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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 2.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

Twilight Fields.

A quail's clear whistle, tremulous,
 With broken beat now floats across
 The shadowy mead, all odorous
 With trampled grass and bruised moss ;
 A falcon to the white clouds soars,
 A squirrel chatters in the tree,
 And bees now seek their honey'd stores
 From all the flowers that bless the lea.

The cardinal lobelia nods,
 Amid the marish weeds, and by
 The running stream the golden rods
 Nod to the choral harmony
 Of wind and wave. The gossamers,
 Seen in the sun's departing ray,
 Glimmer like mists around the firs
 That bend above the little bay.

Then come, my love, and let us leave
 The village din, the dusty road ;
 Come let us in this haunt of Eve
 Pilfer the sweets of Cere's load.
 Ere yet the halcyon like a shaft
 Of flashing light shall seek his home,
 We may of nectar quaff a draught,
 As these the twilight fields we roam.

Robert Elliott.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER III.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.



FAIR May day! the blue sky just flecked here and there with little fleecy white clouds; the soft wind that loosened the white petals of the apple blossoms and wafted them hither and thither on the fragrant air, playing with them as though loath to part with the pretty things, seemed to murmur tidings of the near advent of Queen Summer in all her glorious array. In fact, all nature seemed

happy and glad on this sweet day; up among the top-most branches of the old pear tree a little feathered warbler was trilling forth his burden of joy, and his song found an echo in the heart of the young girl who lounged gracefully and at ease on the grass, her fair face and hair looking fairer still by contrast with the sombre hue of her dress, which was relieved only by a narrow white collar at the neck, fastened with a black jet brooch in the shape of a horse-shoe; the sleeves, which reached only to the elbow were edged with narrow black lace; the little foot that peeped out from under her dress was encased in a black stocking and low shoe tied with a broad black ribbon.

But though her attire was that of deep mourning, the girl's face was not sad, if we except the half-pathetic expression of the eyes, which never quite left her, even in her happiest moments. No, on this May day Judith looked bright and happy, and she *was* happy, too, just now, despite the ever-recurring vexations of her daily life at the farm, for in her increasing dislike for her, her cousin Augusta never let slip an opportunity to covertly wound the young girl's feelings—most frequently by means of disparaging remarks about Dorothy, and even was heartless enough to allude, with only half-concealed contempt, to the dead father's incapacity in business, and his carelessness in not insuring his life in order that his children might have something to depend on after his death. Taunted thus about the father whose pet she had been, and whom she had idolized as the best of men; and about the kind, tender sister, for whom she still yearned every hour of the day, was almost more than Judith could bear, as the bitter tears that wet her pillow at night bore witness. Often she was tempted to complain to Mr. Laurie, but always shrank from a course which would lay her open to the charge of tale-bearing, and would, besides, call down the parental wrath on her cousin's head. So she replied to that young woman's taunts with a dignity which silenced even Augusta for a while. In addition to the petty annoyances arising from her cousin's strange dislike to her, there was another source of trouble in the unwelcome and persistent attentions of Mr. Thorpe. No girl, however great a coquette she may be, likes to be courted by a man for whom she entertains a feeling amounting to contempt. If she is very young her sensations are chiefly embarrassment and disgust, which she is at no pains to conceal. An older woman would evince her displeasure by a haughty scorn intended to annihilate; while if she be more than usually good-natured she treats her unwelcome suitor with sweet indifference varied by a little gentle sarcasm. But if, in addition to her dislike for him, she has the knowledge that he is engaged to another woman the while he persecutes her with his addresses, then her indignation knows no bounds.

But Judith was very young, and troubles and vexations slip easily from young shoulders, lost in the new sources of pleasure and sweetness which are ever opening out to youthful minds.

Had it not been for a new great joy which had lately come into her life, Judith would probably have been very miserable indeed at the farm.

So as we watch her happy face on this May day, we are prompted to ask what has wrought the change we see there. There is nothing in the letter she is reading to cause it. No, it is just one of Dolly's rambling weekly letters, full of her own doings with scraps of news from Reggio's letters and her own comments thereon.

"What a nice long letter the dear old Dorothy writes, doesn't she?" she said smiling, and patting Trap's brown head. That faithful animal had been lying beside his young mistress for the last three-quarters of an hour, presumably asleep, but with one eye wide open and fixed upon her face. Now, at her question, he sagaciously winked and thumped his stumpy tail on the ground by way of answer.

Then, after a pause, the letter lying unheeded in her lap—"I wonder if he is coming this afternoon, Trap."

A whole series of violent thumps followed, after which Trap dozed off with one eye; and Judith, tilting her straw hat over her face, lay back on the grass and waited for—Donald Standfield.

At last he came. Trap's quick ear first caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and his short bark of delight warned his young mistress, who sat up and smoothed the pretty brown hair that had got a wee bit tumbled.

"Good afternoon, Miss Judith, how comfortable you look," said he, taking off his hat and smiling at the pretty picture before him.

"Yes, is it not lovely here; won't you sit down?"

He sat down on the grass, and Trap sat bolt upright between them with a knowing look on his ugly face.

"I must ask your pardon for keeping you waiting so long, but I could not get away from the office a moment sooner."

"I enjoyed waiting here, it is so delicious; but if you do not mind, I think I shall not go for a walk to-day. I sprained my ankle a little while ago, it is not much, but it pains me a little when I walk."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Standfield, looking tenderly at the little foot. "It ought to be bandaged."

"Oh! never mind being sorry," answered she, laughing merrily at the deep commiseration in his face. "It is so slight as hardly to be worth mentioning."

"But you must take great care of it; sprains are apt to develop into something more serious, if not treated properly."

"I shall take care of it; but Mr. Standfield I hope you will not mind my not going to Murchison's with you, after promising?" This was a dog-fancier, who kept a large number of trained dogs of all kinds, sizes and colors, which were the wonder of the country round. Standfield had asked Judith to go with him to see them; but her unfortunate sprain had made the walk there out of the question.

"You are sure you will not mind?"

"Quite sure, of course it is out of the question for you to walk with a sprained ankle, child. And really nothing could be more enjoyable than this," looking around him contentedly and inhaling a long breath of fragrant air.

"Yes, is it not lovely?" acquiesced the girl in dreamy tones, leaning back against the trunk of the pear tree.

"Mr. Standfield, does the wind ever whisper to you?"

"Whisper to me!" exclaimed Standfield, a little bit surprised; "No, I don't think it ever does; but perhaps if I were to listen patiently it might tell me something."

It must be when you are alone," answered she dreamily, and without a shadow of consciousness in voice or face. It did not occur to her that such an idea might seem too romantic, except to poets and such like folk.

"What does the wind tell you when you are alone?" asked the young man smiling.

"I could not tell you."

He looked surprised and amused.

"Ah! I see, they are secrets."

"No," gravely—"but what I mean is that I cannot put it into words; just listen yourself next time you are alone, and the wind is sighing and whispering around you."

"I will do so," he assured her solemnly. But somehow this new phase of character just opened out to him, far from making her appear silly and romantic in his eyes, invested her with a new interest, as evidence of a hidden depth in her

character which it would be his pleasure to discover. Hitherto he had regarded her as a dear little girl, with the promise of a tender, true-hearted woman in her. He had seen something and guessed a great deal more, of the loveless life she led at the farm, and the petty snubs and fault-finding she endured from her cousin. So he had come to pity her from the bottom of his generous heart; perhaps too, the fact that she was Dorothy's sister and had Dorothy's look in her eyes contributed largely to his desire to brighten, somewhat, the dull life of that "poor little girl" as he called her.

"That idea of yours rather reminds me of two lines of Byron," he said presently, "perhaps you know them:

"Not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

"I have never read much of Byron; these are very pretty lines; why! I can almost see the great silent forest with its green glades, its deep shadows and here and there a gleam of sunlight; the old moss-grown trunks of fallen trees and the living giants towering over them in their mighty strength, and there is no sound but the whispering of the wind among the leaves."

Standfield looked at her half wondering; what quaint, pretty ideas she had; what other young girl would have painted such a picture from two lines of poetry?

"Now I see that idea of yours about the wind was not original," he said quizzically.

"No," she answered simply—"how could it be when almost every poet for ages past has said something about it; the idea is essentially poetic you see."

"I see," he replied, smiling at her evident unconsciousness of the poetic element in her own nature. "And that reminds me, I have brought the book I promised you."

"Tennyson?"

"Yes; what shall I read to you? Elaine?"

"Yes, please; I have read it before and like most of it; but I think Elaine was rather silly; don't you?"

"You do not believe in broken hearts, then?" he asked, very much amused; she was such a child to Standfield.

"Oh! yes I do; at least, in a comparative sense; for don't you think there must be always something good and beautiful in life to make it worth while living, however crushed and bruised one's heart may be; no one who is brave will die of a broken heart; the brave live on and endure," she added, a little flush of enthusiasm tinging her cheeks.

"But suppose a case where every hope has been crushed out, every resource cut off, where life is a blank, which nothing can ever fill up?"

"I cannot imagine any life so hopeless as that," she returned, half incredulously.—She was so very young and inexperienced.

