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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF
PUBLISHED BY THE
LONDON

VOL. VI.

LONDON EAST, ONT., JANUARY, 1883.

NO. 7.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]
Trifles (?)

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

A lily from a clod looks up
To heaven, and heaven fills her cup;
A daisy dies, yet dying earns
A glance of love from Robert Burns;
A star has shone above the sea
Till past the rock the boat went free;
A ray of light has pierc'd a pine
And cheer'd a drooping columbine;
A word of comfort like a seed
Has grown a harvest great, indeed.

Matter-o'-Money.

BY MISS KATE RICHMOND.

IF it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none," Kitty Allen chanted, as she turned to toss an armful of white work to the table behind her. She was sitting at her sewing machine, where she had been all day except just the little while she had spent over her lunch. The lunch was dinner as well, since, being a house full of women, cold meat and berries and bread and butter took the place of the ceremonious meal that a man in the house would have made necessary.

Leah made no answer. Leah was putting in gussets and making buttonholes in the shirts that her sister stitched. It was close work, and kept her silent, but then Leah was always quiet.

Kitty tossed her round arms above her head, yawning with a little impatient emphasis.

"I hate poverty—don't you, Leah?"

"Yes, dear—sometimes."

Kitty stopped with upraised arms to stare at her sister. The even stitches were going in just as rapidly and surely, the low swings of the low rocking-chair vibrated as steadily, but Kitty felt that her own vehemence meant no more than the few placid, low-toned words.

"We are dreadfully poor," taking up her work again with a sigh.

And Leah said, "Yes, dear," again, and finished a button-hole without raising her eyes.

They were pretty girls, both of them, but Leah at twenty-four was so grave and sober that to childish nineteen-years-old Kitty she seemed a generation away. Sweet and prim and dainty, she sat in her cool lawn and sewed as if it were an afternoon amusement instead of a struggle for bread and butter.

Kitty's silky, curling hair was twisted up anyhow on the top of her head. She had on an old white sack, and her small feet were thrust into a pair of burst and broken slippers. Kitty could never work except in a condition of disarray, and to-day there had been a special pressure.

There came a ring at the door.

"There!" in dismay. "You'll have to go, Leah, and whoever it is, say I'm out—I'm going out, to pick the straw-berries."

Leah was quite used to being left to cover a retreat. She went quietly and opened the door for Richard Mason.

"Isn't Kitty at home?" They had always been school-mates. "I specially wanted to see her."

"She is out—I mean—she is in the garden."

"Hanging out clothes'?"

"As bad as that—picking berries. She won't want to see you, Dick. She has been hard at work all day."

"I understand; but I want to see her. There's to be a picnic at High Rock day after to-morrow, and you are both going."

"Are we?" smiling faintly. She turned and led the way to the sitting room. Standing there in his handsome young manhood his presence seemed to fill the whole room. Leah looked up at him with admiring eyes.

"What is it?" with a laugh in his own.

"I was thinking—you've grown good-looking since you were a schoolboy."

"Thank you," not disclaiming the fact. "Now I'm going to find Kitty."

"At your own peril;" but he took the risk readily enough and found his way out through the house like one quite accustomed to it.

Leah took up her buttonholes with a weary little sigh.

"It's worse to have none." The nursery jingle rang in her head. Just now Mason's coming made matters worse. He seemed so strong and buoyant, so able to control life. He was poor, too, but he had strength and brains and a man's chance to use them. If his feet were on the lower rungs of the ladder now, there was nothing to hinder his mounting to the leisure and luxury above.

"Six years," she thought, bitterly. "I get furious sometimes. No time for anything but work. And Kitty's years going just as mine have gone."

The elm shadows were lengthening across the grassy yard. Little breaths of coolness came in at the open windows; a white moon began to show itself palely in the afternoon sky. She folded the last garments of the dozen, gathered up the scattered threads in a methodical manner, and went out to lay the table for tea.

It was not an elaborate meal. There was bread and butter and plain light cake, and a heaping glass dish of berries. When all was ready she looked at the table doubtfully.

"Dick will stay to tea," she thought; and turned toward the cellar with a thought of resources there.

"If I do, we shall go without at our lunch to-morrow," setting her lips. It was a trifle, but just now Leah Allen had come to a place where there are no trifles.

Mason was in the garden still. She could hear his voice and the treble of Kitty's laughter. They came in together, and Mrs. Allen followed them. Leah was like her mother in looks and manners; the same soft dark hair, and fathomless, untroubled eyes. It was easy to guess what the younger woman would be with twenty more years over her head.

Kitty ran up the steep, narrow stairs to the low-ceiled chamber. Mason went back to the sitting-room with Leah.

"I want you to go. You have hardly been anywhere this summer. Kitty will say yes with a word from you."

"I do not see—"

"There seems no reason why it should not be a success," ignoring her beginning of an objection, "and George Holland will be there."

"I do not know George Holland."

"That is precisely the strong part of my argument. I want you to know him. He is rich; he is wise; he is the best of good fellows."

Kitty came in then. Her toilets never took long. The disarray was all external. To kick off the ragged slippers and step into a pair of whole ones, to shake out and gather up into one loose coil the lovely hair that rippled and waved and dropped of itself in curly rings about her face, took only a minute. The white wrapper had its own finishings of frills and lace about the neck and wrists; the whole thing was complete in ten minutes. If Leah had the skirt and sacque and slippers to put in place by-and-bye, at least Kitty never kept anyone waiting.

That night, when Dick Mason had gone with a half-promise that his invitation would be accepted, and Kitty was gossiping in the moonlight with a girl friend, Leah and her mother sat on the cottage porch. Both had been quiet a long time. They had the gift of silence, these two women.

"Mother, if you had your life to live over, would you marry a poor man?"

Mrs. Allen did not answer for a long minute.

"If I loved him," she said rather faintly.

Leah did not know that her mother's marriage had been preeminently "a love match." Henry Allen had won her from a circle in which she was sought for and petted. He let her give up all the goods of life because she loved him, and then his fickle fancy tired of her. When he died, five years after their marriage, Mrs. Allen felt that as far as she was concerned, life had not been a success. And still she said, true to her womanhood, "If I loved him," to her daughter's question.

"Does it pay, I wonder?" Leah said again, moodily.

"It depends—a little. There are women—"

"And women," breaking in with a short laugh. "Mother, I shall marry for money—not an idiot nor a scoundrel, but certainly not a poor man."

And Kitty, singing to herself as she ran across the street through the flickering elm shadows, was thinking of the glories of Fanny Gorham's Bridal outfit. The afternoon rhyme came to her lips again: "If it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none."

And as if some fatality ruled the subject, Kitty repeated her sister's question when they were alone together that night.

"Leah, would you marry a poor man?"

"No," calmly.

"But I thought—" half bewildered.

"You thought I did not believe in mercenary marriages. Well—one learns. I know myself better now."

She went on plaiting the heavy braids with deft fingers, and said no more.

The last bundle of work went away from the house the next day. In the summer lull in business there was leisure in the Allen Household.

"Now we can make over our old dresses," Kitty said, as if the opportunity were a privilege. "I am going to finish the last chapter of *Anne*, and write two letters."

"And go to the picnic to-morrow?"

"Yes, if Dick comes again to see about it."

Dick came that afternoon. The arrangement as it originally stood had been that the two girls were to share the Mason carriage with Dick himself, his mother and sister. But, as Dick informed Kitty with perfect composure, Charley Morse was coming with an invitation. He had passed him on the way. Charley did not know of Dick's arrangement, and Kitty was to take her choice with the old school-girl freedom.

"Charley, of course," Kitty said, watching him sharply.

"I supposed so," with perfect good temper. "But I say, if you were one of my own sisters—"

"Well, if I were one of your own sisters?"

"Your gown, you know."

"Yes, I know," mockingly. "It's very kind of you, Dick. The blood ran into his face."

"Of course you know I don't mind. You are Kitty, and that's enough for me, in any thing. But a stranger—and Charley is so fastidious—and he'll be here in a minute."

She thrust out a small ragged foot.

"It is rather awful. I'll go and make myself fine. Don't you be afraid, Dick."

And not another glimpse of her did he get, though he lingered to the last possible minute.

Leah sat and swung placidly in her low rocker. Her cheap, neat-patterned lawn was as fresh as when she put it on three days ago; the lace-work in her slim hands looked like elegant trifling instead of having a money value for every inch. Dick's presence did not interfere with her train of thought; they had been neighbors all their lives; she had known him from the day when he attained his first jacket. So whether he talked or was silent it did not matter.

"What a wife you'd make for a poor man," he said, suddenly, out of a long pause.

It seemed as if every one who approached her in some way touched the trouble in her mind. She did not reply, looking at him with a kind of pained smile and going on with her lace.

It looked a very pretty summer picture—the girl in the shady porch, the handsome, idle youth lounging on the steps at her feet. George Holland thought so, driving past.

The stylish horses in their glittering harness, the elegance of the light vehicle behind them, caught Leah's attention.

"Who is it?" she asked, rather abruptly.

"George Holland."

He did not tell her, as he might have done, that Holland, having seen her at church the Sunday before, had left no stone unturned to find her out. If Leah had only known it, the cream-colored bunting over which she had hesitated so long in the buying was destined to be rather an important factor in that summer's history.

She had one of those sweet, pure New England faces, flower-like in delicacy, and yet almost severe in unobtrusive strength. The thoughtful dark eyes were deep and shadowy; her mouth had an unconscious sadness in its sweet curves. In her ivory-hued dress and bonnet she looked not unlike some precious bit of carving in the dusk of the hot, dim church.

George Holland could afford fancies. He was thirty-five, rich, and alone in the world. It was new riches coming after years of grinding poverty. Five years of possession had not worn off the charm of novelty. Perhaps he over-valued his new estate; certainly there were excuses for him if he did.

So Kitty went to the picnic with Charley Morse, and Leah occupied a part of the back seat of the Mason carriage, and chatted contentedly with Mrs. Mason all the way out to the High Rock.

The Allen girls, living all their days in this quiet country village where in childhood at least the lines were not very sharply drawn between the different social grades, had known as school playmates every other girl in the party. There was no question of education or breeding; it was simply the want or possession of money that made the difference between them. As the Allen fortunes had contracted little by little, Leah had dropped out of the village festivities. She could not afford the time nor the strength to keep up the struggle for appearances at the cost it involved. It was easier to accept the life of renunciation that lay before her, to spend her few hours of leisure over a book or her music. The world is all alike down to its very smallest piece. Slip out of the channel, and the current does not go out of its way to follow you. Leah's associates had always been older than herself. Most of them were married now, and that helped to make her feel that she belonged to a bygone generation.

The day was pleasant enough—a good deal like other days. It was only as they were preparing to come home that anything out of the ordinary happened.

