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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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My Own Shall Come.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gather up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide returns to meet the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law,
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the thirsty lea;
No time nor space nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

[*Written for the Family Circle.*]

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER II.

DONALD STANDFIELD.

A LONG, low irregular house, with many gables and unexpected doors and windows—a house with the comfortable home-like aspect, which age alone gives to inanimate brick and mortar. In front was a good sized piece of ground, which in summer time was brilliant with many flowers, the result of Mrs Laurie's untiring energy, on one side the house was the kitchen garden, on the other an immense orchard, so resplendent with ruddy fruitage and brilliant verdure in summer, but looking now all brown and bleak and sodden, in the dismal March weather.

It was a cold, blustering afternoon some three or four days after Judith's arrival at Bonny Dale Farm. In the front sitting room were seated three ladies, Mrs. Laurie, Augusta Laurie, and our heroine—the latter perched upon the broad, low window-sill, which commanded a view of the front garden and part of the orchard. She held a book in her hand but she was not reading; her dark-blue eyes never left the gloomy landscape without; there was something about it, sympathetic with her own dismal mood. She was terribly homesick and yearned almost passionately for Dorothy and Reggie. Poor little petted, spoilt Judy! This utter loneliness and absence of home love was a new experience for her. It was the beginning of the great lesson of life which all must learn sooner or later—to suffer and endure.

In contrast with Judith's idleness was the rather oppressive industry of Miss Laurie, who with little piles of white cotton heaped on the table beside her, was busily making pillow cases. Augusta's activity and untiring industry was something to marvel at, though it was rather wearisome to the more indolent ones who were obliged to witness it, especially as Miss Laurie, openly lauded herself on the possession of this inestimable virtue, and people who are always praising themselves are—to speak very mildly—sometimes trying to the patience of their friends. Augusta had a very fine opinion of herself and her abilities, she carried about with her an innate conviction that there was absolutely nothing within the scope of feminine power which she could not accomplish if she chose; and yet she was ever the first to detect and ridicule self-conceit in others.

"Did you never do any work at home?" she inquired, raising her cold blue eyes for a moment from her stitching.

"Work!"

Judith started, aroused from her deep reverie by the somewhat accidulated tones of her cousin's voice.

"Oh yes! you know we had no servant; Dorothy and I did all the work between us." Her lip quivered as she spoke, while Augusta's curled rather contemptuously.

"Your share of the work could not have been very rough judging by the appearance of your hands; look at mine." She held up her large brown hands, shapely, but roughened with work, and glanced from them to the small white ones lying lightly on the book in Judith's lap.

"No one," went on Augusta—"will ever be able to say that I shirked my work to save my hands; and I am sure there is not a house in Canada where the work is done so thoroughly as in this. Everyone says it is the most beautifully kept house in Eastville."

"Dorothy and I always shared the work between us, I never thought at all about my hands" answered the girl simply—"I do not know why it is they are so white, but I suppose it is different in the city, we are not out in the sun so much there, and besides, I suppose there is much more work to be done in a farm house than in a city house."

"Rather," answered Augusta impressively——

"As you will find out; I may as well tell you that I am going to be married, and then you must take my place here as far as it is possible for you to do so."

"I congratulate you Augusta; to—to whom are you going to be married?"

"To Mr. Thorpe, the wedding is fixed for next September, it is a long way off yet, but I thought I would tell you so that in the meantime you may be learning my way of managing things here, of course no one would expect you to do as well as I do, but still you will be better than no one.

Mother has no head for managing and Susannah is getting old."

"No, to be sure, I never did have your energy and cleverness Augusta, I never could manage things; everything would get into a muddle, and that used to make your father angry. You must learn all you can from Augusta, Judith, I am sure you will get on very nicely, my dear—very nicely. But you ought to take my advice Augusta and keep single; if I could live my life over again I would never give myself into a man's keeping—oh! dear no! A woman never knows what is in store for her when she marries," concluded the old lady, see-sawing her body from side to side as she spoke; a habit which irritated her lord and master to such a degree, that upon one occasion he actually shook the poor old thing till she had hardly breath left in her body, and threatened to tie her to her seat if she did not keep still.

"I am afraid I must decline to profit by your experience or advice Mamma," said Augusta with a short laugh.

"I will do my best to learn everything Augusta," said Judith and with a slight sigh began to idly turn over the leaves of her book. After all then—she thought—Mr Laurie had not been wholly disinterested when he offered her a home. He had wanted someone to look after his house when his daughter married and went away; and so coupling charity with expedience had singled her out to undertake the post. Well perhaps, after all, it was only just and fair that she should work in return for the shelter given her. She would do her best, would even endure patiently Augusta's overbearing manner and learn from her to order the household properly.

"You waste a great deal of time over novels," said Augusta with asperity, as she folded a pillow-case she had just finished.

"I, too, am very fond of reading, but I never allow myself the indulgence during the day, when there is work to be done."

"But it ruins the eyes to read by lamp light" said the other with a good natured laugh. "Can I help you with these pillow cases?"

"No thanks; but there are two table-cloths on that table over there, that ought to be mended, they need patching you might do them, if you don't mind."

"I do not mind,' she answered laying down her book, and fetching the table-cloths, as cheerfully as the feeling of deadly home-sickness that afflicted her, would permit. Already she perceived that in Miss Laurie's eyes, idleness was a crime, and reading not to be reckoned as an occupation.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Augusta with a smile that was worse than a frown. "What on earth are you doing Judith? That is not the way to put a patch on; you will have to pick that out again, you have not done very much of it, so it will not take you long; why I could never have put it on the table the way you had it; now watch me while I tack this patch on and then you can sew it. I wonder at Dorothy's not teaching you to sew and mend properly."

Judith's blue eyes flashed.

"You are mistaken; Dorothy did take great pains to teach me to sew and mend; it was entirely my own fault if I did not learn to do it properly. I did not like mending and very selfishly left the greater part of it for Dorothy to do," added the girl with a contrite recollection of how often she had rebelled against the uncongenial task of repairing the house linen and darning the heels of Reggie's socks; and how sweetly Dolly had taken ever the most difficult and largest share of the work upon herself. Ah! but it was too late to be sorry now, and the big tears welled up into Judy's eyes as she bent over the untortunate table-cloth.

"People occasionally have to perfom tasks they do not like," was Miss Laurie's next remark; and Judith's face colored a little, for Augusta had a most aggravating way of making trite observations which generally had the effect of making her hearers squirm in their seats; more especially as a retort was quite thrown away on her. Judith attempted none; but I am very much afraid that her sentiments toward the self-complacent young woman opposite her, were anything but Christian.

I do not think I have yet described the personal appearance of my heroine or Augusta Laurie. Perhaps the present would be as good an opportunity for doing so as any. Looking at them as they sit thus, both engaged in the feminine occupation of needle work, one is struck with the contrast they present. Of course there is a wide difference in their ages; Augusta is fast nearing her thirtieth year—much to her sorrow, while Judith is scarcely more than seventeen. The former is a woman of large proportions, full-busted, with rather square-set shoulders, and large, but shapely hands and feet. But her figure is the best part of her: she is not pretty nor handsome, there is not one good feature in her face. She has a wide mouth and a nose, that her best friends could not call other than flat; her eyes are large, of a light cold blue, which change into a peculiar green when she is angry. Generally she is called a fine looking woman; but in face she is undeniably plain in contrast to the younger girl, whose fresh, sweet face somehow puts one in mind of the wild wood flowers and dewy violets in early spring.

She was tall, but not so tall as her cousin, with a slight, graceful figure that gave promise of great beauty in maturity. Her features are not regular, yet that very fact seems somehow to add to, rather than detract from the beauty of her face. For she is beautiful, this little heroine of mine, with that degree of beauty which youth and perfect health and sweetness and grace of disposition give to so many of our Canadian girls.

Judith had at least, two undeniable charms; long thick hair of that rare shade of brown which is gold in the sunlight; and eyes of a deep blue, large, clear and truthful, which looking into, one could read the purity and honor of the girlish soul. For the rest, her nose was slightly *retrousse*, her mouth a little wide but with sweet tremulous lips, that smiled or pouted or trembled with every changing mood, and when parted disclosed the perfect teeth.

The girl was very home-sick. She absolutely pined for the love and sympathy which had been her daily food from baby-hood. Now her whole soul would have poured itself out in passionate love and gratitude to anyone,—man, woman or child who would have comprehended the intense craving of her lonely young heart for sympathy and love.

To the young, love is what the sunlight is to the flowers, they may live without it, but they will not thrive nor bloom into beauty and sturdy health.

In Judith's home-life there had been no lack of real, tender love, although there had not been much outward sign of it. She had been her father's pet always. Dorothy's love for her had been more a mother's than a sister's; while Reggie, in true boyish fashion, while he was intensely fond of her, had teased and petted her by turns. Coming direct from the shelter of such a home to the cold, unsympathetic atmosphere of the Lauries' house would have been a severe ordeal for one older and more seasoned than poor little Judith Brown, whose pent up sorrow found vent, only when the long dreary day was over and the blessed night was come, when she could hide herself in her own room, away from the hard gaze of her relatives, and there, with her face buried in her pillow, could weep and moan and call in vain for Dolly and Reggie, and, vainest cry of all—for the tender father, who had passed from her sight forevermore! Bonny Dale farm was situated about a mile from the little country town of Eastville, a drowsy little place of some two or three thousand inhabitants; chief amongst whom were—the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, Mr. Thorpe, the agent of the Bank, and his assistant, these with several others and their families, and the families of several of the better class of farmers, amongst whom were the Lauries, were regarded as the cream of Eastville society. But somehow there was not much social intercourse amongst the Eastvillites. The friendliness, the free and easy interchange of little civilities and visits were wanting in the prim, well-ordered town. Therefore considering that Bonny Dale was more than a mile from the village, it was hardly surprising that weeks often passed without bringing any visitors to the ladies at the farm.

There was one person however, who naturally often turned his steps in the direction of Bonny Dale. This was Clarence Thorpe, Augusta's lover. Mr. Thorpe was the Eastville lawyer; a heavy, rather stupid looking young man of twenty-eight or so, with a rather sensuous mouth and a deep dimple in his chin, which last, by the way seemed to be the first cause of Judith's dislike for him; certainly Mr. Thorpe was her pet aversion from the very first. Whenever he came to the house she would steal quietly away and not appear again till tea-time. Mr. Thorpe generally remained

for that meal. She vaguely wondered if Augusta really cared for this rather coarse young man, who did not seem possessed of any very fine instincts. But whatever that astute young woman felt, she made no sign.

