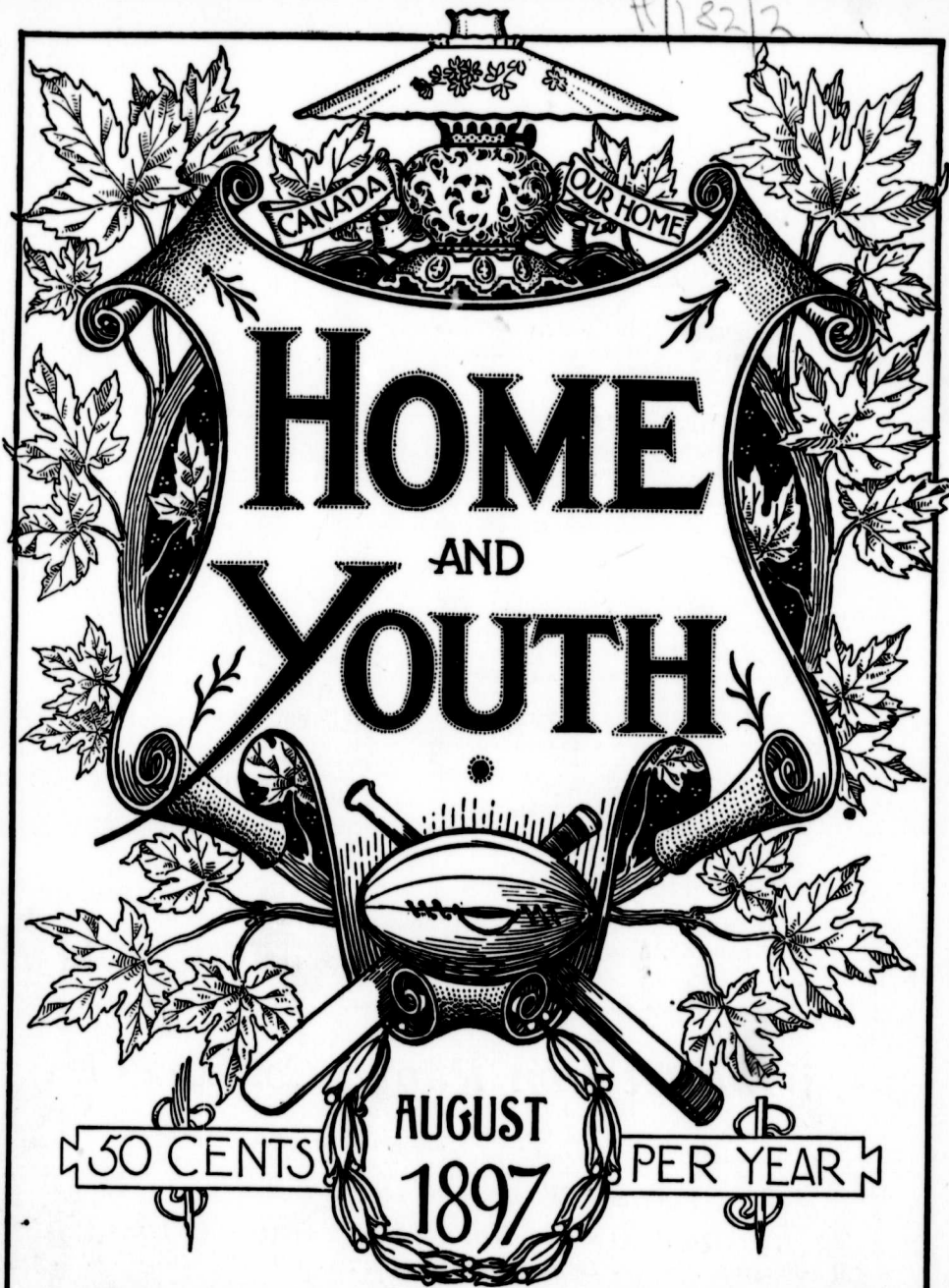

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AUGUST 1897

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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AWARD
Chattahoochee Valley Exposition, Columbus, Ga., 1888.

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St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association, 1889.

SIX HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

HIGHEST AWARDS
Western Fair Association, London, Canada, 1893.

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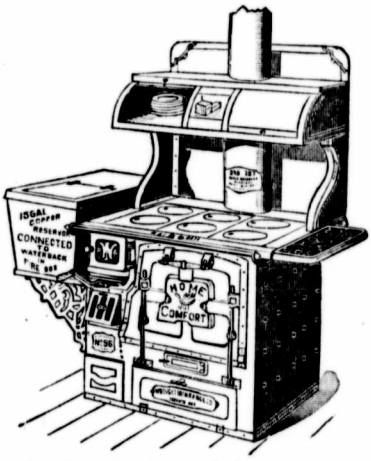
Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, Cal., 1894.

SILVER MEDAL
Toronto Exposition, Toronto, Canada, 1895.



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HOME AND YOUTH

VOL. VI. AUGUST, 1897 No. 1.

THE POINT OF THE PEN

THE DOMINION SCHOOL HISTORY.

Perhaps the most important of Canadian events during the year 1897 will be the completion of the new Canadian school history and its introduction into the public schools of all the provinces and territories of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The study of the same history by all the school children of the Dominion cannot fail to have a lasting influence upon the minds of our young people and will undoubtedly have the effect of strengthening Canadian sentiment. The Canadian people owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. William Patterson, to whose exertions, continued for nine years, the adoption of a common history by the various provinces of the Dominion is largely due.

Mr. Patterson, who for some years has been the principal of Royal Arthur school, Montreal, began his agitation in favor of a Dominion school history in the year 1888, but it was not until a year later that the proposal was brought prominently to the attention of the general public. Mr. Patterson argued that the education departments of all the provinces should unite in an effort to secure a Canadian history that could be used in common by all the schools of Canada. He said the history should be written by one man but should be revised under the direction of an examining committee of authors or teachers representing the education departments of each province.

Believing that if the smaller provinces at the ends of the Dominion could be induced to favor the idea it would be comparatively easy to bring the great central provinces of Ontario and Quebec into line, Mr. Patterson, in the summer of 1889, started for Prince Edward Island, bearing a letter of introduction to the superintendent of education of that province, and while on his way there he had the good fortune to meet Ontario's talented and energetic minister of education, Hon. Geo. W. Ross. They spent some days together, and Mr. Patterson availed himself of the opportunity to explain his history hobby. Mr. Ross warmly approved of the proposal and promised to give the matter most favorable consideration. He soon afterward became one of the most active promoters of the project, and to his co-operation, as minister of education of the premier province, Mr. Patterson attributes the

success that has been achieved. Mr. Patterson, continuing his journey, visited the superintendents of education of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia and laid the matter before them and other prominent educationists of the Maritime Provinces.

In October, 1889, he addressed the annual convention of the Quebec Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers in favor of his scheme and a resolution endorsing his proposals for a Dominion history was unanimously passed. A committee, with Mr. Patterson as corresponding secretary, was appointed to further the project.

Mr. Patterson corresponded with the heads of the education departments of all the provinces and other prominent educationists throughout the country, and received many sympathetic letters. In December, 1890, he attended the meeting of the Nova Scotia Teachers' Association and secured the endorsation of that association. The teachers' associations of Ontario and Prince Edward Island also passed favorable resolutions.

In May, 1891, a paper written by Mr. Patterson, entitled "Proposal for a Dominion Text Book of Canadian History" was read before the Royal Society of Canada by Prof. Clarke Murray, L.L.D., of McGill University. In July of the same year Hon. Geo. W. Ross, who had heartily supported the project from the first, invited the heads of the education departments of the various provinces to meet in Toronto to discuss it. Nearly all the provinces were represented at this meeting, but no definite action was then taken. However, before another year had passed the governments of all the provinces and territories had expressed approval and appointed representatives on a committee called the Dominion History Committee. The first meeting of this committee was held in Montreal in July, 1892, on the occasion of the first convention of the Dominion Educational Association, the various provinces and territories being represented as follows: Ontario, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, chairman; Quebec, Rev. Principal Verreau, L.L.D., Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal, and William Patterson, M.A., B.C.L., secretary; New Brunswick, Geo. U. Hay, Ph. B., Principal Victoria High School, St. John, N. B.; Nova Scotia, Dr. A. H. Mackay, Superintendent of Education; Prince Edward Island, D. J. McLeod, M.A., Superintendent of Education; Manitoba, Rev. Dr. Bryce, Principal Presbyterian College, Winnipeg; North West Territories, Chas. Mair, Esq., of Prince Albert, the well-known poet; British Columbia was not represented owing to the death of Hon. John Robson, Premier and Minister of Education.

At this meeting arrangements were made for the Dominion History Competition, which opened in July, 1893, and closed July 1, 1895. Ninety persons applied for permission to write, but as applicants were obliged to show some proof of literary ability in order that the time of the examining committee should not be wasted, only forty-six were allowed to write, and of these only fifteen had completed their task when the competition closed. The competitors were instructed that it was the desire of the committee to have what was purely provincial so subdued as to give greater prominence to facts interesting to the whole Dominion;

the history of the different provinces was to be related as nearly as possible concurrently and in such a way as to show the interests they had in common from the first and the steps that led to the confederation of the various provinces into one Dominion in 1867.

The examining committee, known as the Dominion History Committee on Manuscripts, consisted of Hon. Geo. W. Ross, L.L.D., Minister of Education for Ontario, chairman ; Wm. Patterson, M.A., B.C.L., Principal Royal Arthur School, Montreal, secretary ; Benjamin Sulte, the well-known historian, Ottawa, Ont.; W. J. Robertson, B.A., L.L.B., principal of the Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, Ont.; S. P. Robins, M.A., L.L.D., principal of McGill Normal School, Montreal ; G. U. Hay, Ph. B., principal of Victoria High School, St. John, N. B.; J. B. Hall, M.A. Ph. D., Professor of the Normal School, Truro, N.S.; Alexander Anderson, L.L.D., principal of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; R. E. Gosnell, Esq., Provincial Librarian, Victoria, B.C.; D. J. Goggin, M. A., Superintendent of Education, Regina, N.W.T.; and D. McIntyre, M. A., Superintendent of Schools, Winnipeg, Man. This committee spent eight days in Quebec City in July, 1895, examining the manuscripts, but the final decision could not be reached until ten months later, when it was announced that the work chosen was that of W. H. P. Clement, B.A., L.L.B., Toronto. During the following year Mr. Clement carefully revised and improved his history, under the direction of the Dominion Committee on Manuscripts. Mr. Clement will receive a royalty of ten per cent. on the retail price, and the book is to be sold at the price of fifty cents. Three other prizes of two hundred dollars each were awarded to Miss E. P. Weaver, Toronto ; Dr. E. T. Eede, Leamington, Ont.; and Principal Calkin, of the Normal School, Truro, N. S. The work is being published jointly by the Copp, Clarke Co., Ltd., of Toronto, and William Briggs, Toronto.

All the members of the Dominion Committee on Manuscripts devoted a great deal of time to this matter without any remuneration. In fact, it is said that on more than one occasion they had to put their hands into their own pockets for necessary expenses. They have, however, the satisfaction of having secured a text book approved by the education departments of all the provinces and territories of Canada, which was generally regarded as an impossible dream a few years ago.

One thing remains to be done before the end aimed at by Mr. Patterson can be considered fully achieved. The history must be translated into French and adopted by the French-Canadian schools of Quebec province. Mr. Patterson should not rest until this is accomplished. Nothing seems to have been done in this direction as yet, although prominent French-Canadian educationists declared themselves as strongly in favor of such a national history and there were French-Canadians on the two committees that had charge of the arrangements. It seems a great pity that a French translation of the history was not provided for before arrangements were made for the publication of the book. English and French editions should have been ready for the school children at the same time.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE AT BRANTFORD

By "Knockabout."

"I don't understand on what the people of the United States base their claim to be known as Americans. The only person who has a right to call himself an American is the aborigine, or North American Indian." Such is the opinion recently expressed by an English friend of mine, now a resident of Chicago. It is one with which I, at least, am not disposed to quarrel.

Within a few miles of the city of Brantford there are residing upwards of four thousand "Americans," whose right to the title my English friend would be willing to concede, for a look into their faces is sufficient to show that their ancestors were the original possessors of this broad and beautiful land which we love so well. The Reserve on which these Indians live comprises fifty thousand acres, and is well cultivated, being situated in the heart of one of the best farming districts of Canada. The majority of the Indians are well instructed in agriculture and derive a comfortable living from their lands.

Less than two miles from Brantford is situated the Indian Institute. The building occupies a commanding site and is approached from the main road by an avenue of trees. Having a couple of hours at my disposal, in company with a friend, I wheeled out from Brantford, and by the courtesy of the superintendent was shown through this very interesting institution.

The building, which is of brick, consists of two large wings—one occupied by the boys, the other by the girls. Across part of the front of the building stretches a wide verandah, and the grounds in front are tastefully laid out with flowers. A large circular bed in the midst of which stands a fountain, forms an attractive centrepiece.

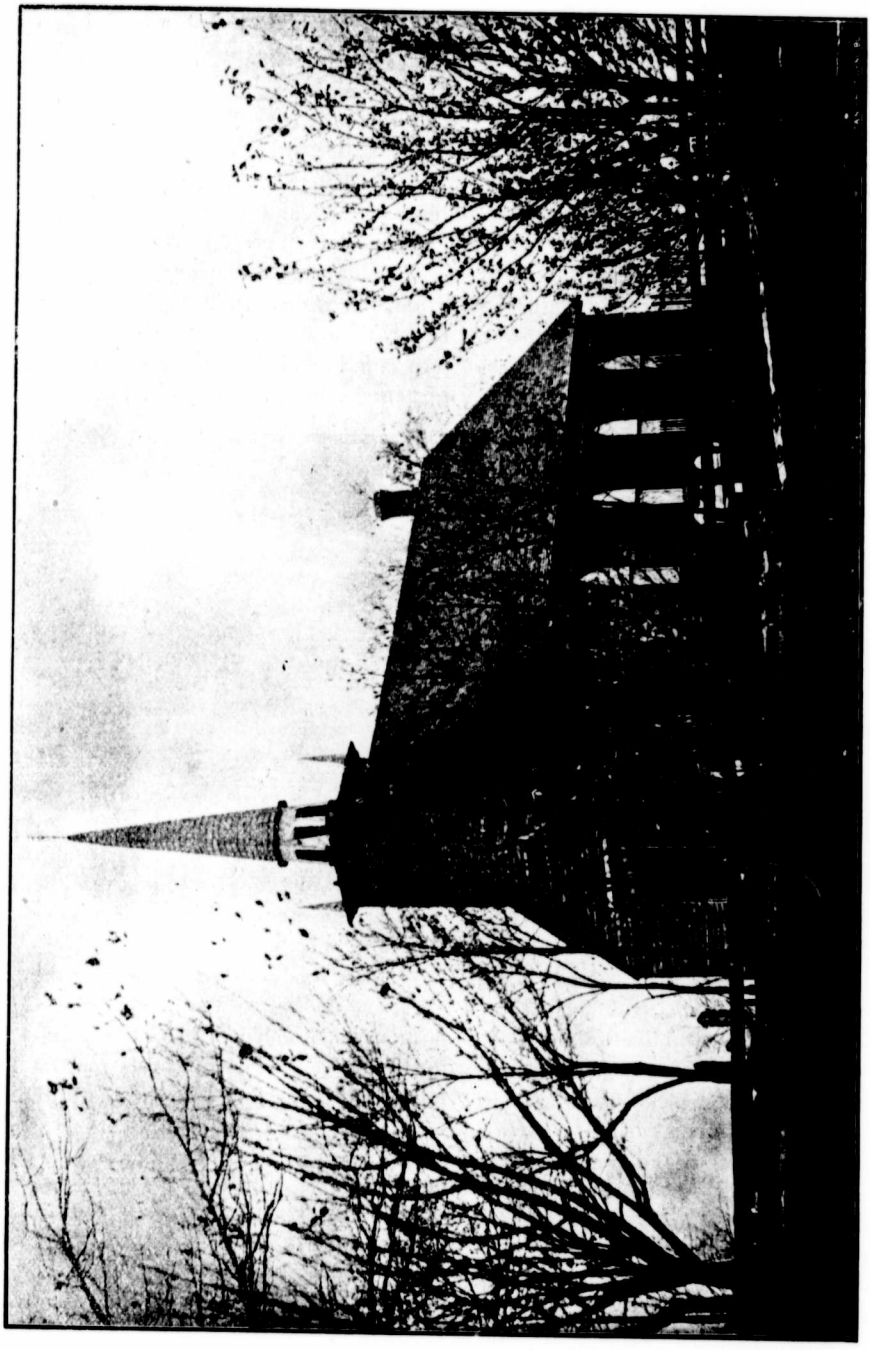
Opening to the left, off the main hall is the bursar's office. Here our interest was immediately aroused by a large Bible and Communion Service presented to the Indians by Queen Anne. The fly-leaf of the Bible—the binding, printing and illustrations of which are in strange contrast to books of the present day—bears the signatures of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Lords Lorne and Lansdowne, and the Earl of Derby, ex-Governors-General, as well as those of Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other distinguished Canadians.

The communion plate which appears in the accompanying illustration, bears on its rim the following inscription:

"The gift of Her Majesty, Anne, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of her plantations in North America, Queen, to Her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks."

In a large case on the wall are hung a number of curious Indian relics, including engraved banner stones, stone tomahawks, pipes, etc. Some of these have been found quite recently on the surrounding farm.

Upstairs we were shown the dormitories, comprising two large airy rooms, with oiled floors. The bursar's inven-

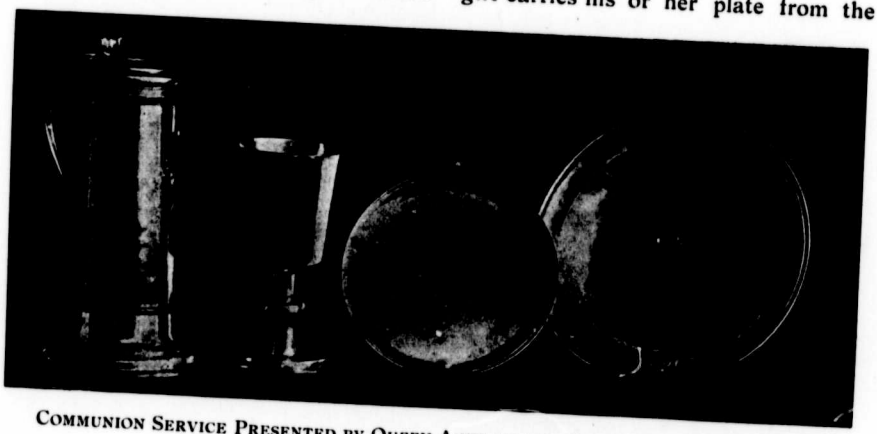


CHURCH OF THE MOHAWKS, BRANTFORD, ONT.—ERECTED 1784.

tive mind has lately devised a new style of bed or cot, which does not stand upon legs, but is attached at one side to the wall, in such a way that there is no difficulty in keeping the floor beneath free from dust. Descending to the ground, we were ushered into the girls' school room, where we found nearly fifty girls, ranging in age from eight to sixteen, busily engaged in repairing clothing. Although this particular day had been proclaimed a holiday, the routine of the establishment demanded that the girls should perform as usual the duties of "mending day."

A visit to the laundry followed, where three of the larger girls were bending over the wash tubs, rubbing to the proper degree of cleanliness some soiled linen. Enclosed in a large box overhead are sliding racks on which the cleansed clothing is dried by steam pipes connected to the furnace which heats the water for the wash room. Opposite the laundry are the kitchen and dining room. The former is in charge of a young Indian woman, nineteen years of age. Before entering our nostrils were assailed by the pleasant odor of fruit. A moment later we were permitted to view the dusky mistress of this department and her assistants as they skilfully prepared the various kinds of fruit for bottling.

The policy of the management of the Institute is to imbue the minds of the Indian boys and girls with the idea that they are expected to help themselves and do the work of the establishment, rather than be waited on by the white people in charge. In pursuance of this idea, each boy and girl carries his or her plate from the kitchen serving counter to a seat in the dining room, and back to the serving counter when the meal is done.



COMMUNION SERVICE PRESENTED BY QUEEN ANNE TO THE CHURCH OF THE MOHAWKS.

We saw less of the boys than of the girls, as, owing to the holiday, many of them had donned their neat grey uniforms and gone to town. It may be remarked in passing that the Institute boasts of a very efficient drill corps.