She had met George Holland, and had looked at him with a new standard of measurement in her mind. She found him quietly common-place, not obtrusive and not young. There was nothing knightly about him. Leah had had her ideals like other girls.

They had waited for the sunset, and now under a white-moon moon they were starting on their homeward ride.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

She stood leaning against a tree-trunk, wondering idly why Dick did not come to summon her. She was quite alone; most of the others had already gone. A step crushed among the crisp moss beside her. She turned with a smile, and it was George Holland.

"Mr. Mason sent me," with grave politeness. "Something has happened to his carriage, and there will necessarily be a change of arrangement about going home. Miss Mason will go with your sister. Will you allow me to drive you?"

Leah's heart gave a quick little bound—a half-guilty one. It was of Holland that she was thinking as he came up, not with any girlish flutterings or specious self-deceiving—just coolly making up her mind with the hard, clear, logical directness of the New England mental processes.

He had thought as he approached her how sweet and pure and utterly unworldly she looked. And she was saying to herself:

"If he asks me, I will marry him."

There were ways enough. Other girls did as much for the men they cared for, and no one blamed them or thought they had overstepped the bounds of maidenly propriety. And just then his voice sounded in her ears.

For the first few minutes of the ride very little was said. Leah had never had a flirtation in her life. The matter before her was dead, solemn earnest. Her small hands lay lightly clasped in her lap; the soft evening wind blew her hat back on her neck, and she did not replace it. The moon shone full on her face, and deepened the shadows of the long lashes against her cheek.

"I fear I am rather a dull companion," he said, at last. "It has not come in my way to talk to young ladies much."

"Are young ladies different from other people—in their conversational demands, I mean?"

"Yes, rather. That is, I know very little about them; I am not a society man."

"Are you not?" She felt a half-contempt for the self-consciousness that began with an apology.

"No. But," cheerfully, "neither am I an artist or poet."

"I hope you are a good driver," a little sharply.

A rabbit had rushed across the road under the horses' noses. The impatient beasts improved the occasion. They reared and plunged and broke into a dead run. The wood road was narrow and rough; the light vehicle swung from side to side. Leah caught her breath and braced herself in her seat. He was busy with his horses. When he checked them at last, and had time to look at her, apparently she had not moved a muscle. He could not see that the hands lying in her lap were clenched like iron.

"You are a wonderful girl," he said, honestly. "I expected you to scream. Turn your face to the light and let me see you. How white you are! were you frightened?"

"Yes."

That was all she said. Her lips were too unsteady. At heart she was a horrible coward, but she had the pluck and pride not to betray herself often.

"Well, there was reason. We had about one chance out of four of not being overturned. As I was saying, I am neither a poet nor a painter."

"I suppose I should be afraid of you if you were. I never knew a man who was either."

"But I have learned to drive," smiling, "fortunately for both of us. All my life long it has been the practical that has been uppermost," half sadly.

"I do not know that you need regret that. I think it is the practical that comes first in most lives."

"In your life?"

"Decidedly!" There was a sharp little ring in her voice.

"I have always been a poor man," he said, deliberately. "Does poverty make a man better or worse?"

She caught her breath again, as if she were on the verge of a hysterical outbreak. Perhaps her fright had broken up her usual calm—Leah Allen was not a woman who turned her life inside out for all eyes.

"I know one woman whose temper is about ruined by it. I am very poor myself."

To be Continued.

FOR one instant the mother and daughter gazed in silence at one another. I could not see the expression of Mrs. Godfrey's face, for it was turned from me, but in Helen's wide blue eyes there was a look of horror not unmixed with fear; for as I have said, notwithstanding her love for her mother, she feared her, and on occasions I had even seen her shrink from her, I fancied, with the same sort of dread which I myself experienced in Mrs. Godfrey's presence; a feeling akin to that which a mad person inspires in most people.

The paper in Mrs. Godfrey's hand was more than half consumed, when Helen sprang suddenly forward and seized her mother's arm, saying something to her at the same time, which, of course, I was unable to hear. Mrs. Godfrey replied, and then freeing her arm, held her daughter from her, and with her other hand held the half burnt will in the flame of the candle.

Helen's face was white as death and her little hands were clasped over her bosom, which, I could see, heaved convulsively. She appeared to be pleading with her mother, but the latter heeded her not, only her face hardened and her lips compressed themselves more tightly.

When the last scrap of paper was destroyed she turned and spoke to the frightened girl, who shrank from her and covered her face with her trembling hands.

Mrs. Godfrey spoke rapidly and with more gesticulation than I had ever known her to do before; she seemed to be trying to impress something on her daughter's mind. Was she excusing herself for the crime just committed? Perhaps seeking to palliate the crime itself, to present it in as softened a light as possible to the mind of Helen. For an evil heart has ever on hand a fund of plausible excuses for its wrong doing.

But the girl interrupted her with a gesture expressive of more dignity than I would have conceived it possible for so petite a person to assume. With a face pale as death and her eyes sorrowful yet stern, Helen answered her mother, while the latter stood listening, a cold smile on her lips and an angry gleam in her eyes; one hand rested on the back of a chair, the other hung clenched at her side; the whole attitude of the woman spoke of defiance and implacable resolve.

At last Helen, utterly overcome, advanced toward her mother with hands outstretched beseechingly. But the elder woman shook her head, and answering, raised her hand to heaven as though registering some vow; and with a low, anguished cry the young girl turned and fled from the room.

I waited but to give one more glance at the remaining occupant of the library; she stood perfectly motionless, her head sunk upon her bosom, her whole aspect betokening utter dejection as a few minutes before it had defiance.

When I turned to re-enter the house I became alive to the state I was in. My limbs were so cramped that it was with difficulty I could walk; add to this a miserable drizzling rain was falling and my garments, heavy with dampness, clung to my chilled body. I ran as quickly as possible to the door through which I had gained egress. Several times my benumbed fingers failed to turn the key in the lock, and, cold, tired, wretched as I was the childish tears started to my eyes; at last however I succeeded in unlocking the door, entering and relocking it after me. I went cautiously forward till I reached the hall; here I stood breathless; there was not a sound to be heard, not the faintest glimmer of light to be seen anywhere. In a few minutes I reached the safe shelter of my own room, and immediately began to remove my wet garments; scarcely had I finished this operation, when footsteps hurrying along the corridor outside my door, startled me so that my heart stood still for a moment and then commenced beating violently. With my gaze strained toward the door, I stood waiting in awful expectation for—I knew not what. My nerves were wrought up to a high pitch and the sound of a footstep at that unwonted hour was sufficient to set them quivering painfully. The footsteps stopped at my door; then came a quick impatient knock, and

before I had time to answer, the door opened and my cousin's maid, Janet, with a white, scared face entered the room; she started, at seeing me up; but hastened to tell her errand. My cousin was ill, and Mrs Godfrey was not in her room; would I go to Miss Godfrey while she (Janet) searched for her mother?

Scarcely waiting for my reply the girl hurried away; and as quickly as my trembling fingers would permit, I threw on a loose morning wrapper, thrust my feet into a pair of slippers, and flew to Helen's room.

An involuntary cry escaped me as I looked upon the rigid form upon the bed; the face was ghastly white, while the lips were perfectly blue. Was she dead? I placed my hand over her heart, its action was fearfully irregular; now it would beat furiously; then seem to stop altogether. "Thank God," I cried, "my darling still lives!" But as I looked again into her face a sudden thought darted into my mind "Helen had heart disease!" But did Mrs. Godfrey know it? Surely if so, she would not have thwarted her as she had done. I commenced to rub the little hands vigorously, I knew not what was the proper thing to do, and impatiently awaited the entrance of Mrs. Godfrey and Janet. Minute after minute passed away and they did not come; but presently to my great relief I saw the blueness fade away from the young girl's lips and a faint color steal into them; presently she opened her eyes and gazed about her with a dazed, frightened look. Then starting up, she cried wildly:

"Mamma, mamma, the will; for God's sake don't burn the will!"

These incoherent words of Helen's dispelled the last lingering doubt I had had of the paper's, destroyed by Mrs. Godfrey, being the missing will. But my cousin's critical condition drove all other thoughts from my mind for the time being, for she had fainted again, and I was just about to call for assistance, when I heard some one coming, Mrs. Godfrey, followed by Janet and Mrs. Griswold, the housekeeper, entered the room; the former pushing me almost roughly from the bedside, took my place there; and as I watched the agonized expression in the wretched mother's face, I felt some faint stirring of pity for her in my heart. Restoratives were applied to the fainting girl, and were so far successful that she recovered sufficiently to open her eyes and gaze vacantly around the room; but when at last they rested on her mother, who was murmuring endearing epithets, which sounded to me curiously strange, from those cruel lips, Helen uttered a low, pained cry and shrank from her; I turned away unable to witness the unhappy mother writhe under that action.

Turning to Janet, I inquired if the doctor had been sent for; she said yes; and that Mrs. Griswold advised telegraphing for Dr. Rathburn also. I wondered I had not thought of this sooner, and went away to write down the message, which the servant could take to the village as soon as he returned from fetching the doctor.

In a few moments the doctor arrived, having come on horse-back as being the quickest mode of conveying himself to the Manor. The man-servant was also riding, and when I ran out and gave him the telegram for Douglas, he rode off with it to the village without an instant's delay. I then ran up to my room, dressed myself properly, and then went out into the corridor to wait till the doctor came from Helen's room. I had not very long to wait, for presently the boudoir door opened and Janet's white, frightened face appeared. "Miss Enis, come quickly, she is dying."

Dying! a cold, deathly shiver ran through me, and I staggered back, clutching at the wall for support.

Helen dying! then merciful God forgive me! for indirectly yet surely I had been the cause of it. With a heavy heart I followed Janet into the chamber of death.

Of death! yes I could not doubt it when I looked upon the greyish pallor of Helen's face. She was gasping pitifully for breath and through her night-dress I could see the violent beating of her heart as though it would leap from her breast. I could utter no word. My heart was too full of passionate sorrow and remorse. Too late! too late! In my blind egotism, I had done wrong that good might come, and this was my punishment. In the death of this dear girl whom I had learned to love as dearly as my own sister, I was destined to obtain the end which I had sought and to receive my punishment at one and the same time.

Speechless with grief, I sank on my knees by the bed and clasped Helen's hand to mine. She turned her dimmed eyes upon me, and smiled, a sweet, forgiving smile that stabbed me more sharply than repulsion would have done, for it made me feel more and more how contemptible, how wicked I had been! "Leave us!" she gasped, turning to the others: the doctor and Janet went at once into the adjoining room; but Mrs. Godfrey lingered.

"Will you send me away my child?" she murmured brokenly.

"Yes, a moment" answered the dying girl, and with one last kiss, the wretched mother left the room with slow, lagging steps.

