstinence, I had occasion to take a voyage in a sailing vessel from this port to the coast of France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. In the expectation that they would be troubled by sea-sickness, and in conformity with the general opinion, we had provided ourselves with a bottle of brandy, to be used as a quieting medicine in the event of illness. Prior to our retirement for the night, we each took a small glassful of brandy, and as the captain of the vessel—a Frenchman—happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little. He tossed off a draught of the liquor with evident relish, then smacked his lips, and bidding us 'adieu' for the night, went on deck.

"We had not rested more than a few hours ere we were awakened by the trampling of feet and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the seamen were shouting to each other, and hurrying to and fro. 'What is the matter?' I inquired. 'Where is the captain?'

"Judge of my horror when I learned that he had been set on to drink by the brandy which I had given him, had got intoxicated, and had fallen overboard. The boat was put out, and the men rowed about in the darkness for a considerable time; but, alas! all was in vain.

"Sleep forsook our eyelids for the rest of the night, and the captainless ship drew near the French shore just as the sun began to show its face in the glowing east. When we neared the 'desired haven' I took the ship's glass and began to scan the harbor and its neighborhood. I noticed, in particular, one neat looking house, near the landing place, at an upper window of which I saw a woman, who seemed to be alternately straining her eyes and waving a handkerchief in the direction of our vessel. I said to one of the crew,

'Some woman at the house with a white front, near the harbor, seems looking out for the ship.'

"The rough looking sailor drew the back of his hand across his glistening eyes, and said in a tone tremulous with emotion, 'Ah! God help her! That's the poor captain's wife, monsieur.'

"My grief was indeed deep and trying; but until light broke upon my mind, I never saw so clearly as I have done since, that my 'giving and offering' strong drink to a fellow-creature was the cause of this most real and distressing case."

BIG LOAVES OF BREAD.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two and three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length, and in many cases even six feet.

The bread of Paris is distributed almost exclusively by women, who go to the various bake-houses at half past five A. M., and spend about an hour brushing and polishing the loaves.

After the loaves are thoroughly cleaned of dust and grit, the woman proceeds on the round of her customers. Those who live in apartments or flats find their loaves leaning against the door. Restaurateurs and those having street entrances to their premises find their supply of the staff of life propped up against the front door. The wages earned by these bread carriers vary from fifty to sixty-three and one-half cents of our money, and their day's work is completed by ten or eleven o'clock in the morning.

GRASS.

The rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "how grand of girth!"
Of the willow we say, "how slender!"
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,
How we love her cool green raiment,
So she plays in silence her lovely part
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and due brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves,
From Spring until stern November;
And then she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember!

And while she serves us with gladness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly under foot.—
Yet we never wound her feelings!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ANIMAL STORIES.

The Wild Eye.

One curious and seldom-noted effect of the contact of brutes with man is remarked by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who speaks as follows of the tender and more receptive aspect of the ferine eye in domesticated or half-domesticated animals: "Notice the contrast there is between the eye of the well-bred, well-trained hunter and that of the unbroken mustang; between that of the St. Bernard and that of the wolf or fox. The one lets us look below the surface; it is all softness and receptiveness, even though it may be fringed with lightning; but the other is hard and impenetrable,—a ball of smouldering and unconquerable fire. In the eye of the animal brought into subjection to man, and not yet yielding willingly to his domination, there is a suggestion, if not an element, of insanity. It was into the eye of a captive European swallow which he held in his hand, under the eaves at Königsberg, that Kant was looking when he declared it was 'as if he were gazing into heaven;' and one is led to wonder what might be the result to the eye of the woodcock if he could be induced to leave his sequestered haunts and mix more intimately and more confidingly with mankind."

The Dogs Kept Arbor Day.

The following story is related by Miss Tena J. Dunbar, North Lake Ainslie, Cape Breton: Barry and Zed are two dogs of no particular breed. They are great friends, and as they are near neighbors they are almost constantly together, ready to defend each other at the shortest notice. On "Arbor Day" Zed's master was busy setting out trees. Both dogs watched him for some time. Not satisfied, however, with being mere spectators, they bounded off to an adjoining forest, returning within an hour, carrying between them a wild cherry sapling, which they carefully laid with the unplanted trees. Zed's mistress took charge of the tree and saw that it was properly attended to. It is at present in a flourishing condition and promises to be in the future an ornamental proof of what intelligent dogs can do. One of the dogs belongs to my uncle, the other to my brother.

