

O'UR HOME
COMPANION.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE PEOPLE.

CIRCULATION, 5,000 COPIES.

Vol. I.



No. 9.

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OUR HOME COMPANION.

SUMMONS.



To whom it may concern.

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LAKE MAGGIORE.

LAKE MAGGIORE.—SIZE, 17x25.—This Chromo is from a fine painting by Seefisch, the view being on the Bay of Tosa. On the left of the picture the shore of the bay stretches away in the distance, its sunny slopes and terraced hills covered with vineyards, and blossoming with their native verdure.

Farther away in the distance and background are the immortal Alps in their unequalled grandeur. Their cloud-capped peaks are aglow with the evening sun, which lights up and softens their rugged sides, until they are made beautiful and majestic in their solemn glory; the misty clouds forming a fine and striking contrast to the blue Italian sky which overhangs this lovely scene.

At the foot of the loftiest mountain the Borromeo Islands are seen rising from the bosom of the calm and placid lake, in their picturesque rocky beauty. They are named after the family of Borromeos, who for centuries have been in possession of the richest estates in the neighborhood. They were little more than barren rocks till Count Borromeo, in 1671 caused soil to be carried to them, built terraces, and converted them into gardens, the beauty of which, and their situation, has won for them the name of the Enchanted Isles. The odors of the flowers from the Islands, upon which grow many plants of tropical climates, are wafted far over the lake.

On the largest of the Islands, the famous Isola Bella, are plainly seen the ancient towers and solid walls of the Castle and residence of the Borromeo family. One may well realize that the name, Enchanted Isles, is rightly bestowed upon this charming group, in its soft and bewitching loveliness.

In the foreground, on the right, is a representative Swiss Chalet (church), overshadowed by a sturdy and full-leaved oak; the low roof, small windows and simple bell tower, telling of the plain and unaffected tastes and desires of the people. On the lake is seen a boat with sails spread, gently gliding with the evening breeze through the still, deep waters.

This Chromo presents a combination of soft beauty and silent grandeur. The twilight gradually stealing over the lake, the setting sun lending its soft radiance to the scene, and the impressive majesty of the stately mountains, unite to form an elegant and beautiful picture. Lake Maggiore is one of the largest lakes in Italy, the *Lacus Verbanus* of the Romans. It is situated partly in Piedmont, partly in Lombardy, and partly in the Swiss Canton of Ticino. It is about thirty-six miles long, and is eight miles wide at its broadest point. It lies 60 feet above the level of the sea, and has a depth, in places, of not less than 1,800 feet. This large and beautiful Chromo is given to every subscriber who pays \$1.50 for one year's subscription to **OUR HOME COMPANION.**

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OUR HOME COMPANION.

WE ENDEAVOR TO AMUSE: WE STUDY TO INSTRUCT.

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Poetry.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von leedle poy
Vot comes schust to my knee ;
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue
As efer you die see ;
He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house—
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yaw, ob Strauss.

Her got der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferding dot's out ;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
Poots schnuff into mine kraut ;
He fills mine blate mit Limburg scheeese—
Dot vas der roughest 'n house,
I'd dake dot vrom no other poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine came in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue !
I dunks mine head vos schbilt abart,
He kicks up such a touse—
But nefer mind, der poy's vos few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions soch as dese :
Who baints my nose so red ?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace outd
Vrom der haar upon mine head ?
Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene' der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I shall go vild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes eushoy ;
Put ven he vos ash'cep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord "dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dake his oysters on der schell,
Und maid der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der Drummer.

Who vas it comes into mine schtore,
Drows down his pundtes on der floor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der Drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say :
"H us Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for pe. snis right away?
Der Drummer.

Who shpreads his zumples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, a d see how nice!"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der Drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggs'ra vine—
"Vrom Sharnany, ubon der Rhine"—
Und sheats me den dimes outd of mine?
Der Drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought ;
Mooch less as vot I gou d imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der Drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,

Und ven day gomes dey vas no goot?
Der Drummer.

Who comes aroundt ven I been outd,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der Drummer.

Who, ven he comes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?
Der Drummer.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'm sitting, darling, by thy side,
As in the days gone by,
When hearts were light, and hopes were bright
As summer's cloudless sky ;
No lines of sorrow marked thy brow—
From all life's cares apart,
The future casts no shadows now
To cloud thy sunny heart.

No spectres from her mystic depths
Came forth to mar our bliss,
Life's opening heavens shone fair and bright,
And love brought happiness,
We stroll'd together side by side,
Our hearts with joy aglow,
And you became a loving bride,
Just twenty years ago.

Do you remember, darling,
How the hours would swiftly fly,
As we listened, in the moonlight,
To the music, you and I?
In the glorious summer moonlight,
Sitting by the open door,
Connig o'er the dear old story
That so many learns before.

Like some struggling golden sunbeams,
Filtering through a clouded sky,
Come, those memories sweet to lure me
Back to days that are gone by.
We have sailed our bark together
Down life's ever-changing tide,
And when storms would round us gather,
You grew closer to my side.

When the breaker's spray dashed o'er us,
"Keep up courage," you would say,
"Bright and clear will be the morrow,
Dark and drear as is to-day."
When we anchor in the harbor
And the tide is ebbing low,
In our hearts be peace and sunshine,
As was twenty years ago.

GATHERING ROSES.

Out in the shaded porch she stood,
Twinig the sweet rose vine,
Said I, "There is one bright rose I see
That I tain would keep as mine."
"I'll toss you your choice," she gayly said,
The rose leaves fluttering o'er her head.

"My rose" said I, "is the largest there,
And if that one you refuse—
The sweetest, brightest, best of all—
None other will I choose."
"Come gather your rose yourself" said she,
Turning her blushing face from me.

Gladly I did her bidding then,
And claspinz her hand in mine,
Gathered my rose all close to me,
Under the fragrant vine.
"This is the one I want!" cried I ;
And a kiss was her reply.

Fireside Department.

WHY MRS. HERBERT LOVED MASONRY.

"Ticket, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir, in one moment," and Mrs. Herbert sought in her pocket for her portmonnaie, in which she had deposited the article in question. But it had mysteriously disappeared, and the lady arose hastily, and gave a rapid and searching glance under and about her.

"O, sir, I have lost my ticket, and not only that, but my money and check for my baggage."

The conductor was a young man who had been but a few weeks upon the road in his present capacity; and felt himself greatly elevated in his position. He prided himself in his ability to detect any person in an attempt to avoid the payment of the regular fare, and had earnestly wished that an opportunity might be offered which would enable him to prove his superior power of penetration, and the ease with which he could detect imposition. Here, then, was a case just suited to his mind; and he watched Mrs. Herbert with a cold, scrutinizing, suspicious eye, while she was searching so eagerly for the missing ticket. With a still extended hand, he said, "Must have your fare, madam."

"But, sir, I have no money; I cannot pay you."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked.

"I am on my way to Boston, where I reside. I have been visiting relatives in Wisconsin."

"Well, you can go no further on this train, unless you can pay your fare."

A bright thought occurred to Mrs. Herbert. "I will place my watch in your keeping," she said; "when I reach Detroit I will pawn it for money to pursue my journey. My husband will send for and redeem it."

"That will do," said the conductor. "I will take your watch and give you a check to Detroit. I have no authority to do so from the railroad company, but may upon my own responsibility."

But Mrs. Herbert's embarrassment was not to be relieved so readily as she hoped. Searching for her watch, that also was not to be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said, her face growing very pale. "My watch is gone, too! I must have been robbed in Chicago."

"You can leave the train at the next station," he said, quickly and decidedly; "that's what you can do."

The whistle sounded down brakes, and the conductor stepped out on the platform of the car. Mrs. Herbert looked around her. There were few passengers in the car, some were reading, some looking out the windows on the town they were just entering. No one seemed to have heard the conversation between the conductor and herself, or at least to have become interested in her behalf.

The train stopped; the conductor appeared; and taking the shawl and travelling basket from the rack above her head, bade her to follow him. In ten minutes more, the train had gone, and Mrs. Herbert sat alone in the L— depot, trying to decide upon the course best to pursue. She had no money to defray her expenses at a hotel, she had nothing with which to pay a hack-man for taking her to one, but after a few minutes reflection she resolved to inquire for the residence of the clergyman of that church of which she herself was a member, and ask him in the name of Christian charity and kindness, to give her a home until she could send a telegram to her husband, and he could furnish her with means to pursue her journey.

Inquiring of the ticket agent the name of the clergyman she hoped to find, being politely directed to his house, she was soon at his door and rang the bell. He answered the summons in person, and in a few hurried sentences she made known her misfortune and her request.

The Rev. Mr. Ripley was thin, tall and straight. He was apparently about forty-five years of age; polished, but pompous; no particles of dust could have been found upon his fine, black broad-cloth, or nicely polished boots; the tie in his cravat was faultless; his hair was brushed carefully forward to conceal coming baldness. Very dignified, very important, very ministerial appeared the reverend gentleman; but as Mrs. Herbert looked into his cold, gray eyes she felt that benevolence was by no means as strong an element in his composition as selfishness. Her heart seemed to chill

in his presence; she could not help contrasting him, mentally, with the good Mr. Weston who was pastor of her own church at home. Ah, not often had the hand now thrust into the bosom of the tight buttoned dress-coat been prompted by the cold heart beneath it to place a bright coin upon the palm of beggarly childhood; not often had his footsteps found their way to poverty's door! Yet this unworthy representative of the Christian Church preached charity to his rich congregation at least twice every Sabbath, and so far as he himself was concerned made preaching supply the place of practice.

"Madam," he said, after eyeing her from head to foot, "you have a pretty story, but the streets of L— are full of such stories at the present day. Did I listen to one half I hear of the kind, I should have my house filled with poor mendicants all the time, and, perhaps, few of them would be worthy of my respect. I cannot keep you as you request."

Mrs. Herbert turned from the inhospitable door of the Rev. Mr. Ripley. The cool insolence with which he had treated her had almost driven courage from her heart; but she determined now to seek a hotel, where at least to rest herself and decide upon some course of action. She had eaten nothing since morning, indeed she had not thought of food, but now she felt faint and weary, and the consciousness that she was alone in a strange city, friendless, and penniless, with the shades of evening already falling, quite unnerved her. As she glanced up and down the street the first thing that attracted her attention was—not a public house sign, but in large gilt letters the words—"Masonic Hall." Her heart gave a quick, joyful jump. Her husband belonged to the Masonic Fraternity, and she knew that any duty a Mason owed equally to his brother, he owed equally to that brother's wife or daughter. She remembered also that to that noble Order she was indebted for nearly all the happiness she had known in her life. But familiar as she had been with its workings in her native city, she had never realized its universality; and never understood how, like some great talismanic belt, it circles the earth, embracing all mankind in its protecting folds; softening the asperities of dissenting religionists, shedding the purple light of love on the fierce rapids of commercial life, enlightening and ennobling politicians, and harmonizing their conflicting sentiments upon a sense of kindred.

Mrs. Herbert paused irresolute. What would she now have given for a knowledge of one mystic sign, by which to call her husband's Masonic Brothers to her side?

Men were passing rapidly up and down the street; elegantly dressed ladies were out enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, for the day had been sultry; but among all the busy throng there was not one whom she felt at liberty to accost.

A gentleman was passing her, leading a little girl by the hand. With a quick gesture she arrested his step. She had observed nothing peculiar in the stranger's face; indeed, she had not noticed it at all; but a Maltese cross was suspended from his watch guard, and the moment she discovered it, she had involuntarily lifted her hand to prevent his passing her.

The stranger looked at her inquiringly; she pointed to the cross, and said, "That, sir, is why I stopped you; will you excuse me for addressing you, and please tell me if you are a Mason?"

"I am," he replied.

"Oh, sir, my husband is a Mason, and perhaps you will be kind to your brother's wife."

"Where does your husband live?"

"In Boston. His name is G. W. Herbert; he is of the firm of Herbert, Jackson & Co., L— street. I was on my way to him from Wisconsin, but have been robbed of the means of paying my fare, and the conductor refused to take me further. I have applied to the Rev. Mr. Ripley, and he turned me insultingly from the door."

"The old hypocrite," muttered the gentleman. "Mrs. Herbert, my house is but a block distant, and it is at your service. My wife will make you welcome and comfortable. Will you accept our hospitality?"

"O, sir, how gladly!" And half an hour later Mrs. Herbert was refreshing herself at the well spread table of Mr. Henderson, first officer of Eureka Commandery, No. 12.

When supper was over, Mr. Henderson said to his wife, "I will return immediately. Make Mrs. Herbert feel herself at home."

He walked directly to the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and addressed the following message to his brother in Boston:—

"Is G. W. Herbert, L— street, a member of our Order, and his wife in the West? Answer immediately."

When Mr. Henderson returned home he found his wife and Mrs. Herbert in an animated conversation; and he was surprised to note the change in the strange lady's appearance, now that she felt herself among friends. Her face wore so genuine an impression of sweetness and purity; her conversation was so expressive of such lofty sentiments, such real goodness of heart, and betrayed so highly cultivated a mind, that Mr. Henderson found himself regretting that he had taken the precaution to send a telegram to Boston in order to prove the truthfulness of her statements. Mrs. Henderson seated herself at the elegant piano, and after performing several pieces, invited Mrs. Herbert to play also. She gracefully complied, and after a low, sweet prelude, began to sing:—

"A stranger I was, but they kindly received me."