"Homeless, friendless, despised, with none to love or cheer him, perhaps broken down in health; what does life hold for such a one?"

"I never thought that in a world so beautiful there could be misery such as that," murmured the girl pitifully.

"Ah child! it is a trite saying that one-half of the world does not know what the other half is doing; only the all-seeing God and those who suffer it know what depths of misery some poor human creatures are plunged into and through which they drag out the miserable remnant of their days."

"Why does God permit such suffering?"

"Who can tell? For countless ages that cry has been wrung from lips pale with suffering, from hearts crushed with woe."

"Oh! I do not think I shall ever feel perfectly happy again!"

"Then I am sorry I have talked to you like this, if it is going to make you unhappy."

"I am glad you did; it will make me think of something else now besides my own happiness."

And Standfield thought that if this girl were selfish what must some other people be.

"We are becoming too serious; let us go back to poor Elaine. Tell me why you think her silly."

"She could not help falling in love with Lancelot, I suppose; but it was weak of her to tell him so, and foolish to fret and make herself ill about him, after he had refused her love and left her. Oh! I would have been too proud"

cried the girl, throwing back her head and curling her short upper lip, in a way that brought a smile to her companion's lips.

"And then how silly and romantic to leave that request about her body being taken in a barge to the court where Lancelot was."

"Certainly such a proceeding would be something out of the common in these prosaic, nineteenth century days," answered Stanfield, laughing.

Then opening the book he read the story in his deep, musical voice, and she listened dreamily and was perfectly happy.

At last an exclamation from Judith caused him to look up. "Dorothy's letter! Trap is tearing it, I believe."

He jumped up to go after it; but Trap was evidently bent on a bit of innocent fun, and with the letter between his teeth scampered off around the orchard, followed by Stanfield while Judith, regretting that her injured ankle prevented her joining in the chase, sat and laughed merrily at his efforts in dodging the culprit. What a chase he led him! Wicked Trap! standing with his ears pricked up and his short tail wagging furiously until his pursuer was close upon him, then with a quick bound, off he scampered to the remotest corner of the orchard.

Both Stanfield and Judith enjoyed the fun quite as much as Trap, who at length permitted himself to be caught, and laughing and panting, the young man threw himself on the grass beside Judith.

"Thank you Mr. Stanfield, but how warm you look."

"So I am rather."

"What a provoking monkey he is!" laughing "and see he has torn it too; oh you naughty dog! I am not pleased with you." At which Trap removed himself to a distance, rather crest-fallen.

"That is too bad; was it an important letter?"

"It was one of Dolly's; I wanted to keep it till I had answered it."

She did not perceive the sudden contraction of Stanfield's brows and the dull red blush that spread over his face; and continued—

"Dorothy writes such nice letters; so cheerful and chatty; almost like hearing her talk—I wish you knew Dolly."

"I—I do know your sister; at least, I did eight or nine years ago" he said, hesitating and looking slightly surprised.

"Did you indeed; how strange she never mentioned it to me; eight or nine years ago! I was quite a little thing then."

"Yes; I heard a great deal about little Judy then."

"Did you?"—smiling and blushing.

"Would you mind telling me what you thought of Dorothy, Mr. Stanfield?"

"I thought her perfect" was the slowly spoken reply.

"Thank you," she answered gratefully.

"Why do you thank me?"

"Because you praised Dorothy; it makes me feel so—so proud, when people admire her; she is such a darling."

Stanfield frowned and gnawed the ends of his moustache half angrily.

What on earth made her talk about Dorothy; he did not want to hear about her, or her perfections. And yet why should he mind? what a fool he was to be annoyed!

"Supposing you read to me now?" he said smiling and lying lazily back on the grass.

She took up the book without a shade of embarrassment or coquetry, and slowly turned over the leaves in doubt what to select. Her choice fell upon the story of Enoch Arden.

Stanfield listened with pleasure and some surprise for she really was a beautiful reader, thanks to Dorothy's careful tuition and the natural power and refinement of her voice.

"Thank you" he said heartily, when she had finished.

"And permit me to congratulate you on the possession of a rare accomplishment."

"An accomplishment! I never thought of it in that way; I am glad you like my reading."

"You read beautifully, and I am going to beg for the pleasure of listening to you very often, will you grant it?"

"Oh yes! if you will supply the books; there are not any at the farm except novels and—yes, I believe and a volume of Shakespeare."

"You need only to mention any book you would like and I shall be most happy to lend it to you; I have got quite a library up at the Bank."

"Why! do you take your books with you wherever you go?"

"Not all of them; but when I know that I shall be quartered at any place for a few months, I always take a large box of books with me. I must ask Mrs. Laurie to bring you and Miss Augusta to pay a visit to my bachelor quarters some day."

Judith smiled and shook her head.

"I do not think Mrs. Laurie ever goes as far as the village now."

"Does she not? Poor old body!"—"Between her husband and daughter she has none too easy a time of it, I suppose," was his unspoken thought.

"When is Miss Laurie to be married?"

"In September, I think," answered Judith starting and looking curiously at him.

"And how do you like Mr Clarence Thorpe, Miss Judy?"

"I dislike him very much"—decidedly.

"So do I, to speak truth; I dislike him exceedingly."

"Do you," murmured Judy, coloring and looking away.

Again there came that half-formed thought which had entered her mind the very first time she had seen Stanfield and Augusta together. Had they ever been lovers? and was that one reason why he "disliked Thorpe exceedingly" the thought was not a pleasant one to Judy somehow.

The truth of the matter was; though Judith never suspected it; Augusta had in time past betrayed a decided penchant for the stalwart young banker, which that gentleman in no wise reciprocated, nor had he wilfully encouraged any such feeling on her part—though his manner was naturally a little tender toward women—but he had endeavored, delicately though firmly to make her understand that such a weakness on her part must be conquered, as any recognition of it from him was out of the question; but she either did not understand or did not choose to do so; for her infatuation for him became so apparent, that others saw and commented on it, and Donald Stanfield grew almost to hate the girl who had so little pride as to make herself ridiculous about a man who did not care a jot for her, in the way she wished though he would gladly have been her friend, as plenty of other young fellows were, for Augusta was then popular with the opposite sex; but she wanted him as a lover, and he swore that her lover he certainly never would be. Finally he was ordered away to undertake the management of another branch of the Bank and he thankfully availed himself of this way out of the difficulty. A year or so later he was sent back to Eastville: he went reluctantly, but hoping that time had cured Miss Augusta's unfortunate attachment, in this he was disappointed—the young lady was very faithful; but she had learned somewhat the art of concealing her feelings, and for this small mercy he was thankful. It was during this summer that Dorothy Brown was a visitor at Bonny Dale farm. And for three happy months these two, Stanfield and Dorothy wandered together through an enchanted land, where all things were beautiful and passing fair and in each other's presence lay a happiness too great for words—too sweet to last; for the summer ended, the enchanted land faded away and they awoke—to find that they had been dreaming! Alas! the sweetness of dreaming, the bitterness of awaking, the deafness of living with the cold memory of that dream like a clog upon the heart! Ah me! if we could only die ere the awaking comes! But no, we must arise and go forth though our hearts sink and our flesh shudders at the drear prospect before us. Be brave my heart! Be strong! Though life holds not much of joy for you, at least you can make that life noble and worthy and beloved by others. No matter how great your loss there is yet much to live for. Ay! more than you can ever grasp or comprehend in one short lifetime. Upon the occasion of this, his third sojourn at Eastville, Stanfield had taken it for granted that Miss Laurie's attachment to him had given place to a sensible regard for the man she was about to marry—although not liking Thorpe himself. He even permitted his old friendly liking for her to return, in a somewhat lessened degree. But now that more than a month had elapsed since his return to Eastville, how vastly mistaken did he find himself, and how low in his regard did Augusta Laurie sink when he discov-

ered that far from caring for her affianced husband, she was as much in love with him, Stanfield, as ever. In many ways, which, knowing as he did, her sentiments in the past, he could not fail to understand, she betrayed her passion for him, notably in her jealousy of Judith Brown.

Poor Augusta! Her faithfulness to her one love had not met with any reward; on the contrary it served only to gain for her the dislike and scorn of the man for whom she would almost have bartered her very soul. Ten years! it was a long time to be faithful to one man who gave her no encouragement to be so. Poor Augusta! perhaps some excuse might be found for her jealousy of pretty Judith Brown who absorbed so much of Donald Staudfield's leisure time and thoughts. But Mr. Staudfield was not so tolerant.

(To be Continued.)

Our First Quarrel.

ROBERT and I had been married eighteen months before we seriously disagreed in anything. Our life during that time had not been a scene of perfect bliss as some would have it, but we certainly had been happy—as happy I think as any can before reaching Paradise, and when our baby came, it seemed, as if our cup was full to overflowing. I like, even now, to dwell on the joy of those days when I was first a mother, and as for Robert, I think there never was a prouder or more affectionate father than he. "Well, Esther," he would say when he came in at night, "we are not rich in houses and lands as some are; but we are rich in our daughter; she is like wisdom, for she is more precious than rubies."