The Coon His Own Doctor.

"Some years ago I caught a coon in a trap," writes Robert Fleming, of Jerden Falls, N. Y., "I took him home and with no little difficulty removed the trap from his leg. The jaws of the trap were so sharp as to cut through the flesh to the bone, making a very painful wound. I put him in a barrel, gave him some milk to drink and killed a frog and threw it to him. Looking in some time after, what was my surprise to see, instead

of eating the frog as I supposed he would, he had torn it in pieces, and placed them on his wounded leg. I watched him for some time, and was surprised to see him every little while turn the frog over, and place the cool side next the wound. He drank the milk. When I saw how eager he was to heal his wound, and as I could do nothing for him, I tipped over the barrel so he could go if he wished. He still sat in the barrel when I left him but the next morning he was gone."

The Pig Shook the Apple Tree.

"One day some years ago I went over to a neighbor to see if he had prepared me some seed wheat that I had agreed to buy from him," writes S. Curtis of Shanty Bay, Ont., "and having found that it was ready, my neighbor invited me to see some spring pigs which he had put in his orchard to pick up the fallen apples. Having admired them (the pigs) he told me that they were getting very cunning and would pick the apples off the lowest branches that were bent nearly to the ground. I then went home and on returning with the team I had to pass the orchard in which the pigs were. Looking across the orchard I was surprised to see the largest of the pigs deliberately raise itself on its hind legs, till it was nearly upright, and seizing a branch which was quite three feet from the ground, shake it with its mouth till several apples fell from the tree. The other pigs were all under the tree waiting, and as soon as the apples fell, each one began to reap the benefit of the performance. I thought it looked very much as if that pig was endowed with reason."

The Ball The Spider Carried.

"I was digging around my plants in the garden and dug up on my trowel a common black spider with a large white ball on its back," writes Miss Tinette Kirby, of Brainardsville, N. Y., "I supposed this ball to be part of its body, and was surprised to see it fall off and roll away as I threw the spider on the ground. The spider ran quickly after it and clapsed her legs around it and was running away with it, but my curiosity was aroused and I thought I would find out what treasure she carried so neatly wrapped in this soft, white downy ball. But it was not so easy a matter as one would think it to be to unclasp the feet of the spider; she seemed determined not to give it up. I finally succeeded in getting it in my possession and with two pins I pulled away the soft, but firmly woven covering and brought out to the light eighty-two little light-brown spiders that could just crawl about. The old spider searched about a long time and seemed very unwilling to give up her precious burden."

He Brought Back His Tail.

"Sport was the favorite dog of my grandmother," writes James S. Miller, of Windsor Junction, Nova Scotia. "She used to pet and talk to him a great deal. He was a very pretty dog, having curly black hair with one white spot on his breast and about three inches of his tail was snowy white which he seemed to be very proud of. He got in the habit of going from home for an hour or two almost every day and on one occasion came home with about three inches of his tail gone. How it happened no one knew. My grandmother said to him: 'Why, Sport, you have lost all your beauty. Where is the pretty white spot. You have lost part of your tail.' He seemed to know what she said and went direct to the door and commenced to whine. She let him out and in an hour's time he was back again. To her surprise, he had the piece of his tail which he had lost, in his mouth, and dropped it down by her feet looking up in her face as much as to say, 'Here I am, every inch of me.' This is a true story and more than one witnessed the incident."

How a Squirrel Cuts Butternuts.

"As I was sitting under a butternut tree one day," says Miss Connie Faulkner, of Chatterton, Ont., "I saw a squirrel carrying a nut in his mouth, and anxious to know what it was going to do with the nut, I watched it a few minutes, when I saw it sit upon its hind feet, take the nut in its fore paws, and turn it round and round for about five minutes. Then the nut fell to the ground. I picked it up and saw that the nut had been sawed in two by the little animal turning it round and round on its sharp front teeth."

THE SCRAPBOOK MAGAZINE.

Nearly every man, woman and child has at one time or another tried to keep a scrapbook containing all the bright little things in magazines and newspapers that are worth keeping. The trouble is that in the big papers and big magazines one has to read so much in order to find something that is worth keeping. But everything in OUR HOME will be worth keeping and it will not be necessary to cut out the good things and paste them into a scrapbook, for the magazine is in keepable shape. The monthly numbers can be easily preserved and at the end of each year they can be bound in one volume and placed upon the bookshelf. It will make the cheapest scrapbook in the world and the most interesting.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Don't Sneer.

