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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 9.

(Written for the Family Circle.)
At the Railway Station.
FIRST PART.

"Part we here?" "Ah yes, it must be!
The time is so short!" "Hark the bell!"
"All aboard for the West!" "Misery!
Is it here that we bid farewell?"
"Dost remember the days long ago
When we, in the murmurous dell,
Dreamt of parting, yet never could know
How our lips would utter, 'Farewell?'"

"There shrieks the whistle now. Hark!
List to the feverish jar
Of many feet hurrying. Dark
Comes a smothering mist from afar,
Enfolding my head with a cloud—
A cloud which no light can dispel—
So here, in the midst of the crowd,
I leave thee, my lost one, 'Farewell.'"

SECOND PART.

"Train due in ten minutes?" "How slow
Moves the time! Will it come?
Yes, there starts the smoke. See it grow!
Hark to the rush and the hum
Of wheels swiftly speeding. Now here
Is mine, never again to roam;
Welcome, my darling, with kindest cheer,
Welcome home, welcome home."

"Wearied? Of course; yet the rest
Is coming; now listen me, sweet,
Henceforth, together, carest
With Hope, we will oftentimes meet
At eve 'neath the star-dotted sky,
'That bends o'er the murmurous dell,
And there will we vow, thou and I,
Never to speak of Farewell. —Robert Elliott.

Epitaph on a Pet Dog.

Here rests the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He bann'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Performed his functions well in every way—
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.
—Wolcot.

(Written for the Family Circle.)
BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

THUS Augusta had precipitated events; which was far from her intention or desire. Perhaps she read something of this in the expression of his face, for she kept close to Judith for the remainder of the evening, and strenuously opposed any suggestion to go out walking or rowing; so they stayed together in the orchard till dark and then went indoors. As the guests were taking their leave, she chanced to overhear a few words of Standfield's as he bade Judith good night.

"Will you be disengaged to-morrow afternoon, Miss Judy?"

"I? Oh yes!"

"Then will you be in Bonny Woods about four o'clock? I have Black's latest novel; I will bring it to you; it is the best he has written yet, I think, though all his works are charming. Will you be there?"

"I will try; I will not promise more surely, for something may prevent my going."

"I hope you will be able to come; good evening."

"In Bonny Woods, to-morrow; no, my dear Mr. Standfield, she will not meet you there to-morrow nor next day either," muttered Augusta to herself as she watched the girlish figure flitting noiselessly up the stairs. As she went around carefully trying all the windows and doors to see that they were properly fastened, she was pale and determined-looking, and her cold blue eyes glittered with an unpleasant, steely light. A few minutes later, as Judith, clad in a pretty, pink cotton dressing-gown, stood at her toilet table, brushing her hair, a knock came at her bed-room door, and Augusta's voice asked permission to enter, receiving which, she came slowly in, unheeding her cousin's look of surprise at this unprecedented visit.

"Sit down," said Judy, rather timidly, pushing a chair up to the table.

"No, thank you, I shall not stay many minutes; I have come to say a few words to you—words of warning which I trust you will believe are spoken in no unfriendly spirit, but for your good alone," said Augusta, stiffly, standing a little apart from her cousin, with one hand resting on the back of a chair.

"Warning! for my good!" exclaimed Judith in astonishment; "What do you mean, Augusta?"

"It is rather a difficult subject to approach," returned Augusta, in her cold, measured tones, "but it is best to go straight to the point. It is of Mr. Standfield I wish to speak; to warn you against him that I—"

"Augusta!"

"Hush! do not interrupt me; reserve your wrath till I have finished. I have seen your foolish fancy for him, and have done my best to warn you against placing any trust in a heartless flirt—a man who has played with so many women's hearts, that yours added to the list was as nothing in his estimation; you have helped him to pass the time here rather more pleasantly than he would otherwise have done. And you, poor little fool, have actually given your heart to him! However, a girl's first love is fortunately a light matter, and your only regret will be that you have made yourself slightly ridiculous in his eyes. But probably he will make excuses for you on the score of your youth and total inexperience. You doubtless think me hard and unkind to speak in this way, but I am doing only what I conceive to be my duty to you."

"What I think of you," said Judith, scornfully, keeping her pale, proud face steadily turned to her cousin, "what I think of you is that you have spoken utterly falsely; what your object may be I do not know. That you have my welfare in view, I do not for one moment believe; and as for your taunts about my folly, as you are pleased to term it, I treat them with the scorn they merit."

"Your answer is precisely such as I anticipated it would be. A trifle more stagey, perhaps, but that is not surprising in a romantic young girl," answered Augusta, sneeringly.

"You do not believe what I have said of Mr. Standfield's character. Very well; here is, at least, one proof of his faithlessness. You perhaps are aware that your sister Dorothy had a love disappointment in her girlhood? So, well then, it was Donald Standfield—your immaculate hero, whom she loved; and he jilted her, after dangling after her for one entire summer. It happened here at Bonny Dale,—and—well, history repeats itself, and Mr. Standfield is amusing himself with you as he amused himself with Dorothy nine years ago."

"I do not believe it," cried Judith, passionately, but even as she spoke, she felt the cold chill of doubt creeping into her heart.

"Very well," said Augusta, coldly, as she turned to leave the room. "If you persist in making yourself an object of ridicule, it is no business of mine, I have done what I could to save you, and received only insults for my pains; if you doubt the truth of what I have told you about your sister and Mr. Standfield, suppose you write and ask Dorothy about it. Good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

FOR a few moments after Augusta left her, Judith stood, motionless, conscious only of the dull, sickening pain that filled her heart, where a few minutes ago joy had reigned supreme.

Could it be that her hero—Donald Standfield, was the heartless, treacherous being Miss Laurie had painted him? What! Dorothy's lover, that faithless lover whom she [Judith] had vowed to hate and scorn if ever she met him. Oh no, no, it could not be, it was not true! And yet, why—

why had Dorothy never said that she and Mr. Standfield had met at Bonny Dale? In her letters to Dorothy she had so often spoken of him, and expressed her liking for him and her gratitude for his many acts of kindness toward her; and in her replies Dorothy had passed over these passages in her sister's letters, making no mention whatever of Mr. Standfield. That seemed strange, now she came to think of it; for in everything else that concerned Judith, Dorothy took always a hearty interest.

And was not Mr. Standfield always curiously averse to any conversation about Dorothy? What did it all mean? With a shiver Judith sank into a chair and pressed her hand over her eyes; she was very unhappy. As the past two or three months, with their full measure of joy and their bright hopes, passed before her mental vision, she sobbed piteously, throwing herself on the bed and burying her face in the pillows to smother the sound. You see, she was young enough to weep over her troubles, a privilege which is denied to most people as they grow older. I often think how intense must be the suffering of those who cannot find vent for their grief in this way, particularly men—strong men, who seldom, if ever, shed a tear, even in very great sorrows and disappointments.

As Judith grew calmer and lay thinking over this trouble of hers, it seemed to her highly improbable, nay, even presumptuous, to doubt the honor and goodness of Donald Standfield. Like most girls who love for the first time she had made a hero of her lover, and exalted him into a god whom she worshipped, and in her eyes he could do no wrong.

So now, was she, at the bidding of another, going to doubt her hero and cast down her god from his pedestal? No! She did not believe a word Augusta had spoken; she had detected Augusta in a falsehood once before, and she believed that this precious story of hers was but a tissue of falsehoods told for some purpose of her own. How had she dared to make use of Dorothy's name in that way? But probably she had felt pretty safe from detection; as she [Judith] would never—no never—be so heartless as to write and ask Dorothy any questions about that sad little story of her girlhood, which poor Dolly had guarded so carefully from all the world—even her brother and sister. No, Augusta doubtless knew very well that she would never write to Dorothy about it. Besides, would not that be a tacit acknowledgment of her belief in Miss Laurie's accusation against him? And she did not doubt him; oh no!

Poor little Judy! Though she told herself that Augusta's statements were false, yet there was a lingering doubt in her mind, and the loving heart ached sadly as she lay awake far into the night. And when at last she fell asleep, there were tears on the long dark lashes resting on the colorless cheeks.

Does it seem strange that Miss Brown had never mentioned to her sister the fact of her having previously met and known Donald Standfield?