Not a little of Judith's dislike for the young man was caused by the assiduous attentions which he persisted in paying her; and for a while he deceived himself into thinking that they were agreeable to her, though she endeavored as courteously and gently as possible to convince him to the contrary Judith was too young and inexperienced, besides having too little egotism to understand precisely why it was his attentions annoyed her; she only knew that the feeling of shrinking and dislike came strongly upon her whenever he approached her. An incident which happened one day, served however to considerably lessen his belief in his own attractiveness.

It was a warm, sunny day in April. Augusta and Mr. Thorpe had just returned from an afternoon walk and were standing by the steps in front of the house. Judith was sitting in her favorite seat, on the window-sill, the window being wide open.

She was working at some delicate embroidery, but ever and anon her eyes wandered to the couple outside. Presently Trap, the house dog, a shaggy, snub-nosed retriever, bounded up to Augusta and began to jump about her, barking joyously, being evidently under the impression that she was just going out for a walk, and desiring to accompany her; finally he raised himself on his hind legs and laid his fore-paws on Augusta's shoulders, or as near them as he could reach.

"Get down you brute!" cried Miss Laurie angrily, not relishing the idea of having her new spring dress spattered with mud; but Trap evidently did not take into consideration this view of the matter, and refused to budge, while his great honest eyes gazed entreatingly into her face and his short tail wagged to and fro with alarming rapidity. At this point Mr. Thorpe interfered in his lady love's behalf, raising his heavily-booted foot, he bestowed upon the unsuspecting Trap, a savage kick, which elicited a howl of agony from the poor brute, who crouched at his mistress' feet and raised his big eyes appealingly to Thorpe's face.

In an instant, Judith who had witnessed this little scene, sprang from the low window and bent over the dog with a crimson face and quivering lips.

"Poor Trap! dear old fellow!" she said, caressing him; and then rising, confronted Thorpe and her cousin indignantly:

"You big coward!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing disdain upon the discomfited young man.

But Augusta was enraged that anyone should dare to hurl such an epithet at her lover.

"Judith" she said coldly—"I think you forget yourself, you are not in your own home remember, neither does the dog belong to you; but in any case, there was no occasion for such an absurd display of temper—or—affectation on your part."

"I forget nothing Augusta, but Mr. Thorpe must surely have forgotten his manhood, when he showed such needless cruelty to a dumb animal!" and with her small head thrown haughtily back, the girl walked past them into the house, the grateful Trap following close at her heels.

Augusta looked after her with a sneer on her lips.

"Judith enjoys going into heroics when any of your sex are near enough to appreciate her efforts" she said with a laugh in which her lover joined somewhat uneasily.

"Well you know, perhaps after all I was cruel to the brute."

"Perhaps so," responded Miss Laurie, "but that was no excuse for her impertinence; a chit like that indeed! I think she owes you an apology."

"I do not think so at all," was Mr. Thorpe's valiant and unlooked-for reply——"On the contrary I intend to apologize to her."

Augusta's eyes opened wide at this assertion.

"Oh! well if you choose to make a fool of yourself, it is none of my business" said she turning into the house whither he followed her.

Judith busied herself helping old Susannah to prepare tea so Clarence had no opportunity to speak to her for the present. When Mr. Laurie came in they took their seats at the well-spread board. But Judith, though seated opposite Mr. Thorpe, never glanced at him, nor condescended to speak a word to him, and he lacked courage to address her; for there was a certain grave dignity about Judith Brown, young as she was, which inspired him with more respect and admiration than he had ever dreamed of according to Augusta Laurie.

The conversation during the meal languished, for the three who usually did all the talking, were occupied with their own thoughts. Augusta was annoyed with Clarence, and that faithless young man was revolving in his mind, the question, how to reinstate himself in the good opinion of the girl who, an hour before had disdainfully called him a "coward," while Miss Brown, with beautiful unconcern, was enjoying her tea with an appetite unimpaired by recent events.

Mr. Laurie was a man of few words; he would sit in grim silence, listening to the talk going on around him, giving a grunt of assent or dissent occasionally, and glaring at the talkers from beneath the shaggy grey eyebrows which gave a rather ferocious look to his lean face. A tyrant in his own household was Hugh Laurie; and woe betide the unlucky wight who incurred his wrath. His wife had sunk, crushed to the earth, years ago beneath his iron hand; and Augusta, with all her bravado and undaunted spirit, was more in awe of her father than she would have cared to confess. Toward one person only, did his manner soften, and that person was Judith; this had not escaped his daughter's keen eyes and she disliked her cousin all the more for it.

On the evening in question, Mr. Laurie volunteered a piece of information to the company at large which was not without effect upon one person at least.

Pushing away his plate he said briefly:—

"Standfield is back; saw him this afternoon."

"Is he! why I had no idea he was expected back here, but then one never does know when Donald Standfield is coming or when going" exclaimed Augusta, a sudden flush coming into her cheeks, while the animated look that leapt into her eyes, showed that the news was not displeasing to her. Clarence, apparently, did not observe the change in her face, but Judith did and wondered who this Standfield was, and why her cousin should take so much interest in his coming.

"Well he can scarcely help that" said Thorpe. "He is not his own master, but at the same time he must put in rather a jolly time, travelling about from one place to another, and all his expenses paid."

"Is Mr. Standfield a commercial traveller?" inquired Judith.

"No; he is a Bank Inspector; he goes about inspecting all the different agencies of the Bank of——. Frequently he acts as manager of an agency himself; he has been manager of the Eastville branch twice. I wonder if he has come down now only to inspect, or if he is going to remain; I saw Mr. Lewis yesterday and he did not mention that there was to be any change."

"He is to remain, Lewis leaves to-morrow" answered her father gruffly and hid himself behind his paper.

Later on in the evening Standfield came. Mr. Laurie had gone out and Mrs. Laurie and the three young people were sitting in the parlor, Judith bending quietly over some fancy work, while her cousin and Mr. Thorpe were talking and laughing rather noisely, at the piano.

Augusta came eagerly forward to welcome the new comer.

"Father told us you were in Eastville; it was such a pleasant surprise; I hope you intend remaining?" she said with a brilliant smile.

"For a few months, Miss. Laurie, I cannot answer for longer than that" with a rather cold smile—thought Judith.

When he had shaken hands with Mrs. Laurie and Thorpe, Augusta introduced him to Judith——

"Mr. Standfield—my cousin, Miss Judith Brown."

The young girl bowed and blushed faintly beneath the eager, interested look with which he regarded her. After exchanging a few common place remarks with her, he followed Miss Laurie to the sofa at the other side of the room where she had requested him to seat himself, although he would infinitely have preferred taking the vacant chair beside Judith.

Perhaps Augusta guessed this to be the case, for she frowned slightly when Stanfield's gaze wandered every now

and then to the slight drooping figure. But he did not notice her displeasure.

"Is that Dorothy's sister?" he asked presently, in a low voice.

"Yes," was the short reply; and an angry gleam shot into her eyes.

He perceived her annoyance now, but he had one more question to ask; so he stroked his brown moustache thoughtfully and appeared sublimely unconscious of the ire he was arousing in the bosom of his fair companion.

"By the way, is Miss Dorothy Brown married yet?"

Miss Laurie gave him one quick, searching look before she replied; but his countenance was impenetrable, while his tone had been one of easy indifference.

"Dorothy? oh no! she is not married, and I do not fancy she ever will be. Between you and me, she was jilted by someone she cared a good deal about, and they say that she has resolved never to marry now." She smiled as she spoke and watched curiously to see how her companion would receive this bit of information—pure fiction on her part, of course.

"The fellow must have been an insufferable cad who would behave badly to a girl like Miss Brown; I should say she was well rid of him." He was intensely disgusted with Augusta's bad taste in thus exposing another woman's trouble, and scarcely took any pains to conceal what he felt.

"Oh, to be sure! I was forgetting that you used to be a devoted admirer of Dorothy,"—with a light laugh.

"I certainly did admire Miss Brown more than any other woman I have ever known."

"A bold declaration,"—shrugging her shoulders.

"What do you think of Judith?" she asked, forcing a smile, though inwardly consumed by the green-eyed monster.

"You mean, of course, what do I think of her personal appearance. Well, I think she is very pretty; she has the same sweetness of expression as her sister, but she cannot be much more than a child,"—musingly.

"She is seventeen, rather more," retorted Augusta with a laugh.

"When a man has reached thirty-six, seventeen seems very young," said Standfield with a sigh.

"Is Miss Judith here on a visit?"

Augusta informed him of the circumstances of the Brown family, and carefully gave him to understand that Judith was there, not as a guest, but a dependent.

"Poor little girl!" was his mental comment, but he said nothing and rightly judging that Miss Laurie's patience would not hold out much longer, he turned to her with a smile and asked her to tell her all the news since last he was in Eastville.

Meanwhile Clarence had gladly availed himself of Augusta's desertion of him, to possess himself of the vacant seat beside Judith, and humbly presented his petition for pardon.

"I did not mean to hurt the poor brute. Miss Judith, I give you my word for it, if I had stopped to think a minute I would not have acted as I did."

But her answer was not conciliatory—

"I imagine your instincts must be very cruel, if you require to stop and think before treating an animal with ordinary humanity."

"How unkind you are"—reproachfully; but he was swearing at the unfortunate canine and thought that the girl made too much of the matter altogether. She did not reply to his remark; her gaze had wandered to the pair at the other side of the room and she was admiring with all a woman's appreciation of manly strength, the immense length of limb and splendid physique of Donald Standfield.

"He is not at all handsome," she thought; "but his is a noble, kind face; I wonder if he and Agusta were ever——"

"Are you not going to forgive me, Miss Judith?" said a smooth voice beside her.

"Oh yes certainly," she answered impatiently.

"Thanks; I shall never willingly hurt an animal again as long as I live, now that I know how strongly you feel on the subject."

"Pray leave me out of the question altogether, and be kind to them for humanity's sake if not for their own"

"Ah yes! but the thought that you love them will——"

"Pray excuse me," she murmured with a cold smile, and, gathering up her work, softly said, "good-night" to Mrs. Laurie, and left the room, unobserved by Standfield or Augusta. Clarence Thorpe looked after the girl with a curious light in his eyes. He felt that if he could have had her for his own he would have loved her wildly, blindly; but when she scorned him and looked contemptuously at him with her clear blue eyes he felt that he would like to hold some power to humiliate her, to wring the sweet young heart with bitterest agony."

(To be Continued.)

Bribed to be an Old Maid.