But I know that the fond praise of doting parents is but emptiness to others, so I will not tire you by repeating all he said. It was not idle talk to me, however; no praise to my imagination was too great for my little one, my May-blossom as I called her, for she came to us in the merry month of May. Never, we both agreed, was there a child so wonderful as ours, and before the little stranger had been with us a month, we had laid many brilliant plans for her future.

But I am wandering from my story.

We were living in Kansas, far away from both Robert's relations and my own. We had not, therefore, as is generally the case, a host of aunts, uncles and cousins to urge that the child should be named according to their fancy. So it came to pass that our lady was nearly two months old before the subject had been debated. But one day, how well I remember it, Robert said, as he tossed her in his arms for a final good-bye before returning to the store, "Esther, don't you think it's about time this maiden of ours had a name of her own? Wilson was asking this morning what we had decided to call her, and I told him I supposed we thought her good enough without a name, for we had never spoken about it."

"Mr. Wilson's child was named before he was a week old, so I don't wonder that he thinks us rather tardy," said I.

"Well, what shall it be, Esther? Rosamond or Rachel? Bridget or Joanna? Kate or Arabella? Or haven't you thought of the matter yet?"

"Our child's name was decided in my mind long ago," I answered, and then for some reason I cannot account for, I hesitated, though I certainly had no idea of what was to follow.

"Well, let us hear it. It is something extraordinary, I suppose; nothing less would suit our darling."

"It is Mary," I said.

"Mary! surely you must be joking. You can't mean it, Esther!"

"Why not?" I asked, the blood rushing to my face involuntarily.

"So you have a Byronic passion for the name of Mary. Well, I must acknowledge that I am entirely free from it. But seriously, Esther, you cannot think of calling our daughter by that name?"

"But I do think of it," I responded, "and I cannot imagine what objection you can have, for almost every one agrees that there is no sweeter name."

My husband's face grew dark.

"Any name but that, Esther; you might as well not name the child at all. Hardly a family of any size in the country but has a Mary among its members. But I can't talk any longer now; I shall be late as it is. Look in the directory and find something else that suits you, and tell me at tea."

And he kissed both baby and me and was gone.

I can hardly tell you what my feelings were during the long hours of that afternoon. It is true that my husband and I had differed before in matters of taste or opinion, but it had been comparatively easy to yield them. My child's name, however, was a different matter. I could not remember the time when I had not looked forward to call my oldest daughter by the name of Mary. My doll-babies, one and all, had been called by it. It was dear to me above every other name—and now to give it up—"Never, I cannot, and I shall not!" I said firmly to myself.

At the tea-table that evening, we discussed a variety of topics, but both avoided, as if by common consent, the one subject nearest our hearts. When the meal was over, however, and we sat together near our little one's cradle, Robert commenced:

"Well, Esther, have you found any name this afternoon that pleased you? I've been thinking the matter over, and I've come to the conclusion that Laura and Evelyn suit me very well—Laura Evelyn Spencer. How do you like it?"

"I like both names well enough," I answered coldly, "but there is only one name for our daughter, and that I have told you. It is my mother's name, as you know, Robert, and I have always said that my first daughter should be my mother's namesake; but I never dreamed that you would feel so about it," I continued, ready to cry, yet keeping the tears back by a great effort.

"If your mother was not living, Esther, there would be some reason for your feeling so, but as it is——"

"If my mother was dead, I would not care so much about it, for it then could afford her no pleasure," I cried.

"If it were any name but Mary, I would consent, even though it did not please me," said Robert. "Come, Esther, be reasonable; there are so many pretty names, and Mary, besides being so common, is to me the very essence of plainness."

But my mind was made up, and I would not listen.

"She is your daughter, as well as mine, Robert," I said, "and, of course, you will name her to suit yourself, but to me, she can never be any other than what I have said."

How our conversation would have ended I cannot tell, but fortunately for both of us, it was interrupted by callers who spent the evening with us, and for the time being our dispute and its cause were forgotten.

At breakfast the next morning the subject was not once alluded to even in the most remote way, and at noon and in the evening it was the same.

Another day came and went, and still another, and yet

not a word was said. Our table-talk was no longer the pleasant pastime it had once been, for we found it difficult to sustain a conversation on topics of minor interest, while the one subject which engrossed our hearts and minds was tapped.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

As day after day passed away, and the week drew to a close, a heavy weight settled on my heart. My husband appeared a different person to me. It seemed to me that a great gulf had come between us; even baby, who before had been associated only with the purest, deepest joy, seemed changed. I could not take her in my arms without thinking of what I chose to call my trouble.

Friday morning came. It was a lovely, sunshiny day; but it seemed to me the dreariest ever sun rose upon.

"Who would think Robert could be so obstinate?" I said to myself, as I rocked my little one to sleep.

Just before noon our pastor called. I was so ill at ease that it was with difficulty that I sustained my part in the conversation. I suppose he noticed my agitation, for he inquired if I were as well as usual. For an instant I felt half inclined to tell him all. It seemed as if it would be a relief to open my heart to some one. But a feeling of pride restrained me.

Robert seemed unusually silent at dinner, and I fancied he was looking pale and ill. He kissed the baby, but did not toss her in the air and play with her as he generally did; as for myself, every word I spoke cost me an effort. When Robert had gone, I took my little girl in my arms and rocked her to sleep, then I threw myself in the chair again, and silently brooded over my unhappiness. It seemed to me that a good hearty cry would be a luxury, but it was a luxury in which I had determined I would not indulge.

The time passed slowly away, and I began to wonder why baby did not wake. I went over to the cradle. Her face was flushed, and I thought her breathing very unnatural. "What if our darling should be ill?" I cried; and then with a chill at my heart, "What if God should take from us the cause or our dispute?"

At that thought a great revulsion of feeling came over me. I knelt down by my baby's cradle and wept unrestrainedly.

"After all," I thought, "Is it not natural that Robert should not care to have his child given so common a name as Mary? And what right had I to decide without consulting him what her name should be? Oh, if he would only come!"

I took baby in my arms and went to the window to look for him. Then I remembered his pale face at dinner.

"If anything should happen I should never forgive myself," I said.

At last I heard his footsteps on the stairs; I laid baby down and rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Robert!" I cried, as I threw my arms around his neck, "name her Laura or anything you please, but do let us love each other again."

He kissed me in silence, and then went into the parlor. In an instant he came out, bringing with him my father's wedding gift—a large family Bible.

He opened it, and turning to the Family Record, pointed to a line under the head of Births. It was this: Mary Evelyn Spencer, born May 19, 1855.

"I wrote it this noon," he said.

I cannot tell what happened next, for I really do not know; but I have had seven children since then, and they have all been named without the least particle of trouble of trouble between their father and mother, and in closing this little account of our first real difficulty, I thank God that I am enabled to declare it was not only our first but our last.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

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

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

WHILE walking this morning through a pleasant, leafy place, I heard a bird singing a high, sweet strain in the branches above. Hundreds of bird-notes were dropping around me, but this song was the sweetest, clearest, most exquisite of all. Naturally, I tried to see the singer, but he kept himself sheltered in the foliage of the tree, and it was only as he passed from limb to limb, that I could catch a glimpse of russet-brown wings, gray throat and breast, and slender bill.

And it is only such a glimpse as this that I can promise you of the sweetest woman-poet that ever sang English verse—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

For, even in this day, when lives of public people and private people, important lives and lives of no importance, are given to the world before their graves are green, when nothing seems too trivial to tell, and nothing sacred enough to keep back; when desks are rifled of private notes and painful records; when the blue ribbon is snapped that kept inviolate the treasured love-letters, and all is spread before a vulgar, curious public, even in this day of indecent exposure, we know nothing more of Mrs. Browning than she herself, with her delicate, womanly shrinking from publicity, would have us know.

Sweet thrush among the leaves! Let us be glad that it is so, and hope that it will always be so; that no rude hand will unveil the sorrows that enriched her verses and our lives with their costly experience; or try to bring her life-story any nearer than she has brought it in her poems. But such facts of her history as were known to her friends, and her appearance and manner as they knew her, we may well seek to be acquainted with, for has she not made friends of us all?

The short memorials of her within my reach, quarrel about the place and date of her birth; one says, "Elizabeth Barrett was born in London, 1809;" another, "born near Ledbury, Herefordshire, 1805;" while still another mentions Durham as her birthplace. These inaccuracies do not specially concern us, and we go on to glean from the scanty records that she was educated in a most thorough and masculine way, more like the boys of Rugby and Eton, and the Oxford and Cambridge students, than even the "college-girls" of our own advanced day.

But while her poetry shows such familiarity with the language and literature of many lands (especially the Greek), thus proving the intellectual discipline of her school-days, it seems to betray, too, a sweet, close, and life-long intimacy with nature. You can not read *The Deserted Garden*, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*, *Hector in the Garden*, or *The Lost Bower*, without being sure that whatever else she learned in childhood, her early and constant companions were fields and hills and woods and streams.