But, alas! whatever the poor girl had wished to say to me was destined never to be told. Scarcely had her mother left the room when that awful gasping for breath began again, and she lay, panting and writhing in her agony, unable to utter a word and only the wistful longing in her eyes telling of her desire to speak the words she was so powerless to utter.

It was terrible to witness her suffering: there is always a dread, more or less, in the hearts of watchers by a death-bed; the soul is filled with awe, and the poor human heart quakes as the King of Terrors stalks into your presence and reminds you, with grim and fearful certainty, of that time when he will come and set his seal upon *your* brow, as he even now has upon that pale face on the pillow. But awful as death is at all times, its terrors are fearfully multiplied when the soul's departure from this world is accompanied by great bodily suffering.

This was the case with Helen, and my weak heart trembled and sank within me, for I had never looked on death before; strange as it may seem.

I raised her in my arms and rested her head upon my breast, and never for an instant did the wistful eyes leave my face.

Could it be of Douglas she wished to speak? I wondered; "Helen darling" I whispered, "is it about Douglas you wish to speak? I have sent for him; he will be here soon."

She shook her head and smiled feebly, and as another thought came into my mind, I was about to ask her if she wished to speak of the lost will, when a strong, convulsive shudder ran through her slight frame, she threw up her arms and her head fell back on my shoulder. A terrified scream burst from my lips and I let the limp form fall heavily on the pillow, and sprang to my feet. That cry of mine brought the others hurrying into the room; Mrs. Godfrey, fearless and haggard, her eyes blood-shot and wild-looking, flung herself down on her knees by the bed. The doctor, after one close look into the dead face, had drawn back, and stood with folded arms, his eyes fixed on the floor; Janet stood just within the room, her hands pressed to her bosom.

For a long time, it seemed to me, a deep, deep silence reigned in the chamber of death. Then a voice, soft and low, full of tenderest love, broke the stillness.

"Helen my child, my little one, forgive me the harsh words I spoke to you in my anger last night; I was never harsh to you before, darling, was I? Why do you not speak to your poor mother Helen? I will do as you wish dearest. You were right when you said it was a crime; I will confess that I destroyed the will; we will go away from here, you and I Helen, and Alex. Godfrey shall have his own again. Will not that satisfy you? why do you not speak nor look at me Helen?" The poor crazed creature turned to the doctor and whispered, pointing to her dead child—"Why does she not speak nor move; why does she look like that?"

Very kindly and gently the physician laid his hand on her shoulder and said sadly:

"Your daughter is dead, my dear lady; had you not better come with me into the next room?"

"Dead!" she shrieked, flinging his hand off and rising to her feet. "Dead!" she turned and stooped over the bed, lifted one of the lifeless hands in hers and let it fall. Clutching her hair in both hands, she stared wildly around the room; when her gaze fell upon me, a rapid change came over her face; fiendish hate and rage glared from her blood-shot eyes, and the thin lips were drawn back tightly, disclosing the large white teeth. "My child is dead—dead" she shrieked—"and you have killed her; *murderess!*"

She reached me in one spring and I felt her cold fingers clutch my throat and saw her mad eyes glare into mine;

then the doctor and Janet pulled her away and dragged her shrieking from the room; then as in a dream I saw the room fill with white-faced, terrified servants. I saw no more, a merciful blank came to me and I knew no more of passing events than did the still, dewy figure on the bed.

Nearly five weeks had passed away when I once more awoke to the responsibilities of life.

I could not understand what had happened at first. I felt so weak and helpless, and it seemed so strange to see my mother there, in my room at Upfield. But she told me I had been very ill and must not talk, that she would tell me everything when I was a little stronger. So day by day as I gathered new strength, I learned by degrees all that had transpired during my illness.

Helen had long been laid to rest in the sunny churchyard at Upton. Mrs. Godfrey, poor woman! was confined in a private insane asylum near London, and the secret of the burnt will had spread far and near; for Helen's mother, in her ravings, told the story of her own crime over and over again. And they said that I, also, in my delirium, had told to wondering listeners, the story of the scene I had witnessed in the library as I crouched outside the window in the storm and darkness of that awful night.

Mamma told me how Douglas had arrived the next morning and found a terrible state of affairs at the manor; his betrothed was lying dead in her room upstairs; Mrs. Godfrey, a raving maniac guarded by two servants, and I—the unhappy cause of all this trouble, lay tossing in the delirium of brain fever, brought on by excitement, and long exposure to the weather.

Douglas, appalled by this state of things, telegraphed my father and mother to come to Upfield at once.

It was not for many weeks that I learned all this, for the memory of all the past few months weighed so on my mind that my recovery was greatly retarded. The doctor advised my going away for a while; and I was only too glad to go, for Upfield was full of painful memories; and go where I would about the old manor, I seemed to see ever before me the pale dead face of my cousin Helen, and another, white and frenzied with gleaming eyes; the face of that poor mad woman who had been my enemy and Helen's mother. Yes, Upfield Manor was a haunted place to me; and I was eager to get away.

Two days before we left England, Douglas came to see me, and we had a long talk together and everything was explained between us. He asked me to be his wife when the year of mourning for Helen was over; and showed me the following letter from her, which he had received only a day before her death.

UPTON, Aug. 29th, 18—

DEAR DR. RATHBURN:

You will doubtless be surprised at receiving this from me so soon after your visit to Upfield; but since you were here to-day, I have discovered what has given me great pain, but which I thank God has been found out ere it was too late. This is my discovery: you do not love me, you never loved me, even when you wrote that letter asking me to be your wife. This being so, I release you from an engagement into which you should not have wronged me by entering; no matter how worthy your motive may have been. You will wonder how I discovered all this. That is soon explained. When you were gone this afternoon I started out to meet Enis in the park, on her way from Upton; when close to the park gates I heard her voice and yours in Oak Lane; the words you were speaking at the moment arrested my attention, and I stood and listened to all you said to her. You love Enis. I do not blame her for that; she is more worthy of your love than ever I could have been, though she could not love you better than I have done, Douglas. She accused you of mercenary motives in asking me to be your wife; but in that I know now that she wronged you. Though you would not explain to her your motives, I suspected at once how the engagement had been brought about, and now I know that my suspicions were right; for Mamma has confessed that she—ah! how can I write the disgraceful words?—that she entreated you to marry me because I loved you;—you who had never sought my love, nor cared to win it! My poor mother doubtless considered that she was doing that which would add most to my happiness; I do not doubt her

love for me; but heaven knows it was the most unkind thing she could have done. Had she hated me she could not have stabbed me more cruelly. Her interference has humbled my pride to the dust, and made me ashamed to look in your face again. I ask you to forgive us, my mother and me; for I do not forget that you too have suffered. In a few days, say in a week from to-day, I would like you to come to Upfield; I wish particularly to see you. But do not come before the time I have named. Enis is not aware that I know all; when you come it will be soon enough for her to know. She is a good woman, as you said, and she deserves your love; may God bless you both and make you happy! I will return the engagement ring you gave me, when I see you next week. Do not think that I blame you Douglas; you acted nobly, generously, if mistakenly; and if to-day in Enis's presence, your resolution failed you, in my heart I blame you not at all. I can write no more; my hand trembles already; the excitement and worry has tired me out. I was always a miserable little thing, as you know Douglas. Once more I entreat you, do not come here sooner than the time I have mentioned. Your friend,

HELEN GODFREY.

This simple, girlish letter, so full of hidden pathos, affected me strongly, and I could scarcely read to the end of it for the tears that blinded my eyes.

That Helen had wished Douglas and me to marry, was clear, but at that time, so soon after her death, the very idea of such a thing was repugnant to me. I told Douglas so as gently as possible, and despite his entreaties I steadily refused to allow an engagement to exist between us. I could not marry him, I said, for a long, long time, and I would not permit him to bind himself by a promise which he might regret before the time came for its fulfilment. So at last he left me vowing he would come again when the year was out and urge his suit.

At last everything was arranged and Papa, Mamma, Hetty and I left England for Italy where we purposed settling down for a while.

The younger children were left at Upfield under the care of a lady who had once been my governess, and Douglas had promised to run down now and then to see them. Herbert was to pursue his studies for the ministry during our absence. We remained on the Continent nearly two years; spending the time in Italy, France and Germany as the fancy suited us. During the latter six months of our sojourn abroad; Mamma and Hetty and I were alone, as Papa was recalled home by urgent business.

Douglas came from England to see us several times, remaining with us for two or three weeks at a time. But it was only when we were on the point of returning home that I yielded to his persistent entreaties and promised at some future time to be his wife.

It was with varied emotions that I again set foot on English soil, and although two years had rolled away since the tragedy at Upfield, yet the thought of going back there affected me so strongly that Herbert proposed my living with him in London for a while, till I grew more reconciled to the idea of returning to Upfield. I seized upon the suggestion eagerly; and so it was settled. Herbert, by this time had London curacy; it had been his choice in preference to a country one—and in the little home to which he took me, I spent two peaceful years, helping him in his parish work and striving hand in hand with my earnest souled brother to pierce through the darkness and desolation of, at least, one small portion of the dense wilderness of great London's lower world; finding in the alleviation of the sorrows and wants of others a rest from the gnawing memory of the past.

So it was four years after Helen's death when I at last became Douglas Rathburn's wife. The wedding took place at Upfield, and in all these years that was my first visit home.

The day before the wedding Douglas and I went to Upton churchyard and stood by Helen's grave. A simple stone marked her resting place, and on it we read:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
HELEN GODFREY,
Aged 17

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

[THE END

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

—○○○○—

"Jog on, jog on the foot-pat way
And merrily hent the stile—a
A merry heart does all the day,
Your sad tires in a minute."

A marked man—The fellow who sits down on a newly-painted door step.

What do the wild waves say? Why, probably, "We cost a dollar and a half at the hair store."

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is far safer to trust to the legs in case the other party is real mad.

A little Augusta three-year-old girl rebuked her mother for alluding to a black cat. She said it was a "colored" cat.

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," was the reply.

Somebody says that every failure is a step to success. This will explain why the oftner some men fail the richer they become.

A New Orleans paper says: "It is the experience of circus proprietors that one stock of clown jokes will outlast seven sets of canvas covering."

The animals all went into the ark "two by two." But the number that went in is not given. The statistics of those days is of Noah count.

A Greek journalist has turned into a brigand. For the first time in his life he will now have an opportunity of making some of his old subscribers pay up.

It knocked a man about crazy to find that the button he had "by mistake" put in the contribution box was one of a set for his wife's saccue, and they cost thirty cents apiece.

An exchange thinks the "theatre of the future" will be fireproof. It will have to be if there is not an improvement in the moral tone of the plays produced.—*Norristown Herald.*

"O, George!" a New York girl intensely exclaimed while gazing at the comet, "how transcendently beautiful and rapturously precious it is! I should so love to study botany!"

What is the difference between economy and meanness? Well, if a man squeezes to save a little money, he calls it economy; his neighbors call it meanness. It depends on who does the calling.