But it must be remembered that Judith was a child at the time of Dorothy's visit to Bonny Dale, where the one love story of her life was enacted. And when she had buried the past, what need was there to rake up the ashes of her bitter disappointment? Both Reggie and his younger sister were vaguely aware that when Dorothy was a young girl in her teens she had had a love affair which ended unhappily for her; they had never been told directly of it, but somehow or other the knowledge had come to them. Of the unknown lover they knew nothing, not even his name, but in their

hearts they cherished a deep hatred of him. Neither of them had ever sought to learn anything about the story from their sister; they were both too delicate and tender-hearted ever to allude to the matter before her; while, as I said before, Miss Brown was too reserved, too self-contained to speak of her own troubles to anyone. When she heard from Judith that Mrs. Standfield was staying in Eastville, and of his unvarying kindness toward herself, Dorothy had felt a momentary fear for her young sister. She had once heard Augusta say that he was a heartless flirt, but at the time she had not believed this; afterwards, alas! her own heart could not deny it; so now she dreaded his influence over Judith, who was just the sort of girl to make a hero of a man of Donald Standfield's stamp, if he succeeded in touching her heart. Miss Brown debated within herself whether or not she should warn Judith against him; but then again she considered that this might put ideas in the young girl's mind, with regard to Mr. Standfield, that might otherwise never come there. After all, he was twice her age and must look upon her as a child. She would wait and see how it was likely to be; meanwhile she must trust her sister to Providence. Poor—I was almost saying, "poor Judith!" but I think I shall say, "Poor Mr. Standfield!" instead. For what hard thoughts Dorothy seemed to have of him—this man whom she had loved so dearly once (I am inclined to think that that old love was not quite dead even yet). And how completely must that determined young woman, Miss Laurie, have blackened his character in Dorothy's eyes, when she did not feel safe in trusting her sister to his tender mercies. Poor Donald! When will you and she learn the truth, I wonder? Not till too late, perhaps.

It must not be thought that she was actuated in the least by jealousy of her sister. No, it was not in Dorothy's nature to be jealous, especially of anyone whom she loved. If Judy cared for Mr. Standfield and he wished to marry her, Dorothy would have sympathized with her sister in her happiness without one bitter thought; though I do not say that she would not have suffered; for she was a thorough woman, and Donald Standfield was the only man who had ever won her love.

On the day after that disclosure of Augusta's, Judy was in a very unsettled frame of mind. She could not bring herself to decide against Mr. Standfield, and yet she was torn with doubt, for by putting this and that together she could not but see that there was much against him. She made up her mind that she would not go to Bonny Woods in the afternoon; she could not meet him alone in her present state of mind.

Augusta was pretty well satisfied with the result of her machinations, and watched the young girl closely all day, without seeming to do so. "It was a bold stroke" she muttered, "but I think it has succeeded, so far."

Jack came in the forenoon as usual; but received from Judith no encouragement to prolong his visit. She was curt in her manner to him, and he wondered if he had been so unfortunate as to offend her.

"Are you coming for a row this afternoon, Miss Judith?" he asked.

"No; certainly not this afternoon. I did not promise to go."

"No, but I thought perhaps you would go."

No answer.

"I think you must be feeling tired to-day, Miss Judy, you are looking pale."

"Pale! Am I not always pale? and I am not tired at all," putulantly.

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, humbly, "I did not mean to offend you."

"You did not offend me at all—what nonsense!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you? let me read to you."

"No, thanks; oh! I wish you would not bother me."

"I beg your pardon. I had no intention of bothering you; I will relieve you at once of my obnoxious presence," said Jack, stiffly, and with a slight bow, walked huffily away.

Then Judith was filled with compunction for her own rudeness.

"Oh, Mr. Littleworth!" she cried, rising hastily from her chair and standing a pretty picture of distress and confusion.

Jack turned and stood silently before her; they were in the orchard and no one was near.

"Forgive my rudeness, please, Mr. Littleworth, I—I think you were right just now, I am tired, and my—my head aches," with a little catch in her voice and a suspicion of tears in her beautiful eyes that touched him inexpressibly.

"It is I who should ask your forgiveness," he said, coming nearer to her—"I was a brute to be so bad tempered; I might have known you were not well; and I have been bothering you all morning."

"It was I who was bad-tempered, but you will forgive me this time?"

"He did not answer at once, he was looking down at her with eyes full of inexpressible love—no boy's love was this for Jack had been in love scores of times before, but never before had he felt such a deep passion for any woman as that which he had for the fair young girl beside him. As Judith spoke she looked up at him and almost immediately, with a quick start and a vivid blush, turned away. She knew now that this handsome young Englishman loved her; she had read the secret in his eyes.

He noted the start and the blush, and perhaps guessed the cause, for he himself colored slightly.

"Judith," he said, tenderly, and put out his hand as though to take hers.

"Excuse me, I must go back to the house," she interposed, moving quickly away.

"Stay just one moment," he pleaded.

"Oh, Mr. Littleworth, didn't I just tell you that I had a bad headache—I must go and lie down."

"Forgive me," he said, and accompanied her silently to the door and then went away, after expressing a hope that she would be better in the afternoon.

Though she was much distressed by the discovery she had just made, the other, greater trouble, overshadowed this one; so it was not surprising that before an hour had passed Jack Littleworth and his love were almost forgotten. Coming down stairs a little while before dinner, she found old Mrs. Laurie there alone, the click of her bright knitting needles being the only sound in the room.

"Has Mr. Laurie come in yet, Judy, my dear?" she enquired, glancing over her gold-rimmed spectacles at the girl.

"No, Mrs. Laurie, I think not yet," she answered, seating herself beside the old lady.

"You are pale this morning; are you not feeling well, my dear?"

"I am quite well, thanks."

"Have you heard from Dorothy this week?"

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Laurie, I had a letter yesterday; don't you remember I told you that Dorothy sent her love to you?"

"Ah, to be sure, I had forgotten. You miss your sister, I have no doubt; and no wonder, for she is a sweet girl, and you are very like her. I could almost imagine the past nine years to be a dream, and that you were Dorothy sitting there. You were a wee baby when Dorothy was at Bonny Dale," continued the old lady, laying down her knitting and swaying back and forth in her usual way; and Judith's heart beat fast at the allusion to Dorothy's visit to Bonny Dale; she hoped Mrs. Laurie's reminiscences would reveal something concerning her sister's acquaintance with Standfield that would either confirm her doubts or disperse them altogether. Anything would be better than this agonizing uncertainty.

(To be Continued.)

Sybil's Economy.

DRIFTING—drifting away into the quiet land of dreams—half uncertain whether he was awake or asleep, with a pleasant semi-consciousness, the while, of the clear fire glimmering on the wall, and the grey kitten purring a drowsy monody on the hearth-rug, Grant Raymond had a very narrow escape from a sound nap, when his wife came in, with fluttering dress, and light, elastic footfall.

"Grant!"

"Well, Sybil!" He was wide awake in a moment, and ready to take an oath that he hadn't the least idea of going to sleep.

"What is it, little busybody?" he asked, lazily stretching out his hand to play with the blue ribbon at her watch as she came toward him.

"Can you spare me five dollars to-night?"

"Of course I can—what is it for?" he said leisurely opening his purse and tossing a bit of crumpled paper to his wife.

"The grocer's bill—he will be here early to-morrow morning—thank you—dear!"

Mrs. Raymond sat down on a little velvet cricket, close to the sofa, when she had deposited the money in her brown leather purse, so that the firelight played gently on her delicate, oval face with its shadowy masses of dark hair, and large, violet-grey eyes.

"Well, Pussy, what are you thinking about?" questioned her husband, after a few moments of unbroken silence. Mrs. Raymond looked up smilingly.

"To tell you the truth, Grant, I was wishing that instead of coming to you for everything I want I had a regular allowance of my own!"

"A regular allowance of your own? Really that is very complimentary to my generosity!"

"I knew you would laugh at me, Grant—yet I do wish it very much indeed."

"And pray why? Don't I give you everything you ask for?"

"I know you do, my love; yet I should somehow feel richer, more independent, if I had my own resources—if you would allow me just such an amount every month."

"How much would satisfy you, my little miser?"

"Well, I think I could get along with fifty dollars a month."

"Do you happen to know that I have handed over to you just one-third more than the sum you specify during the past four weeks? It strikes me you would not be much of a gainer; peculiarly speaking, by this new system of finances."

"But I believe I should, Grant, for it should teach me to calculate and economize, and to—"

"And, in short, you want to try the experiment?"

"That's just it," said Sybil Raymond, coaxingly.

"My dear, this is all nonsense. Believe me, I understand the care of money better than you."

"Then you are not going to indulge me?"

There was such a plaintive accent in Mrs. Raymond's voice that her husband checked himself in the midst of a tremendous yawn, to look full into the grieved little face.

"My child," he said laughingly, "I have never yet refused you anything you chose to ask; and it isn't likely I shall begin to assert my independence at this late hour. Take your fifty dollars a month—take what you please; but I'm a considerably mistaken man if you don't come to me teasing for 'just a little more money' before the four weeks have expired."

"Now, you shall see!" said the delighted little wife. "What shall I render in payment of your docility, Mr. Prophet?"

"A kiss—and now be off about your business, and let me finish my nap!"

How often, during the next twelve months, Grant Raymond rallied his wife within an inch of the "crying degree" about her financial schemes—how often he alluded, mischievously, to the probably exhausted state of her purse, and his entire willingness to hand over any amount of money the moment she would confess herself to be wrong, and him to be right, until she was nearly tempted to abandon her cause in despair. But she persevered so bravely that after a while Grant declared that he believed his little wife could get along with a smaller sum than he had previously had any idea of!

"But I know you are denying yourself scores of feminine fol-de-rols—say the word, and we'll call it seventy-five dollars a month instead of fifty!"

"No, indeed," quoth Sybil, decisively. "Didn't I tell you that fifty should be enough. And so it is!"