The boys are given outdoor employment of various kinds on the farm, which comprises 400 acres, and on which are grown all kinds of grain, roots and vegetables. The boys are put in charge of skilled instructors, from whom they learn proper methods

of preparing the soil, planting, caring for and harvesting the crops.

The income of the establishment is considerably augmented by the sale of the products of an efficiently managed dairy, hennery and conservatories, with all of which the boys are brought in contact and become to a considerable degree familiar.

Besides being taught to work these boys and girls receive instruction in the most essential branches of an English education. Their time is as equally as possible divided between the school room and their out-door duties. In both departments the majority attain to a degree of proficiency which fits them to become self-sustaining and useful members of the community.

The Institute has accommodation for 75 girls and 55 boys. At a former period the admission of a boy or girl was dependent on a certain educational standard. This condition is no longer imposed. The object now is to care for the classes of Indian children whose physical and spiritual necessities are greatest, viz., pagans, orphans and the destitute.

Until a few years ago the Institute was self-sustaining, deriving its income from the rental of lands set apart for the purpose by its founders. Of late, however, the proceeds from these lands have shrunk to such a degree that the management were obliged to appeal to the Dominion government for aid sufficient to make up the deficit. Since that time the Institute has received from the government a grant amounting to $60 per year for each boy and girl up to the number of 90, which is the limit. The expense of maintenance is stated to be about $75 per year for each child. The majority of the inmates of the institution come from the neighboring reservation, and some from reservations in other parts of the Dominion. After having received what help the Institute can afford, they go out to take their part in the work of the great world around them.

After tendering our earnest thanks to the Bursar for his courtesy, we remounted and wheeled a quarter of a mile farther on, to where stands the old Mohawk church, shown in the accompanying illustration. This is said to be the oldest church in Ontario, having been erected in 1784. It is built of wood, with the exception of a recently constructed brick chimney. The body of the church is covered on the outside with clapboards an inch in thickness, so that it may be said to be weather-proof. The entrance is through a square tower, on one side of which is the vestry and on the other a vacant room of equal dimensions. Above this tower rises a graceful shingled spire with iron finial. The inside of the structure is very plain and is seated with high backed benches. On the wall above the altar table is an Indian inscription. Within the altar railing, in addition to the communion furniture stands a small pipe organ, at which, as we entered the church, sat an Indian girl practising the music of the hymns for the service on the succeeding Sabbath. Surrounding the building is the Indian cemetery. Here, in a sepulchure of stone, surrounded by an iron paling, lie the remains of the great chief of the Mohawks, Tyandenaga, whose beautiful monument is one of the leading features of the city near by, and a few yards distant are headstones bearing inscriptions to the memory of other chiefs of lesser renown.

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

Patriotic Song.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Oh Can - a - da, my
2. Oh Can - a - da, dear
3. In Can - a - da, dear

Can - a - da my thought is all of thee, thy moun-tain chains and smil - ing plains that
Can - a - da none can com-pare with thee; 'neath sun - ny skies the Earth re - plies and
Can - a - da all dwell in un - i - ty The - Sax - on, Gaul and Celt a - gree with

stretch from sea - to sea, The sun-light gleams on murm'ring streams and sweetest mel - o -
laughs with har-vest glee; Thy win-ters cheer with air so clear but best of all to
Scots to keep us free. Though we be four, yet are we one if dan-ger chance to

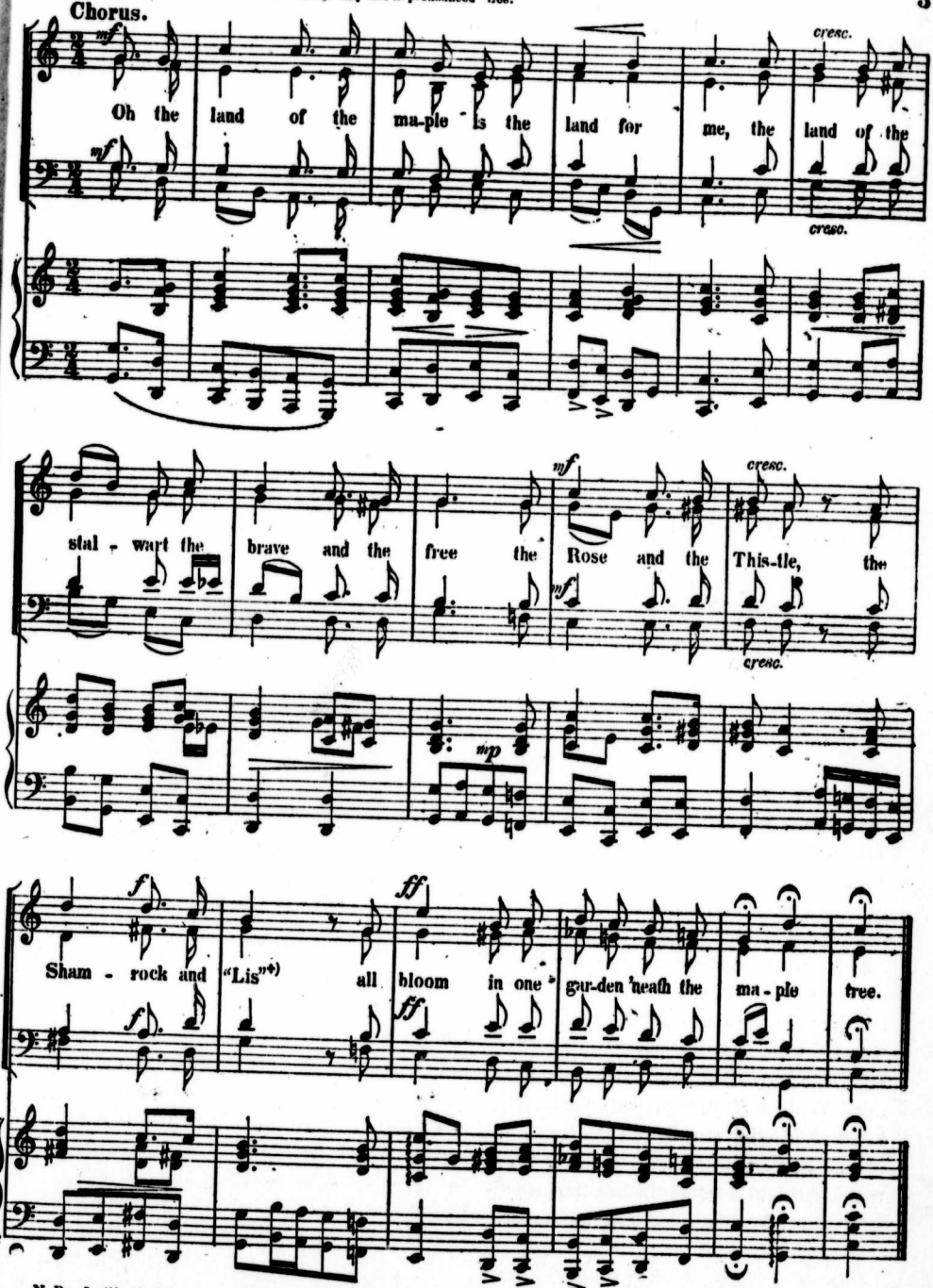
cresc.

dy pours from the feather-ed song-sters in the spreading ma-ple tree.
me, the sum-mer and the sun-shine and the spreading ma-ple tree.
be, Thus may it be for ev - er 'neath the spreading ma-ple tree.

cresc.

3

*) *Note:* The word "Lis" is the French word for Lily and is pronounced "Lee."



N B. – In "land of the stalwart" read *home* for "land."

CANADIAN MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

In music as well as in literature, art and science, Canadians have kept well abreast of the progress of the age. Mrs. Francis J. Moore, of London, Ont., whose portrait is herewith presented to our readers, has achieved a distinguished position as a teacher and

MRS. FRANCIS J. MOORE.

composer of music. Three years ago she was awarded the prize of $100 offered by the Ladies' Home Journal for the best original set of waltzes. There were 4,000 competitors for this prize, which is the best possible evidence of Mrs. Moore's ability. The words and music of the song of welcome sung by six hundred school children on the occasion of the visit of the Princess Louise to London, were composed by this lady. Her "Aberdeen Waltzes" were played by Sousa's band at Manhattan Beach last season. Mrs. Moore doubtless inherits her musical talent from her father, the late J. L. Hutton, the celebraied song composer.

To Mr. H. H. Godfrey, whose portrait appears below, belongs the honor of having given us a new National Song. "The Land of the Maple," the words and music of which are, by Mr. Godfrey's permission, printed on pages 8 and 9, of this number, made its first appearance but a few months ago, and has already achieved popularity from one end of the Dominion to the other. It has been sung and played at public gatherings in all parts of the Dominion, and was a marked feature of the recent Jubilee demonstrations.

The author, Mr. Godfrey, who makes no claim to be considered a pro-

MR. H. H. GODFREY.

fessional musician, was born in Plymouth, England, thirty-nine years ago, but in 1874 came to Canada. He was for some time organist of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Montreal. He subsequently resided in Ottawa for six years, where he was connected with the music trade, and for the last ten years has lived in Toronto, where he has been engaged in the same business.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST

One morning, early in September, 1836, as Dufavel, one of the labourers employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons in France, was about to descend in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down as the ground was giving away and threatening to fall in. Dufavel did not, however, profit by the warning, but exclaiming, "Bah! I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-two feet in depth. When about half way down, he heard some large stones falling, but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket, he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, saw five of the side-supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able, but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell in upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the superincumbent sand from falling down upon him; otherwise, he must have been smothered at once.

His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him up to the surface, he observed that in their vain efforts they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him, in such a manner as to endanger his safety. He therefore cut the rope with his knife, which he had no sooner done than it was drawn up by those at the mouth of the well. The hole made by the passage of the rope was afterwards of great use to Dufavel. By it he received supplies of fresh air, and, eventually, of food and drink; while through it he was enabled to converse with those who descended into the well for that purpose, which it was still possible to do, as the mass of shot sand above him had only filled up about fifteen feet of the well.

In the utter darknesss of his melancholy prison-house, Dufavel was enabled in a curious enough manner to keep a reckoning of the progress of time. A large fly found it way into his cell, and continued to keep him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard this insect buzzing about, he understood that it was day; and when it went to sleep, he concluded that night had arrived. This winged time-keeper boarded as well as lodged with him, as he was made aware by the circumstance, that, in lifting his food, he frequently disturbed the fiy, which had been seated upon it, helping itself without ceremony, and which, when thus interrupted in its repast, flew away buzzing, as if intending to reproach him for his unkindness in refusing it a share. He afterwards

confessed that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him during his sufferings, and that he had often envied the facility with which it could pass and repass through the narrow opening between his dark dungeon and the upper world.

While Dufavel was tenanting his lonely prison, his fellow-workmen were doing everything they could to effect his escape. At first, they feared that he had perished; but when they drew up the rope, and saw that it had been cut through in the manner already mentioned, they knew that he must yet be alive, and redoubled their exertions in his behalf. But more skilful persons than these poor laborers were soon engaged in the same work; for the municipal authorities of Lyon, on being informed of the situation of Dufavel, procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers, began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of reaching him. In the meantime, his singular fate had become a subject of general interest. Prayers for his safety were offered up in the churches of Lyon; and the inhabitants of that city and the places adjacent thronged in such numbers every day to Champvert, the name of the place where the accident happened, that it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers round the scene of the accident, to prevent the crowd from obstructing the operations of the miners.

Meanwhile the situation of Dufavel was daily becoming more deplorable. The cavity in which he was enclosed had at first been seven feet deep, but by the third day of his confinement, it had become so much smaller in consequence of the accumulation of falling sand at the bottom of the well, and the gradual sinking of the mass above, that he could no longer stand, nor even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly inconvenient and painful manner. He was pressed down on his back against the bottom of the well, while the upper part of his body was bent forward by the planks on which it rested. His right leg was doubled back below his body, while his left was extended at full length, and the foot squeezed in between two planks. His head was bent over on one side, and pressed down against his left shoulder. His arms, however, were free, and availed himself of this fortunate circumstance to cut away with his knife such parts of the broken wood-work as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole by which he communicated with the exterior.

Such was the dangerous and difficult nature of the ground that nearly a week elapsed from the time of Dufavels' imprisonment before the miners had formed an excavation to a depth equal to that of the bottom of the well, although they worked night and day. On Friday, the 9th of September, having now descended several feet lower than the level of Dufavel's cell, they began to form a slightly ascending passage or gallery towards it. At this time the officer who directed the operation expected they would be able to reach Dufavel in about twenty-four hours, but the increasing obstacles presented by the treacherous nature of the soil soon showed the fallacy of this hope. So unsafe was the ground that the miners durst neither use pickaxes nor shovels lest they should be over-

whelmed by the loosened sand. In a passage two feet and a half in height, and two feet in width, the foremost miner worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously, with light blows of a hammer, a flat piece of wood into the ground and afterwards gathering up with his hands and passing to those behind him the sand which he thus detached. The progress made by such means was necessarily very slow, and did not in general amount to more than two inches per hour, exclusive of the delays occasionally produced by partial fallings-in of the ground. Considerable obstruction was also experienced from the difficulty of keeping lamps burning in so contracted a passage, and a pair of forge bellows had to be used from time to time for the purpose of supplying fresh air. At this time Dufavel was bearing up bravely. A cousin of his who was, like himself, a well-digger, having gone down to speak with him, Dufavel inquired what progress the miners were making, and begged that he would not deceive him respecting his chances of escape. "You observe," said he, "that I am keeping up my spirits." When told that it was hoped he would be set free on the following day, "that will make more than eight days," replied he, "that I shall have been kept here, but I can wait well enough till then. He afterwards spoke of his wife and charged his cousin to tell her from him to be of good cheer, and not allow herself to lose heart.

Care was taken to supply him daily with broth, wine and other articles of nourishment, by means of a small bottle which was lowered to him through the hole formerly mentioned as having been made by the pulling out of the rope. Forge-bellows were employed at intervals to supply him with air, through a tube inserted into the passage. A small lamp had also been sent down to him, together with a long, narrow bag to receive and bring to the sand which was constantly accumulating about his feet and legs, and which must soon have caused his destruction if he had not been thus enabled to remove it. That he might be furnished with the means of attracting the attention of those above whenever he wished to speak with them, a bell was suspended at the top of the well, which he could ring by pulling a small cord, the end of which was passed down to him for that purpose.

Day succeeded day, and still the miners were deceived and Dufavel remained in his subterannean abode. On Tuesday, the 14th of September, they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them nearly two days longer before they were able to reach him, although their exertions were incessant, and directed with the utmost professional skill. Every minute the ground was giving way, and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution when they approached Dufavel, for there was great reason to fear that whenever a communication should be made between the bottom of the well and the gallery in which they were working, the mass of sand above his head would fall down, and perhaps suffocate him, even, as it were, before their eyes.

At length about two o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 16th of September, the miners succeeded in effecting a small opening into the well, just

behind the shoulders of Dufavel, who shouted for joy at seeing them. They then began to saw through the planks on which he was leaning, in order to open a passage through which they might drag him. In this work Dufavel assisted them with his knife, and after their united efforts had removed the obstacles from his way he turned himself round, and, springing forward, threw his arms round the neck of the person nearest him, and was safely pulled into the horizontal gallery in which the miners were. He was conveyed along to the commencement of the ascending passage, where he was enveloped in blankets to protect him from the cold, of which he was particularly sensitive, after remaining so long buried in the earth. He was then seated in an arm-chair, and drawn up to the surface of the ground amidst the acclamation of a large crowd of spectators. Several eminent physicians were in attendance, and after examining his condition and pronouncing it to be highly satisfactory, they caused him to be placed in a litter, in which he was carried in procession, preceded by persons bearing torches, and followed by the multitude, to the house of a gentleman who resided in the vicinity. There he was put to bed, one of the medical men, M. Bienuenu, watching beside him while he slept. His slumbers were troubled, and the doctor, perceiving this, soon awaked him.

"Ah! you have done well in waking me," cried Dufavel; "but surely my head has been crushed and my body wounded"—and he felt himself with his hand to ascertain whether this was not really the case.

In his feverish sleep he had dreamed that he was attacked by two furious bulls, which crushed him between them till his bones were cracking. His mind, however, soon became tranquillised again, and a profuse perspiration taking place, he felt greatly relieved, and gave M. Bienvenu a detailed account of what had occurred to him during the period of his seclusion.

We shall not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with that wife whom he had once thought he was never to see again; nor do we more than allude to the tears of joy which he shed over his infant child, which did not at first recognize him, muffled up as he still was to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered with a beard of more than a fortnight's growth.

In the afternoon he was so well that Dr. Bienvenu consented to his being conveyed to his own home, and he was accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended as before by a great concourse of people.

Dufavel was now out of danger, but the excitement which his extraordinary fate had produced was not yet suffered to die away. On the week following his deliverance the transactions at Champvert were dramatised for representation on the Parisian stage, and attempts were even made to induce Dufavel himself to undertake his own part in the drama. This, however, he declined doing; but not to be behind his neighbors in turning his sufferings to account, he set about composing a narrative of his experiences in his subterranean prison, which he shortly afterwards published, embellished with his portrait.

Mr. Adolphus Trollope in his work entitled, "A Summer in Western France," states that on the way from

Angus to Nantes he fell in with the ruins of the Chateau of Chantoce, famous, or rather infamous, as the residence of one of the most execrable monsters who ever disgraced humanity and the scene of his atrocities.

"This was no other than Gilles de Laval, Marechal de Retz, whose revolting abominations having been mixed up by the shuddering peasants with supernatural horrors, have obtained for him, under the nickname of Blue Beard, a universal notority of a lighter kind than the reality of his crimes deserved. Gilles de Laval, Lord of Retz, of Briolay, of Chantoce, of Ingrandes, of Loroux-Boltereau, of Blaison, of Chemellier, of Grateenisse, of Fontaine-Milon, in Anjou, and of many other baronies and lordships in Brittany and other parts of the kingdom, was one of the richest men of his day in the time of Charles VII. He became master of all this enormous property at the age of twenty, and by the most prodigal and absurd extravagance, dissipated nearly the whole of it. Among other traits of his profuse expenditure, the establishment of his chapel has been recorded. It was composed of a bishop, as he insisted upon calling his principal chaplain, a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight choristers. All these followed in his suite wherever he travelled. Each one of them had his horse and his servant; they were all dressed in robes of scarlet and furs and had rich appointments. Chandeliers, censers, crosses, sacred vessels in great quantity, and all of gold and silver, were transported with them, together, says the historian, with many organs, each carried by six men. He was exceedingly anxious that all the priests of his chapel should be entitled to wear the mitre, and he sent many embassies to Rome to obtain this privilege, but without success. These were the follies of his youth; and it would have been well if he had left behind him only the remembrance of similar absurdities. But these and many other equally ridiculous extravagances soon began to make serious inroads into his property, enormous as it was. He took into his pay a certain physician of Poitou, and a Florentine named Prelati, who pretended to be in communication with the devil, and to be able to recruit his exhausted treasures by supernatural means. These scoundrels found means to make him believe that the devil appeared to him, and persuaded him to sign an agreement with his Satanic Majesty in due form.

Raising the devil may, in the nineteenth century, be laughed at as a harmless absurdity, involving no very heinous degree of criminality. But that is very far from harmless which renders a man criminal in his own eyes. Gilles de Laval conceived himself to have committed the blackest sin of which man could be guilty, and the real moral degradation which ensued from it was proportioned to his own estimate of the offence. No crime was henceforward monstrous enough to make him hesitate in his course; and the recorded series of his atrocities is probably unequalled in the history of human depravity. With a revolting vampire-like selfishness, more detestable than any ordinary object of murder, he caused the handsomest and finest children of either sex throughout his domains to be seized and put to death within the walls of Chantoce in

order to form a bath of their blood, in the belief that it would preserve his own loathsome life and vigor. In vain through the wide extent of his lands and villages, rose one universal voice of lament and execration from the wretched peasantry obliged to furnish this fearful tribute, which realized the most horrible fictions of pagan antiquity. Already more than a hundred victims had perished, and the feeble, ill-organized justice of the period was paralyzed by the rank, the power, and vast possessions of the monster. At last, however, the universal voice of the country became too loud to be disregarded; and little as the men of the day were accustomed to be shocked by ordinary crimes of violence and blood, the wretch's life became too revolting to be tolerated by them; and had not the constituted authorities at length interfered he would have been exterminated as a noxious reptile by the tardily excited violence of popular indignation. He was seized by the order of the bishop of Nantes and the seneschal of Rennes; and after a trial during which revelations of wickedness and barbarity almost incredible, continued through many years, were substantiated against him, he was condemned to be burned alive in the meadows before Nantes. And this sentence was executed there on the 23rd of December, in the year 1440. The culprit is said to have presented himself before the tribunal with the utmost haughtiness and disdain, and replied to their interrogatories that he had committed enough crimes to condemn to death 10,000 men. So lived and died Gilles de Laval, the veritable original of the redoubtable bloody Blue Beard; and the ugly ruins of his blood-defiled castle of Chantoce seem to remain yet standing solely to perpetuate the memory of his infamy and ignominious name.