"Ah, excuse me," exclaimed an Arkansas man, as he knocked down a stranger in the street. "I thought that you were a friend of mine. My eyesight is failing me, so that I'll have to wear glasses.

A shirt has two arms, the same as trousers have two legs. Yet one is called a pair and the other only one. Isn't it time that we let up on astronomy, and pay more attention to the every-day trifles that vex the clearest minds?

A preacher, whose congregation had begun to fall off somewhat, had it intimated that he would discuss a family scandal the following Sunday. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was Adam and Eve.

A montanna woman sued for a divorce because her husband kissed the servant girl. "You want this man punished?" asked the judge. "I do," said she. "Then," said the judge, "I shall not divorce you from him."

It is said of a great many persons who have no exterior excellence to boast of that they are possessed of much inward beauty. If kindly nature would so re-arrange her laws that such people could be turned wrong side out, life would be more nearly worth living.

The first day Artemus Ward entered Toledo, travel-worn and seedy, he said to an editor who was on the street, "Mister, where could I get a good dinner for two shillings?" He was told; and then he inquired, "I say, Mister, where could I get the two shillings?"

William Nye remarks to an inquiring subscriber: "We were not publishing the *Boonerang* during the Mexican war. We would have done so if we had been born, but we were not. This was no fault of ours. It was and unavoidable delay for which we are not responsible."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

—○○○○—

"Honor to the man who brings honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the freeso—Authors."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is soon to visit England.

Walt. Whitman has an article on Robert Burns in *The Critic*.

A biography of the late Professor E. H. Palmer will be written by Mr. Walter Besant.

Louise Mitchell, the famous female socialist of France, will lecture in America next fall.

"The Pentateuch Controversy" is the title of a work by the author of "Deuteronomy the People's Book."

Henry James, Sr, the philosopher and theologian, died at his Boston home on December 18th, at the age of seventy-one.

The astonishing manoeuvres of the "Salvation Army" in Paris will be introduced into Daudet's new novel "L'Evangéliste."

Mr. Whittier is said to be frequently annoyed by attempts to drag him into general society by well-meaning but injudicious friends.

An edition of Shakespeare for acting purposes is, it is stated, shortly to be published, with Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Frank Marshall as editors.

Mrs. Mary McGill is the proprietor of the Oswego, Kansas, *Independent*. She publishes a daily and a weekly edition and has been very successful with the paper.

Dr. Alice Bennett of the Norristown Hospital for the Insane, was the first and only young lady who has obtained the degree of Doctor in Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania.

It is said that after the next number Mr. James Payne will have charge of Longmans' new magazine. Another report is that Mr. Payne will succeed Leslie Stephen, of the Cornhill Magazine.

One day last summer Mr. A. Bronson Alcott said to an acquaintance, "I early determined in life not to be a slave to things; not to put my life as pledge for fine furniture, for luxuries, for the material surroundings. We lived a simple life, Mrs. Alcott and I, and I have never regretted it."

On the occasion of Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' last lecture before the Harvard Medical School, a presentation of a beautiful "loving cup," inscribed with an apt quotation from his own works was made in behalf of his last class. Dr. Holmes responded with great feeling, giving a brief sketch of his connection with the school and university. Many old friends and pupils were present.

Whittier's seventy-fifth birthday occurred on Sunday, the 7th of last month. The poet is spending the winter in Boston. To a reporter Mr. Whittier said he thought it "rather a queer thing to congratulate a man upon—that he was seventy-five years old," but added that perhaps it was something to live so long in this wicked world. In answer to an inquiry as to the amount of literary work he was doing he said: "Not much; nothing to speak of. I have done too much already, such as it is. There is no man who ought to write much after he is seventy, unless perhaps it may be Dr. Holmes. He ought to write from now on until he is a hundred. There is such a wonderful variety in his work that it seems a pity he should ever stop."

A charming story of Hawthorne was told to Mr. Conway by an intimate friend of the novelist: One wintry day Hawthorne received at his office notification that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, "I am removed from office." Then she leaves the room; soon she returns and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and as he turns to the beaming face says, "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. The "Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvellous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

A face that cannot smile is never good.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.

What we are at home is a pretty sure test of what we really are.

The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth.

What renders the vanity of others unbearable to us is the wound it inflicts on ours.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Man cannot dream himself into a noble character; he must achieve by diligent effort.

Pay your honest debts before you subscribe to charitable institutions. Honesty before charity.

Let him who regrets the waste of money and loss of time in the past lose neither in the future.

No life can be utterly miserable that is brightened by the laughter and love of one little child.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections of the heart.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace.

We see how much a man has and therefore envy him; did we see how much he enjoys we should rather pity him.

Censuring with a desire to mortify is very different from that suggestion of our errors which it is the office of friendship to give.

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.

If you wish to be happy, have a small house and a large balance at your banker's; if you wish to be unhappy, adopt the opposite plan.

Habit is a tyrannical master, and a man who has been brought up to nothing but work can with difficulty shake off the yoke in his later years.

It is one thing to love truth, and to seek it, for its sake; and quite another to welcome as much of it as tallies with our impressions and prejudices.

That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

One never knows a man until he has refused him something and studied the effects of the refusal; one never knows himself till he has denied himself.

An unchanging state of joy is impossible on earth as it now is, because evil and error are here. The soul must have its midnight hour as well as its sunlit seasons of joy and gladness.

It often happens that men are very pious without being very good. Their religion expends itself in devotional feelings and services, while the evil passions of their nature remain unsubdued.

Love and kind treatment to children are the best educations of a good disposition and good conduct. The little ones are easily diverted from their purposes by kind dealing, while severe treatment has the opposite effect.

The earth always casts a shadow; it is only when that shadow falls upon the moon that we are able to see it. So it is with sorrow. Although every moment of time brings the darkness of grief to some hearthstone, it is never fully realized by us until we see it driving away the light from our own.—*Dr. Alexander Parke.*

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Glue, when mixed with one-fourth part glycerine, is found to have an elasticity and pliability which prevent it cracking when dry.

There is a tree in Jamaica called the "life tree," whose leaves grow even when severed from the plant. It is impossible to kill it except by fire.

An exhibition of all the newly-invented appliances to diminish the number and lessen the consequences of railway accidents is proposed to be held in Paris.

A German experimenter has succeeded in keeping the heart of a frog in motion for twenty days after all the blood was removed from its body, another fluid being substituted in its stead.

Miss Yates, who is trying to induce reforms concerning English workmen's food, is sustained by high authority when she says that dogs fed on white bread die at the end of forty days, while they thrive and flourish on bread made of whole meal.

An English mechanic has invented a horse-shoe composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mould and subjected to chemical preparation. It will last longer than the common shoe, weighs only one-fourth as much, does not split the hoofs, requires no calks and is very elastic.

A New York physician has devoted considerable pains to the investigation of hanging as a mode of death, and reports that when properly executed, hanging is absolutely painless. He allowed himself to be strangled to the point of insensibility, and was free from pain during the whole experiment.

An ingenious inventor has recently patented an apparatus for utilizing the heat of the sun's rays for generating steam and for other purposes requiring heat. The leading peculiarity of the apparatus is that it does away with expensive mirrors and reflectors, common flat window glass being made to answer the purpose.

The pickle industry is said to have reached the enormous proportions of \$100,000,000 annually. This represents an amount of dyspepsia and concomitant ills not easy to estimate. The manufacturers admit that copper is used for the purpose of coloring pickles, but claim that the quantity is too small to be a cause of harm. It is probable that the pickle itself is worse than any of its adulterants.

A paper was very lately read before the Physical Society, London, by Mr. L. P. Thompson, in which he maintained that Davy employed the spark between two carbons, that is the electric light, as early as 1802, that Franklin's experiment in boiling is given in Boyle's "New Experiments Touching the Spring of the Air;" and that P. Reis's 1861 telephone was designed to transmit speech, and was based on the structure of the human ear.

A contributor to the *Scientific American* suggests the employment of electricity and instantaneous photography for the detection of burglars. He would have an arrangement by which the tread of a burglar on entering a house or approaching a safe shall cause the glare of an electric light to be suddenly thrown on him, and at the same time expose a plate in a camera focussed on the spot, thereby producing an instantaneous photograph, which will be left behind and aid in bringing him to justice.

Dr. C. W. Siemens believes that the present contest between gas and electricity will end in the latter's winning the day as the light of luxury; but that gas will nevertheless find an increasing application for the more humble purposes of society. He strongly urges again the use of gas as the cheapest form of fuel for towns, and of making a general supply of heating gas besides illuminating gas, by collecting each into separate holders while the process of distillation is going on. The result would, he says, be this: 1. Lighting gas would have a higher illuminating power. 2. There would be no coal to distribute or ashes to collect over town. 3. The smoke nuisance would be abated. 4. There would be a large increase of those valuable by-products—tar, coke and ammonia.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

The rush of letters during the past month containing lists of subscribers with the money therefor from all parts of Canada has exceeded our expectations and yet we wish to urge our friends to continue their efforts for their own benefit and ours. We pay liberally all who work for us that we may attain our object and have our magazine read by all the reading families of the Dominion.

Though subscriptions can commence with any month the majority of people desire to commence with the January number and we therefore wish canvassers to go to work at once.

CIRCLE CHAT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AN ACCURATE MEMORY in every walk of life is universally felt. A first-class means of cultivating the memory, then, should be duly considered by all, and practised by those at least who require improved accuracy in recalling events. Probably the best remedy for a bad memory and the best fertiliser of a moderately good one was practised by the late Thurlow Weed, who remarked that his memory was a sieve when he was a young man. Every evening for fifty years he mentally went over every incident of the day, the task being made more interesting by his wife's inducing him to recite his adventures and doings to her. "I could recall little at first," he says. "Finally I found I could recall more. Events came back to me more minutely and more accurately." Young men particularly should heed this lesson.

LOYALTY AMONG CANADIANS seems to be rather slender. Now, a deep attachment to one's country cannot be cultivated any time as well as in childhood. It must be instilled into the child's mind at home and in school. The curriculum of school studies should place no history—not England's—above that of our own Dominion.

PROPHECIES OF EXTRAORDINARY STORMS during the present year are supported by an old English doggerel couplet which foretells storms during the year following the event of Christmas' falling on Monday. Another couplet of similar origin, said to have been contributed to our literature long before Mother Shipton's time, reads:

"When Easter falls in our Lady's lap
On England will come a great mishap;"

meaning when Easter Sunday coincides with Lady day, as it does this year. This has not happened since 1744, when a few days after Easter the war broke out with France which led to the battle of Fontenoy and included the Jacobite insurrection of 1745. To a great many those ancient prophetic doggerel couplets, with circumstance to support them, mean more than an interesting pastime, notwithstanding the proofs of their falsity in the past, and the rapid advance of mental culture, which tends to dispel such beliefs.