Never bring a human being, however silly, ignorant and weak, above all, any little child, to shame and confusion of face. Never, by petulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste, never, above all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a sneer, crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-creature. —*Charles Kingsley.*

Pages in Life's Volume.

We live by days. They are the leaves folded back each night in the great volume that we write. They are our autobiography. Each day takes us not newly, but as a tale continued. It finds us what yesterday left us... And, as we go on, everyday is telling to every other day truths about us, showing the kind of being that is handed on to it, making of us something better or something worse, as we decide.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

Easier to Do Harm Than Good.

It is easier to do harm than good to other lives. There is a quality in the human soul which makes it take more readily and retain more permanently, touches of sin, than touches of holiness. So human lives are apt to take less deeply the image of the Father's face, and more permanently the impression of vile things. It needs therefore, in us, infinite carefulness and watchfulness as we walk ever amid other lives, lest by some word, or look or act or disposition, or influence of ours, we hurt them irreparably.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Do a Little Good at a Time.

Dr. Johnson wisely said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railways built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time and never wait to do a great deal of good at once. If we would do much good in the world we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another; speaking a word here, doing a kindness there and setting a good example at all times. As F. W. Farrar, says, "Little self denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold, which when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

One at a Time.

Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year with a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another; which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again today, and adding to-morrow's burden before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

Auld Lang Syne.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides. Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Sabbath in the Country.

Softly ye winds on your onward way,
Pause a moment, I bid you stay.
You are sweeping across the hills and dales,
Over meadows and bright green dales.
You are bending the flowers and waving the grain,
Your movements are seen in meadow and plain.
I pray ye be still and hear what I say,
And rest ye a moment this sweet Sabbath day,
"There is no rest," the wild winds say,
"No rest for us on the Sabbath day."
Nature doth not rest, nor cease,
Nor from her labor seek release.
The white clouds sail across the sky,
The soft wind sighs and passes by,
The birds are singing just as gay
As on some other summer day,
The bees are humming among the flowers,
In the sunny meadows and shady bowers.
The sparkling stream with its rippling song,
Sings not of rest, as it flows along.
The trees are waving their branches fair.
In the cool and fragrant summer air.
And over the hills like a solemn knell,
Float the silvery tones of the Sabbath bell,
Which seems to say with its sweet low voice,
"Let the people praise; let the earth rejoice."
To man alone was the Sabbath given,
A day of rest, a joy from heaven.
Of praise to Whom all praise belongs.
And meadow, forest, field and plain,
Join in the universal strain,
To Him who hears the praise of all
His creatures here both great and small.

ELLA C. DANIELS.

Laying Up Treasures in Character.

It may not appear exactly what is meant by laying up treasures in Heaven, if we conceive Heaven to be some distant sphere, but if we bear in mind that the Kingdom of God is within, that Heaven finds its reflection in the depths of the spirit, then we can easily see what is meant by laying up treasures in Heaven, by laying up treasures in character. To extract their sweetness from life and experience, to glean from Providence and Scripture of their abounding wisdom, and gather it into the storehouse of the soul, to draw from the Divine sources of truth and goodness, and appropriate the same in increasing measure, to become rich in moral ideas, and sentiments, and sympathies, and in the manifold gifts and graces of the Spirit, to luxuriate in pure thoughts and generous feelings, and in the Divine virtues of charity and forgiveness, to come to that abundance of life through Christ which consists in peace and integrity, and joys, and holy desires, and heavenly communings, and in the constant renewal of the spiritual man, to become in ourselves large, and affluent, and exuberant, according to the Christian idea—this is, perhaps, laying up all the treasures in Heaven of which we know.

For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
 That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
 Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
 Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
 The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
 And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
 Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table
 And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
 In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another:
 Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
 So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joining—
 Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
 Of many a mother and wife.

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
 That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
 Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
 With the grace of a thought divine:
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
 And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
 In the way that they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
 In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake
 Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
 That is laid at the Master's feet."

Ploughing Around a Rock.

"I had ploughed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer to a writer in "*The Advance*," "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied, aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Many a Christian has been ploughing around a duty, a cross, a bad habit, and we know not what, for more than five years, afraid to touch it or examine it, and it stands in the way to-day as it did at first. Rout it out, man; it is an easy job when you once take hold of it.