She sang the piece entirely through, her voice quivering with emotion; Mr. and Mrs. Henderson stood at her side, and the gentleman said:—

"Mrs. Herbert, it is we who are blessed in being permitted to form the acquaintance of so entertaining a converser and musician. You are not a stranger, but a dear friend, a sister, my brother's wife; you have a right in our home. A Knight Templar's house is ever open to the unfortunate. But you must not leave the piano yet; play another piece for us, your favorite."

"I do not know that I have one."

"Your husband's, then," suggested Mrs. Henderson. Again Mrs. Herbert's practiced fingers swept the keys, and then her clear, rich voice arose in the popular Masonic ode:—

"Hail, Masonry divine"

As the last sweet echo died away, she arose, saying, "That is my husband's favorite."

Mr. Henderson was standing with his arm around his wife's waist. Tears were in his eyes, and he drew closer to her, as he said, "O, Jennie, will you not learn to play that piece for me?"

"But I could never make it sound like Mrs. Herbert," she replied, "for you know I do not like Masonry."

"And why do you not like it?" Mrs. Herbert ventured to ask.

"Because it rises like a mountain between me and my husband; I am jealous of Masonry." And the glance she cast upon him at her side told Mrs. Herbert with what depth of love this true wife regarded her husband, and she almost pardoned her for her dislike of Masonry, upon the ground she had mentioned. But she felt that Mrs. Henderson was in error, and she said:—

"Will you allow me to tell you why I love Masonry?"

"O, yes," replied Mrs. Henderson. "I should be glad to feel differently if I could;" and she drew a large arm-chair for Mrs. Herbert in front of the sofa, upon which she and her husband seated themselves.

Mrs. Herbert began: "My father was a commission merchant in Boston, and in consequence of causes which I never fully understood—for I was very young at the time—he failed in business. Our beautiful home was taken from us, and father removed mother and me to an humble but comfortable cottage in the suburbs, while he procured employment as clerk in a dry goods establishment.

He was disheartened by his sudden and heavy losses. It was seldom, indeed, that he was heard to speak cheerfully and hopefully. His health declined, and, before we had ever dreamed of the threatening danger, he was a confirmed consumptive. But he was a Mason, and we were not allowed to feel that his inability for labor had deprived us of the comforts of our home. Supplies of provisions, clothing and fuel came regularly to our door. But one chill evening in September, we were gathered around the bedside to take the last farewell. The friends of our prosperous days were not there—they left us with our riches—but a circle of true manly faces were there, and tears were brushed aside which were the overflow of sympathizing hearts. I stood beside my grief-stricken mother who knelt beside the couch of death, her head bowed helplessly upon the emaciated hand upon which she had depended for guidance and protection. My father kissed me tenderly, and, turning to his Masonic brothers, said:

"I can but leave my dear ones in your care, and I know that I can trust you. I feel that my poor Alice will not long survive my loss, and thus this little one will be a helpless waif, on the great sea of humanity. I give her to you, not as the child of one, but of all—the Lodge."

A few moments later I was fatherless. One of those strong, noble men lifted me in his arms and bore me from the room. I had heard what my father had said,

and although a child of but seven years I comprehended it all. I threw my arms around the good man's neck who held me so tenderly, and sobbed, "Oh, sir, will you be my father?"

"Yes, my dear little girl," he said in a broken voice, "you shall never want."

My mother was a frail, delicate creature, and her constant watching at my father's bedside, combined with the last terrible shock threw her into a fever from which she never recovered. We remained in the little cottage until my sweet mother's death, and my father's Masonic brothers anticipated our every want. And when I was at last an orphan, my new protectors took me away. All felt that I was a sacred charge.

I was placed under the care of the most reliable instructors, and my health was carefully guarded. I lived in the house of him I asked to be my father, and I believe he loved me as his child. When I arrived at the age of twenty years, I was married—with the full approbation of my guardians to Mr. Herbert, confidential clerk in a dry goods house. The young man was honest and attentive to his business. That was not quite ten years ago. Now he is a partner in the same house. We have an elegant home, and a wide circle of friends, but none so dearly prized as the tried and true; and once every year our parlors are opened, to receive with their families the few who remain of those who at the time of my father's death were members of the Lodge to which he belonged. "You understand now, my friends, why I love Masonry."

Mrs. Henderson lifted her eyes to those of her husband. He was looking at her so wistfully, so pleadingly.

"My dear wife," he said "Mrs. Herbert's story is but one out of thousands. It is the aim of Masonry to relieve the distressed everywhere, and to elevate and ennoble themselves. Our labors take us often from the home circle, but it would not be manly in us to spread a knowledge of the good we do. To many of the recipients of our charity it would be bitter relief, if trumpeted forth to the world."

Mrs. Henderson placed both her hands in those of her husband and said, her eyes filled with tears, "I will learn to play that piece for you, and I think I can give it some of Mrs. Herbert's expression, for I think differently of Masonry than I have ever done before."

The next morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Herbert said, "Now, Mrs. Henderson, I must send an immediate telegram to my husband, for I am very anxious to meet him, and I must not trespass upon your generous hospitality longer than is necessary."

"Will you entrust me with the message?"

"Yes, sir," and it was soon ready.

"Ah! I was about sending you the answer to your telegram to Boston," said the operator to Mr. Henderson, as he entered the office. He took the paper extended toward him, and found the message to read as follows:

"G. W. Herbert is a worthy Knight Templar. He stands well socially and financially. His wife is in Wisconsin."

Mr. Henderson called upon a few Masonic friends, and then hastened home. Taking a roll of bills from his side-pocket, he laid them before Mrs. Herbert, saying, "I did not send your message. I have taken the liberty to draw from the bank of Masonry a deposit made by your husband for your benefit."

"The Bank of Masonry! A deposit for my benefit! I do not understand you."

"Well, then, I will explain. Every dollar a man contributes toward the support of the Masonic institution, is a deposit to be drawn upon any time he or his family may require it; I know, positively, that your husband is a worthy Mason, and this money—one hundred dollars—is as really and truly yours as if he handed it to you himself. If you wish to continue your journey today I will see you safe on the one o'clock train."

Mrs. Herbert's lip quivered, but she only said, "O I shall be glad to go."

A week later, the Secretary of the Eureka Commandery announced to his brothers in regular conclave assembled, the receipt of a letter, which he proceeded to read:

"M. L. Henderson, E. C., and Sir Knights of Eureka Commandery No. 12:

"I enclose you a check for one hundred dollars, the amount so kindly furnished by you to my wife, who arrived in safety yesterday. My gratitude to you for your timely sympathy and care is only equalled by her own, who says that her experience in your city has added a new chapter to her reasons for loving Masonry. Should any of you visit Boston, do not fail to call upon us, that we may return our thanks in person, and invite you to the hospitalities of our home."

Written for Our Home Companion.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

BY T. H. L.

Scene, Naples—a villa on the Riviera di Chiaja. Time, sunset.

At a window of the villa sat two smokers, both in the prime of life, both, in dress and face, bearing the unmistakable stamp of "gentlemen," both looking sadly seaward towards the purpling outlines of Ischia and Capri. Their conversation was carried on with subdued voices, as if, unconsciously, they were afraid that a louder tone might break the charm of the lovely sunset scene, into which the only elements of sound that entered outside were the quiet splash of the placid waves on the shore beneath, and a low, sweet barcarolle that floated softly from a happy group in a small fishing boat, which showed like a black diamond sparkling in the golden rays of the setting sun.

They were evidently friends, these men that sat talking together, and when, with the author's well known privilege, we draw near enough to overhear their conversation, ourselves unseen, we find that one is pouring into the ear of his sympathizing companion the old tale, told anew, of the unhappy tendency of true love to run anything but smoothly. And though the face of the speaker grew dark and gloomy with the reflection of his wrongs, it was a face that, undoubtedly, one "looked at twice," and more especially if one was a woman. There are some faces lacking regular beauty, and styled plain, when judged by rules and regulations traditional and time-honored, which have peculiar charms for a woman; and a face of this kind was Cuthbert Moore's. Seated there in the flush and prime of vigorous manhood, his shape, his very attitude eloquent of health and strength, he seemed emphatically one to be envied, and yet there was, as we have hinted, that nameless shadow on his face that told of a deep spartan-hidden sorrow, a sorrow that years might numb but not deface; told of a chill hand upon his heart, that, struggle with it as he might, would yet age and bend him prematurely, and plough furrows on the brow that ruth less time had spared; told of an ever present skeleton of bitter memory, ever present to the haunted one, but hidden with jealous care from the gaze of the prying world, which, guess though it did at its existence, could never trace its weird, appalling shape.

Withdrawing at length his sad, wistful look from the blue expanse of waters on which he had fixed his eyes with the abstracted gaze of one dwelling on the "long ago," Cuthbert resumed the conversation with his companion by saying:

"You, George, and you alone, are now in possession of the history of my early love. I need not tell you of the depths of suffering into which I was plunged when the news of her marriage reached me in the far off antipodes, for I would fain draw (outwardly, though I cannot inwardly) the veil of oblivion over that period of woe. I need not tell you that my faith in her still remains, that I am confident of treachery somewhere, which treachery I am determined to unearth and revenge, for that you must have surmised from what I told you before. That I have traced and followed her to Naples, you know. But, George, here I am at fault. I am afraid to meet her. I mistrust my own strength, for the love I have tried to stifle burns with as fierce a flame as ever. But should you meet her—"

"My dear fellow, you have not told me her name yet."

"Have I not? Her name, when I knew her first, was Trelawney. Her husband's name—"

"Excuse my stopping you, Cuthbert.—Come in. A knock at the door had interrupted them, and, at George's bidding, a waiter entered, with the news that "the ladies" had arrived.

"Ah! Cuthbert," said George, springing up, "that will be my sister and a friend of hers, a most lovely woman, to whom I shall be glad to introduce you.—Come in."

And disregarding protestations and grumblings, George Marchmont took his friend's arm and led him off to the ladies' sitting-room. "Carrie," said George, as they entered, "here is Moore, whom you know already. I am going to introduce him to Mrs. Wh— Good God! what is the matter? Help!"

For Cuthbert Moore, with one bitter cry of anguish, had sunk insensible on the floor.

The next morn the sun (which had lighted up with its last rays the sorrow-touched face of Cuthbert Moore, as he shared his load of weary trouble with a friend whose sympathy was very sweet to the sufferer yearn-

ing for the love he could not reach) rose again in undiminished splendor, but Cuthbert Moore, yesternoon so strong and vigorous, now lay tossing in the wild delirium of fever. His head was shorn of its clustering brown locks, that had curled in beauty round his now fiercely throbbing temples, his face dried and hot, his lips uttering alternately ravings of a wild dream of revenge and piteous pleadings addressed to the imagined presence of his lost love. Now he was re-enacting the scenes of their first acquaintance, now striving in the wild Australian gold fields for the wealth that should remove the only obstacle to the accomplishment of his brightest dream of earthly happiness; now planning schemes of deep revenge on the heartless villain who had worked the downfall of his hopes; now confiding to his faithful friend his aims and wishes.

A woman sat near the bedside, watching with eyes of love the unconscious sufferer, her pale cheeks flushing as ever and anon the name of "Minnie," always coupled with some term of warm endearment, broke from Cuthbert's lips. A woman fair and beautiful, looking like an angel of charity as she carefully tended that sick bed.

Cuthbert Moore's nurse was Minnie Trelawney. When he followed the impetuous George into the room where Miss Marchmont and her friend were sitting, Cuthbert saw, standing by the window, a figure (now as then of perfect grace) which ten long years before he had clasped in his arms with words of faithful love. He saw (flushed with a tide of crimson at the mention of his name) a face, now wearing the deeper beauty of maturity, which ten years before had been shyly raised to his, as in glowing terms he described the happy future they were to share together—the second paradise where love should reign supreme. He saw Minnie Trelawney in all her glorious beauty, for whom he had toiled and saved, for whom he had been an exile from his native land, for whom he had given up the profession he loved, for whom he had gained the wealth which to him alone was valueless. But Minnie Trelawney was lost to him now, this beautiful woman's love he could not have, for she was the wife of another, and the sense of all he had lost, all his sorrow and trials, all his yearning and despair, all his love and all his hate, deepened and intensified in that one supreme moment of anguish. A tornado of feeling rushed over his soul, a whirlwind of passion carried away all the resolutions under which he had struggled to bury his love, which rose with a power increased by suppression, and, like the raging sea, swept everything before it. But this conflict of feelings, this flood of deep and bitter woe, was greater than he could bear, and with a heartrending cry he fell insensible on the floor.

Cuthbert Moore's nurse was, as we have said, Minnie Trelawney. Tenderly she watched over and cared for him, so devoted in her attentions that she could hardly be persuaded to take necessary rest. And she felt amply rewarded for all her self-sacrificing labors, when a faint voice whispered:

"Minnie, is it you?"

Her face beamed with love as she gently answered: "Yes, dear Cuthbert, it is your own Minnie. Oh thank God, you are conscious again."

"But Minnie—"

"Now, Cuthbert, you must not really talk any more, you are too weak."

"But, Minnie, where is your husband?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" faintly echoed Cuthbert. "Dead!" Ah, Minnie, my own true love once more. But I am weak, kiss me, darling."

She gently kissed him, and he fell asleep, his face illumined by a great and lasting joy.

