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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND
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VOL. VI.

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NO. 6.

A Woman.

The poet's laurel wreath she does not wear,
Since in her busy life she seldom writes
The poems that she lives; yet on the heights
With native sympathy her soul doth share
The poet's keen delights.

She neither seeks nor gains the world's acclaims,
Though rarest gifts are hers of mind and face;
More proud is she to fill her simple place
And wear what seem to her the dearest names
That womanhood can grace.

Her joy it is to guard her loved from pain,
To take from them the burdens hard to bear;
To give her days, her nights, her life, to care
For those who, loving her, yet entertain
Their angel unaware.

And more than artist's patience she doth give
To tasks of motherhood, since not alone
High dreams are clothed in color, form or tone
Wrought from the lives that human beings live
Is highest beauty known.

On such as she the world may not bestow
Its vain applause; far from all vulgar strife
She dwells content, if through her hidden life,
Her loved the meaning of the name shall know,
Of mother, and of wife.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I had given Mrs. Godfrey the wool, and replied to a few ~~ing~~ questions she put to me, I dragged my weary limbs upstairs to my bedroom. Tired and heart-sick I longed to send word down that I did not want any dinner, and to keep my room for the rest of the evening, but I knew Mrs. Godfrey would regard such a proceeding on the part of a hired companion as an unpardonable piece of presumption; and besides I considered it best for my purpose not to excite the least suspicion that evening by acting in any way differently from what I usually did, for the events of the afternoon had not made me forget what I had planned to do that night.

When I was dressed I went in search of Helen, whom I expected to find either in the library or somewhere in the grounds. But not finding her in either of these places—her usual haunts—I went up-stairs and knocked at her bed-room

door, intending to offer to help her dress, for Helen frequently dismissed Janet, her maid, and claimed my help instead, as she said she liked to have someone to chatter to while she was dressing.

But instead of my cousin's sweet voice bidding me enter, the door was stealthily opened and I was confronted by the impenetrable features of Mrs. Godfrey.

"I—I beg your pardon Mrs. Godfrey, I did not know you were here; I came to see if I could be of any assistance to Helen."

"Miss Godfrey does not require your services this evening, you may go down-stairs again." The tone of her voice was so icy, and the gaze of her eyes so severe, that I shivered slightly as I once more descended the stairs.

"I thank God!" I ejaculated, "my mother is not like that woman."

I wandered about the garden, restless and unhappy, thinking of Douglas' confession to me that afternoon; and bitterly reproaching myself for the guilty joy that filled my heart at the thought that he loved me; and vainly conjecturing his reason for marrying Helen—poor little Helen whom he did not love!

When the dinner bell rang, I returned to the house and entered the dining-room, where I found only Mrs. Godfrey. I supposed Helen would appear presently, but when my aunt took her seat and motioned me to mine, I ventured to enquire if Helen was coming.

"No; she is not well this evening," was the cold reply.

That was an extremely uncomfortable meal, for Mrs. Godfrey maintained an icy silence, and I lacked courage to utter a word, beyond the necessary courtesies of the table.

At length it came to an end, and with an inward thanksgiving I arose and followed Mrs. Godfrey from the room.

"You need not go to Helen's room this evening, she does not desire your presence," said she, as I was about to go up to my cousin's room.

I stopped at once, embarrassed and surprised.

"Can I be of no use to her, Mrs. Godfrey?"

"I have said my daughter does not wish for your presence this evening; when your services are required you will be sent for."

I bowed. My heart was full of resentment at being excluded from Helen's sick room. "She will try and turn Helen against me," I said to myself.

With a heavy heart I went to my room and sat me down by the window to think, and there, presently, laying my head down upon the sill, cried bitterly; for all my life seemed to be going wrong somehow, and I was home-sick, and above all mother-sick. Oh! what would I not have given for the sound of mother's voice, and the *safe*, restful feeling of her dear arms around me!

For long I remained waiting in expectation that Helen would send for me; but the summons did not come, and when ten o'clock struck I arose, and, bathing my face in cool water, went to the little boudoir adjoining my cousin's bedroom; as I had anticipated, I found Janet, the maid, there.

"How is Miss Godfrey?" I enquired of her.

"I think she's better now Miss; she is asleep."

"What was the matter with her, Janet?"

"Oh! I think 'tis only one of her old attacks of weakness, Miss Enis; I've seen her so many a time."

"If she should ask for me in the night or early in the morning, be sure to let me know, Janet."

"Oh! yes Miss, I will."

"Has Mrs. Godfrey retired to her room yet, do you know Janet?"

"Yes Miss Enis; she went to her bedroom just a minute or so before you came here."

"Oh! then I think I will go to bed also; are you going to sleep here to-night?"

"Yes miss, so as to be near if Miss Godfrey should want me in the night."

"Well good night Janet."

"Good night Miss."

I returned to my room and waited till the cathedral bell rang over the hour of mid-night, and then putting on my dressing gown, and taking the candle and matches, I extinguished the light and left the room.

There was a night-light burning in Helen's boudoir, and I could hear Janet's loud breathing, as I stood a moment listening. Again I stood a moment and listened intently at Mrs. Godfrey's door; all seemed silent and dark within; and so I went cautiously down-stairs, and through the drawing-room and on to the library.

When I had drawn the curtains and lighted my candle, I unlocked the door of the cupboard and was soon busily rummaging amongst the musty old books and papers.

So absorbed did I become that I forgot my fear of being discovered, forgot the flight of time, forgot everything but the object of my search.

I had very nearly emptied the cupboard when all at once a sudden fear made my heart stand still, an awful consciousness of some presence in the room caused me to raise my eyes from my work.

What I saw turned the blood cold in my veins and utterly paralysed my every faculty.

Standing there before me, clad in a flowing white wrapper, her light hair falling around her shoulders and her pale eyes gleaming maliciously from out her cruel, thin face—was Mrs. Godfrey!

With a book grasped tightly in both hands, paralysed with a terrible fear, I knelt and gazed at her, my eyes glued to her face by some awful fascination; for there was something—a sort of treacherous cunning—in that face which I had heard and read was always the expression on the countenance of mad persons. It was a relief to me when she broke the silence, even though she hissed forth her words rather than spoke them.

"What do you here at this hour?"

To this question I could make no answer; I was speechless. My tongue numbed by fear, absolutely refused to perform its functions.

She repeated her question, and when still I did not answer she came a step nearer and stretched forth her hand to take from me the book I still held.

The touch of her cold hand on mine aroused me from my trance; with a half-smothered cry I sprang to my feet, and turned to flee from the room; but she laid a detaining hand upon my arm.

"Answer me girl; for what were you seeking in yonder recess?" she hissed again.

This time I muttered something about sleeplessness, and taking a fancy to lock through the cupboards as I had often rummaged through them long ago.

"Oh, indeed!" she said with a sardonic smile, "I am sorry to have cut short your nocturnal fancy; however I will now trouble you to return these books and letters to the cupboard, and then you will return to your bedroom where I trust you will be able to sleep till morning."

I tremblingly obeyed, and she stood watching me till the last book was replaced, the cupboard locked, and the key hung upon the nail.

"Now go," she said, pointing to the door, and I went; slowly at first, and when I reached the hall I quickened my steps into a run and flew up-stairs as though pursued by an evil spirit.

Reaching my own room I locked the door and then crept, weak and trembling, into bed, and when I laid my weary

head upon the pillow I told myself with a bitter cry that all—*all* was lost!

When I awoke in the morning from the heavy, dreamless sleep into which I had fallen, my head ached, and a dull, dazed feeling prevented my recalling at first the events of the past night. But gradually it all came back to me and I shrank from going down-stairs and meeting Mrs. Godfrey.

My heart was heavy with its bitter disappointment, the hopes and dreams of many months were shattered in an hour! All my scheming and planning, all the petty humiliations and trials to my self-respect, which I had endured had been utterly in vain, and I had nothing now to hope for, nothing to look forward to in the dreary future! I could not now even explain to them all at home my real motive for coming to Upfield. Papa, Herbert and Hetty, even yet blamed me for coming, and now I had lost the hope of clearing myself in their eyes. Gone too was my cherished dream of returning to them with the lost will in my hand, and the glad news that Upfield was ours again and our hardships and poverty a hideous dream of the past. Upfield would never be ours again—never—never! My father would wear his life out in the struggle for bread, and mamma—poor mamma! would fade—fade before our eyes for want of the luxuries we could not give her!

After breakfast—which Mrs. Godfrey and I had eaten in unbroken silence—Janet came and asked me to go up to Helen's room as she wished to see me.

I went at once and found my cousin in bed propped up with pillows. She looked pale and haggard, and there were great dark circles beneath her eyes. She flushed a little when I entered, but smiled and held out her hand to me.

"Good morning Enis." Though she smiled yet her voice faltered, and there was a perceptible constraint in her manner.

I felt puzzled but could only account for it by supposing that Mrs. Godfrey had told her all. But this supposition was wrong as a few minutes conversation showed me. What then was the cause of her altered manner? As I sat by her there came to me a sudden resolve to tell her everything. And so I did; beginning with my first dream of the old library and ending with the events of the preceding night.

"And now"—I added—"now dear little cousin, that my dreaming and scheming has come to naught, I want to hear you say that you forgive me and that—that you do not blame me altogether; for oh darling! it was not for myself—and then I will leave Upfield, and never trouble your happy life again, dear."

She was lying, back on her pillows with a perfectly colorless face, and closed eyes; but when I ceased speaking she started up and throwing out her arms in a despairing way cried mournfully:—

"I happy! oh! Enis—Enis! I am one of God's most unhappy creatures!"

"No, no dearest," I cried, "you must not say so; have you not got Douglas? think Helen of the happy future that awaits you as his wife."

She looked steadily at me for a moment without speaking and then said quietly, while a dull red flush mounted to her brow—

"I do not forget Douglas; he—he was here yesterday, did you know?"

It was now my turn to blush, but I answered calmly:—

"Yes, I met him in the park; I intended to mention it to you, but you know I did not see you afterwards."

"But Helen you have not said that you forgive the deception I practised in coming here; you do not know how despicable I am in my own eyes; but it was to obtain justice for my father—to win a home for my dear mother—and the end seemed to me to justify the means; but Helen believe me, though I have acted deceitfully toward you, yet I have loved you none the less dearly; and it will be the heaviest punishment I can bear if you do not forgive me before I go."

"Dear, I freely forgive you; I can understand what prompted you to act so; but oh Enis! why did you not confide in me; I would have aided you in your search; you know I would not wilfully withhold Upfield from your father."

"I know, I know; you are very good," I faltered.

"Enis," she whispered when I at length arose to leave the room—"you must not leave Upfield; at any rate, not just yet—promise me."

"But your mother," I exclaimed.

"I will speak to mamma; if she sees that my heart is set on your remaining she will yield to me."

"But mamma wishes me to return home soon; she is not well," I urged gently.

"Soon! oh well! in a little while you will go, but not yet—not yet!" There was such painful eagerness in her tones that I yielded, and promised to remain at Upfield for the present if Mrs. Godfrey consented. Surely I could have given Helen no greater proof of my deep love for her—had she known it—for my own desire and longing was now to get away from Upfield, and shut out forever the most unhappy and humiliating period of my life.