D'Arcy McGee on the Bible.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the eloquent Irish-Canadian orator once said: "There is always as a corrective to diseased imagination, the book of books itself—the Bible. I do not speak of its perusal as a duty incumbent on all Christians—it is not my place to inculcate religious duties—but I speak of it here as a family book mainly; and I say that it is well for our new Dominion that within the reach of everyone who has learned to read lies this one book the rarest and most unequalled as to matter, the cheapest of books as to cost, the most readable as to arrangement. If we wish our younger generation to catch the inspiration of the higher eloquence, where else will they find it? If we wish to teach them lessons of patriotism, can we show it to them under nobler forms than that of the maiden deliverer who smote the tyrant in the valley, or in the grief of Esdras as he poured the foreign king his wine at Susa, or in the sadness beyond the solace of song which bowed down the exiles by the waters of Babylon? Every species of composition, and the highest kind in each species, is found in these wondrous two Testaments. We have the epic of Job, the idyl of Ruth, the elegies of Jeremiah, the sermons of the greater and lesser prophets, the legislation of Moses, the parables of the Gospel, the travels of St. Paul, the first chapters of the history of the church. Not only as the spiritual corrective of all vicious reading, but as the

highest of histories, the truest of philosophies, and the most eloquent utterances of human organs, the Bible should be read for the young and by the young at all convenient seasons."

Good Thoughts Condensed.

That which we doubt is right to us is wrong.

Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living.

Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A good laugh is sunshine in a house.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can.

When a man owns himself to have been in error, it is but telling you, in other words, that he is wiser than he was.

Sorrows are visitors that come without an invitation, but complaining minds send a waggon to bring their troubles home in.

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

There is nothing which marks more decidedly the character of men and of nations than the manner in which they treat women.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy that makes happiness. A little wood will heat my little oven. Why then should I murmur because all the woods are not mine.

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it and it is a jolly, kind companion.

Whether we really enjoy any lot in life depends upon the disposition we carry into it. The kind of eyes with which we see, the kind of temper with which we act, will make much of little or little of much.

Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

If we take people as we find them, welcoming all their good points and passing over the others, and being kind and generous to all, we shall come much nearer to the truth about them than if we labor to make a critical analysis of minds and hearts of which we can see only a few fragments.

Neglected Days.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small, wee face
As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a space
We will not see it clear.

And so it turns from us and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it.
It never comes again.

MISS MULOCH.

A Lost Key.

I love to lie in the clover
With the lark like a speck in the sky,
While it's small, sweet throat runneth over
With praises it sendeth on high.

O! Lark of the summer morning,
Teach, teach me the song that you sing,
I would learn without lightness or scorning
To give praise for every good thing!

But my heart has grown hardened and sinful;
I have wandered from good far away,
Through pathways unholy, but winful,
I've forgotten, alas! how to pray.

O! Lark of the summer morning,
Give, give me of praying the key,
And I'll learn without lightness or scorning,
As I did at my own mother's knee.

MAE ST. JOHN BRAMHALL.

The Friendships of the Bible.

Our Bible is a book of *lives*, says Rev. William C. Gannet in his beautiful essay, "I Had a Friend." It is a book of men praying rather than a book of prayer, of men believing rather than a book of beliefs, of men sinning and repenting and righting themselves rather than a book of ethics. It is a book, too, of men *loving*: it is full of faces turned towards faces. As in the procession pictures frescoed on rich old walls, the well-known men and women come trooping through its pages in twos and threes, or in little bands of which we recognize the central figure, and take the others to be those unknown friends immortalized by just one mention in this book. Adam always strays with Eve along the footpath of our fancy. Abram walks with Sarah, Rebecca at the well suggests the Isaac waiting somewhere, and Rachel's presence pledges Jacob's not far off. Two brothers and a sister together lead Israel out from Egypt. Here come Ruth and Naomi, and there go David and Jonathan. Job sits in his ashes forlorn enough, but not for want of comforters,—we can hardly see Job for his friends. ***** But as we step from Old Testament to New, again we hear the buzz of little companies. We follow Jesus in and out of homes; children cluster about His feet; women love Him; a dozen of men leave net and plough to bind to His their fortunes, and others go