Cuthbert's recovery was now rapid, and when he was strong enough (she resolutely denied him any information until the doctor assured her there was no fear of a relapse) Minnie unfolded the history of the base treachery that had divided them. But as her narrative contained a great deal of irrelevant matter, which no one but lovers like themselves would care to pursue, we will give a short summary for the benefit of those readers who are not blind votaries of the God of Love.

When Cuthbert Moore and Minnie Trelawney interchanged the first vows of affection, the future seemed bright and clear, but when it came to "asking papa," the future suddenly clouded, for although Squie Trelawney did not veto the match, he strongly objected to a union between the lovers until either Cuthbert had attained a fixed rank in his profession (that of an artist) or had obtained a sufficient quantity of this world's wealth to render him independent of it, but, at the same time, no interdict was laid on their corresponding. Finding that "papa" was not to be moved, Cuthbert cast around for the pursuit that should furnish a large

amount of wealth in a short time. And as the "gold fever" was then at its height it will surprise no one that our hero, after a most affecting parting with our heroine, set out for Australia, his hopes and prospects of the most rosy hue.

Two months after Cuthbert's departure a very intimate friend of the Squire's, one William Whittaker, a gentleman of means, and a *blaze* "man about town," came to reside permanently in the immediate vicinity of Leighcombe Hall, at which he was a frequent visitor. Report soon became busy in coupling his name with that of Minnie Trelawney, but without the slightest foundation, for not even the most innocent flirtation on Minnie's part gave color to the rumor.

Newspapers rarely reached the Hall, and the only one in fact that was ever tolerated was the *Times*. Minnie, before indifferent to its columns, became, after Cuthbert's departure its most assiduous student. One day, while eagerly scanning the "Shipping Items," the following paragraph caught her attention. Chained by horrid fascination, though her brain whirled and reason seemed fast ebbing away, she read it again and again, till the words, like the brands on a felon's flesh, sunk deep in her heart:

"LOST AT SEA.—The Brentville bound for Melbourne, foundered in mid-ocean last month. The only survivor, James Henry, the second mate of the ill-fated vessel, is on his way to England with particulars of the disaster."

The Brentville was the ship that Cuthbert had sailed in. The shock was terrible, and summer and winter and spring had come and gone before Minnie Trelawney recovered from the illness that the dreadful news of her heart's widowhood brought on.

Six long weary years passed, and the hope that Cuthbert might have escaped had fled, for since the paragraph in the *Times*, nothing had been heard of or from him. Minnie had not been unwooed, but she remained faithful to her lost love, and the suitors with one exception, sued in vain. Mr. Whittaker, who, ever since the news of Cuthbert's death arrived, had been most devoted, while delicate and subdued, in his attentions, was at last successful in his quest. Though unloved by her, he found a very important ally in her father. Squire Trelawney, when laying Whittaker's proposals before his daughter, told her how, urged and cajoled by his proposed son-in-law, he had embarked his wealth in schemes as flattering in their rise as they were ruinous in their fall, how thinking to retrieve his losses and win fresh wealth, he speculated still more, and to raise money for new ventures, had heavily mortgaged his property to Whittaker, who now threatened, if his matrimonial demands were not complied with, to foreclose, a step which meant ruin.

"If," continued the Squire his voice quivering with emotion, "if you refuse this man I will not say one word of coercion, though I know that the refusal will turn you and me out upon the world, and to find myself a pauper in my old age will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But I will not repine, my child, for indeed I have brought it on myself—I have brought it on myself."

Thus urged, who, placed as Minnie was, could refuse? She, at all events, did not, so within three months the purchase was completed and Miss Trelawney became Mrs. Whittaker.

Her husband only survived his marriage a few months. On his deathbed he confessed that it was by his means, by the exercise of treachery as rare as it is revolting, that Minnie and Cuthbert had been separated. To enjoy the society of a friend in the long voyage that was before him, Cuthbert had exchanged his berth in the *Brentville* for one in another ship belonging to the same line. Of this change he had informed Minnie in his first letter, but Whittaker had arranged that all Cuthbert's letters should be intercepted, so that Minnie had no grounds whatever for believing that Cuthbert lived when she gave her hand to the man who, to accomplish his ends, had used the deepest treachery, the most heartless perfidy. He had wrecked the hope of a woman's true love, had wrung with bitterest anguish the heart of the lone lover in the gold fields, and, like a loathsome serpent, had insidiously coiled around his trusting friend and used his power without remorse.

Such was the tale which Cuthbert heard from his nurse. And whether it was owing to the story, or the excellent nursing he received, or the medicine he took, or all three, the fact remains that though for some time weak from the effects of his illness, he certainly recovered in a very rapid and surprising manner.

No one will now be astonished to hear that when the Marchmonts and Mrs. Whittaker returned to England Cuthbert returned with them, or that soon after Min-

nie, in answer to a very important question put to her in due form and with appropriate ceremony, said, "Yes," in consequence of which answer Cuthbert married his first love, and the future, that before had looked so gloomy, now cleared to brightest sunshine. Truly his unwavering devotion and his filial sacrifice were duly rewarded after many years.

TRIUMPH AND DEFEAT.

An old man lay in the little chamber off the best room of Abram Linmar's pretentious farmhouse, listening half unconsciously to the sound of voices, now in stern demand, again in humble pleading and protestation. His long grey hair and beard swept the snowy linen of the pillows, against which his bronzed, sunken face seemed darker and more hollow; his bony fingers beat the coverlid in anger and sympathy, as his ear followed the words of the speakers, and a glimmer sparkled in his eyes, which had, for five long weary weeks, been glazed and dulled with fever.

"I wish they'd come in," he muttered to himself; "I want to know all about it; I was asleep at the first and can't guess how it begun, but it is evident the good people of this house are in deep trouble."

He had hardly ceased when the door of the apartment opened and Dame Linmar stepped in with the noiseless foot of the anxious nurse. Seeing that her patient was awake and was looking eagerly and inquiringly at her, she approached the bedside and spoke to him in a voice as sad and mournful as sorrow can train a woman's tones to be.

"Awake, sir? Has the talking in the other room disturbed you?"

"It has not broken my rest, but what I have heard has disturbed my mind. What is it? I only know that somebody gives you till next Monday morning to leave this comfortable home."

"It is about a mortgage, sir. But here comes my poor old husband; he will explain it better than I can."

At the word the door opened again and Abram Linmar entered with bowed head and firmly pressed lips.

"He's gone, Janet, and taken the very last grain of hope I nurtured. Not even the memory of the service I rendered him two-and-twenty years ago in saving his life when he was at the mercy of the highwaymen availed anything, and we shall have to leave the roof that has sheltered us so long, doubly dear to me as the work of my own hands and the scene of genial associations."

"Farmer Linmar, excuse the impertinence of my curiosity," said the low voice of the invalid, "I know a little of your trouble, may I not know all?"

"Alas, sir," replied the hopeless host, "the story is short as our future stay within these walls will be brief. Five years ago my son in New York, being embarrassed, I borrowed from my next neighbor, a very wealthy man, the sum of eight thousand dollars and gave him a mortgage on this—my farm of one hundred acres. Instead of gaining relief, my son became more embarrassed failed utterly, and, from the grief of his disappointment, died. I have paid two thousand of the principal and now tender a third thousand, and beg that my creditor will not proceed to extremities. But I plead to a stone. He acknowledges that for years he has coveted my land, separating, as it does, two parcels of his own, and indeed he has made me many offers for it; now that he has the power to compel a sale, he swears that he will force the matter and outbid any competitor, as he has the means at his command. He says that he offers me in return all the money and interest I have paid to him in consideration of my quietly surrendering possession, and I suppose I must. There's no other way."

"And I have been a charge on you in such dire extremity," said the sick man, feebly; "it would have been better for you to have left me to die by the roadside, broken down and fever parched, where you found me. Many a precious dollar you must have parted with in my long illness for physicians and their nostrums. I am too weak to even thank you properly."

"Say not so. The little you have had in money or attendance will never help to impoverish us. It was bread cast upon the water and it will return." The good farmer said this almost cheerfully, for he reflected how much better off at worst he and his dame and daughter Marian were, than the homeless, friendless old man who lay in his care.

"After many days; after many days," continued the sick man, finishing the promise. "But I am afraid, farmer, that neither you nor I will live till it comes back."

"Why, don't talk so, sir," broke in Dame Linmar, "it's been a real comfort for us to do the little we could for you. We are only paying a debt we owe. Our boy died away from home among strangers, and they were good and kind to him when things were so bad that he would not let us know, fearing our great distress; the kindness he got from strangers we are glad to pay back in instalments."

"Would that I could aid you, as I have read of men apparently poor and helpless doing for those who have succored or shown kindness to them, but my poverty is no disguise. I am poor indeed; absolutely without a dollar or friend in the world. Coming this way I was only wandering in search of death to avoid the almshouse, and it grieves me that I should have fallen where I am so heavy and unfortunate a charge."

"Say no more, sir, or you will take from our performance all the merit which attaches to it," said the farmer; "we would be in worse need than you if we would afford so little relief gratuitously or withhold it."

"You speak like one who knows man's constant dependence, even in his highest fortune. But you have not yet told me who is this inexorable creditor. Tell me, that I may correct good report, if such a lie comes to my ears."

"He is rich, respected and of excellent repute. His name is Asahel Pencost."

No stimulant could have so strengthened the weak muscles of the invalid as the simple pronouncing of that name did. He rose to his elbow, his deep set eyes glowing with the fire of excitement.

"Asahel Pencost," he repeated; "do you know where he came from?"

"Yes. He settled in these parts nearly forty years ago, coming from near old Gloucester in Massachusetts. I've heard say, though information on that point is not very definite."

"How old a man is he? Was he married when he came here?"

"He is about seventy years of age; he brought a wife and one son with him, but his wife died and he married again."

It was the dame, true to her womanly instincts, who was readiest when neighborly news were asked or asking.

"Yes! yes!" eagerly continued the sick man, "and the son—what became of him?"

"He quarreled with his stern father, Asahel Pencost, some say, and went away over twenty years ago, and has not been heard from since;" replied Mrs. Linmar. "He was too gentle and true a lad, though, to have been born of such a father."

"Triumph and defeat in a single breath," murmured the invalid, sinking back.

Presently he revived and said to the farmer, slowly, yet with firm accent:

"You need not concern yourself further. What county is this?"

"Wayne."

"Then you have the ablest man in Wayne county to help you for your debtor. I said just now I was the poorest; I was mistaken. When Asahel Pencost comes on Monday to seize your farm, tell him that Marcus Whitney is your security for further discharge of the mortgage and warn him to accept whatever terms are proposed."

Monday morning came, and with it Asahel Pencost, a deputy sheriff and a serving man. Farmer Linmar and his wife had spent an uneasy interval, notwithstanding the assurance of their involuntary guest; and every attempt they had made in their quiet unobtrusive way to gain insight into the reason of the stranger's confidence had been met with evasion too patent to be further questioned. The first they knew of the old man's name was when he called himself Whitney; of his career, connection with the rich, arrogant neighbor Pencost, or his intentions, they were as profoundly ignorant as before they took him into their troubled confidence. He had been removed from the bed in the little chamber to the old haircloth sofa, which stood between the two windows that lighted the best room, and sat, propped up with pillows, his eyes closed and head thrown forward, while the preliminary demands were made by the creditor previous to turning the business over to the sheriff's officer.

"You can't pay, and won't accede to my most liberal proposition?" exclaimed the great man, with an unctuous and sonorous voice, "then you'll have to take the consequences." Turning to the officer, and waving his hand in a circle that seemed to sweep already with a creditor's grasp the goods and lands of the unfortunate debtor, he said: "Mr. Bimble, you will please to—"

"Wait a minute," said the invalid, sharply, giving

a termination not intended for Pencost's invocation. "Please to wait a little, Mr. Bimble, till there is need of your interference."

"And pray, sir, who are you?" demanded Mr. Pencost.

"Security for these good people's debts, and their protection against the avarice, greed, and persecution of Asahel Pencost Whitney, formerly of Little Salem, Massachusetts, who is—"

"Your only brother," interrupted the pale and terror-stricken man; "for Heaven's sake, forbear."

"You don't lose your memory with your name," sneered the invalid, "though your presence of mind forsakes you. You never expected to see me again?"

"I knew you would come some time, sure as death, but not so very soon."

"Soon! Call you eight-and-thirty years soon? You have enjoyed the fruits of wrong doing, fraud—aye, theft—longer than Heaven permits most men to do. I thought I was under its ban not to rise again, when I sunk fainting into the ditch a mile or so from here, six weeks ago; but now I see I was simply subject to its wise, just and fortunate decrees. See! Asahel Whitney—calling yourself Pencost—here is a paper bearing your debt in money to me. You took everything I had in the world, and if I can strip you I'll do it. Here is the amount compounded annually at six per cent.; it amounts to two hundred and eighty-six thousand and forty dollars. Can you pay it?"

"Have you no mercy? Will you not hear me?" begged the now humbled man, in tears. "Farmer Linmar, plead you to him to listen to me; he will grant you so much."

"I'll say this much," returned Mr. Linmar, "he hath no mercy on his fellows will hardly get it in his direst need."