I expected to receive notice from Mrs. Godfrey that my services were no longer required; but the hours passed on, and no such intimation was given to me, nor did my aunt in the slightest way allude to the encounter of the previous night. I supposed that Helen had pleaded for my continued presence at the manor, and though grateful for her love I felt depressed at the thought of remaining. Indeed so low-spirited did I become that it was with difficulty I could restrain my tears during the solemn and trying hour of dinner.

I knew not how soon everything would be changed, nor of the exciting and sad events through which I was destined soon to pass.

After dinner, I went up to Helen's room and remained with her till bed-time; she said she felt much better, but she did not look so. Her face still wore the weary, haggard look it had had in the morning; and I felt more and more puzzled by her manner; there was in it a greater kindness and tenderness than usual, and yet—I missed something in it—something which I could not define; but its absence worried me and made me feel more depressed than ever; for I thought that perhaps, though my cousin, out of the natural sweetness of her nature, had forgiven my deception, she yet censured me in her inmost heart; and I could not brook the thought that I was less to her now than I had been yesterday. Oh! if I had but known! Poor little Helen!

I was restless and wakeful that night and tossed and turned on my pillow till my head fairly ached and my eyes were strained and sore with the effort to close them in sleep. At last I could endure it no longer, and sprang out of bed, wrapping my dressing gown around me; for though only the end of August, it was a raw, damp night, and the dreary wind howled mournfully around the old manor, rattling the windows with ghostly hands and whistling down the chimneys; then, with an angry shriek, sweeping away to wreak its vengeance upon the leafy giants of the park. I drew aside the curtain and looked out. Ah! how dark it was! Not a star to be seen in the inky sky; only thick dark masses of clouds.

"It will rain before morning," I muttered, and shuddered at the dreariness without. Casting my eyes below, I was startled by a gleam of light from the window of the library. The curtains were not drawn quite close.

It was an unusual thing for anyone to be there as late as this—it was nearly twelve o'clock.—Mrs. Godfrey and Helen kept very early hours except when visitors were in the house; as a general thing by eleven the whole manor was shrouded in darkness and all its inmates in bed.

I stood by the window a long time, it seemed to me—in reality it could not have been more than ten minutes—anxiously watching that little tell-tale ray of light. I wondered fretfully who could be in the library at that hour. It must be Mrs. Godfrey; it could be none other, save Helen, and she was ill; besides, I had left her sleeping soundly. Yes; it must be Mrs. Godfrey; but what could take her there at this hour? Vainly I told myself it was not at all strange that she should choose to go into her own library at half-past eleven at night. She probably had important business letters to get ready for the early post. So I reasoned, but as I gazed, fascinated at the light in the window, a wild restlessness took possession of me, an unconquerable desire to see with my own eyes the interior of the library. The impulse was too strong to be resisted; I jumped up, and slipping my bare feet into a pair of soft velvet slippers, I was soon gliding noiselessly through the corridor. I descended the stairs without making the slightest sound, and pushed open the drawing room door; the door leading into the library was closed, and beneath it I saw a gleam of light. Softly returning to the hall, I entered the dining room, and from thence

passed into a little room adjoining, which was known as the red room. Here a door opened on to the veranda. Softly turning the key in the lock and then drawing it out and locking the door on the outside, I was soon hastening along the veranda, unheeding the cold and dampness, spurred on by one great desire which left no room for nervous fear.

Arrived at the steps at the end of the veranda, I descended and ran quickly to the lawn. I feared to lift my eyes lest the light should be gone from the library window. But no it was there still! Another moment I stood beneath the window and looked within.

I drew a long breath and clenched my hands to stifle the cry that arose to my lips. Despair, rage, hatred, filled my soul, and I cried once more "Now indeed all is lost."

Kneeling at the cupboard—as I had done the night before—books and papers strewed around her, an eager intensity in the expression of her face, was Mrs. Godfrey!

She suspected then! She was searching for the will! "And she will find it too," I cried despairingly, for something told me it was there. Ah! how unfortunate I had been! One-quarter of an hour more last night, and the will had been in my possession.—I did not doubt it was there, and now she—this treacherous woman—this interloper, my enemy, would find and destroy it, my instinct told me; and thus indeed we would be cast out from our just inheritance forever!

As I gazed at the scene in the library, the storm that raged in my bosom was in unison with the elements without, but I heeded not the thick dampness that penetrated my insufficient clothing, nor the cold wind that howled around me and swayed and shook the trees above. Crouching on the topmost step, my hands, numb with cold, though I knew it not then, clutched the frame-work of the window, as with strained eyes and bated breath, I awaited the result of Mrs. Godfrey's search.

She had emptied the cupboard of its contents, and imbued with the same idea which had possessed me; namely, of the existence of a secret recess, seemed to be feeling round the inside of the cupboard. Suddenly the motion of her arm ceased, a triumphant smile played for an instant about her thin, bloodless lips; her eyes turned in the direction of the window, and for a moment I half fancied she had seen me. I shrank back and crouched still lower. When I ventured to look again, she was standing upright, a written document in her hand, which her eyes eagerly devoured. It was the will, I felt sure!

I wanted to cry out and tell her that I saw her every action, and to demand the document from her; but I could not move nor utter a word that would betray my presence. So great was the dread with which this woman had inspired me, that, had she turned her baleful eyes upon me and approached the window where I was, I would have fled from her into the black night, as one would flee in terror from an evil spirit in a dream.

It was a moment of supreme agony! My heart beat with a dull thud against my breast, my breath came in quick, short gasps, and drops of cold dew started to my brow and around my lips.

She read the document through, many times it appeared to me, and then folded it and stood for a moment, as though hesitating what to do with it.

A sudden hope darted into my mind. Would the good in her triumph over the bad? Would she act justly and fairly to my father? That question was soon answered. With a quick movement she bent over the table and deliberately held the paper in the flame of the candle that burned there. Mutely I gazed as the precious document was being thus slowly consumed before my very eyes; yet the hand that committed the crime never trembled, the cruel, hard face that bent over the destructive flame never changed from its fixity of purpose, until the door of the library suddenly opened, and like a spirit from another and purer world, Helen Godfrey came slowly into the room.

(To be Continued.)

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
—[Keats.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

My Miser Uncle's Christmas.

BY JOE LAWNHROOK.



ALL the festivity and enjoyment of dear old Christmas time had been lost on my old bachelor Uncle for many and many a year. On self and self-comfort had his every attention been fixed for a long, long time, and of late even his own comfort had been neglected in the pursuit of wealth.

On one particular December evening I mind anticipating, with perhaps, some of my Uncle's own selfishness, what I should receive by way of presents on the approaching Christmas. I was only a little boy and had not long passed the golden age when faith in Santa

Claus and his beneficence had made me always confident of bounties of wonderful supplies of varied toys and luxuries as yet unknown to anyone but Santa Claus himself. And with my knowledge of the fillers of my stockings came a great lessening of the gifts received, owing I suppose, to the death of my father and my mother's consequent straitened circumstances. On the last Christmas, however, Uncle Harry had brought me a hand-sleigh and it occurred to me now that my Uncle Alvin was rich and might bring me something nice this year if he liked. But then my sister Maggie was said to be Uncle Alvin's favorite, and he would be more likely to remember her. And then, in a succession of thoughts, it crossed my mind that Uncle Alvin had never given anybody anything or done anything for anybody that I remembered, and I was puzzled to know how anyone knew that Maggie was his favorite.

I looked up from my book, out of which I had been preparing my part in a dialogue for our school entertainment, and watched Maggie as she bent attentively over a pattern on which she was working colors of Berlin wool that looked exceedingly like a pair of slippers that Mr. Storrie wore on Christmas night. My mother sat at her knitting in her favorite nook behind the stove, and the noise of the fire's gentle blaze, the singing tea-kettle, and the click of my mother's needles was all that disturbed the silence of the room.

"How do you know that Maggie is Uncle Alvin's favorite?" I broke forth, with an abruptness that startled everyone, even myself; and as I came forward from an awkward position of leaning back with my chair my foot came down on the little sleeping dog's tail, which sent that animal howling around the room in a most frightful way.

"Why did you think of that, Walter?" asked my mother, slowly, when everything was quiet again, as she looked demurely at me over her spectacles.

Maggie glanced up with a look of pleasant surprise.

"I don't know," I replied to my mother's question; "I was just wondering what he had ever done to make you think that he had any favorite."

My mother replied rather indefinitely and unsatisfactorily, it seemed to me, by speaking of how Uncle Alvin "always talked" and how he had lived differently since before I was born.

Silence again followed and I was left to meditate again on the miserly old fellow's conduct, and an intense desire grew on me to visit my old bachelor Uncle on some pretext or other.

Christmas did not pass away before I had an opportunity of gratifying this desire. It was only a few days after, as I was walking along to school, when Mrs. Bradley, a widow lady, and an old friend of my mother's, called me in.

"I want you," she said, "to go with Kitty to some poor families about town on Christmas Eve with some presents, and I will give you something nice."

"I don't want anything," I exclaimed, eagerly; "I only want you to let me take a nice present to a poor man that I know down in Warton's Row."

"Certainly," she replied, with a look of pleasure and surprise. "What would you like to take him?"

"Oh, anything nice," I returned, exultingly, and Kitty and I ran along to school, talking with glee of the fun we were going to have on Christmas Eve.

The night was long enough in coming, but it came at last, and Kitty and I, with due directions, were started out on our mission.

That was indeed a never-to-be-forgotten night, so full was it of pleasant adventure; and I will ever feel gratitude toward the lovelily-looking old woman that hugged me so closely to her dirty face and affectionately kissed me, even though I didn't like it at the time.

But I was anxious to get to my miser Uncle's with his present. We had a basket for him with a turkey and pies and lots of good things.

I hadn't told Kitty but what he was really poor, and I actually disbelieved my own knowledge of his wealth, as we entered the door in response to his gruff "Come in!"

The room was almost void of furniture, a table, stove and bed being about all we could see by the flickering light of the tallow dip which he lighted to see us with.

"And what do you want?" he asked brusquely, peering into our faces, unable to discern who we were. He had on neither coat nor vest, and his ragged pants were hung over his bent shoulders by a single old suspender, and his old grey flannel shirt was torn, greasy and dirty.

"We're Santa Claus," exclaimed my little companion gleefully, expecting the miser to receive us with delight. "We've come to wish you a merry Christmas."

A gruff "What do I want with a merry Christmas?" was returned.

"And we've brought you something nice," persisted Kitty, her face still beaming with a radiant smile. "We're going around among the poor, unfortunate people, who wouldn't have anything nice for Christmas if we didn't bring it."

"Poor, unfortunate people!" exclaimed Uncle Alvin, "Who told you I was poor?"

I had been standing back in silence until at this juncture, when Kitty turned to me, I came forward.

My Uncle riveted his gaze on me, and though till then I had been enjoying the humor of the situation my eyes fell, and I felt ashamed of myself before his scrutiny.