"**STIMULANTS DO NOT ACT ON THE SYSTEM,**" says Mr. A. Cuthbertson, a student of Knox College, in a lecture recently; "but the system acts on them." Among other proofs of the correctness of this theory the condition of a body after death by poison is cited, which shows that the parts where the poison is are not affected, but the nervous system has been struggling to expel the poison. The theory presents plainly and forcibly the result of using stimulants.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

Questions for answers should be addressed, Correspondents' Department, "Family Circle," London East, Ont.

Mrs. S.—We are always glad to receive good recipes for publication.

W. R.—I. No; the scientific writers on love agree that women do not like pretty or foppish men. Height, size and activity are attractive to them, but intellectuality, courage, liberality, gallantry and firmness are qualities which have far more power in eliciting a woman's love. 2. Men love beauty in woman and a perfect form above all things. Literary faculties, purity, virtue and dignity are the most attractive qualities to men in the other sex. This applies only to those who are well sexed and old enough to know their own minds.

AMANDA.—You will only lose the respect of the gentleman mentioned by not being more reserved and dignified. It is probable that he really does not believe exactly what he tells you concerning kissing, and if he does he is prejudiced by his desires. If he will not love you without your compromising your dignity his love is not worth your efforts to obtain. If he is really worthy, a dignified manner will increase his respect and love for you.

H. H.—Canvassers for subscribers can always obtain sample copies of the FAMILY CIRCLE free on application. Outfit sent. Get all the subscribers you can at once. Your vicinity has never been canvassed.

ENQUIRER.—Walt Whitman's works may on a careless perusal appear vulgar in places, but upon careful reading their effect will be found to be an indescribable, elevating influence, which makes us view men and women as more wonderful, to recognize the holiness of their sex and physical parts and to raise us above the prevalent mock modesty.

CARRIE F.—It would be wise for you to wait until you know your own mind better. It is difficult to advise in your case. It might be to your interest to study the tastes of the two gentlemen, of course preferring the one most like yourself in tastes and the most unlike in complexion, size, temperament, etc. The one who has the most manly traits and is the most tender to you will make the better husband. Don't be frightened as to your judgment's being biased. The one who, to your mind, has those traits should be your choice.

KIRRY M.—If you love the gentleman you designate as Mr. X. and are as you say perfectly confident that there is a mutual understanding of marriage between you, we can see no reason why he should not be vexed at your conduct, but we would caution you against placing too much reliance upon being as "good as engaged." Until he has proposed to you formally he has no right to expect you to make the slightest sacrifice. His jealousy may possibly only show his love, but his conduct is unwarranted under the present circumstances, and you are right in feeling and acting independently.

C. V.—By all means, follow your mother's advice. She understands better than you can the circumstances, and if, as you say, you care no more for the gentleman concerned than for any other acquaintance, it will be a very little sacrifice and will show the appreciation you owe to your mother's loving interest in your welfare.

W. S.—Gray's "How Plants grow" would be the best book for you to study.

G. J.—Unless you are fully satisfied that you are particularly adapted for a profession you had better remain where you are. Farming, with the facilities now in use, is by no means a hard occupation. If you look to a profession as being easier work you are making a grave mistake.

SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot allow agents to take renewals in places where another agent has worked up a good circulation; but we can generally give applicants sections to canvass where they will have the right to collect the renewals and retain the regular agent's commission in future years. Read our 1882-83 circular mailed you.

A number of answers have been crowded out of this number and will appear next month.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Healthy Homes.

Robert Rawlinsou, an English civil engineer, gives in his letters and papers on sanitary questions many excellent rules for making a healthy home, of which the following are a few of the most practical and important:—

"The subsoil beneath a house should be naturally dry, or it should be made dry by land draining.

The ground floor of a house should not be below the level of the land, street, or road outside.

A site excavated on the side of a hill or steep bank, is liable to be dangerous, as external ventilation may be defective, and the subsoil water from above may soak toward and beneath such houses. Middens, ashpits, and cesspools, if at the back, must also taint such basements.

The subsoil within every basement should have a layer of concrete over it, and there should be full ventilation.

Cesspools, cesspits, sink-holes, or drains, should not be formed nor be retained within house basements.

The ground around dwelling houses should be paved, flagged, asphalted, covered with concrete, or be graveled.

Outside channels should be in good order, and be regularly cleansed.

House eaves should be gutted and spouted.

Swill tubes should not be near doors or windows.

Pig-sties should ever be at a distance, and where pigs are kept there should be rigid cleanliness. Improperly keeping pigs has caused more human sickness and destroyed more life than all the battles the country has ever been engaged in.

Garden plots should of course be in order and be properly cultivated."

How to Live Long.

The following, copied from *Arthur's Home Magazine*, contains some very valuable suggestions in regard to the necessity of regular habits of living in order to prolong life:—

"We have, to a great extent, the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to people at first; but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days. A great deal might be said about the benefits of regularity in our modes of living. Old people who have once settled down in a kind of groove of life, cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself. They may, perhaps, have their regular time for getting up in the morning, certain methods of ablutition, certain kinds and quantities of food and drink, certain hours for taking these, certain times for rest, exercise, and recreation, and a hundred other things, which, taken separately, may seem but a trifle; but taken in the aggregate, make up their lives, and they know and feel that they must not be unsettled. The wheels of life will run long in grooves, but soon wear out over rough, irregular roads. Habits, whether good or bad, are easily formed when one is young; but when one advances in years, it is terribly difficult and oftentimes dangerous to set them aside. Therefore, study, if you would live long, to be regular in your habits of life in every way, and let your regularity have a good tendency."

Sunlit Rooms.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartments. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by a veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people

are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure.

It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling, so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*Builder and Woodworker.*

Weary Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty, but she most signally fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken down overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearying, heart-breaking toil, that is never ended and never begun, without making life a tread-mill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor, is, by this labor, unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confident and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, and as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness, and more than all, her youth, the last thing a woman should allow to slip from her: for no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself.

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her sere and yellow, before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing is for rest and sleep that very probably will not come, and even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.—[*Sanitary Journal.*]

Dr. Roddick, of Montreal, recently delivered a lecture on "Surgical and Medical Emergencies."

The subject of foreign bodies and the treatment in such cases was taken up and directions were given as to the course to be pursued when pins or coins have been swallowed. Dry, hard food should be taken in order to encircle the foreign body and facilitate its passage through the intestines. A very common mistake in such cases was to give emetics. This should never be done, as the pin or sharp pointed body might be made to pierce the stomach.

He then passed on to the treatment of scalds and burns. The death of a burn was not in general so important as its extent, a very superficial burn with a wide extent being more dangerous than a deep one with small extent. In case of a simple burn, flour was recommended as a good thing. In case of frost bites a patient should be bathed with cold water or newly-fallen snow until circulation was established, when oil and cotton should be applied.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Elegant velvet dinner dresses are trimmed with Venetian point-lace.

Feather fans, with pearl sticks, are among the most popular novelties.

Ottoman ribbons of all widths are the most in favor for millinery purposes.

Dresses that are trimmed with velvet have velvet belts with silver clasps.

Wide collars of plush that are edged with lace or plaited ribbon are worn by little girls.

Large buckles of gilt, silver, jet, enamel and bronze are placed diagonally on the new bonnets.

For evening dress, waists of different color from the skirts are still much worn. Beautiful ones are seen of delicate shades trimmed with white lace and painted vines or clusters of flowers.

The newest buttons for dress trimming are of jet, silver, bronze, and wood carved in odd designs, some of them representing animals' heads, such as monkeys, lions, and tiger's; others are the carved heads of gods and goddesses.

Plain velvet costumes of dark, dull colors are richly trimmed with fur, the furs most in favor for these suits are otter, beaver, hare, and seal. The bonnets and muffs that accompany them are also finished off with the same kind of fur used as the trimming of the dress.

An elegant bridal dress has the basque and princess train with long square corners made of Ottoman velvet. The front of the waist is sharply pointed, opens in a V shape, and the sleeves are three-quarters long. The satin front of the skirt is covered from waist to toe with wide flounces of point d'Alençon lace.

An elegant party dress is made with short round skirt trimmed in front, and with side panels. The basque is pointed. A long, full train meets at the front point, and is draped at the side, forming large hip paniers. Narrow ruffles edge the train. The waist and pannels are pointed or trimmed to suit the taste.

USEFUL RECIPES.

LYONAISE POTATOES.—One pint of cold boiled potatoes cut into small pieces, season with salt and pepper; one spoonful of butter, one slice of onion cut very fine, one teaspoonful chopped parsley; add parsley to potatoes, fry brown in the butter, then add potatoes and fry. Use fork to turn them instead of knife.

FRIED POTATOES.—Pure, cut in the desired shape, soak in cold salted water, drain, dry between a folded towel; fry in clear fat, hot enough to brown, while counting sixty; drain and salt.

FRIED FISH.—Small fish are fried whole. Large fish in slices one inch thick and two or three inches square. Wipe dry on a towel. Season with salt and pepper. Roll in seasoned crumbs. Fry five minutes in hot fat. Drain.

CHICKEN PIE WITH OYSTERS.—Boil the chicken—a year old is best—until tender, drain off the liquor from a quart of oysters, boil, skim, line the sides of a dish with a rich crust put in a layer of chicken then a layer of raw oysters, and repeat until the dish is filled, seasoning each layer with pepper, salt, and bits of butter, and adding the oyster liquor and a part of the chicken liquor until the liquid is even with the top layer. Now cover loosely with a crust having an opening in the center to allow steam to escape. If the liquor cooks away, add chicken gravy or hot water. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Make gravy by adding to chicken liquor left in the pot, one quart or more, two tablespoonfuls of flour, rubbed smooth with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and seasoned highly with pepper; let cook until there is no raw taste of flour; salt to taste and serve.

TO COLOR SOUPS.—A fine amber color is obtained by adding finely-grated carrot to the clear stock when it is quite free from scum. Red is obtained by using red-skinned tomatoes from which the skin and seeds have been strained out.

Only white vegetables should be used in white soups, as chicken. Spinach leaves, pounded in a mortar, and the juice expressed and added to the soup will give a green color. Black beans make an excellent brown soup. Burnt sugar or browned flour added to the clear stock will give the same color.

BOILED RICE.—Pick over one cup of rice, wash in three waters, and boil rapidly and uncovered in two quarts of boiling water with one tablespoonful of salt. Skim well, and the moment the kernels are soft pour it into a squash strainer. Keep it hot and uncovered, and stir with a fork to let the steam escape.

BREAD SAUCE FOR A ROAST FOWL.—Chop a small onion fine, and boil it in a pint of milk for five minutes; then add about ten ounces of bread-crumbs, a bit of butter, pepper, and salt to season, stir the whole on the fire for ten minutes. Do not let it boil.