"You almost steal my purpose, while you do dissuade me," said Marcus Whitney. "I need mercy, and I'll show it, though I am afraid it is misplaced. Thirty-eight years ago, my brother standing there, was trustee for my portion of my father's estate. I was married and away at sea, my wife and child in his care, as well as the money that had been left to me. I had been gone for five years, during all of which time my letters to my wife were suppressed, and those to me were falsified. When I came back to little Salem it was to find my family all gone. My wife had been persuaded to my death and married my brother, who had sold out and gone no one knew where. From that day I have wandered up and down in the land seeking my own, till my footsteps were led hither. Another time will do then, to talk of money reparation. Tell me, now, where is my son?" This demand was made in so earnest a tone that it told of no compromise; that debt, at least, was to be atoned in full.

"I don't know," replied the shrinking man. He recognized that he might be forgiven many of the paltry dollars claimed, but this claim for flesh and blood would not be forgone a jot nor tittle."

"You are telling me true?"

"It is no time to do otherwise now. When we quarreled I told him he was no son of mine, and he swore he would not bear my name; he left, and left no trace to track him by, though I tried hard at the time. Some ten years ago I heard he had taken his mother's name and was calling himself Lambert Morrison; whether the information was true or not I cannot say; but, true or false, that is the last I have ever heard."

"Go you out into the world and seek my boy till you find him; seek him as I sought you, in poverty, hunger, dirt, sorrow and madness, for weary, weary years. Bring him to me only and I'll forgive you every penny that you wronged me of." The father spoke, and, speaking, told the sole object of his life's secret. Money is nothing to a man going down to the grave, but love and kin all.

"Already the bread has returned," said the farmer, detaining Asahel Pencost, who was turning to leave the house. "Your son," he continued, addressing the invalid on the sofa, "is in New York, if Lambert Morrison and the handsome, bright boy Morris Pencost, I remember, be one and the same. Wife get those letters. It was he who nursed our boy in his last illness and closed his eyes, I might have known it. They were playfellows, and he would not see his friend suffer uncared for, and he had too sorrowful remembrances to allow him to disclose his identity to us in Wayne."

"The farmer was right, and within ten days the missing son was clasped in his father's arms and bore the third name of his life, the right one, at last—Lambert Morrison Whitney."

The fall of the proud squire was generally hailed in Wayne, for he was one of those men whose tempera-

ment won few friends, and whose station repelled them. He received at his brother's hands enough to yield him a modest income, and busied himself in the indistinguishable throng of the great city. Marcus Whitney lived on in Wayne, and gladly bestowed his benediction on the marriage of his son and Farmer Linmar's only remaining child Marian; that is, she was "child" to the farmer and dame, though turned of twenty-six—and peace and happiness have crowned the succeeding days of the warm hearted people so strangely thrown together.

"COME HOME, WILLIE!"

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

The night was bitterly cold. I was glad to turn up the collar of my top coat to shield myself somewhat from the wind, which seemed as if it would pierce through the warmest covering, as I took my way home from the house of a friend. Passing along by one of the private gardens which adorn our beautiful city, I heard a noise as of some one crying bitterly, and soon reached the place whence the sounds proceeded. Seated on the parapet-wall of the railings was a young working man in his garb of toil, with an infant on his knee, and by his side sat a fair young creature, evidently his wife and the mother of the babe which lay in his father's arms. Alas! that those arms should be so unworthy of the precious burden.

"Come home, Willie!" she sobbed out as I passed, and in the moonlight I could see her sweet young face dimmed with tears as she pleaded with her husband.

"No, I won't come home! I'll sit here as long as I like; just you hold your tongue!" he replied angrily, caring nothing for the entreaties of his young wife.

"Give me the baby, Willie; oh! do give me the baby! she'll catch cold, Willie!" and the mother tried to take the babe from his father's arms.

"No you won't have the child! Its comfortable enough where it is. Don't think, Jessie, that I care for your crying. You can cry your eyes out for all I care; so you may just as well stop it. Hold off! I tell you, or I'll dash—"

A scream from the mother interrupted his brutal words, and, unable to restrain myself, I was about to step forward to the young mother's assistance, when a "bull's eye" flashed along the street. I had stopped a short distance from the group, uncertain at first whether I should interfere, as I was afraid that it might be productive of harm instead of good, until my anger at the young man's unfeeling conduct impelled me to interpose. The watchman, however, had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene and as he heard the sound of weeping, quickened his steps.

"Come, now, don't make any noise here, but be off home!" he exclaimed in the rather gruff tone of his calling, and wife and husband rose, the babe still in it's father's arms.

"Oh, sir, don't do anything to him! It wasn't him; it wasn't him; it was only me crying. Don't do anything to him, sir!" pleaded the young wife with tears in her eyes.

He would have had a hard heart, indeed, who could have been insensible to her supplication. I could see the watchman's eye glisten as she placed her hand on his arm and looked fearfully up into his face. Ah! yes! under his official sternness he had a soft heart, that guardian of the night. Very likely he had a fond wife at home, and perhaps beloved children, for whom he would have given his own life. No wonder then that the tears glistened in his eye and that when he next spoke, it was in a softer tone, in which pity for the poor wife overcame his anger at the drunken husband. Yes, there lay the secret of the whole scene. Yet the young workman—a decent, comely looking young man, was not so much under the influence of the horrid curse but that he could walk steadily along, his gentle wife walking beside him, and pleading with him to give her the "baby;" but when they turned the corner of the silent street and were hid from my view, the child was still in the arms of its father.

They reached their home, a humble one in a lowly quarter of the town, but the neatness which reigned around betokened the presence of woman's gentle hand. He lay down to sleep off the effect of the drink which he had taken, while his loving wife, after seeing him comfortably reposing, with a sad and sorrowful heart attended to her child.

One would have thought who had heard the storm of abuse which William Malcolm showered upon his wife, in language which at times was horrible to hear, that

that he was a brutal wretch, devoid of feeling; but he would have been mistaken. When sober, he was one of the kindest of husbands, and loved his babe with an almost womanly love. But when the demon DRINK had taken possession of his soul, ah! then—alas! that so many should know the horrid brutality which the poison instils into the heart of its victims.

The hours sped slowly on. In the middle of the night the anxious mother was awakened by a strange noise, which she had never before noticed in her child's breathing. The mother's heart was alarmed, and in her anxiety she awakened her husband.

"Willie, Willie dear, there's something the matter with baby!"

"Oh, its only a slight cold she's got. She'll be better in the mornin'," he muttered, half awake and rather angry at being disturbed, and then turned to sleep. Sleep visited not the mother's eyes; anxiety for the child was above all other thoughts. She lay awake listening to the hoarse noise, and half afraid again to disturb her husband. Even she thought it was only a cold which the child had got, an ailment to which it was rather prone. In the stillness of the night, and with all her feelings strung to hear the slightest note of alarm, she fancied the child's breathing was getting hoarser. Yes, there was no doubt of it; her babe was getting worse.

"Willie, dear Willie, do waken, dear! Baby's very ill!"

"What? Who says baby's ill?" he exclaimed, starting up.

"Hush, Willie, do you hear that strange noise?"

The father was now thoroughly awake and in his right mind. Yes, he heard the noise—a hoarse, croaking noise which accompanied the child's every breath. He was alarmed now, and love for his babe was the uppermost feeling in his heart.

"Hadn't you better go for the doctor, Willie?" asked his wife gently.

"Oh, yes, Jessie! I'll go at once," and the father hurriedly prepared to depart.

"Don't be long, Willie dear."

"Never fear, Jessie! I'll be as fast as I can."

Out into the night; the wind blew right in his teeth, as if it would shiver his very frame. But what cared he for the wind? Was not his child ill—perhaps dangerously ill? The thought sent a thrill of agony through his heart, and he rushed on faster than before. The nearest doctor must be sought. He reached the house and rang the bell.

"Is the doctor in?" he asked with quivering lip.

"No, sir, he was called out some time ago;" and the servant maid, none the more civil because she had been awakened from her sleep, closed the door.

He must go for his own doctor then. Oh that he would be in! He rushed through the streets, the watchman, as he walked his weary round looking suspiciously at him as he passed. He rang the bell. Minutes seemed to pass, and still no one answered. At last the door was opened.

"Is Dr. Smith in?" He was almost afraid to look the servant in the face, lest he might read the dreaded answer in her eyes.

"Yes."

Strange that that simple word should have such power to lift such a load of anxiety from his mind.

William Malcolm was ushered into a room and the doctor presently came in. The father hurriedly described the symptoms of his child's illness—the croaking noise which accompanied its breathing. That was enough. *Croup*. The doctor knew the symptoms too well.

"I shall be along immediately. Put the feet in warm water as soon as you get home."

With a lighter heart then he had left it the father returned to his home. Alas! that he should be fated to have his heart weighed down by a still heavier load of agony. His babe was worse; unwilling as he was to believe it, there was no getting away from the dreadful thought.

The child lay in its cot, its face livid, breathing with so much difficulty that sometimes the poor mother thought it would be suffocated. The father told her what the doctor had advised, and she immediately proceeded to do what she could. But the fire was out, and it was some time before she could get it lighted, and longer still before she could have warm water. While she was thus engaged a rap came to the door; it was opened, and the doctor entered. He went at once to where the babe lay with closed eyes, unconscious of the sad hearts that stood around.

"Poor thing!" the doctor muttered, in too low a tone, however, for the parents to hear him. Various remedies were tried; all that a skillful physician could do was done, but of no avail. The child was past all

human help, and reluctantly and soothingly the kind doctor told the agonised parents. The mother sat tearfully down to watch her dying babe; the father stood as if stunned—he could not at first take in the full extent of his sorrow. As the bitter thought became fully realized in his mind he caught the doctor by the arm, and with wildness in his tone cried out—

"Oh! doctor! save baby; save her—save her! She must not die, doctor! If she cries doctor, I've killed her. Oh, save her! save baby! Oh, doctor can't you save baby?"

The doctor quietly placed him on a chair. "William, your child is past all human aid—no power on earth can save her. Do you forget this? 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?' Be a man, William, and don't give way thus."

"Oh! it is difficult to comfort the heart when the object of its dearest affection is convulsively breathing the last breath, and nothing can save—not all the gold on earth, not all the love in the most loving of human hearts."

The doctor spoke comfortingly to the sorrowing father, who hung over his dying child, watching every motion of his little frame with intense earnestness. A sudden paroxysm, a short struggle, and the first-born lay asleep in his mother's arms. Asleep in Jesus, at last! No more should the feeble breath be painfully drawn, nor the little limbs racked with convulsive pain; no more should the bright blue eyes look lovingly into the mother's face nor the sweet voice lisp a childish welcome to the welcomed father.

The kind doctor had departed, his last words directing the sorrowful heart, to that future where they might meet their beloved one, and the parents were left alone in the presence of the dead. The poor mother looked a last fond look on her dead babe; the father buried his head in his hands and wept—strong tears such as only a man can weep.

The sun rose in all the sparkling brilliancy of a winter morning, and the warm sunlight streamed into the desolate dwelling, making it still more desolate. Why did the sun shine on sorrow like theirs? Ah mourner! does it not lead the weary soul from this sin-clouded world, to where thy babe rests lovingly, in the sunlight of its Father's smiles.

And still the sorrow-stricken father sat there, his head buried in his hands—as if to shut out all recollection of his loss. The tears were bitter tears that trickled through the clasped hands, but they were sweet in the relief they brought to a repitnant heart. And when his wife went and knelt beside him and gently whispered, "Willie," the husband raised his head, and saw the sweet face looking lovingly through its tears into his.

"Oh, Jessie!"

The strong arms were thrown round her neck, and the bereaved ones in their deep sorrow clung to each other with a stronger love—a love knit by the bonds of death.

By the side of their dead babe, in the presence of Him who can heal all sorrows, the husband and wife knelt lovingly together and prayed—a deep and earnest prayer, that, God helping them, another drop of the accursed drink should NEVER AGAIN TOUCH THEIR LIPS. And although the bright blue eyes were closed, a sweet smile hovered over the dead child's face, an angel's testimony that the prayer had been heard in its Father's home.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

This girl was half reclining in a rustic seat behind the arbor. She was in a half dreamy state. The bees buzzed in and out among the flowers near by, but she did not hear them. A mockingbird alighted on a bush and poured forth his loveliest strain, but she did not note the sound. The song of the laborer and lowing of cattle that echoed from the fields did not reach her senses. At that moment she was unconscious of all the beauties of nature, of all harmonies or pleasant sounds, of all the fragrance of the country.

But she was not unconscious of a pain that was knitting at her heart. Lately the deepest sleep that she could get could not cause her to lose the realization of that. It was ever present with her.

And why was this?

The girl's name was Ellice Burke.

She had a lover whose name was Charles Vane. They had been engaged for six months. Two weeks before this morning she had come down to this pleasant

place, Heathcote Farm, as a guest of her friend, Virginia Heathcote, and had found Charles Vane already here. And almost immediately she became aware of that which caused her pain. Charles Vane, *her* lover, was hovering about another woman; evidently deeply fascinated by that other.

Her name was Maud Danforth. She was a very beautiful woman, and beyond all doubt, had been a very decided flirt. Ellice had heard of her frequently, and had met her occasionally before she had found her here, like herself, a guest of the Heathcotes.

The last two weeks had been miserable ones to Ellice. She understood fully how matters were, but she had been compelled to hide her pain under a calm and even gay exterior. What a bitter fact stared her in the face!

The man she loved no longer loved her, as it seemed. Charles Vane had been trying all these days to keep up the semblance of his regard for her, and had asked for no release from his engagement. The e were several other guests with the Heathcotes, but none of them knew of the bond between her and Charles. They knew, however, of his affair with Maud Danforth, but what else could they call it but a flirtation? Nothing, truly, in view of her reputation!