"PUSS IN BOOTS."

The English version of the story "Puss in Boots" is taken from tales published by Charles Perrault in 1697. That author's tales, which also included "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Cinderella," were copied by Perrault from the "Nights" of Straparola, an Italian. The clever puss of the story secures a fortune and a royal partner for his master, who passes off as the Marquis of Carabas, while, in reality, only a young miller without a penny in the world. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a lecture delivered at the London Institute a few years ago, discussed the various theories that have been put forward as to the origin of this and other fairy tales. He showed that various forms of the story of "Puss in Boots" were known in northern and southern, eastern and western Europe, as well as in Arabia, Egypt and central and southern Africa, and had been communicated from mouth to mouth by persons meeting for the purposes of trade, as they do still in different parts of the world, and Mr. Lang, after weighing carefully the various versions and theories, is of opinion that the story of "Puss in Boots" had its origin in Arabia, based upon one of the legends of that country in the East, where so many of our fairy tales took their rise.

To remove paint spots from unpainted wood, cover them with a thick coating of lime and soda. Leave on for twenty-four hours, and then wash off.

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF SUGAR

If one of those sparkling pieces of sugar which we see in our sugar basin on our table could relate its own story I am sure you would say that it was, indeed, from the beginning to the end, very interesting and wonderful.

Do you know where sugar comes from, and the number of adventures through which it passes before it is ready for our tables? You would never guess, and so I shall tell you a little about the wonders of a piece of sugar.

Let us first of all pay a hasty visit to some of the homes of the sugar cane. We shall see this valuable plant growing in the West Indies, in Brazil, in Demerara, in Venezuela, in China, in India, and in several of the southern states of North America.

The sugar-cane is a tall, grassy plant with broad blades and jointed stems. The cuttings (pieces of cane top about eleven inches long) are planted in rows three or four feet apart, and at intervals of about two feet in the rows. As soon as the cuttings are planted a quantity of water is let in all over the field, and this keeps the cane moist until it has taken root.

In rich, moist ground, the sugar cane will grow to a height of twenty feet, but in dry, poor soils, the height of the plant is not much more than six feet. Twelve feet is considered a good height.

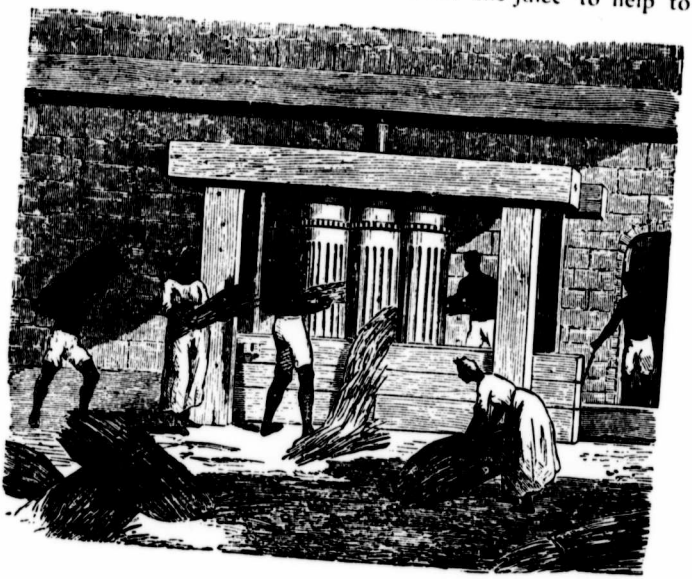
The cane grows very rapidly. The best varieties are ready for cutting in about ten months from the time of planting. As soon as the leaves begin to shrivel and hang down the planter knows it is time to commence cutting

SUGAR CANE.

the canes, and all hands on the plantation—men, women, and even children are set to work. The canes are cut a little above the ground, and tied in

bundles ready for carting to the mill. Fresh canes spring up from the old roots, so that the plantation does not require to be renewed for several years. It is, however, the custom on most sugar estates to plant a certain number of new canes every year.

Years ago negroes had to work as slaves on the sugar plantations, and cruel men with heavy whips used to stand by, and force them to toil until they almost dropped with exhaustion.



Sugar Mill.

During the great civil war in the United States, between the North and the South, about thirty years ago, the negroes in all the States were liberated, and they are now able to work for wages, and have the same privileges as their white brethren.

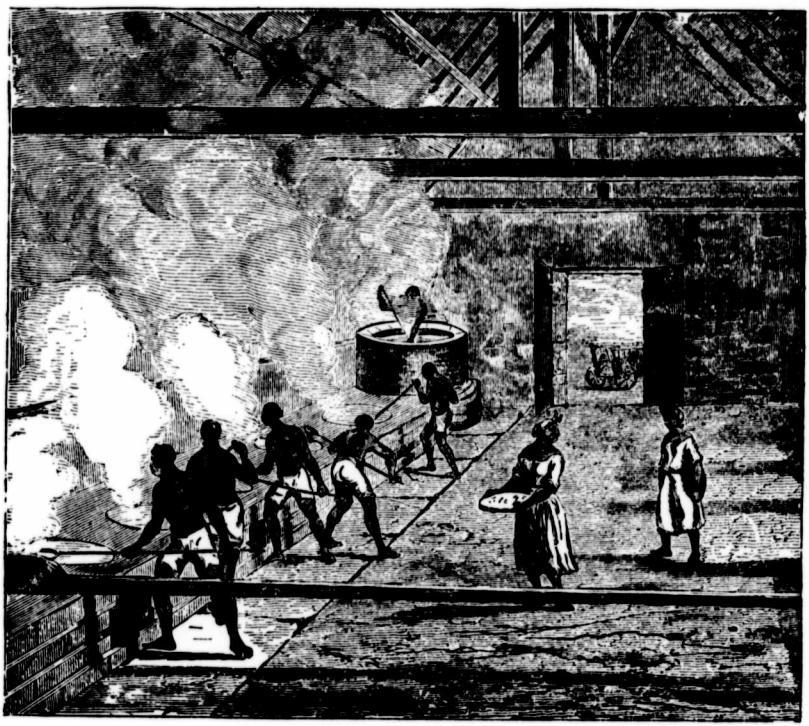
On every sugar plantation there is a mill (sometimes more than one) which works the machinery employed in extracting the juice from the canes. These mills are very powerful. The canes, freed from all loose leaves, are passed between great rollers, one of which weighs five tons. The greatest possible pressure is put upon these rollers, which revolve from two to four times a minute. From one hundred pounds of canes, about sixty pounds of juice is extracted.

The juice is run into vats and then into large coppers ready for the boiling process. A little slaked lime is first added to the juice to help to clear it, and as the temperature of the juice rises a thick scum gathers on the surface. This is skimmed off, and after a time the juice is ladled into a second copper, where it goes through the same process of boiling and skimming. Five or six of these coppers are placed in a row, with a large fire under the one at the end. This one fire heats all the coppers, and is so placed that the two or three coppers nearest to it boil violently. The juice is first put into

the copper farthest from the fire, and then into each of the others in turn. By this means all the impurities in the juice are removed, the syrup getting clearer each time it is changed into a fresh copper. After the boiling the grease is allowed to cool gradually, and is then poured into casks with a number of small holes pierced in the bottom.

wharf or railway station and shipped.

Sugar in its raw state is very brown and coarse. Before it can be sold for use at table it has to be refined. Sugar-refining is carried on usually in the countries where it is consumed. There are two very large refineries in the city of Montreal.



Boiling Sugar.

These casks are placed over empty vessels for about three weeks, during which time a certain amount of thick syrup drains from the sugar. This is called molasses, and is the syrup used for making the spirit called rum. As soon as this syrup ceases to run, the casks containing the raw sugar are fastened down, carted to the

Moist sugar is obtained by a curious process called "claying." The sugar is first melted into syrup, and then allowed to stand for a few days until nearly all the treacle has drained out. A quantity of thin wet clay is then poured over the sugar to a depth of one or two inches. The moisture contained in this thin clay gradually sinks

through the sugar, and in doing so carries with it a good deal of the brown treacle which still clings to the sugar. At the end of a few days the water has completely drained out of the clay, which has in the meantime gradually formed into a hard cake at the top of the sugar.

This operation is repeated several times, till the sugar becomes almost white. It is then crushed to powder, and sent in large casks to the sugar dealers and grocers.

We have still to tell you how our sparkling loaf sugar is made. The raw sugar is first hoisted to the top floor of the refinery—a great building of eight or nine floors—where it is melted in large tanks of hot water, but care is taken to use as little water as possible. A quantity of bullock's blood is now mixed with the sugar, and as the sugar boils the blood thickens and rises to the surface, bringing with it nearly all the impurities floating in the melted sugar. This is skimmed off.

While the liquid is still hot it is passed into very fine canvas bags, and filtered through these so as to purify the sugar still more. But the liquid sugar is not clear enough yet, and in order to complete the process it is passed through a mass of powdered charcoal. When the sugar flows out of the charcoal it is a pure transparent liquid.

The refiner has now to get rid of all the water in the sugar, and the only way this can be done is by boiling the sugar. This has to be done very carefully, for the sugar will become dark again if not properly boiled. The sugar is now poured into moulds, in which it hardens and becomes quite dry. In due course, the loaf-sugar is sold to the grocer, who breaks it into small pieces by means of a cutting machine.

The syrup which runs from the loaf-sugar whilst it is being refined is re-boiled, and then becomes the "Golden Syrup" with which we are familiar.

A great quantity of sugar is made from the beet-root. It is very sweet and nice, but it is not so good as that made from the sugar-cane. This kind of sugar is very extensively manufactured in Germany and the government of that country pays bounties on all sugar shipped to foreign countries. The sugar refiners of other countries would like to entirely shut out this cheap German sugar, as they think it comes into unfair competition with their sugar, for which they receive no bounty. In England many sugar refineries have been obliged to shut down on account of the competition of this cheap German beet-root sugar; but the Canadian tariff is so high that very little German sugar finds a sale in this country.

THE ROMAN BATHS.

Every Roman had the use of the public baths upon payment of about half a farthing. These were not such structures as we call public baths, but superb buildings, lined with Egyptian granite and Nubian marble. Warm water was poured into the capacious basins through wide mouths of bright and massive silver. The most magnificent baths were those of Caracalla, which had seats of marble for more than one thousand six hundred people, and those of Diocletian, which had seats for 3000 people.

AT NOON RECESS.

"Don't dare to call me a donkey!" cried Johnnie Brass, seizing Jimmie Ware by the back of the neck, and beginning to jab his head down towards the floor.

A moment before this occurred, Minnie Treat and Julia Sheldon had each declared that the other was so mean she should never speak to her again.

Tommy Twitchell was teasing little Ida Ware until she was almost ready to cry.

Much may be permitted in the way of noise, even in a school-room, when it is raining too hard for anyone to attempt to play out of doors at noon. But quarreling—never!

"Take your seats," said Miss Bird, as she laid aside her book.

Johnnie straightened himself out defiantly, releasing Jimmie, who rose in alarm.

Minnie and Julia exchanged looks of dismay. But Tommy Twitchell only giggled and pointed at Ida, who burst out crying.

Was the teacher going to write their names on the black-board? That meant so many demerits.

When she began to draw outline pictures of animals, birds and flowers, and even one of a cute little baby, they felt relieved. It must be a drawing lesson, and meant nothing worse than the shortening of their recess. They were about to get their slates in readiness, but Miss Bird, when she had drawn about twenty figures, turned towards the children and began to say "eeny, meeny, miny, moe," etc., and then they knew she was going to teach them a game.

The lot fell on Otto, the tall Swede, who came to school to learn to read English. He never seemed to mind how much the others laughed at his queer pronunciation, nor what fun they made of his being in the primer class.

"Come, Otto," said Miss Bird.

"What you want me to d›?" said he, as he obeyed.

"Look at those pictures on the black-board. I want you to point out the one I shall name."

"Dat's easy enough!"

"Wait, let me tie this over your eyes. Now, takes three steps backward."

Three strides took him almost across the room.

"Now, turn around three times."

Round and round he whirled on his heel.

"Now, go and point out the giraffe."

He went forward without hesitating.

"Dere's the gay—raffy," said he, pointing to the baby. How the children laughed, and greeted him with shouts of "Baby, Baby!"

"Dat's all right," he said, smiling, "I'm in de primer class."

"If you are a big baby, you are a good-natured one," said Miss Bird.

"You may tell us, please, who is to try to point out the rose."

He named Mary Kelly, the brightest scholar in the school and a prime favorite with all, in spite of her freckles and her strong Irish brogue.

She took very short steps backward, and turned around very slowly. She seemed to be listening for some sound which might serve as a guide.

Miss Bird tip-toed about, whispering and motioning to the children not to make the least noise. They were as still as mice, while Mary went forward very uncertainly, swerving a little to the right. "There's the rose," said she, placing the tip of the pointer against Miss Bird's cheek.

"Thank you for the complinent, Mary, but you almost put my eye out."

"Sure, I thought I was pointing to the rose," said Mary, pulling off the handkerchief.

"And do you not think so now? Whose turn is it to be next? Julia's? Come, Julia, and point out the dove."

Forgetful of her resolve not to speak to Minnie again, Julia whispered to her, "I'll name you for the next," and then submitted to having her blue eyes blindfolded. She was so unfortunate as to point to the goose instead of the dove. "Goosey, goosey gander! Don't know a goose from a dove!" cried some of the others, while Tommy Twitchell, who could keep neither time nor tune, began to sing, "Go tell Aunt Nabbie her old gray goose is dead!" It sounded so funny that it set everybody off laughing, including Julia herself.

Minnie, instead of going to the blackboard and pointing out the violet, went to the teacher's desk and pointed to the ink bottle. Scarcely had she said, "there's the violet," than the chorus arose:

Said the monkey to the owl, "what will you have to drink?"

"Since you are so very kind I'll take a bottle of ink!"

Ida, when called upon to take Minnie's place hung back at first, and declared she couldn't. Miss Bird urged her to try and find the kitten, so she let herself be blindfolded, and then took three long steps backward, forgot to turn round, and took three very short steps forward. There she stood, pointing at nothing in particular, until her eyes were unbound. She named her brother as her successor. He was willing to try to find the squirrel, but he went so far around each time that he turned his back squarely upon the blackboard and bumped up against the opposite wall.

When the laughter had subsided he called upon Johnie Brass to take his place—they were friends once more.

Johnie began to boast of what he could do. "I'll get it the first go off, see if I don't," he said when Miss Bird asked him if he thought he should be able to point to the lion.

"Take care, Johnny, you might point to the donkey by mistake!"

"No fear of it! If I do I'll give every one leave to call me a donkey!"

How breathlessly the others watched his movements. It would be such a good joke on Johnny. Was he going to? Yes! No! Yes! He was actually pointing to the donkey, and with the most confident air imaginable, calling it a lion.

"Goody! goody!" screamed the delighted children, "hurrah! Johnnie's a donkey! Johnnie Brass is a donkey! He gave us leave to call him a donkey!"

Johnnie could not utter a word, so overcome was he with astonishment.

"Come, Tommy," Miss Bird hastened to say, "let us see you pick out the tiger."

Tommy rose leisurely, hoisting first one shoulder and then the other, and slouched into place. Although he appeared to make no special effort, he distinguished himself by being the only one who was entirely successful.

"Last, but not least, eh, Tommy," said Miss Bird.

"Now, teacher, you must try!" cried all the children at once.

"Must I, well that will be only fair, I suppose. Watching you all turn round so often has made me feel slightly dizzy, still, I think I can manage to reach that sunflower easily. I know you will all make noise enough to guide me."

Did they? Not a bit of it. They remained perfectly quiet, although they were aching to scream with laughter when they saw her going in an exactly opposite direction. When she touched the water pail they began to sing at the tops of their voices: "All Birds to the cold water army belong."

How they did laugh at her air of bewilderment, when the hankerchief was removed.

"Oh, teacher, teacher, you didn't do any better than the rest of us!"

"Not so well as some of you," she replied, "How do you like the game?"

"First rate," exclaimed the boys.

"It's perfectly splendid," said the girls.

ELIZABETH R. BURNS, Montreal.

Gas Man: "Well, if you expect your gas bill to be smaller, use more economy."

Consumer: "And what do you charge for that?"

THE BEST AND THE WORST.

"Now for the story, grandfather," said Flossie, as she drew her chair close to her grandfather's knees. "You know you promised us a bran-new story to-night if we were good to-day."

"And I have not missed a word in any of my lessons to-day," chimed in Rob. "I know grandfather will say that is good."

"Quite right," replied grandfather; "and now you shall hear the story:

"A philosopher named Xanthus desired to have a feast for some of his friends, and he ordered his chief servant to provide the best things in the market.

"The servant thereupon bought a great many tongues, and instructed the cook to serve them up with different sauces. When the feast was ready, the first, second and third courses, the side dishes, and the desserts were all tongues.

"Xanthus was greatly enraged. 'Did I not order you,' said he, 'to buy the best things the market afforded?'

"'And,' replied the servant, 'have I not obeyed your orders, Master Xanthus? Is there anything better than tongues? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of sciences, and the organ of truth and reason? By means of the tongue cities are built, governments established and instructed; with the tongue men persuade, instruct, and preside in assemblies.'

"'Well, then,' said Xanthus, thinking to catch him, 'this same company will dine with me to-morrow, and as I wish to diversify my entertainment, go to market again and buy the worst things you can find.'

"The next day his servant again provided nothing but tongues.

"Xanthus, in a violent passion, demanded an explanation.

"'Master,' sad the servant, 'is there anything worse than tongues? Is not the tongue the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomenter of lawsuits, and the source of divisions and wars? Is it not the organ of error, of lies, of calumny and blasphemy?'

"Xanthus said no more. The servant had convinced him that the tongue when used aright could be truthfully considered the best thing in the world, and the worst of all things when put to a wrong use."

"That is what I call a capital story," said Rob, as soon as his grandfather had finished; "I would like to know the name of that servant."

"You have often read his writings, my boy," said grandfather, "for the servant was none other than Æsop, the renowned writer of fables. He was a Phrygian by birth, and for many years a slave." V. F.

A MONKEY PUTS ON A GLOVE.

Animals sometimes do things that would indicate that they possess a sense of humor, that they enjoy fun, writes an American lady.

In one of the small towns of Connecticut a wealthy gentleman maintained at his own expense a beautiful park. Among the other attractions was a cage of monkeys. One day when the writer was a little girl, she stood in front of the cage, watching the monkeys and feeding them peanuts. There came to the cage presently a lady who seemed greatly interested in her clothes; they all appeared new, and were evidently the objects of great care —so much so that even to the childish mind came the thought, "Why did she not wear the old ones? She would have had a much better time." The special objects of admiration were a pair of long, light kid gloves, which the lady carried in her hand. At last she held one open glove to her mouth, blew it until it was inflated, and after pulling it out, began putting it on. One of the monkeys had watched the proceedings from his perch on the other side of the cage. The lady buttoned the glove carefully, and then took hold of one of the wires of the cage with her bare hand, in which was the other glove. Quicker than thought the monkey who had watched her sprang to the side of the cage, snatched the glove, and sprang back on his perch. He paid not the slightest attention when the lady screamed till she waked the echoes. Sitting on the perch, with the most exaggerated manner of importance, the monkey held the glove open at the top, blew it till it was distended to its fullest size, then caught the glove by the tips of the fingers, smoothed and patted it, and began drawing it on. A poke from the cane of a gentleman who had come to the lady's assistance merely sent the monkey to the top of the cage, where, with an affected droop of his eyelids, he devoted his whole attention to adjusting the glove. When he attempted to button it, it was much too large for his wrists. An expression of comical amazement passed over his face. He studied a moment, then removed the glove, held the top open, inflated the glove as before, and began again putting it on. No inducement could be offered that would attract his attention from the business in hand, and at last the owner of the glove walked away,

evidently much disturbed at the loss of her property. The monkey looked after her, elevated his eyebrows, and, dropping the glove to the floor of the cage, began a game of tag with his companions. A stick pushed through the bars drew the glove within reach, and the writer ran down the path and restored the glove, none the worse for being in the monkey's possession, to the owner.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT CRIED.