Elizabeth Barrett became an authoress at seventeen, according to one of our dates; at twenty-one, according to the other. And what did she write? Not a love-story in three volumes, nor an ode to the night-wind, but an *Essay on Mind*, and then a translation from Æschylus, of *Prometheus Bound*! No wonder she was so small—"the smallest lady alive," as Robert Browning wrote of one of his heroines, thinking per-

haps of this wee wife—no wonder she was so small, with such an unreasonable weight of learning upon her little head!

It was some years after these publications that Mary Russell Mitford met her, and took her into that sunny friendship which included so many other remarkable people. And later Miss Mitford writes of Mrs. Browning and of the first impressions she had made upon her, as enthusiastically as a girl might do: "She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen; every body who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure with a shower of curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and a look of such youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that this translucence of Prometheus, this authoress of the *Essay on Mind*, was old enough to be introduced into company."

Miss Mitford then tells, with a tender reticence, of the great sorrow that fell upon the young poetess, from which her sensitive spirit never fully recovered. On account of the delicate condition of her lungs, Miss Barrett went to Torquay, the most sheltered and salubrious spot in all England, accompanied by a party of kindred and friends. "One fine summer morning," says Miss Mitford, "her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatman, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one. After the catastrophe no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkment, and in sight of their very windows, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found.

It seemed as if the grief and horror which overwhelmed the poor invalid, who morbidly felt herself to be the cause of the tragedy, would prove more fatal than disease, for she was carried back to London in almost hopeless ill health.

The biographers ascribe the preservation of her life to the passionate interest she felt in her studies, but the Christian reader of her poems knows it was something higher that brought her sustaining comfort in this hour of darkness.

... "Nay, none of these,
Speak Thou, availing Christ, and fill this pause,"
"Speak to me low, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low;"
"O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted!
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints; at least it may be said,
'Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.'"
"And my great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise."

Borne away from Torquay, where the sight and sound of the waves aggravated her anguish, she returned to London, "and began," Miss Mitford says, "the years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family, and a few devoted friends; reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess."

The story of Elizabeth Barrett's first meeting with the poet, Robert Browning, has been told, and contradicted, and told again; but it will find acceptance wherever young hearts

beat high with sympathy and romance. One of the most popular of her poems, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, contains a delicately wrought compliment to Browning, whom, it is said, she had never met. You remember the poet-hero of the rhyme takes the fair Geraldine out to the sun-lit hill-side, and reads aloud at her bidding, Wordsworth, or Tennyson,

"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which if cut deep
down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Browning, the story runs, called to thank the writer of the verses for this compliment, not knowing that she never left her darkened chamber, and saw nobody but near friends. By the mistake of a new servant who admitted him, he was brought into Miss Barrett's presence, was not refused when he continued to seek admittance, and was soon a victorious lover.

But she tells her own love-story in the most beautiful and touching manner, in the forty-four love-sonnets. The name, "Sonnets, from the Portuguese," is like the veil which saves the bride's feelings without hiding her blushes.

The married poets went at once to Florence, where Mrs. Browning regained such abundant health that she was able to speak to Miss Mitford "of long rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes." Yet she could never have been anything but fragile-looking, for our novelist, Hawthorne says, after meeting her in Florence, that he wonders how Browning can think he has an earthly wife; to him she seems an elf or fairy, that might take wing and fit at any time.

No wonder she loved Italy and crowned it with wreaths of patriotic verse, for life and love and happiness, wifehood and motherhood, bloomed for her there. One child only was given to her, the young Robert Browning, of whom we now hear promises of distinction in another line of art.

The praise of Mrs. Browning's genius came to her from many lands; not, as she pathetically says in "*Aurora Leigh*," as to some who

"Sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off."

but as a sweet strain of music which floats through the open window of some happy home.

Yet even in this down-lined nest, even in the sunlight of domestic bliss and of unmeasured success, there rested upon her the shadow of a great sorrow. Just what it was we do not know, I trust will not know, since she herself did not name it, ever concealed the cause of her anguish, though she could not hide the sting. It is enough to say as we pass this point in her story with averted eyes, that it came from the unyielding displeasure and coldness of a father whom she passionately loved.

Fifteen years of happy life were lengthened out to her, in the sweet climate of her adopted home; and then the delicately fashioned tabernacle gave way about the ardent soul, and left it free to put on immortality. Mrs. Browning died in Florence, June 29, 1861, "half an hour after daybreak," and just as the light of freedom was dawning upon her dear Italy.

Let us away with criticism for the present. Let the high romance, the pure-hearted passion, the eloquent patriotism, above all, the deep piety—which breathe in her verse, have leave to stir us unhindered by questions of form or taste. The poet's work for young mind and hearts is to rouse elevating and inspiring impulses; the 'rained ear that is offended

by the faulty rhyme and rhythm, so often found in the sweetest of poems, will come afterward.

Young readers may not at first find themselves interested in Mrs. Browning's long poems, "*Aurora Leigh*," "*Casa Guidi Windows*," etc., but after reading "*Bertha in the Lane*," "*A Child's Grave at Florence*," "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*," "*A Woman's Shortcomings*," "*Only a Curl*," and others of like tone, they may perhaps agree with what an enthusiastic lover of Mrs. Browning said to me twenty-five years ago: "What a pity that Victoria, the woman sovereign of the age, did not make the woman poet of the age her *Postess Laureate*!"

Somehow or Other we get Along.

The good wife bustled about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and hand the while.
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made and all he had lost,
Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit.
Nothing has done very well this year;
Money is bound to be hard to get—
Everything's bound to be very dear;
How the cattle are going to be fed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is kind of a debt and credit sum
I can't make balance by my rule."

She turned her around from the baking bread,
And she faced him with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband dear, one would think
That the good, rich wheat was only chaff.
And what if the wheat were only chaff
As long as we both are well and strong;
I'm not a woman to worry a bit,
Somehow or other we get along."

"Into some lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the rain and storm are o'er,
The after-sunshine is twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song;
We have had to bear, and had to wait,
But somehow or other we get along."

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other whatever befell;
Six boys have called us father and mother,
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear,
We're both of us loving, and well and strong,
Good man, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh;
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love,
I'll just count up on the other side,"
She left him then with his better thought,
And lifted her work with a low, sweet song—
A song that followed me many a year,
Somehow or other, we get along."

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

A man who breaks his word—The stuttorer.
Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
I try to make my enemies transient, and my friendships
immortal.

"Love laughs at locksmiths." Reckon it's because they
wear such big aprons.

Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It is
not necessary to be his own sister.

A Texas mule has been sunstruck. It was done in self-
defence, the mule was such a high kicker.

Those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good
have little time for murmuring or complaint.

A woman should never accept a lover without consent of
her heart, nor a husband without consent of her judgment.

"I have a little poem here which—" Bang! Then the
editor remarked that "Life was short," and telephoned for
the coroner.

Wherever there is failure there is some giddiness, some
superstition about luck, some step on 'ted, which nature
never pardons.

A heroine, near whose house had occurred a washout in
the railroad, rushed up the track brandishing a broom, and
stopped an on-coming train. The engineer was a married
man, and instantly recognized the danger signal.

A Kansas woman was scolding her husband the other day,
when a cyclone came along. He turned pale as death, but the
woman kept on scolding, and the cyclone dodged around the
wood-pile, and sneaked off with its tail between its legs.

A collector wrote to General Sherman for his autograph
and a lock of his hair, and received in reply: "The man who
has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as
my orderly is bald I cannot comply with either of your re-
quests."

A lady poet asks, "How can I tell him I love him no
more?" Probably the best way is to get him into an ice
cream saloon. Eat five dishes, and then break the news
gently. If he doesn't accept the situation, you had better try
and love him again. You could never do better.

"My friend, are you prepared to die?" said a ministerial-
looking man to a gentleman who sat next to him in a horse
car. "Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the gentleman, ter-
ribly alarmed. "My policy ran out last Monday, and I am
now on my way to have it renewed!" and, jumping up, he
violently pulled the bell-strap.

"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young
woman to play upon the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow."
"Why, what followed?" asked a half-dozen eager voices.
"She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never for-
get the lesson I learned that day."

How to use the telephone is still beyond the understand-
ing of a good many intelligent people. A prominent physi-
cian in Cambridge, desiring to call another leading physician
there for consultation, summoned him to the telephone.
"Hello, doctor; will you please meet me for consultation
this afternoon at three o'clock?" inquired the first physician.
The doctor at the other end of the line simply nodded his
head affirmatively and hung up the telephone.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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CIRCLE CHAT.

OUR PLATFORM.

It is very gratifying to us to receive so many letters containing words of unbounded satisfaction with our efforts to give the public a bright and spicy magazine full of amusing and interesting, as well as instructive and elevating literature. The announcement in our edition of last month concerning the weekly issue of the FAMILY CIRCLE has been met everywhere with infinite satisfaction, and it will be our aim to continue to grow in the favor of the public by every effort in our power to carry out the objects of our welcomed publication, and make it absolutely, and in every sense, the best fireside and family magazine published.

In our weekly, of which this is the initiatory number, the designs of the monthly, formerly published, will, in the main, be followed, while that interest which attaches itself to current social gossip and important historical topics of the day, will be added.

We desire to present, in our serials and complete stories, the interest of romance with nothing of the trashy nature of most fiction.