Nearly five years had passed away. It was a stormy night in March, the clouds flying before a strong gale, and the air chill and raw with occasional gusts of snow. Mrs. Raymond sat in her cheerful parlor, stitching away at a little muslin apron for her sleeping baby, and singing some half-forgotten melody to herself as she worked.

"I wonder what makes Grant so late," she murmured, as a stronger blast than usual shook the windows and roared down the chimney. "I hope it isn't any difficulty in his business matters. He has looked very grave lately."

The words had scarcely passed through her mind, when the door opened, and Mr. Raymond entered. He did not speak to his wife, as usual.

"Grant! are you ill, dearest? What is the matter?"

He made no reply. She arose and came to his side, reiterating her inquiries.

"Ask me no questions, Sybil," he said, at length, in a tone so strangely altered that she started at its sound. "You will learn evil tidings soon enough."

"Tell me, my husband—are not my joys yours—your sorrows mine? Surely, we have not ceased to be one?"

"Sybil," he said rising, "I did not intend to cloud your happy brow with my griefs; but it is too late longer to dissemble. I had hoped, dearest, to outstride this storm of disaster which has wrecked so many of our wealthiest merchants, in its whirlpool of failure. To-morrow, however, a heavy payment falls due. I had relied on receiving debts from a distant firm, which would fully liquidate the amount. Instead of the money, the western mails to-day bring news of the failure of the firm on which I had so wholly depended!"

"But can the amount be raised in no other way?"

"By borrowing here and there—by straining my credit to the utmost, and scraping together every cent of available funds, I can raise the sum all except five hundred dollars. But it might as well be five millions. Unless the whole amount is met, my note will be protested, and I am a ruined, disgraced man. To think that my whole future life should be darkened for want of a miserable five hundred dollars!"

"And that is all you lack?"

"All? But what is the use of dwelling further upon it. I appreciate your sympathy, Sybil, but it is in vain."

He sank back on the sofa, clasping his hands on his closed eyes.

He must have lain there motionless for five or six minutes, when Sybil's soft hand was placed on his forehead.

"Dearest, look up a moment. Do you remember our childhood's fable of the lion who was released from the net by the little mouse's tiny endeavors?"

"What of it?" he asked with a vague apprehension that Sybil's wits had been a little unsettled by the sudden news of their impending misfortune.

"Well, I am the little mouse—you the snared lion. Here are five hundred and twenty dollars. Take them, and may they prove useful in your time of need."

He sat suddenly upright, staring alternately at her and the roll of neatly folded bills.

"But, Sybil, how—when—?"

"Dear Grant, I saved it from my allowance, a few dollars at a time. I thought perhaps the moment might come when it would be welcome. Believe me, my husband, it gives me ten thousand fold more pleasure to place it in your hands than to expend it in a crown of diamonds."

"My darling wife!" faltered Grant Raymond, "you have preserved me from ruin. This crisis once passed, I can bid defiance to misfortune!"

And at that moment Sybil seemed to him to wear the lovely guise of an angel of rescue.

Later in the evening as she sat by his side, his head resting on his knee, she could not forbear whispering, with a touch of loving mischief in her voice:

"Grant—who was right about my financial abilities, you or I?"

"Little tease!" said he, laughing. "But I don't think I ever realized before what a blessing it is to have an economical wife!"

Mr. J. W. Bouton has obtained from Europe a large number of autograph letters written by Dickens, which relate chiefly to business matters, many of them being written to a Mr. Moxone, Dickens's man of business, who was evidently the original of Tom Traddles, in David Copperfield. Some of the letters also strengthen the belief that Mr. Dickens's father was the original of the immortal Micawber. Included in the collection are letters to Dickens from Washington Irving, MacIise, Hood, and Robert Browning.

A Western Bride.

THE evening train on the Union Pacific drew out from one of the little desert stations of Wyoming, a few days ago, leaving behind it a group of merry youngsters who had come to see off a newly-wedded young man and woman. The departure of the train was signalized by three rousing cheers by the forsaken young men and maidens, and in a certain manner strongly emphasised by the startling reports of several pistol shots.

The bridal party in the car were interested witnesses of this demonstration on their behalf, and, lovingly locked in each other's arms, leaned from the same window, smiled and waved their respective head-gear in adieu. A bend in the road soon removed the married pair and their friends from view. The former slowly lowered the window and sought their seats. Immediately they became the cynosure of almost every eye in the car, and they justly merited the attention.

She was youthful and buxom, and was dressed in her best, which was rather of the shabby genteel order. Her face had a pristine beauty, which cultivation and association with people of refinement would have made particularly attractive. As it was, there was the ruddy glow of health the evidence of a robust constitution, and withal the power to charm the best young people in the district in which it beamed. In her eye there was the merry and mischievous twinkle of the inborn coquette that delighted in compelling devotion, and took not a little delight in making the "feller she liked best" feel that he was not the only lad around she might have for the desiring. In her hat was concentrated the evidence of the height to which millinery had attained in the mountain town.

The young man was dressed in a bran-new cowboy outfit, so stiff in all its parts that he moved like a paralytic and smelled like a leather store. He was not as brawny as cowboys sometimes are; indeed, he seemed like a tyro in the business. His face was devoid of that black-walnut complexion peculiar to members of his calling, and his expression was such that it might but recently have bid good-by to what Mark Twain would have termed a gospel duck's smile.

The twain had hardly taken their seats when the young lady burst into tears. The feeling of home sickness had already come upon her. She sobbed aloud, and attracted even more attention thereby—the undivided attention of the crowded car. The newly-made husband was trained in business in such cases made and provided. The next instant his arm encircled her waist, and the fair form was gently moved, as a consequence, in a reclining position, until the drooping head rested upon her protector's bosom. Then were poured into the listening ears of the weeping damsel the whispers of consolation which the young husband was able to conjure up from the resources of his vocabulary. Some of these whispers found their way into the damsel's mouth, because it was noticed that several times the lips of the twain met in closest contact.

By degrees the disconsolate maiden returned to her former self, and there ensued such a scene of embraces and kisses and whispers and hugs as is only witnessed on a well-appointed bridal tour. Indeed, everlasting love, confidence and fealty must have been proposed and assented to a thousand times.

Of course it was a picnic for the other passengers, of

whom many had been there before. Some of them had not, and to them, especially of the rough border class, it was something the enjoyment of which was almost supernal. Several of the more demonstrative of the latter reached for their neighboring companions, and began a honeymoon of their own, imitating to the letter the traditional performance which was being given by the heroine and hero. It would be difficult to describe the scene in the car when this emulation became almost general. The smacks, the "ohs!" the "ahs!" the laugh, the guffaws, became almost legion.

Meanwhile the loving pair seemed almost unmindful of the merry scene of which they were the occasion. At length, however, the pair separated for a moment, and the fair one looked around and smiled on the passengers. Immediately a dozen flinty hearts, smitten with the appearance of the lady, acknowledged the potency of her sway, and began to make themselves irresistible in appearance by the sundry tying of scarfs, straightening of shirt fronts, banging of hats and smoothing of heads, and returned the smiles with the lavish interest of millionaires.

At this juncture one of the smitten border gentlemen, deeming himself beyond compare, reached for a brawny sleeping companion of the male gender, who was making himself audible with sundry excellently-developed snores; and lovingly pressed him to his bosom; so lovingly, indeed, that the aroused sleeper opened his eyes with an ejaculation which almost sent the embracer to his feet. The embracer sought to appease the enraged sleeper, and after a time succeeded.

He then directed the other's attention to the spooney pair in the other part of the car. As the half-sleepy eyes took in the antics, the mouth opened, and a smile gradually stole over the sunburned face. The smile was followed by a laugh, the laugh by a roar, and the last in turn by "Well I'll be chawed right up if that don't tumble the animal!" in a tone of stentor volume.

This was a new element in the scene, and increased the excitement to the uttermost.

"I'm going to take a hand in, and you can take the plunder if I don't."

The next instant the speaker had climbed over his companion's knees to the aisle. As he did so he showed a frame of herculean proportions.

He strode like a giant, and a pair of star spurs rendered ominously musical every step as he advanced toward the bridal pair. He soon reached them, and, standing before them with his hat in his hand, said:

"Say, pardner, where I come from, right up yer in Sawtooth, we're allers chinned by the happy man to kiss the gal for good luck, and yer goes."

He stooped to kiss the girl, but her young man interposed; but the latter was rudely drawn aside, as if but a child in the giant's grasp. The kiss seemed to be forthcoming. The husband was held at bay by the osculator's left hand, and the girl was being dragged toward him by his right.

Everybody was interested in witnessing the scene. It was thought a shooting might ensue. The bride, however, was not greatly moved. A deep blush suffused her oval features, and a merry twinkle lurked about her eyes. She looked at the brawn and muscle which wanted to enclose her, and the shaggy lips which wanted to press hers, so innocent and pretty.

The face of the young man on the contrary, was colorless. A deep, ashen, ghastly hue pervaded it, while a tremor of intense anger and mortification shook his frame. He saw he

was powerless; indeed, the jaunty and almost suspicious air of the girl was beginning to make him feel doubly so, and that feeling was being followed by the more poignant one that, deserted by her, life was not worth living. He looked at her, and, as her eyes met his, she saw his anguish. In trembling, supplicating tones he said:

"Ah, Kitty!"