forth by twos, not ones, to imitate Him. "Friend of publicans and sinners" was His title with those who loved Him not. Across the centuries we like and trust Him all the more because He was a man of many friends. No spot in all the Bible is quite so overcoming as that garden-scene where the brave, lonely sufferer comes back through the darkness under the olives-trees, to His three chosen hearts, within a stone's throw of His heart-break, — to find them fast asleep! Once before, in that uplifted hour from which far off he descried Gethsemane,—we call it the "Transfiguration,"—we read of those same three friends asleep. The human *loneliness* of that soul in the garden as He paused by Peter's side,—"You! could *you* not watch with me one hour?"—and turned back into the darkness, and into God! Then came the kiss with which another of His twelve betrayed Him. No passage in the Gospels makes Him so real a man to us as this; no words so appeal to us to stand by and be His friends.

Jesus ascended—we see Paul starting off on his missionary journeys; but Barnabas or Mark or Silas or Timothy is with him. The glowing postscripts of his letters tell how many hearts Paul loved, and how much he loved them, and how many hearts loved him. What a *comrade* he must have been,—the man who dictated the thirteenth of Corinthians! What a hand-grasp in his favorite phrases — "*fellow*-laborers," "*fellow*-soldiers," *fellow*-prisoners!" We wonder who the men and women were he names,—"Luke, the well-beloved physician," and "Zenas the lawyer," and "Tryphena and Tryphosa," and "Stachys my beloved." Just hear him send his love to some of these friends: it is the end of what in solemn phrase we call the Epistle to the Romans,—what Paul would perhaps have called "the letter I sent the dear souls in that little church in Rome":—

"I commend unto you Phebe, our sister, that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you (help that woman!) for *she* has been a succourer of many, and of myself, too. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us. Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen and my fellow-prisoners. Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord. Salute Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord, and the beloved Persis, and Rufus, chosen in the lord, and his mother and *mine*." And so on.

"His mother—his and mine;" no doubt Paul had a dozen dear old mothers in those sea-board cities where he came and went. It brings him very near to us to read such words. Why, if we had lived then and had been "radical" Jews like him, and like him had dared and *joyed* to speak our faith, and for it had been brave enough to stand by his side in labors and in prisons, *our* names might have slipped into those letters, and *we* have been among the dozen or twenty picked out from all the Marys and Lukes and Pauls of the Roman Empire to be enshrined in a Bible postscript, and guessed about eighteen hundred years afterwards,—because Paul had once sent his love to us in a letter! I would far rather spare some of the words in which he tells us his thought of the Christ and the Church than those names that huddle at his letter-ends. They make the Epistles real letters, such as we mailed yesterday. They bring Paul down out of his Bible niche, and forward out of the magnificent distance of a Bible character, and make him just "Paul," alive and lovable; a man to whom our hearts warm still, because his own heart was so warm that men fell on his neck and kissed him when he told them they should see his face no more.

The Strength of Truth.

Faint not and falter not, nor plead
 Your weakness. Truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
 Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

WHITTIER.

MEMORY CHILDREN.

I see them when eve-time cometh,
 Where misted meadows glow—
The beautiful fair-haired children
 From fields of long ago.
Softly they gather about me,
 Each with a rose in her hand,
And glints of gold on their tresses
 Of a far-off sun-kissed land.

But they will not stay—the children,
 Tho' fondly I call each name,
Fade where the misted meadows
 Border on seas of flame;
And singing still as they vanish,
 Calling me fondly by name.
The beautiful fair-haired children
 That seem forever the same.

Sometimes in the care-worn faces
 I pass on the busy street
I see a look of the children—
 A gleam of their smiling sweet.
I long to say as they pass me,
 Dear hearts, let us not forget
The love and trust of our child-time
 Will keep us like children yet.

Pray God, when my eve-time cometh,
 The grey of life's afterglow,
The beautiful fair-haired children
 From meadows of long ago,
May gather blithely about me,
 A star-eyed and laughing throng,
Voicing the hush of my eve-time
 With faint sweet echoes of song.

SOPHIE FOX SEA.

SELF-PUNISHED.

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

CUMBERLAND.

THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR.

By Robert Louis Stephenson.

Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honourable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the grey of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoitre. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turrettops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches.

Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a peddle; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armour, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round at that very moment debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a moulding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger-nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it, it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and give vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare; and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening towards the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone

chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoutable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the the Sire de Malétroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door . . . ." he began.