BY JENNIE T. CLARKE.

I SAT down on the velvet cushion at mamma's feet, rumpling her snowy wrapper in the attempt to put my head in her lap.

Mamma passed her soft, small hand over my long, disordered hair, and parted the curling black fringe across my forehead, to press a kiss there, before she spoke.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked.

"I think it is that picture," I said, tossing a photograph into her lap. I had just received it in a letter. "I can't look at it without envying Laura Desmond."

"But why? You surely do not envy Laura her appearance?"

"But I do, mother. I don't like to be called dark and piquant. I want to be fair and calm and quiet."

"Why, Ada, I am amazed. Don't you know that a certain gentleman admires brunettes? Must I remind you of the lines I heard him repeat, as describing you:

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Just mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies."

She stooped to kiss me. But I hid my face in her dress like a pettish child.

"Don't quote Theo Rounsaville to me," I said, shortly. "Who cares for his opinion?"

Now the truth was, I did care for his opinion, and cared for it a great deal too much At one time he had been very attentive to me, and I had been flattered by it, as any girl would have been, for he was not only the handsomest and wealthiest, but also the most accomplished bachelor in the neighborhood. But, with the perversity of my sex, I had affected to be indifferent to him, until, tired of my coquetry, he had transferred his attentions elsewhere. A month now had passed since he had visited me. A few evenings before I had met him at a ball, and he had not even once asked me to dance, but had devoted his time, almost exclusively, to Jennie Carlton, who was a great heiress as well as a celebrated blonde beauty. If the truth must be told, I had been, ever since that night, devoured by jealousy. It was this that made me so miserably unhappy now.

"But we were talking of Laura," I said, changing the subject. "She has every luxury, and I am so dependent."

"You know, my dear," said mother, in a grave, troubled voice. "that Uncle Adam's home is yours so long as you choose to remain here; and that he never wounds us by speaking of our dependence."

"But he expects me to marry, and it galls me to know that he expects me to relieve him of a burden in that way. Now, Laura Desmond—"

"Hush, Ada, hush. Laura confesses that her father wishes her to marry a man whom she dislikes. There is no such necessity for you."

"Not at present, mother. But Laura is not compelled to marry at all. She has plenty to support her, and I must have somebody to take care of me."

"I do not wish you to marry, my daughter, except for love."

"Fiddlesticks!" said I, inelegantly. "I tell you nine women out of ten marry for homes, or for fear of being old maids. I believe Uncle Adam is miserly. If he would die and leave me a legacy, or give me a few thousands, I would live single all the days of my life."

A door opened at that moment, and Uncle Adam walked straight into the room. Uncle Adam was a rather old gentleman, but always good-natured. Even now he did not look the least bit offended, though he must have heard all I had said. I jumped up, thoroughly ashamed of myself. But he only said:

"Come, come, my little girl, this is pretty hard on your old uncle. I'm sorry you think me such a miser."

"Oh, uncle," I pleaded, "please forgive me. I didn't mean that at all. I'm out of spirits, and that makes me unjust."

"Well, never mind," said Uncle Adam, bustling across the room and taking a seat. "Come here, Miss Ada. I have a proposition to make. I don't want to be poisoned for a legacy—don't interrupt me, my dear—so I am going to give you a little present, instead. Suppose I bribe you to be an old maid, eh? I will settle ten thousand dollars on you now, on condition you live and die Ada Lyon, spinster. There!"

"If you will forgive and forget all my ugly speeches, uncle," said I, "I'll agree to the condition with pleasure."

"Ada," said mother, faintly.

"Let her alone, Agnes, let her alone," said Uncle Adam, with a majestic wave of the hand. "She'll take the matter into due consideration. See here, Ada, we must have a clear understanding. There is to be no drawing back. If you sign the necessary paper, the money is yours at once; but should you ever marry you forfeit every cent. Are you ready to ratify the contract?"

"Yes, uncle, at once; and I will show that I am in earnest."

"Stop, stop—not at once. I'll give you till night to think about it. Don't be rash. In order to escape being called a miser, I'll bribe heavily." And Uncle Adam unceremoniously marched out of the room.

I turned to mother, flushed with triumph. She was still sitting by the window, looking pale and troubled.

"Ada, come here," she said, almost in a whisper. "Look out. Isn't that Theo Rounsaville?"

I sprang to her side. An open landeau, drawn by two superb gray horses in gold-mounted harness, had just been driven up the avenue.

"He has come to ask you to drive with him," said my mother; "at least it looks so."

I blushed furiously. "Do you think so, mother?" I said. The moment after our visitor was announced.

What a delightful day that was! We drove down to the beach; the solemn ocean monotone seemed changed to joyous music. Then we went round through the pine woods. Then we came home, while the western sky blazed with the sunset, and the gray twilight had set in. My accepted lover, for he had proposed and I accepted him, bade me good-by at the door and went down the avenue.

I ran up-stairs and into my mother's room, stopping only to throw off my hat and gloves.

"Well, Ada?" was mamma's inquiry.

"All's well, mamma,' I answered, laughing and blushing.

But when I had finished my little confidences she said, still smiling, however:

"You will be a portionless bride, remember, my darling."

For the first time, I thought of that odious contract.

"Do you suppose Uncle Adam meant all that?"

"I don't doubt it," she replied; "and you promised to arrange it finally to-night, Ada."

I jumped up. "I am going now," I said.

"What will you say to Uncle Adam?"

"Never mind; I'll fix it," I answered gayly. "I'll either coax him or scare him."

I laughed all the way down to the study, until by the time I reached the door my eyes were full of tears. I let them stay, paused to collect my ideas and compose my face, then tapped at the door in a subdued way, and went slowly in.

Uncle Adam had taken the shade off the reading-lamp, laid his meerschaum down by it, and was busily writing.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he said, without looking up. "I'll have everything ready in a few minutes. What is your conclusion?"

I seated myself in a great arm-chair close to him, and sighed deeply.

"I'll sign it, uncle," I said, and sighed again.

"Well, what's the matter?" he said, looking round at me.

"I'm afraid it will make me very unhappy," I said, with another sigh.

"Why, Ada," he said, in a puzzled way, "I thought it was the very thing to make you happy. What do you mean?"

"Yes, Uncle Adam," I said, having recourse to my handkerchief; "but then I don't want to live single."

"Oh!" said he. "You've changed your mind. You don't want the money?"

"Yes, I do," I exclaimed, with a hysterical little sob. "I love him; but I won't marry without anything of my own. I'm ashamed."

Uncle Adam never could stand tears. He left his chair, and took my hands from my face.

"Ada," he said severely, "tell me instantly, straight up and down—whom do you love?"

"Mr. Rounsaville," said I, solemnly.

"You are a foolish child," said Uncle Adam, patting my head. "I knew Rounsaville was coming here to-day, and so I wouldn't let you bind yourself by any promise until he came. But what absurd nonsense is this? Come, child, I won't bribe you to live single. If you marry Rounsaville, I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

"Will you, uncle?" I cried, in ecstasy.

"Don't cry any more, then," he said, almost tenderly. "Kiss me, my dear, and go tell your mother."

I ran up-stairs.

"Mamma," I called, "I've taken the bribe."

I frightened her dreadfully, but soon explained.

And Uncle Adam gave me on my wedding-day the ten thousand check with which, originally, he had bribed me to be an old maid.

The Heir of Kesterton.

THERE was consternation at Kesterton, for there could be no doubt of it—Morley Ashford was married. After but a slight hesitation, when appealed to by his amazed mother and indignant father, he had acknowledged it himself, and there was no longer any attempt made to refute the rumors.

But his parents were in despair Morley Ashford, the heir of Kesterton, the oldest and finest estate in the county, had married a slip of a girl, a mere child, daughter of a fisherman on the coast.

Morley, with his tall, slight figure, his easy grace, his frank blue eyes and clustering chestnut hair, was but twenty. No one had dreamed of his marrying yet; but indulged, if not spoiled, this marriage had come of the unquestioned freedom in which he spent his days—had been consummated with no thought of wrong.

"It was when you and mother went to Switzerland last autumn," Morley said to his father. "She was such a taking little thing. I was bewitched to go down there to old Rushton's, and her mother wouldn't let me see her unless I married her. So the banns were put up over at Blackhaven, and Gladys and I were married. I didn't think, I am sure sir, but I might marry her if I liked."

Old Peter Ashford groaned.

"Morley, you blockhead!" he burst out, then checked his impetuous anger. "It is my own fault. I did not realize that you were no longer a child I have told you nothing of my wishes—my plans, what is due to yourself, to me, to posterity. Oh Morley! all my high hopes——"

The old man broke down in unwonted tears.

Morley, so careless and light-hearted, was serious enough now at sight of his father's grief.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said. "What would you have me do now?"

"Will you obey my requirements in this matter?"

"I will do anything but give up Gladys."

The squire was wisely silent. He conferred with his wife. The result was that in three days the three set forth on an extended continental tour—Morley's accompanying his father and mother being made a condition of their accepting their *daughter-in-law on* their return.

For several months Morley corresponded with his wife regularly. He tried also to interest his mother in his young

girl-wife, but she was not enthusiastic. The matter, at last, dropped into silence between them.

At the end of six months, letters ceased to come from Gladys. For a time this was imputed to accident; but at length Morley appealed to his father in a very manly fashion.

"I am very anxious about my wife, sir. Something must be wrong that she does not answer my letters."

"Well, well; we will see!"

Morley was told that his father's family lawyer had been instructed to make inquiries.

More time passed; and at length they broke the news to him:

Glavds and her parents had left their home for a pleasure-trip in a light boat, which had been found overturned, and it was believed that, capsized by a squall, the whole family had perished. What more likely, since another letter never came from Gladys?

The Ashfords were much concerned at their son's bitter grief. They had not thought his love for this girl so deep.

At sight of the tears wrung from his eyes, his father faltered in his words of consolation; but his mother lifted a warning hand, unseen by Morley, and turned a rebuking face upon her husband's momentary weakness.

A little time and Morley would forget this obscure fisherman's daughter, and wed to suit them.

The squire was passionate; she was made of much sterner mettle of the two. Unyielding as was her nature, she was physically fragile, and at her wish the family remained abroad for five years.

During this period, time had healed Morley Ashford's sorrow, but it had worked an unmistakable change in him. He was no longer a thoughtless boy in heart or years. At length his mother's death occurred, and it was both his own and his father's wish to return to Kesterton.

They came home, but the firm, fragile wife seemed to have been the oak—the mercurial, impulsive husband, with his fine, florid physique, the vine.