We purpose giving our readers the richest humor of current literature, with nothing vulgar or debasing in its tone.

We will publish whatever contains the best advice and instruction in home duties, tending toward domestic happiness, in the most interesting and attractive form.

Our recipes will in many cases be tried, and, we believe in all, thoroughly reliable.

Our platform knows no creed while admitting all, and encouraging true devotion, and faith, and love, and moral living. And in this, as in every other particular, our attention will be given to the domestic hearth, and, with all reverence for the costly edifices erected for public worship throughout the land, we will turn our energies to a very important part of all true religion, and teach the duties of each member of the family towards the rest, and in our miscellaneous selections, as well as original articles, while directing the loving wife to a more thorough knowledge of the happiness acquired by preparing comforts for husband and little ones, and instructing the children in the "luxury of doing good," we adopt as our motto:

"To make a happy fireside clime
For we've and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime,
Of human life."

A Poughkeepsie druggist has been so impressed with the act of the rapidly increasing popularity of hot water, as a cure for dyspepsy, that he is about to open a hot water fountain in his store. He expects to receive patronage for this simple, cheap remedy by keeping the water at a proper temperature, about 140 degrees, as well as clarifying it and keeping it absolutely pure. This is a good medicine and not the least of its advantages is that a patent cannot be secured upon it.

THE NEW SCHOOL READERS.

At educational conventions held within the last eight years it has been frequently urged that the school readers used in Ontario were falling behind the age. In the early part of 1881, the Canada Publishing Company, feeling that the time had come when the country was prepared to make a change, set to work, on a large scale, to outdo anything hitherto accomplished in the preparation of readers. The Company, it is alleged, collected sets of all the reading-books they could find in America or Great Britain, and engaged a practical editorial committee to select the best features from these numerous series, and as far as possible to harmonize such of these features as were compatible for incorporation in a graded series of Canadian reading-books. Before twelve months elapsed, two other firms announced the publication or preparation of school-readers. Messrs. Gage & Co. prepared an adaptation of Chambers' English Readers. These had been edited for the Messrs. Chambers by Prof. Meeklejohn, one of the best authorities on education in the kingdom. (His brochure on the "Problem of Teaching to Read" should be studied by every teacher of elementary classes.) The third series of readers was advertised by Messrs. Campbell & Son. This series is an adaptation of Nelson's Royal Readers, which were declared, incidentally, by an English writer in the *Contemporary Review*, (1881) to be the first in point of merit used in the British schools.

Of the three foregoing series, the first to be completed was that published by Messrs. Gage & Co. In March, 1882, these books, then called the "English Readers," were authorized for use in the schools of Winnipeg. A number of mistakes appeared in the first edition, which subsequently, at considerable expense, the publishers have sought to correct. The Canadian edition of the "Royal Readers" was brought out in June, 1883, by Messrs. Nelson's and Campbell's Companies. The series known as the "Royal Canadian" was completed last month.

All these readers have been submitted to the Education Department for authorization to be used in the public schools of Ontario. The "Royal Readers" (Campbell's) were fully authorized, and Gage's "Canadian Readers" were conditionally authorized; one book, the Fourth, having been referred for correction. The "Royal Canadian Readers," (Can. Pub. Co.) have not yet been authorized.

The series vary in size and price. The Canadian (Gage's) contain 1136 pages and are sold at \$1.91; the Royals, (Campbell's), 1492 pages, price \$2.24; and the Royal Canadian, 1534 pages, price not yet fixed.

"These books are all handsomely bound, printed, and illustrated. No one series has a monopoly of all the excellencies, but considering their size and the number likely to be sold they are all too expensive."

School books ought to be made as cheap as possible when the Government proposes to add a new text-book to the list it ought to acquire the copy-right and make fair compensation for all proprietary rights. The compensation might be arrived at by agreement or by arbitration provided in law. The copy-right being vested in the Government, every publisher should be allowed equal privileges in regard to the publication of the book. All the publishers would thereby have a fair field and no favor, and the public be protected, by competition, against monopoly in a necessity of our social system—the school text-book.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

STUDENT.—The lines are from Burns' beautiful poem, "To Mary in Heaven."

ONE INTERESTED.—We purpose publishing a biographical sketch at least once a month. See "Our Platform," on opposite page.

READER.—We believe that your case requires the immediate attention of a physician.

INQUIRER.—1. An excellent antiseptic for the preservation of meat and milk as well as other articles of food has the following compositions: Boric acid eighteen parts, borax nine, sugar nine and glycerine six parts. 2. See under miscellaneous recipes.

MARY M.—When ladies are escorting each other it is not etiquette for either to offer to take the other's arm.

C. C.—It is improper, when writing a letter, to write the name of the person at the upper as well as the lower left hand corner. Either one place or the other will do; but one is quite sufficient.

D. W.—We can only offer a salary to a person after he or she has shown what they can do at canvassing for the FAMILY CIRCLE. Most who have tried prefer to work on our large cash commission.

Mrs. H.—You will find no trouble with lint if you use soft paper instead of cloth in cleaning the mirrors, and paper answers the purpose better for other reasons.

Mrs. P.—The sentiment of the verses is very pretty; but the rhythm and metre are faulty.

VELLON.—Send along more of your writings when convenient; those received are very good but hardly suited to our columns.

ALICE M.—1. It is not considered rude to glance over a collection of photographs or book of engravings when in company, while to read in company is a sign of ill-breeding. 2.—It is very improper to intrude on a business man in business hours unless you wish to see him on business.

Y. V.—While we would advise all to marry, you should by no means make that an object and try to "catch" every nice-looking, wealthy young man you happen to associate with nor any for the sake of marrying, that is for the sake of a home. Try to cultivate more a spirit of independence and do not look on the opposite sex as though they were so many husbands; to be entrapped into supporting an equal number of young women. If you should find that by the cultivation of a generous, warm-hearted, womanly nature you have won the affections of a worthy man, and are satisfied that you could feel a constant pleasure in endeavoring to make him happy, by all means become his wife.

Answers crowded out of this number will appear next week.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Health in Sleep.

Women sleep by far too little. Sleeplessness is one of the most fruitful causes of the paleness and nervousness so characteristic of American mothers. You will excuse us, sir, but permit us to ask whether your wife is not still busy with the care of your family six hours after your day's work is done? And then, when your children cry at night, don't you turn over your lazy two hundred pounds for another good sleep, and let that little, thin, pale wife get up and worry by the hour with the little ones? And, now, forsooth, you wish to know whether it is not bad for her to lie till eight o'clock in the morning!—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Laugh and Grow Fat.

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depth, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the person who indulges therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges prolongs his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make up their prescriptions more with reference to the mind and less to drugs for them, and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

Clothing of Children.

From both the lay press and the public platform we have heard of late a good deal as to the unhealthfulness and unsuitability of the present form of female dress. Much that has been said is useful and true, although the subject has been associated with some intemperate denunciation of the costume of the day, and some violent suggestions as to the attire of the future. While sympathizing in the main with this matter of dress reform, we think that some of the attention at present absorbed by the costume of the adult may well be bestowed upon the apparel of the child. In many respects the dress of young girls is more outrageous to the principles of health, and more in need of the strictures of a vigorous criticism, than is the costume of the fully developed female. Note for a moment the usual dress of the little girl, as sanctioned at the present time. One of the first principles in dress is that the clothing should so cover the body as to maintain it in all parts, as far as possible, at an equal temperature. How is this principle observed in the attire of the child five or six years old? About the thorax and abdomen there are many layers of clothing of a somewhat incongruous character and somewhat indiscriminately applied, that are capable, collectively, of maintaining a reasonably even temperature. The arms, however, are commonly bare from the shoulders, and the child can exhibit upon those the familiar effects of external cold upon the circulation of the surface. The lower limbs also are covered by a short and scanty skirt, and by meager petticoats separated from the extremities they are supposed to warm by an encircling ring of cold air. The little girl of modern days wears more clothes than she needs, which while they impair the free use of the limbs, cause needless muscular effort.

Linen, it is unnecessary to say, is, from its poor hygroscopic qualities, and from its active properties as a good heat conductor, a very unsuitable substance to be worn next to the skin, especially in a climate subject to abrupt changes of temperature. Some woollen fabric should be worn next to the skin, and should clothe the entire body as evenly as possible. The dress should be suitably long, and suspended from the shoulders; the petticoat should be attached to an under-bodice, which should receive its attachment from the shoulders; the stockings should be suspended from the bodice. The neck should never be left wholly uncovered. The ornamentation of the dress should be as scanty as possible, to make the least possible addition to the weight of the attire.—*British Medical Journal.*

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Redingotes will be worn much this winter.

Fine laces are to be extensively used on bonnets.

Dresses for evening will be of white silk gauze, lace or silk.

Green will be much used for suits of cloth and woollen goods.

Waists with fronts and backs of different fabrics will be one of the novelties of the season.

Black dresses of lace or fine goods have full waists and jet belts, which are so covered with jet work that not a piece of the goods can be seen.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Two cups of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and one of melted butter; salt and pepper to taste. Stir the potatoes, butter, and cream together, adding one raw egg. If the potatoes seem too moist beat a few fine bread crumbs. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, taking care to have the top a rich brown.