"About my door?" asked the other raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only—"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he become quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent

fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Malétroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat;" and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm, but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis said something in an undertone to Sire de Malétroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance! It was none of my choosing, God knows that: but since she is in it, by our lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Malétroit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm,

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towards the chapel-door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the centre of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the new comers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But

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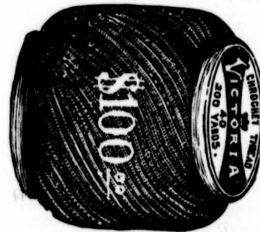

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it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonour your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name I have borne, in peace and war, for more than three-score years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will, I have tried to find your own gallant for you; And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétroit, If I have not, I care not one jack-straw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes

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burn with a feverish lustre. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Malétroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that anyone should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed may feats at war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand into his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle keep me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose when he could not prevail with me to tell the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him; into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

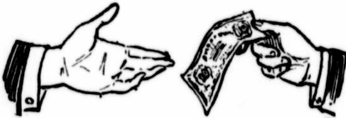
"Madam," he said, "you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is Messire de Malétroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

(*To be continued.*)



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White Brahmas.

Brahmas were first brought from Asia to New York by an unknown sailor in September 1846. They were purchased by a man named Chamberlain, and before long the breed was taken up by many fanciers both in England and in America. There are two varieties of Brahmas—Light and Dark. The outward appearance of both is similar in everything but the color of the feathers. They have very small, neat-looking heads, small pea combs, large ungainly bodies and heavily-feathered, orange colored legs. Brahmas will often attain an immense size and cocks and hens have been known to turn the scale at fifteen and twelve pounds each respectively. The plumage of the Light variety is mainly white or cream color, the correct shade being pure white. Black feathers are interspersed in the leg and saddle feathering; while the tail and tail-coverts are principally black, one or two feathers being striped with white. C. C. Shoemaker, an American poultry breeder, says: "The Light Brahma by unchallenged right stands at the head of all thoroughbred poultry. During the past thirty years, while all the other breeds have had their ups and downs, the Light Brahmas have stood their own ground and to-day they are as much praised and as highly recommended to the general breeder as they were thirty years ago. They are the largest of all our poultry, and furnish more pounds of flesh and eggs in twelve months than any other breed of fowls on earth. When full grown the cocks weigh from ten to twelve pounds and the hens from eight to ten pounds. They are well adapted for all purposes. They are so gentle, handsome and practical, one cannot help but like them. They are well content in a small yard, and can be kept in a fence three or four feet high." Stephen Beale, an English authority on poultry says: "At one time fifty pounds was no uncommon price for a really first-class bird, and eggs from certain strains were almost literally worth their weight in gold; but there has been a great decline in recent years. Brahmas cannot be regarded as first-class table fowls, so far as quality of flesh is concerned, having the flesh laid more on to the legs than the breast, which is always a disadvantage; but when they are young they are by no means to be despised, especially when their size is considered. For a family fowl they are unequalled, and a large Brahma chicken is sufficient for the dinner of a moderate sized family. For crossing purposes they are very useful, when table fowls are in view. They are capital sitters and mothers—though when old rather clumsy and heavy for this purpose, are very docile, can be kept on almost any soil that is not absolutely wet, are fairly good as layers, and whilst they should have a fair amount of liberty do not require very extensive runs." Another English breeder, F. A. McKenzie, says: "During the last few years Brahmas have greatly degenerated. Thirty years ago they ranked as the best layers in the country, especially during the winter months. The same cannot be said of them to-day. Yet there are many good layers to be found among them."

A Good Fowl House.

Dryness, light, warmth, and freedom from draughts—these are the essential requirements of a good fowl-house; and they must be met before it is possible to keep poultry with any reasonable prospect of success. Provided they are attended to, the house may be of any shape or quality that the owner pleases. In the country a dry out-house or cellar is often obtainable. This will answer every purpose, but before putting the birds into it, all chinks or crevices that admit draughts must be stopped up. These are generally plentiful about out-houses, and if they are left open, as likely as not, they will give the birds cold. Where there is no building suitable, it will be necessary to erect a special structure.

The site of the house must be carefully selected. The best kind of soil is gravel, or some other light, porous substance. The heavier the soil is, and the more it retains the wet, the worse will it be for the fowls that have to stay on it. Where the soil is heavy it will be well worth while to drain it, for birds are always more liable to disease when penned on damp grounds than they otherwise would be. Another thing to be remembered in selecting the site is that birds will not thrive without plenty of sunshine; too often, especially in town yards, a gloomy corner where the sun's rays hardly ever reach is selected for the poultry-run.