Her removal out of his life prostrated him. In a few weeks he had changed marvellously. He arrived at Kesterton greatly weakened and altered.

With an irresistible impulse, Morley went immediately to the cottage on the shore that his wife's father had occupied.

Yes, it was filled with the unwelcome faces of strangers, who repeated the story of the lost sailing boat: and, sick at heart, he turned homeward.

A servant on horseback came galloping down the sands.

"Your father, sir, has fallen in a faint, or fit, or something, before your mother's portrait, and I am going for the doctor!"

Morley hastened home, and with tenderest care attended his father; but the stroke of paralysis was to prove fatal. In four days Sir Peter died.

At the last he tried hard to communicate with his son, but Morley could make nothing of the inarticulate sounds and impotent gestures. The old man's efforts were only stilled when Mr. Stephens, the lawyer, nodded an intelligent assent.

"I understand, sir," he said to the dying man, who, with a look of relief, relapsed into an unconscious state and expired.

After the funeral, Morley asked Mr. Stephens what his father had wished to communicate.

"He wished me to acquaint you with all your affairs, sir."

But Morley had little heart for business. His life seemed utterly dismantled of all he loved, admired. He fell into a melancholy which seriously injured his health.

He found nothing congenial but the sea, which seemed to voice his disappointments and murmur sympathy. He spent hours alone on the sands, sometimes walking up to the town, again meandering far down among the rocks and breakers, where, on the site of an old fort, a new seaside hotel was built.

Mr. Stephens was spending the season there. He was a bachelor of sixty. He had with him a pretty boy of five—a frank-eyed, sunny-haired little fellow, whose promised beauty attracted Morley.

"The boy's a pet of mine," said Mr. Stephens. "Lost his father very young. His mother resides in my family. He's just over an illness, and I brought him down here to get put to rights."

Little Frank seemed to find a fascination in Morley's grave smile. He would leave his old friend's side to steal his little hand in his, and walk with him down the sands. By degrees, during the summer, Morley became very fond of the child. In the autumn he said to Mr. Stephens,—

"Frank has no father. If his mother will give him up, I will adopt him" This was finally agreed upon, and little Frank came to Kesterton.

It seemed strange to Morley that a little child could so brighten his life; but as he rode and drove with the boy, trained and taught him, existence began to have a flavor, and the two were inseparable.

In the spring, Mr. Stephens proposed a music-teacher for the boy, who was with difficulty kept away from the piano.

"His musical taste should be cultivated, and I will find you a teacher."

"Agreed!" said Morley. In a few days the teacher, who was to be a resident at Kesterton, arrived—not, as Morley expected, a man—but a lady.

She was very elegant and dignified, and very beautiful. There was something singular in a fair complexion, and blue eyes, and fine, black brow, and raven hair; but Morley privately pronounced Miss Dalton the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her quiet, serene ways, too, suited his melancholy, and she became easily domesticated in the house.

Before long he realized it. He knew that he liked to look at the beautiful figure dropping harmony from its slender fingers on the piano—the womanly presence, sweet, low-voiced, black-robed, that sat so unobtrusively at his fireside, shared his meals, his books, his thoughts.

It was pleasant—perilously pleasant, for soon he learned that he must give up Kesterton, and that he was comparatively a poor man. An interview with Mr. Stephens made a dissolving view of his home.

After a few days spent in perplexing and troubled thought, he asked for an interview with Miss Dalton.

She came down into the library, little Frank with her.

"Will you give me your attention a few minutes?" said Morley. And Miss Dalton seated herself.

"I am forced to give you warning of something which gives me great pain," he said. "I have been very glad to have you at Kesterton, but we must part."

Miss Dalton expressed her surprise.

"A proviso of the will of the original owner of Kesterton forbids it's being in possession of any descendant of the line who, at thirty, is without an heir. In a month I shall be thirty."

"And you are to marry?" interrogated Miss Dalton.

"I am married already!"

He briefly told her his story. With difficulty he restrained his emotions as he told of Gladys' loss. There was a silence.

"Excuse me," said Miss Dalton, who had been regarding him earnestly, "but I think I can relieve your uncertainty and suspense in this matter. I know your wife, and she is living."

"Gladys alive?"

"Mr. Stephens was in your father's confidence, or more especially your mother's. Gladys' parents were bribed to take her away, and they simply removed to Wales. The boat was intentionally capsized and set adrift after they left it. Unknown to your parents, Mr. Stephens took a personal interest in Gladys, and assisted her in many ways, so that she finally became a music-teacher in the family of a wealthy gentleman."

"Where is she now?"

"I will find her for you, if you wish."

"I do. Yet there is no heir!"

"Pardon," trembling, "but there is an heir. Frank do you not know mamma?"

The white, jeweled hand swept the mass of raven hair from that beautiful head, revealing abundant ripples of pale gold, encircling a fair brow, which had ever been strangely familiar.

"I am Gladys, Morley, and this is our child!"

His moment of recognition repaid him, in its wild joy, for all he had suffered.

"Your father wished to inform you that I was probably living, at his death," said Gladys, "but was unable. Mr. Stephens told me all—kind friend to us that he has been! I have hesitated to present myself—I have feared you no longer loved me. But you will take the new Gladys for the sake of the old, who has always loved you; and Frank you are fond of already!" And Kesterton was no longer without heir! *K.S.*

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

Too great refinement is false delicacy, and true delicacy is solid refinement.

The *Washington Gazette* gives a receipt how to catch a husband. It is to follow him when he goes out nights.

A Foxburgh woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own harvesting.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where they should be; but put foundations under them.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Said Brown, "Smith won't have so soft a thing as he had." "I don't know," replied Johnson; "he'll have a soft thing as long as he don't lose his head."

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals or statues, or songs.

"My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." "And I," murmured her husband, "I often went to sleep over your letters."

"How much did you pay for your new dress?" asked Mrs. Smith. "Eight cents a yard—they asked me ten cents." "Why," said Mrs. Smith, "it is just like mine, isn't it? But I did better than you. They asked me eighteen cents, and I got it for twelve cents. I got off more than you."

Charley went to see the apple of his eye the other evening, and, after a proper amount of affectionate conversation, said, "I'll give you a pair of earrings, dear, if you'll earn them by letting me bore your ears." Haven't I earned them already, then?" queried the fair object of his affections.

Vereker has hit upon a scheme whereby he expects to make a fortune. He will advertise largely, "For ten cents I will disclose a plan whereby one-cent postage stamps can be made to do the work of three-cent stamps." His plan is perfectly simple, and cannot fail. Use three of them.—*The Judge.*

In Chicago, the other night, a mind reader was asked by a prominent citizen on the stage to tell what he was wishing for at that moment. The mind reader placed his hand on the gentleman's forehead, and quickly replied, "You are wishing that these experiments were over, so you could slip out and get a drink." And everybody said, "Wonderful!"

Ten years ago two loving hearts were separated by a little quarrel, owing to the miscarriage of an explanatory letter. He went West and married: she stayed East and married, and now both are once more free. He has eight children and the jaundice, and she seven and the dyspepsia, and neither has any idea of ever marrying again. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is not so romantic, says the *Philadelphia News.*

A wine merchant in Leipzig retains a poet to write advertisements in both English and German, and publishes an almanac in which the following original argument against water-drinking is introduced:

And to the Lord old Noah said,
"The water now tastes very bad,
Because there have been drowned therein
All beasts and mankind in their sin;
And therefore, Lord, I even think
I should prefer some other drink.

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors"

Mr. Edwin Arnold has another volume of Indian verse nearly ready for the press.

Edmund C. Stedman, the "banker-poet," has recently begun the erection of a beautiful country-house at New Castle, N H.

A critic says of the production of Mr. Wilkie Collins' new play, "Rank and Riches," that the audience laughed heartily—in the wrong places.

England spends six times as much for wars actual and possible as for education; France fifteen times as much; and Russia eighty times as much.

A grand-daughter of Robert Burns, the daughter of his eldest son Robert, is in extreme poverty and in receipt of relief from the London Scottish Corporation.

Mr. Austin Dobson will print before long a collection of poems written by him since 1880. He is now at work on a volume of "Selections from Steele," and is also revising for the Clarendon Press a selection from Horace Walpole's letters.

Since Longfellow and Emerson died," said Whittier to a newspaper correspondent, recently, "Dr. Holmes and I receive much of their fugitive correspondence, which, added to our own, sometimes proves a serious burden. I receive letters daily from Portland, Me., to Portland, Or., from misses in their teens to boys in college. They send me their verses with a request that I attend to their publication and remit them the proceeds from time to time. The most, however, entreat my autograph, a request I would grant more willingly if I knew them. As to my health, I cannot complain; I have never been able to do protracted work, owing to severe neuralgic pains in the head, from which I have suffered since I was a boy. Unfortunately, I have promised considerable work to the publishers, and this promise, unperformed, weighs like an incubus upon my spirits."

Mrs. Hanning, the youngest sister of Carlyle, was lately "interviewed" by a newspaper reporter and in response to a question about Carlyle's much-talked-of irritability replied: "He was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. I have known him to pass many and many a night of sleepless torture with what he called his 'diabolical stomach,' but I never saw him cruel, or a bear, or more irritable than other men. He and Mrs Carlyle were very happy in each other, but in summing up their lives this ought to be always remembered: Mrs. Carlyle had no children. As the years went on she tired of reading and felt more and more the need of her husband's close companionship. He couldn't give it, being wholly devoted to letters, and so I suppose she brooded over it a good deal. They were, nevertheless, sincerely attached to each other, and in Tom's vacations he was as merry as a boy with her. Of course those vacations were far apart, but they came at least as often as he finished a book.'