Those tones mastered the situation. Just as the rough cowboy brought his grizzly lips in close proximity to the girl's, the young woman drew back, wrenched herself from his grasp, and with her open hand dealt him a slap on the cheek and jaw which sent him reeling into the corner. She followed him, caught him by the beard and hair, and pulled them until he fairly yelled with pain. The young man dragged her away, while the would-be kisser from Sawtooth slunk back to his seat amid the deafening yells of the passengers.

As he did so, the young woman, with very loud and trembling voice, exclaimed:

"I ain't no wax figger, and don't you forget it."

And every passenger was willing to swear that she wasn't.

A Servant's Feelings.

A very injurious habit, it seems to me, is that of reprimanding a servant before company. Respect for her mistress forbids the servant to make any answer, yet her instinctive pride should be as much considered as our own. I well remember a scene I witnessed one evening in a very pleasant house, where the mistress chanced to feel ill-humored only because she was tired and worried by too many troublesome visitors. Going into the drawing-room, it was discovered that the gas had not been lighted, and Mrs. ——— exclaimed, with a nervous sigh, "I declare! that is the second time Mary has forgotten this," and rang the bell hastily. The maid appeared and seemed to me quite mortified enough by her omission, especially before company; but as she ascended the little steps to light the gas her mistress kept on reproving her sharply, and added: "Now *do*, pray, be careful, Mary; you are so awkward! Dear me! *do* be careful!" and so on. I saw the girl's face flush and her hand tremble, and the result was that, in descending, her foot slipped, she came heavily against the centre table and upset a valuable vase, breaking it into fragments. Silence ensued, but only for an instant, when Mrs. ———'s pent up nervousness broke forth into a tirade against the girl, who stood silent from mortification and fright. While she gathered up the fragments, Mrs. ——— kept on with such remarks as, "Now, get them all, Mary; you're sure—well, we don't want to get lock-jaw from your carelessness as well." And as the door closed on unfortunate Mary her mistress breathes a sigh, saying: "What are we to do with the servants of the present day? I declare there is no putting up with them!" and, excellent and kind-hearted woman though she was, I don't suppose it once occurred to her that all this annoyance might have been avoided, and much unnecessary pain spared poor Mary, had she simply told her to light the gas, with a quiet, "Don't leave it so late another night," saving her reprimand until the next morning. The servant disappears from the mistress's sight after such a scene, and the lady is at liberty to get over her ill-humor, while the maid, for all she knows, increases any feeling of antagonism or sense of injustice she may have had latent, thereby injuring her nature, and possibly acquiring faults for which the mistress is indirectly accountable.

Another English Enoch Arden.

Upwards of twenty years ago a husbandman, a native of Cumberland, married a girl belonging to the county. The newly married couple went to reside with the bride's friends. The bridegroom, however, could not agree with them, and in the course of a few months he left his wife and went away, no one knew whither. The woman had reason to believe that her husband, after leaving her, took his passage in the ill-fated steamer "London," which in the year 1866 foundered on her voyage to Australia. Seeing in the list of those who perished a name similar to that of her husband, the woman concluded he was dead. Shortly after her husband's departure she gave birth to a daughter, and the two lived together for a long time without any particular incident occurring to change the current of their daily life. After waiting for many years the woman married a miner residing in a village near Maryport, and the pair have since lived happily together. The daughter of the first husband is now married, and has gone to Newcastle to reside.

A few days ago the first husband made his appearance at the residence of a sister in Wigton, and to her he had stated that he had been for some time living in Newcastle. He then made enquiries respecting the wife he had left, and was surprised to hear that he had a married daughter living in Newcastle—the very town that he had himself been residing in—and that the wife he had deserted was married again. His sister was unable, however, to give him the address of his daughter; and after waiting upon some of his relatives at Maryport—to whom he had announced his intention of searching for the daughter he had never seen—he proceeded to the residence of his wife, not far from the town, in order to obtain his daughter's address. The second husband was not at home when the wanderer made his visit, and the woman was in the house alone. He knocked at the door. When the woman opened it she failed to recognize him and asked him what he wanted. The man asked if she had a daughter alive, and if so, where she was living. The woman wished to know his reason for asking such a question, and inquired if he was any relative of her daughter's husband: "No," he replied, "I am a nearer relative than that."

The woman then invited him into the house, and gave the address, which he put into his pocket and prepared to leave the house. As he was crossing the threshold he turned, and, looking her full in the face, said, "Well, Eliza, you have got married again, and I hope you will do well by your husband and live comfortably. I am your daughter's father."

The poor woman knew him then, and, almost fainting, cried in a thrilling tone, "Oh, Jim!" but before she could recover her composure he had walked away. He has since left the country.

Drunk on Candy.

Some very good people who consider themselves staunch friends of temperance, imagine that they are in no way violating temperance principles by indulging in the use of wine drops, rock and rye candy, and other alcoholic confectionery. It must be a very easy conscience indeed that can overlook the fact that alcohol is alcohol, wherever it may be found. An exchange asserts that a young lady of New Haven, Conn., of respectable family, was recently found drunk from eating rock and rye candy. The authorities of the town very properly warned the confectioner to either stop selling such candy or take out a saloon-keeper's license.

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."

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.
Men of letters—Mail carriers and sign painters.
A blood relation—Telling the story of a tragedy.
Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.
True success is only for those who possess real merit.
Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.
Manners are not morals; but manners and morals are not far apart.

We generally think better of ourselves than we are willing to acknowledge.

Method is better than any labor-saving machine that has ever been invented.

It was an emphatic child that said, "I don't want to, and I don't want to want to."

A coquette is a woman 'thout any heart that makes a fool o' a man that ain't got any head.

Whether happiness may come or not, one should try to prepare one's self to do without it.

Nobody ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take mor' interest in his business.

Zenas says the warning to "beware of the first glass" is ne good. It is always the last glass that knocks him out.

It was very mean of the acquaintances of a henpecked husband whose wife had just died to say that he had lost his head.

"And the cloud wedded the shadow," sings a poet. From which it would appear that the bard had just returned from a negro wedding.

"Is that gentleman a friend of yours?" asked a newly introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no; he's my husband," was the innocent reply.

A young man in Kausas wanted to teach school, but couldn't tell horizontal from perpendicular, and when asked what "circular" was said it was a fur-lined cloak.

A man always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with a nameless fear until the job is completed.

Said a guest to a youthful servant, "Can you black my shoes, young man?" "No, sir," was the reply; "I am the gentleman who attends to the elevator; the gentleman who blacks the boots will be along pretty soon."

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em, and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man that will satisfy him."

A young lady, who recently started out as a fashion-writer, has determined to quit journalism. She mentioned in an article that "skirts are worn very much shorter this year than usual." The young lady is certainly justified in being angry with the careless compositor who changed the $\frac{1}{2}$ in skirts to an $\frac{1}{4}$.

The youth of to-day who is thinking about entering upon some profession that will most rapidly lead to fame and fortune must be greatly perplexed whether to decide in favor of becoming a prizefighter, a base-ball pitcher, or a champion rower. And there is danger that while thus hesitating he may be persuaded to throw his talents away on the law, medicine, or literature, and become a mere nobody.

The Family Circle.

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Eighth Year.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

ARISTOCRATIC NOTIONS.

Nothing seems more silly than the ideas entertained by many people with regard to their own worth, while when brought down to plain matter-of-fact merit they have not one leg left to stand on.

The question has probably occurred to all of us, "What makes one man better than another?" and while we might all give very nearly the same answer in effect, how many of us betray in our actions, either that we feel differently or that we don't care to be superior beings. The difference in our education and surroundings greatly effects our conduct, and force of habit has more effect than our better knowledge. All thinking persons must agree that a difference exists between individuals with regard to tastes education and ability, which makes one indeed better than another, in spite of the many points common to all. But the persons who assume the most are, we believe, the most inferior of all our race. The giddy belle and the hare-brained fop are only in degree worse than a very large class of men and women, who, for no cause whatever will persist in sneering at their neighbors, who are possessed of abler minds, higher principles and deeper sympathies than they, themselves.

Far be it from our purpose to denounce honest self-confidence or high, manly dignity; but this class are not possessed of such qualities. Their idea of their own value is caused by a perversion of self-esteem and approbation, and this, with the perversion of conscientiousness and a few other faculties, oftentimes produces characters with strange notions.

Not a small proportion of these shabby aristocrats are quite ready to stoop to the smallest, meanest tricks or fraud, and yet turn with disdain from their fellow mortals, who are their superiors, to seek the society of the *me*, who, by reason of wealth, are followed by a weak, cringing, sycophantic crowd. We see these miserable beings going among us with dignified mien and high head, holding themselves aloof from the tradesmen, whom they are not ashamed to owe for the very clothes they parade in. They are ashamed of honest labor and not ashamed of securing, by deception, the unpaid services of others. A mean, contemptible set of aristocrats, these.