The natural consequence is that the fowls kept in it are continually looking mopish and having colds. What else can be expected? How would a human being thrive if always kept in a gloomy cellar?

The best site for the house is a level or slightly slanting piece of land, exposed for at least a portion of the day to the sun, and sheltered from the winds. The back should be on the north or east side, if posible, so that the front shall open out on the south or west.

The Cause and Cure of Roup.

Roup is a common disease of poultry. It is marked by the following symptoms: The breathing is difficult, the throat is filled with thick matter, the breath is offensive, the birds sneeze and cough to eject the adhesive matter, and the eyes become sore and discharge offensive pus. In time, a membrane forms in the throat and suffocates the fowls. It is due to some unwholesome conditions such as damp, filth and contagion. It is fatal unless the right treatment is taken at the outset. This is to wash the birds' heads with hot vinegar, and to give powdered chlorate of potash in small doses twice a day, or a pinch of the powder dropped in the throat. The house should be fumigated with burning sulphur in the day-time, and when the birds go to roost, fine air-slaked lime should be scattered through the house, so that the fine dust is breathed, and produces coughing by which the matter is thrown off. The lime then attacks the forming membrane and stops its further growth. This should be done every evening until the birds recover.

Begin on a Small Scale.

In commencing poultry keeping, it is not wise to begin on too big a scale at once. It is better to begin moderately and gradually extend the scope of operations. Mistakes are sure to be made at first, and it is better to make them on a small scale than on a large scale and learn by experience. Then most of the stock can be bred instead of bought, which, of itself, will be a great saving, as pure-bred birds cannot be purchased in large numbers.

Do Not Crowd Them.

It will only be inviting failure to keep more than one hundred fowls in one yard or house, writes Henry Stewart, as the birds cannot withstand too close quarters, and the most scrupulous cleanliness is indispensable. The house for such a flock must be at least thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and eight feet high at the front, and not less than five feet high in the rear, the roof sloping that way. A feeding range must be supplied as well. The space for the range should not be less than one acre for one hundred fowls

The Question Answered.

The Reason Why Some Dealers Sell Poor Dyes.

Many ladies who have been deceived by the imitation dyes so often sold by some dealers and druggists, ask the question: "Why will these merchants persist in selling us dyes that are positively worthless?"

This question is easily answered. The dealers who sell these common dyes do so for a very selfish object—big profits. They buy these crude and poisonous dyes for much less than the celebrated Diamond Dyes cost, and they are sold to the ladies at the same price, ten cents per packet. The dealers in this way make long, big profits, while the deceived consumer must suffer loss at every time of using.

Dealers know well that the Diamond Dyes are the only true and warranted colors, but the love of gain is too great to allow them to treat the public honestly.

The ladies can soon compel dealers to do what is honest and right if they insist every time upon getting the Diamond Dyes. You can always find one dealer in your town that is anxious to sell dyes that will give entire satisfaction.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

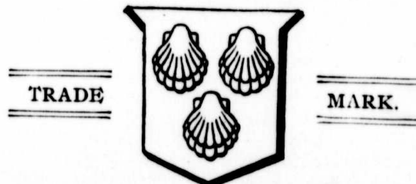
See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

..Dewhurst's..



Sewing Cottons

ARE THE BEST.

Wandering Hens.

Many poultry keepers are troubled by the wandering habits of their hens, writes F. A. McKenzie. If there is a hole in the fencing of the house or run, they are sure to find it out and get through it into the garden. None but those who have tried to keep fowls and to grow plants at the same time know the annoyance of seeing their choicest roots, that have taken months of labor to cultivate, disappear in a single morning, owing to the fowls getting out of their runs. The simple remedy for this is, of course, to have all the holes in the fencing stopped up; but sometimes even this will not succeed. Birds of the lighter breeds will fly over their fences, even when the fences are of a reasonable height. In such a case, the only thing to be done is to cut the row of flight-feathers off one of their wings. This is perfectly painless, and, as the bird is then unequally balanced, it finds itself unable to fly any distance. Where, however, birds are kept for exhibition purposes, this plan will not do; but the wings can be fastened with a wing-lock. A wing-lock consists of a piece of steel chain, a swivel, and a shoulder-piece of leather. The steel chain is placed round the feathers of one wing, the leather bit is placed over the shoulder-joint, and they can be fastened together with any required degree of tightness, rendering it impossible for the bird to fly.