Once the little girl that cried,
Looking through her tears, espied
Lovely motes of colored light
In the fringes of her eye—
Just as when the weather clears,
And the clouds are put to flight,
There's a rainbow in the sky.
And the little girl that cried,
When she saw the lovely sight,—
This fine rainbow in her tears,—
Would forget the reason why
She had thought it best to cry.

—EDITH M. THOMAS.

WHY SHE CRIED.

When Lucy Lee
Was very wee,
She cried, the funny thing,
"Betause," said she,
"No one tookt me
To my mama's wedding."

NO LEGS.

When little Rob went out of kilts,
So proud was he, he walked on stilts,
For several afternoons,
To show his pantaloons.

Most grandly stalked he up and down,
Till nut-brown Meg in Green'way gown,
(His little sweetheart true)
Wished she might walk on them too.

At last, "I give 'ou half my bun
If 'ou will let me join 'ou fun."
Said Rob, "But 'ittle Meg,
'Ou hasn't any legs."

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR AT TABLE.

In silence I must take my seat.
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
But lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.

THE LOST COUNT OF CHIMAY.

The small towns of Convin and Chimay, situated on the borders of Belgium and France, were under the dominion in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries of two baronial families, who habitually viewed each other with feelings of jealousy and dislike. The people of Chimay shared in the sentiments of their count in this respect, as did those of Convin in the prejudices of their marquis; and hence originated many a scene of bloody dissension and strife, continued with little intermission for a long period of years.

At a time when the towns of Convin and Chimay were both under the dominion of youthful and high-spirited lords, a new incident occurred to widen the hereditary breach between the two families, and increased an animosity which was already excessive. The Marquis de Convin and the Count de Chimay chanced to be both present at an assembly, where the nobility of the province had met for festive purposes. The daughter of a neighboring baron was presented on the occasion for the first time to society. She was a creature of surpassing beauty, both as regarded form and face, and an air of languor, almost of melancholy, was apparent in her large dark eyes, which made her charms more touching and resistless. So felt, at least, the young barons of Convin and Chimay. Love for the first time dawned on the souls of both—love, ardent and strong, with its too frequent attendant jealousy. The count and marquis had their eyes sharpened by the strength of their feelings, and each was conscious of the other's state of mind and heart.

Though, as may be imagined, their feudal enmity was by no means diminished by these circumstances, no visible results ensued, until the fate of their passion was determined by its common object. The barons again met the lady at a provincial festival, and the fair one had to fix upon one of the two as her partner for the evening. Indeed, the choice was for life, and so it was felt to be by all parties. The Lord of Chimay was the fortunate man.

Not long afterwards the Count and Countess of Chimay were spending the first weeks of their wedded life at the castle of the bridegroom. These weeks were in all respects happy, though the count was obliged to keep a guard on his movements, for the marquis and his vassals evinced and avowed a burning thirst for revenge. In enjoying the pleasures of the chase, the count was compelled to confine himself to the precincts of his own castle, and to have a guard of huntsmen constantly about him.

However, as a month or two rolled away, he grew less cautious, and one day, when his dogs had started a large wild boar, he allowed himself to become so hot in the pursuit that he lost sight of all his huntsmen. It was not long ere the latter took the alarm, and searched for him everywhere, but in vain.

They then repaired to the customary place of gathering, and waited for their master there. Hour after hour flew past, however, and the Count appeared not. Again they sent out scouts in every direction, but with the same want of success.

Finally, after a great part of the night had been spent in these fruitless searches, the huntsmen returned to the castle, clinging to the slight hope that the Count might have reached home by

a circuitous route. He had not been heard of, and they were then under the necessity of communicating the tidings of their master's loss to the Countess.

Already much alarmed by his delayed return, the lady was thrown into a state of inexpressible anguish. For a time she was incapable of any exertion, but at length arousing herself, she insisted upon recommencing in person the search for her husband.

The most faithful and experienced vassals of the Count accompanied her. They searched every hill and plain, every glade and thicket; inquired of all persons in the neighborhood; but every effort was unavailing. The Count could not be heard of.

Eight days passed away, and found the Countess still in a state of widowed suffering and sorrow. At last, as an extreme step, she resolved to address her formidable neighbor of Convin. To him all thoughts turned, as the party most likely to know the truth if the Count's disappearance had been the result of violence; but there was not a vestige of proof against the marquis. The poor countess knew what her influence over him had once been, and she hoped to invoke his aid, for she believed him to be honorable.

Dressed in deep mourning and all in tears, she presented herself, with a numerous suite attired in the same way, before the Marquis of Convin, and called upon him to say, on his word as a knight, if he knew aught of the lost Count of Chimay. The marquis swore to her, upon his honor, that he knew nought of her husband's fate.

"Oh, my lord!" said the countess, "show then to the world in these melancholy circumstances the magnanimity of your heart. Grant me your generous assistance in discovering the fate of my husband, who, though once your rival, will become, if found, your friend for ever! Order search to be made over your domains; be the protector of the unfortunate! Honor commands it and a lady entreats it!"

The Lord of Convin, with great apparent sympathy and compassion, promised to do everything in his power to aid the countess, and pressed her to stay at Convin till a new search had been made. But perceiving the anxious looks of her old vassals, and herself feeling little confidence in the professions of the marquis, the countess returned directly to her own castle. There she awaited the result of the new inquiry. It was the same as the last—the Lord of Chimay remained undiscovered.

Several years elapsed without changing the position of affairs. The mateless countess lived in her castle, lonely and sorrowful, wearing ever her mournings, and praying that the truth might yet be revealed. She could not believe her lord to be dead. It may be conceived, therefore, what her answer was when she ultimately received a proposal of marriage from the Marquis de Convin, upon the plea of uniting the long-divided vassals of Convin and Chimay. Her reply was brief: "I have no hand to dispose of. Had I thought myself free, I should long ago have ceased to live."

In the seventh year after the disappearance of the Lord of Chimay, it chanced that a young shepherd lad, a vassal of the demesne, saw a rabbit in the grounds bordering the estate of Convin. He had his bow and arrows, and shot at it, but missed. Still he pursued it, and, getting heated in the

chase, lost all thought of time or distance. His last arrow was fired at the animal as it sprung up a steep rock, and again the rabbit escaped, for the lad saw his arrow sticking in a crevice of the cliff. Young Basler, as he was named, now looked about him, and saw, to his dismay, that he had approached to the very rock on which stood the hostile castle of Convin. However, he thought he might as well try to recover his arrow, as his chance of a supper depended much upon it.

He accordingly clambered up the rock, and got at the arrow; but when he attempted to pull it out he felt a strong resistance. Plunging in his hand to loosen the point, to his horror he felt a damp hand grasp his own and place between his fingers the head of his arrow, along with a soft substance!

The lad, terror-struck, pulled out his hand with its contents, and found that he had got a piece of linen marked with bloody characters. For a moment he sat motionless; but at length starting up, he fled home as fast as his feet could carry him, to tell his adventure to his parents, and show them the rag.

Fortunately, the boy's father was so far a scholar as to make out the words: "To the Countess of Chimay."

The recollection of his lord burst on old Basler's mind at once, and he set off with all speed to the castle. The countess was ever accessible to her vassals, and virtue was in this case its own reward. She got the piece of linen, and no sooner saw it than she screamed aloud. But she composed herself and read these words: "If thou art still true and faithful to me, arm thy vassals and release me from the dungeons of Convin."

"It is my husband's writing and signature!" cried the delighted yet agitated and anxious countess. Without a moment's delay, she summoned all her vassals around her, and would have led them on the instant to the rescue of her lord; but the wiser of them advised her to make success secure by calling in the assistance of her neighbors, who would necessarily be indignant at the conduct of Convin. The countess saw the propriety of acceding to this suggestion, and as many friends as could be summoned were assembled during the night. Beyond the morning the noble lady would not delay her adventure. Fortunately, a force was by that time gathered sufficient for the accomplishment of the enterprise.

The castle of Convin was attacked by surprise, and taken. Its villainous lord was brought on his knees before the countess, but he sullenly denied all knowledge of the fate of the Count of Chimay. Nevertheless, his servants, afraid for their lives, were less obstinate under question. One of them offered to lead the way to the cell in which the captive was kept, and thither he went, followed by the anxious countess.

The poor prisoner was found in a melancholy state of weakness. His life, spared but to lengthen out his torments, would soon have come to an end but for the timely relief afforded.

Indeed, when the count found himself in the arms of his beloved wife, whom he had long lost all hope of seeing again, the excess of his joy had nearly overpowered his weak frame. But he was now in the hands of a kind nurse. Before he left his dungeon, he suddenly turned round.

"I had nearly forgotten my deliverer," said he, and he pointed out to his friends a little rabbit, the same which

young Basler had shot at. The creature was taken up by Basler himself, and carried away from the dungeon.

The Count de Chimay was conveyed homewards in triumph, accompanied by his numerous attendants. He told his friends his simple story. On the day of the hunt he had been seized by Convin and his vassals, who were lying in watch for him, and cast him into the dungeon. A morsel of food was daily thrown to him, and he had never seen living thing for seven years, with the exception of the young rabbit, which crept in through the crevice that yielded the cell its only light, and had become the tame companion of the captive. The scrap of writing which had been given to young Basler had been long prepared for such a purpose, though with little hope that it would ever be put to use.

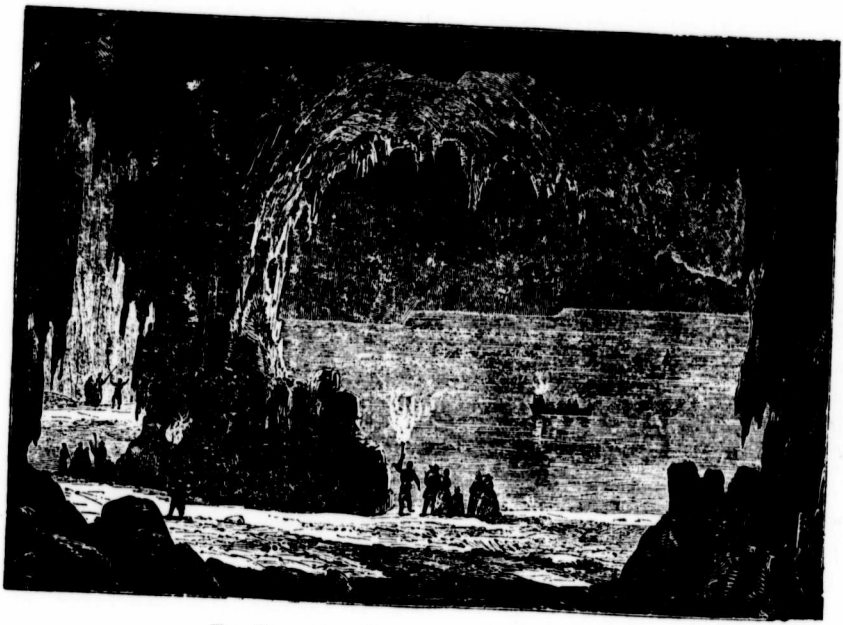
The Basler family were not among the least happy of the friends and vassals of Chimay on this occasion. In consideration of the service rendered by the youth, the father was made ranger of the woods of Chimay. One grant more was made to the family, and it was by this that the event was kept long in remembrance: the count decreed that a dish should be sent daily to the Baslers and their descendants, in time coming, from the table of the Lord of Chimay; and during many centuries this privilege was kept in use, for this tale is not a fiction, but a true account of real incidents that are talked of to this day in Flanders.

ELEPHANTS IN A LUMBER YARD.

No work done by elephants perhaps, requires at once greater intelligence and strength on their part than that of those which are used in unloading and piling up timber in the lumber yards of Burmah. The most important of these lumber yards, at Rangoon, receives the timber that comes down from the immense forests of the Irrawaddy, with the great logs lashed together into huge rafts. The workmen cut the cords, and the task of the elephants begins. Plunging without hesitation into the muddy waters of the river, they go at once toward the logs. Each animal selects a stick, pushes it with his trunk to the shore, picks it up, and lands it, all that his driver has to do being to indicate what log he wishes taken. Twelve of these animals, according to M. Charles Marsillion, eleven males and one female, work constantly in the yard. The female is the most intelligent of all of them. At the sawmill she places the piece to be cut before the saw. She uses her trunk as a hand; takes the boards away as they are made, and piles them symmetrically in the drying heap. As the sawdust accumulates and threatens to cover everything up, she blows it away with her powerful nostrils, keeping the place cleared so that the work can go on unobstructed. Sometimes one of them comes upon a stick that is too heavy for him to handle alone; and then one of his companions, perceiving his trouble, will come to his assistance. It seems to be one of the easiest things in the world for these animals to arrange and straighten the pile of logs whenever it begins to take a crooked or uneven shape. If they are not able to do this with their trunks, they use their tusks until the pile is got into order. They work willingly and with interest, call for help when they need it, and respond to one another's appeals.

AN UNDERGROUND WONDERLAND

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, in the United States, is the largest known cave in the world. Its form has been likened to a tree laid on the ground, with an irregular stem and innumerable branches spreading out here and there, discovered as late as the year 1809, and then accidentally by a hunter named Hutchins, who, in pursuit of a wounded deer, came upon the opening of the cave on the left bank of the Green River.



THE DEAD SEA, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

It is ten miles long, the main cave being from forty to three hundred feet wide, and from thirty-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet high. There are a great number of separate caves or chambers, many of which have been given distinctive names, and in these are seas, lakes, cliffs and rivers, one of which extends for three-quarters of a mile.

It is a very curious fact that this vast underground country was only

The nearest railway station to the cave is seven miles away, and visitors have to be carried over this distance by coach. Close to the great cave is a hotel, at which guides are procured for the underground exploration. Each person is provided with a small lamp, which is lighted by the guide at the entrance to the cave.

The chief points of interest are arranged along two lines of exploration,

but in addition to these there are various side excursions into the smaller caverns. The "short route" requires four hours and the "long route" about nine hours to explore.

All being ready, you are ushered into this remarkable cave. Your little oil lamp is the only means of illuminating the profound darkness, excepting now and again when, in order to light up some interesting spot, the guide makes a blaze of oiled paper.

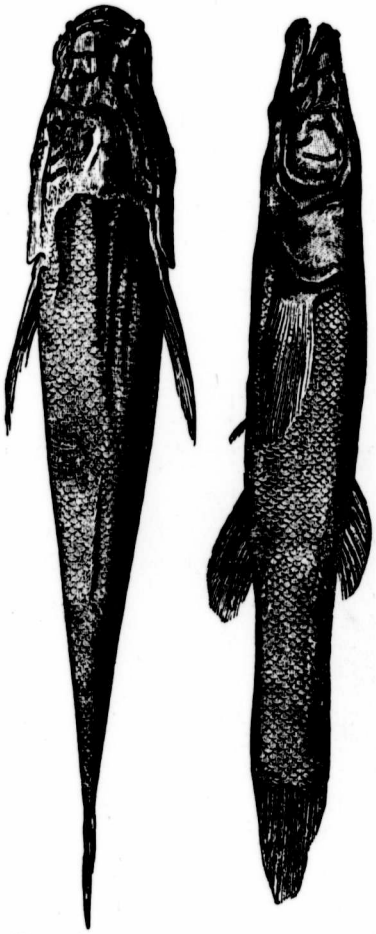
On first entering the cave, a chill seems to strike you; but gradually, as you proceed, this chill passes away, and the air is still, dry and delightfully warm without being too hot. All the year round, day or night, winter or summer, the temperature of the cave is always the same—fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit.

The first important chamber to which you are conducted is the Rotunda, which is illuminated for a moment by a sheet of oiled paper lighted by the guide. It measures more than seventy-five feet high by one hundred and sixty feet wide, and runs directly under the dining-room of the cave hotel, and the beginning of the main cave.

Several other caves are entered from the Rotunda, one of which has been given the title of the Great Bat Room, from the fact that numbers of bats inhabit its dark recesses and crevices. But the cave is also inhabited by thousands of other little creatures, such as rats, lizards, a curious kind of cricket, and some very strange blind fish.

The next important cavern is the Gothic Chapel, a cave of considerable extent, with a low, arched roof which reminds the visitor of an ancient church crypt. Near this is the Bridal Chamber, in which you are shown some brilliant crystal stalactites. The guide informs you that these massive pieces of crystallized rock take fifty years to grow to the thickness of a sheet of paper.

There are several rivers and lakes in this wonderful Mammoth Cave. The waters, which no doubt flow from the Green River, entering through numerous domes and pits, and falling during the rainy weather in cascades of great volume, are finally collected in

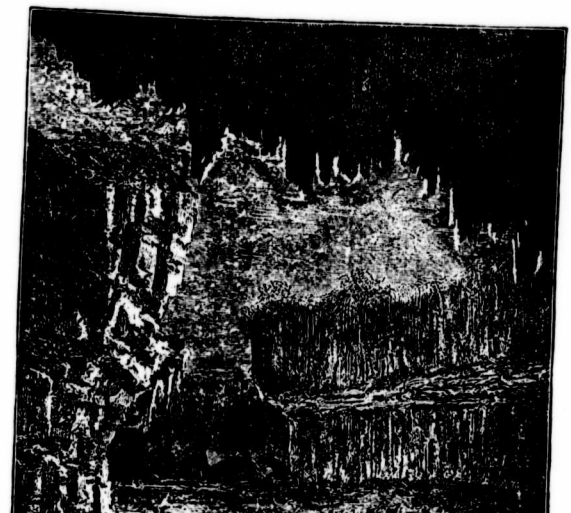


BLIND FISH FOUND IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

River Hall, where they form into several lakes or rivers. These are navigable from May to October, and provide the explorer with many interesting features of cave scenery.

The first approached is called the Dead Sea, round which are great cliffs sixty feet high and a hundred feet long, above which a path has been made whence a stairway conducts you down to the banks of the River Styx, a body of water forty feet wide and four hundred feet long, crossed by a natural bridge. Lake Lethe is next visited. It is a broad basin of water enclosed by walls ninety feet high, below which a narrow path leads to a little bridge at the neck of the lake. A beach of the finest yellow sand extends for five hundred yards to Echo River, the largest of all, being from twenty to two hundred feet wide, ten to forty feet deep, and about three-quarters of a mile long.

PART OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.



STAR CHAMBER, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

The guide now conducts you to another wide cavern, in the middle of which rests an enormous rock. This, you are told, is the Giant's Coffin, and is so called from a supposed resemblance to this mournful article. The Star Chamber is perhaps the most interesting of all the caves. In this the stalactites assume forms more beautiful and curious even than those in the Bridal Chamber, where they have already attracted our attention and won our admiration.

The Star Chamber is sixty feet high, seventy feet wide, and five hundred feet long. The guide now takes away your

lamps and retires to a distance, leaving you in total darkness, in order that you may see the full beauty of this curious cave. By-and-by, in a different part of the cave, a dim light begins to dawn; and in a little while, looking up to the ceiling, you see it is studded with brilliant stars. For the moment you seem to have been transported to some wonderful fairyland, for you can scarcely realize that these magnificent stars above your head are simply beautiful crystals, and are not really the stars of the heavens.

THE RIVER STYX, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

THE ORIGIN OF MR. AND MRS.

In earlier times the ordinary man was simply William or John, that is to say, he had only a Christian name without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or William from another John or William became necessary. Nicknames derived from a man's trade or his dwelling place, or from some persona peculiarity, were tacked onto his Christian name, and plain John became John Smith. As yet there were no "Misters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became, perhaps, a landed proprietor or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman-French of the day the "maistre" of this place or that, of these workmen or those. In time the "maistre," or "maister," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith and his wife was Maistress Smith. Gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any kind—by mere possession of wealth or holding some position of more or less consideration and importance.

Flannel should be chosen for its strong selvedge, fine and even texture, and the short hairs on its surface. Low priced flannel is not cheap, for it is probably made with old wool, and largely composed of cotton, which renders it harsh and tends to make it shrink considerably.

TRACY WALKINGHAM'S PEEPING

CHAPTER II.