The daily life of a popular novelist is thus described: "James Payne, the novelist, lives in one of the most attractive houses in Maida Vale, London, and spends most of his time there, except, of course, when at his office. He says that in his boyhood he never took part in any games or sports, and to this day does n't know anything about cricket, tennis, croquet, rowing, yachting, horseback-riding, or anything of the sort. He does n't take any recreation now; not even walking or going to the theatre. Leaving his house in the morning, he goes to the nearest cab-stand—about twenty steps from his door—and rides to his office. From 10 to 1 o'clock he writes fiction, and then walks—one block—to the Reform Club and takes lunch with his old friend, William Black. Then he goes back to his office and reads MSS. and proofs until 4 o'clock, when he returns to the club and plays whist for an hour and a-half. Then he rides home, dines, dozes in his chair, goes to bed and sleeps ten hours, gets up and takes breakfast, and starts off again on the same routine, which he repeats day after day, with no variation nor shadow of turning. He smokes forty or fifty pipes of tobacco a-day; in fact he smokes constantly. He writes an execrable hand, and has his daughter copy all his MSS. with a typewriter to send to the printer."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Until the present published on the 15th of every month, will, after the 15th of September next, be published every Friday, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

THE RAPID INCREASE IN THE CIRCULATION of the FAMILY CIRCLE, showing practically the favor with which it is received throughout the whole of the Dominion of Canada and a considerable portion of the United States, warrants us in making a bold Step forward and henceforth issuing our magazine

WEEKLY

and by so doing give our readers more than four times the present amount of reading matter, while we will only increase the subscription price to

$ ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. $

To our present subscribers and their friends we will make the following

Extraordinary Offer:

To all whose subscriptions expire with the present number, who renew before the 15th day of September next, we will send the FAMILY CIRCLE weekly one year for

CENTS. 50 CENTS.

provided they enclose one other name with an additional one dollar; or if two old subscribers wish to renew together, we will accept as payment for both, for one year, one dollar and fifty cents.

Subscribers whose subscriptions expire after this month, by sending us seventy-five cents before September 15th, will have one year added to their credit on our mailing list.

Examine the date on the slip with your name and renew it another year while you have this rare opportunity.

REMEMBER

after the above date (September 15th) the magazine will be issued weekly at $1.00 a year, and the above liberal inducements will absolutely close with that date.

We want the assistance of our friends everywhere. Show your neighbors this number and tell them it will be issued weekly after the 15th of September, and that at $1.00 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence.

Send for our Terms to Agents. You can make more Cash with our Magazine in an evening among your friends than by hard work the whole day.

LAWSON & JONES,

Publishers, London East.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

M. F.—Hypocrisy is symbolized by Ebony, and Intrinsic Worth by Gentian.

P M.—No; the use of ammonia in water for bathing is not considered hurtful by physicians.

M. J.—William and Mary Howitt were not brother and sister, but man and wife. Mrs. Howitt's maiden name was Mary Botham.

W. T.—The tenth anniversary of the marriage is called the tin wedding. The invitations for this anniversary may be made upon cards covered, with a tin card inclosed.

J. C.—Agents for the FAMILY CIRCLE will be able to make decidedly more handling it as a weekly than as a monthly, on account of the commission's being so much larger an amount on each subscription.

PICNIC.—It is very rude to delay in answering an invitation. You should at once return an acceptance or regret. All regrets from persons who do not accept invitations, should contain a reason for regretting.

M. S.—To take stains out of silks, make a solution of two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Rub the silk gently with linen cloth dipped in the solution. For acid stains apply spirits of ammonia with a soft rag.

WEST.—You should be careful to write nothing in your letters to the young lady that has not a dignified tone. While you feel as you do at present it would be well, at least, to write nothing that you would be ashamed of coming under the eyes of a third party.

LIZZIE T.—There has, apparently, been nothing whatever in the gentleman's conduct to warrant your assumption. His familiarity before your introduction should be enough to put you on your guard against too intimate companionship until you are better acquainted.

AGENT.—The publishers of the FAMILY CIRCLE always accept one or three cent postage stamps for amounts less than one dollar. Our circular containg *private terms to agents* and all necessary instructions for canvassing for the magazine as a weekly will be forwarded to you in a few days.

YOUNG GENT.—We would only advise you to act as natural and easy as you can when in the young lady's company. If in this way you cannot win her love, you will not be able to in any other. You will find that cultivating all the qualities of perfect, moral manhood will be of great service to you.

FAN.—You can darken your switches to their original brown color in the following way: Obtain a yard of dark brown calico. Boil it until the color has well come out into the water. Then into this water dip the hair, and take it out and dry it. Repeat the operation until it shall be of the required depth of shade.

P. P.—A wag once wrote:

A man is an ignoramus
Or baser yet, a scamp,
Who writes for information
And doesn't send a stamp.

Please profit by the lesson.

MARY H.—We do not care to advise you in the matter, but would suggest that you may be only for a while attracted by the new face and manners. It is generally safe to stick to old friends whom you thoroughly know, and apply the same rule in love affairs as far as you can control your affections by reason.

K. Y.—You would be very unwise to make a present that you cannot easily afford, no matter how much you admire or respect the lady referred to; the recipient, if she knows anything of your circumstances, will think that you had better have kept it yourself or the money paid for it. When you do make a present, however, let there be nothing in your manner to indicate that you cannot afford it.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Noises in the Ear.

This most unpleasant accompaniment of disease of the ear is sometimes so distressing that the patient is rendered almost frantic. Indeed, cases of insanity have been traced to this cause alone. Some cases may be relieved by simple inflation of the ear, which may be done by grasping the nose with the thumb and forefinger in such a way as to close it completely, closing the mouth, and then making an effort to expel the air through the nose. This should not be repeated oftener than two or three times a week.—*Good Health.*

Pre-natal Impressions.

Mr. and Mrs. N., married twenty-eight years, have eleven children, nine on earth and two in heaven.

Mr. N. is an honorable man among men, but loud and domineering in his family. Mrs. N. is a refined lady, graceful and sweet with her children and friends, but shrinking and awkward in the presence of her husband. She is one of the most timid of those wives who dare not say their souls are their own. She is a devoted Christian, and finds much comfort in her bible. Her husband is religious too, but in streaks. He is not interested in the Sermon on the Mount, but clings to the passages which inculcate the obedience of wives. He reads with approval the verse ending, "and he shall rule over thee." He likes that sort of thing. It is clear and distinct, while to him the sermon on the mount is filled with glittering generalities. He says you can't tell just how to apply it, but that "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord," is clear.

Mr. and Mrs. N. never quarrel; they are *one* in everything, and *he* is the *one*.

There is a popular recognition of a law in the saying that all distinguished men get their talent from their mothers; that no great man has come of a weak mother. We may assume that the parents contribute equally, at first, to their offspring; but from that moment, the father's direct influence ceases, while the mother goes on nearly three hundred days and nights, every moment impressing her physical, mental, and moral condition upon her child, not incidentally, but directly and overwhelmingly.

It would not be difficult to fill a volume with illustrations of the transmission of courage from mother to child. The case of the family before us is sufficiently impressive. Mrs. N. began married life with courage. The mother had warned her that Mr. N. might prove a tyrant, and she had resolved to maintain her rights. At first she was partially successful, and for two or three years was a good deal under the domination of aroused courage and determination. The oldest child, a daughter, is remarkable for force. She is likely to accomplish more in life than all her six brothers. She is strangely unlike the other children. The last three, all sons, are timid and shrinking to a painful degree. It is safe to predict that they will accomplish nothing. How is it possible, when the mother has constantly impressed upon every atom of their being for three hundred days and nights her cowed and shrinking condition, how is it possible that they should escape, and come into life brave?

In a society wise in these vital laws, Mr. N would be pronounced a fit subject for an idiot asylum.

Mr. N. is saving money for his children, that they may have a good start in life. A thousand fold more would he add to their success and happiness if he would let them receive, both before and after birth, the spirit of a free, strong mother. The mischief does not end at birth. A cowed and cringing mother, ever with her children, giving them their first and deepest impressions, will constantly exhibit a weakness and subterfuge which, to her children, must prove wretchedly demoralizing. If they are to grow up honest, brave and strong, their first teacher must be honest, brave and strong. It makes one dizzy to think what human progress would be, under a self-reliant, courageous, independent motherhood.—*Dio Lewis.*

Polish Girls.

"In Poland," says Bayard Taylor, "girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the parlor, to dress, sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and abundant sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

Tight Lacing.

Some foolish women actually seem to think that tight lacing is a very excellent thing, that it gives style and character to the female walk if not to the conversation, and that but for this operation the whole world would lapse into barbarism and positive ugliness. The Creator, they hold, was quite mistaken in his idea of what constitutes the beauty of the female figure. An old physician stands up for tight lacing on a different ground. He holds that it is one of the greatest blessings which society knows, for it greatly helps to kill off the foolish women and to save the sensible ones alive. Rather a shrewd old fellow that. How anybody can see female beauty in a figure which, in the expressive language of a Toronto divine, is made up of two islands and an isthmus, is more than we can imagine. It is a mercy and a pleasure to see so many waists as nature intended them to be, with all respect to the waist theory and practice be it spoken.

Words of Experience.

There comes a time in the evening of a physician's life when he longs to speak out and say just what he thinks. So we hear an old and famous doctor declare, "If all the medicines in the world were cast into the sea, it would be better for men and worse for the fishes." Another physician, who long stood at the head of the profession in Great Britain, and was the Queen's confidential adviser, after looking over the whole field of medicine, affirms, "Things have arrived at such a pitch that they cannot be worse; they must mend or end." Another of sixty years eminent experience says, "It would be better for the human race if we had no doctors." A volume might be filled with such utterances from eminent physicians, written in the evening of life.

After forty years observation we venture the opinion that the world could not get on without doctors, but they should stop peddling pills and teach us the laws of health. Should physicians heartily unite in this work, they would confer a blessing on the race, the magnitude of which no finite mind could measure. The world would then learn that of all benefactors, doctors stand first. Here an *ounce* of prevention is worth a *ton* of cure.

Among health themes, in our country, the food question stands first. Perhaps you don't fancy these food reformers. You don't like their war on your palate. We are inclined to join you and defend the palate. We believe the Creator intended man to *enjoy* eating, and not to be forever moaning out, "I wonder if this is good for me." Such painful consciousness, where a delightful *abandon* was intended, is monstrous and pitiful. It is true that man is a spiritual being, but a large and very substantial part of him is animal. This large and substantial part was intended to *enjoy* life and not to be *snubbed*.

Our table pleasures may be doubled; and we do not mean by some triumph of the moral, but through a more cunning management of the table. With skill in the kitchen, we should soon learn that the most digestible and nutritious foods will give most pleasure to those who never try them. People must take the trouble to try them.—*Lewis.*

Thousands of persons starve themselves into thinness, paleness and nervousness, by living on white bread and sweet things, and sleeping too little. Oat meal, cracked wheat, graham bread and beef, with plenty of sleep, would make them plump and ruddy.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

All shades of gray are popular.

Plaited blouse waists and long apron overskirts are still worn.

Nuns' gray riding-habits, relieved by a dash of crimson, are very stylish and fashionable.

Muslin bonnets with cap crowns and plaited lace brims are among the season's novelties.

Light mourning muslins have dots of white on black grounds, or black dots on white grounds.

The most fashionable shades of the silk are pigeon's throat, gooseberry green, and Marechal Neil yellow.