"Walter Wessle!" he exclaimed in surprise.

It had been two or three years since my Uncle had spoken to me and I did not think he'd know me. I had often seen him though about town.

"We thought you'd like something nice for your Christmas dinner," I explained, feeling very awkward.

Kitty handed him the basket and he nervously clutched the handle.

We all stood silent for a long minute, and then my Uncle turned away from us and I think I heard him gulp down something rising in his throat as he told us to come around again in the morning.

We both went out, bewildered.

When morning came half the pleasure was taken from the joy of unexpected presents, in the anticipation of some strange adventure with my miser Uncle. You may be sure I was not long in getting down to Mrs. Bradley's, and Kitty and I were soon on our way to Warton's Row.

We rapped at the same door as we had last night, expecting to find the room's occupant still sleeping. But no; Uncle Alvin opened the door and greeted us with a hearty "Merry Christmas." He was cleaned up and neat. Quite a new man, and his habitation had, even since last night, undergone a perfect transformation. A poor woman, he had employed was still at work.

"A merry Christmas!" shouted Kitty, in response, and I timidly repeated "A merry Christmas."

And may be Uncle Alvin hadn't a lot of presents for Kitty and me; and may be we didn't spend nearly all day and have dinner with him, regardless of the folks at home. And may be dozens of people were n't hunting all over for us, and may be we didn't cause our good mothers much anxiety, and may be they didn't forgive us, and were n't all happy when Uncle Alvin brought us home; and may be Uncle Alvin isn't "just like when he was young," as mother says. He learnt even from us little folks that he *did* want a Merry Christmas, and he's enjoyed many of them since.

May he live to enjoy many more!

The Old Stone Wall.

BY W. A. FITCH.

Quiet and strong the patient old wall bides,
To guide the road and guard the farmer's lands;
Elders and milkweeds cluster by its sides,
Wild roses bloom and tender vines clasp hands.

The squirrels know its friendly shelter well
As o'er its mossy stones they nimbly bound;
The watchful woodchuck 'neath it loves to dwell
Within its cosy burrow under ground.

The full-fed horses with heads o'er it thrown,
Listlessly blink beneath the sultry day;
Under its shade the dusty tramp lies prone,
And dreamless sleeps the sunny hours away.

Here children loiter on their way to school,
To catch the butterfly and bumblebee,
Glad to escape awhile the irksome rule
And romp and shout with merry-hearted glee.

Hither the maiden comes, nor seeks in vain
The purple berries hiding thickly here;
The robin cheers her with his joyous strain,
Artless and pure she knows no startling fear.

And oft these stones have heard the story old,
Of sighing, awkward, yet true-hearted swain,
As bashfully his hopes and fears he told
And strove the maiden's heart and hand to gain.

Long may it stand, a fitting monument
Of quiet, homely, comfortable life,
Unveiled by restless change but e'er content,
Unmoved by all the highway's dusty strife.

Habits of Husbands.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-bye, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the declivity in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence.

Then, on returning, some husbands come home pleasant and happy, unsoured by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointment. Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away for every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed time. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs or the house's taking fire.

A Good Sermon.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, John Wesley preaching in a chapel in London, observed one of his friends among the congregation whom he had never been able to persuade to preach in his presence. Without asking his consent, Wesley announced that this brother would preach there the next morning at five o'clock.

The preacher thus announced would not say anything, for fear of disturbing public worship, and because he could not well seem to oppose Mr. Wesley's wishes. Accordingly at five o'clock the next morning, he was in the pulpit, no doubting that Wesley would be somewhere in hearing.

After singing and prayer, he said that being called before them contrary to his wishes, and as he had done violence to his own feelings in deference to Mr. Wesley, and was now expected to preach, weak, inadequate and unprepared as he was, he should give them the best sermon that ever was preached. Opening the Bible at the fifth chapter of Matthew he read our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, from beginning to end, without a word of note or comment, closing the impressive service with singing and prayer.

The preacher of this unique sermon was Edward Perrone whose hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

is known wherever devout worshippers lift up their praises to the Lord in the English tongue.

Some Gypsy Lore.

A gypsy woman recently spoke as follows when questioned by a Washington reporter:

"The day of the week on which you are born is the best to commence business. Fridays and Tuesdays are the luckiest for women; though women fairly shudder over regarding Friday a lucky day. Sundays and Mondays are the best for men. Never enter a new house or sign a lease in April, June, or November, and avoid the 11th for any kind of an enterprise. The lucky days for business are the three first days of the moon's age; for marriage, the 7th, 9th, and 12th. Ask favors on the 14th, 15th, and 17th, but beware of the 16th and 21st. These are all the moon's age. To answer letters choose an odd day of the moon; to travel on land choose the increase, and for ocean the decrease of the moon. Start new buildings in March. Don't marry on your birthday or on any martyr's day. If you meet a white horse, if you are going on particular business, it means success. If it is a piebald horse, it means that whatever you have asked for will be given you. If a pigeon that does not belong to you flies in your house it means success. If it rests on a bed, death. If there are two pigeons, there will be a wedding. Never tell a dream before breakfast. The same dream three times is friendly warning. Had William the II. and the Duke of Buckingham paid attention to this they would have escaped death as they did. The planets and stars have much to do with us. As we are born we are controlled. Planetary influence is a thing the scientists of later days laugh at, but who can say they are better informed than the astrologers of old. For myself I depend more on the science of astrology than on cards, though palmistry helps out."

An Erie physician and chemist, Dr. Lovett, is credited with discovering a process of embalming which consists of placing in a coffin, from which the air has been exhausted, ingredients that, being dissolved by electricity, fill the vacuum with a preservative gas. The body of a young child in the first stages of decomposition has already been preserved two months without change, decay being arrested and the odor of decomposition destroyed.

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile—a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a.

Front gates bear fruit.—Pairs.

The stove-pipe is *not* the pipe of peace.

"Only the tool of designing men"—A crayon.

To call a laundress a bosom friend is flat irony.

A tramp's motto—"A little earning is a dangerous thing."

The dealer in artificial hair is a firm believer in false profits.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

Some men, otherwise steady-headed can never keep their balance in a bank.

Freckles are not so bad. It is said that one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.

A family in the suburbs of Chicago has had a lion in its possession for two generations. It is a brass one.

De man, says a colored philosopher, what tries ter be a boy ain't got half as much sense as de boy what tries ter be a man.

Social etiquette—Next we shall have a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."—*Boston Post*.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Pope knew better than to say "woman." Woman is too deep a study for anybody to undertake.

"Ought clergymen to kiss the bride?" is another social conundrum. If they will confine their efforts to their own brides, there will be no objection.

A Philadelphia bride found seventeen full sets of dishes among her wedding presents. Her far-seeing friends evidently knew she was going to keep a girl.

The moralist says: "Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually." Then, again, some men are perpetually what they ought to be only occasionally.

"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown, "I asked her for it, and she gave me her negative."

An Olean man sent one dollar in response to an advertisement which promised, in a mysterious way, to tell "Why I became a mason." He received an answer, "Because I didn't want to become a carpenter or shoemaker."

"Look at you!" shrieked Mrs. Ecomi, as the nurse let the baby fall over the second floor baluster. "Two inches nearer the wall, and that child would have smashed a fifty-dollar statuette and the hall lamp!" And then they picked up the baby.

Said the gilded youth: "What's the use of my kicking about the price my tailor sets on a suit of clothes? I used to do it, but one day, after I had argued a couple of hours with him, I suddenly thought that it was a ridiculous waste of time, as I should never pay the bill, auybow."

A wicked bachelor, whom constant refusals have made sour, has put his ill-fortune into the shape of bad advice as follows:

I would advise a man to pause
Before he takes a wife;
In fact, I see no earthly cause
He should not pause for life.

"You mustn't touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her little four-year-old; "she has a soft spot there that is very tender." The youngster gazed at it curiously, for a moment, and then asked, "Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?" "Yes." "Did papa have a soft spot on the top of his head when he was a baby?" "Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he has got it yet." And the old man, who had overheard the conversation from an adjoining room, sang out, "Yes, indeed he has, my dear boy, or he would be a single man to day."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

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

A German Spelling Reform Association has been formed. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will spend the winter in Florida.

A new work by Walt Whitman, "Specimen Days and Collect," has appeared.

Sergeant Ballantine, author of some remarkable reminiscences, is in this country.

It is possible that Mr. Ruskin will again be called to the Chair of Fine Arts at Oxford.

The Chinese language is spoken by about 300,000,000 people; English by about 95,000,000.

According to the *Academy*, London (Eng.) is to have another new monthly magazine with the new year.

John Wiley & Sons have issued "Picturesque Scotland," by the Rev. Andrew Carter and Mr. Francis Watt.

An edition of Lockhart's "Life of Burns," with corrections and additions, has been prepared by Mr. W. Scott Douglas.

Ralph Waldo Emerson signed the call for the first woman's rights convention ever held in Massachusetts. It met at Worcester, October, 1850.

Mr. George W. Cable will deliver at the John Hopkins University, in March next, a series of lectures on "The Relations of Literature to Modern Society."

Miss Mary J. Windle, author of "Sketches of Women in the South," "Life in Washington," and "Life at White Sulphur," is living in Philadelphia, and is said to be in absolute want.

The *Quiz*, a sprightly weekly, published in Philadelphia, is entirely under the control of women. Mrs. Mary Hall is its business manager, and Mrs. Florence O. Duncan, editor-in-chief.

The grave of Emerson is kept constantly covered with flowers by the young girls of Concord. Hawthorne's, with a stone at head and foot bearing simply his name, is thickly overgrown with glossy myrtle. Thoreau's is unadorned, save with a thick sod of green grass.

C. H. Jones, of Chicago, has issued a new edition of Allan B. Magruder's "Reply to R. G. Ingersoll's Infidel Lectures," with a supplement of one hundred printed pages containing strictures and critical notes on the Ingersoll-Black controversy in the *North American Review*.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lives, in summer time, in a charming home at Marion, near the shore of Buzzard's Bay. His house is a red-roofed cottage, with generous gables and huge old-fashioned chimneys. Within and without, the house bears the imprint of colonial times, and it is surrounded by a wide expanse of moorland and meadow which secures quiet.

Victor Hugo's advancing years destroy none of his love for children, nor of the pleasure he takes in entertaining them. At the little Norman watering-place of Veules, where he has been staying, he recently gave an elaborate banquet to eighty children from fishermen's families. A lottery followed, in which there were prizes for all; and then the venerable poet made a speech, telling the little folk to believe in God, love one another, and fear nothing in the performance of duty.

The old "Orchard Home" of the Alcotts, in Concord, standing next to the "Wayside" home of Hawthorne, is a quaint-looking old mansion, with a peaked roof and gables, and high old-fashioned porches. It is surrounded by forty oaks and elms, and stands at a distance back from the road. It was here that Miss Louisa Alcott wrote "Little Women" and most of her other works; and here, too, that her younger sister, Mrs. May Alcott Niercker, executed the beautiful paintings that still adorn the parlor walls. Prof. Harris, of the Concord school of philosophy, is its present owner.