POTATO CAKE.—One cup of mashed potatoes; two cups of flour; one heaping tablespoonful of butter; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one teaspoonful of salt. Rub well together. Add enough milk to make dough. Roll out about an inch thick and cut in squares or diamonds. They must be baked on a hot, well-greased griddle on top of the range, over a moderately hot fire. A soapstone griddle is the best, as they require to bake slowly, frequently turning to prevent burning. Eat immediately, while hot.

TOMATO BROTH.—Stew tomatoes in a quart and a pint of water. Use the water in which the chicken for croquettes was boiled. Strain through a sieve when well cooked, to get rid of skins and seeds. Return to the fire, add half a cup of rice and boil it until quite soft. Cut in dice a part of the breast of chicken, put in the tureen, pour on the broth and serve.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—One quart of ripe, fresh huckleberries; half a teaspoonful of mace or nutmeg; three eggs well beaten, separately; two cupfuls of sugar; four large teaspoonfuls of butter; one cupful of sweet milk; one pint of flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Roll the berries well in the flour, and add them last of all. Bake half an hour, and serve with sauce. There is no more delicate and delicious pudding than this.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—One pint of milk, three eggs and a small piece of butter; stir in the milk for a batter just thick enough to drop from a spoon, and bake in gem-pans in a hot oven.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.—Make a soft dough of one quart of soft flour mixed with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a generous tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and sufficient sweet milk. Roll out thin, put a layer in a baking-pau, and sprinkle with flour and bits of butter; make four layers like this, using no butter and flour on the top layer. Bake in a quick oven, turn out upside down, remove the layers, and place ripe peaches, cut up and sweetened, between each layer. Serve as a cake with cream and sugar.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—To four bowls of blackberries add four bowls of sugar, boil thoroughly and turn into jars; put a paper dipped in alcohol over each jar of fruit before covering with the glass or tin covers, or thick paper coated with white of an egg.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—Take ripe, but not soft, little yellow tomatoes and pour boiling water over them to take off the skins. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar to one of tomatoes, putting in only enough water to dissolve the sugar. Take three lemons to each seven pounds of tomatoes; slice, and put in the syrup, first removing the seeds. When the syrup is boiled clear put in the tomatoes and boil gensty three-quarters of an hour.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE.—Choose two middle-sized, well-colored, and firm cabbages, shred them very finely, first pulling off the outside leaves; mix with them half a pound of salt, tie them up in a thin cloth, and let them hang for twelve hours; then boil a quart of vinegar, with an ounce of ginger, half an ounce of black pepper and a-quarter of an ounce of cloves. Put the cabbage into jars, and pour the vinegar over it when cold.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—To ten quarts of berries put five quarts of water, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then boil and skim it; strain it, and to every gallon of liquor put three pounds of sugar, half an ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and two ounces of ginger. Boil it again, and ferment it, by putting in it a slice of toast covered with fresh yeast. By leaving out the spices this wine is said to resemble Port.

PRESERVING MEAT.—A new process for preserving meat has been discovered by Signor Pavesi, who has kept meat by it for a year or two to test its merits, and found the flavor still retained. The meat is preserved in a pickle consisting of water slightly acidulated with nitro-muriatic acid, and when required for use the meat is dried at a temperature of about sixty degrees Fahrenheit. To avoid a slightly brown color the meat may be steeped in plain water before being dried.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—The formula given below is the one used by surgeons in the British army, and its efficiency has been thoroughly established:

Equal parts:—Tincture of opium.

“ rhubarb.

“ capsicum.

“ camphor.

“ peppermint.

Dose, fifteen drops in water, repeated until the pain subsides.

TO REMOVE PEACH STAINS FROM TABLE LINEN.—For years, says a housekeeper, we used “salts of lemon” and various acids, but a person remarked to us, “All your labor is useless. Wait till the peaches are gone, and the stains will also be gone.” We thought this utterly foolish, but decided to try it; and, sure enough, when the peaches had gone the stains had disappeared. The idea in itself looks ridiculous; but does not the table linen get enough regular washing to take out almost any stains in the course of one peach season? We have noticed the same is true of grape stains, or of almost any other kinds of fruit. This is very true, and if remembered may save much useless labor.

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet ;
Laying the chaff and taking the wheat."

The Wanderer.

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say?
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand—
Whether there cast when ocean swept the land
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native sea,
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide—
Sang of the awful, vast, profound and wide—
Scarfily with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain's height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home—sing, O my home, of thee.

Helena Modjeska.

Home.

A happy home! What sweet thoughts these simple words call up. A pleasant family circle, cheerful surroundings; peace, plenty and sunshine. But while we all so love and appreciate a home like this, how few of us are doing our level best to create such a one.

We are born into a home; we find father and mother, shelter and food there as our birthright. We expect, as a matter of course, that the needs of our life will be supplied to us by our parents, both as an act of duty and of love. But how many of us try to make all the returns possible for what is given us? It is just as much our duty to give what we can, as it is that of our parents. We must not take all and give nothing, for that is pure selfishness. We must return love for love, service for service and contentment for what is ours. To be happy, cheerful, helpful and useful, is the duty of every member of a home. No home will ever be unhappy where these four things are heeded. The one who does most to make home happy, deserves our warmest admiration. It is not plenty or poverty that wins the blessing, but it is the mind, soul and heart of those who dwell in the home. It is more blessed to give than to receive, so the one who cultivates a generous, benevolent spirit, and gives the most of love, labor and sunshine to the home, will be its most blest inmate. Liberty and freedom are vain words if they be not used so as to confer happiness on others as well as ourselves. To do as we please is a glorious privilege so long as we please to do our best. A mother has no right to scold, fret and fume, making all around her unhappy, even though she feels weary, worried and worn. Far better leave some of the work undone than to have tidyness at the sacrifice of peace and happiness. The husband has no right to demand further obedience, service and love of the wife than he is willing to give in return. Nor to use liquor or tobacco if she objects. These things are wholly evil in tendency.

the breath, blunt the moral perceptions and waste the finances, all of which should be the mutual property of each resident of the home.

Economy should be a home-virtue belonging to every member of the family. Not miserliness or meanness, but a carefulness that allows of no waste or undue spending. Make home comfortable first, and then as beautiful and attractive as the combined efforts of the whole family will allow of.

"So let us live that if misfortune's blast
Come like a whirlwind to our hearths at last,
Sunbeams may break from one small spot of blue,
To guide us safe life's changeful journey through."

—*Elaine, in the Matrimonial Review.*

Excuses of Suicides.

Explanatory letters written by persons just before they destroy themselves very often contain poor excuses or reasons to justify the rash act. For instance, that given by the individual who shot himself recently in the Bois de Boulogne, because—he ran his letter—he loved wine, abhorred water, and being unable to procure good wine preferred death, was certainly not a sufficient one.

Neither was the reason adduced by another Frenchman, who was found dead in his lodgings in Paris, a few days back, a good one. He lived, it seems, on bad terms with his landlord. It was the eve of a quarter day; so it occurred to this foolish individual that he would make himself particularly disagreeable to his "enemy" by being found dead when he came up for his rent. Moreover, one gathers from his epistle that when he had placed the fatal rope with which he hanged himself round his neck he hesitated to achieve his self-imposed task; for he had another "enemy" in the world, his mother-in-law, who had sown discord between him and his wife, and he had always looked forward to a feeling of pleasurable anticipation to the day when he should follow that lady to the grave as chief mourner. It is to be inferred that, after due reflection, he preferred foregoing the realization of this "pleasurable anticipation," and that, since he ended by hanging himself, he hated his landlord even more than his wife's mother.

He is Father to His Own Father.

"Do you see those two men talking over there?" said a gentleman to a reporter the other day.

"Yes; those two farmers, you mean?"

"Exactly. They are father and son."

"Well?"

"Well, their families are all mixed up. The son is his father's father."

"How can that be?"

"In this way. The old man's wife died. In their neighborhood there lived a widow with an only daughter. The old man married the daughter and the young man married the widow. The young man's wife is mother to the young man's father. The young man's father is the young man's son. The young man's father's wife is his mother and his daughter at the same time. Now, the old man's children—"

"Jewhilkens, man, let up! I can't keep all that in my head!" The reporter subsequently learned that the above is a fact, and the parties live out on the Nolensville turnpike near Nashville, Tenn.

Pure food and air are the watchwords of our modern hygiene, and nothing should be left undone to secure them. Pure, unadulterated food and air for rich and poor alike.

Real Distress.

A railroad conductor, the other day, paid out of his own pocket the fare of a woman who was hastening without ticket or money to her husband's death-bed in a Philadelphia hospital, at the same time conveying to her the impression that the fare was paid by a man who sat behind her and had expressed his sympathy. That person promptly put the credit, where it belonged, and subsequently took occasion to ask the conductor why he had waived his own claim to the woman's gratitude. "My dear sir," was the reply, "when you have been a conductor for ten years, and been 'beaten' and snubbed by nine hundred and ninety-nine different specimens of travelling humanity, you will learn to do your duty and be satisfied with that alone. That woman's distress was real but possibly nine out of every ten I meet with similar stories will be professional dead beats and frauds of the first water. If a conductor does a humane act now and then, and the public hear of it, a few will compliment him and praise him for it, but for the next six months every tramp and shyster along the road will strike his train and endeavor to cheat him out of the fare by working upon his feelings."