And the realization of all this was what was present with Ellice as she sat behind the arbor, causing the pain at her heart.

Presently two people came down the garden walk together and entered the arbor; Ellice did not hear their steps. But when a man spoke she heard that. It was Charles Vane's voice that was sounding in her ears, and he had called the name of Maud Danforth. These two were conversing about no commonplace subject. No! and if Miss Danforth was only flirting with Vane, she had secured her victim finally; and if it was more than a flirtation on her part, she had achieved a victory, for he was pouring forth passionate words.

"Oh! Maud," he was saying, "I love you with all my heart, madly, better than my life!"

"Ah! if he could have beheld the deathly white face of the girl outside, a pang of remorse as keen as new thought his love for Maud Danforth strong must have touched his heart. Ellice Burke was hearing those words, words that aroused her fully from all dreams, yet at the same time took away her powers of volition, that numbed her heart, that bound her in the chains of despair.

"Maud, Maud, my darling," Vane continued, "is there any hope for me? Do you love me?"

There was a moment's silence. Then the answer came—an answer that showed that Maud Danforth was not flirting this time, that showed that however much she may have trifled in the past, she was not trifling now. Her very voice was full of triumphant happiness.

"Oh, Charley, I do love you."

Then bush and sky and flower faded from the sight of Ellice Burke, and all became dark to her. She heard no more, and in unconsciousness she found a temporary relief. She never knew how long or short the time was in which she lay in that condition. When she came to herself and rose, mechanically listened for the voices in the arbor. When several moments had passed and she heard no sound, she knew that they had left it. Then with a sigh her head fell back upon her arm again.

Oh! the bitter pain at her heart. She knew now that heretofore hope had not quite fled, that she had still cherished the thought that perhaps Charles Vane might love her best, that only a temporary fascination might be drawing him to Maud Danforth. But now the whole miserable truth that she was nothing to him was apparent.

At last she was able to rise to her feet. She managed to reach her room unobserved by any one. She locked the door and sank down upon a sofa. It seemed as if despair was consuming her heart. Would this blow kill her?

"Am I dying? Am I dying?" she asked herself.

Then a long dry sob shook her; then another, and another; then came a burst of tears, the first that all this agony had caused her to shed.

Blessed tears! they soothed and calmed her. They quieted to an extent the keen agony that had been knitting at her heart.

When the bell rang for dinner she bathed her face. Looking in the glass she saw no especial change in herself. She had suffered, but her countenance did not show it particularly. She was glad of this.

"Of course I shall have to wear a mask," she murmured to herself.

A sad smile touched her lips. "I suppose I will have to be gay," was her thought. "I will bear it here for a day or two, and then I will go away."

And at dinner no one could have guessed how she had been and was suffering.

A day passed. To the sensitive girl there came no thought of any but one course she should pursue. She could never, never again think of Charles Vanec as her lover. She would release him.

But this was what she shrank from. She dreaded to approach him on the subject. She was bearing it all bravely but *that* seemed too much.

Circumstances assisted her, however. She was sitting behind the arbor again, not dreaming this time, but wide awake to the bitter reality, when she heard the voices of some persons coming down the path to the arbor. Very soon she knew that the persons were Charles Vane and Maud Danforth. They entered the arbor, Charles making a commonplace remark as they did so. Then there seemed to be a pause in their conversation.

Ellice rose to go. She did not wish to hear any of their love-making. No! She could not bear that now. Then she heard words that caused her to stay.

"Does Ellice know yet?" asked Maud.

"No," replied Vane; "I dread to tell her."

Ellice's hands clasped tightly together. So Maud knew *all* then.

"Poor Ellice!" Maud continued, "I pity her. But oh, Charlie, I love you!"

Ellice knew that there was a great quiver of pain in Maud's voice. She knew that these two were suffering for the wrong that they were doing her. Should she hide her pain and help them? She took counsel with her heart and decided that she would. A second later she stood in the arbor with them.

"I know that you love each other," she said quietly, feeling that they would understand her. "I have known it for some time."

Probably Maud and Vane expected a burst of wrath to fall on their heads the next moment. But it was not so. It was a noble heart that they had wronged. Ellice reached out her hand to Maud.

"I am sure I wish you very much happiness," she said, gaily.

Then she turned to Charles Vane. "Please to forget all that has ever been between us," she said gently.

"Forgive me, Ellice!" he stammered.

"I forgive you freely," she uttered.

That was all she said. She left the arbor and went up to the house.

"I do not think she cares much," Vane said to Maud.

So little did he understand the woman he had once professed to love passionately!

Maud Danforth shook her head. "She is a woman," she said simply. She masks her pain behind a smile. I know not how much agony may have been at her heart when she said these words so lightly. She is very noble and generous—more so than I could be under like circumstances. Heaven bless her!"

A day more passed away. Ellice announced to her hosts that she was going away.

"You are very sudden," Ellice, Virginia Heathcote cried. "At any rate you will not go till after the excursion down the river to the Glen. We are all going."

"When is it?" Ellice asked.

"Day after to-morrow."

And as Ellice had no reasonable excuse for hastening off sooner than that, she had to remain.

The afternoon of the excursion came, and a gay party of young people left Heathcote Farm. The Glen was four miles distant.

They reached their destination. It was a picturesque place. Shaded and cool. The time sped merrily away to a portion of the party. At length some one proposed that they should search along the river bank for a boat with which to amuse themselves. The proposition was hailed with delight, and soon some eight or ten of them found themselves at the river shore. Among them, it chanced, were Ellice Burke, Maud Danforth and Charles Vane.

Two boats were found tied to the shore. One was large enough to hold several persons; the other was a mere shell that could only accommodate two. It was light and dry, however. Nearly all clambered into the large boat.

"Ellice and I will go into the small boat," said Maud Danforth to Charles Vane, the three being yet upon the shore. "I can scull splendidly, and we will get along first rate."

Maud felt that she should like this girl. She cherished nothing but gratitude and friendship toward her, and wanted a chance to express something of her feelings. Of course Vane consented to the arrangement.

"You must be careful," he said.

"Oh, there is no danger," cried Maud.

"A place was given Charles in the larger boat, and with merry shouts they flashed away from shore.

For some time they kept together. Then Maud and Ellice drifted behind.

A silence fell between them. Maud glanced at Ellice with wistful eyes.

"Ellice," she commenced.

But that sentence was never completed for.

"Halloo!" came sounding merrily across the water.

"Hurry, Maud!" cried some one from the other boat. Maud rose to her feet and waved her handkerchief. Her signal was returned with shouts and laughter.

Then, some way or other, how, she could never tell, she lost her balance and fell over the side of the boat. She had only time to scream, and then there was a rush of water about her ears. Ellice Burke rushed toward her and managed to seize her as she rose to the surface.

But alas! the weight of the two upon the side of the shell was too much. In a moment it overturned, and Ellice was struggling in the water too. She kept her presence of mind and managed to grasp the boat.

"Maud, Maud," she cried, "seize the boat and you are safe!"

And with her assistance, Maud, half drowned as she was succeeded in getting a hold beside her.

But a fearful fact became apparent. The overturned shell would not sustain the weight of both of them. It was slowly, slowly sinking.

"Oh Heaven!" gasped Maud. "Must we die?"

Ellice Burke glanced over the water.

The other boat was coming swiftly toward them, but could never reach them in time. In an instant her resolution was formed.

"Maud," she said, "cling fast to the boat and you shall be saved. He loves you, and for his sake you shall live."

Then, before Maud understood her intention, she released her hold of the boat. Maud had one glance at her face before she disappeared. Then, with a great light shining out of her eyes, the noble woman went down to her death.

Maud Danforth was saved. She became the wife of Charles Vane!

And very often the face of Ellice Burke, as it looked on that never-to-be-forgotten day, comes before her vision and she realizes fully what a generous heart was broken for her, what a noble existence was sacrificed for her that she might have life and love!

Miscellaneous.

A WOMAN'S WIT.—A gentleman not long ago confided to a friend the details of an adventure in a city hotel, so remarkable as to deserve a life in print. The story is brief, but with an immense moral, as showing how in some things lovely woman will always come to the relief of a sister in distress to outwit the tyrant man. The gentleman above referred to, stopping at a hotel, a private one, where the guests were accustomed to the entire freedom of the house, felt late one night the imperative necessity of eating some fruit before retiring. It was too late to send out to buy; he did not want to arouse the servants of the house at so late an hour, and yet fruit or preserves or something toothsome of the kind seemed to him a personal necessity. He knew where the store-room was, knew that the door was left open, and finally resolved to go down quietly and bring enough sweetmeat to satisfy his need. No sooner was the thought conceived than acted upon, and within five minutes he was in the store-room hooking preserves out of a jar and enjoying himself immensely in satisfying the craving which had come upon him.

For a few minutes the enjoyment of the man at the preserves was complete. Then he was startled by a light, swift step in the hall, there was a whistle and a rustle of garments, the door opened suddenly and someone bounded in with such suddenness as, coming squarely against the form of the midnight raider, to knock him half way across the room, and fairly off his feet. Leaping up at once, he closed with his unconscious assailant to be startled by a subdued shriek and to find that he had captured a woman! Further, and more terrible still, he discovered that the plump form of the lady who had wanted something to eat as well as he, was only clad in a night-dress. Still, though trying, the occasion was one not of unmixed horror by any means, and in a moment the gentleman's nerve returned and his curiosity rose to fever heat.

"Who is this?" he demanded of the plump figure in his arms. No answer.

"Who is it?" he repeated. "You'll not get out of this until you tell." Still no answer but a struggle in the darkness, the plump figure trying hard to get away.

Again the query was repeated, with equal lack of response, but this time a resounding slap in the face from a hand that was doubtless pretty, but which hit with decided force, was the reward of the questioner.

He was put on his mettle at once. "You think you'll get off unknown! We'll see about that!" he exclaimed. "I've a device that'll work, I think." And then, after a silent and determined struggle, he caught a little bit of the lady's right cheek between his teeth and bit it—not badly so as to break the velvety skin, but sufficiently hard to leave a mark which could not disappear for a day or two. Then he released his unknown prisoner, and she fled like the wind along the passage, disappearing in some room impossible to locate in the darkness.

The next morning the gentleman with a mystery to solve came down to breakfast early. No ladies had yet appeared, but at his table were one or two intimate male friends and to them he confided the story of his adventure in the night, relating also the means he had taken to secure the identification of the unknown lady. The most intense curiosity at once prevailed at the table, and the advent of the ladies was awaited with an impatience scarcely to be controlled. Five minutes later the door opened and the belle of the hotel entered demurely, glided across the room and seated herself for breakfast. Eager eyes followed her, and, as her face was fairly exposed, there was a sensation among the gentlemen. Upon her right cheek was a strip of court-plaster an inch long; they exchanged glances and whispers and smiles. The mystery was solved early. But just then another lady entered, this time a dignified matron. As she seated herself there was disclosed upon her right cheek a piece of court-plaster, identical in appearance with that upon the face of the belle! Another and another lady entered. Upon the right cheek of every one of them appeared a piece of court-plaster. The tables filled up and not a lady at one of them but wore court-plaster on the right cheek! And then the gentlemen looking confidently for a revelation waited. They comprehended the situation. The lady who had been captured in the night had cofided her extremity to her friends and they had come to the rescue to outwit male humanity. They had succeeded, too. The discomfited men at the table knew that beneath one of the many pieces of court-plaster in the room were hidden the marks of teeth, but which was the identical bit of court-plaster they could not tell. And they never learned.

YOUNG AMERICA.—The central figure was a bare-headed woman with a broom in her hand. She stood on the back step, and was crying:

"Georgie!"

There was no response, but anybody who had been on the other side of a close board fence at the foot of the garden might have observed two boys intently engaged in building a mud pie.

"That's your mother hollering, Georgie," said one of the two, placing his eye to a knothole and glancing through to the stoop.

"I don't care," said the other.

"Ain't you going in?"

"No!"

"Georgie!" came another call, short and sharp, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Where is she now?" inquired Georgie, putting in the filling of the pie.

"On the stoop," replied the young man at the knothole.

"What's she doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'."

"George Augustus!"

Still no answer.

"You needn't think you can hide from me, young man, for I can see you, and if you don't come in here at once, I'll come out there in a way that you will know it."

Now this was an eminently natural statement, but hardly plausible, as her eyes would have had to pierce an inch board fence to see Georgie; and even were this possible, it would have required a glare in that special direction, and not over the top of a pear tree in an almost opposite way. Even the boy at the knothole could hardly repress a smile.

"What's she doin' now?" inquired Georgie.

"She stands there yet."

"I won't speak to you again, George Augustus," came the voice. "Your father will be home in a few minutes, and I shall tell him all about what you have done."

Still no answer.

"Ain't you afraid?" asked the conscientious young man, drawing his eye from the knothole to rest it.

"No! she won't tell pa; she never does; she only sez it to scare me."

Thus enlightened and reassured, the guard covered the knothole again.

"Ain't you coming in here, young man?" again demanded the woman, "or do you want me to come out there to you with a stick? I won't speak to you again, sir!"

"Is she comin'?" asked the baker.

"No!"

"Which way is she lookin'?"

"She's lookin' over in the other yard."

"Do you hear me, I say?" came the call again.

No answer.

"George Augustus! do you hear your mother talking to you?"

Still no answer.

"Oh, you just wait, young man, till your father comes home, and he'll make you hear, I'll warrant ye."