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."

The dew of compassion is a tear.—*Byron*.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.—*Alfred Mercer*.

A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.—*George Eliot*.

He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge which he himself must pass.—*George Herbert*.

If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.—*Epicetetus*.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he has himself given the example.—*Phoedrus*.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

However things may seem, no evil thing is success and no good thing is failure.—*Samuel Longfellow*.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—*Bovee*.

We are all more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live.—*Joubert*.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.—*Horace Mann*.

No longer forward nor behind

I look in hope or fear;

But, grateful, take the good I find;

The best of now and here.

—*Whittier*.

A word that has been said may be unsaid; it is but air. But when a deed is done, it cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.—*Longfellow*.

Young love is a flame; very pretty, often very hot and fierce, but still only light and flickering. The love of the older and disciplined heart is as coals, deep-burning, unquenchable.—*Beecher*.

To think we are able almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is often attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it a savor of omnipotence.—*Samuel Smiles*

There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means. The result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself and to do that which may happen to be the easier.

The little I have seen of this world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow*.

We do not wisely when we vent complaint and censure. Human nature is more sensible of smart in suffering than to pleasure in rejoicing, and the present endurances easily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain when we do but smile for a great deal of contentment.—*Feltham*.

Whenever vanity and gayety, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions, and great, elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgements of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral, or political, they will lead us.—*John Adams*.

The longer I live, the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination; a purpose once formed and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world, and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.—*Charles Buxton*.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

A fire in an open grate in a sick-room may be replenished without disturbance to the patient by feeding it with paper-bags filled with the coals.

The observations upon tree growth in Mexico made by M. Charney tend to show that in damp tropical climates the concentric rings, from which the tree's age is usually calculated, may form at the rate of one a month, instead of one a year.

Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* says: Some of the surgical instruments found in the buried ruins of the ancient city of Pompeii, now in the collection of antiquities in the museum of Naples, show that the surgeons of that time were provided with many of the most important instruments now in use. The *Lancet* remarks that the number of instruments found in one house there will bear comparison with those possessed by the average practitioner of the present time.

The self-winding clock which was brought to the public notice at the Paris Exposition of 1878 has been greatly improved, and the inventor, a Belgian, is now supplying them for domestic use. The winding apparatus consists of a small windmill, very ingeniously constructed. They are placed in connection with a chimney, a ventilation pipe, or in some locality where a current of air may be secured, although the mechanism is such that a constant, regular current is not essential.

The peanut is often called ground nut, because its pods, which grow something like the common pea, are ripened in the ground. The vine is a running one, bearing yellow flowers. After these fall off the stems grow longer, bend downwards, and the pod on the end forces itself to the ground. Large forks are used to pull up the vines, and with them the nuts, which are picked off and packed in bags for market. The oil is used for making soap. Peanuts are raised in the Southern United States, in South America, and on the west coast of Africa.

Geological examination of the delta of the Mississippi now shows that for a distance of about three hundred miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this description have been observed, which it is believed must have succeeded each other. Of these trees, known as the bald cypress, some have been found over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 rings; in some instances, too, huge trees have grown from the stumps of others equally large. From these facts geologists have assumed the antiquity of each forest growth at 10,000 years, or 100,000 for all.

There was recently exhibited at Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., a wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism in the form of a clock. It is seventeen feet high, and twelve feet wide, and arranged to represent automatically the scenes in the Passion of our Lord. Nearly two hundred figures are employed. These are about eleven inches in height, and appropriately clad. First comes the Adoration of the Magi and Flight into Egypt. The scenes representing the Passion are, Entry into Jerusalem, Last Supper, Gethsemane, Council Chamber, Aceldama, Hall of Judgment, Pretorium, Crucifixion on Calvary, etc. It is a marvel of mechanical skill, and many of the figures, movements, etc., are said to be startling, so life-like is their appearance.

How a Whale Breathes.

The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into the lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs.—*Frank Buckland*.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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TO ALL OUR READERS:

We wish to return our sincere thanks for your past interest in our magazine, and respectfully solicit your continued patronage. Please do not delay sending in your subscriptions; and you cannot realize how largely you will help us if you only send one or two names with your own.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE FOR 1883

Every Department of 1882 will be more than sustained in our future issues; our moral tone will always be strictly adhered to so that in introducing our magazine into the intelligent reading homes of Canada we may feel that we are delighting the household with, at once, chaste, elevating and lively and humorous literature. The "CIRCLE" will be **MORE LIVELY THAN EVER.**

**MORE INTERESTING THAN EVER,
MORE INSTRUCTIVE THAN EVER,
MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER.**

To our old subscribers we would say **RENEW AT ONCE.**

To those intelligent Canadians who are not subscribers, but who wish to encourage Canadian literature, **SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, (50 cents)** and have the **FAMILY CIRCLE** sent to you for a year.

To all who wish to canvass for subscribers we would say **SEND YOUR ADDRESS** on a postal card and we will forward our 1882-1883 Circular giving our liberal terms to agents.

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REMEMBER no letters are overlooked. All receive prompt attention.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

IN EVERY THOUGHT WE HAVE OF OUR FELLOW-MEN OUR OWN defects and our own excellencies are stamped. This is an admitted fact, and yet how many are there who will use their judgment of others as a criterion of their own characters? We are inclined to think that the person who sneers at an acquaintance doesn't take time to consider that the cause of the sneer is in himself; nor the person who ardently loves, to analyze how much of the passion is caused by the object and how much by the eyes with which he sees.

WE ARE ALL POETS IN A GREATER OR LESS DEGREE, and the amount circumstances and chance have had to do with the poetical productions that have moved the hearts of myriads of readers would be an interesting study. Does it not seem a happy chance that produced:

"Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home?"

Who, of all the millions that have been aroused to greater sympathy by those words and their musical cadence but would have felt, perhaps indefinitely, their sentiment if their author had never lived?

"SONS INHERIT THE DISPOSITION of their maternal grandfather and daughters that of their paternal grandmother," says a contemporary. This may or may not be the case. Brothers very often differ from brothers and sisters from sisters. Yet there may be a common trait thus inherited, and the theory will at any rate afford no little interest to students of human nature and the laws of heredity.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

W. B.—Your conduct has been very rash. Show the young lady that you have more control over yourself or she may become disgusted with you.

HENRY C.—You will find the lines:

"The snake that hides and hisses
In Heaven we twain have known,
The grief of cruel kisses,
The joy whose mouth makes moan,"

in a poem by Algernon C. Swinburn, entitled "Rococo." We are not sure what the title of the volume is. Ask at your book-store.

K. T.—If anyone sends three subscribers' names, with \$1.50, we will send them a copy of the **FAMILY CIRCLE** for one year, for themselves.

MARY N.—Yes, the sentiment of jealousy's being an estimable quality frequently occurs in literature. Among other places there is a eulogy of it in Stevens' drama, "Passion's Slave;" Marryat says in "The Sea King," that love never exists without jealousy, while another writer, explaining the word more fully, says that jealousy is the sentiment of property, envy is the instinct of theft.

J. C.—When passing a lady on your left use your right hand in raising your hat and *vice versa*.

EAST.—It is by all means advisable to be on good terms with your wife's family; but if reasonable conduct does not avail to that end, we can see no reason why you should not consider yourself as good as your father-in-law and act accordingly. Even your wife will love you better for showing a spirit of independence; but we would advise you to consider well and be sure you're in the right.

K. McB.—The election you speak of was the election of Representatives. The Presidential election will not take place till 1884.

PETER C.—It altogether depends upon your circumstances as to whether we would advise you to join the Marriage Aid Society at all or not. If you are situated so that you could with little difficulty pay the regular fees with what you would otherwise spend foolishly, by all mean join it at once.

X. Y. Z.—1. Practice in reading in public will make it become an easier task, if you can summon up courage enough to go before an audience. Drinking cocoa in place of tea or coffee is said to be an excellent aid to nervous or bashful persons. It can at least do no harm. 2. Your failing to remember the text may only show a lack of interest. A regular course of memorizing would assist your memory. To become able to write good composition practice whatever forms you like of it in as simple, natural and easy a style as you can, and at the same time in your reading always try to discriminate and analyze your author's peculiar style. Discipline yourself by regular studies of say an hour or two every evening.

BACKWARD.—Cultivate a higher opinion of yourself, and by no means exhibit bashfulness when in the company of the lady you speak of or she may learn to despise you. Boldness, and courage with even an expression of conceit will be admired by a lady, while bashfulness is a weakness which few ladies will tolerate in the other sex.

D. L.—Wedding tours are not always taken from a love of show, and do much more good than ordinary travelling. The custom probably grew out of altogether excellent motives, and whether it did or not they are advisable from scientific reasons. We would advise as long a trip as your means will allow, and that, too, to commence right after the wedding ceremony.

M. S.—Be careful not to act too free in the gentleman's company you speak of. If he loves you as he should you need not fear to tell him everything of your former love affair. He will overlook your backwardness in confessing if he is worth marrying, but you cannot hope to live happily as his wife with your secret. Act toward him so as to make him respect you or you cannot hope to retain his love.

G. S.—See answer to "Agent" in October number.

A few answers which have been crowded out will appear in our next issue.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Water-Drinking a Preventive of Disease.

An old English proverb says, "Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow." It is not only a good temperance maxim, but with a slight addition it might be equally accepted as a rule in therapeutics. Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor hurts him when he is sick, but rather helps him. It must be admitted that the doctors have often been wrong in refusing water to their thirsty patients; and it is gratifying to find that they are coming to see the mistake and to warn their professional brethren against it. Dr. J. F. Meigs, of Philadelphia, in a clinical lecture on "The Internal Use of Water for the Sick," delivered at the Pennsylvania Hospital a year ago, gives a painful, almost a terrible, picture of the suffering and the injury caused by the prejudice of physicians and nurses against the free use of water as a drink in certain diseased conditions. He lays down the rule, that the sick should be allowed all the water they desire. It is the appetite implanted in the body by the Creator, for the determination of this amount of water needed . . . For myself, I dare not oppose this divine sense in thirsty patient, any more than I would oppose the instinct of the infant to take from its mother's breast the material it needs for its growth.

Professor MacLean, of the Royal College at Netley, near London, who was for some time one of the deputy-inspectors of the British army in India, where he had an extensive experience in the observation of cholera, says:—"Urgent thirst is one of the most distressing symptoms of cholera; it was formerly the practice to withhold water—a practice as cruel as it is mischievous."

Dr. Thomas K. Chambers, of London, one of the best living authorities on the stomach and on indigestion, in an article on "Dietetics," in the last edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, remarks that patients with fever should take no food but liquid, and adds that "water is the most digestible of all foods."