A Poor Match.

"You think that 'ere woman with the three children belongs to that man a-talkin' with her?" asked the old sea-captain. "No; no woman could have lived so long as that with a man and appear so much above him in her whole make-up! There's a lot of stuff talked about folks bein' mismated, but they ain't outthin' in it—nuthin' genuine under cover, I mean. Folks as come together natural, without any compulsion as they do around these parts, air about equal in most respects. When a woman takes to a low man there's somethin' low stowed away in her cargo, and vice versa; and when there's a public smashup, it's the cussedness of both coming to a climax! at least that's my opinion, after sixty years, observation."

Children's Questions.

Children are often very troublesome in asking questions, and they should be taught not to interrupt conversation in company; but this being understood, it is not desirable to refuse to answer questions which an active child must ask so often, to be able to learn the whys and wherefores of daily life. By giving due attention to these little troublesome questions, a child's truest education may be in process. To be sure, there are parents, who, having solved these little mysteries, become indifferent to them, and cannot look upon the eager restlessness of their children with due consideration, or sympathise with their desire to penetrate causes and trace effects. By paying heed to these troublesome questions, however, a child may learn many facts, for his education commences with his interest in what you may consider too trifling for you to notice. Children hunger after new things and new ideas. They will learn with pleasure facts of history or of science from the lips of parents or teachers, which would seem drudgery if learned by rote from books, and they take great delight in listening to the conversation of intelligent people; therefore they should be allowed to remain in the drawing-room or the library, if they will not interrupt the conversation, and are taught to conduct themselves properly. Many a man owes his success in life to the conversations he has listened to in his father's home, when his parents had not the least idea he was old enough to take any interest in what interested them; but his young mind was drinking in

draughts of wisdom which were of incalculable benefit to him. On the other hand, there are men who have learned the iniquities of life while listening to the conversation of their elders, and have had cause to rue it all their lives. Children are not like dogs; they must learn to follow in the footsteps either of the just or the unjust—learn to be good or learn to be evil.

The Wayside Inn.

The following touching lines of sympathy were written in a letter to a friend on the death of his mother, by Co Ingersoll, recently:

"There is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done—when the sun touches the horizon—when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and the future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days—then, surrounded by kindred and by friends, death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn.

"Life is a shadowy, strange, and winding road, on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps, just from the cradle with its lullaby of love to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is 'good-night.'

"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under the snow in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the years."

A Romantic Affair.

A writer in the *St. Louis Post* tells the following curious story:

In the audience at Uhrig's Cave the other night a couple were pointed out to me who have a very singular history, if all the world says about them is true. They are married, and as far as the human eye can discern in the gaslight on a fair summer night, seem to be happy. The lady, though has silver hair, and appears to be over fifty. She is a stately, matronly female, and her dress of complete black adds to the majesty of her appearance. Her husband does not look to be over thirty, is a handsome man of the brunette type, and dresses like a broker or a cashier. He is not in business here, however. The remarkable phase of the story is that about twenty-one years ago a gentleman of exceeding wealth died in Cincinnati, O., leaving all his fortune to a young woman whom he had adopted and educated, and who at the time of his death was with her sister in Paris, where she had spent most of her years. The news was sent to the French capital, and the cable message falling into the hands of the older sister, she withheld it from the young one. Gathering up all the valuables, and taking all the money the two possessed the older sister fled to this country, and, representing herself to the Court under the other sister's name, succeeded in establishing her identity, and was awarded the fortune. Nothing was ever heard of the sister in Paris by letter or in any other way, and this woman has since held undisputed title to the property. Her husband was the son of her gardener, to whom she took a strange but lasting fancy. They live in Cincinnati, but are now here at one of the hotels.

I Am Never Alone.

I am never alone—every flower is a token—
The woods, and the streams, and the clouds, and the sea;
There is not a leaf or a bud but has spoken,
In eloquent silence, my loved one, of thee.
I roam amid solitude some would call dreary,
When night o'er fair nature her mantle has thrown,
But thy gentle form still is hovering near me;
Wherever I wander, I'm never alone.

I am never alone; when the red morning blushes
The rose of thy cheek in the tints I can trace;
The corn-waving fields when the wind gently gushes
Remind me alone of thy beauty and grace;
Thy lips seem the poppies, the sunshine outvicing,
Thy voice I can hear in the lark's joyous tone!
Thy violet eyes, 'neath the mossy bank lying,
I fancy I see—I am never alone.

I am never alone, for thy spirit is near me;
'Tis thou art my first happy dream in the night;
I whisper thy name when the winds only hear me—
I hear the sweet echoes, and they are delight.
Though doomed for a time my heart's treasure to banish,
The thought that thou'rt constant for all will atone;
As long as the light of thy love will not vanish,
Wherever I wander, I'm never alone.

A Barefooted Groom.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given hands—one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson; "when I can buy shoes, I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet. The same sturdy conduct showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber-land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground. His sheep increased. As time flew by he bought more; then he sold of the cheaper kinds, and invested in Southdown and French Merino.

His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming. Johnson having once found that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in following it, which are the surest elements of success. Stock-buyers from the Eastern Markets found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is, the man who married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The man who was cured by a mesmerist says he was trance-fixed.

Sam Patch's Last Leap.

A correspondent of the *Rochester Union* has been at the pains to furnish the following in relation to Sam Patch's exploits, clipped from a paper of an early date, which is of interest while the melancholy fate of Captain Webb at the Niagara Whirlpool is still fresh in our memory:

SAM PATCH'S LAST LEAP.

We have often been requested by travellers and others to republish the particulars of Sam Patch's last leap from the falls, but not having in our possession any newspaper files of that year, we are unable to do so. In answer to an inquiry in our daily yesterday, Mr. Henry Scranton, of this city, has furnished us from his private journal the following: The first leap took place on Friday, the 6th of November, 1829; distance, 100 feet. He went down in fine style, and rose to the surface amid the huzzas of the multitude. The number of persons present was estimated at 7,000 or 8,000. The last and fatal leap, which took place one week after, was advertised in the *Antimasonic Inquirer* as follows:

HIGHER YET!

SAM'S LAST JUMP.

"Some things can be done as well as others."

THERE'S NO MISTAKE IN SAM PATCH.—Of the truth of this he will endeavor to convince the good people of Rochester and vicinity, next Friday, Nov. 13. at 2 o'clock P. M. Being determined to "astonish the natives" of the West before he returns to the Jerseys, he will have a scaffold, 25 feet in height, erected on the brink of Genesee Falls, in this village, from which he will fearlessly leap into the abyss below, a distance of 125 feet. Sam's bear (at 3 o'clock precisely) will make the same jump and follow his master, thus showing conclusively that "some things can be done as well as others." Moreover, Sam hopes that all the good people who attend this astonishing exhibition will contribute something toward remunerating him for the seemingly hazardous experiment.

The following is the *Antimasonic Inquirer's* notice of the exploit:

"The ominous expression contained in the reckless Patch's advertisement has been fearfully vindicated. It was indeed his 'last jump.' He jumped from a staging twenty-five feet above the brink of the falls into the abyss below, from whence his body has not yet been recovered. A variety of reasons are given for the fatal termination of this presumptuous feat. All, however, concur in saying that Patch, from some cause or other, did not retain the position while descending or strike the water as he did on the former occasion. It was a daring and useless exposure of human life, which, having resulted disastrously, creates a train of painful reflections. We would not dwell upon this distressing scene, and yet we cannot banish it from our thoughts. We still see the frail mortal standing, as it proved, upon the brink of eternity! The terrified imagination follows him from the giddy height, through the thin air, into the deep, dark chasm below! It lingers but a few moments of breathless and agonized suspense! The waters, troubled a moment in swallowing their victim are at rest! The expiring bubbles announce that the spirit has departed, leaving the body in the dark bosom of the ocean buried!" The multitude shrink away abashed and rebuked."

Ouida has written an article on the copyright question, in which she says that when Americans stop pirating English publications "their commercial morality will be purer than it is at present." And when the Americans stop reading Ouida's immoral novels their literary tastes will be purer than at present.—*Norristown Herald*.

Nature.

Eliza Jane, two lovers had,
The one was Nature, th'other Art,
They were so very near alike,
She couldn't tell the two apart.

At last, to test their qualities,
And give to one the vantage place,
She proffered each a photograph
Of her ethereal, tempting face.

Art snatched the pretty, paper prize,
And pressed it to his heart, and then
He put it to his marble lips,
And kissed it o'er and o'er again.

But nature pushed the painted gift
Aside with haughty, proud disdain,
And grappling her with strong embrace,
He kissed that plump, Eliza Jane.

"Begone, O Art!" the maiden cried,
"Let critics hymn your praise sublime,
But men are men and girls are girls,
And I'll take Nature every time."