Bouquets are not now worn on the corsage, but at the waist. They should be large and loosely put together and of only one kind of flowers.

Black grenadines dresses are much worn by young ladies. A low-necked and short-sleeved bodice of black silk or satin is worn under the grenadine, the bare arms and shoulders showing through.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Potato Soup, Western Style.—For two quarts of soup, peel and slice a quart of potatoes and three large white onions; put them over the fire in sufficient boiling water to cover them, with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of butter, and boil them until they are tender enough to rub through a sieve with a potato masher; meantime rub to a smooth paste a heaping teaspoonful each of butter and flour; after the vegetables are rubbed through the sieve put them again over the fire, with two quarts of hot milk, the flour and butter rubbed together, and a salatable seasoning of salt and pepper, and stir the soup until it boils; then let it boil for two or three minutes, and after that serve it with some small dice of toasted bread.

Fried Cucumbers.—Pare, cut into lengthwise slices, more than quarter of an inch thick, and lay for half an hour in iced water; wipe each piece dry, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge with flour; fry to a light brown in good dripping or butter, drain, and serve hot.

For Onion Flavor.—If onions which are to be boiled are put in salted water after they are peeled, and are allowed to remain in it for an hour before they are cooked, they will loose so much of their distinctive flavor that they will rarely remind one hours after of what he had for dinner. Onions that are to be eaten raw may be treated in the same way.

Corn Bread.—Mix together thoroughly by putting through a sieve or other wire one pound of Indian meal and one pound and a-half of wheat flour, two ounces of baking powder, and a tablespoonful of salt, then beat together three ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter, and four eggs; add this to the flour and make a stiff batter, using warm milk in winter and cold in summer, bake in small tins.

Corn Meal Muffins.—One pint milk, three eggs, and a small piece of butter, stir in milk for a batter just thick enough to drop from a spoon. Bake in gem pans in a hot oven.

Raisin Pie.—Take one cup of crackers, rolled very fine, one cup of cold water, the juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of raisins stoned and chopped very fine, and one heaping teacupful of sugar. Beat these thoroughly together, and add one egg the last thing Bake with a thin upper and under crust; rub the top crust with the white of an egg, or with a little mil th sugar dissolved in it; bake in a moderate oven, but brown the pie by setting it on the shelf in the oven.

Mountain Dew Pudding.—One cupful of rolled crackers, one pint and a-half of milk, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a-half teaspoonful of salt; flavor with nutmeg, serve with sauce.

Chocolate Jelly.—Four small cakes of chocolate grated and one and a-half of milk boiled together. Then add sugar and vanilla to taste, and one box of gelatine dissolved in a little water. Boil all together for a few minutes, then set away to cool.

Cream Sauce.—Melt in a saucepan an ounce of butter with an ounce of flour, stir and fry two minutes, but do not brown, dilute with a pint of milk, add salt, pepper and nutmeg and a bay leaf, stir and boil five minutes, finish with two ounces of butter in small bits, mingle well, and press through a napkin.

Frozen Oranges.—Remove the peel and slice the oranges; to each pound of oranges add three-quarters of a pound of sugar and one-half pint of water, and freeze.

Blackberry Cordial.—To one quart of blackberry juice add one pound of white sugar, half an ounce of grated nutmeg, and half an ounce of pulverized cinnamon. Tie the spice in a fine muslin bag, boil the whole and skim it. When no more scum rises, set it away to get cold, and add one pint of best brandy. Cloves and allspice may be added in the proportion of a-quarter of an ounce of each.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

For rough hands use lemon juice.

Strong lye cleans tainted pork barrels.

Tepid milk and water clean oilcloth without soap.

Turpentine applied to a cut is preventative of lockjaw.

A hot shovel held over furniture removes white spots.

To make a carpet look fresh, wipe with a damp cloth after sweeping.

Clean tea or coffee cups with scouring-brick; it makes them look as good as new.

Remove ink-stains on silk, woollen or cotton by saturating with spirits of turpentine.

Cover plants with newspapers while sweeping. Also put a little ammonia on them once a week.

Remove flower-pot stains from window-sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes, and rinse with clean water.

A paste of equal parts of sifted ashes, clay and salt, and a little water, cements cracks in stoves and ovens.

A mixture of two parts glycerine, one part ammonia, and a little rose water whittens and softens the hands.

Two tablespoonfuls of coal oil poured in each boiler of clothes makes washing easier and whitens without injuring the clothes.

Bruises.—To prevent the skin from discoloring after a blow or fall, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. Do it immediately, and all change of color will be avoided.

An Indorsing Ink.—An ink which does not dry soon on the pad and is quickly taken by the paper is thus made: Aniline color in solid form, 16 parts; boiling distilled water, 80 parts; glycerine, 7 parts, and syrup, 3 parts. The color is dissolved in hot water and the other ingredients are added while the water is being agitated. This indorsing ink is said to acquire its good quality from the addition of the syrup.

Imitation Coral Basket.—Take wire that is covered with cloth, such as wire used for hat-rims or old hoop-skirts; form them into any shape your taste desires, get common beeswax, enough to cover your wire, and buy at the drug store some Chinese vermillion, melt together and roll, while hot, your basket in it, if you tie pieces of wrapping twine over it, cut into ends half an inch long, it will look nice.

Washing Fluid.—One pound can of concentrated lye, one ounce of ammonia, (lump) half an ounce salts of tartar; dissolve lye in five quarts of soft water, set it on the stove till dissolved, when cold, put in a jug, and add other ingredients, shake well and cork tight, always shake jug before turning out any to use. For an ordinary washing use about half a cup of the fluid, put clothes to soak over night in soap suds, and add the fluid. A porcelain kettle is the best to make the fluid in as it rusts an iron kettle, and does not hurt a porcelain one. It is so nice to scrub with, too, makes the floor and tables white as chalk. Of course it is strong, and you must be careful not to get it on your hands as it would burn like any strong lye, but it don't hurt the clothes at all, and is such a help.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

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

William Gladstone.

THERE is a story of an American going on a pilgrimage to Chelsea to look at the house where Carlyle lived, and being much scandalized to find that an inhabitant of the locality had never heard of the great man, and was consequently unable to say which house in Cheyne Row he occupied. One can imagine a tourist of the same reverent disposition visiting Oxford with a list of the great men who had been educated at that university, and trying to ascertain from college gate-porters what rooms these celebrities tenanted as undergraduates. The rooms would in most cases be still existent, for Oxford changes little; but the porters would be at a sad loss to fusnish any record of those who owned them in old time. * * * That an eminent man should, when a boy have lived here or there may seem to be a matter of slight moment. Nevertheless there is someteing in the *genius loci*, in associations of a place where a man lives; and considering what distances people will travel to see a table on which somebody wrote, or a tree under which somebody preached, it does strike one as a little incongruous to find undergraduates sometimes occupying rooms fraught with intensely interesting memories and yet having no knowledge whatever of their predecessors.

Not long ago an undergraduate of Trinity was informed that he had the rooms which were once John Newman's (the Cardinal). Being a lazy man his first impulse was to exclaim, "I hope the thing won t get about, or I shall be pestered by reporters and photographers like Toole in the 'Birth-place of Podgers.'" But next term he hung a portrait of Cardinal Newman over his mantelpiece; then he took to reading his Eminence's works; and in the result, though he did not change his religion, he was converted from an idle man into an industrious one. What is more he always kept his apartments in excellent order lest, as he said, the Cardinal himself or some of his friends should come to visit the old rooms. In this case at least there was a man who feels that succession brings duties with it, and it must be added that he did not relapse into his old ways when it was discovered that there was a mistake about his inheritance, and that the John Newman in whose room he sat was not the author of the "Apologia," but a noted fox-hunter. * * *

Gladstone had come up from Eton with quite an uncommon reputation for ability, and all his contemporaries agree in saying that he was regarded as a young man of exceptional promise His management of the Eton Miscellany had shown what power he possessed of attracting lads of talent into his fellowship, and of maintaining his ascendency over them; and at Christ Church he became in his first term the recognized leader of a set whose doings were watched with interest by dons and undergraduates alike. His fluency in argumentation, and the trouble he took to convince people of things which often did not seem worth a dispute, were among the noticeable traits in his character; but this fondness for reasoning had been purposely fostered in him by his father. Mr John Gladstone liked that his children should exercise their judgment by stating the why and wherefore of every opinion they offered, and a college friend of William's who went on a visit to Fasque in Kincardineshire during the summer of 1829, furnishes amusing particulars of the family customs in that house, "where the children and their parents argued upon everything." "They would debate as to whether the trout should be boiled or broiled, whether a window should be opened, and whether it was likely to be fine or wet next day. It was all perfectly good-humored, but curious to a stranger because of the evident care which all the disputants took to advance no proposition, even as to the prospect of rain, rashly One day Thomas Gladstone knocked down a wasp with his handkerchief and was about to crush it on the table, when the father started the question as to whether he had the right to kill the insect, and this point was discussed with as much seriousness as if a human life had been at stake. When at last it was adjudged that the wasp deserved death because he was a trespasser in the drawing-room, a common enemy and a danger there, it was found that the insect had crawled from under the handkerchief, and was flying away with a sniggering sort of buzz, as if to mock them all."

On another occasion William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered; but when he had done this he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this: "Aweel, miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come roond to Master Willie's opeenion."

The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying: "Hear, hear; well said, well put, Willie!" if the young debater bore himself well in an encounter. Another thing which Mr. John Gladstone taught his children was to accomplish to the end whatever they might begin, and no matter how insignificant the undertaking might be. Assuming that the enterprise had been commenced with a deliberate, thoughtful purpose, it would obviously be weakness to abandon it, whereas if it had been entered upon without thought it would be useful to carry it through as a lesson against acting without reflection. The tenacity with which William Gladstone adhered to this principle exercised no doubt a beneficial moral discipline upon himself, but was frequently very trying to his companions. "At Fasque," says his friend already quoted, "we often had archery practice, and the arrows that went wide of the targets would get lost in the long grass. Most of us would have liked to collect only the arrows that we could find without trouble, and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way. He would insist that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volley, and would marshal us in Indian file and make us tramp about in the grass till every quiver had been refilled. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dust came on and we had to relinguish the search. The next morning as I was dressing I saw through my window William ranging the field and prodding into every tuft of grass with a stick. He had been busy in this way for two hours, and at length he found the arrow just before breakfast. I remarked that he had wasted a good deal of time. 'Yes and No,' he said 'I was certain the arrow could be found if I looked for it in a certain way, but it was the longest way and I failed several times from trying shorter methods. When I set to work in the proper fashion I succeeded.' 'Well done, Willie!' concurred his always appreciative father."