A long and able article on "Water as a Prophylactic and a Remedy," by Dr. S. G. Webber, believes that not drinking water enough is a positive cause of disease. Many people have got the notion into their heads that it is bad to drink freely at meals. Of course, one may swallow such a quantity of water that it will be hurtful, but, on the other hand, the abstinence may be carried on to an injurious point. Water taken with the food favors digestion: when taken into the stomach, a part is absorbed by the gastric vessels, carrying with it the soluble constituents of the food. So much as is not immediately absorbed assists in softening and breaking up the larger particles of food, and thus aids in the gastric digestion by facilitating the action of the gastric fluids. A portion of the water is carried off into the intestines with the semi-digested food, and acts favorably in the same way; also, the blood being well supplied with water, the feces are not so hard and dry as would otherwise be the case, and it is easier to keep the bowels regular.

Herb teas, thoroughwort, camomile, sage, etc., were popular in our grandmothers' days, and, indeed, are now popular. The bitter herb is a slight gastric tonic, but the water is a better solvent. Formerly the good housewife supplied the deficiency in drink by regular doses of herb-tea; now the physician supplies it by draughts of spring water. Sometimes, in treating such patients as have been referred to, I administer a diuretic with the water, that elimination may be effected more speedily.

How much water should an adult drink in twenty-four hours? It must be taken into account that water is excreted by the lungs and skin as well as by the kidneys; also, much of the food ingested contains water as one of its constituent parts. Hence the amount of liquid required as drink must vary slightly with the activity of the skin and the character of the food. The amount of drink necessary is stated by Dalton to be about fifty-two ounces; that is, 3.38 pints. An ordinary coffee-cup holds six or seven ounces. The equivalent of eight or nine coffee-cups of drink would not, then, be an excessive amount. Repeatedly patients have told me that they drink only one or one and a-half cups, morning and

evening, and about the same at dinner, only occasionally taking soup, averaging less than six cups, sometimes small tea-cups, of drink. Sometimes patients say they drink generally only a little more than a pint a day.

Dr. Webber remarks incidentally that a very large proportion of those who suffer from nervous exhaustion, or "neurasthenia," as it is called, do not drink enough; and he suggests that it may be "an American peculiarity to ingest so little fluid."

The moral is, "Do not be afraid of drinking all the water you thirst for, provided it be pure, and cultivate a liking for it if, from what has been said above, you infer that you ought to do so. Water is, of course, more efficient as a preventive than as a cure of disease; or, as Dr. Webber somewhat facetiously puts it, "the time to work the greatest cures with water is before the disease has begun."

Why Women Are Declining in Physical Vigor.

The "little health of women" and the great increase of disease among them, especially nervous disorders, has received the attention of all classes of thinkers in recent times. Many eminent physicians have given much time and thought to the subject, and certain conclusions have been reached which may be looked upon as authoritative. The following summary of the causes which are at work to undermine the health of women, especially in the early years of life, was recently published in a circular sent out by the Association of Collegiate alumnae, and presents the subject in a very forcible and concise manner:—

1. Social dissipation and excitement, which is neither amusement nor recreation. Girls are too often stimulated to shine socially and intellectually at the same time. A mother proves her daughter's perfect health by saying: "She has been able to go to parties or entertainments four or five evenings a week all winter, and she stands at the head of her class."

2. Habitual loss of sufficient and healthy sleep. In a New York academy, a class of sixty girls, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, chanced to be asked by a recent visitor for the time they retired the night before. The average was found to be twenty minutes before midnight; but no surprise was manifested by teachers, nor regret by the scholars.

3. Irregularity and haste in taking food, the use of confectionery in the evening, and the omission of breakfast. The principal of a large girl's school in Philadelphia lately said that so many habitually came to school without having sufficient breakfast, and taking little or no lunch, that he had been compelled, in order to obtain good mental work, to have a warm lunch furnished, and to insist upon every scholar taking it in the middle of the morning.

4. Tight, heavy, or insufficient clothing, which frightfully increases the tendency to consumption and spinal diseases. A physician of wide experience confidently states that this cause alone has incapacitated more women than overstudy and overwork of all kinds.

5. The lack of sufficient out-door exercise. When a proper amount of time is devoted to such exercises, no time will be left for overstudy.

6. The ambition of parents and daughters to accomplish much in little time, which sends students to college either hurriedly and imperfectly prepared, or with a thorough preparation gained at the expense of health.

7. The usual postponement of instruction in the laws of physiology and hygiene to a college course. The Association recommends the introduction of a thorough course of physical training, with special instructors and lectures on the subject.

To remove foreign bodies from the nose, an exchange recommends the following: Blow through the nose with as much force as possible, at the same time closing the mouth and the unobstructed nostril. Sneezing will sometimes expel the cause of obstruction. A loop of wire or a blunt hook may be successfully used; but care must be taken to avoid crowding the object farther in. If it is not tightly embedded, it may be driven out by making the water from a syringe pass up the unobstructed nostril and out at the one containing the foreign body.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Watered Irish Poppins are being worn.

Plain kilt and box-plaited skirts are worn.

Arabi red is only a new name for Turkey red.

Dull confused colors are seen in the best plaids.

Collars and cuffs of ficelle lace are in high favor.

Skirts entirely covered with kilt-plaiting are much worn.

Turkey-red is the fashionable color for velvet dress bonnets.

Plush and velvet scotch caps will be worn by school-girls.

Crape frills around the necks and sleeves of dresses are a novelty.

Cashmere remains in favor for costumes intended to do double duty for utility suits and demi-toilets.

A sash bow at the back is not as fashionable as when tied in front in long loops with the ends hanging to the foot of the skirt.

Some of the plainer dresses have an under-plaiting of a bright, contrasting color, such as dark blue with a bright red plaiting; this is more suitable for young girls.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ROAST TURKEY.—Clean and wash out the crop and body of the turkey with soda and water, rinsing it out afterwards; stuff with a force-meat made of crumbs, a little cooked sausage, pepper, salt and a little butter; truss the turkey neatly, lay it in the dripping-pan, pour boiling water over it, and roast about ten minutes to the pound after the cooking actually commences: cook slowly at first, or it will be dry without and raw within; baste often and freely; ten minutes before taking it up dredge with flour and baste with butter, pour off the fat from the top of the gravy, thicken with browned flour and season, boil once, and serve in a boat.

MASHED POTATOES, BROWNED.—Whip light with milk, butter and salt, pile upon a greased pie dish, and brown in a good oven, slip on a hot dish by the aid of your cake turner.

OYSTER STEW.—Drain all the liquor off your oysters and put it on to boil in a saucepan, with a little boiling water, say half a cupful, if you have quite a little oyster liquor. Add to this salt and pepper to taste, and let it come to a boil. Then add your milk, the quantity of course being regulated by your needs and the number of your oysters, these ought not to go in more than five or ten minutes before the stew is served, as long cooking will toughen them. After they are in, the stew should gently simmer, not really boil. A minute or two before dishing, add a large spoonful of butter; let this just melt, give it a stir in, and serve piping hot. Serve with crisp oyster crackers, and tiny, crisp cucumber pickles. If your crackers have lost their crispness, set them in a hot oven for a minute or two, let them cool, and they will be almost like new.

GRAHAM BREAD.—The following rule works well either for bread or for muffins: One pint of milk scalded and cooled, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one-half cup of yeast, or one-fourth cake of compressed yeast dissolved, two and one-half cups of flour, and from two and one-half to three cups of Graham flour; mix quite stiff, without kneading; rise over night; make into loaves; rise again, and bake an hour. If muffins are to be made, shape them, let them rise, and bake as you would biscuit, taking probably a little more time than for wheat. Another way of making this is to mix in the white flour at night, and add the Graham in the morning after the sponge is well risen.

PIE PASTE.—Many persons like to know how to make sufficient paste for only one pie, and here is a good rule. One heaping cup of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of butter, or half butter and half lard; mix the salt and the baking powder with the flour, rub in a part of the butter; mix quite stiff with cold water, roll out and spread with the remainder of the butter, fold over, roll out, roll over and over, like a jelly roll, cut into two pieces, and roll for the crusts.

PUFF PASTE.—For puff paste the ingredients are: One pound of butter, two pounds of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, about one cup of ice water. Wash the butter well, divide into three parts, and cool between two pans of ice. Mix the salt with the flour, rub in one part of the butter, cutting it in with a knife, and using only the tips of the fingers, for the less the hands are used the lighter the paste is; roll one-half inch thick; roll the second part of the batter thin, lay it on the paste, and fold the sides and ends over; roll over and over, and pat with the rolling-pin into a flat cake; roll again, spread with the other part of the butter, and proceed as before. If the paste proves sticky, put it directly into the ice until the batter hardens; and if you are not ready to use as soon as the paste is mixed, set into the ice to keep cool. Use the hands to the paste no more than you can possibly help, and roll with a light, long, quick stroke. This is a very delicate paste for mince pies, and is also the paste from which tarts are made.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.—To two cups of flour add one saltspoonful of salt, two cups of milk, two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten; mix in the order given, and bake in a hot oven about thirty minutes.

WAFFLES.—Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt in one pint of flour, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten and mixed with one and one-fourth cups of milk, one-fourth cup of melted butter, and last of all the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Have the waffle irons ready, heated and well-greased, and cook as quickly as possible while the batter is at its lightest.

COFFEE CUSTARD.—Lovers of coffee will find that a custard made as follows is simply delicious; it should be served with sponge and fruit cakes. Make a rich custard at least half cream, to a quart of cream and milk allow four eggs if they are large, five if small; sweeten to your taste; cook in a farina kettle; when done stir in two-thirds of a teacupful of cold coffee; the coffee should be strained through a cloth, so that there will be no dark colored specks in the custard. If you fear that the custard will not be as thick as you like to have it, you may use a small tablespoonful of corn starch or of common flour.

CORN PUDDING.—One quart or sour, creamy milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, a handful of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, thickened into a stiff batter with two-thirds corn meal and one-third flour. Steam two hours in a buttered cake-pan with tube in the centre. Eat with butter and sugar or sweetened cream.

ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—An excellent way of using stale biscuits or cakes is to dry and then pound them fine in a mortar, then mix with them two eggs with their weight in butter, beat all to a cream, pour into a mould and steam. This is excellent cold with fruit, such as stewed prunes or apples.

SPONGE CAKE.—The yolks of six eggs well beaten until light, one cup of fine granulated sugar beaten well with the egg, one saltspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, the whites of six eggs well whipped, and one cup of flour. Mix in the order given, and bake in a moderate oven from forty-five to sixty minutes.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of warm water, one-half of a cup molasses, three cups of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, cloves, etc., one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, and two-thirds of a cup of currants and one-quarter of a pound of citron.

WHEAT MUFFINS.—One teaspoonful melted butter, one egg, one and a-half cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, half cup sweet milk. Bake quickly in muffin-pans.

ICE CREAM CANDY.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of water, add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in a teaspoonful of water as soon as it boils. Boil ten minutes without stirring; when done it will be brittle if dropped in cold water; add butter half the size of an egg before taking off the stove; pour into a buttered tin to cool, and pull it as hot as possible. Flavor, while pulling, with vanilla or lemon.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

Anthony Trollope.