A GOOD PUDDING.—Four ounces each of flour, suet, currants, raisins, and bread-crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and half a pint of milk. Mix all well together, and boil in a mould three hours. Serve with wine or brandy sauce.

CUP PUDDING.—Six eggs, beaten very light, seven tablespoonfuls of flour, and one pint of sweet milk. Stir these altogether briskly, and bake in cups. Serve with soft sauce.

SUPERFINE PLUM PUDDING.—Four ounces of grated bread two ounces of flour, half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of finely-shred suet, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg (or less if preferred), a little cinnamon, quarter of a pound of fine moist sugar, three ounces of mixed peel, two ounces of blanched and chopped almonds. Beat four eggs well, a little milk, a glass of brandy, and then mix in the flour and all the other ingredients; boil in a well-buttered mould for at least eight hours; the more a plum pudding is boiled the richer it becomes.

SPICED APPLES.—Take four pounds of apples (weigh them after they are peeled), two pounds of sugar, half an ounce of cinnamon in the stick, one-quarter of an ounce of cloves, and one pint of vinegar; let the vinegar, spices, and sugar come to a boil; then put in the whole apples and cook them until they are so tender that a broom-splint will pierce them easily. These will keep for a long time in a jar. Put a clean cloth over the top of the jar before putting the cover on. Pears may also be spiced in the same way, and are nice for dinner or tea.

GINGER BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter, five ounces of sugar, three ounces of ginger, one egg, and a quarter of a pint of cream. Take as much flour as these ingredients will make it to a stiff paste, roll it out very thin, and cut them with round cutters any size you prefer. Bake them in a moderate oven on plates on which flour has been sifted.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.—One cup sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour milk, one cup molasses, four cups sifted flour, one tablespoon ginger, two tablespoons soda, three eggs well beaten; stir butter and sugar together, then add eggs, milk and flour.

A DELICIOUS CAKE.—A rich cake is made by beating together half a pound of butter and three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Beat these till they are both white and light. Beat the whites and yolks separately of seven eggs, stir the yolks and a small wineglass of brandy in with the butter and sugar, then add the whites of the eggs, half or three-quarters of a grated nutmeg and a pound and a half of flour, and lastly stir in nearly a pound of scented and chopped raisins and half a pint of thick, sweet cream. Bake in one or two tins. Line the tins with paper, the sides as well as the bottom, as the cake is so rich there is danger of its breaking when lifted out.

TO REMOVE CREASES FROM AN ENGRAVING.—Lay the engraving with the face down on some clean white paper; over this lay another sheet of white paper, covering the entire back of the picture; this should be dampened evenly before laying it over the engraving; then iron this with an iron that is not too warm. The best way to dampen the paper is to lay a wet cloth over it and press it for a moment with the iron. If the frames and glass over the engravings do not fit closely, it is a good plan to remove the glass once a year and wipe the dust from the glass and the picture.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

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

James Fenimore Cooper.

IN his "Life of James Fenimore Cooper," Professor T. R. Lounsbury, in reviewing this popular novelist's style, says. It has now become a conventional criticism of Cooper that his characters are conventional. Such a charge can be admitted without seriously detracting from the value of his work. In the kind of fiction to which his writings belong the persons are necessarily so subordinate to the events that nearly all novelists of this class have been subjected to this same criticism. So regularly is it made, indeed, that Scott, when he wrote a review of some of his own tales for *The Quarterly* felt obliged to adopt it in speaking of himself. He describes his heroes as amiable, insipid young men, the sort of pattern that nobody cares a farthing about. Untrue as this is of many of Scott's creations, it is unquestionably true of the higher characters that Cooper introduces. They are often described in the most laudatory terms, but it is little they do that make them worthy of the epithets with which they are honored. Their talk is often of a kind not known to human society. One peculiarity is especially noticeable. A stiffness, not to say an appearance of affectation, is often given to the conversation by the use of "thou" and "thee." This was probably a survival in Cooper of the Quakerism of his ancestors, for he sometimes used it in his private letters. But since the action of his story was in nearly all cases laid in a period in which the second person singular had become obsolete in ordinary speech, an unnatural character is given to the dialogue which removes it still farther from the language of real life.

His failure in characterization was undoubtedly greatest in the women he drew. Cooper's ardent admirers have always resented this charge. Each one of them points to some single heroine that fulfills the highest requirements that criticism could demand. It seems to me that close study of his writings must confirm the opinion generally entertained. All his utterances show that the theoretical view he held of the rights, the duties, and the abilities of women were of the most narrow and conventional type. Unhappily it was a limitation of his nature that he could not invest with charm characters with whom he was not in moral and intellectual sympathy. There was in his eyes but one praiseworthy type of womanly excellence. It did not lie in his power to represent any other; on one occasion he unconsciously satirized his inability even to conceive of any other. In "Mercedes of Castile" the heroine is thus described by her aunt: "Her very nature," she says, "is made up of religion and female decorum." It is evident that the author fancied that in this commendation he was exhausting praise. These are the sentiments of a man with whom devoutness and deportment have become the culminating conception of the possibilities that lie in the female character. His heroines naturally conform to his belief. They are usually spoken of as spotless beings. They are made up of retiring sweetness, artlessness, and simplicity. They are timid, shrinking, helpless. They shudder with terror on any decent pretext. But if they fall in higher qualities, they embody in themselves all conceivable combinations of the proprieties and minor morals. They always give utterance to the most unexceptionable sentiments. They always do the extremely correct thing. The dead perfection of their virtues has not the alloy of a single redeeming fault. The reader naturally wearies of these uninteresting discreet and admirable creatures in fiction as he would in real life. He feels that they would be a good deal more attractive if they were a good deal less angelic. With all their faultlessness, moreover, they do not attain an ideal which is constantly realized by their living but faulty sisters. They do not show the faith, the devotion, the self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice which women exhibit daily without being conscious that they have done anything especially creditable. They experience, so far as their own words and acts furnish evidence of their feelings, a sort of luke-warm

emotion which they dignify with the name of love. But they not merely suspect without the slightest provocation, they give up the men to whom they have pledged the devotion of their lives for reasons for which no one would think of abandoning an ordinary acquaintance. In "The Spy" the heroine distrusts her lover's integrity because another woman does not conceal her tenderness from him. In "The Heidenmauer" one of the female characters resigns the man she loves because on one occasion, when heated by wine and love, he has done violence to the sacred elements. There was never a woman in real life whose heart and brains were sound that conformed her conduct to a model so contemptible. It is just to say of Cooper that as he advanced in years he improved upon this feeble conception. The female characters of his early tales are never able to do anything successfully but to faint. In his later ones they are given more strength of mind as well as nobility of character. But at best the height they reach is little loftier than that of the pattern woman of the regular religious novel. The reader cannot help picturing for all of them the same dreary and rather inane future. He is as sure as if their career had actually been unrolled before his eyes of the part they will perform in real life. They will all become leading members of Dorcas societies; they will find perpetual delight in carrying to the poor bundles of tracts and packages of tea; they will scour the highways and byways for dirty, ragged, hatless, shoeless, and godless children; they will shine with unsurpassed skill in the manufacture of slippers for the rectory; they will exhibit a fiery enthusiasm in the decoration and adornment of the church at Christmas and Easter festivals. Far be the thought that would deny praise to the mild raptures and delicate aspirations of gentle natures such as Cooper drew. But in morals at least one longs for a ruddier life than flows in the veins of these pale, bleached-out personifications of the proprieties. Women like them may be far more useful members of society than the stormier characters of fiction that are dear to the carnal-minded. They may very possibly be far more agreeable to live with, but they are not usually the women for whom men are willing and anxious to die.

These are imperfections that have led to the undue depreciation of Cooper among many highly cultivated men. Taken by themselves they might seem enough to ruin his reputation beyond redemption. It is a proof of his real greatness that he triumphs over defects which would utterly destroy the fame of a writer of inferior power. It is with novels as with men. There are those with great faults which please us and impress us far more than those in which the component parts are better balanced. Whatever its other demerits, Cooper's best work never sins against the first law of fictitious composition, that the story shall be full of sustained interest. It has power, and power always fascinates, even though accompanied with much that excites repulsion or dislike. Moreover, poorly as he sometimes told his story, he had a story to tell. The permanence and universality of his reputation are largely due to this fact. In many modern creations full of subtle charm and beauty the narrative, the material framework of the fiction, has been made so subordinate to the delineation of character and motive that the reader ceases to feel much interest in what men do in the study which is furnished him of why they do it. In this highly airy of philosophic analysis incident and event wither and die. Work of this kind is wont to have within its sphere an unbounded popularity, but its sphere is limited and can never include a title of that vast public for which Cooper wrote and which has always cherished and kept alive his memory, while that of men of perhaps far finer mold has quite faded away.

It is only fair, also, to judge him by his successes and not by his failures, by the work he did best and not by what he did moderately well. His strength lies in the description of scenes, in the narrative of events. In the best of these he had no superiors and few equals. The reader will look in vain for the revelation of sentiment or for the exhibition of passion. The love-story is rarely well done, but the love-story plays a subordinate part in the composition. The moment his imagination is set on fire with the conception of adventure, vividness and power come unbidden to his pen. The pictures he then draws are as real to the mind as if they were actually seen by the eye. It is doubtless due to the fact

that these fits of inspiration came to him only in certain kinds of composition that the excellence of many of his stories lies largely in detached scenes. Still his best works are a moving panorama, in which the mind is no sooner satiated with one picture than its place is taken by another equally fitted to fix the attention and to stir the heart. The genuineness of his power in such cases is shown by the perfect simplicity of the agencies employed. There is no pomp of words; there is an entire lack of even the attempt at meretricious adornment; there is not the slightest appearance of effort to impress the reader. In his portrayal of these scenes Cooper is like nature in that he accomplishes his greatest effects with the fewest means. If, as we are sometimes told, these things are easily done, the pertinent question remains. Why are they not done?

The Stocking Song.

Supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And now, in the woodfire's glow,
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of the time so long ago;

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The brow is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Has never gone quite away.

And her needles catch the red fire's light,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandmamma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe;

And the waking children love it too,
For they know that stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandmamma's mind,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandmamma's heart to-night—
Only a parable, short and quaint,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandmamma says,
And yours is just begun
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my task is well-nigh done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But the most are formed of many a hue,
And many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole be fair and strong.

"There are long plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we sigh for and yet would shun
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And tells us our work is done."

The children come to bid good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes;
While in grandmamma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.

Evil would not be half so dangerous if it did not often wear the semblance of virtue.

For your own and your children's sake learn to speak gently. They will remember that tone when you are under the turf. So they will remember a harsh or angry tone.

SELECTED.

"S'ppine on v' what is sweet:
Leave th' chaff and take th' wheat."

Chance.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen or a thought unguessed,
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet or know the truth;
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At woman and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

Garibaldi's Dream.