It was the same at Oxford. Gladstone would start for a walk to some place eight miles distant, and make up his mind to go "at least more than half the way." Rain might fall in torrents (a serious matter in those days when no undergraduate ever carried an umbrella), but this would not shake him from his purpose; so long as he had not passed his fourth mile-post nothing would make him turn back. Directed towards higher objects, this stubbornness could be dignified with the name of perseverance, and it was a master quality that kept all Gladstone's friends in subjection to him more or less. Those who would not give in to him from reason would do so to avoid a contest—this being a world in which there are more earthen pots than iron ones, and the earthen try to escape collisions when they can. Besides, Gladstone's intense conviction of being always in the right gave him an assured superiority over young men who did not ponder very deeply over their opinions and were not prepared to defend them against vigorous onslaughts. "Gladstone seems to do all the thinking for us," Frederick Rogers once said; "the only trouble is that when he starts some new idea he expects you to see all its beauties at once as clearly as he does after studying them." Years afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone had become Prime Minister, another old college friend observed. "You must know Gladstone to understand how much it costs him to give up any clause in a bill which he has framed. He hates compromise as a con-

cession of good to evil. He cannot acknowledge half-truths or admit the value of half-good. What grieves him is not the humiliation of being beaten by his systematic foes, but the misery of having failed to convince those who profess to be his friends and to let themselves be guided by him; and again when he surrenders a particle of what he considers right, he is at war with his restive conscience, asking himself whether he was morally justified in yielding to serve party ends." As a set-off one must quote the opinion of the Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Charles Wordsworth), who was Gladstone's private tutor during the latter's second year at Oxford, as to his pupil's openness to cogent argument, came it whence it might: "He would wrestle like a Cornishman with any theory hostile to his way of thinking, but if he got a fair fall he owned it; and it was always his way to make a full and gracious submission to any argument that had got the mastery of his reason."—*Temple Bar.*

Life.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the conscientiousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which made it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety which ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Then and Now.

Here is the same old mansion,
With its quaint, moss-covered towers,
And the summer sunlight sleeping
On the gleam of the garden flowers.

And the wild dove, far in the fir-wood
Cooing in monotone;
And the stately, silent court-yard,
With its antique dial-stone.

The swallows have come as of yore, lad,
From over the sunny sea,
And the cup of the lily echoes
To the hum of the wandering bee;

The lark, in its silvery treble,
Sings up to the deep blue sky;
But the house is not as it was, lad,
In those dear old days gone by.

'Twas here that her garments rustled,
Like music amidst the flowers,
And her low, sweet rippling laughter
Made richer the rose-wreathed bowers.

But now in its noon-tide brightness,
The place seems cold and dead,
And it lies like a form of beauty
When the light of the soul has fled.

All hushed is each lonely chamber
That echoed to songs of old,
The chairs are now all vacant
And the hearths are dark and cold.

Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad,
No heart but my own can know,
And the glimpses of Heaven she gave me
In this dear home long ago.

But they went one eve, when she left me,
'Mid the balm of the summer air.
There's a grave far over the hills, lad;
The home of my heart is there.

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

The Miller's Son.

Why is it the birds sing sweeter to-day?
Why is the sky so bright?
Why is it that time flies fleeter to-day,
And the moments are winged with delight?
All the day long
She is thinking of one,
None so handsome and strong—
The miller's son.
For he loves her, he loves her; and whisper it low,
'Twas only last night that he told her so!

To what is her heart set dancing to-day?
Hark to that glad refrain!
How oft in the glass she's glancing to-day,
And eagerly watching the lane.
Home, home again,
All his duties well done,
Comes the noblest of men—
The miller's son.
Oh! he's coming, he's coming, he's well on the way;
And to-morrow, to-morrow's the wedding day.

Why is it she lies there so cold, still and white?
What is it has turned her glad noon into night?
Off into space
The swift engine rushed
With a mighty leap!
Then down, down, down!
To kill and drown;
No moment of grace;
But mangled and crushed,
Heap upon heap!
And the foremost one
Was the miller's son.
More bright grow her eyes and more faint grows her breath;
And she marries, she marries the bridegroom of Death!

James Hunter MacCulloch.

Simplicity in Conversation.

In ordinary conversation we find people apt to indulge in puzzling words, even though they may have no special desire to appear learned. The dentist who assured a lady that her teeth were "a perfect study in conchology," meaning that they were all shells, and the school girl who alluded to an old sailor as an "ancient chloride of sodium," are but examples of the tendency of the times. Too often the sermon of the preacher and the prescription written by the doctor are alike made of mysterious words. The sermons are jaw-breaking phylacteries, and the prescriptions bewildering Latin, intended to defeat and astound the reason of simple-minded folk. Simplest words are always best. Ease and grace in writing or speaking are thus attained, and one need never fear to be considered unlettered because he or she does not "talk like a book."

What Wives are For.

It is not to sweep the house and make the beds and darn the socks and cook the meals that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes that she has made; send him to see the needlework and bedding; or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts an arm around her, he feels he has something to

fight for; who will help him fight; will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart to impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Happy.

An Irishman and his wife, who have grown up in the hills of Lawrence, Mass., illustrate in their little home the virtue of contentment. They have no children, and live alone in a tiny house. They have worked together for fifty years for their home, saving up little by little until it was paid for. They are rather feeble in mind and body, but possessed of wonderful patience. Their crowning ambition was to carpet the "fore-room," and that has just been gratified.

"An' what more can we ask?" said the wife to a visitor, pride and satisfaction shining in every line of her wrinkled face. "Now me an' Mike is ready to be waked respectable any day, an' he is as plaised with the carpet as meself; it's the two of us as is plaised togither. An' ivery night, before we goes to bed, we jist peeks in at the blissid carpet—an' the table a-shinin' an' the pictur of the Virgin over the shelf a-smilin' down on us. Ah, mum, it's rich folks we're gittin to be, entirely!"

Grumbling.

"There's your father, Johnny, run and open the door!" Johnny does not run, he goes. In he comes, as always he comes. Grumbler is written on his face, is worked into his comforter, speaks out in the creak of his boots. The shadows of the word has aged himself, aged his wife; his children are as mum as mice, and the hired girls steal tiptoe into the kitchen, and the nursery at the sound of his step.

Not that he flies into a passion, or kicks round the chairs, or does anything brutally offensive,—no, the coat is taken off in solemn silence; it is the silence, the awful silence that precedes the storm.

It begins in small things. Every thing is wrong. The children are dirty, or noisy, or impudent; his wife is stupid, or cross, or mulish. Last night, when she good naturedly tried to open a conversation at tea, he snapt out "yes," "no no," "yes," like a bankrupt bear. To-night, he growls at her "because she has got nothing to say." If she looks at him, he asks her, "what in the world she is looking at,"—if she doesn't, "what in the world she means by squinting into the tea-pot." Tea winds up with a grand fight of words, that he has brought on step by step, through word, through look, through gesture, and to-night is just the picture of at least two hundred, out of the sad and weary three hundred and sixty-five.

Come here, Johnny, till I tell you something better about that cross bear of a father of yours, boy. He was not always like that, Johnny. I can remember when he would have lost an arm or plucked out an eye for your mother. That was when she was a girl, and a very pretty girl she was.

Here, the bear tells me not to be cramming his boy's head with nonsense. So I turn from Johnny jr. to Johnny sr. and drive on at him.

It won't do, John. Do you remember how you kept a flower that she gave you, until it became very mouldy and unsavory? How you counted time by appointments made with her at the corner of streets, in pie-smelling cake shops, and in shady lanes; and how you hated from the bottom of your heart, that other fellow, that was always making up to her? Do you remember how you brought her home, and how for years, you were so true and kind in love to her, and she was true and kind to you?

How did this ever begin, John, and how long is it going to last? I know she is not as pretty as she was, but neither are you, my boy. Admit it, that she is not as good tempered, but the less *you* say about that the better. Constant dropping will wear a stone, and you have dropped so often your cantankerous remarks, your bitter sarcastic words: and above all, you have gone so often out of your way, to make the worst of everything—that its little wonder her prettiness should fade, and that not merely a little twist, but a regular grecian bend has got hold of her temper.

John, this has gone on for years, try three months of the opposite. Come home to morrow night, kiss Johnny when he opens the door. I know he'll think you are mad, but never mind that. Praise the tea, remark what wonderful good bread that is, pay a passing compliment to the butter that she has hunted for all day to try to please you, and give a joke to the children for once in your life.

Don't try it on too long, John—deal out the good spirit in Homœopathic portions, because you must reserve yourself "*for to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.*" Be wise and cautious in your demonstrations, but always loving, and my word for it that in a week your home will look better than if you refurnished it from kitchen to attic. The grecian bend in the temper will disappear, just in proportion as you remodel yourself, and the nearer you get to your *old* self, the nearer will she get to *hers*, for if there is truth in proverbs, "Good words cost little and are worth much": and its never too late to mend, for its a long lane, John, that has no turning.

Husband and Wife.

Husbands and wives are fellow travellers on life's highway, and they are brought together by choice, not by chance, in presence of God and man they have sworn to bear each other's burdens. They have not forseen all the troubles and responsibilities that await them; they will find defects in each other which can only be rightly met by mutual consideration and forbearance. As the husband is the ruler of the family and sustains the same relation to the wife as Christ does to the Church, the husband is first in responsibility, and the wife, instead of denying this responsibility, as some women do, should force it upon the husband's attention if he is disposed to forget it. The husband is responsible for the support of the family, and no man is a Christian who does not do all he can for his family.

If a man gives the reins of government into the hands of his wife, and the family carriage is wrecked thereby, he is responsible for damages. Many men treat their wives like children. They regard their views and opinions as of no value, which is altogether wrong. The key to happiness is mutual confidence. Have no secrets from each other. But wives are to submit to their husbands only "as it is fit in the Lord." A woman is not to give up her religion nor her conscience. A good husband will nearly always make a good wife. A man does not take a wife because she is a philosopher, but to satisfy his cravings for the beautiful, the good and the gentle. Hence it is his duty to furnish his wife with the means of making herself as attractive after marriage as before. A neat, tidy house and a neat tidy wife are bound to exercise a powerful influence for good upon the family. Wives should never be slovenly in dress, and should make themselves and their homes agreeable. Home should be the dearest place on earth to a man, and it generally is when it is made pleasant and happy.

A Cure for Styes.