ON Wednesday, the sixth, inst., there passed away after a lengthened illness the most prolific novelist of our day, Anthony Trollope, at one time commonly designated as the son of Mrs. Frances Trollope, from his mother's fame as the authoress of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and a host of novels of which the "Vicar of Wrexhill," is generally considered the best. But the subject of this sketch has long ago won a reputation of his own, and has reached a larger concourse of readers than his gifted mother, "who," says the *Athenaeum*, (1863) found herself, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a home in America, here in England, with the world to begin again, a husband too ill to aid her, and six children who needed aid and could as yet give none. Many men in like circumstances would have applied to public charity, but the true woman's heart did not fail her. She wrote for bread and reaped that and honor."

Anthony Trollope was born April 24, 1815 and was educated, through his mothers exertions, at Winchester and Harrow. When yet a young man he received an appointment in the General Post-office and rose high in the service. At the age of thirty-two the first of his long list of novels, "The Macdermotts of Ballycloran" was published. This book was written while its author was stationed in Ireland in the surveyors' department of the Post-office and portrays vivid pictures of Irish life as do several others of his works.

Perhaps the most original vein in our authors writings is that of life among the English clergymen. No reader of Trollope can forget Mr. Slope, Dr. Grantly, or Bishop Browdie. All his novels breathe a happy criticism of men of the present day. An easy grace, yet careful reflection is displayed in his good-humored, satirical mode of hitting off characters. "The reality of his subsidiary characters, and his manner of seizing on peculiar traits without dwelling on them," is spoken of as distinctly separating him from the school of Dickens, and his dislike to moralizing and his trick of satire," as opposed to Thackeray's school. His opposition to infusing sentiment into his writings is particularly noticeable in "The Small House of Allington," in the picture of his brave, but unfortunate heroine, Lily Dale. His keen sense of strife and mode of satire are well illustrated in the following, on the Humanity of the Age:

"This is undoubtedly the age of humanity—as far, at least, as England is concerned. A man who beats his wife is shocking to us, and a colonel who cannot manage his soldiers without having them beaten is nearly equally so. We are not very fond of hanging; and some of us go so far as to recoil under any circumstances from taking the blood of life. We perform our operations under chloroform; and it has even been suggested that those schoolmasters who insist on adhering in some sort to the doctrines of Solomon should perform the operations in the same guarded manner. If the disgrace be absolutely necessary, let it be inflicted; but not the bodily pain.

So far as regards the low externals of humanity, this is doubtless a humane age. Let men, women, and children have bread; let them have, if possible, no blows, or, at least, as few as may be; let them also be decently clothed; and let the pestilence be kept out of their way. In venturing to call these low, I have done so in no contemptuous spirit; they are comparatively low if the body be lower than the mind. The humanity of the age is doubtless suited to its material wants, and such wants are those which demand the promptest remedy. But in the inner feelings of men to men,

and of one man's mind to another man's mind, is it not an age of extremest cruelty?

There is sympathy for the hungry man, but there is no sympathy for the unsuccessful man who is not hungry. If a fellow-mortal be ragged, humanity will subscribe to mend his clothes; but humanity will subscribe nothing to mend his ragged hopes, so long as his outside coat shall be whole and decent.

To him that bath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the special text that we delight to follow, and success is the god that we delight to worship. 'Ah, pity me! I have struggled and fallen—struggled so manfully, yet fallen so utterly—help me up this time that I may yet push forward again!' Who listens to such a plea as this? 'Fallen! do you want bread?' 'Not bread, but a kind heart and a kind hand.' 'My friend, I cannot stay by you; I myself am in a hurry; there is that fiend of a rival there even now gaining a step on me. I beg your pardon, but I will put my foot on your shoulder—only for one moment.' *Occupet extremus scabies.*

Yes. Let the devil take the hindmost; the three or four hindmost if you will, nay, all but those strong-running horses who can force themselves into noticeable places under the judge's eye. This is the noble shibboleth with which the English youth are now spurred on to deeds of—what shall we say?—money-making activity. Let every place in which a man can hold up his head be the reward of some antagonistic struggle, of some grand competitive examination. Let us get rid of the fault of past ages. With us, let the race be ever to the swift; the victory always to the strong. And let us always be racing, so that the swift and the strong shall ever be known among us. But what then, for these, who are not swift, not strong? *Ve victis!* Let them go to the wall. They can hew wood probably; or, at any rate draw water."

For an example of Mr. Trollope's happy style of throwing out sentiment, read this extract on Lovers' Walks:

"Ah! those lovers' walks, those loving lovers' rambles. Tom Moore is usually somewhat sugary and mawkish; but in so much he was right. If there be an Elysium on earth it is this. They are done and over for us, O my compatriots! Never again—unless we are destined to rejoin our hours in Heaven, and to saunter over fields of asphodel in another and a greener youth—never again shall those joys be ours! And what can ever equal them? 'Twas then, between sweet hedgerows, under green oaks, with our feet rustling on the crisp leaves, that the world's cold reserve was first thrown off, and we found that those we loved were not goddesses, made of buckram and brocade, but human beings like ourselves, with blood in their veins, and hearts in their bosoms—veritable children of Adam like ourselves.

'Gin a body meet a body comin' through the rye.' Ah, how delicious were those meetings! How convinced we were that there was no necessity for loud alarm! How fervently we agreed with the poet! My friends, born together with me in the consulship of Lord Liverpool, all that is done and over for us! There is a melancholy in this that will tinge our thoughts, let us draw ever so strongly on our philosophy. We can still walk with our wives, and that is pleasant too, very—of course. But there was more animation in it when we walked with the same ladies under other names. Nay, sweet spouse, mother of dear bairns, who hast so well done thy duty; but this was so, let thy brows be knit ever so angrily. That lord of thine has been indifferently good to thee, and thou to him hast been more than good. Uphill together have we walked peaceably laboring; and now arm in arm we shall go down the gradual slope which ends below there in the green churchyard. 'Tis good and salutary to walk thus. But for the full cup of joy, for the brimming springtide of human bliss, oh give me back—Well, well, well, it is nonsense; I know it, but may not a man dream now and again in his evening nap, and yet do no harm?"

Mr. Trollope enjoyed a fairly long life. His talent and energy gained for him, in the position to which his ambition led him, wonderful success, and his death will call forth regrets from thousands and thousands of hearts.—N. Kn.

SELECTED.

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

To Youngsters.

Golden hair and eyes of blue,—
What won't they do?—What won't they do?
Eyes of blue and locks of gold—
My boy, you'll learn before you're old.
The gaitered foot, the taper waist—
Be not in haste, be not in haste;
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,
My word for 't, youngster, they'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night
Undo the boys: and 't serves 'em right.
Eyes of night and raven hair,
They'll drive you, lad, to sheer despair.
The drooping curl, the downward glance,
They're only waiting for the chance;
At nick of time they'll sure appear,
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,
They know their charm, my boy, they know;
Flexile wrist and fleckless hands,
The lass that has them understands.
The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—
A little while, a little while—
Before you know it, they'll be here,
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips, and eyes,
'Tis there the tyro's danger lies.
You'll meet them leagued, or one by one—
In either case the mischief's done.
A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,
And then, my boy, good-bye—good-bye!
God help you, youngster! keep good cheer;
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

—*Century Mag.*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Unseen Helpers.

BY M. QUAD.

"Can you give me a day's work?" asked a poor woman of a well-to-do matron.

"You look very delicate," said the lady. "I need someone to wash, but you do not seem strong enough for the work."

"O, yes'm; only try me and you will see. I have been sick and got behind hand, and my children need bread; beside, Charlie will help carry the water and lift the tubs," concluded the woman, eagerly.

"Who is Charlie?" asked the lady of the house.

"My husband, ma'am," was the low answer.

The woman was engaged, and did her work well, but there was something that troubled the mistress of the house greatly. As soon as she left the kitchen the woman would call Charlie, and she would hear her voice talking and laughing, and holding converse with some one, but when she went into the room there would be no one there. The water was carried, the tubs all lifted into their places, but the slight woman who washed was the only person who was visible. When the lady of the house paid her she said:

"Call your husband; I should like to see him."

"He wouldn't come, ma'am," said the woman simply.

"No one ever sees him but me."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"Why ma'am, Charlie is dead himself, but his spirit comes and helps me, how could I work this way if it didn't? I could no more lift one of those tubs of water than you could, ma'am! He's come ever since I was sick, and helped me that way."

The compassionate lady placed another coin with those she had already given. "For Charlie and the children," she said, with tears in her voice, and she saw afterward that the sick and wearied mother was helped by living hands.

But there must be many people bearing burdens greater than they are able to, who are helped and made stronger by

invisible guides—the memory of some dead Charlie, who lifts unseen the heavy load, with whom they commune as they work! How would the dull routine of daily life be glorified could we for one moment see the angel helper at our side! When the pious monk left his duties to go out on a deed of mercy, he returned to find all his homely work done, and for one moment he saw in the door of his cell his Blessed Master smiling upon him! It may be only a vague theory, the delusion of a sick brain—and there is an infinite sadness in it—but surely

"It is a beautiful belief

That ever round our head
Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead.

"To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round;
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground."

Corean Women.

A Corean woman has no moral existence. She is an instrument of pleasure or of labor; but never man's companion or equal. She has no name. In childhood she receives indeed a surname by which she is known in the family, and by near friends, but at the age of puberty none but her father and mother apply this appellation. To all others she is the sister of such a one, or the daughter of so-and-so. She is absolutely nameless. Her own parents allude to her by employing the name of the district or ward in which she has married. Her parents-in-law speak of her by the name of the place in which she lived before marriage, as women rarely marry in the same village with their husbands. When she bears children she is "the mother" of so-and-so. When a woman appears for trial before a magistrate, in order to save time and trouble, she receives a special name for the time being. The women below the middle class work very hard. Farm labor is done chiefly by them. Manure is applied by the women, rarely by men. The women carry lunch to the laborers in the field, eating what is left for their share. In going to market the women carry the heavier load. In their toilet the women use rouge, white powders and hair oil. They shave their eyebrows to a narrow line—that is, to a perfectly clean arch, with nothing straggling. They have luxuriant hair, and, in addition, use immense switches to fill out large coiffures.

In the higher classes of society, etiquette demands that the children of the two sexes be separated after the age of eight or ten years. After that time the boys dwell entirely in the men's apartments, to study and even to eat and drink. The girls remain secluded in the women's quarters. The boys are taught that it is a shameful thing even to set foot in the female part of the house. The girls are told that it is disgraceful even to be seen by males, so that gradually they seek to hide themselves whenever any of the male sex appear. These customs, continued from childhood to old age, result in destroying the family life. A Corean of good taste only occasionally holds conversation with his wife, whom he regards as being far beneath him. He rarely consults her on anything serious, and though living under the same roof, one may say that husband and wife are widely separated.