"She is gone in now," announced the faithful sentinel, withdrawing from his post.

"All right! take hold of this crust and pull it down on that side, and that'll be another pie done," said the remorse-stricken George Augustus.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.—Flowers are the delight of all—and what can be said of few things—a benefit to all who possess them; and it is intended, by their profuseness, that none shall be without them. Where do we find a more beautiful ordering of nature? Here is a direct address to the senses to please them, and through pleasure to benefit—a sure way to succeed. It shows a universal benevolence.

We find flowers almost everywhere, and at all times, affording an ever-varying delight—beginning with the simplest spring blooms, advancing through the gorgeous summer, and ending with the sweet star-flowers of autumn. Even in winter we must have them, not only to beautify our rooms, but for companionship; for, like us, they are organized, breathe and grow, and are really things of life, with only sense wanting, and that we imagine for them.

How we gather them in gardens, and surround ourselves with them, where they grow for us! Here is sympathy. A true love of flowers has a saving influence.

Their silent language is ever speaking of virtue and innocence, and they teach us how beauty may exist without affectation. No pride, no danger here. The little beauty will lean its head lovingly against the rough tree or rock, or give sweetness and light to the marsh; no place is too poor for it—none too good.

And there are so many kinds! You are at a loss how to choose.

Nature has wisely and munificently provided for all cases, so that no one shall be overlooked or shunned. She meant that flowers at least should be plentiful, perhaps as a compensation for a lack of other things. It was not enough to sprinkle the earth with them; she must set them in the trees. Even the dignified forest veterans have them, lighting up their grim branches. And what a sight is an apple orchard in blossom, and the early plumb, so early it seems to have forgotten to bring its leaves, and so are all flowers. And what life and music it gathers about it in the busy bees, making summer here on the very borders of winter.

There is no truer reminder of Eden, the true Eden of old, and the truer, nearer Paradise of childhood. But the grain has them as well, and the humble grass, and even the weeds. "Not a weed, however, shunned, but has its flower to crown it, showing what worth lay hidden beneath the rough exterior, and that the ordering was better than we knew of."

Flowers are deemed merely ornamental, useless; though we acknowledge, irresistibly, secretly, their charm. Yet do we ever think, we utilitarians, that without flowers there would be no fruit, and no perpetuation of the plant—that without them, men and animals and vegetation would cease, the world come to an end?

It is this simple thing of beauty, so frail, so evanescent that is yet so important.

Let us then do justice to the flowers, and view them in their true light when we meet them in the fields and along the roadside, and those wild, tender beauties of the wood, not forgetting those more companionable ones, the inmates of our rooms—making summer in winter, purifying the air for us while we sit beside them.

BEN. FRANKLIN'S TESTIMONY AGAINST BEER.—

Franklin was at one time employed in a printing office in London. The following statement appears in his autobiography:

"On my entrance, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one.

They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the "American Aquatic," as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment the whole day in serving that house alone.

My fellow-pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. The custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer in order to acquire strength to work.

I endeavored to convince him that bodily strength furnished by beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf; and that consequently if he ate his loaf and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage, an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus do these poor beer drinkers continue all their lives, in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty."

SAMATHY'S ELOPEMENT.—"Yes," said the old lady, as she wiped her eyes and proceeded to tell sympathizing neighbours about the elopement of her daughter. "Yes, Mrs. Blobs, you may well say it ar' a dreadful stroke. I ain't had such another shock since that last spell o' rheumatiz. To think that darter of mine would do such a disgraceful thing after all the care an' affection me an' her father lavished on her from her infancy up. I couldn't bear up under the affliction nohow."

"Did you not suspicion that they were contemplating such a move?" asked the neighbor.

"No, we never suspicioned nary contemplation. After I'd run the conceited upstart off the premises with the mop, I didn't think he'd have insurance to speak to Samathy agin. An' she appeared so consigned that I never respected her of having any underhand contentions. But all the time—so I've heard sence—they used to meet clandestinely, when I thought Samathy was at meetin', an' decoct their plan to run off an'lope. Well, Samathy has made her bed an' she'll have to lie on it. I wash my hands of the ongrateful girl from this time forthwith.

"Did you make any effort to intercept them?"

"No; you see, we didn't know it, or else we'd a intercepted 'em within an inch of their lives."

"I mean did you try to have them stopped when you found they was gone?"

"Yes, indeed. Father telescoped to five or six towns, an' gave their prescrip tion—cost him a lot o' money too; but he said he would n't mind spendin' the price of a cow to get Samathy back; but we never heard nothin' from them, an' I told father to let 'em alone, and they'd come home after a while with five or six childred behind 'em. But I tell you, Mrs. Blobs, they shan't set a foot in this house except over the dead body of my defunct corpse. You just remember that."

SCARING AWAY HIS SISTER'S YOUNG MAN.—A young man, born of poor but honest parents, went to see his sweetheart on Thursday night. Her youngest brother, during the "primping interval," entertained the beau as follows:

"Sis says she's goin' ter shake you, so she is!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the astonished young man.

"Yes she is; she's got you down on the slate for a gran' bounce, she hes!"

"Why, how?"

"Well, now, there ain't no use for you to chaw dictionary 'bout it neether, cause ther ain't no discount on Sis—she's a he old gal when she staris!"

"My goodness grac—!"

"She sez she goes out with you an' tramps 'round jess lonesome as some old married cow, an when yer treats it ain't to nuthin' but cheap ole sody water at er nickle a quart?"

The young man sighed and reached for a fan.

"She sez she wants a feller thet's got some style about him an' kin set up a square meal ter his gal when he takes her a gallivantin', she does!"

The Young man rummaged for his handkerchief.

"I tell yer wot it is, boss, my sis ain't no slouch, an' when she gets a crank in her hed dad sez she grinds it wuss nor our ole rickety coffee mill. She's goin' fer yer, an' she'll tell all the other gals ter shoot the miser, an' yer jess bet they'll do it, 'cause they can't go back on is—not much!"

The young man was climbing down the front steps. Just then Sis entered, and Johnny explained how he had "giv' the ole dug-out a big wabble."

But Johnnie's opinion, since his "daddy" let go of him, is that, if he had been Sitting Bull during the performance, he would soon be sore in a different locality.

TALKED IN HER SLEEP.—We have another instance of woman's subtlety and remarkable ingenuity. She is a South Easton woman, and she wanted to go to the Opera House the other night to such a degree that it became the chief yearning of her soul, and her beau was so everlasting obtuse of brain that he couldn't take a hint unless it was the size of a hay stack. When he came around to see her on Saturday night she was tired, and told him so, soon further convincing him of the fact by going to sleep on his shoulder. She didn't snore, but pretty soon she began to murmur softly in her slumbers.

"Opera House," she faintly sighed.

"Umph," quoth Joe.

"Want-to-go-opera-house," came in a dulcet whisper.

"Eh! what's that?" demanded Joe, raising her head up very gently by the back hair.

"What's the matter, Joe!" and the guileless darling rubbed her eyes wearily. "Why, I was asleep wasn't I?"

"Yes, I guess you was. Do you talk in your sleep as a general thing?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes, when I am worried about anything."

"Well, you shan't be worried about anything if I can help it. Let's go to the Opera House to the first thing that comes along."

"Thank you, Joe; I don't care if I do. You are a dear old darling." And then the little fraud paid him for his thoughtfulness in a legal tender that sounded like two shingles slapped together.

THREE SHIRTS AND A COLLAR.—Henry Slater entered the city by the dusty highway to seek his fortune. He left a satchel containing three shirts and a new paper collar in a saloon while he went out to view the leading banks and the postmaster in regard to a situation, and after walking around for two or three hours he found himself unable to return to his satchel. Some men would have risen above the circumstances and called it a romantic episode, but Henry Slater not mad, became discouraged, spent his change for intoxicating fluids, and was picked up as he wandered over the commons.

"Young man, go back home," said the court when he had heard both sides of the case. "Out in the country you will drink in pure air and childish innocence with your buttermilk and root-beer. Here in the city you will get sore heels hunting for a fortune, and you wouldn't be here a year before you would have two aces up your sleeve and five more in your hand. It is noble to hoe the corn and potatoes and chop down the mighty giants of the forest."

"It also makes a feller's back ache," put in Henry.

"What is the back ache to being good in heart? demanded the court. "What is the back ache to being pure and innocent and lamb-like! I had a farm once, I know what the back-ache is. Once I sat beneath the blossoming apple-trees and drank in inspiration and ambition with every breath."

"And now you play with seven aces?" whispered the prisoner.

There was a long pause, and then Bijah motioned for him to back out and take the road home.

A BOARDING HOUSE IN AN UPROAR.—This is how the rumpus occurred: Higgins, who is a top-floorer, came home late, bringing a friend with him. As the ways to Higgins' apartments are tortuous, he left his friend in the hall and ascended alone to illuminate. Having struck a light, he gave a low whistle as a signal to his friend to ascend. This little circumstance was fatal to the peace and well-being of the establishment. The old gentlemen, Battles, who has the first floor front, was in a half wakeful state, and hearing

the sibilant signal sounded on an upper landing was convinced that it was a thief's method of communicating with his fellow. Battles is energetic, and in a very brief space of time bang went his pistol out of the front window, accompanied by a volley of cries of "Police!" "Fire!" "Robbers!" and "Murder!" This demonstration had its effect all along the line. The boarders, *en dishabille* to a greater or lesser degree—it was a warm night—appeared on the landing, and the boldest of them invaded Battles' apartment. The neighbors rushed out or put their heads out of the windows, and the greatest commotion prevailed throughout the street. The Police began to arrive, reinforced by a squad from the station-house, and the fire patrol rushed around the corner. It took some time to explain matters and to restore quiet to the neighborhood. The most frightened individual of all was the strange gentleman Higgins had brought home with him. He was set upon by the infuriated boarders as the supposed burglar, and narrowly escaped demolition.

COMING DOWN IN LIFE.—The great lesson which the wise man is learning all through life, is how to come down without giving up. Learning from the many mortifications and rebuffs to think more humbly of ourselves, and still resolve to do our very best.

We aim high at first. Children expect to be always eating pudding and drinking cream; clever boys expect to be famous men. Our vanity and self-love and romance are cut in upon to-day; but if we are wise we never give up.

A form of social "coming down" falls to the lot of many women when they get married. Young girls generally have a glorified ideal of the husband whom they are to find; handsome, clever, kind, affectionate, probably rich and famous. But a sad pressure is put upon all such fancies.

And men of an imaginative turn do not always find the sympathetic companion of their early visions. Think of the great author walking in the summer fields and saying to his wife, as he looked at the frisking lambs, that they seemed so innocent and happy, that he did not wonder that in all ages the lamb has been taken as the emblem of happiness and purity. Fancy the convulsion in his mind when the lady replied, "Yes, lam is very nice, especially with mint sauce!"

But to return to solemn things, the heroic view is this: Things are bad, but they might be worse, and if we can do no better, rank ourselves with "Nature's underwood and flowers that prosper in the shade."

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.—"Gracious," says I, "I'm twenty-one past, and it's time to look after Nancy." Next day down I went. Nancy was alone, and I asked her if the Squire was in. She said he wasn't. "Cause," said I, making believe I wanted to see him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I came to see if the Squire wouldn't lend me his mare to go to town." She said she guessed he would—I'd better sit down and wait till the Squire came in. Down I sat; around the edge. "Are you goin' down to Betsy Martin's quilting?" after awhile says she. Says I, "Reckon I would." Sez she, "Suppose you'll take Eliza Dodge?" Sez I, "I might, and then I ought not." Sez she, "I heard you was going to get married." I looked at her and seed the tears coming. Sez I, "Maybe she'll ax you to be bridesmaid." She riz up, she did—her face as red as a boiled beet. "Seth Stokes," and she couldn't say anything more, she was so full. "Wouldn't you be bridesmaid, Nancy?" sez I. "No," sez she, and burst right out. "Well then," sez I, "if you won't be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?" She looked up to me. I swar to man I never saw anything so awful putty. I took right hold of her hand. "Yes or no," sez I, right off. "Yes," sez she. "That's the sort," sez I, and gave her a kiss and huz. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

WANTED AN APOLOGY.—Early yesterday morning a car on the Dundas street route encountered a milk-wagon driven by a woman about forty years old, and the driver shouted and motioned for her to turn out. She refused to leave the track, and car and wagon came to a halt.

"Why don't you get off the track?" shouted the car driver as he put on the brakes.

"I don't like your way of hollering at me," she slowly replied, "I'm just as much of a lady as the Queen, and you must treat me with just as much courtesy as you would her."

"I say get off the track!"

"And I say I won't!"

He left his car to lead her horse off the track, but she had a long whip and she kept him off. He got behind her wagon to lift it off, but the whip cracked about his ears again.

"Will you git off the track?" he demanded

"When you apologize I will."

He was in a fix. His car was full, the milk-woman was stout and full of grit, and he decided to come down. He said he begged her pardon.

"That's all I want, and let this be a great moral lesson to you," she replied as she turned off the track, "When you see a milk-woman on the track speak to her kindly and gently, and don't undertake to bluff."

TRAVEL.—There is no doubt but that home and foreign travel is one of the most beautiful agencies that can be brought to bear on our moral and physical well-being. A man ordinarily finds that he is able to cast away much worry and fret by an easy journey into the clear sunshine and liberal air.