Nothing, however, seems more absurd to us than to think with some radical reformers, that all men are equal and each ought, therefore, to associate with all. So long as liberty of opinion is allowed, choice will be exercised. One need not hold himself altogether aloof from those for whose society his tastes and inclinations cause him not to care for, and we venture that those persons would feel no desire for his company either, were it not for gratifying vanity. When children have perfect liberty, those of similar tastes associate, while, with the development of these, false notions of worth, maturer years see them widely separated, a simple illustration of the false foundation upon which distinction in our social system is standing.

OUR ANCESTORS.

Frederick G. Gherke, Professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at Williams College, is now in America engaged in looking for fossils to prove his theory that men are descendants of bears, which he advances in his book, "The True Descent of Man." Skeletons of primeval man," argues the Professor, "have been found in caves with bears, and almost the earliest men we know about lived in caves;" and he goes on to explain that the earlier bears came down through Behring's Straits and drifted down toward the tropic shores of Asia on icebergs. The icebergs melted and the bears easily found shelter on islands and on the coasts. In the course of the ages great floods came and the bears sought shelter in the caves. In the meantime great changes had been going on. The bear had been gradually shedding its heavy coat as the result of the warm climate. The bear had also learned to walk on its hind legs. In the caves, in the dry, warm atmosphere, other changes took place. The connecting link was a kind of hairy, indescribable man. He often lived and died in these caves beside his elder brother, the bear.

Any theory that deals with man's remote ancestry is of interest to every individual, and the more absurd the more productive of interest, provided it has some degree of plausibility. The propounder of this theory first noticed a partially developed knee cap on the skeleton of a bear in a museum, which gave rise to a careful investigation, resulting in the production of his book.

There is no doubt that civilization and its progress have lifted man far above his early ancestors, but the learned professor will have to subject some of our modern bears to the civilizing influences of his cousins, before he will induce us to claim relationship.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

U. S.—Chief Justice Coleridge draws a salary of \$40,000 per annum

D. R.—You can obtain the necessary information from the Public School Inspector of your County.

STUDENT.—The author of "Mary had a little Lamb," was Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, who was long editor of Godey's Lady's Book.

AMY.—In the language of flowers a white lily signifies purity; a yellow lily, falseness; a tiger lily, fierceness and a lily of the valley, delicacy.

SPEC.—The term "bear" is applied to that class of dealers in stocks that operate for a decline in prices, because being "short" of stocks they expect to profit by a lowering of prices.

INQUIRER.—The lines:

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

occurs in Byron's Don Juan.

M. M.—An interference would only make the matter worse. If you could persuade your daughter to visit friends at a distance, for some time, it might further your purpose, but we would advise you to respect her choice.

CIRCLE READER.—1. The scale of advertising rates of different periods should vary according to the circulation; but some are much higher than others in proportion to their value. 2. The FAMILY CIRCLE circulates chiefly in Ontario, but has many subscribers in Quebec, Manitoba, and the Northern States, and reaches homes in every province in the Dominion, in the most Southerly States and in the British Isles.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Table Wisdom.

I am acquainted with a gentleman who inherited a large fortune, a fine *personnel*, a bright mind, graduated from an English university, lived several years on the continent, has, in brief, been exceptionally fortunate in all his connections and surroundings. But he is a victim of dyspepsia. Lacking table wisdom, all his possessions and culture are worthless.

Certain Babylonian records have been unearthed and deciphered. And courses of lectures are given in our cities upon these records. I do not suppose that the stories of those Babylonian wars are really more important to us than the reporter's account of a dog fight, but who shall say that even this is of no consequence? May not all knowledge be useful?

Other courses of lectures have been given upon some curious discoveries in Cyprus. They go to show that the island was once occupied by a people not heretofore identified with its history. History is knowledge, and knowledge is desirable. If you know a hundred languages, it is still desirable to know another language. But I wish to emphasize that table wisdom, upon which our health, success and happiness in this world hinge, may, without exaggeration, be spoken of as *very important!* If we bestow upon it as much study as we give to the pyramids, our sanity must not be questioned.

My neighbor is a millionaire, but tortured with rheumatism because he lacks *table wisdom*. I would not exchange my *table-wisdom* for all his gold.

Table wisdom goes far to determine our health and happiness. No other knowledge is more important. And it don't come of nature or accident. It comes of attention, experiment, thought and study. Our clothes are the outcome of thought and experiment. Our carriages, our houses, our art, our science, are all the product of experiment and study. Shall the vital science of the table be left to ignorance and accident? Shall that art upon which our life pivots, be given up to whim and caprice? My house, my clothes, my carriage, my pictures, may be made by an ignorant boor, if need be, but let my food be selected and prepared by science and skill.

You may claim that you know what to eat, how to eat, and when to eat. Perhaps you have given attention to the food question? You say you have never thought on the subject at all; you always eat what is set before you. Then I venture to suggest that it would be easy, through true table wisdom, to greatly increase your enjoyment of life.

Many people are curiously shy about the discussion of such subjects. They seem to be ashamed of them. If a young man finds his cheeks a little reddened with wine, he is rather proud of it; but if his face is a trifle pale, and the skin very clear with high health, he is ashamed to state that the secret is a severe, plain diet, which costs him only fifteen cents a day.

The young men in a certain university are not ashamed of a shameful intrigue, though the virtue of an innocent girl be wrecked; they are not ashamed of an intimacy with a courtesan; they are not ashamed to tell indelicate stories—indeed, the one who can tell such stories in the rawest fashion is surrounded by an admiring crowd. But they are ashamed to speak of their mother with plain, honest affection; they are ashamed to defend plain, honest virtue of any kind; they are ashamed to defend temperance in eating and drinking. They clamor for the best wine, and dispute over its quality, but the vital question of food, of plain food, plainly cooked, and eaten in moderate quantities, they dare not mention, unless to ridicule it. They seem to be ashamed of every simple plain virtue, and take pride only in vice and loud vulgarity.

Many persons who are spoiling their lives by table vices, suffer no pain in the stomach. One has dulness, another headache, another soreness of the flesh, another stiffness of the muscles, another rheumatism, another sleeplessness, and thousands suffer from low spirits, and tens of thousands miss that cheerfulness and buoyancy which come of perfect digestion. All these are the victims of table errors. One of the great table errors is excess in quantity. And this comes in part from too great variety. I mean that a man who would not eat too much, if his dinner consisted of beef, bread and one vegetable, will constantly take too much, if there be soup, beef, bread, several vegetables, a pudding or a pie, and fruit.
—Dio Lewis.

Seasonable Clothing.

Mothers who want to keep their children out of the sick-room, so liable to be constantly occupied during this changeable season of the year, will take care to see that they are properly clad, so that they will not be constantly contracting colds. The first approach of cold weather should lead every mother to bring out the winter clothing, and see that her little ones are properly protected from the changing temperature of these autumn days.—*Good Health*.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Shoulder capes are fashionable at present.

Shirts are much broader this season than last.

Combination of stuffs are as popular for cloaks as for dresses.

Many new felt hats are high crowned, with narrow brims, and the trimmings all on one side.

White and cream-colored jerseys braided with gold braid are fashionable with evening costumes.

A novelty in bonnets is to have the front composed of box pleats in moss green, reseda or sage green.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

FRIED ONIONS.—Peel and slice in rings. Fry in lard until tender. Season with salt and pepper, and serve with beef-steak.

INDIAN PICKLE.—The following recipe for Piccalilli, or "Indian Pickle," is said to be a very good one:—To each gallon of vinegar allow six cloves of garlic, twelve shalots, two sticks of sliced horse-radish, one-quarter pound bruised ginger, two ounces of whole black pepper, one ounce of long pepper, one ounce of allspice, twelve cloves, quarter of an ounce of cayenne, two ounces of mustard seed, quarter of a pound of mustard, one ounce of turmeric; a white cabbage, cauliflowers, radish pods, French beans, gherkins, small round pickling onions, nasturtiums, capsicums, chillies, etc. Cut the cabbage, which must be hard and white, into slices, and the cauliflowers into small branches; sprinkle salt over them in a large dish, and let them remain two days; then dry them, and put them into a very large jar, with garlic, shalots, horse-radish, ginger, pepper, allspice, and cloves in the above proportions. Boil sufficient vinegar to cover them, which pour over and, when cold, cover up to keep them free from dust. As the other things for the pickle ripen at different times they may be added; these will be radish pods, French beans, etc., etc. As these are procured, they must first of all be washed in a little cold vinegar, wiped, and then simply added to the other ingredients in the large jar, only taking care that they are covered by the vinegar. If more vinegar should be wanted to add to the pickle, do not omit first to boil it before adding it to the rest. When you have collected all the things you require, turn all out in a large pan and thoroughly mix them. Now put the mixed vegetables into smaller jars, without any of the vinegar; then boil the vinegar again, adding as much more as will be required to fill the different jars, and also the cayenne, mustard seed, turmeric and mustard, which must be well mixed with a little cold vinegar, allowing the quantities before named to each gallon of vinegar. Pour the vinegar, boiling hot, over the pickle and, when cold, tie down with a bladder. If the pickle is wanted for immediate use, the vinegar should be boiled twice more, but the better way is to make it during one season for use during the next. It will keep for years if care be taken that the vegetables are quite covered by the vinegar. Should you consider the above quantity of pickle too large, you can, of course, decrease it, but take care to properly proportion the various ingredients.

COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard or butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, just flour enough to roll; bake quickly. Add any flavoring you wish. No eggs are required. These are very nice, if grated or prepared coconut is added.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take three eggs, beat three minutes; then add one and one-half cups of sugar, and beat five minutes; add one teacup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and beat three minutes; add one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in half a cup of cold water, and another cup of flour; beat enough to mix well.

SNOW CREAM.—Snow cream is made by adding the juice only of one lemon and four ounces of sugar to one pint of cream; whisk well, and then stir in very lightly the whites of two eggs well beaten. The above makes a delicious chocolate cream, by leaving out the lemon, and adding to the cream, before stirring in the eggs, three tablespoonfuls of chocolate which has been grated and dissolved by pouring over it two tablespoonfuls of boiling milk.

MINCE MEAT.—Two pounds of lean beef boiled; when cold chop fine; one pound of suet minced to a powder, five pounds of juicy apples, pared and chopped, two pounds of raisins seeded, two pounds of currants, one-half pound of citron chopped, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of mace, one tablespoonful of allspice, one tablespoonful of fine salt, one grated nutmeg, three pounds of brown sugar, one-half gallon of cider. Mince meat made by this receipt will keep till spring.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

HAIR OIL.—Mix two ounces of castor oil with three ounces of alcohol, and add two ounces of olive oil. Perfume to liking.

BURNED EYEBROWS.—Five grains sulphate of quinine dissolved in an ounce of alcohol, will, if applied, cause eyebrows to grow when burned off by the fire.

TO REMOVE SPOTS OF PITCH OR TAR.—Scrape off all the pitch or tar you can, then saturate the spots with sweet oil or lard; rub it in well, and let it remain in a warm place for an hour.

FOR CHAPPED LIPS.—Oil of roses, one ounce; white wax one ounce; spermaceti, half an ounce; melt in a glass vessel, stirring with a wooden spoon, and pour into a china or glass cup.

LINIMENT FOR AFTER SHAVING.—One ounce of lime water one ounce of sweet oil, one drop oil of roses, is a good liniment for the face after shaving. Shake well before using. Apply with the forefinger.

FOR THE TEETH.—A remedy for unsound gums, is a gargle made of one ounce of coarsely powdered Puruvian bark steeped in half a pint of brandy for two weeks. Put a teaspoonful of this into a tablespoonful of water, and gargle the mouth twice a day.

FOR WHITENING THE HANDS.—A wine-glassful of cologne and one of lemon-juice, strained clear. Scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder and mix well in a mould. When hard, it is fit for use, and will be found excellent for whitening the hands.

TO WHITEN THE FINGER NAILS.—Take two drams of dilute sulphuric acid, one dram of the tincture of myrrh, four ounces of spring water, and mix in a bottle. After washing the hands dip the fingers in a little of the mixture. Rings with stones or pearls in them should be removed before using this mixture.

SELECTED.

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

The Songs that are not Sung.

Do not praise : a word is payment more than meet for what is done.
Who shall paint the mote's glad raiment floating in the molten sun ?
Nay, nor smile : for blind is eyesight, ears may hear not, lips are dumb ;
From the silence, from the twilight, wordless, but complete, they come.

Songs were born before the singer : like white souls that wait for birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to earth.

Deep the pain of our demerit : strings so rude or rudely strung,
Dull to every pleading spirit seeking speech, but sent unsung.
Round our hearts with gentle breathing still the plaintive silence plays,
But we brush away its wreathing, filled with cares of common days.

Ever thinking of the morrow, burdened down with needs and creeds,
Once or twice, mayhap, in sorrow, we may hear the song that pleads.
Once or twice, a dreaming poet sees the beauty as it flies ;
But his vision, who shall know it ? Who shall read it from his eyes ?
Voiceless he : his necromancy fails to cage the wondrous bird ;
Lure and snare are vain when fancy flies like echo from a word.
Only sometime he may sing it, using speech as 'twere a bell,
Not to read the song, but ring it, like the sea tone from a shell.
Sometimes, too, it comes and lingers round the strings all still and mute,
Till some lover's wandering fingers draw it living from the lute.

Still, our best is but a vision which a lightning flash illumines,
Just a gleam of life elysian flung across the voiceless glooms.

Why should gleams perplex and move us ? Ah, the soul must upward grow
To the beauty far above us, and the songs no sense may know.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Old Folks at Home.

In a recent publication was an engraving of "The Old Folks at Home." It represents an aged couple sitting together reading a letter, which lay before them. The aged mother, with a smiling face, was whispering something to the pleasant faced father. There must have been good news in that letter. It may have been from their boy—we are always boys and girls to father and mother—telling of his success thus far in the battle of life. Maybe it was from a loved

daughter, writing to father and mother telling them how much their little ones talked of grandpa and grandma. It was a beautiful picture of a subject dear to the heart of every true man and woman. The old folks at home, in this picture were just what they should have been—happy. It was, aside from an artistic view, a picture that would attract and delight the eye.

Another picture is painted to the mind. It is the same subject. In place of smiles there are tears coursing down the furrowed cheeks. An expression of anxious care takes the place of pleasure, as they gaze on the letter before them. That letter contains bad news from those whom these two aged hearts, in the years gone by, had hoped would prove an honor and blessing to their father and mother, in their old age. Now all this bright coloring of a happy old age, gives way to the dark colors of life that makes death welcome, and the grave a flowery bed of ease. These are true pictures of the old folks at home, in every community.

Looking at the aged mother's face, love for her child shines forth under all, no matter how trying, circumstances. In the criminal court of Chicago recently, a young man was tried and convicted of a capital crime. The mother had sat by her boy all through the trial. She had heard all the evidence for and against him. She had listened to the arguments of counsel for and against her son, and when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, she could no longer restrain herself and in her despair and excitement arose and denounced, in frenzied words, the court, hoping only to save her boy. Blinded by love that mother could see no ill in her son though he belonged to that class of things which infest all large cities. No one can estimate a mother's love. It descends deeper, it reaches higher, it is broader and more charitable than all things else of creation. No matter how low and depraved a child may become, mother's love goes out to that child with the same force as it would had that child grown up and the mother had realized all her fond hopes for its future.

How many young men who are away from the old folks at home, think of mother's love? When tempted to do a questionable act think of mother. If evil companions entice you it will help you to resist temptation. If the young men of America who are out in the world striving to make a competency would only keep the picture of the old folks at home, especially mother's picture, constantly in their hearts there would be fewer mothers laid to rest in broken hearted graves and much less crime to record. Boys, don't go back on the old folks at home. Stand firm by the principles mother taught, for it is to mother all credit is due for what good there is in us.

Domestic Life.

He cannot be an unhappy man, who has the love and smiles of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fireside and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and his troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him, to soothe and comfort him, that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows— increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No—man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised and trodden upon by the world.

How to Walk.

An English woman in Chicago, engaged in teaching calisthenics, lays down the following as the cardinal principles in the art of walking:

To walk upon the ball instead of the heel of the foot. Nine out of every ten persons walk on the heel. It communicates a jar to the spine which is very injurious, while placing the ball of the foot down first, if persisted in, will result in a gliding and graceful walk. The English and French are the most graceful walkers because their mothers gave them proper teaching when they were young. All the bad walks which characterize the Americans and Germans are due to the fact that no care is taken with them when they are infants. They are allowed to walk before their limbs are strong enough to support them, and they are also left a good deal to themselves. The mothers should guide them and teach them to walk, and they would not be so knock-kneed and bow-limbed.

Superstition About Storms.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace whenever a tempest was feared; and it is recorded by Suetonius that he always wore a skin of seal around his body for protection against lightning. That both precautions are equally unavailing needs scarcely to be mentioned. With regard to seal skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors, that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats with them, believe themselves secure from the dangers of the storm. The emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage in such severity in their latitude; but not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning.

A Woman's Queer Legacy.

The death of Mrs. Margaret Gaunt, at Erie, Pa., a few weeks ago, at the age of ninety-six, has led to the discovery of an old document of historical interest and also of pecuniary value to the Gaunt family. Mrs. Gaunt's great-great-grandmother, Elizabeth Gaunt, was executed at Tyburn, by order of Judge Jeffries, because she had sheltered, though ignorantly, James Burton, one of the Rye House conspirators. William Penn himself witnessed the execution. King William III. granted the Gaunt family an annual indemnity when the innocence of the victim was established. The money was regularly drawn until 1776, when the pension paper was lost. It appears that it was for some unknown reason taken to America, and now turns up among the effects of Mrs. Margaret Gaunt. Her nephew, Edwin C. Gaunt, reached Erie on Saturday, and will return with the document to England, and try to bag the \$2,000,000 of accrued interest.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Beauties Of Polygamy.