• • • In the higher classes, when a young woman has arrived at marriageable age, none, even of her own relatives, except those nearest of kin, is allowed to see or speak to her. Those who are accepted from this rule must address her with the most ceremonious reserve. After their marriage the women are inaccessible. They are nearly always confined to their apartments, nor can they even look out into the streets without permission of their lords. So strict is this rule that fathers have on occasions killed their daughters, husbands their wives, and wives have committed suicide when strangers have touched them even with their fingers. The common romances or novels of the country expatiate on the merits of many a Corean Lucretia. In some cases, however, this exaggerated modesty produces the very results it is intended to avoid. If a bold villain or too eager paramour should succeed in penetrating secretly the apartments of a noble lady, she dare not utter a cry, nor oppose the least resistance which might attract attention, for then, whether guilty or not, she would be dishonored forever by the simple fact that a man

had entered her chamber. Every Korean husband is a Cæsar in this respect. If, however, the affair remains secret, her reputation is saved. * * * Though counting for nothing in society, and nearly so in their family, they are surrounded by a certain sort of exterior respect. They are always addressed in the formulas of honorific language. The men always step aside in the street to allow a woman to pass, even though she be of the poorer classes. The apartments of females are inviolable even to the minions of the law. A noble who takes refuge in his wife's room may not be seized. Only in cases of rebellion is he dragged forth, for in that case his family are reckoned as accomplices in his guilt. In other crimes he must be enticed out where he may be legally arrested. * * * Marriage in Cho-sen is a thing with which a woman has little or nothing to do. The father of the young man communicates, either by call or letter, with the father of the girl which he wishes his son to marry. This is often done without consulting the tastes or character of either, and usually through a middle-man or go-between. * * * Among the most peculiar of women's rights in Cho-sen is the curious custom forbidding any males in Seoul from being out after eight o'clock in the evening. When this Korean curfew sounds all men must hie in-doors. The violation of the privacy of the women's quarters is punishable by exile or severe flagellation.

[From "Corea, the Hermit Nation," By W. E. Griffiths.]

Liszt and His Pupil.

A young pianist was giving concerts in the provinces of Germany. In order to attract the public she announced that she was a pupil of the famous Liszt. On arriving at a little town she had advertised a concert; but great was her consternation when she noticed among the list of new arrivals at the hotel the name of the Abbe Liszt. How could she get out of the difficulty into which she had brought herself? Her fraud could not fail to be found out, and she would not be able to give any more concerts. She already saw her future ruined. Trembling all over, she presented herself before the *maestro* to confess to him her trickery and deceit, and to implore his pardon. She threw herself at his feet, and, with a face bathed in tears, related to him her past history. An orphan at a very early age, poor, possessing nothing but her talent, the young girl thought she could only surmount the obstacles which beset her path by making use of the name of Liszt.

"Well, well," said the great musician, helping her to rise "we will see, my child, what we can do. There is a piano; let me hear you play a piece intended for to-morrow's concert."

She obeyed; the *maestro* sat down beside her, gave her several hints, suggested some changes, and when she had finished her piece said to her,—

"Now, my child, I have given you a music lesson; now you are a pupil of Liszt."

Before she could stammer out a few words of gratitude Liszt asked her,—

"Are the programmes printed?"

"No, sir: not yet."

"Then put on the programme that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece will be performed by the Abbe Liszt."

A vulgar disposition would have gladly embraced this opportunity to punish the poor young girl, who, doubtless, would have deserved it, for so impudently using Liszt's name. But charity is ingenious to cover a multitude of faults—to turn evil into good. Let us acknowledge, too, that the young girl did the best thing possible in confessing her guilt, and throwing herself at the feet of the generous man whose name she had so wrongly used.

Comparative Cost of Living.

For a number of years past there has been a general and gradual increase of personal and household expenses in families of all degrees of wealth and social standing. One by one new wants have arisen, making new and larger demands upon the resources of the pocket. In no other particular is the contrast between the present and the past greater or more marked than in the style and cost of living.

The plain, simple, but substantial fare of the "olden

time" has been superseded by the production of viands and costly dishes which almost rival the famous feasts of pagan antiquity, when to eat, drink and carouse constituted one of the principal objects of life.

Is this increase simply a result of reckless and thoughtless extravagance on the part of the people or is it one of the inevitable necessities growing out of an advanced civilization? It is usually attributed to the former cause, but a little reflection will convince almost any mind, we think, that the last-mentioned cause is really the more potent of the two.

The word civilization may be taken to express or embody the combined results of intellectual and moral growth. The simplest form of life is the nomadic or wandering stage of development.

The desert Arab, the American Indian, as he was before the advent of the white man on this continent, the uneducated peasantry in many parts of Europe, and the natives of Africa, may be instanced as examples of this class.

Their range of thought and desire is exceedingly limited, their tastes simple and their wants few. A tent or rude hut for a habitation, garments enough to shield them from climatic changes, a dog or horse for service and companionship and some kinds of weapons for hunting or fighting, constitute, about all they need or care for as means or instruments of life. To eat, sleep, hunt and go to war make up their principal occupations.

Of course, the cost of living in this primitive stage of development is exceedingly small. The existence and uses of money with such people are either unknown or very much restricted. But take any one of these classes designated and bring them up into a higher state of civilization, and their personal and household expenses will at once begin to multiply in exact proportion to their elevation or advancement.

The philosophy of such a movement would seem to be that the physical nature of mankind everywhere strives to keep pace with the improvement in the upper departments of being.

As new light and knowledge flow into the brain and expand and quicken the feelings, these internal forces of life seize upon their lower and external concomitants and pull them up to their own new level.

Consequently, new and varied physical wants arise, wants in regard to eating and clothing, which necessitate an increased expenditure. And thus the cost of living multiplies with the area of intellectual acquirement and the cultivation of finer and nobler feelings in the heart.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of unnecessary and wasteful extravagance in the prevailing methods of American household life, but all of the present increased cost of living cannot justly be laid to that account. A part of it is the inevitable result of our present advanced civilization. The range of human wants is legitimately much greater now than fifty or a hundred years ago.

The external must try at least to keep up with the internal in development and progress. And this fact makes poverty seem tenfold more harsh and unbearable than ever, and makes laborers strike for higher wages because they cannot meet the multiplied demands of their households and families. There is little prospect of any decrease in this respect until absolute want compels it. As long as people can have what they want they will in some way manage to procure it or go to ruin in the effort.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Peculiarities of Dying.

Miss Nightingale says the mental state of the dying depends on their physical condition. As a rule, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhoea, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference. On the battle field the expression on the faces of those who have died of gun-shot wounds is one of agony, while the dead by sword have a calmer look. A rapid death by steel is almost painless, the nerves are divided so quickly, while a bullet lacerates.

The Baby Sorceress.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm trees,
 A wreath or tangled ribbons in her hands;
 She twines and twists the many-colored strands—
 A little sorceress, weaving destinies.
 Now the pure white she grasps; now naught can please
 But stripes of crimson, lurid as the brand
 From passion's fires; or yellow, like the sands
 That lend soft setting to the azure seas.
 And so with sweet, incessant toil she fills
 A summer hour, still following fancies new,
 Till through my heart a sudden terror thrills
 Lest, as she waves, her aimless choice prove true.
 Thank God! our fates proceed not from our wills;
 The Power that spins the thread shall blend the hue.

—Thomas W. Higginson, in the Century.

Thought He Was an Orphan.

"Can't yer he'p an orphan in dis 'stablishment?" said
 an old colored man, entering a store.
 "An orphan?"
 "Yes, sah."
 "How old are you?"
 "Seventy-five, sah."
 "How long have you been an orphan?"
 "Since dis mornin'."
 "Did your parents die this morning?"
 "No, sah; da died fifty years ago."
 "Then how is it you have only been an orphan since this
 morning?"
 "Case my wife died this mornin'."
 "The death of your wife doesn't make you an orphan."
 "It don't? But I gets a pension, don't I?"
 "No."
 "Well, den, ef dat's de case, I'll go an' marry ag'in. Dar's
 so many laws in dis country dat it takes half a man's time ter
 keep up wid 'em."

Procrastination.

There is an old negro in Austin who claims to have studied
 "filosofy outen a book." Yesterday he went into the justice
 court and said: "Jedge, kin I git a 'dictment writ agin dat
 wuffles nigger, Pete?"
 "What's he been doing?"
 "He's a procrastinator. He's bin a procrastinatin'."
 "Procrastinating? There's no law against that."
 "No law agin procrastination. Den what's de law fur?
 Ain't procrastination de thief of time?"
 "Certainly; I believe it has been so stated."
 "Well, den, ain't Pete a thief?"
 "Yes, you might so construe it, but you cannot convict a
 man for stealing time."
 "No; but when we hab got de proof on him fur stealin'
 time, we hab got de circumstantial ebideance agin him fur
 stealin' money, fur don't 'lossify say dat time am money?
 Got yer dar, Jedge."
 And the old man went out chuckling to himself, "Got
 him dar, Got de jedge dis time suah yer a foot high."—
Texas Siftings.

Bill Nye's Household Hints.

To remove oils, varnishes, resins, tar, oyster soup, currant
 jelly, and other selections from the bill of fare—Use benzine
 soap and chloroform cautiously with white-wash brush and
 garden hose. Then hang on the wood-pile to remove the
 pungent effluvia of the benzine. To clean ceilings that have
 been smoked by by kerosene lamps or the fragrance of fried
 salt pork—Remove the ceiling, wash thoroughly with borax,
 turpentine and rain-water, then hang on the clothes line to
 dry. Afterwards pulverize, and spread over the pie-plant
 bed for spring wear. To remove starch and roughness from
 flat-irons—Hold the irons on a large grindstone for twenty
 minutes or so, then wipe off carefully with a rag. To make
 this effective the grindstone should be in motion while the
 iron is applied. To soften water for household purposes—
 Put an ounce of quicklime into a certain quantity of water.
 If it is not sufficient, use less water or more quicklime.

Should the immediate lime continue to remain deliberate,
 lay the water down on a stone, and pound it with a base-ball
 club. To give relief to a burn—Apply the white of an egg.
 The yoke of the egg may be eaten, or placed on the shirt-
 bosom, according to the taste of the person. If the burn
 should occur on a lady, she may omit the last instructions.
 To wash black stockings—Prepare a tub of lather, composed
 of tepid rain-water and white soap, with a little ammonia.
 Then stand in the tub till dinner is ready. Roll in a cloth
 to dry. Do not wring, but press, the water out. This will
 necessitate the removal of the stockings. If your hands are
 badly chapped, wet them in warm water, rub them all over
 with Indian meal, then put on a coat of glycerine, and then
 keep them in your pockets for ten days. If you have no-
 pockets convenient, insert them in the pockets of a friend.
 An excellent liniment for toothache or neuralgia is made of
 saffras, oil of organum, and a half-ounce of tincture of
 capsicum, with half a pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of
 red flannel in this mixture, wrap it around the head, and
 then insert the head in a haystack till death comes to your
 relief. Woollen goods may be nicely washed, if you put
 half an ox-gall into two gallons of tepid water. It might be
 well to put the goods into the water also. If the mixture is
 not strong enough, put in another ox-gall. Should this fail
 to do the work, put in the entire ox, reserving the tail for
 soup. The ox-gall is comparatively useless for soup, and
 should not be preserved as an article of diet.

Is He Vain?