The volume of nature lies everywhere outspread before us, but travelling enables us to turn over so many more leaves of that volume. Pity those who, chained down by the invisible links of a thousand domestic duties, have never been able to see the mountains or the wonders of the deep. One good man, who had never seen the Alps, said he intended to take them on his way up to heaven. The question is how so many men can sleep quietly in their beds when they know that year after year glides away without any perceptible addition to the stock of their knowledge and ideas. In every great scene of the world's history there is something to stir the breath and quicken the heart; something which elevates our piety and patriotism; we are advanced in the dignity of thinking beings.

GEMS OF GOLD.

Self-education.—We all of us have two educations, one of which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the color of our fate hereafter.

Hour of Death.—It will afford sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have possessed the wealth of John Jacob Astor, to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

As the rays of the sun, notwithstanding their velocity, injure not the eye, by reason of their minuteness, so the attacks of envy notwithstanding their number, ought not to wound our virtue by reason of their insignificance. Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

Had Talleyrand's enmity to Napoleon manifested itself in opposition, it would have been fatal, not to his master, but himself; he maintained, therefore, a friendship that not only aggrandized himself, but opened a door for the consummation of that advice that eventually enabled him to ruin his master.

We know of no two things that differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to little or no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on an atom.

If none were to reprove the vicious excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world than their now is. Our Master could love the criminal while he hated the crime; but we, his disciples, too often love the crime, but hate the criminal.

Some are so censorious as to advance that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravity of the human heart must be themselves depraved; but this is about as wise as to affirm that every physician who understands a disease must himself be diseased.

That extremes beget extremes is an apothegm built on the most profound observation of the human mind; and its truth is in nothing more apparent than in those moral phenomena perceptible when a nation, inspired by one common sentiment, rushes at once from despotism to liberty.

Pearls are deposited, as perhaps everyone knows, in the interior part of shell-fish, and form the lining of the shell. These shell-fish may be made to deposit this matter in the form of drops or globules, instead of spreading it naturally over the inner surface of the shell. The art of effecting this is understood by pearl fishers.

Our Home Companion.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SEPTEMBER, 1876.

*Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.*

OUR ADVERTISING RATES

Space.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
Half inch.....	\$ 0 60	\$ 1 50	\$ 2 75	\$ 5 00
1 inch.....	1 00	2 50	4 50	8 00
2 inches.....	1 75	4 25	7 75	14 00
Half column.....	3 25	8 00	14 50	26 00
1 column.....	6 00	15 00	27 00	48 00
1 page.....	10 00	25 00	45 00	80 00

There will be twelve lines in an inch, eight inches in a column, and two columns in a page. When contracts are made, accounts will be rendered quarterly after the first insertion, and payment will be required within *thirty days*.

During this month (September) and until the 15th of October only our rates for subscription will be 60 cents per annum for the COMPANION and crayon. At these rates we shall also reserve the right to send back numbers to subscribers from July as long as they last. Those having friends who intend to subscribe at New Year's, will therefore do them and us a favor by asking them to subscribe at once.

On and after the 16th of October the following will be

OUR SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

- For the COMPANION one year and one premium chromo, post paid, to any address.....\$1 50
- For one or more extra chromos, each post paid.. 90
- For the COMPANION one year and one premium crayon, post paid, to any address..... 1 00
- For one or more extra crayons, each post paid.. 30
- For the COMPANION alone 6 months, post paid 50
- For single copies of the COMPANION, post paid 10

The following discounts will be made to societies, or individuals ordering for a club :

- For a club of 5 we give 10 per cent. off above rates
- “ “ 10 “ “ 15 “ “ “
- “ “ 20 “ “ 20 “ “ “

Those who can get up larger clubs than the above may write to us for special chromos and discounts.

In every case the premium crayons will be sent, pre-paid, by mail or express, to the subscriber or the person getting up the club.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

We are now prepared to receive applications from any of our readers, or their friends, who have leisure time to canvass their Town or Township thoroughly. We do not care whether our agents give us all or only a part of their time, so long as they make a thorough canvass of the territory they undertake to work, and for which we will give them the exclusive right. We guarantee good wages to any such; and are now prepared to give full particulars, terms, &c., to applicants for territory.

Remember,—1st, That in these hard times a cheap article will sell readily, while more expensive ones will remain unsold; and 2nd, That those who apply first will receive the choice of territory. Address,

COMPANION PUBLISHING CO.,
527 Richmond-St., London, Ont.

Publishers' Department.

Union is Strength.—With the October issue of this paper the *Ontario Teacher*, now published in Stratroy, Ontario, will be merged into the COMPANION, which will hereafter be issued under the title of OUR HOME COMPANION AND TEACHER. The *Teacher* is now in its fifth year, and has been ably conducted by its editors and proprietors, Messrs Ross & McColl whose manifold duties (Mr McColl as Postmaster and Mr. Ross as M. P. and School Inspector) prevent their giving the *Teacher* that attention, editorially, so necessary to keep it up to its present high standard. Occasional contributions, however, will continue to appear from both of these talented gentlemen.

Enlargement.—In some of our previous issues we promised to enlarge the COMPANION at New Year to twice its present size. We have the pleasure now to announce that our next number will be enlarged and issued about the 20th of October and monthly thereafter about the same time. It will then be published in briefer type (same as that on the first column of this page) and will contain 32 pages and cover, 16 pages of which will be devoted to education and science, and the balance to stories and selections similar to those that have already appeared in the COMPANION.

Our Querist—which under the able management of Mr. Brown has become one of the most popular features of the COMPANION will find a place in the educational department, which also will be under the charge of a special editor whom we will name in our next. We shall thus be able to present useful and instructive literature in one half of our magazine and amusing and entertaining in the other; thus producing, we trust, a medium that will be recognized as a valuable "Home Companion and Teacher" as its name will imply.

Premiums.—Determined not to be outdone by those who publish more extensive and expensive periodicals than ours, we have added to our list of premiums a chromo which is as valuable as any we have seen given with papers costing from three to five dollars. It has been our pleasure to examine nearly all the chromos that have as yet been given to subscribers of Canadian or American papers, and we hereby offer to present a copy of our chromo to the first man who will name a superior chromo which has been given with any American paper.

Lake Maggiore.—Elsewhere in this number we present a description of this our premium chromo, whose beauty will win for it a place in thousands of Canadian homes this winter. We do not wish to blow about it for it can speak for itself much more effectively than we can describe it. We will only say that if any one who may subscribe for the COMPANION and receive this premium, is not satisfied with the same, we will on receipt of the chromo return him his money. This is the strongest language we wish to use in connection with it.

Subscription Rates.—In consequence not only of our enlargement, but the introduction of so valuable a premium, our rates of subscription have been revised. Our friends will please consult our table in another column, and lend us a helping hand by each securing for us one new subscriber this month. Our list is for 10,000 subscribers before next spring, and we have every confidence in the result. We can see 10,000 plainly outlined in the clear deep waters of Lake Maggiore and hear 10,000 voices calling out for a copy of the chromo that so faithfully and truly represents the beautiful scenery surrounding it.

Our Crayons.—We shall continue to give a choice of crayons, as per last page of the cover of this number, to each subscriber of the COMPANION, who may wish them instead of the chromo. We have added two fine subjects to the list, one of which (Immaculate conception) is a purely Catholic picture. The assortment as it now stands, presents an opportunity seldom offered to secure a choice of really fine pictures, such as cannot be obtained in any store in Canada for double the money. From every direction we are now receiving orders for crayons from those who have already received one with the COMPANION and are pleased with it.

Our Exchanges.—We this month produce another lot of notices of the COMPANION clipped from our exchanges. We are more than pleased with the reception we have met with at the hands of those who are laboring as we are, to produce good and cheap literature for the people. Nothing is so indicative of the character of any people as the character of the literature they read and quantity of it. While fully aware, therefore, that the country is full of periodicals, we have felt that there was a place for "OUR HOME COMPANION" in the hearts of the people, and we are pleased to find that many others agree and are helping us along each in his own way.

Explanation.—In consequence of our enlargement next month instead of at New Year's, subscribers will receive only two numbers this year instead of three. To all old subscribers the two numbers will count the same as three, as they really get 64 pages of reading matter instead of 48 pages. To new subscribers—that is, those who subscribe at our low rates—\$1.00 or 8.15—twelve complete numbers will be sent, commencing at the date of subscription. We reserve the right to send to those who may yet subscribe at our old rates, back numbers from July as long as they last.

Children's Corner.—For the present we will discontinue this department, as the interest taken in it seems to be confined to the few who have taken part in it. Should our young friends be able to convince us that they will in future give the "Corner" a more liberal support, we shall be pleased to introduce it again at New Year's. In response to our "Prize Offer" for the *Word-Hunt* in last number, we have received a list of 600 words from Wm. A. Kyle, N. Winchester, Ont., who is therefore entitled to a choice of two of our premium crayons.

Our Club List.—A complete change for the month be made in our Club List, which will be found on the third page of cover. We ask our readers who intend to subscribe at New Year's for any American or Canadian periodical, to read our revised rates in next number, before ordering direct from publishers.

Specimen Copies.—Teachers and others who may receive specimen copies of the COMPANION will please consider the same as an invitation to subscribe. The COMPANION being comparatively unknown, a few hundred copies of each edition are sent out as samples, as a means to extend our circulation. *Subscribe.*

Suspension.—The *New England Monthly*, N.H., having suspended publication, the COMPANION will be sent to its subscribers until the expiration of their subscriptions, and we trust many of them may be so well pleased as to provide for its continuance by forwarding us the necessary remittance.

Copies Wanted.—We will pay 5 cents per copy for 15 or twenty numbers of our issues in February and May. Dozens have asked us for the first volume complete to date, but we cannot fill such orders without the above numbers.

Contributions.—We have on our table about a dozen original articles, which we will have time to examine before next month. Meantime, we thank the donors thereof, and hope all of their efforts may be worthy of a place in our columns.

WHAT OUR EXCHANGES SAY OF US.

OUR HOME COMPANION is the title of a neat little monthly Magazine for the people, which has reached its seventh number. It is filled with short articles and bits of prose and verse of an interesting and useful character,—some of the pieces being exceedingly good things of their kind. Amongst other selections this issue contains at full length the famous Declaration of Independence of United States of America, with the names of the signers. THE HOME COMPANION is very neatly printed and got up by the Company which publishes it at London, Ontario. Its subscription price for a year is only 50 cents, and the price of a single number is 5 cents. Surely anybody that reads at all can afford to supply a periodical like this for his family.—*New Dominion, St. John, N. B.*

OUR HOME COMPANION.—The August number of this really excellent magazine is just to hand. It is brimful of spicy reading, contains funny stories, literary selections, choice poetry, humorous incidents and a variety of puzzles and problems for the student and querist that are worth working at. Only 50 cents per annum.

Send for a copy. Address, Companion Publishing Company, London, Ontario.—*Brampton (Ont.) Conservator.*

OUR HOME COMPANION—We have received the eight number of the first volume of this new monthly magazine issued at London, Ont., by the Companion Publishing Company. It contains 16 pages of well selected and well printed miscellaneous literature, enclosed in a neat cover, and is offered at the remarkably low figure of 50 cents per annum. We bespeak for it a large circulation.—*Smith's Falls (Ont.) News.*

OUR HOME COMPANION.—This is the title of a handsome little monthly of sixteen pages, published by the Home Companion Company, London, Ontario. Its selections are the very cream of literature, and its various departments are edited with great taste and care. It is well deserving of a place in Canadian's reading literature. Specimen copies may be had on application to the publishers.—*Barrie (Ont.) Gazette.*

We have some copies of the HOME COMPANION, a spicy and interesting magazine published at London, Ont., at the low price of fifty cents, with one crayon per annum, and judging from the copies received is well worthy of patronage. Their circulation of 5,000 also makes it a good advertising medium. Address Companion Publishing Company, London, Ont.—*Monck Reform Press, Dunville, Ont.*

OUR HOME COMPANION is the title of a 16 page monthly published by the Companion Publishing Company, London, Ont., at 60 cents per annum. It is a marvel of neatness, and must secure a large circulation. Typographically, it is neat and well printed, but if the matter was loaded it would be more easily, and consequently, more thoroughly read.—*Printer's Miscellany (N. B.), St. John.*

OUR HOME COMPANION.—We are in receipt of the July number of this new aspirant for public favor. It is filled with sound, valuable and interesting family reading, and is furnished to subscribers at the low rate of fifty cents a year, with the choice of six crayons. Address—The Companion Publishing Company, London, Ont.—*Carlton Sentinel, Woodstock, (N. B.)*

OUR HOME COMPANION is the name of a new monthly magazine, published by the Companion Publishing Company, 527 Richmond Street, London, Ont., at the low price of 50 cents per annum. The stories and sketches it contain are amusing, and instructive, and its typographical appearance is all that could be desired. Success to it. *St. Stephen (N. B.) Journal.*

OUR HOME COMPANION is a new candidate for public favor containing sixteen pages of reading and published by the Companion Publishing Co., London, Ont. It is a racy publication, well edited, and brimful of choice stories and rare bits of choice literature. Published monthly at 50 cents per annum. *Campbellford (Ont.) Herald.*

A number of OUR HOME COMPANION, issued at London, Ont., has been sent us. It is a small sixteen page "magazine for the people," which having been started at 50 cents a year, finds sufficient encouragement to warrant it in doubling its size and price also, next New year.—*Meaford (Ont.) Monitor.*

OUR HOME COMPANION greets us once more. The August number contains a variety of excellent short stories and miscellaneous reading matter, and is if anything a little ahead of former numbers. We are glad to see it improving, and hope it may continue to prosper.—*Lakefield (Ont.) News.*

OUR HOME COMPANION—We have received a copy of this magazine, and are highly pleased with it. It is probably the cheapest monthly in the Dominion; only 50 cents per annum. Address, Companion Publishing Company, London, Ontario, Northern Light, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Fifty cents per annum is the subscription price of a new periodical published in London Ont., and called OUR HOME COMPANION. It is a splendid periodical for the family. Published monthly.—*Woodbridge, (Ont.) Free Press.*

OUR HOME COMPANION for August is to hand with its usual selection of good stories and anecdotes. Published in London, Ontario.—*Perth (Ont.) Expositor.*

The Querist.