Loss of Feathers.

Loss of feathers may be due to either of two causes, disease or the frequent habit among fowls of pulling each other's plumage and eating the feathers by reason of a depraved appetite due to disease. These diseases are both caused by the food being insufficiently varied, so that the necessities of the system are not met. Meat scraps are always good for fowls, which are partially carniverous, but a large quantity of vegetable food is also needed, and of this clover and grass are the most desirable. The food for fowls should consist of a portion of grain of which corn or barley is the best. This may be varied by a mixture of buckwheat, oats and rye given occasionally. If the fowls are confined, plenty of cut clover will be most useful and will have a strong tendency to prevent such troubles. Kerosene oil cannot be used as a medicine but is very useful as a remedy for vermin and insecticide when applied outwardly.

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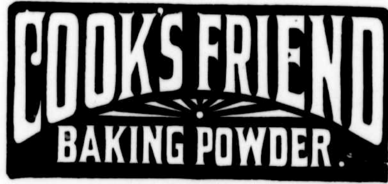

IS THE BEST.

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Everybody considers it is a luxury to use **Johnston's Fluid Beef,** and so it is, but when it can be bought in 16 oz. bottle for $1.00 it is also economical.

16 oz. Bottle, $1.00. **Johnston's Fluid Beef.**

As soon as the weather becomes warm lice will appear in the poultry-house. An effectual remedy is to spray the house with kerosene emulsion or strong soap suds applied hot.

What are you Laughing at?

Dr. Welosh used to tell the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsetting sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word—it's 'besettin,' not 'upsettin.'" "Brudder," he replied. "I was a prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, and if at ar ain't a 'upsettin'' sin I dunno what am."

***

"Uncle Stead" is what they called a shrewd old gentlemen who used to live in Winthrop, a little way out of the village,. One of his fellow citizens was a man named Lovejoy. Uncle Stead met Lovejoy in the village one day, and said to him: "Lovejoy, there's a poor woman lives out on the edge of the town that needs some provisions. I'm willing to supply her, but I've sold my horse and have no means of getting the stuff to her. Now, I'll buy her a barrel of flour and a ham and some other supplies if you'll carry them out to her with your team." Lovejoy said certainly, he'd be very glad to do it. Accordingly Uncle Stead bought a barrel of flour, a ham, a bucket of sugar, etc., and, telling Lovejoy where the woman lived, sent him off on the errand of charity with the good things in his waggon,

Lovejoy easily found the house where the woman lived. He unloaded the goods, puffing like a grampus as he rolled the barrel of flour in, and said to the woman: "Mr. Steadman sent you the provisions. He's a mighty kind hearted man to send you all these things."

"Well, I don't know why he shouldn't send them to me! exclaimed the woman, in surprised accents. "He's my husband."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A gentleman having put out a candle by accident one night, ordered his waiting man (who was a simple fellow) to light it again in the kitchen. "But take care John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both arms at full length before him; but unluckily a door, which was left half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a woful blow upon the nose, "Dickens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard that I had a plaguey long nose, but I vow I never should have thought before that it was *longer than my arm.*"

***

An American having told an Englishman that he shot, upon an occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he did'nt make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swum from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him?" asked the American suddenly; "Did you see him yourself?" Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well," said the American, "I'm glad you saw him, because you are a witness that I did it. That was me!"

***

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practising with our guns at my country-place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."

***

"What is your business, Peter?" said an inquisitive white man to a colored gentleman. "I'se keepin' books for Dobson & Co.," said Peter. "Oh," said the white man. "Do you keep them in single or double entry, Peter?" "Ain't no sich fool chile as dat," said Peter. "I puts 'em in de safe down cellah ebry night. Tink I'd keep walybles in the entry?"

***

A man went with his wife while she bought some dress goods.

"This stuff," he said, "is pretty, and would make a good dress."

"That," said the wife, in contempt; "nobody is wearing that now."

"Then how about this?" asked the husband, indicating another sort.

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all. Everybody's wearing that!"

The Story of "Twok."

By WATSON GRIFFIN.

PRESS NOTICES ON THE FIRST EDITION OF 1887.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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