Behold yon man gazing in the "Gentlemen's Furnishing
 Store" window. Gazing at gaudy cravats and neckties. Is
 he vain? Ask him. O, no. He is not vain as a woman.
 But he wants one of those silken scarfs. There are all col-
 ors—old gold and dead gold, and big crimson polka dots,
 and red and yellow barred scarfs, and hardly any two alike.
 Now he is trying, as he gazes at them, to decide which he
 will have. He stood at a similar window two blocks above,
 trying to make up his mind as to which tie would look
 prettiest on him or he on it, and he came away unable to
 make up that little mind. He has gazed at the scarfs in this
 window for fully ten minutes. Perhaps here he will not be
 able to make up his mind, either. Poor man. How it dis-
 tresses him. But he is not vain as a woman or a peacock.
 O, no. Now he goes on his weary way along Broadway.
 There! He stops at another scarf and necktie window. So
 he spends half his afternoon. But he is not vain. O, no!

A Double Boy.

M. Paul Bert has lately sent the editor of *La Nature*, from
 Geneva, two photographs of a human monster exhibited
 there, living, and aged five years, having been born at Turin
 in 1877. It has two heads, four arms, and two chests, but
 one abdomen and pelvis, and two legs; that is, it is double
 above the middle of the body. The fusion of the two
 bodies begins at the sixth rib. From due examination, and
 what has been observed in previous monsters of the kind
 (they were named Xiphodyme by *Isodore Geoffroy St Hil-
 riere*) it may be affirmed that there are four lungs, two hearts,
 and two stomachs; the small intestine is double at its com-
 mencement, but in greater part single. There are really two
 individuals. The right leg obeys only the right individual,
 who alone feels pinching of it; and similarly with the left.
 The sensibility of each half of the body is in exclusive rap-
 port with the head of the same side. The two individuals
 were baptized doubly under the names of Jean and Jacques.
 They are equally developed from physical points of view
 (except a slight club foot on Jacques' leg), and intellectually
 they are much alike. Their intelligence is normal; they
 reply to questions of visitors in French, Italian and German.
 They seem gentle and amiable, also lively, often playing
 together while lying on cushions, or on the knees of their
 reputed father. It is said they have never been ill. It has
 been shown in the case of other double monsters that one
 may have an inflammatory fever, while the other continued
 well; but the like would not occur with infectious disease or
 poisoning. Several cases of these Xiphodyme monsters
 have been recorded in history; but very few have lived.

Like the Ivy.

True love is like the ivy bold
That clings each day with firmer hold;
That groweth on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clingeth still.
What though the wall on which it climbs
Has lost the grace of former times,
Will then the ivy loose its hold,
Forget the sunny days of old?
Nay, rather it will closer cling
With loving clasp, remembering
That it had hardly lived at all
Without the kindly shel't'ring wall.
True love is like the ivy bold,
That clings each day with firmer hold;
That groweth on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clingeth still.

True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been,
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on.
What though the tree where it may cling
Shall hardly know another spring?
What though the boughs be dead and bare?
The twining ivy climbeth there,
And clasps it with a firmer hold,
With stronger love than that of old,
And lends it grace it never had
When time was young and life was glad.
True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what has been,
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on.

—George Weatherly.

Advice to a Boy.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are. Find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at the Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews you will be a better, stronger, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—*Hawkeye.*

An Old Dodge.

In London, (Eng.) swindlers have revived an old dodge with much success. It is commonly known as the "cripple and medicine lay" and its operation is simple enough. A vagabond with a sound but carefully bandaged arm drops a bottle of water with a crash upon the pavement just as some respectably-dressed person is passing. He at once accuses the person of knocking his "medicine" out of his hand, bewails his forlorn condition, and the poverty which will compel him to endure all the agony of his broken limb without alleviation. A crowd collects, and the stranger is loudly exhorted by confederates to "give the poor fellow a bob," to which he will generally assent.

A Girl's Joke.

A certain Oregon professor was a very fatherly kind of a man, particularly toward his young lady pupils. Whenever a young lady would ask a question he would place his hand lovingly on her head, and make considerable more fuss than was necessary. Of course the girls got tired of this, and conspired to break him of his fatherly proclivities. One of them

hit upon a plan. She fixed up a nice pincushion, had thi-pius inserted so that they would stand on their heads, points upward, and then adjusted the infernal machine on the top of her head, covering it with just enough of her hair to hide it from view. This done, she left her seat during the session, walked demurely up to the professor's desk, stood a moment in his august presence, and then, in a meek and plaintive tone of voice, she asked him for the information as to whether Washington crossed the Delaware on the ice or on horseback when he left Trenton. He raised his hand over her head, and soothingly replied:

"Why, my dear child—"

We'll have to end this sentence there, for the balance of the exclamation was a sort of half howl, half whoop, which we can neither write nor print. Just as he said "child," he lowered his hand caressingly but forcibly upon the crown of the girl's head, and the whole surface of his extended palm felt the tickling and exhilarating sensation of a couple dozen of pin points.

The Late Thurlow Weed.

Mr. Weed, during late years has been a millionaire, and he has sternly enforced as a rule that nobody should be turned away from his door in want of food or money. The house was besieged with beggars in every guise. Barrels of sugar, potatoes and flour were kept always open, and packages generally put up, and there was a room half full of heaps of calico, muslin, shoes and underwear. Sometimes the handsome house took on the appearance of a country store as a line of applicants came and went. Up to 1850 Mr. Weed possessed little property. He had not time to get rich. At that time Mr. William H. King, the Albany banker, volunteered to take care of Mr. Weed's earnings and investments, and the result was wealth. Behind the library door hang two diplomas in Latin conferring the title of L.L.D. upon Thurlow Weed a homage rendered by two distinguished colleges to the cabin-boy of the Hudson, the chore-boy of Jaspas Hopper and "Peck's journeyman," who never went to school nine months in his life.

He has said of his marriage with Miss Ostrander: "When I was working in Cooperstown, I and two other young fellows were arrested for insulting some girls while going home from meeting; I was never more innocent of anything in my life, but I had no friends and was threatened with jail. Suddenly a man, whom I did not know, stepped forward and gave bail for me, and a lawyer whom I had barely seen, offered to serve me as counsel. My trial came on, and the girls completely exonerated me from having had anything to do with it. A year or two after this I fell in love with Catherine Ostrander of Cooperstown and married her, and a better wife no man ever had. It was ten years before I found out how I came to be defended. Meeting the lawyer in Albany, I asked him. "Why," said he, "it was Catherine Ostrander's work." She had felt rather shy, and had not told me in all that time. But the next year that lawyer was surprised by being nominated and elected attorney-general of the State—not altogether because he had interceded for me; he was just the man for the place. I very rarely had a man elected or appointed to office for reasons personal to myself."

Will She Care?

The congregation of a fashionable New York church is just at present energetically discussing the question of "ought we to visit her," a large majority of the members, it is reported, inclining to the negative. The "her" in this case is the mother of their pastor, a woman of irreproachable moral character and unobtrusive manners. Although no fault can be found with her manners or her morals, she has in the past been guilty of that which determines society or Christians to withhold from her the ordinary courtesies of social life. Her offense is that, in former days, in order to support herself and a family of children, she pursued the calling of a washerwoman, and a people which worships a son of a carpenter refuses to extend social recognition to a worthy woman who, by the faithful performance of lowly duties, has aided her son to attain his present honorable position.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

We feel almost tempted to give each of our correspondents a prize, you have all done so well. Several have answered all the puzzles correctly and the prize awarded to the one sending the neatest and most correct letter—John E. Gow Windsor.

For the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number, sent in before the fifth of January, we will give another handsomely-bound story book.

Correct answers have been received from Ida Craig, Walkerton; "Nemo," Goderich; Delie Sawyer, Huntley; Minnie Mulveney, Parkhill; Hartley J. Doane, Thornton; Mary Sheppard, Berlin; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Ellen Ralph, Goderich; W. Cunningham, London East; Hubert Jackson, Toronto; B. J. Emery, London; Katie Cross, Toronto; Walter Marsh, Montreal; George H., Toronto, and Jessie Smith, Ottawa.

DECEMBER PUZZLES.

1.

ANAGRAMS.

Ream etc.
A German.
Serve peer.

2.

CHARADE.

My first is a word of letters two,
By printers spoken times not few;
My second is often used I ween,
By those of egotistic mien;
My third is what I trust you'd do
If a proper favor's asked of you;
My whole is one who his country leaves
For a home away across the seas.

3.

POETICAL PL.

Eth grydin fo a ginles reat ash rome
Fo sthione mafe nath gindeshd aess fo roeg.

4.

SQUARE WORD.

A vessel.
To conceal.
A thought.
A sound.

5.

CROSS-WORD.

My first's in brown, but not in bay;
My second's in night, but not in day;
My third's in out, but not in in;
My fourth's in fat, but not in thin;
My fifth's in bright, but not in dull;
My sixth's in pick, but not in cut;
My seventh's in cooled, but not in fanned;
My whole is the name of a prosperous land.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

1. Square word: C E N T
E V E R
N E R O
T R O Y

2. Diamond puzzle:—R

R E D
B R A N D
R E A D I N G
B R I N E
O N E
G

3. Charades:—Bolt-on, Fox-glove.

4. Rebus:—Nightingale.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IDA CRAIG.—With regard to the charade, in which you object to our answer, "Sim" is a nick-name for Simpson, and "Coe," is phonetically equal to Co. or Company, meaning an assembly.

Baby's Eyes.

Baby-eyes of summer blue,
No one yet has sung of you;
Of the soft pink lids that close
Like the petals of a rose.
Lift them, sweet, that I may see
What they will reveal to me.
Looking up, or drooping down,
Bright with smile, or dark with frown,
What a world of mystery lies
In the depths of baby's eyes.

Little mirrors, clear and deep,
Faithfully my image keep;
For whenever I may look,
Clear as sunshine in a brook,
In their liquid depths I see
Perfect duplicate of—me!
How could mamma's face, my fair,
Ever find its way in there?
And a look of pleased surprise
Lightens up the baby's eyes.

Little mirrors, clear and deep,
Who doth all your secrets keep?
From their surface who can know
Soundless depths that lie below?
Searching, who can understand
All the paths of babyland?
Can you ne'er reveal to me
Half the glorious things you see?
As I question, mute replies
Come to me through baby's eyes.

"'Tis a sweet, mysterious bond
Links us to the world beyond.
None save babes can understand
Heights and depths of babyland.
But 'tis given us to strew
Blessings wheresoe'er we go—
Light and love to cheer the way
Where the paths of duty lay,
All that's good and pure and wise,
Comes to you through baby's eyes."

Looking in their quiet deeps
Where the sunlight—starlight creeps,
Filling heart and life with light,
Whether day, or whether night,
Who would ever go astray
With such light to guide the way?
And I thank the One above
For this token of His love!
Soft and sweet as summer skies,
Heaven bless the baby's eyes.

One single life object and strict adherence to it is the foundation of success. The slow boy at school who sticks to his problems till he solves them has better prospects of being a successful man than the precocious boy who runs with a brilliant display of talent from one thing to another. Boys should choose the occupation they are the fondest of and resolutely determine on success in that occupation.

Consumption Cured.

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