The girl, who walked first with a hasty step, preceded them into that room on the right of the door, which but a few minutes before, Tracey had been surveying through the window.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Adams, the apothecary, as he approached the body, which lay on the floor.

"I hope it's only a fit," exclaimed the girl, taking the candle off the table, and holding it in such a manner as to enable the apothecary to examine the features.

"He's dead, I fancy," said the apothecary, applying his fingers to the wrist. "Unloose his neckcloth, Robert, and raise his head."

This was said to the assistant, who having done as he was told, and no sign of life appearing, Mr. Adams felt for his lancet, and prepared to bleed the patient.

The lancet, however, had been left in the pocket of another coat, and Robert being sent over to fetch it, Tracey stepped forward and took his place at the head of the corpse; the consequence of which, was, that when the boy returned Mr. Adams told him to go and mind the shop, as they could do very well without him; and thus Tracey's intrusion was, as it were, legitimized and all awkwardness removed from it. Not, however, that he had been sensible of any: he was too much absorbed with the interest of the scene to be disturbed by such minor considerations. Neither did anybody else appear discomposed or surprised at his presence; the apothecary did not know but he had a right to be there; the boy, who remembered the inquiries Tracy had made with regard to the girl, concluded they had since formed an acquaintance; the girl herself was apparently too much absorbed in the distressing event that had occurred to have any thoughts to spare for minor interests, and as for the man, he appeared to be scarcely conscious of what was going on around him. Pale as death, and with all the symptoms of extreme sickness and debility he sat bending somewhat forward in an old armchair, with his eyes fixed to the spot where the body lay; but there was no speculation in his eyes, and it was evident that what he seemed to be looking at he did not see.

Tracy felt a more absorbing interest in the mystery of the living than the dead; and as strange questionings arose in his mind with regard to the pale occupant of the old armchair as concerning the corpse that was stretched upon the ground.

Who was this stranger, and how came he there lying dead on the floor of that poor house? And where was the pocket-book with the notes? Not on the table, not in the room so far as he could discern. They must have been placed out of sight; and the question occurred to him, was she a party to the concealment? But both his heart and his judgment answered "No." Not only her pure and innocent countenance, but her whole demeanor, acquitted her of crime. It was evident that her attention was entirely engrossed by the surgeon's efforts to recall life to the inanimate body; there was no painful consciousness plucking at her sleeve; her mind was anxious, but not more so than the ostensible cause justified, and there was no expression of mystery or fear about her. How different to the father, who seemed terror-struck! No anxiety for the recovery of the stranger, no grief for his death, appeared to him; and it occurred to Tracy that he looked more like one condemned and waiting for execution than the interested spectator of another's misfortune.

No blood flowed, and the apothecary having pronounced the stranger dead, proposed, with the aid of Tracy to remove him to a bed: and as there was none below they had to carry him upstairs, the girl preceding them with a light, and leading the way into a room where a small tent bedstead without curtains, two straw-bottomed chairs, with a rickety table, and a cracked looking-glass formed nearly all the furniture; but some articles of female attire, lying about, betrayed to whom

the apartment belonged, and lent it an interest for Tracy.

Whilst making these arrangements for the dead but few words were spoken. The girl looked pale and serious, but said little; the young man would have liked to ask a hundred questions, but he did not feel himself entitled to ask one: and the apothecary, who seemed a quiet taciturn person, only observed that the stranger had appeared to have died of disease of the heart, and inquired whether he was a relation of the family.

"No," replied the girl: "he is no relation of ours—his name is Aldridge."

"Not Ephraim Aldridge?" inquired the apothecary.

"Yes; Mr. Ephraim Aldridge," she returned; "my father was one of his clerks formerly."

"You had better send to his house immediately," said Mr. Adams. "I forget whether he has any family."

"None but his nephew, Mr. Jonas," returned the girl. "I'll go there directly, and tell him."

"Your father seems in bad health," observed Mr. Adams as he quitted the room and proceeded to descend the stairs.

"Yes; he has been ill a long time," she replied with a sad countenance; "and nobody seems to know what's the matter with him."

"Had you any advice for him?" inquired the apothecary.

"Oh yes, a great deal, when first he was ill; but nobody did him any good."

By this time they had reached the bottom of the stairs; and Mr. Adams, who now led the van, instead of going out of the street-door, turned into the parlor again.

"Well, sir," he said, addressing Lane, "this poor gentleman is dead. I should have called in somebody else had I earlier known who he was; but it would have been useless, life must have been extinct half an hour before I was summoned. Why did you not send for me sooner?"

"I was out," replied the girl, answering the question that had been addressed to her father. "Mr. Aldridge had sent me away for something, and when I returned, I found him on the floor, and my father almost fainting. It was a dreadful shock for him, being so ill."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Adams again addressing Lane.

A convulsion passed over the sick man's face, and his lips quivered as he answered in a low sepulchural tone: "He was sitting in that chair, talking about—about his nephews, when he suddenly stopped speaking and fell forwards. I started up and placed my hand against his breast to save him, and then he fell backwards upon the floor."

"Heart, no doubt. Probably a disease of long standing," said Mr. Adams. "But it has given you a shock; you had better take something, and go to bed."

"What should he take?" inquired the daughter.

"I'll send over a draught," replied the apothecary, moving towards the door; "and you wont neglect to give notice of what has happened—it must be done to-night."

"It is too late for you to go out," observed Tracy, speaking almost for the first time since he entered the house. "Couldn't I carry the message for you?"

"Yes; if you will, I shall be much obliged," said she; "for I do not like to leave my father again to-night. The house is No. 4, West Street."

Death is a great leveller, and strong emotions banish formalities. The offer was as frankly accepted as made; and his inquiry whether he could be further useful being answered by "No, thank you—not to-night," the young man took his leave and proceeded on his mission to West Street in a state of mind difficult to describe—pleased and alarmed, happy and distressed. He had not only accomplished his object by making the acquaintance of Mary Lane, but the near view he had had of her, both as regarded her person and behaviour, confirmed his admiration and gratified his affection, but, as he might have told the boy who interrupted him, he had paid dear for peeping. He had seen what he would have given the world not to have seen; and whilst he eagerly desired to prosecute his suit to this young woman, and make her his wife, he shrank with horror from the idea of having a thief and assassin for his father-in-law.

Engrossed with these reflections, he reached West Street before he was aware he was halfway there, and rang the bell of No. 4. It was

now past eleven, but he had scarcely touched the wire, before the door was opened.

The person who presented himself had no light, neither was there any in the hall, and Tracy could not distinguished to whom he spoke when he said,

"Is this the house of Mr. Ephraim Aldridge?"

"It is: what do you want?" answered a man's voice as he drew back, and made a movement toward closing the door.

"I have been requested to call here to say that Mr. Aldridge is"—And here the recollection that the intelligence he bore would be deeply affecting to the nephew he had heard mentioned as the deceased man's only relation, and to whom he was now possibly speaking, arrested the words in his throat, and after a slight hesitation, he added, "that he has been taken ill."

"Ill!" said the person who held the door in his hand. "Where? What's the matter with him? Is he very ill? Is it anything serious?"

The tone in which these questions were put relieved Tracy from any apprehension of inflicting pain, and he rejoined at once,

"I am afraid he is dead."

"Deäd!" reiterated the other, throwing the door wide open. "Step in if you please. Dead! how should that be? He was very well this afternoon. Where is he?" And so saying he closed the street door and led the young soldier into a small parlor, where a lamp with a shade over it, and several old ledgers, were lying on the table.

"He is at Mr. Lane's in Thomas Street," replied Tracy.

"But are you sure he's dead?" inquired the gentleman, who was indeed no other than Mr. Jonas Aldridge himself. "How did he die? Who says he's dead?"

"I don't know how he died. The apothecary seemed to think it was disease of the heart," replied Tracy, "but he is certainly dead."

At this crisis of the conversation a new thought seemed to strike the mind of Jonas, who exhibiting no symptoms of affliction, had hitherto appeared only curious and surprised.

"My Uncle Ephraim dead!" said he. "No, no, I can't believe it. It is impossible—it cannot be! My dear uncle! My only friend! Dead! Impossible! You must be mistaken."

"You had better go and see yourself," replied Tracy, who did not feel at all disposed to sympathize with this sudden effusion of sentiment.

"I happened to be by, by mere chance, and know nothing more than what I heard the apothecary say." And with these words he turned towards the door.

"You are an officer's servant I see," rejoined Jonas.

"I live with Captain D'Arcy of the 3rd," answered Tracy; and wishing Mr. Jonas a good-evening, he walked away with a very unfavorable impression of that gentleman's character.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASH YOUR EYEGLASSES.

"Spectacles and eyeglasses are as much benefitted by a bath now and then as people are," remarked a well-known optician. "It is strange how many people there are who think that their glasses only need an occasional wiping. Now, the fact is, glasses require actual baths as frequently as does the ordinary person. The process is as simple as you want to make it. My plan, however, is to take the glasses to a wash bowl and give them a good soaking in warm water. Then apply soap freely and rub it off by the use of a soft tooth or nail brush. After that give them a polish with any of the usual tooth powders, and then clean them with the tissue paper, which is much better for the purpose than chamois skin or anything else that I know of. The ordinary cleansing is all right as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient. Many a person has done great injury to their eyes by neglecting to properly clean their glasses. I have had a number of patients come to me with complaints about what they called gradual diminution of their sight. An examination revealed the fact that it was wonderful that they could see at all, for their glasses were gummed over and had been fearfully neglected. A little soap and water, to which a few drops of ammonia was added, did the business. Some time ago a friend of mine, a surgeon, who makes a specialty of the ear, told me that there were more ear troubles in consequence of dirt in the ear than from all other causes combined."

MODERN LOSSES IN BATTLE.

A writer in Chamber's Journal quotes figures to show that war is no longer so murderous as it was in Napoleon's time. Compare, he says, the slaughter in Napoleon's campaigns with the worst within living memory—with Gettysburg and Antietam in the American civil war; with Koniggratz, in the Austro-Prussian war; with Sedan and Metz, in the Franco-German war. At Jena, in 1806, the Prussian loss was 21,000 out of a total of 105,000, and the French 19,000 out of a total of 90,000—that is to say, 40,000 casualities out of 195,000 engaged, or, roughly speaking, one in five. At Eylau, in 1807, the Russians lost 25,000 men out of 73,000; the French 30,000 out of 85,000—that is, for both sides, the appalling proportion of one in three! At Wagram, in 1809, the Austrian loss was 25,000 out of 100,000; the French 23,000 out of the same number. At Aspern, where Napoleon suffered his first defeat on May 21 and 22, 1809, the carnage was still greater, for the French lost 35,000 men out of 70,000—one half their number—and the Austrians 20,000 out of 80,000. But even this awful butchery pales before that of Borodino in the Moscow campaign, for on that field the French left 50,000 dead and wounded out of 132,000 engaged, and the Russians 45,000 out of the same number—95,000 men slain or mutilated out of 264,000!

Now the only battle in the latter half of the nineteenth century which can compare with Borodino in slaughter is that of Koniggratz, or Sadowa, in 1866, which ended the Austro-Prussian war. Out of 400,000 men engaged, 50,000 were killed or wounded—40,000 Austrians and 10,000 Prussians—one in eight only, as against one in three.

The most sanguinary battle in the American civil war was that of Antietam Creek, fought between McClellan and Lee on September 17, 1862, when, after repeated repulses, the Federals compelled the Confederates to retreat. Out of 100,000 men engaged, 26,469 were left on the field—The Federal loss being 12,469, and that of the Confederates 14,000; and that, remember, was before the era of breechloaders. At Gettysburg the combined losses were 43,000, but the number of men engaged was nearly double, and the proportion, therefore, was not quite so great as at Antietam.

Take, again, Leipzic and Waterloo, and contrast them with Sadowa and Sedan. At Leipzic the French lost 60,000 men out of 160,000, and the Allies 42,000 out of 288,000—102,000 out of a total of 348,000—more than double the ratio of Sadowa. Then at Waterloo the losses of the Allies amounted to 22,976 out of 83,000, and those of the French to upward of 30,000 out of 73,000—in other words, one man out of every three that fought that day was either killed or wounded. Now, at Sedan, under the awful crushing fire of the German guns, the French lost 30,000 out of 150,000 before they surrendered—a far smaller proportion than at Waterloo; while the Germans stated their losses at 3,022 killed and 5,909 wounded, out of the 250,000 brought into action.

These facts and figures seem to us to prove conclusively that war is no longer so murderous as it was. The alteration in tactics and in the formation of troops attacking has counteracted the superior precision and range of modern firearms. The shell, though its moral effect is greater, is not so destructive as the round shot, grape and canister of the old days playing upon troops advancing in line or column. The magazine rifle, incalculably superior in accuracy and penetrating power to the old Brown Bess, is not so deadly in its effect; for, when it fails to kill outright the wounds it inflicts with its tiny projectile are not nearly so ugly and crippling as those of the old spherical bullet, which smashed, where the other glances off.

SMALL COURTESIES.

Nothing is more common than to neglect the many small amenities and courtesies of life under the impression that they are needless. Where the affections are very strong they may survive this treatment, though even then much of their delicate fragrance is lost; but where they are of only moderate intensity it is pretty certain to kill them. When visits and letters gradually diminish and finally cease, when re-unions are discontinued, when accustomed kindnesses are abandoned and sympathy grows silent, it is inevitable that the feelings which they represent should also decline. We learn to do without them; but, when we imagine that our affections remain unchanged, we greatly deceive ourselves. They are the natural food of friendship, and without it a slow starvation-process is certain.

A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

The Rural World published in London, Eng., says: The question is asked whether the bran from the roller mill process of grinding is as rich feed as that from the old-fashioned methods. This is a practical question but it can only be answered at present in an indefinite way. Roller process contains one-fifth more digestible protein (the most valuable constituent in it) than there is in stone ground flour, but there is ample room for revision of this estimate. There are really three coats, some analysts would say five, outside of the true wheat grain. The outer coat is of little more value than straw, because much the same in nature. Modern milling skill and science can peel off this skin so exactly as to leave little feed value. The inner coats are more nutritious. In the old stone mills the wheat, after being dressed and cleaned, was ground between two stones, and the meal produced therefrom was separated by means of silk gauze dressing machines usually into four products, vix., flour, middlings, pollard, and bran; but sometimes further divisions were made. In breaking up the grain in the mill stones all the four products were brought together on the dressing machine, and, as a natural consequence, could not be perfectly separated one from another. At the same time the cerealin cells were broken, and the cerealin became mixed with the flour. It may be as well, now that the question is raised, to go pretty fully into the matter of wheat composition.

A grain of wheat can be divided into six parts, viz., (1) the outer skin, (2) the middle skin, (3) the inner skin, or cerealin cells containing cerealin, (4) the germ, (5) gluten cells, (6) starch granules. The first three parts and the germ go to make bran, middlings, and pollard, and the last two or endosperm are all that white flour contains. The first or outer skin is composed chiefly of fibre. Its main use consists in its exciting mechanical action in the stomach, and, if this organ is healthy, the result is better digestion. The second and third skins contain a lot of salts and acids. These are most essential as food, being bone, hair, and teeth producers; in addition, the third skin or cerealin cells contain an active ferment called cerealin. It is this cerealin which, when the grain of wheat is planted in the ground, and sufficient heat and moisture have been generated, acts upon the starch granules and converts them into food for the young embryo or growing plant. When the flour meal is being made into bread it is also this ferment which acts upon the starch granules and converts them into chemical sugar, (dextrin), and so renders the bread more digestible. The germ is particularly rich in oil, nitrogenous matter, phosphoric acid, and a considerable quantity of diastatic ferment. The nitrogenous matter contained in the germ amounts to thrice the proportion present in the whole grain of wheat. This nitrogenous matter contains little or no tenacious gluten. The gluten cells form a complete net-work through the grain, and these cells are much thicker near the skins, and get finer and finer as they approach the centre of the grain. The gluten cells are chiefly composed of nitrogenous matter. They can be separated from the starch of the flour by making a little flour into dough with water, and then gradually washing the starch out by means of a stream of water. If this is carefully done a greyish-yellow, tough and elastic mass is left, and the substance is called gluten. The starch granules form the bulk of the flour and meal produced from a grain of wheat, and are heat producers. Thus we have, in a grain of wheat, materials for bone, hair, and teeth forming, flesh forming, and heat producing.

GIGANTIC INSECTS.

Recent discoveries in the coal mines in central France have furnished by far the greatest advance that has ever been made in our knowledge of the insects which inhabited the world millions of years, as geologists believe, before the time when man made his appearance upon the earth. In that wonderful age when the carboniferous plants, whose remains constitute the coal beds of to-day, were alive and flourishing, the air and soil were animated by the presence of flies, grasshoppers, cockroaches, dragon flies, spiders, locusts and scores of other species which exist but slightly changed at the present day. But the insects of those remote times attained a gigantic size, some of the dragon flies measuring more than two feet from tip to tip of their expanded wings! The remains of these insects have been marvelously preserved in the strata of coal and rock.

CARAVAN TALES

No. V.

NOSEY, THE DWARF.

When Selim Bamch finished his story of "The Fortunes of Said" the Caravan had nearly reached the end of the journey across the desert, but as all agreed that the last steps of a journey were the most wearisome and that the telling of another story would make the miles seem shorter, a German slave, whom one of the merchants had purchased of a slave dealer in Tunis, was called upon to tell a story. He responded as follows:

O, master! those persons are much deceived who believe that fairies and magicians have ceased to exist since the times of Haroun At Raschid, sovereign at Bagdad, or who assert that those stories of the doings of genii, which one hears from story-tellers in the market-place, are all untrue. There are fairies in existence at this very day, and I myself was witness, not a great while since, of an incident in which genii manifestly had a hand, and which I will now relate to you.

Many years ago in a considerable city of my dear native land, Germany, lived a cobbler and his wife. The cobbler sat daily at the corner of the street, mending shoes and slippers, and making new ones when any one would trust him with the commission. His wife sold herbs and fruits, which she cultivated in a little garden before her house, and many persons bought of her in preference to any other person, because her dress was always clean and neat, and she knew how to spread out and arrange her herbs in an attractive fashion.

This old couple had a son, of agreeable face and figure, and for a lad of twelve years of age, well grown. He usually sat by the old lady in the market place, to carry home fruits and vegetables for the house-wives who bought of his mother, and he rarely came back from such errands without some pretty flower, or bit of money, or some nice trifle to eat, for the masters and mistresses were always glad to see the boy's pleasant face at their houses, and used to reward him handsomely.

The shoemaker's wife was sitting one day, as usual, in the market; before her stood the baskets of herbs, cabbages, roots and vegetables, and in a smaller one a choice lot of early pears, apples and apricots. Little Jacob was sitting near her, and calling the wares in his high shrill voice: "Here, gentlemen, see what fine cabbages and elegant vegetables we have! Ladies, here are early pears, apples and apricots! Who buys? Who buys? My mother sells very cheap." While the boy was shouting his recommendations in this way an old woman entered the market. Her clothes were tattered and shabby, and she had a little, pointed face, red eyes, and a sharp hooked nose hanging down to her chin. She walked leaning on a long cane, but it was hard to see how she managed to get along, for she hobbled and stumbled so much that it seemed as if she had sticks in her legs, and would tumble down and scratch her long nose on the pavement every instant.

The shoemaker's wife watched this old woman attentively. She had sat now for sixteen years in the market place every day, and had never before seen so singular a figure, and she shrank involuntarily when the old creature hobbled up to her, and stopped before her baskets.

"Are you Hannah, who sells greens?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, shaking her head incessantly.

"Yes," answered the shoemaker's wife; "do you wish to buy?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps so; let us see your cabbages, you may have what I want," said the old beldame, bending down over the baskets and feeling of the vegetables with her brown, skinny hands. She picked out the nicely spread cabbages with her long spider fingers, and bringing them one after the other

to her nose, smelt them all over. The heart of the shoemaker's wife was in her mouth when she saw the old crone treating her delicate greens in this way, but she ventured no remark, for every buyer had a right to examine the goods, and she felt, moreover, a mysterious dread of the old creature. After the latter had gone through the entire stock she muttered: "Miserable trash! wretched stuff! nothing here to suit me! things used to be a great deal better fifty years ago. Worthless! worthless stuff.

Such criticism disgusted little Jacob extremely. "Hark! you are a shameless old woman," he cried angrily, "first you grope with your long fingers among the beautiful greens, squeezing them out of shape, and then you hold them to your long, ugly nose, so that nobody who saw you will buy them, and, after all, you call them miserable trash.