Editor: SAMUEL R. BROWN, Box 57 D, London.

Teachers and others are invited to forward any problems they may think worthy of a place in this column, provided also the solutions accompany the problems. A growing interest in this column is evidenced by the numbers who have corresponded with Mr. Brown, the manager of the department, on whose shoulders the burden of the work has heretofore fallen. Some able men have, however, signified their willingness to contribute and aid him to make the department useful as well as interesting.

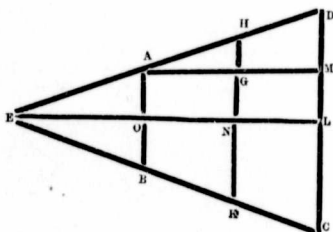
SOLUTIONS.

No. 12.—
Let x = breadth of river in yards,
then $x + 13$ = distance shot by A,
and $x + 22\frac{2}{7}$ = " " B,
 $\therefore 8(x + 13) + 7(x + 22\frac{2}{7}) = 1,760$ yards,
or $8x + 104 + 7x + 156 = 1,760$,
 $15x = 1,500$,
 $x = 100$ yards, breadth of river.

No. 13.—
Let x = cost of horse,
then $144 - x$ = gain,
and $\frac{100}{x}(144 - x)$ = gain per cent.
 $\therefore \frac{100}{x}(144 - x) = x$,
or $x^2 + 100 = 14,400$, from which
 $x = 80$ using positive sign.
Cost of horse = \$80.

No. 14.—
Since the sides are perpendicular, the downward pressure equals the weight.
Area of the bottom = $15^2 \times 3.1416 = 706.86$;
Cubic feet of water = $706.86 \times 15 = 10602.9$;
 \therefore weight = $10602.9 \times 62\frac{1}{2} = 662681.25$ lbs.

No. 15.—



Produce D A and C B till they meet in the point E, Draw E L perpendicular to C D.

$AM = \sqrt{400^2 - 20^2} = 399.5$ nearly.

$Area \triangle ABCD = \frac{140 + 100}{2} \times 399.5 = 47940$.

$Area \triangle ABHK = \frac{1}{2} \times 47940 = 23970$.

$EL : LD :: AM : MD \therefore EL = \frac{399.5 \times 70}{20} = 1398.25$.

$Area \triangle EOA = \frac{998.75 \times 50}{2} = 24968.75$, $EO = EL - AM$.

$Area \triangle ENH = 24968.75 + \frac{1}{2}$ of area $\triangle ABHK = 36953.75$.

$\triangle EOA : \triangle ENH :: EO^2 : EN^2$
 $\therefore 24968.75 : 36953.75 :: 997501.5625 : EN^2$
 $\therefore EN = 1215.03$ then $EN - EO = ON$ or $A G$.
Hence $AG = 1215.03 - 998.75 = 216.28$ rods; the distance from A, at which line must be run.

Correct solutions of the problems in July number have been received, as follows:

- Nos. 12 and 13.—A. M. Sinclair, Anderson, Ont.
- Nos. 13 and 14.—Jas. W. Morgan, St. Helens, Ont.
- Nos. 12, 13 and 14.—W. L. Judge, Mono, Ont.; John R. Brown, Sylvan, Ont.; W. G. Brown, Audley, Ont.; A. Thompson, Cedar Dale, Ont.
- Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15.—J. G. H., London, Ont.; J. A. L., New Brighton, Westminster, Ont.; John Anderson, Severn Bridge, Ont.; A. B., Blanshard, Ont.

PROBLEMS.

No. 16.—
A may-pole being broken off by the wind, its top struck the ground at an angle of 52° and at a distance of 25 feet from the foot of the pole; what was its height?

No. 17.—
If a cannon ball be fired vertically upwards with an initial velocity of 1,000 feet per second:—
1st. How far will it rise?
2nd. In how many seconds will it again reach the ground?
3rd. What will be its terminal velocity?

No. 18.—
It is required to find an integral number, such that it shall be both a triangular number and a square.

No. 19.—
A boy being caught stealing apples, was told by the owner that he should escape punishment if he would take a certain number of apples and lay down at the first gate half he had and half an apple over, and repeat this process with the remainder at the second gate and also at the third, without dividing an apple at either, and then have one left. If he accomplished the task, how many apples did he take?

No. 20.—
 $81x^4 + 54x^3 - 84x^2 - 31x + 26 = 0$. Find x .

No. 21.—
Two engines start from the same station at the same time; one goes north-west at the rate of 35 miles an hour, and the other east at the rate of 20 miles an hour. How far will they be apart at the end of six hours?

No. 22.—
Given $\begin{cases} x(z+y) = 14 \\ y(x+z) = 18 \\ z(x+y) = 20 \end{cases}$ to find x, y, z .

No. 23.—
If a body weighing 130 lbs., and moving to the east with a velocity of 50 feet per second, come into contact with a second body weighing 85 lbs., and moving to the west with a speed of 90 feet per second, so that the two bodies coalesce and move onward together, in what direction will they move, with what velocity, and what will be their momentum?

No. 24.—
Proposed by J. G. Hands, teacher, Jones' Commercial College, London, Ont.
What number is that, which if it be divided into any two parts, the square of the first part, added to the second, is equal to the square of the second part added to the first?

No. 25.—
Proposed by John Anderson, teacher, Severn Bridge, Ont.
A has two kinds of change; there must be a pieces of the first to make a dollar, and b pieces of the second to make the same. Now B wishes to have c pieces for a dollar. How many pieces of each kind must A give him?

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 of the above problems appeared in the August issue of the COMPANION, and the solutions will appear in next number. The solutions of Nos. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 will not be given until December. The names of those who solve the several problems correctly will be published with the solutions thereof.]

OUR HOME COMPANION.

COMPANION CLUB LIST.

Having revised and corrected our List as below, we now offer any Periodical mentioned thereon at greatly reduced rates to any one, whether he has subscribed for the COMPANION or not. The first column indicates the publisher's regular price to subscribers in *American currency*; the second column indicates our price in *Canadian currency* (postage always prepaid). Many publishers have given us extra terms for the summer months, so that it will be to the interest of our readers to order *now* any Periodicals they may desire to have.

To any one ordering one or more Periodicals we will send the COMPANION until the end of the year for fifteen cents extra. Those who do not care to order before the end of the year will find it advisable to subscribe for the COMPANION, and be sure of getting what they want then at our reduced rates. We shall continue to make a specialty of offering the *best* literature in the country at the *lowest price*. Correspondents will please address the publishers of the COMPANION at 527 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

MONTHLIES.

Atlantic Monthly	\$1 20	\$3 45
Appleton's Journal	1 50	3 90
Arthur's Home Magazine	2 65	2 05
American Builder	3 00	2 55
American Agriculturist	1 60	1 20
American Naturalist	4 00	3 45
Architectural Sketch Book	5 00	4 05
Blackwood's Magazine	4 00	3 00
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	1 19
Boston Medical Journal	5 00	4 35
Bee-Keepers' Magazine	1 10	1 00
Boys' and Girls' Monthly	2 50	2 35
Benham's Musical Review	1 10	1 00
Demorest's Monthly (chromo)	3 10	2 65
Eclectic Magazine	5 00	4 05
Fruit Recorder	1 10	95
Godey's Lady's Book	3 15	2 65
Good Words	2 75	2 35
Good Things	2 50	2 35
Gardener's Monthly	2 10	1 90
Gleason's Companion	1 25	1 10
Health Reformer	1 10	95
Harper's Monthly	4 40	3 25
Home and Fireside	1 10	1 00
Herald of Health	2 10	1 45
Horticulturist	2 10	1 45
Industrial Monthly	1 50	1 10
Ill. Household Magazine	1 10	1 00
Journal of Agriculture	2 15	1 65
Leisure Hours	1 50	1 30
Laws of Life	1 50	1 40
Leslie's Boys of America	1 50	1 30
.. Budget of Fun	1 50	1 30
.. Jolly Joker	1 50	1 30
.. Ladies' Magazine	3 50	3 00
.. Pleasant Hours	1 50	1 30
Lippincott's Magazine	4 00	2 75
La Creme de la Creme	4 00	3 25
Live Stock Journal	1 60	1 35
Manufacturer and Builder	2 15	1 65
Medical Journal	4 00	3 25
Musical Globe	2 00	1 55
National Agriculturist	1 10	1 00
Overland Monthly	4 20	3 45
Peterson's Magazine	2 10	1 65
Poultry World	1 35	1 20
Potter's American Monthly	4 00	3 25
Phrenological Journal	3 15	2 10
Popular Science Monthly	5 00	3 45
Peters' Musical Melodies	4 00	3 25
.. Parlor Music	4 00	3 25
St. Nicholas	3 00	2 65
Scribner's Monthly	4 20	3 40
Star-Spangled Banner	1 00	90
Smith's World of Fashion	3 00	2 35
Science of Health	2 10	1 45
Sunday Magazine	2 75	2 35
The Nursery	1 60	1 45
The Cheryb	1 50	1 10
The Sanitarian	3 00	2 10
The Globe	1 25	1 10
The Housekeeper	1 50	1 20
The Contemporary Review	7 50	6 40
The Galaxy	4 20	3 45
The Folio (chromo)	1 60	1 50
The Aldine	6 00	4 50
The Morning	1 25	1 05
Work and Play	1 10	1 00

WEEKLIES.

American Union	\$2 50	\$2 25
American Grocer	3 00	2 30
American Rural Home	2 19	1 40
Appleton's Journal	4 20	3 30
Boys of the World	2 50	2 25
Christian Intelligence	3 00	2 55
Country Gentleman	2 50	2 10
Christian Union	3 20	2 65
Christian at Work (Chromo)	3 25	2 80
Chicago Alliance	2 00	1 65
.. Tribune	2 15	1 45
.. Times	2 10	1 40
.. Standard	3 20	2 45
.. Advertiser	2 50	2 10
.. Advertiser	2 50	2 10
Cincinnati Gazette	2 00	1 75
.. Enquirer	2 00	1 65
.. Times	2 00	1 65
Detroit Free Press	2 25	1 75
.. Post	2 12	1 65
.. Tribune	2 12	1 65
.. Com. Advertiser	2 50	2 25
Danbury News	2 50	2 20
Fireside Companion	3 60	2 30
.. Journal	2 50	1 90
Forest and Stream	5 00	3 90
Harpers' Bazaar	4 00	3 25
.. Weekly	4 00	3 25
Harness and Carriage Journal	3 50	3 25
Home Journal	3 00	1 90
.. New sub.	3 00	1 90
Heart and Home	2 50	1 90
Home and Fireside	2 50	2 00
Irish American	2 50	2 00
Ill. Christian Weekly	3 00	2 55
Kansas Farmer	2 00	1 55
Leslie's Ladies' Journal	4 00	3 25
.. Chimney Corner	4 00	3 25
.. Ill. Newspaper	4 00	3 25
Littell's Living Age	8 00	6 00
Literary Companion	2 00	1 65
New York Herald	2 00	1 55
.. Tribune	2 00	1 55
.. Times	2 00	1 55
.. Weekly	3 00	2 45
.. Ledger	3 00	2 45
Ohio Farmer	2 15	1 90
Police Gazette	4 00	3 25
Practical Farmer	2 00	1 60
Prairie Farmer	2 15	1 90
Religio Philosophical Journal	3 00	2 00
Rural New Yorker	2 65	1 95
Scientific American	3 20	2 95
Spirit of the Times	5 00	4 15
Saturday Evening Post	3 00	2 30
Springfield Republican	2 15	1 55
Toledo Blade	2 15	1 75
The Echo	4 00	3 00
The Field	4 00	3 00
The Index	3 20	2 55
The Independent	3 50	3 25
The Methodist	2 70	2 50
Turf, Field and Farm	5 20	4 15
The Nation	5 20	4 25
Watchman and Reflector	3 20	2 55
Waverly Magazine	5 00	4 15
Western Rural	2 15	1 90
Wild Oats	4 00	3 25
Youths' Companion	1 75	1 40

A PENNY SAVED, A PENNY GAINED.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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READ! READ! READ!
—o—



WING to the prevailing hard times in the States, we have contracted for, at a great reduction from wholesale rates,

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- (2) "YES, OR NO"..... BY J. E. MILLIAS, R. A.
- (3) "GATHERING FERNS"..... BY JOHN LUCAS
- (4) "GOING TO WORK"..... BY E. M. EDDIS
- (5) "THE OFFER"..... BY THOMAS FAED, R. A.
- (6) "ACCEPTED"..... BY THOMAS FAED, R. A.
- (7) "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION"..... BY MURRILLO
- (8) "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"..... BY RUBENS

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