I was ill with rheumatism, and in the midst of a storm I fell asleep in my cabin, having lain down over the coverlid. In sleep I was transported to my native place, but instead of the heavenly air of Nice, where everything bore a smiling aspect, I found myself in the gloomy aspect of a cemetery. In the distance I perceived a melancholy procession of women carrying a bier, and they advanced slowly toward me. I felt a fatal presentiment, and struggled to approach the funeral train, but I could not move. I seemed to have a mountain upon my chest.

The cortege reached the side of my couch, laid down the bier, and vanished. I sought in vain to raise myself on my arms. I was under the terrible influence of a nightmare; and when I began to move and feel beside me the cold form of a corpse, and recognize my mother's blessed face, I was awake, but on my hand there remained the impression of an ice-cold hand. The mournful howling of the tempest and the groans of the poor "C. men" beaten unmercifully against the shore could not entirely dissipate the effects of my terrible dream. On that day and in that hour I lost my parent, the best of mothers.—[From Guizot's "Life of Garibaldi."

Lowell's Pluck.

In company with Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes and others, Mr. Emerson once spent a portion of the summer in the Adirondacks. Each member of the party followed the bent of his own inclinations as to the use of his time while in camp, and a good deal of admirable thinking and some valuable contributions to science were a result of this withdrawal into the wilderness. "As several of us," said Emerson, in speaking of this occasion, "were returning to camp toward evening, after our various pursuits of the day, a crow's nest was discovered on an upper limb of a lofty pine; and the question was immediately broached whether or not it could be reached and secured by the most expert climber. Lowell declared that the feat could be accomplished, and on being challenged to attempt it, immediately made the trial. He did some wonderful climbing, and showed a venturesomeness that was actually alarming, but with his most strenuous efforts failed to reach the nest. Of course he was made the butt of some lively jokes, and it was the conclusion of the rest of the party that the nest was entirely safe from the grasp of human hands. After our amusement at his discomfiture was over, Lowell said: 'Well, gentlemen, you've had your laugh, but perhaps a little too soon. I shall get that nest.' Some derisive smiles followed, and the subject was dropped; but the next morning, as we assembled for breakfast, there, in the middle of the table, stood the veritable crow's nest, whose lofty perch we had supposed was unassailable. It seems that Lowell had risen early, while we were asleep, climbed the tree in the inspiration of his morning vigor, and secured the trophy."

The Listening Oak.

She found the old familiar spot,
Beneath the green oak tree;
She sighed—she sighed—"He loves me not,
And I'm alone—ah me!"
It watched her there—the fond old oak—
For trees have hearts like other folk;
It whispered, whispered, "Hearts may roam,
But late or early Love comes home."

He stood where they so oft had met,
He flung away her flower;
"Ah me!" he cried, "Coquette, coquette,
To love me but an hour!"
But loudly sang the angry oak,
For trees have hearts like other folk;
And chiding, chiding was the song,
"The heart that loves believes no wrong!"

There's some one stealing on apace,
And some one's arms thrown wide,
And some one's heart in some one's place
At happy eventide.
The tears, the doubts are gone, are gone,
And gayly now the oak looks on,
And sings to them of joy and rest,
"The love that's tried is happiest!"

A Lady's Love Letters.

There is not much variety in love letters, says an English lady. For the most part they appear hopelessly silly to all except those concerned in their production. My first love letters were written when I was ten years old, and were inspired by a page-boy in my father's service, whose buttons made an indelible impression on my already susceptible heart. The page-boy was already the victim of the charms of a housemaid fifteen years his senior, and spurned my advances. This resulted in the heart-rending epistles above mentioned, which, however, were intercepted, while the unlucky writer was rewarded by being sent to bed for spoiling the contents of a new desk. Since that time—a period of nearly fifteen years—I have, if not written, received quantities of love letters in many languages from people of all ages and nationalities, and have not yet lost my interest in them. As a study they are amusing, not to say instructive. As letters they are flattering to ones vanity, which is not inconsiderable.

The most impassioned letters are usually written by men from forty to fifty years of age, if the writer be an Englishman. Attachments at that age are deeper; and less anxiety not to compromise oneself is shown and felt. From twenty-five to forty they are more cautiously worded, and even occasionally signed with initials. Men between these ages, besides being desirous to avoid committing themselves, are more or less ashamed of any display of sentiment. A young man from eighteen to twenty-five will inundate the object of his affection with letters full of the most fervent protestations, as evanescent as they are ardent. After fifty, men are often wise enough to vote the writing of love letters an unprofitable occupation; but some carry on the practice to a very advanced age. Their protestations are then ingeniously flavored with touches of the paternal, which sometimes entirely mislead the unsophisticated recipients.

A German of most ages will address his sweetheart in the second person singular, and indulge in dreary descriptions of his every-day life, giving her little anecdotes about himself, interspersed by a quantity of sentimental platitudes which most English girls would designate "bosh." Frenchmen, in their love letters, are as expansive as they are insincere. Not that they have the least idea at the time that they do not feel every syllable they write. Compliments and exaggerated expressions of devotion are idioms of the French language, and flow naturally from a Frenchman's lips, even under the most discouraging circumstances.

I do not know whether a man's letters to his wife come under the head of love letters. I am scarcely an authority on the point, since my husband persists in remaining a provokingly mythical person; but if a few letters I have seen addressed to my friends by their husbands may be taken as

specimens, I should certainly say they do not. A page is devoted to reproaches for having forgotten to pack up his boot-jack, or some other equally indispensable article in a gentleman's travelling paraphernalia. She is then favored with a page of instructions where to find the said boot-jack, and perhaps other things necessary to the comfort of her lord and master, with a request to have them immediately forwarded. The children, if there are any, are then mentioned *en passant*, and her "affectionate husband" closes his effusion.

On the subject of young ladies' love letters I am also rather ignorant, unless I can judge them by my own. Into the particulars of these, however, I decline to enter. In some countries flowers are employed as mediums of this species of correspondence, and these mute messengers are frequently the most eloquent. A gentleman sends the lady whose appearance or manners have found favor in his sight a rose-bud. Her acceptance of it implies that his attentions are not unpleasant to her; and it is in the course of time followed by a half-blown rose, to indicate the development of the sender's passion. If this second declaration be received with favor, the usual conclusion to the correspondence is the arrival of a full-blown rose, signifying that the gentleman's feelings have reached a climax which renders him capable of placing his hand and heart at her disposition. If she graciously accept this act of condescension, she wears the rose, and is considered affianced.

It would be interesting to ascertain whether if, after being the recipient of two roses, the anxious maiden is sometimes kept so long in anticipation of the arrival of the third that solicitous friends and relations begin to doubt the increasing ardor of the sender's affection. In England two faded roses would have but little weight with a jury listening to the evidence in a breach of promise case. Let us be thankful that we live in a country where custom permits the interchange of love letters, and where civilization has reached a point which enables young ladies to make capital out of them when all other means have failed.

Our Own.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural, and very affectionate. We thought, how pleasant was that courteous reply! How gratifying must it have been to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger, whom they have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed impatience.

An Angel's Touch.

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and, after asking who she was, said: "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill, that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades "Jist look a there—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She

awoke with a laugh and cried out, "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said, "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"—*San Francisco News Letter.*

Margaret, the Mother of Criminals.

At one of the meetings of the State Charities Aid Association, New York, when the subject of preventing pauperism by giving a proper training to the children of paupers was under consideration, Dr. Elisha Harris related the terrible story of "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." It has been published in the newspapers, but can profitably be read again to illustrate the great importance of one branch of the Association's work. Margaret was a pauper child left adrift in one of the villages on the upper Hudson, about ninety years ago. There was no almshouse in the place; and she was made a subject of out-door relief, receiving occasionally food and clothing from the town officials, but was never educated nor sheltered in a proper home. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, which has cursed the country ever since. The court records show two hundred of her descendants who have been criminals. In one generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children, of whom seventeen lived to maturity. Nine served terms aggregating fifty years in the State Prison for high crimes, and all the others were frequent inmates in jails and almshouses. It is said that, of the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of this outcast girl, two hundred committed crimes which brought them upon the court records, and most of the others were idiots, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, or prostitutes. The cost to the country of this race of criminals and paupers is estimated at, at least, one hundred thousand dollars, taking no account of the damage they inflicted upon property and the suffering and degradation they caused in others. Who can say that all this loss and wretchedness might not have been spared the community, if the poor pauper girl Margaret had been provided with a good moral home life while she was growing up to womanhood?—*The Century.*

A Horse's Sense of Humor.

Carlyle told the story of two horses, illustrative of the sense of humor in animals. The distinguished author had a vicious sow, which was the terror and the tyrant of the farm-yard. One day Carlyle was smoking his pipe outside his front door, when he heard shrieks of rage and agony combined from the back of the house. He went round to see what was the matter. A deep drain had been opened across the yard, the bottom of which was stiff clay. Into this, by some unlucky curiosity, the sow had been tempted to descend, and being there, found a difficulty in getting out. The horses were loose. The pony saw the opportunity—the sow was struggling to extricate herself. The pony stood over her, and at each effort cuffed her back again with a stroke of his fore-foot. The sow was screaming more from fury than pain. Larry, the horse, stood by watching the performance, and smiling approval, nodding his head every time the beast was knocked back into the clay, with the most obvious and exquisite perception of the nature of the situation.

Watching the Oil Wells.

It has been the custom for several years past to board up the derricks of "wildcat" test wells in important locations and place an armed guard around them to prevent trespassers from gaining access, in order to keep the result of the wells a secret from the public until the owners have had time to buy or sell adjoining lands and prepare for the effect of the well on the market. Such a well in oil region parlance, is termed a "mystery," and the frequent occurrence of "mysteries" has resulted in the employment by leading brokers and large producing firms of men thoroughly versed in all matters pertaining to the petroleum industry, who are aptly termed scouts, as it is their duty to learn the condition of such wells by strategy or force.

The Story of Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be borne;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night,
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between, and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes.

Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be in short from two to ten,
A merry, moody child, and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog,
A truant oft by field and fen,
And captures butterflies, and then?

And then increased in strength and size,
To be anon, a youth tall grown?
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own.
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin, and then?

And then at last, to be a man
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize, and then?

And then in grey and wrinkled Eld
To mourn the speed of life's decline,
To praise the scenes of youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of Iang Syne,
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave, and then?

—John G. Saxe

Provident Rats.

Rats are very apt to take heed for the morrow. Eggs which they have been known to carry from the garret to the cellar, and other tempting food, instead of being devoured instantly, are stored away for the hour of need. A gentleman who fed his own pointers, noticed through a hole in the door that a number of rats ate from the trough with his dogs, which did not attempt to molest them. He resolved to shoot the intruders; so, when he served out the food, he kept the dogs away. Not a rat came to taste, although he could occasionally see them peering out of their holes, for they were too well versed in human nature to venture forth without the protection of their canine guard. When the dogs were let in, the rats joined them, and fed with them as usual. The forethought of rats is indeed proverbial, and so far from being careless or selfish, these interesting little folk are proved to be dutiful children, careful parents, and friends in need.