The old hag leered at the angry boy, laughed a frightful laugh, and said, in a harsh voice:

"Sonny, sonny, so my nose displeases you, hey; my long, handsome nose. Then you shall have one yourself hanging down to your chin."

While speaking, she slipped along to the other basket, and, taking up one of the finest white cabbage-heads in her hand squeezed it together until you could hear it groan, and then, throwing it carelessly into the basket again, said: "Miserable trash! miserable trash!"

"Don't wag your head about so frightfully," cried the little boy in great wrath. "Your neck is as lean as a cabbage stock, and may break off as easily, and then your head would fall into our basket. Who do you think would buy then?"

"So you don't like my long, lean neck!" muttered the old woman, laughing. "Then you shall have none at all, your head shall stick close to your shoulders, so that it cannot fall off from your little puny body."

"Don't chatter such stuff to the little boy," said the shoemaker's wife, angry at the incessant inspecting, fingering and smelling. "If you wish to buy anything, make haste, for you frighten away the rest of my customers."

"Very good, so be it, then," cried the old woman, with a savage glance. "I will take these six cabbage heads, but, you see, I must lean on my stick here, and can carry nothing, of course. Let your son carry them home for me, and I will pay him handsomely."

The boy felt little inclined to go, and began to cry, for he felt a horror at the hideous hag, but his mother sternly ordered him to do so, for she thought it a sin to impose such a burden on the feeble old creature. So, half crying, he obeyed her commands, and collecting the cabbages into a basket, followed the beldame out of the market.

She moved along very slowly, and it was nearly three-quarters of an hour before she halted at a small, tumble-down house in a remote quarter of the city. There she drew an old, rusty key from her pocket and thrust it dexterously into a little hole in the door, which flew open, creaking loudly. But fancy little Jacob's astonishment when he entered the house. The interior of the building was furnished magnificently. The walls and ceilings were of marble, the furniture of the finest ebony, inlaid with gold and precious stones, while the floors were of glass, and, withal, so polished and smooth that little Jacob slipped and fell on them several times. The old woman now drew from her pocket a little silver pipe and blew a blast which sounded shrilly through the house. Several guinea-pigs rushed immediately up stairs, and Jacob was filled with profound astonishment at seeing that they walked upright on their hind legs, wore nutshells on their feet instead of shoes, and were dressed from head to tail in men's clothes.

"Where are my slippers, you vile rabble?" cried the old lady, striking among them with her cane. "How long must I stand here in this condition?"

They ran hastily down stairs, and returned with a couple of cocoanut shells, lined with leather, which they put dexterously on the old woman's feet.

All her hobbling and slipping were at an end. Throwing her stick away and taking Jacob's hand, she slid with great speed across the glass floor. At length she paused in a room bearing some resemblance to a kitchen, though the tables were made of polished mahogany, and the sofas, which were covered with rich damask, would have better suited a drawing-room.

"Sit down," said the old witch very kindly, pushing him into the corner of a sofa, and

NOSEY, THE DWARF.

shoving a table before him so he could not escape; "sit down. You have had a very heavy load to carry.

"I must give you some little present now, since you are so obliging," muttered the old hag; "wait a few moments, child, and I will get you a morsel to eat, which you will remember till the day of your death."

Saying this, she again blew her pipe. Several guinea-pigs instantly appeared, dressed in cook's aprons, with ladles and carving-knives stuck in their girdles. These were followed by a troop of nimble squirrels, wearing wide Turkish trousers, walking upright, and with caps of green velvet on their heads. These last seemed to be the scullions of the establishment, for they clambered with great celerity up the walls, and bringing down pans, dishes, eggs and butter, and herbs and meal, carried them to the hearth. At the fire-place the old lady was bustling about very busily in her slippers of cocoanut-shells, and the boy saw she was cooking some very nice treat for him. The fire began to blaze, the pans steamed and boiled, a pleasant smell filled the room, and the old woman kept running up and down, with the guinea-pigs and squirrels at her heels, and, every time she came near the hearth, poking her long nose into the pot. At length the contents began to hiss and bubble, steam ascended from the pot, and froth flew out into the fire. She took it off the hearth, poured some of the contents into a silver saucer, and set it before little Jacob.

"There, little son," said she, "eat this nice porridge; you never tasted anything so nice in all your life. And you shall be a skilful cook, lad, and be a famous man yet."

The little boy understood very little of what she said, but directed his whole energies upon the porridge, which he found excellent. His mother had ma'e him a great many nice titbits, but never any so good as this. The vapor of his herbs and cabbage rose to his nostrils, and the porridge was very strong and thick. Whilst he was supping up the last drops of the precious fluid, the guinea-pigs lighted some Arabian incense, which floated in azure clouds through the room. Thicker and thicker grew the clouds, the vapor exercising a magic influence on the little boy. Remind himself as often as he pleased that he ought to go back to his mother,—recover his consciousness as often as he might, he would sink back irresistibly into slumber again; and at length he lay sound asleep on the old woman's sofa. Strange dreams visited his slumbers. It seemed to him that the old woman had taken off his clothes, and dressed him instead in the skin of a squirrel. He could now spring and climb like a squirrel, and serve his mistress about the house with the rest of the little animals, whom he found very sensible, intelligent creatures. At first, he was employed merely as a shoe-black; that is, he had to rub with oil and polish brightly the cocoanut-shells which the old lady used for slippers. As he had often been engaged in this business at home, these duties came easily to his hand. At the end of a year he dreamed he was appointed to higher duties. With several other squirrels he was employed to gather atoms from the sunbeams, and, after collecting a sufficient quantity, sift them through the finest hair-sieves. The old woman prized these sun-atoms as precious esculents, and, being unable to bite for want of teeth, prepared her bread from these impalpable particles.

At the end of another year he was promoted to the office of collector of water for the old lady's drinking. Do not imagine that a cistern of this fluid stood ready in the garden, or that they resorted to a cask in the court-yard, placed there to collect the rain. Their duties were far more onerous. Jacob and the squirrels had to draw dew from roses, in shells of hazel-nuts; and, this being the only drink used by their dainty mistress, and her thirst being excessive, the offices of these little water-carriers were far from sinecures.

Another year passed, and he was appointed to service within the house. It was now his duty to keep the floors unsoiled, and these being made of glass, which betrayed the faintest breath, his cares of office were extremely burdensome. He and his fellow-laborers were compelled to brush them incessantly, and travel dexterously about the room with their feet wrapped in old rags.

After four year's service he was promoted to the kitchen, and honorable post, to be attained only after long preliminary training. There Jacob rose gradually from scullion to first pastry-maker, and acquired by degrees such extraordinary skill in everything appertaining to the art of cookery, that he was often lost in wonder at his own accomplish-

ments. The most difficult and delicate compounds—pastry flavored with two hundred essences, herb-soups composed of all the vegetables of the earth—all these he learned to prepare with the greatest skill and celerity.

Seven years had thus passed away in the service of the old woman, when one day, while she drew off her cocoanut shoes, and took her basket and cane to go out, she directed him to pluck a young chicken, stuff it with herbs, and roast it beautifully brown and crisp, before she came back. He began according to all the rules of art. He twisted the chicken's neck, scalded it in hot water, skilfully drew out all its feathers, and scraped its skin till it was smooth and soft. He then began to get together the herbs to make the stuffing. While doing this, he discovered in the herb-room a cupboard which he had never before noticed. Approaching it curiously to see what it contained, he saw, to his surprise, numerous little baskets standing inside, from which issued a strong and delightful odor. Opening one of them he found in it a plant of extraordinary shape and color. The stalks and leaves were of a blueish-green and bore aloft a flower of burning red, edged with yellow. While gazing thoughtfully at this flower, and smelling of it, the same strong odor streamed out which had ascended to his nostrils years ago from the broth which the old woman had cooked for him; the smell was so powerful that he began to sneeze, and the sneezing became more and more violent, till at last—he woke up.

He found himself lying on the old woman's sofa, and looked around him in bewilderment. "It is astonishing how vivid one's dreams are sometimes," said he to himself. "I could have sworn just now that I was a filthy squirrel, a companion of guinea-pigs and other brutes, and that I had become a wonderful cook. How mother will laugh when I tell her the story! But I'm afraid she will scold me, too, for going to sleep in a strange house, instead of helping her in the market." With these reflections he picked himself up to take his departure, but his limbs were still stiff from sleeping, and he found it impossible to turn his head, and he laughed heartily at his excessive sleepiness, too, for he was constantly thrusting his nose against a cupboard, or the wall, or striking it against the doorpost when he turned hastily around. The squirrels and guinea-pigs ran whining round him, as if they wanted to go away also, and he invited them to do so when he reached the threshold; but they ran swiftly back into the house on their nut-shell shoes, and he could hear them yelping in the far distance as he walked away.

It was a remote quarter of the city to which the old beldame had taken him, and he could scarcely find his way out of the narrow lanes. There was a great throng of people in them besides, and the boy thought to himself that there must be a dwarf to be seen somewhere in the neighborhood, for he heard cries everywhere about of, "Ho! See the ugly dwarf! Where does this dwarf come from? Ho, what a long nose he has! and how his head sticks to his shoulders! and see his hideous brown hands!" At any other time he would have lingered to follow this creature, for he liked nothing so much in his life as to see giants and dwarfs, and similar monstrosities; but now he was in too great a hurry to get home to his mother.

He felt ready to cry when he came to the market-place. His mother was still sitting where he had left her, with a good deal of fruit left in her baskets, so that he could not have slept a great while; and yet, it seemed to him, from the distance, as if she were looking very sad and unhappy, for she did not call to the passers-by to come and buy her wares, but was sitting silent, with her head supported in her hand; and, as he came nearer, the thought struck him that she seemed paler than usual. He hesitated what to do, but he plucked up courage at last, and creeping behind her, laid his hand confidingly on her shoulder, and said, "Mother, what is the matter? Are you angry with me?"

The woman turned round to look at him, but started back with a cry of horror.

"What do you want with me, you frightful dwarf?" she shrieked. "Away with you! I will not bear such tom-foolery!"

"But, mother, what possesses you? Don't you know me?" asked little Jacob, terrified. "You are surely ill. Why do you drive your own son away from you?"

"I told you to begone," answered Hannah angrily. "You will get no money from me by such tricks, you frightful abortion!"

"Alas! God has taken away her understanding," said Jacob, greatly alarmed. "What shall I do to get her home? Dear

mother, be reasonable a moment, look at me, I am your son, your own Jacob."

"O, this is too shameless," cried Hannah to her neighbors. "Look at this hideous dwarf, he stands here driving away all my customers, and dares to make a jest of all my misfortunes. He calls himself my son, my own Jacob, the monster!"

At this her neighbors gathered round, and began to scold him with all their might, and market women, you know, understand that art perfectly, and abused him for jesting at poor Hannah's unhappiness, who had had her pretty son stolen seven years before, and they threatened to fall upon him and tear him to pieces, unless he went away instantly.

Poor Jacob could not tell what to make of all this. He had come, as he believed, early this very morning, as usual with his mother to the market-place he had helped to set out her fruit, had afterwards gone to the house of the old woman, and dropped asleep for a few hours, and now, here he was back again, and yet his mother and the neighbors talked about seven years, and they called him a disgusting dwarf. "What," thought he, "can have happened to me?" Seeing that his mother would have nothing to say to him his eyes filled with tears, and he went sadly down the street to the shop where his father mended shoes during the day.

"I will see," he thought to himself, "whether he refuses to know me too. I will stand at the door and speak to him."

When he came to the shoemaker's shop, he stopped at the door and looked in. The shoemaker was so busy with his work that he did not see him at first, but casting accidentally a glance at the door, he dropped, shoe, awl and thread on the floor, and exclaimed in terror, "for God's sake, what is that? what is that?"

"Good evening, master," said the boy, coming into the shop. "How do you do?"

"Badly, badly, little gentleman," answered his father, to Jacob's great astonishment, for he, too, appeared not to recognize him. "Business comes in very slow. I am all alone now, and yet I can't afford a journeyman."

"But have you no son who could be of assistance to you?" inquired the boy.

"I had a son once, named Jacob, who ought to be now a slim, strong lad of twenty, able to tuck me cleverly under his arm. Ah! what a clever fellow he would have been! When he was only twelve years old he was so intelligent and skillful, and understood even then so many handy tricks, and was so pleasant and pretty. Ah! he would have drawn me customers, I'll be bound; I shouldn't have had to cobble much, I warrant. None but new shoes made here then. But so goes the world."

"But where is your son?" asked Jacob in a trembling voice.

"God only knows," he answered. "Seven years ago—yes, full that—he was stolen from the market place."

"Seven years ago," cried Jacob, with horror.

"Yes, little gentleman, seven years ago. I can see my wife, as if it were to-day, come crying and shrieking home, saying that the child had been away the whole day, and that she had hunted for him everywhere and could not find him. I always expected it would be so, for Jacob was a pretty boy, though I say it that shouldn't say it, and my wife was very proud, and liked to hear people praise him, and often sent him with vegetables and such like, to the great houses. That was all right, he was always handsomely tipped, but, said I, take care, the city is large; many bad people live in it; take care of little Jacob. And so it turned out. There comes, at last, an ugly old woman to the market, bargains for fruit, and buys so much in the end that she can't carry it home. My wife, tender soul, sends the little boy with her, and he has never been seen from that day to tihis."

"And that is now seven years you say?

"Seven years next spring. We sent the crier about. We went ourselves from house to house asking for him. Many persons knew the handsome boy, and liked him, and hunted with us, but all in vain, and nobody knew the woman who bought the fruit, but a descrepit old lady, ninety years old, said it might possibly have been the wicked fairy, Frauterweis, who comes out once every fifty years to make purchases.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Machine grease can often be removed from fabrics by washing with cold rain-water and soap, when other means cannot be employed on account of the colours running.

THE WING OF DEATH.

By the open door of the fisher lad's hut,
In the sound of the sad sea's wail,
A sweet-faced woman sat and sewed,
Mending a mildewed sail.

And the shelving sun through the apple boughs
Fell in a shining stream,
and crossed the waves of her rippling hair
In many a golden gleam.

And she sang as she sewed, so low—so sweet,
That the roof-doves overhead
Quickened their pink, coquettish feet,
—By her voice to the low eaves led.

And the fisher lad down on the yellow sands
Cried "Haste! for the wind is up:
There's a sigh in the reeds, and a flit on the waves
That lifts the sea-flower's cup.

"Come haste thee, girl! Mend quickly the sail!
For I must be off and away,
Ere the gale is spent, and the sea drops low
And night settles over the bay."

So with many a darn and neat, white patch,
She made the sail complete;
How little she dreamed of the terrors that lay
In its folds as they fell at her feet.

How little she dreamed 'twas the "Wing of Death"
She had plumed with her tender hands,
To bear away her fisher lad
From their cot on the yellow sands.

But the boat went out with the mildewed sail,
While the lass, 'mid the reeds on the shore,
Fluttered her 'kerchief clean and white,
That over her bosom she wore.

In the sight of the land, and the light of home,
The boat and the fisher were lost
And high on the shelf of the sloping sands
The mildewed sail was tost.

The days are lost in the weary years;
And the sea, with its ceaseless tread,
Covers the place with its changing sands
As the grave-grass covers the dead.

But never through life can the lass forget,
That her own—her willing hand,
Had added a plume to that "Wing of Death"
That bore her lad from the land.

—Mac St. John Bramhall.

SINGING BY THE WAY.

He sang as the blithe-hearted robin
Sings in a summer day,
Unmindful that any listened
To the music of his lay.
The joy of life and living
Seemed voiced in the simple strain
That filled the air with sweetness
As the fields have after rain.

His weary and toil-worn neighbor
Heard, and was glad to hear,
For into his life of labor
It threw a thrill of cheer;
It lifted his thoughts from sadness,
It charmed away his care,
And the music and its gladness
Brought a blessing unaware.

We may all be singers, my brothers,
Of songs to help and cheer;
The strain may not be lofty;
There may be few to hear.
But into some life the music
Of the song we sing may fall,
Brave in its faith of the goodness
Of the God who is over all.

Let the joy of our lives run over
Our lips in a cheerful song,
And the world may have more sunshine
And the faint of heart grow strong.
Sing, for the joy of singing,
And sing your cares away,
And share with others the gladness
That comes to you day by day.

WHAT MAY BE.

"What might have been is such a sad refrain.
So full of hope dispelled and needless pain,
That I would fain a different wording see,
And so I placed my trust in "What may be."

Why waste one's life in futile, vain regret,
When life has many pleasures treasured yet?
"What might have been" but gives a cause to mope;
"What may be," fills the tortured heart with hope.

It might have been that during life's brief span
We ne'er had met; that when your life began
I'd long been dead and lying in my grave,
So let us think what may be, and be brave.

"It might have been" is such a senseless wail,
So why then weep and mourn, and grumbling rail
At cruel fate when true philosophy.
Will teach you patience, dear, for what may be.

DISCHARGING OF A LAKE.

In the Swiss canton of Unterwalden lies a lake called the Lungern-see, about three miles long and a quarter broad, girt on all sides but one by stéep and lofty mountains, which seem to ascend in most places from the water's edge. At the end not bounded by mountains, the lake is hedged in by a ridge of land of considerable thickness, called the Kaiserstuhl, over which the superfluous waters flow precipitously, with a fall of more than 700 feet, to the plain of Gieswyl, and there form the river Aa. When, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the village population began to outgrow its means of support, the elders turned their eyes to the space engrossed by the lake, and, remembering how their neighbors of Gieswil had, in time past, obtained a large extent of land from the waters that covered it, bethought them how much might be added to their little territory if the bed of the lake could be reduced to a smaller compass, by piercing the barrier at its northern end. On the 16th of November, 1788, the subject was discussed at a meeting of the community. They calculated that, since the greater part of the lake was not more than 100 feet in depth, a conduit opened at a point 120 feet below its surface-level would reclaim about 500 acres of land. This would be a most valuable acquisition. The attempt was determined upon, although as yet no one knew in what manner it could be executed; and one and all, after the old Swiss fashion, bound themselves to its accomplishment.

Their next step was to seek the advice of some one versed in mining operations. At that time, lead miners were at work in the valley of Lauterbrunn; and the director of these, Herr Degeler, was brought over to survey and measure the site, and fix the plan of their undertaking. On examination of the ground, he recommended that a shaft be driven from a point near the bed of the Aa, through the steepest face of the Kaiserstuhl, slightly inclining upwards, until it reached the waters of the lake. He was questioned as to the details and practicability of the event, with a minuteness and forethought remarkable in simple herdsmen; especially respecting the damage which any sudden outlet of the waters might cause to the plain below. He reported favorably of the scheme, the cost of which he estimated at a sum much less than the value of the land to be reclaimed, and strongly advised the villagers to attempt the work. Thus encouraged, they proceeded to settle the contribution, in money or labor, to be rendered by each inhabitant. Four miners from Lauterbrunn were then hired, to direct in alternate gangs the progress of the workmen; and they began to open the shaft in November, 1790.

For eight years the task was steadily pursued. The great hardness of the limestone-rock made the advance slow and difficult; by this time, however, a gallery or tunnel six feet high and five feet wide had been driven for a distance of 700 feet through the mass of the Kaiserstuhl ridge towards the bed of the lake. Embarrassments of different kinds now stopped the furtherance of the project; and, for a short period, the military invasion of the country directed attention to more important pursuits. For about thirty years the work stood still. At length, in 1831-2, the design was renewed in earnest, and money advanced by a wealthy individual towards its completion. The excavation of the tunnel was pushed forward until the autumn of 1834, at which time it was calculated to have arrived within a short distance from the basin. It therefore became necessary to proceed with greater caution, lest the water, rushing through some fault in the rock, should overwhelm the miners; and the boring-tool was employed to examine the ground before them, in the following manner: A horizontal hole of eighteen to to twenty feet long was driven in the direction of the lake, and, finding no water, the blasting was resumed; care being taken to leave a thickness of twelve feet untouched, until the process of boring had been again employed. As they advanced further, the trial was made by piercing upwards for twelve feet, after which the remaining half of the distance, left in a horizontal direction, was excavated. In this manner, alternately piercing and blasting, the miners continued their toil, which every day became more difficult. The want of pure air, the outburst of crevice-water, and the excessive hardness of the rock, alternately impeded their progress. On the 1st of April, 1835, the shaft having then been extended, under the engineer Sulzberger's direction, 72 feet, the trial with the boring-rod discovered friable stone; and when the iron was struck, an unusually clear vibration followed. As the water was known to be near, the necessary

precautions were adopted; and, on the 14th, a rod twelve feet long was driven into the basin. At first, half-fluid clay only flowed through the aperture; a few moments afterwards, clear water rushed out with such force, owing to the superincumbent pressure, that it burst through every crevice of the safety-shield in jets thirty feet long. When it became known in the village that the long-expected event had at length taken place, without accident to the miners, for whose safety great anxiety had been felt, the delight of the people was boundless.