A Mormon missionary on his way East last spring, in broken English was explaining to the passengers in the car the beauties of religion, and especially the charms of polygamy. At last addressing a prominent gentleman of this place, he asked: "Are you a married man?" The gentleman responded in the affirmative, whereupon the saint continued as follows: "If you are married you know some things and can understand one beauty of polygamy. You know most married people have little misunderstandings, tilts as they are called. If one wife 'puts on,' all you have to do is to go to the house of another wife, that soon brings the chaste wife to her senses, and I tell you it causes them all to use us mighty well." "You damnable scoundrel," said the gentleman, "you would tear out a woman's heart and hang it on the wall to minister to your own pleasure, and another and another as your pleasure was satiated: and you have been selected to preach the Gospel abroad?" It was even so, and from that circumstance alone we can estimate how much of devotion is blended with the marrying of plural wives. The ruling thoughts are simply selfishness and brutal lust and under the system there can result only women deformed in mind and with hearts either turned to gall or stone, and men in whose souls the nobler instincts have been blunted forever. For the Government of the United States to draw the mantle of protection around this practice and to shield it through a sensitive dread of interfering with anything which is called a part of a religion, is an injustice to the country at large, a cruelty to the Mormon people themselves. To America it is what it would be to a seaport to permit passengers bringing a dreadful epidemic sickness to land without quarantine.—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

A Great River Discovered.

Lieutenant Storey, who went to Alaska on the last trip of the *Corwin*, reports on his return to San Francisco the discovery of an immense river. Indians had vaguely spoken of the river to former explorers, and Lieutenant Storey determined to see if it existed. He proceeded inland from Botham Inlet in a south-easterly direction until he struck what he believed to be the mysterious river. He traced it to its mouth, a distance of fifty miles, when he encountered natives, from whom he learned that to reach the head waters of the unknown stream would take many months. The Indians told him that they had come down the river a distance of 1,500 miles to meet a fur trader, and that it went up higher than that. It is his opinion that this river accounts for the large quantities of floating timber in the Arctic Ocean, which has popularly been supposed to come down the Yukon River. The Indians said that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. Lieutenant Storey found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in the Arctic circle.

In England the hostility to the idea of giving women a university education "has so completely vanished that its existence is scarcely remembered. People take the colleges for women, the admission of women to examinations, as a matter of course. Even the comic papers have ceased to make jokes on the subject."

Miss Braddon has just completed another novel which she calls "Phantom Fortune."

One True Heart is Mine.

I will not murmur at my lot,
Or deem it aught but good,
Though I must toil with head and hands
To earn my daily food.
I will not fret though fortune frown,
Or at stern fate repine;
Since I can say, "O Heaven, what joy—
That one true heart is mine!"

The gay may cast their looks of scorn
Upon my humble garb;
Such looks give wounds to some—for me
They bear no point nor barb.
I've hidden armor o'er my breast,
That seems almost divine;
No sneer can scathe, while I have power
To say: "One heart is mine."

The rich may boast his golden store—
I envy none mere pelf;
But when I see it, I can smile,
And whisper to myself:
"O, joy of joys, how rich am I!
Without such wealth as thine;
God prosper thee, and give beside
Such a true heart as mine."

Now we must wait, that one and I,
And work to earn a home,
Where hands as well as hearts may join;
But the good time will come.
And though the waiting may be long,
Why should I sigh or pine?
Doubt, fear, away! for I can say
That one true heart is mine.

Peculiarities of Language.

The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feathered cattle"; whilst the names for the well known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are in their language "sur stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot"—the same thing probably to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

A Bear Story.

An American newspaper tells the following:

An eighteen-months-old baby of James Vaughan, of Gentle Valley, was playing around near its mother, who was engaged close by the dwelling in doing the family washing, last Thursday morning. All at once the mother missed her little darling, and commenced search for it in every direction, but could not find it. She called it but no sound could be

heard. She then alarmed the neighbors, and seventeen of them responded to her alarm, and went in search of the infant.

No trace of the child could be found, and the frantic parents almost concluded the miraculous disappearance of their dear little baby was a visitation of some angel or eagle, or bird of prey. But some of the cooler headed young men believed they could solve the mystery, and they began tracing through the hills and canyons for tracks of bear, and they, in the course of the afternoon, discovered the tracks of a huge bear that had passed up the canyon towards the Bear Lake range of mountains, and these they followed until dark, when they marked the spot and returned to their homes for the night, concluding of course that the child must be dead, and perhaps eaten up. At the break of day Mr. Ed. Goslin and others started on their search from the spot left the night before, and at about ten o'clock in the morning found the baby curled up in a bunch of weeds and grass in the bushes, sound asleep, with its tattered and torn dress thrown over its head, while close beside the sleeping child was the warm bed of what must have been a very large bear, which had abandoned its captive on the approach of the men in search.

Wonderful to relate, and yet the fact is vouched for by truthful men who have seen the child, that not a bruise or injury did the child receive, except a slight scratch on its little bare foot, although the child had been carried by the bear three or four miles into the mountains, over rough places and through brush.

The White Lily.

They have in China a secret society known as the White Lily. A Frenchman, the proprietor of a saw mill thought fit to kick one of the Celestials in his employ before the rest of the workmen. An hour later the mill bell rang for the midday meal. Out filed the five hundred Chinamen or so who had been at work, all as pleased and apparently satisfied as if they had been attending a funeral; but, when the bell rang for the resumption of work not one of the almond-eyed ones returned. The proprietor fumed and fretted, but to no purpose. No Chinaman was in sight. At last it struck the Frenchman that something might be wrong, and a short examination showed him that all his saws and bands had been broken, and that a notice from the Chinese secret society was posted on his mill door, warning all Chinamen off. Things were beginning to look serious; nor did they mend when he went home, for there lay a letter telling him that the secret society intended to punish him with death for what he had done. A little reflection convinced him that it would be better for him to leave the place, which he did with useless anathemas against secret societies in general, and the Society of the White Lily in particular. I heard of many other incidents of a like kind before I left the far east, writes a newspaper correspondent. It was clear to me that any man might be removed by the secret society without any trouble, and that, with the exception of the authorities at Singapore, who have found a method of coping with this class of lawlessness, nobody had yet been discovered who could fight against the White Lily, or its branches.

A boy in Worcester, Mass., advertises that the lady who gave him a \$2.50 gold piece—mistaking it for a penny—for holding her horse, can get \$2.49 by applying at the *Spy* office.

A Peculiar Character.

Once upon a time, writes "Kennebecker," of the *Boston Journal*, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, there lived in what is now Farmingdale, a certain very religious family, the name of which is common now. One of them, a Revolutionary soldier, at length became partially insane and took it into his head that an angel of the Lord had, in a vision, declared to him that he must make a burnt offering and a sacrifice. The English Church in Gardiner, hard by was of wood and unfinished. The fanatic, becoming an iconoclast of the most Praise-God-Barebones style, determined to burn the church. He carried the coals in a shoe, waded the Cobbossee-Contee, successfully fired the edifice and then looked for a victim for the sacrifice. He soon found one, and slew a woman in the most atrocious manner. He readily gave himself up, declaring the Lord had told him to do it, and he had faithfully performed the whole business. He was brought to trial for his enormous crime, and when asked at the bar whether he pleaded guilty or not haughtily answered "guilty." It was said the Judge told him he was not expected to criminate himself, but to make some defence.

"What?" said he, "would the honorable Judge of the court of Massachusetts have me tell a lie? I did burn the church, I did murder the woman, and I meant to. The angel of the Lord told me to do it!"

That ended the trial; he was immediately sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was never executed. He was imprisoned in the old jail, but was considered harmless. He was tall, splendid looking, with a shiny black head, and many came to see him and hear his story. He committed whole chapters of the Bible to memory and repeated them to his visitors, from whom he received small contributions and thus nearly supported his family. When the prison was burned he made no effort to escape. It was years since he had been confined, and he was like a curious child. When he saw a mirror he was amazed at himself. He was offered his freedom, but, I believe would not accept it, and died in jail. There may be some living who remember this person, but few know the story of the religious fanatic as the old clergyman did who related it to me.

Jamie's Old Watch.

On Brush street, near Jefferson avenue, for an hour the other day a bruised and battered old dumb watch and chain lay in the gutter, where some foot had kicked it from the walk. If anyone gave the toy a second glance it was to realize that some child had lost or flung it away. The case was battered, the face scratched and scarred, and no boy would turn aside to pick it up.

By and by a curious procession came up from the Brush street Depot. It was composed of a man and his wife, both past fifty years of age, and four children, the youngest of whom seemed to be about twelve. They were spread out on walk and street, heads down and moving slowly, and there was a look of anxiety on every face. Someone asked the man if he had lost his wallet, and he replied:

"No, not that. Somewhere as we came along we lost our Jamie's watch."

"Very valuable?"

"Well, sir not as far as money goes, but it's a relic of the dead, and, sir—and—"

"Oh, it was an old dumb watch, eh?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You'll find it in the gutter up by that post."

The entire family made a rush for the spot, and the watch had no sooner been lifted than the mother kissed it, and the children shouted their exultation.

"It may seem foolish to you, sir," explained the husband, as he slyly wiped at something like a tear in the corner of his eye, "but it's a long twelve years since Jamie died. That watch was the first toy I ever bought him. We've been burned out of house and home twice since he died, and that's the only scrap or relic left us of the little one. You see it's old and bent but money couldn't buy it. Every time we look at it we can call up his blue eyes and chubby face, and the thought that he is waiting for us up there almost answers for a meal with mother."