Shall Women Preach?

A clergymen of Louisville, Ky., the Rev. C. J. K. Jones, recently preached on the question, "Shall women preach?" The following passage will explain his attitude on the question: "The woman who has something to say and can say it acceptably has as much right to speech and attention on the platform or in the pulpit as though she wrote it in prose and poetry. I cannot understand why Mrs. Livermore or Miss Williard should not speak from pulpits as well as George Eliot may speak through prose or Mrs. Browning or Adelaide Proctor speak in poetry. The woman who has something to say and can say it acceptably is of more concern to the world than the man who has nothing to say and makes a success of it. Women have been preachers for generations as mothers, as writers, as companions. Another objection is often raised: 'To preach is outside of woman's sphere.' How do we know? The test of a singing bird is its capacity to sing; the test of a woman's call to preach is her ability to do it."

Reminding the Hen.

"It's well I went into the garden,"

Said Eddie, his face all aglow ;

"For what do you think, mamma, happened ?

You never will guess, I know.

The little brown hen was there, clucking ;

'Cut-cut,' she'd say, quick as a wink—

Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower ;

And then she would stop short and think.

And then she would say it all over—

She did look so mad and so vexed—

For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten

The word that she ought to cluck next.

So I said, 'Ca-da-cut ! caw-daw-cut !'

As loud and as strong as I could ;

And she looked round at me very thankful,

I tell you it made her feel good.

Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut !'

She remembered just how it went then,

But it's well I ran into the garden,

She might never have clucked right again !'

—*St. Nicholas.*

Light Housekeeping.

"But, George, we might try light housekeeping."

A very pretty picture they made, George Smith and Jane Brown, as they sat upon the front step that beautiful moonlit night, waiting for the 4.15 a.m. up comet.

He was only nineteen, and over her fair young bangs but seventeen summers had passed, and yet, these two, so fair, so young, were trying to lift the veil from the impenetrable future and establish themselves in happy union securely there.

He felt that he could not, in the very near future, afford to rent and handsomely furnish a beautiful home, for he was only getting four dollars a week, nor could they ever board at a first-class hotel, and as he broke these sad facts to Jane, great, scalding manly tears rolled down his cheeks and on his roundabout.

"'Twas then that, woman-like, and in gentle, soothing accents, she came to his rescue :

"But, George, we might try light housekeeping," and as she spoke, a glad light born of the happy suggestion, illuminated the trusting eyes into whose calm depths George had been fondly gazing for four hours and twenty minutes. George pondered long and deeply.

Turning at length to the fair being of his heart's choice, he said :

"Jane, it would be sweet indeed, to dwell with you in blissful solitude upon some rock-bound coast ; to wander hand in hand upon the seashore all day long, and light the storm-tossed mariner's way at night, but it takes political influence to get a lighthouse, and I, alas ! haven't even got a vote. No Jane, I am afraid we can not go to light housekeeping, but I will save my money, go to commercial college and learn book-keeping."

And when Jane had heard the words that were spoken by George she marvelled greatly, and said :

"Henceforth, George, I can but love you with a mother's love. You're too young for me," and she went into the house.

A London Club Story.

Talking about swagger, too much of this commodity has lately brought to grief a certain member of a well-known good third-rate London Club. This gentleman is not only a confirmed "tuft-hunter," but one who, so far from admitting that any member of the "Upper Ten" could by any accident be unknown to him, is always ready to boast of close and intimate friendship with every one who happens to have either rank or position. His falling is notorious ; and three humorists determined to give him a lesson. Accordingly in the club billiard-room, one of their number, Mr. C., casually said : "Are you going to Lady L—'s to-night ?" "No," replied the victim ; "her ladyship will never forgive me ; but the fact is I'm fagged out, and good people are scarce, I think."

"Quite right ; I'll make your apologies," said Mr. C.

Aghast at this unlooked-for proposition, but unable now to retreat from the position he had taken up, the only rejoinder of Mr. J. was a feeble "Thanks ; I wish you would."

Half an hour later, just as the trio were about to leave the club, unhappy Mr. J. drew Mr. C. aside, and after some beating about the bush, was at last obliged to confess that he did not know Lady L., and begged Mr. C. not to mention his name to her.

"All right," said his triumphant tormentor ; "I won't ; you may depend upon that, for I don't happen to know her myself !"

Love's Young Dream.

It was just after one o'clock, the other day, when a buxom young couple, bearing a large green-covered bucket, entered a Lewiston, Me., hotel, and the swain said, confidently : "Me and Harriet was married this morning, and are on a little excursion. Marm put us up a little dinner, and we brought a bottle of coffee. Now, we'd like to have a table to eat the dinner on." The landlord led the innocent pair into the dining-room and seated them at a table with other guests ; and they took the cover off their green box, and had a glorious time, eating their doughnuts, caraway-seed cookies, squash pie and broad slices of cheese. If their wedding tour had taken them to Niagara, and they were dining at a fashionable hotel, with the prospect of paying \$3 50 per plate, they could not have eaten or laughed so heartily. When they finally started for home, with two hearts that beat as one, the landlord felt almost as well in the radiance of their happiness as if they had paid him seventy-five cents apiece for dinner.

He Saved the Train.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical president of the Social Bummers' Club, as a lean, malarial-faced young man slid into Barr's saloon and stealthily fell down in an empty chair that stood in an obscure corner of the room.

"That's who ?" asked Corb, as he critically eyed the newcomer.

"Why, the young fellow that saved the passenger train last night. But I'll let him tell his own story."

Here the president called the young, lean man up to the bar, the glasses were filled and emptied, when the hero began his thrilling adventure.

"You see," he began, "I was taking a walk on the railroad track kind o' waiting for the train, when all at once I saw a large beam just ahead of me and layin' clear across the track. It was so large I knew that I could not remove it, and while I was standing there all at once the train came dashing in sight, and in another minute it would encounter the obstruction. Summoning up all the presence of mind I could, I jumped forward just in time, and the train dashed by in perfect safety."

Here followed a painful silence, during which Corb set out the cigars, and after the taper had been passed around Corb broke the silence.

"But how in the dickens did you remove the obstruction when the beam was so large you could not lift it ?"

"Well, you see," replied the young, lean man, as he edged near the door to be ready to slide out at any time, "the beam happened to be a moonbeam, and when I sprang to one side I obstructed the beam, and there was none there when the train passed."

Bang ! But the young man was just turning down Railroad Street.

Protecting His Character.

Entering the shop of his tailor, the other day, he said :

"Sir, I owe you sixty dollars." "Yes, sir, you do." "And I have owed it for a year." "You have." "And this is the fifth postal card you have sent me regarding the debt." "I think it is the fifth." "Well, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve three-cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postal cards and my feelings at the same time."

It is said that the tailor has credited the thirty-six cents on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How the Baby Came.

The Lady Moon came down last night—

She did, you needn't doubt it—

A lovely lady dressed in white;

I'll tell you all about it.

They hurried Len and me to bed,

And aunty said: "Now maybe

That pretty moon up overhead

Will bring us down a baby.

"You lie as quiet as can be,

Perhaps you'll catch her peeping

Between the window bars, to see

If all the folk are sleeping,

And then if both of you keep still,

And all the room is shady,

She'll float across the window sill

A happy white moon lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,

You'll see her shining brightly,

Until she comes to mother's door,

And then she'll vanish lightly.

But in the morning you will find,

If nothing happens, maybe,

She's left us something nice behind—

A beautiful star baby."

"We didn't just believe her then,

For aunty's always chaffing—

The tales she tells to me and Len

Would make you die a-laughing;

And, when she went out pretty soon,

Len said, "That's aunty's humming;

There ain't a bit of Lady Moon,

Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,

And yet I wasn't certain;

So I kept quiet in my crib,

And peered behind the curtain.

I didn't mean to sleep a wink;

But all without a warning,

I dropped right off—and just you think,

I never waked till morning!

Then there was aunty by my bed,

And when I climbed and kissed her,

She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,

You've got a little sister!

What made you close your eyes so soon?

I've half a mind to scold you—

For down she came, that Lady Moon,

Exactly as I told you!"

And truly it was not a joke,

In spite of Len's denying,

For at the very time she spoke

We heard the baby crying.

The way we jumped and made a rush

For mother's room that minute!

But aunty stopped us, crying, "Hush!

Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in,

And keep an awful quiet,

As if it was a mighty sin

To make a bit of riot.

But there was a baby anyhow—

The funniest little midget!

I just wish you could peep in now,

And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true—

He isn't such a baby—

The moon had anything to do

With bringing us that baby.

But seems to me it's very clear—

As clear as running water—

Last night there was no baby here,

So something must have brought her!

—[Mary A. Keithley.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The competition this month has been close indeed, the answers of two or three being almost faultless and their letters nicely written. While W. Cunningham, London East, has been awarded the prize, the solutions and letters of Ernest Livingston, Hamilton, and Minnie A. Ramsey, Ulverton, Que., were almost as good.

Correct answers have also been received from Anna Stevens, Kirkdale, Que., Minnie Mulveney, Parkhill; Claribel Smith, Cobourg; R. L. Eedy, London; Lonie Beattie, Windsor; Clara Vollans, Wiudsor; Clara Brown, Toronto; Ida A. Craig, Walkerton; Walter West, Montreal; George H., Toronto; "Bertie," Brooklyn, N. Y., and Johnny Siddons, Toronto.

For the best set of answers to this month's puzzles we will give a similar story book and to all sending a complete set of answers we will send a beautiful small chromo.

JANUARY PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

An expression of the face.

Not to walk.

Unemployed.

To want.

2-

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

In "Day."

An animal.

A period of life.

Devoured.

In "night."

3.

HIDDEN NAMES.

You may thus mar your life.

Tell him to come to me.

To wear his tie thus low ill becomes him.

His conduct was disgraceful and wicked.

4

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, of 10 letters, is a flower.

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 belongs to the body.

The 1, 2, 3, 5 is essential to life.

The 6, 7, 8, 5 is a luxury when tired

The 5, 7, 8 is a beverage.

The 7, 8, 9, 10 is rest.

5

POETICAL PI.

Eth chitsetk cie aht reve zoref

Anc ynol e'ro eth rusceaf solce.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

1. Anagrams:—Cremate, Manager, Persevere.

2. Charade:—Em-i-grant.

3. Poetical Pi:—

The drying of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore

4 Square word:— S H I P

H I D E

I D E A

P E A L

5.—Cross-word:—Ontario.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instructions for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp DR. J. C. RAYMOND, 164 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.