Among the most troublesome and often noticed eye affections are what are known as hordeolum, or common stye. Dr. Fitzpatrick, in the Lancet, differs from some of his professional brethren who persist in ordering the applications of poultices, bathing with tepid water, etc. These no doubt do good in the end, but such applications have the great disadvantage of prolonging the career of these unsightly sores, and encourage the production of fresh ones. Dr. Fitzpatrick has found, after many trials, the local application of tinture of iodine exerts, a well-marked influence in checking the growth. This is by far preferable to the nitrate of silver, which makes an unsightly mark, and often fails in its object. The early use of the iodine acts as a prompt abortive. To apply it, the lids should be held apart by the thumb and index finger of the left hand, while the iodine is painted over the inflamed papilla with a fine camel hair pencil. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact until the part touched is dry. A few such applications in the 24 hours is sufficient.

True Love.

I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eye shall fail
On him who fills my soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fane would climb;
You, but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul unharmed, sublime;
You but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how manhood, perfected,
May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded, I stood, as now you stand,
Till on my eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet!

Whipped Children.

Some women cuff their children out of pure laziness. It is so much easier to box little Johnny's ears than to tell him why he should not do this or that. It is so much less troublesome to slap Hannah Ann for breaking something than it is to teach her how to use it so that it shall not be broken.

Punishment of the flesh for the sins of the soul or the errors of the mind is a simple relic of barbarism, even if it is done because the person who punishes thinks it a duty to use stick or switch or whip or slipper on the tender skin of some little child. It never made a boy better yet, and it only crushes the spirit of a girl. You may repeat "Spare the rod and spoil the child" as often as you like; blind beating of the little ones does not carry out the idea, which is, that you must not let them go to destruction for want of reproof or admonition. It is a *moral* rod that is meant, not one of birch or willow.

Men love the fathers whose "You must not" was law; the mothers whose "I'd rather you would not" was a barrier not to be overleaped. But a cruel, unexplained beating has turned the heart of many a child from its parent forever Walking through a village street, I saw an illustration of this one day.

Some furious cattle were being driven up the road beyond. Two boys started out of their gates, anxious, as boys always are, to be in the midst of danger. One mild woman called out gently: "Don't go Tom, you might get hurt; and at least you would make me anxious." Her boy came back and said: "I shouldn't get hurt, but I don't want to worry you, ma."

After the other boy flew a furious little woman, with a switch, crying out: "I'll beat you to a jelly, when I catch you, Jim!" but she didn't catch him.

As for the little girls born in respectable families, where they see nothing very wrong, they will follow their mothers as lambs follow the parent sheep. If she will only patiently teach them what to do they will do it; and when they are tired, or have their feelings hurt, and seem to cry without reason—when they say: "I don't want to, ma!"—the way is to talk to them, find out what they are thinking, what powerful little reason or terror moves them, and explain it away.

Any mother who remembers her own childhood will know that little girls keep a great many thoughts to themselves until kind, motherly questionings bring them out.

Whipped children are miserable little creatures, who make the whole house unhappy. Remember that, before you switch your boys or slap your girls.

A no-table event is a picnic where one must sit on the ground to eat.

General Sherman's Dream.

General Sherman denounced as false the story of his having once seated himself beneath the umbrageous shadow of a weeping willow and combed cannon balls out of his hair while a fierce battle was raging. One night, however, he took refuge in an old farm house near Milledgeville, Ga., and had fallen into a deep sleep when he was visited by an exciting dream. He thought the house in which he slept was surrounded by a band of guerillas, that dug a hole beneath the wall next which he lay, filled the hole with powder and touched it off. The explosion that followed was terrible, and the General thought he saw himself flying through the air in sections. With a howl he sprang out of bed, rubbed his eyes and hastily dressing himself went down the stairs. To his surprise his body-guard was nowhere to be seen. The inmates of the house were apparently asleep, but the General felt that something was wrong, and slipping quietly out of the back door he walked cautiously to the barn. He had no sooner got there than a lurid flame shot into the air, followed by a terrible explosion. Turning to see the cause the General was astonished to find the side of the house he had just left blown completely away, and congratulated himself that he had not been blown away with it.

A Bat's Wings.

There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size considering the size of the body; but besides this. the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membraneous foliation, and in others the extended membraneous ears are greatly developed. These membraneous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as it in aid of the sense of sight The modified impressions which the air in quiescence or in motion, however slight, communicates, the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of a bat be covered up, or if it be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thousand obstacles in its way, avoiding them all; neither dashing against a wall nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing adroitly through aperture or interspaces of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.—*Forest and Stream.*

Can't Drown.

A good swimmer can't drown himself on purpose. He may think he can, and go to try; but the man doesn't live who can help swimming if he is able just as soon as he begins to choke. Such is the opinion of an old sailor, who adds; "How many times we hear of folks changing their minds after they get under water, and of course there's lots that never let on what they meant to do. When you hear about a suicider weighting himself with lead or something, and the paper says it was done to hide the corpse, don't you believe it. Such persons are good swimmers, who know—perhaps from experience—that they've got to have a heft to keep them under."

She Was a Lady.

A rough-looking, burly Irishwoman entered a car on the Harlem Railroad the other day, turned over one of the seats, and, planting herself with a flourish, perched her number twelve brogans on the crimson cushion before her. Just then a brakeman came along and said to her politely:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you see that sign over there?"

"Av coorse Oi do," she quickly answered.

"Do you know what it says?"

"Faix, an' how cud Oi, if it don't sphake?"

"Well, it says that no gentleman will put his feet on the seat," stammered the confused train dispatcher.

"Then go 'long wid yees, yer dirtby shpalpeen; d'ye take me fur a gintleman? Oim a lady, sur, that's what Oi am!"

As there was no derrick on the train she was permitted to enjoy the privileges of her sex.

Being Kind to a Stranger.

Among the passengers in a parlor car on the Lake Shore Road the other day was a handsome woman, whose husband shared the seat with her, and who would have been picked out as a quiet, sedate, absent-minded man. The seat opposite was occupied by a flashily-dressed young man, with a lady-killing twist to his moustache, and he was considerably surprised when the husband handed him a daily paper, with the remark:

"Have a glance at the news? Plenty of excitement around the country, I observe."

The young man was busy with the paper for half an hour, and then the husband offered him a popular magazine. This entertained him for an hour, and he had scarcely closed the book when the good man reached over with:

"Have a cigar. These are prime Havanas, and I know you will enjoy one."

The young man accepted with thanks, and naturally made his way to the smoking-car, where he put in nearly another hour, but without the other's company. When he returned he was greeted with:

"Perhaps you'd like to look at the latest novel? Very entertaining, I assure you."

He read until weary, and upon being offered another cigar replied that he was to leave the train at the next station, and added:

"I want to thank you again for your many courtesies."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"You never saw me before?"

"Never."

"Don't know my name?"

"No."

"Then tell me why you were so very courteous to an entire stranger."

"Young man, I will explain. In times past when a loafer sat and stared at my wife as a steady job I got up at the end of an hour and broke his neck. This made me much trouble and expense, and I changed my programme. I now carry books and cigars to bribe them. Had you been going a hundred miles farther, I should have offered you a drink of brandy, a new puzzle, two more dailies and another cigar, and my wife would have secured quite a rest."

"Sir! I—"

"Oh, its all right—all right! It was cheaper than throwing you out of the window, and I hope you'll get up to the hotel safely. Good-day, sir—good-day—glad to have met you!"

And that young man with the lady-killing moustache and crockery-colored eyes and hair parted on an even keel picked up his grip and walked out without being certain whether he had been mashed in a collision or pulverized under a land-roller.—*Free Press.*

A Delicate Attention.

I got a letter from Jack to-day—
He's over the ocean far away—
A gossipy note about his fun,
and what he has seen and said and done.
I thought when I'd read the missive through
Of a charming girl whose eyes of blue
Have brightened oft in the days long gone,
When my handsome friend they gazed upon
And she might be glad to see his screed,
So I sent it round for her to read.
But there was one page that wasn't quite
The proper thing for a lady's sight;
For when man writes man his speech is plain.
And my friend had been a bit profane;
I could not cut it; 'twould spoil the rest,
So I did the thing that next seemed best;
I got a paper that just would fit
The wicked sentence, and pasted it
Over those lines which she should not see
I pasted it very carefully;
For I thought: Of all the girls I know,
Never a doubt but she heads the row.
She's best of all, and I wouldn't give
A care to her for a year to live.
So only the edges I'll paste a bit,
And she'll have no trouble removing it.

A Queen of the Stage.

"HER SECOND LOVE," AND THE IMPORTANT SECRET SHE REVEALS FOR THE BENEFIT OF WOMEN.

(*New York World.*)

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true Miss Granger that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the eastern and western states."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and

controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing, and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling lips he gently said:
"Mother those empty chairs!
They bring such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small, dark room up-stairs!

But she answered: "Father, no, not yet
For I look at them and then forget
That the children went away;
The boys come back and Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall mast,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from these little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,
Willie awakes from the battle-field sleep,
To say good-night to me.
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time's o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In the Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no children goeth away."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

Three very close competitors appear again this month, while a great many others are not far behind. Scout, West Point, N Y, carries off the prize with a very neatly written set of answers indeed.

Correct answers have also been received from Lizzie Kinnisten, Parkhill; Henry G. Crocker, Sarnia; Walter Field, Ottawa; H. C., London; Bertha M. Austen, Port Huron; Bertie, Brooklyn; Albert Davis, St. Thomas; Lizzie Burns, Toronto; John Eaton, Kingston, and Charlie James, Toronto.

A similar Prize, a nicely-bound story-book, to the one sending the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before the 5th of September.

AUGUST PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

A coin.
A river in Europe.
Father.
A character in Shakespeare —*Tyro.*

2.

CHARADE.

You can *first* solve this charade if you are *first, second* to call yourself a *first second* puzzler. But can you *first* try even if you are hardly *second.*—*Scout.*

3.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

Real din.
Ant clods.
Avocations.
I man boat.

4.

POETICAL PI.

Raef ethe lewl dan fi verofre
Listl roverfe afer ehet elwl.

5.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

In "lost."
Did devour.
A direction.
Petted.
Cooked.
A color.
In "found."

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

1. Charade:—Rocking horse.
2. Square Word:—
   L A I R
   A C R E
   I R O N
   R E N D
3. Poetical Pi:—A Primrose by a rivers brim,
   A yellow primrose was to him,
   And it was nothing more.
4. Conundrum:—ONE WORD. Transpose the letters.
5. Enigma:—Rumor.

Home.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.