The next chief step was to excavate a hollow upwards from the termination of the tunnel, and into this chamber was placed a barrel containing a bag with 950 pounds of gunpowder. The barrel was raised as high as possible by rough building, and from it a tube, containing gunpowder, was led into the tunnel, where it might be ignited by a match. It was calculated that the springing of this mine would effectually open a channel for the water of the lake.

On the day following the completion of these operations, January 6, 1836, the villagers were assembled at an early hour, in breathless expectation of the event. The intensity of their interest in the fate of an enterprise pursued for nearly fifty years, and so important to their humble fortunes, may be readily conceived. Before the mine was ordered to be sprung, Sulzberger, accompanied by many of his scientific friends, once more visited the shaft, from which all the rubbish and loose timber had been already removed, and was encouraged by the discovery that the fuse remained dry, even on its under side. The concerted signal was now given, by mortars fired from the Kaiserstuhl, to the dwellers in the plain below, as a warning to be prepared for the coming of the waters. A cannon, on the Landenburg over Sarnen, took up the signal, and continued the alarm through Obwalden, as far as the Lake of the Four Cantons.

The spectators having crowded to the heights which overlooked the northern end of the lake, now covered with ice, a resolute miner, Andreas Spire, of Lugnitz, in the Grisons, carried the match into the shaft, and cutting off the end of the fuse, which he then covered with loose powder, attached to it the match, calculated to burn for fifteen minutes, so as to allow time for his escape. As soon as it was kindled, he hastened along the gallery, accompanied by a companion who carried the lantern. On his reappearance at the mouth of the tunnel, a pistol-shot announced his return to the anxious multitude.

The excitement had now reached its highest point; in eight minutes all was to be decided. They passed, and nothing was heard; at the eleventh, when all had begun to despair of success, two dull reports, immediately succeeding one another, were heard from beneath; but the earth was not perceived to tremble, nor was any change observed in the frozen surface of the lake. For a moment, the consternation was universal. No one doubted that the explosion had failed. At once a rejoicing shout from below announced its success. Old and young rushed tumultuously down to the mouth of the shaft, from which a black torrent of mud, driving before it a cloud of smoke, burst forth with raging violence.

This triumphant issue of a bold enterprise was in itself higly exciting; but it was still more moving and beautiful to witness the emotion of the simple-minded peasants, whom it raised to the summit of happiness. They congratulated each other with looks and gestures—their hearts were too full for words. They remained until sunset, gazing at the wild outbreak of the waters. The rest of the day was devoted to feasting and exultation; amidst which the heart-felt gratitude of the villagers of Sulzberger, and the others who had shared the labor of the preceding days, was absolutely affecting. On visiting the tunnel the day after, the joyful spectators found the scene already changed. From the mouth of the shaft the stream now flowed, as clear as crystal, down the deepened bed of the Aa, towards the plain of Gieswyl. The rocks on every side were covered with the most fantastic and beautiful frost-work, formed by the frozen mist arising from the spray of the torrent. The lake had already fallen three feet; and the plain of Gieswyl was once more, after an interval of 100 years, covered with water. The sluices at the tunnel's mouth were therefore reduced from twelve to seven and a half feet of aperture, and the discharge became more gradual. By the 15th of January, the surface of the lake had sunk fourteen feet, and a considerable space of land left bare.

By the 25th of February, the lake had fallen to the level of the tunnel's mouth; and the promised land appeared—a large space of black mud, covered with the trunks of float-timber, and visited by swarms of crows, feeding on insects and worms on its surface. Some years must yet elapse before the ground can become valuable for agricultural purposes; the greater part consisting of unfruitful sand and clay. The villagers have, however, already begun to cultivate it here and there; and promising crops of potatoes might have been seen last June in places formerly many feet below the surface of the lake.

The entire expense of the work, from its commencement in 1790 to the present year, amounted in money-payments to 51,826 francs (Swiss), or about £5,000 sterling; and in voluntary labor, not reckoned in this sum, to 19,000 days-work—an immense expenditure to be raised by a small and poor community. It is to be hoped that it will be repaid by the produce of such remarkable and praiseworthy exertions.

The above is an abridgement of an article in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for May, 1837, the details of which, the writer mentions, are from a work published at Zurich, in Switzerland.

SEEING THE BRIGHT THINGS.

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and to slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education. Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands that you may linger on the mountain tops.

A VEGETABLE HORROR.

A very hateful tree that grows in Australia, and well deserves its name, is the stinging tree. It is scarcely more than a shrub, often so very low that it would not be noticed among other shrubs were it not for its disagreable smell. But the sting is maddening, although no mark can be seen, and the pain is felt for a long time after, particularly in wet weather. Strong men will roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and a fine horse has been known to go mad after getting into a grove of these terrible trees, so that he had to be shot. Dogs also become nearly frantic, and the whole animal kingdom is demoralized by this vegetable horror.

THE ORIGIN OF CANNING.

Few people are aware that we are indebted to the people of old Pompeii, who were all smothered in the first century of the Christian era, for one of the most important industries of our time—the canning business. Years ago, when the first excavations were made in that buried city, an American came upon several jars of figs. When they were opened the contents were found to be as fresh and palatable as when they were put up eighteen centuries before. Investigations instituted on the spot proved that the fruit had been put into jars in a highly heated state, and that an aperture for the escape of steam had been left in the lid, which, when it had served its purpose, was sealed over with wax. Yankee ingenuity caught the idea at once and the next year canning factories were erected all over the United States.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad cars at Park Place, New York, and, sliding into one of the cross seats, fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women got on and took seats opposite to the lad.

His feet were bare, and his hat had fallen off. Presently the young girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellows dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and, without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod towards the boy. The girl hesitated a moment, and then reached for it.

The next man just as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third Street, including all the passengers in a pretty inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and a common secret.

This is a rebuke to the sneer we sometimes hear that good things should have been made catching. They surely are, as this incident serves to show.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

MACHINES FOR BREATHING.

But few sightseers at the national capital find the Patent Office the most interesting point to visit, yet there is probably no public building in Washington about which have centered so many high hopes, so much of ambition, keen research and hard study. The Patent Office, indeed, is a sort of Mecca for the inventive genius of the United States.

At the time this is written 562,458 patents are here recorded, and the examination of the models of them, preserved in the cases, would occupy the student for at least a year.

Among the oddest of recent patented devices are two "breathing-machines," one by a man in Buffalo, the other by a Brooklyn physician.

A machine for breathing may at first thought appear to be superfluous, and even ridiculous, yet both of these contrivances are of benign intent. They are designed to preserve life, or to resuscitate suspended animation, as in cases of drowning, choking, or a sudden failure of the heart's action.

Physicians, as is well-known, often attempt to produce artificial respiration in such cases by extending the unfortunate person on the ground or on the floor, and alternately raising or lowering the arms. At best this method is unpromising, and it is to render such artificial respiration more effectual that the two inventions above-mentioned have been sought out.

The Brooklyn doctor's device consists of an air-tight chamber, or box, in which the sufferer from suspended respiration can be placed, all save his nostrils and mouth, which are open to the external air. By means of an air-pump, connected with the chamber, and worked rapidly by a rotary shaft and crank, the air is by turns exhausted and admitted, thus causing, by pneumatic pressure, the lungs to be alternately dilated with air and compressed at the ordinary interval of natural breathing.

The Buffalo inventor seeks to accomplish the same end by means of a bellows and tube accurately applied over the nostrils and mouth of the person. Alternate inspiration and exhaustion of the air in the lungs is thus brought about. The air-tube before entering the nostrils passes through a small heating apparatus. This raises the air to the temperature which it would reach naturally in the air-passages of a healthy person.—The Youth's Companion.

ELEPHANTS LOVE FINERY.

Strange as it may seem, the elephant is passionately fond of finery and delights to see himself decked out with gorgeous trappings, according to Pearson's Weekly. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants, and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they make cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them.

An amusing instance of elphantine pride is narrated by Baker. The elephant which usually led the state procession of a rajah being sick, the magnificent trappings were placed on one which had up to this time occupied only a subordinate place. The animal, delighted with its finery, showed its glee by so many little squeaks and kicks of pleasure that general attention was attracted to it.

Not long after another state procession was formed, and the previous wearer of the gold cloth, being restored to health, took his accustomed place and trappings, when the now degraded beast, imagining, perhaps, that he was being defrauded of his promotion, was with great difficulty restrained from attacking the leader of the parade.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

Slowly and softly the darkness has fallen,
Bringing a silence deep,
Yet in the tree-tops the night-wind is singing,
Singing the flowers to sleep.

Hushed and intent the pine-trees listen,
Calling the stars that peep,
"Put out your lights, for the night-wind is singing,
Singing the flowers to sleep."

Swiftly the shadow-armies are coming,
O'er moor and o'er woodland they creep
Each little flower, with a nod to her neighbor,
Closes her eyes in sleep.

Then with one last kiss the night-wind leaves them,
Yet all night his watch to keep,
Singing to any stray flowers that awaken,
Singing the flowers to sleep.

—AMY K. LLOYD.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

THE HYGIENE OF THE TEETH.

The London Lancet says: The value of preventative measures against the attacks of disease cannot be too strongly insisted upon, and one class of cases where these measures are, to a great extent, within the control of the individual, is in regard to the teeth. All caries of the teeth begin from the outside, no such thing as internal caries have ever been demonstrated; hence, if the surface could be kept absolutely clean no decay could take place, however poor the tetxure of the teeth. This is, of course, impossible, but much toward such a desirable end can be attained by attention to hygienic rules.

Parents often ask their dentists and medical attendants with reference to their babies: "When ought teeth to be cleaned?" The answer assuredly is: "As soon as there are teeth." A very small tooth-brush charged with some precipitate chalk flavored with an aromatic drug to make it pleasant, is, perhaps, the best means—not a towel, which only removes the secretion from the labiel and lingual surfaces, and not between the teeth, where decay is most rife. Yet how few children's teeth are so treated, and how rarely the habit of doing it for themselves when they are old enough is inculcated. But if it be acquired the very desirable result is likely to follow of an immunity from dental trouble—at all events to any large extent. Later on something more can be done, by passing a piece of waxed dental floss silk, which can be obtained of all chemists, between the teeth every day, and the value of this can be easily demonstrated after thoroughly using the tooth-brush by passing the silk between the teeth, when a certain amount of accumulated matter will be brought away.

"Do tooth-picks do harm or good?" is another question often asked. They may do harm if abused undoubtedly by causing irritation of the gum between the teeth and its subsequent absorption; and, if made of wood, splinters are liable to be left behind, which have in many recorded instances caused even the loss of a tooth; but used judiciously they are of great value in routing the attacking forces in caries—viz., accumulations of food and mucus secretions. It has been urged against them that they might dislodge a stopping. But if a stopping is so insecure it must be faulty, and the sooner it is replaced the better, for decay, due to the impossibility of keeping the surface clean, must be going on underneath it.

HINDRANCES OF SLEEP.

Sound sleep can only be secured by a knowledge of the hindrances to sleep, and a clear understanding of the method of removing them. These hindrances range themselves under two heads: (1) those that arise from the condition of the mind and body, and (2) those resulting from the circumstance under which sleep is sought, as the bedroom, bed, etc. Under the first head come excitement, arising from pressure of business, excess of pleasure-seeking, anxiety, trouble; all of which tend to restlessness, or, at best, to fitful sleep.

Sound, refreshing sleep is impossible if the mind is in a disturbed state when retiring to rest. A writer in Chambers' Journal says, "We have for the last forty years, whether in town or country, whether in winter or summer, never written a line after nine o'clock at night. When that hour strikes, the ink glass is shut up, the pen and paper laid aside, and the mind is allowed to claim down before retiring to rest. This rule is peremptorily followed with the best consequences."

Too great fatigue is almost as great a hindrance as a day spent in idleness; and want of food, or a feeling of exhaustion or cold feet will act in a like manner. The habit of taking too hearty a meal just before bedtime is a sure hindrance to refreshing sleep. A heavy load is imposed on the stomach, against which the heart, while pulsating, presses, if the sleeper should lie upon his back. This contact gives rise to a sense of extreme pressure at the chest, and occasions what is known as night-

mare. In any position of the sleeper the food in the stomach is a burden, resulting in disturbing dreams, through irritative stimulus conveyed from the belly to the brain. Drinking cold water on going to bed often produces wakefulness.

External hindrances are not less mischievous. If the bed-room be small and ill-ventilated, the window, door and chimney carefully closed to prevent draughts, the bedclothes rarely changed, and less frequently exposed to a current of fresh air, the bed itself too soft—of feathers, for example—and very retentive of any skin excretions; one of those alone suffices to make refreshing sleep almost impossible, and a combination of them inevitably induces disease and morbid wakefulness. Sleep may be sound in an unventilated room, but is never refreshing. Too cold a room or too high a pillow will prevent sound sleep.

REMEDY FOR POISON IVY.

Any person who has once been poisoned with ivy is very susceptible and likely to be easily poisoned again. Such a person will find sweet spirits of nitre one of the most valuable drugs and will do well to carry a small bottle of it when going any place where poison ivy is likely to be met with. Rub it on the parts affected or take it internally. Dose for adults: a teaspoonful in water; twelve years old: half a dose; three years old: ten drops. Some people prefer to sweeten the water in which it is taken.

A QUIET NURSE.

The nurse should never exhaust her patient by fidgeting. It is most fatiguing to have to be washed, and because this is so it should be done as quickly as possible, and if it is necessary to wash more than the face and hands the patient may be allowed to rest between whiles, as the limbs should be washed separately. A piece of waterproof material should always be placed under the part washed, and afterwards the skin should be powdered with Fuller's earth.

HOT WATER BOTTLES AND BAGS.

Hot water bottles and bags should in every case have a covering of flannel which cannot be displaced. An undershirt or a large stocking will answer the purpose. With a child or an unconscious person one cannot be too careful about this. Patients have suffered severe burns in consequence of an uncovered heater coming in contact with the skin.

INFANTS' EARS.

A layer of cotton wool laid over a poultice will help to retain the heat. When the weight of a poultice is painful and it has in consequence to be made thin this will be found a valuable addition.

BLISTERS.

Blisters should seldom be used in the case of the aged or those whose circulation is poor as they may cause extensive sores which are slow in healing.

LINIMENTS.

Liniments usually contain poisonous ingredients and must be used with care, the hands being well washed before touching any sensitive spot.

BRIEF HINTS.

With all skin diseases rain water is best to bathe in.

Cold or tepid sponging often gives much relief when a patient is feverish.

A little borax in baby's bath will prevent the skin from chafing, and he is less liable to have rash.

The importance of the art of nursing can scarcely be overestimated. Every woman should learn as much about it as she possibly can as her knowledge may prove of very great value to those whom she loves.

COMRADESHIP IN MARRIAGE.

Comradeship is the strongest test and proof of affection and sympathy between persons of the same or of different sex. The fervour and force of love may be measured by it. Lovers, as everybody knows, cannot in the early stages of their passion be together too much. It is very rare, however, that such excess of comradeship continues long after marriage. There are, of course, good and patent reasons for this, though the general fact remains. The degree of comradeship kept up between a man and his wife is evidence in the main of their mutual attachment and harmony. Most marriages are much alike in their first weeks and months, in their first year, perhaps. Their diversity comes later, when they are judged, and wisely judged, by comradeship, which is in most cases infallible. Naturally the love of maturity does not express itself like the love of adolescence, which can hardly be other than frothy and extravagant. Old married couples—they are usually so designated after seven or eight years of partnership—love not less, but more. They have passed from mere emotionalism to earnest, mutual understanding, substantial affection. Their lack of demonstration and effusiveness causes them to be misinterpreted. The strongest ties are the least vibrant.

Outwardly calm couples of this kind—their feeling is deeper for their calmness—are generally comrades. They are not invariably seen together. They have no object in advertising themselves. The husband has his duties to discharge, the wife has hers. One never interferes with the other, unless for consultation concerning what is best for both. They are companions where circumstances and fitness favor—not for conventionality or for appearance sake, but from inclination, from spontaneous choice. He prefers to be with her, as a rule, to being with anybody else when he is at leisure. But he is not everlastingly saying so, and contradicting his assertion by his acts. He enjoys things doubly with her, because they have similar tastes, views and beliefs. Not the same, however. If they were the same their society would resemble solitude, and their talk a monologue. He is conscious, too, that she has something that he has not, and this something he is ever eager to hear. They are fond of comparing notes, and their comparisons are interesting and valuable. Unlike, as well as like, their intercourse is improving and stimulating, and they do not weary one another, as the most amiable and estimable pairs not infrequently do.

A really companionable couple, while they are affectionately one, are yet distinctly and intellectually two. These are so finely and reciprocally attuned that the hymn of their natures is never discordant, never monotonous. Veritable companions interminably give and receive, and the double process goes on, making the old new and the familiar fresh while the years roll round. Companionship in matrimony does not depend on constitution and fortune, but on will and resolve, on self-control and disposition to be just. Marriage must be partially a failure when companionship is not, especially where hope of it has been relinquished. To hope for it, to strive for it, is to make it possible, if not probable, unless the human elements are opposed. Nothing can compensate for its absence. It is superior in effect to the common virtues. It is the diadem and throne of wedlock, and on it true happiness depends.—ISOBEL.

A HOLIDAY IN HEAVEN.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—Rev. vii, 9, 19.

It is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature or religion, without being profited and elevated. We go into the art-gallery, and our souls meet the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of the forests and the clash of the conflicts, and see the cloud-blossoming of the sky and the foam-blossoming of the ocean; and we come out from the gallery better men than we went in. We go to the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; for days after our soul seems to rock with a very tumult of joy, as the sea, after a long stress of weather, rolls and rocks and surges a great while before it comes back to its ordinary calm.

On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John depicts;

the rivers of gladness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the comminglings of everlasting love. I wish this morning that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles, and make it seem to you as it really is—the great fact in all history, the depot of all ages, the parlor of God's universe.

This account in my text gives a picture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kossuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and saw the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that it was the ordinary appearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in heaven.

It is a time of great celebration—perhaps of the birth or resurrection of Jesus; perhaps of the downfall of some despotism; perhaps because of the rushing in of the millennium. I know not what; but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were a holiday in heaven: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—Talmage.

MAXIMS FOR THE HOLIDAY.

The first requisite to the complete enjoyment of a holiday, as laid down by the London Lancet, is to have earned it. Only a true workman thoroughly enjoys his season of rest, while the idler, the trifler, the man of pleasure, knows little of its delights, for it brings him no change. It is well, in arranging for the holiday, to give attention to indivi-ual tastes and idiosyncrasis, so that the lover of natural scenery, the seeker for historical associations, and the lover of art may each go where he will find what he will enjoy the most. For the best use of a holiday some definite object may be combined with the general fundamental idea of rest; but there is a possibility of carrying this feature too far and making the excursion a season of work. This leads to the next rule not to attempt too much. "Take it easy," should always be the motto. Long railway journeys and tedious excursions drawing upon the strength are good things to avoid. Age, physical condition, and previous training should always be regarded; change of life and surroundings should be sought, but mischief may result if the change is too violent; and whatever interferes with regularity of life and sleep should be indulged in only sparingly. Provided the traveller is a good sailor, few forms of holiday are so entirely unobjectionable as a sea voyage.

TWO KINDS OF TRUTHS.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity "speaking their minds," or "plain speaking." Sometimes they dignify it by the name of "telling the truth." As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover? The sum of human misery is always so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can, and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount, and in trifles lies the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions; but if the information is unnecessary and makes her unhappy, it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action. Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a merely worldly matter to light-minded people. But why should it be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant is a somewhat puzzling question.

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

When putting pots, pans, and kettles away, the lids should never be put on, for they retain the odor of cooking in the vessels.

The air in a damp cellar may be rendered drier and purer by placing in it an open box containing fresh lime. This will absorb the moisture, and must be renewed from time to time.

In purchasing handkerchiefs, moisten the tip of the finger and stretch the handkerchief over it: if it wets through immediately it is linen; if it takes a longer time then you may be sure it is cotton.