The Spartan Way.

He was driving out of Plainfield, the other day, with such a satisfied look on his face that an acquaintance hailed him with:

"Well, Uncle Bill, what's happened?"

"You know them five sons of mine?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they are allus buying and selling and speculating, and not a day passes that some one of 'em does not ask me to endorse his note."

"And of course you do?"

"No. Them boys are rather shaky, you know. But I'm going to after this. Hang it, I'm their own father, you see, and it looks kinder mean to refuse 'em. I've been down here and deeded the farm to the old woman, put a chattel mortgage on the stock and sold off most of the tools, and now if the boys want my name on their notes I can sit down and give it to 'em like a Spartan father."—*Wall Street News.*

A Bald Sea Story.

"We had captured a one-hundred barrel whale, and after the head was split open I was detailed to dip out the oil. It's just like going into a big bath-tub, and a man stands almost up to his armpits in oil. I was wading about in the monster's head, when I was suddenly startled by seeing the surface of the oil burst into a blaze, caused, as I afterwards learned, by one of the crew accidentally dropping a box of burning matches. The only thing to do was to dive under the burning oil, and I did it, with my sheath-knife in my teeth. I turned my head after I got underneath, and made a desperate effort to dig my way out with the knife. I managed to dig a hole large enough to thrust my head through, and then, by a mighty effort, escaped into the sea. It was a pretty tight squeeze, I can tell you, and my body was so warm that it made the water hiss all around me. The captain of the vessel thought that I had been burned to death, and when I swam to the side of the vessel he was so frightened that he told me there was only one thing that prevented him from turning grey in a single night."

"What was that?" asked the listener.

"He was bald-headed," said the nautical "Cop."

Doing a Smart Thing.

A few days ago an eminent citizen of Detroit, or at least one eminent enough to own a \$7 umbrella, left the article in a store on Gratiot street and some one gobbled it. Eminent citizen was thoroughly indignant, and he went to a detective to see what could be done. As there was no clew to pick up and follow to success, the detective could do nothing. All of a sudden a bright thought occurred to the loser, and next day an advertisement appeared as follows:

"The man who took that silk umbrella from a store on Gratiot street last Thursday will save himself trouble by returning it, as he is known."

Eminent citizen was chuckling over his smartness when a man dressed like a laborer and having an umbrella carefully tied up in paper entered the office and said:

"So you knew me, eh?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Somebody must have seen me take it and told you?"

"Yes, that was the way."

"What would you have done if I hadn't shown up?"

"Secured a warrant and made it hot for you."

"Well, give me a receipt and I'll leave it and never try to get away with another man's umbrella."

A receipt was written and passed over, and the man seemed so contrite that he was handed a-half a dollar besides. It was a full half day before the parcel was unwrapped for a look at the umbrella, and then eminent citizen kicked up a row to alarm the whole building. The umbrella was old, faded, rib-broken and worthless, and it was evidently a put up job to take the smartness out of a man who thought he had hit it.—*Free Press.*

A Street Joke.

Telling a joke on the street, says the Cincinnati Saturday Night, has its disadvantages. You can never be quite sure of your man. He may have every outward appearance of being a most appreciative audience, and not hear a word you say. He may even get the laugh in at the right moment, and go away wondering what it was all about.

For example, the other day two gentlemen stood at the corner of Fourth and Vine Streets, one talking very earnestly and enthusiastically, the other with attention divided apparently between the speaker and an approaching street-car.

"I see my car is coming," interjected the latter.

"Yes," said the other; and he proceeded with his narrative more rapidly.

The car reached the pair, and the speaker, in his desire to finish, grasped the listener's coat.

"Good! Splendid! Best I ever heard!" suddenly ejaculated the visitor, as he broke away and boarded his car.

"Confound the idiot! How does he know whether it's good or not? I hadn't half finished," muttered the one.

"If I had let that infernal fool keep me a minute longer, I'd have had to run two blocks for the car, or missed the train," soliloquized the other.

Perhaps you may think this a fancy sketch, but it isn't. It's the sort of thing that is happening every day all over the country.

A New Jersey boy, who was engaged in ploughing, saw an enormous black snake stretched on the ground near by. Frightened by the reptile, the boy dropped the lines and ran for the house. Re-enforced by several members of the family, he went back, when one of the horses was found lying on the ground with the snake tightly coiled about his neck. The snake was killed, but the horse had been choked to death.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The prize this month has been awarded to "Crocodile," Sarnia, who stands far ahead of the others who have sent answers to the August puzzles.

Correct answers have also been received from W. Thompson, Toronto; Walter Bostwick, Albany, N. Y.; "Nettie," London; Emma and Edith Lake, Woodstock and Charlie Hines, Montreal.

We will hereafter continue to publish our puzzle column once a month as formerly and discontinue, for the present our story-book prize monthly; but in place of it award a useful Christmas present, a copy of Chamber's dictionary to the person sending us the most correct answers to the puzzles in this number and the two following numbers containing puzzles. All answers must be in before the 5th of the month following that in which the puzzles appear.

SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

1

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In lap, not fold,
In laugh, not scold,
In doze not sleep,
In gaze, not peep,
In roll, not push,
In sleep, not hush,
My whole is before you.

2

CHARADE.

My first is a vegetable, tender and small,
That to eat is not a hard duty;
My second's a barnyard fowl, that's all;
My whole is vain of his beauty.

3

GEOGRAPHICAL ANIGRAM.

On a riot.

4

CONUNDRUM.

Which of the United States joins and disjoins?—Tyro.

5

SQUARE WORD.

Earth.
To affirm.
A cruel ruler.
To fail.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

- Square Word:—R E A L
E L B E
A B B A
L E A R
- Charade:—Not-able.
- Anagrams:—Ireland, Scotland, Nova Scotia, Manitoba.
- Poetical Pi:—"Fare thee well and if forever,
Still forever fare the well."
- Diamond Puzzle:—S
A T S
N O R T H
S T R O K E D
B A K E D
R E D
D

The Danger of Over-exertion.

A STALWART MAN BECOMES WEAKER THAN A CHILD AND THEN
RECOVERS HIS FORMER STRENGTH.

(Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors, possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man, I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours, and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effect produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged.

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright, but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children all in bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good-bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good-bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure me?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good-bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not *over-exert*, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

Dick Liddell publishes a seven column confession, embracing the crimes of the James gang. It recites a large number of robberies of stages, trains, and travellers.

The production of beer in America in 1863 was about 62,000,000 gallons. Last year it amounted to 525,000,000 gallons. This enormous increase in the manufacture of malt liquors gives us some idea of the drinking habits of Americans.

A stage bridge, used as a passage way for the actors at the Fourteenth street theatre, New York, gave way during a rehearsal recently, and carried down a number of members of the company. Seven persons were injured, one Mrs. La Forest, seriously.

Florence Marryat has a large scrap-book filled with authors' autographs and specimens of their manuscripts. Her father's "copy" was all written on paper about the size of "commercial note," and averaged twenty-four words to the line and eighty-three lines to the page. A magnifying-glass is almost needed to read it.

Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, thinks that Charlotte Bronte's widow was very ungrateful not to put up a memorial for the authoress in the church where she lies buried, after he had inherited £600, as the earnings of her pen. But he preferred to marry again on the money and therefore Mrs. Hooper makes this appeal to the American readers of "Jane Eyre." "But there still remain several windows in the church, filled in with plain glass only, and each waiting for its memorial panes in painted glass. A fairly good window can be purchased for \$250 and a handsome one for \$300. Will not some one, or some group, of the trans-Atlantic admirers of Charlotte Bronte come forward to repair the neglect where-with her memory is treated in her native land.—*The Independent*.

A New Author.

An English paper tells the following story of an advertising agency: An enterprising publisher recently issued a cheap edition of Johnson's ever famous Abyssinian story, 'Rasselas.' It was reviewed in a Scotch paper, and the review came under the notice of the secretary of an artistic literary agency. Being of an enterprising nature, he sat himself down and addressed a letter to 'Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.,' calling his attention to a favorable review of his work, stating that it was among the most popular of its author's many writings, and offering to glean for the hero of Boswell and to transmit to him cuttings in the original text from all London and provincial and as many American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and other journals as noticed the production."

Death of Betrothed Lovers.

A letter from Findlay, Ohio, says: One of the saddest affairs to occur in a long time is reported from Orange Township. Miss Alice, the charming daughter of John Montgomery, Esq., was courted by the beau of all that section, but was won by a bright, industrious young man named Will Swank, who had long been devoted to her. Their engagement was known and arrangements for the wedding were in progress, when young Swank was suddenly taken ill. The symptoms of the fatal malady, quick consumption, were early developed and his fate was sealed. Miss Alice was just convalescent from an attack of measles and insisted on seeing her lover, as he continually talked of her when occasionally delirious and asked about her in rational intervals. On her way home she was caught in a drenching rain, which resulted in pneumonia being developed. The two young people now talked only of death and repeatedly asked to be buried side by side. The first of the week he breathed his last, and the next day Miss Alice followed him. Their request was observed, and their funeral was the largest ever known in that section of the county.

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