"Are you going away?"

"Yes—across the ocean to our old home in England. We must leave the dead behind. Had we lost the watch I believe the mother would have broken her heart. So long as we have it the boy's face comes up to us. We can almost hear his laugh again, and it seems more like we had laid him away to sleep for an hour or two. Thank heaven that we have it! It was Jamie's, sir, and we are never to see his grave again."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Woman Author.

Mrs. Clark, the author of "A Modern Hagar," married a prominent Southern lawyer before the war. He has since died, and she has come into a small patrimony recently, by the death of an eccentric relative in New Orleans. She was once engaged to be married to Gen. Burnside, and actually appeared before the altar with him. The thought-struck her, as she says, before she uttered the irrevocable words that she was making a mistake. So in a few words she made known her conclusions to the expectant groom and the waiting minister, and retired from the scene as gracefully as possible.

They only met once after that. It was during the war. Mrs. Clark was commissioned to carry important despatches to Jefferson Davis. To do this she had to pass the Union lines. She baked a painful of raised biscuits, and hid the despatches in them.

While traveling South she was arrested on suspicion. Learning that General Burnside had command of the nearest division of the Northern forces, she demanded to be brought before him. He recognized her. She said she was going to Mobile, and asked for a pass and a discharge. He only hesitated for a moment and then wrote one out in silence and handed it to her. "Does that contain your lunch?" he asked, pointing to a small basket which she carried in her hand. "Yes." "Let me see it." She opened the basket, displaying the biscuits. "Will you try one, General? they are pretty hard." The General refused to taste the proffered dainty, and ordered a good dinner to be served for her, and then put her on the cars himself.

The despatches were so important that she received the thanks of the Confederacy for her service, and was lionized through the South, where she served in Southern hospitals for a long time afterward.

The scarcity of gentlemen at a neighboring summer resort was so apparent that a Boston lady telegraphed to her husband. "George, bring down a lot of beans for the hop this evening." Thanks to the telegraph manipulator, George arrived with a pot of beans.—*Boston Courier*.

The Love of His Life.

Oh, no, I never mention her,
 I never breathe her name,
 There is no memory to stir
 To life a wasted name.
 No vision of her haunts me now,
 Unbroken is my rest,
 No kiss is laid upon her brow,
 None on her lips is pressed.
 I never bother as to how
 Is worn the forehead tress,
 Her whims and freaks don't grieve me now,
 Her woes cause no distress.
 There is no anguish in my soul
 Lest she another choose,
 I pen no lovesick rigmarole
 To conjure up the blues.
 Ah, no I never mention her,
 The girl who'll rule my life,
 Whose maiden name I'll alter
 To the dearer name of wife.
 I tell no friends delightedly
 Of the treasure I shall get,
 I speak not of her. For you see
 I have not met her yet.

She Was Satisfied.

"Ten cents for such a little mite of paregoric as that?" she growled, as she held up the phial.
 "Yes'm."
 "Has paregoric riz?"
 "No."
 "But I've often got double this amount for ten cents. You have made seven cents clear profit."
 "I made exactly eight, madam."
 "Why, that's clear robbery!"
 "Madam," replied the druggist, as he pasted on the label, "if I should accidentally poison your husband to-morrow, you would want five hundred dollars in cash."
 "Yes, all of that."
 "Well, I haven't got but four hundred and fifty dollars, and am in a hurry to make up the remainder, so that I can put the cash right into your hands without waiting. I'm not the man to deprive a poor widow of five hundred dollars in these hard times."
 "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, you talk like an honorable man; I'm glad you explained the matter."

He Saw too Much.

The tall, gaunt man took his seat in the street car, and turning to the ministerial passenger, three seats away, announced in a loud voice that he had passed through a remarkable experience.
 "Indeed," remarked the ministerial passenger with an attempt to look interested. "May I ask you what it was?"
 "Certainly. I thought you would want to know. That was why I addressed you. I have been working the pipe?"
 "Working the pipe?"
 "Yes; having an opium debauch. If you want a new experience try the pipe. It is beastly but novel. I had an opium dream that made my hair turn short in an hour. I thought that I was being led through an enchanted valley by a veiled lady and a hideous Chinaman. The ground was paved with gold, emeralds, and rubies; the trees bore silver

fruit, and the branches resembled icicles of fantastic form. There were banks of chocolate ice cream, and hillocks of pies, cakes, and puddings rose at intervals upon either side, while every few yards we passed fountains that spouted forth streams of beer and lemonade."

"Oh, how dreadful," exclaimed a horror stricken passenger."
 "Very dreadful," replied the tall, gaunt man, with a smile of approval. "We didn't drink. The veiled lady and the hideous Chinaman next conducted me to the foot of the endless ladder, up which we climbed several hours, finally stepping off into a forest, the trees of which grew to an astonishing height. Upon the top of each was an elephant, and every bright particular beast held in his trunk a portrait of my puppy love. The woods were filled with a soft, sweet melody, but as we proceeded, dark deep holes or pits began to appear all about us, from which flames of fire and volumes of sulphurous smoke arose, and at intervals of a few seconds, hands, feet, and distorted countenances were thrust at us, and guttural oaths and foul epithets could be heard. I told my attendants that I was tired and wished to rest. We sat down upon a bench, which immediately arose to a height of ten miles, when it began falling at a terrific rate of speed. Our descent was made pleasant by innumerable owls with red wings, and eagles, with monkeys' heads flying about us, cracking jokes and repeating the shorter catechism. When we reached terra firma it turned out to be an island in mid-ocean—a barren rock, inhabited by snakes, lizards, and ducks, each of the latter playing upon a Jew's harp, while the snakes brought us biscuits and cheese, which they held in their forked tails. At this point I went to sleep, and when I awoke found myself astride of a horse that could talk. The animal informed me that his name was Bucephalus.

"After traveling a long distance we came in sight of an immense crowd of people, animals and reptiles—perhaps ten thousand—of all kinds and creeds. In the first party we came to where Napoleon Bonaparte, Senator Lapham, Prince Bismarck, and Perry Carson, who were engaged in a social game of draw, with a copy of Schenck's rules on the ground near by. The next personage was the Queen of England on a bicycle, riding around amidst the crowd, trying to pass a silver quarter that had been perforated. A score or more of Scilian barbers were lathering and scraping the bones of the people who were murdered during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. At this moment my horse turned to a snowflake and melted away before my eyes, and I mingled with the throng. I saw Christians reading the Koran, Mahomedans talking about the telephone, saw monks training for the prize ring, women playing baseball, ostriches smoking Havannah cigars, geese playing checkers, mules running sewing machines, cowboys hoeing cabbage, preachers pulling teeth, Quakers dancing, brick masons sawing wood, Indians compiling dictionaries, Esquimaux playing on pianos, flees eating oysters, spotted men and pink colored children munching sawdust, horses fighting duels, goats wearing New Market jerseys, frogs throwing dice, gamblers praying, jackknives dancing jigs, editors writing English, creditors giving more time, ants snowballing, whales eating Malaga grapes, pigs beating drums, office-holders resigning, and—"

The tall, gaunt man stopped suddenly. His battered body fell upon the cold hard pavement with a dull, sickening thud, and the passengers voted the ministerial passenger and the stout German butcher a resolution of thanks for killing him.—*Washington Republican.*

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

Arnold's "Light of Asia" has been translated into German.

A Maine statistician reports that that State has had sixty-six women who have written and published books.

Mr. Ruskin has been elected president of a society lately formed in England, having as its aim the art-education of children.

It is reported that the man who bought the homestead of the Bender family of murderers has found \$39,000 buried on the premises.

The director of the mint reports that the paper and specie in circulation in the United States on October 1st amounted to \$1,730,597,823.

It is said that the number of "female academies" in the Western States has greatly decreased of late years, co-education having steadily gained ground.

By the side of a New York man who committed suicide, recently, was found a copy of Martin Chuzzlewit, open at the chapter describing Jonas Chuzzlewit's suicide.

The leading colored men of Georgia have signed a call for a convention at Atlanta, December 12th. It says the condition of the colored race of this State is growing worse daily.

No fewer than five actions for separations from their husbands have been entered in Montreal by wives. This looks like a revolution in families. All nationalities are represented.

The post-graduate classes of Yale have taken up a novel study this year—that of railroads, their growth, relations to the State, and the questions of speculation and State-supervision.

The new Scottish Educational Bill will take thousands of children between the ages of ten and fourteen years out of factories and workshops, and send them to the public schools.

Mrs. Burnett's charming play, "Esmeralda," was a grand success in London, Eng. "Many," says a newspaper correspondent, "who came to scoff at the American dramatist, remained to weep, laugh and applaud."

The literary habits of Mr. W. D. Howells, who seems to have at last established himself in Boston, are thus described: "He writes a legible, free, running hand, with plenty of space between the lines. He works at whatever novel he may have in hand from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and covers about twelve pages of commercial note-paper in that time. The rest of the day he is a man of leisure. He does a great deal of re-writing, revising, and correcting."

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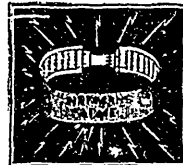
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