Buy soap in large quantities, for it improves with keeping. It should be stored in a dry place, and pieces cut when required. Candles also should be bought in a fairly large quantity, and kept in the store-cupboard.

Whalebones, when bent, need not be thrown away as useless. They should be soaked in hot water for a time until they are pliable, then straightened out under a press until dry, when they will be quite fit to use again.

To clean zinc articles, rub them all over with paraffin oil applied on a piece of flannel. Then make a lather of hot water and soap, and wash them in it. This treatment will render them almost equal to new.

Gilded frames can be cleaned by gently wiping them with a fine cotton cloth dipped in sweet oil. In the summer, when flies are troublesome, wash the frames in water in which two or three onions have been boiled.

Salt dissolved in alcohol, gin, or ammonia will take out grease spots. To cool earthenware or glass quickly, place the article in cold salt water. A teaspoonful of salt put into a paraffin lamp will improve the quality of the light. Brass utensils may be kept beautifully bright by being rubbed occasionally with salt.

After the water has been strained from boiled potatoes they are much improved by being well shaken. This gives them a white and floury appearance.

Table linen, the napkins particularly, should be carefully looked over before they are put into water to see if it is stained with fruit. By rubbing peach stains in alcohol before the linen is put into water the stain will readily be removed.

How to Clean a Fur Jacket.—If very dirty, it will be necessary to wash it well with a soft sponge and hot soap and water (one pound to a quart), then again with warm water only. Shake well out and brush well down with a clean clothes brush and dry in a warm room. Another way: Lay the jacket on a table and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water only; rub until quite dry, and afterwards with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel and the dry with a piece of book muslin. Then shake the fur, and give it a sharp brushing with a clothes brush until free from dust.

Damp is most injurious to a pianoforte, which should always be placed in a dry room, away from a draught. Keep both the case and keyboard clean and bright and free from dust, and do not let particles, such as cake or breadcrumbs get inside the piano. Neither should you load the top with ornaments or music books, as the sound is thereby much deadened. One can easily tell if a family is musically inclined by a glance at the piano. Have the instrument tuned about every two months. An upright piano sounds better if placed about two inches from the wall, and it is sometimes an improvement to let it rest upon glass blocks. To make the polish look nice rub it with an old silk handkerchief, being careful to dust off previously any little particles which otherwise are apt to scratch the surface. Should any of the notes keep down when struck, it is generally a sign that there is damp somewhere.

JIM'S FATHER.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work and was just out of the hayfield where I had been since early morning. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper, and wash and dress for singing school. My first impulse was to grumble, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. But if I refused he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. And something stopped me—one of God's angels, I think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim, I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day." He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left me he put his hand on my arm, saying again, "Thank you, my son, you've always been a good boy to me, Jim."

I hurried to the town and back. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were of you." I am an old man now, but have thanked God over and over in all these years since that hour, that those last words to me were: "You've always been a good boy to me." No human being was ever sorry for love, or kindness shown to others. But there is bitter remorse in remembered neglect or coldness to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge kind deeds, especially to those about the same hearth. It is such a little way we can go together. He is richest of all who is most generous in giving the love that blossoms continually in kind words and deeds.—Leaves of Light.

THROUGH THE NILE RAPIDS.

Voyages down the Nile through the rapids are undertaken only by the special boats which are made for the purpose in the Soudan. About ten per cent. are smashed on the voyage, and that the percentage of deaths is not equally high is simply due to the matchless swimming powers of the Nubian boatmen. A. E. Brehm, in "From North Pole to Equator," describes one of these descents:

At length each skipper orders his men to their posts. "Let go the sail!" he shouts. "Row, men, row—row in the name of Allah, the All-Merciful." Then he strikes up a song with an ever-recurring refrain, in which the men join.

Slowly the bark gains the middle of the stream; quicker and quicker it glides onwards; in a few minutes it is rushing more swiftly than ever among the rocky islands above the rapid. More and more quickly the oars dip into the turbid flood; the men are naked to the loins, and the sweat pours down their bodies as they strain every muscle.

Praise, blame, flattery and reproaches, promises and threats, blessings and curses fall from the skipper's mouth according as the boat fulfils or disappoints his wishes.

"Bend to your oars; work, work my sons; display your prowess; do honor to the prophet, all ye faithful! Larboard, I say, ye dogs, ye children of dogs, ye grandchildren and great-grandchildren and litter of dogs, ye Christians, ye heathen! Better, better, better yet, ye cowards, ye strengthless, ye sapless! Help us, help us, O Mohammed!"

The rocks on both sides seem to whirl round; the surge floods the deck, and its thunder drowns every order. Unresisting, the frail craft is borne toward the neck of rock—the dreaded spot is behind the stern, the foaming backwash has saved the imperilled boat—but two oars have been shivered like glass. Their loss hinders control of the boat, and it sweeps on without answering to the rudder on to a formidable waterfall.

A wild cry from the boatmen, and all throw themselves flat on the deck and hold on like grim death; a deafening crash and an overwhelming rush of hissing, gurgling waves; for the space of a moment the water is over all, and then the boat gives a leap upward; they have passed the cataract and escaped the jaws of death.

"Is the editor-in-chief in?" asked a stranger as he sauntered into the city reporter's room at 8 o'clock in the morning. "No, sir," replied the janitor, kindly, "he does not come down so early. Is there anything I can do for you?" "Perhaps so. Are you connected with the poetical department of this paper?" "I am, sir." "Oh, what do you do?" "I empty the waste baskets, sir."

THE DINNER MAKERS

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

Place alternate layers of tomatoes, sliced onions and bread and butter in a pudding dish, and bake.

LOAF CAKE.

One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one egg, one cup sweet milk, one pint flour, one cup raisins, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

ROLLED CAKES.

Two eggs, two cups sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with essence of orange or vanilla. Mix it hard and roll very thin. Cut into small cakes.

CHEESE BISCUITS.

Three ounces of grated cheese, three ounces of butter, yolk of one egg, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix, roll, cut into small rounds, and bake on a floured sheet in a quick oven for ten minutes.

TOMATO TOAST.

Rub tomatoes through the colander and cook to taste; toast three slices of bread, butter, and lay upon a hot dish; just before serving add a cup of cream or milk to the tomatoes and pour over the toast.

A BREAKFAST DISH.

Overnight boil three eggs till quite hard, and three tablespoonfuls of rice, draining and drying well, so that each grain of rice is separated. Next morning chop the eggs up, after shelling, and mix with the rice. Place a piece of butter in a stewpan, add a very small minced onion, then the rice and eggs. Season rather highly with pepper and salt, and stir till all is hot through, then add some chopped parsley, and serve on slices of hot buttered toast.

MARBLE CAKE.

Light part.—Whites of three eggs, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar. Dark part.—Yolks of three eggs, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful soda, one-third cup of milk, and flavor with mixed spices, cloves cinnamon, nutmeg. Butter the tin and put in the pan alternate layers of light and dark parts, having the light part on top.

CORN OYSTERS.

One cupful of flour, half a cupful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one pint of grated corn. Pour the corn on the flour and beat well; then add the other ingredients, and beat rapidly for three minutes. Have fat in the frying pan to the depth of about two inches. When smoking hot, put in the batter by the spoonful. Hold the spoon close to the fat and the shape of the oyster will be good. Fry about five minutes.

TO MAKE SPINACH GREEN.

Wash a peck of spinach. Pour on it two quarts of boiling water. Let it stand one minute. Pour off the water and pound the spinach to a soft pulp. Put this in a coarse towel and squeeze all the juice into a small frying-pan. (Two people, by using the towel at the same time, will extract the juice more thoroughly than one can.) Put the pan on the fire, and stir until the juice is in the form of curd and whey. Turn this on a sieve, and when all the liquor has been drained off, scrape the dry material from a sieve and put away for use. Another mode is to put with the juice in the frying-pan three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let this cook five minutes; then bottle for use. This is really the more convenient way. Spinach green is used for coloring soups, sauces and creams.

SPICED FRUIT.

Just now is the time also for preparing spiced fruit. This, unlike pickled fruit, is to be stirred and served with the vinegar remain-

ing. Plums are spiced by allowing seven pounds of fruit to a pint of cider vinegar, four pounds of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of broken stick cinnamon and one each of whole cloves and broken nutmeg, the spices to be tied in a thin bag and simmered in a little vinegar for twenty minutes; then add to the rest of the vinegar and sugar, and the whole brought to a boil. The fruit is now to be added; if plums, they must have been wiped and pricked, and boiled carefully in a large shallow preserving kettle until tender. Bottle while hot or use cotton several inches deep to stop the jars or bottles.

Currants are done much the same as plums, but should be taken at the last from the vinegar, which is to be boiled down to half before being again added to the fruit.

SWEET PICKLES.

Cherries, peaches, damsons, plums, apricots are all favorites for sweet pickles, and as they will be coming in now in rapid succession, and the making of the pickle is very simple, it is time to set up a generous jarful or two. For every quart of fruit allow a full pint of good cider vinegar, a cupful of granulated sugar, half an ounce of stick cinnamon, a tablespoon each of whole cloves and allspice. Let the vinegar come slowly to the boil to extract the flavor from the spices, let it simmer a minute or two, then pour it hot over the whole fruit. The vinegar must be poured off and brought to boiling point for three days in succession, and poured over the fruit again, and then they may be left covered in a big jar, or if they are to be moved, must be bottled while hot, like any other preserve. When the pickle is to be served take out of the vinegar. Plums must be pricked with a large needle, peaches immersed in a weak lye, and the fur rubbed off with a cloth. The lye is made by pouring a pint of water on a handful of wood ashes, stirring well and allowing it to stand for several hours. Clear water will come to the top which may be poured off. When this cannot be had, rub the peaches with a coarse cloth.

REMARKS ON FISH.

Fish, to be eatable, should be perfectly fresh. Nothing else in the line of food deteriorates so rapidly, especially the white fish —those that are nearly free of oil, like cod, cusk, etc. Most of the oil in this class centres in the liver. Salmon, mackerel, etc., have it distributed throughout the body, which gives a higher and richer flavor, and at the same time tends to preserve the fish. People who do not live near the sea shore do not get that delicious flavor which fish just caught have. If the fish is kept on ice until used it will retain much of its freshness; let it once get heated and nothing will bring back the delicious flavor. Fresh fish will be firm, and the skin and scales bright. When fish looks dim and limp do not buy it. Fish should be washed quickly in only one (cold) water, and should not be allowed to stand in it. If it is cut up before cooking, wash while whole, else much of the flavor will be lost. For frying, the fat should be deep enough to cover the article and yet have it float from the bottom. Unless one cooks great quantities of fish in this way, it is not necessary to have a separate pot of fat for this kind of frying. All the cold fish left from any mode of cooking can be utilized in making delicious salads, croquettes and escallops.

Right expression is a part of character. As somebody has said, by learning to speak with precision you learn to think with correctness; and the way to firm and vigorous speech lies through cultivation of high and noble sentiments. So far as my observation has gone, men will do better if they seek precision by studying carefully, and with an open mind and vigilant eye, the great models of writing, rather than by excessive practice of writing on their own account.—John Morley.

SUCCESS WITH PIGS

At a recent convention at St. Mary's, Ont., it was said by an experienced breeder, Mr. T. Louis, of Wisconsin, that pigs should grow from birth until sold. It is certain that not one-half the pigs in Canada are thus kept growing.

The best way to secure healthy, vigorous pigs and rapid growth is to begin by feeding Herbageum to the stock from which you breed, then when the little fellows arrive they will be much more vigorous in every respect, and there will be an ample supply of better milk for them. Continue the Herbageum right along in the feed, and when they begin to eat with the mother they will get the benefit direct, in addition to the best of milk. When weaned mix Herbageum in their daily rations in the proportion of a teaspoonful twice a day for each pig, as they increase in size the quantity may be slightly increased. The result will be more than satisfactory. There will be neither stunting in growth nor troubled with weakness in back or legs, and there will be freedom from scurf with a fine velvety coat and a very rapid formation of sweet, solid meat, so that at from five to six months old better weights will be obtained than ordinarily at eight months without Herbageum. It is important to remember that pigs fed Herbageum will weigh from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. more than appearance indicates, and that they should always be sold by actual weight. This information is received from many who have tested it. On this point Mr. W. S. Bond, of Lloydtown, Ont., says: "During 1896 I fed two pigs Herbageum, and they weighed twenty per cent. or one-fifth more than the butcher's estimate, and the meet was very firm, fine and sweet."

Hogs with any of the troubles mentioned can be put into a fine, thrifty condition with Herbageum. Mr. Louis, the breeder before mentioned, says that it is indigestion that causes hogs to root; and further that all hogs require a suitable condiment. Both in special tests and in regular feeding Herbageum takes the lead of all condiments, not only as regards results, but also from an economical standpoint, and it pays to feed it to hogs of all ages, whether in the pen or in the field.

LIKED THE PUPPY'S PLUCK.

During the travels of an English officer, Captain White, in Cochin China, the then viceroy gave him a magnificent tigress five feet long and three feet high. On reaching Saigon, where he could buy dogs for almost nothing, he used to give his pet one of these animals every day. The dog was thrown alive into her cage. She would play with it for a while, as a cat plays with a mouse, then her eyes would begin to glisten and her tail to quiver; she seized her prey by the scruff of the neck, and in a minute or two it was all up with poor bow-wow. One day, however, a puppy, seemingly little different from the common herd of puppies, instead of tamely submitting to its fate, showed fight. It snapped at the tigress' nose and bit till the blood came. The tigress, far from resenting the attack, seemed to treat it as a joke, and when the spirited little dog grew tired of the fun the tigress patted it as if it had been a cub of her own. Then the two lay down side by side and had a comfortable nap. Thenceforth they were the best of friends, and to humor this queer friendship Captain White had a small hole cut in the tigress' cage that the puppy might go and come as it pleased. It often took a trot abroad, but it always returned to its dog-devouring friend. To test the tigress' affection, a strange dog was offered it one day at dinner time and was then hastily snatched from its hungry jaws and the puppy friend thrown into the cage. But, strange to say, friendship triumphed over the pangs of hunger—and that, not on this occasion only, but whenever the captain's crew thought fit to repeat the experiment. We are not told to what breed this puppy belonged, but he appears to have had in him a good deal of the plucky little fox terrier now so fashionable, which will rush into a fight of the greatest odds without a shadow of hesitation.

PLAYING DOMINOES WITH A DOG.

Since Youatt wrote his account of Leonard's two performing dogs, nothing has been said or printed about canine intelligence that exceeds in worth the proof then given of the extraordinary skill to which it is possible to train the dog. As an example, it will be enough to tell how the younger dog played a game of dominoes with Mr. Youatt—and beat him. The dog and he seated themselves opposite each other at a table, six dominoes being placed on edge before both players. The dog, whose name was Brac (Spot), having a double number, took it up with its mouth and laid it in the middle of the table. Then Mr. Youatt played, then the dog (quite correctly), and so on until each had used his six pieces. Other six dominoes having been given to each, Mr. Youatt intentionally played a wrong number, whereupon the dog looked earnestly at him, then growled and barked angrily. As Mr. Youatt purposely took no notice of all this, Brac pushed aside the wrong domino with his and put down a suitable piece of his own instead. Mr. Youatt then played properly; Brac followed and won the game. No hint whatever was given at any time by M. Leonard to the dog, which had then had two years' training.

"OUR FRIENDS THE MONKEYS."

Why, asks M. Paul Megnin in La Nature, should we not call monkeys our friends? They have been calumniated and had all sorts of evil qualities attributed to them, because when we make pets of them we encourage and cultivate their odd traits, and spoil them as children are spoiled. All monkeys have not equal degrees of intelligence, but most of them are capable of a development equal to if not above that possible to any other animals. They love to learn, and the imitative instinct natural to them permits them to execute all sorts of feats with agility. They learn tricks more readily than dogs, and, although not manifesting so hearty good will toward the public, execute them with marvelous agility and grace. At Hagenbeck's establishment in Hamburg, where two hundred monkeys enjoy complete liberty of play in the great rotunda, they are given multitudes of children's toys, balls, hoops, wheelbarrows, joiners' benches, etc., and learn to manage them all without any one showing them how. In the centre of the rotunda is an immense grain hopper, from which the seeds, corn, walnuts, chestnuts, apple quarters, etc., run into a trough when a wheel at the top is turned. The management of this hopper did not have to be explained to our friends the monkeys. While one of them turns the wheel, the others, sitting around the trough, enjoy the delicacies as they come down, till the one at the wheel, thinking his turn has come, stops, gives the signal for some one to take his place and comes down to get his share. What other animals are capable of so intellegent an initiative?

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Mrs. Peter Brown was a worthy and thrifty housewife, and though proud of her Brown family she got tired of browns—we refer to brown colors.

Now, Mrs. Brown had a brown cashmere dress that she had donned on Sundays for fully three years. Going to church in sun, rain sleet and snow for such a length of time had discolored and faded Mrs. Brown's brown dress. The material st'll good gave Mrs. Brown hope that the brown dress could be changed in color and made to do service until times were better and money more plentiful with her.

Mrs. Peter Brown had heard of the marvellous Diamond Fast Black for Wool, and decided to experiment in the work of home dyeing. The dye was purchased from her druggist, and the operation conducted as per directions on the envelope, and what a transformation resulted! A deep, rich and pure black, equal to the finest blacks produced by French professional dyers—a new dress at a cost of about thirty cents.

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Home and Youth

(Formerly OUR HOME)

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

[This magazine was published in Montreal for five years previous to July, 1897, under the name of OUR HOME.]

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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

Notify the publishers promptly if you should change your address. Always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive HOME AND YOUTH regularly write to the publishers, and he matter will be looked into at once.

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

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of HOME AND YOUTH they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for. When this magazine comes enclosed in a BLUE WRAPPER it is an intimation that the subscription has expired.

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

All new advertisements must be sent in by the 25th of each month, and changes of advertisements by the 20th of the month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of HOME AND YOUTH.

Address all communications to

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST, 1897.

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

Readers of this magazine are requested to give their attention to the advertisements, which afford information regarding many articles that are of value in the household. The brief announcements are intended to direct attention to these articles and induce the reader to write for further particulars regarding them. A post card, mentioning the advertisements in HOME AND YOUTH, will always bring a prompt reply with the desired information from the advertiser.

NEW FEATURES.

The attention of our readers is called to the introduction of music as a new feature of this magazine. On pages 8 and 9 of this number will be found the words and music of the new Canadian patriotic song, "The Land of the Maple," and on another page a portrait and brief sketch of the author.

It is believed that this new feature will tend to increase the appreciation in which the magazine is held by its readers.

Other improvements will be introduced from time to time as their suitability and value shall become recognized. We are grateful for the many kindly expressions of appreciation which are constantly coming in to us from our readers. They inspire to earnest effort to provide for the readers of this magazine a class of matter which will be in the highest degree entertaining and instructive.

The earnest co-operation of every reader is invited. Those who have been helped by the reading of the magazine are urged to make its merits known among their acquaintances, thereby assisting to extend its circulation and influence.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want reliable, energetic agents in every town and city in Canada and the United States to obtain new subscribers for HOME AND YOUTH. We offer very liberal compensation to persons who will undertake the work. Why not, by putting forth a little effort among your friends and neighbors, add to your income? Others are taking advantage of this offer, why not you? Write immediately for full particulars to the Home and Youth Publishing Co., Toronto, Canada.

CIRCULATION OF

HOME AND YOUTH

MAGAZINE

DOMINION OF CANADA :
Province of Quebec.
District of Montreal.
TO WIT

In the Matter of Circulation of Magazine "Home and Youth."

I, WATSON GRIFFIN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, in the said Province, formerly publisher of the monthly magazine "Our Home," now known as "Home and Youth," having sold the said "Our Home" or "Home and Youth" to Mr. C. H. Mortimer, of Toronto, on the 25th of May, 1897,

DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE, That during the ten months preceding said sale one hundred thousand copies of the said "Our Home" were printed and circulated, that the smallest number of copies printed and circulated during any one month of that period was eight thousand copies, and that the largest number printed and circulated during any one month of that period was twelve thousand copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act," 1893.

Declared before me at the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, this twenty-sixth day of June A. D., 1897.
R. A. DUNTON,
Notary Public,
Commissioner, etc.

WATSON GRIFFIN

[L.S.]

Acton Ont. Aug 4th 1897

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wishing you every success I
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Yours Truly
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