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# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND AMUSEMENT  
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NO. 6.

## Until Death.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,  
 To love me though I die, thy whole life long,  
 And love no other till thy days shall end—  
 Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so :  
 I would not reach out my quiet grave  
 To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go ;—  
 Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene  
 In clearer light than gilds these earthly morns,  
 Above the jealousier and envies keen  
 Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou would'st not feel my shadowy caress,  
 If, after death, my soul should linger here :  
 Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,  
 Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully  
 That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe  
 For my poor sake ; what love thou hast for me,  
 Bestow it 'ere I go !

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead  
 The praises which remorseful mourners give  
 To women's graves—a tardy recompense—  
 But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head  
 To shut away the sunshine and the dew ;  
 Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,  
 And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay  
 Than I ; but trust me, thou canst never find  
 One who will love and serve thee night and day  
 With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die ! The violets  
 Above my rest will blossom just as blue,  
 Nor miss thy tears ; e'en nature's self forgets :—  
 But while I live, be true.

—Anonymous.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

## MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

She turned away her face and for a few moments did not speak ; but presently going over to where Mollie sat, she placed her hand on the girl's shoulder and answered softly, " Yes my dear ; I have been very happy."

But she did not say that the knowledge of how her past happiness had been obtained, made her present sorrow hard to bear. What was done could never be undone ; and it would only pain Mollie to know that in her inmost soul Sybil regretted the sacrifice made for her.

" Oh ! Sybil I am so glad to hear you say so ; I only wish that it could have continued always, and that this disclosure had never come."

" I am most thankful that it has come," answered the widow firmly. " Neal's name is cleared from the stain of dishonor that rested, most unjustly, upon it."

" Sybil"—said Mollie timidly, after a short pause, " Why did—why did he do it ?"

" W. om do you mean ?"

" Your husband."

A faint flush rose to Sybil's pale face and a cold hard look came into her eyes.

" Do not ask me that Mollie ; I cannot tell you," she said, more sternly than Mollie had ever heard her speak before.

" Oh forgive me ! I should not have asked."

" I am going to write and ask auntie to come with me when I go away," Mrs. Macdonald said presently.

" It will be very nice to have her with you ; and you have decided upon going to Europe ?"

" Yes ; I do not intend to settle down for a while ; we shall travel from place to place ; and when I am tired of that, I shall go to Italy and settle down there somewhere. I am fond of travel ; and so is auntie or I should not ask her to accompany us."

" I will miss you so much dear ; and little Ken too ; he is such a dear wee fellow."

" When we return to Canada ; if ever we do, Kenneth will be a great tall fellow ; I suppose," answered the fond mother with a smile at the mention of her little son's name.

" And you, my dear Mollie," she added gently, " will you never marry ?"

" I think not," was the quiet reply.

" Do not be angry with me darling ; but do you not think sometime in the future you could learn to care for Paul Halliday ? even though you can never give him all you gave to Neal, yet could you not be happy as his wife ? he is a good man ; noble-hearted and true as steel ; and he loves you, Mollie."

" It can never be, Sybil ; he knows it cannot be. Listen and keep the secret. I think in a few years he will ask Lesley to be his wife ; it seems absurd now, but in a few years, you know Lesley will be a young lady ; and he will still be young."

" Lesley ! my dear Mollie, I can scarcely believe it."

" But it is so, nevertheless ; Paul has spoken to me on the subject."

" He has ?"

" Yes"

" Well ; I daresay when the time arrives it will seem quite natural and proper ; but of course you will not try to influence Lesley ?"

" I told Paul, that she must of course choose for herself in such a matter."

"Ah well! if Lesley becomes Paul Halliday's wife, she will be a happy woman."

"My bonnie Lesley, I hope she will!" murmured Mollie with a suspicion of tears in her sweet eyes.

It was just six weeks after the above conversation and two months after Arthur Macdonald's death, that Sybil, Miss O'Brien and Kenneth left Canada for the shores of the old world, bidding a long farewell to their native land and to the friends they left behind them.

For a long time after that death-bed confession made by Arthur Macdonald, Mollie felt strangely restless and unhappy; she could not settle down to her ordinary occupations; the dull routine of teaching was agonizing to her in the present excited and over-strained state of her mind. The old yearning for Neal had come over her stronger than ever, and though during the day she was forced to put a restraint upon herself to avoid the searching glances of Bertie and Lesley, at night when they were safely tucked up in their beds, she would give way to passionate bursts of sorrow, until it seemed as though her heart must break for the very hopelessness of its grief. Soon all this began to tell upon her and her health began to suffer severely.

"Oh! Miss Mollie, dear, you do look awful sick; if you would but take a little rest, Miss, from teachin', its wearin' yourself out you are; and if you would only see a doctor now," said Christie one day, when her young mistress returned home, pale and weary and sank listlessly into a chair.

"You are right about rest, Christie," she answered with a weary smile. "The holidays will commence next week and then I think I will take the children and go to Buxly for the summer; you too Christie will go; you can stay at your mother's I suppose?"

"Oh! yes, Miss."

"Then that is settled; we will shut up the house. Let me see, this is Friday; I think by next Friday we could be ready to start; the children get their holidays on Wednesday." So it was arranged that they should all spend the summer in Buxly. Aunt Janet was written to and replied cordially that she would be very much pleased to have them.

About a week after their arrival in the country, Paul Halliday came one day quite unexpectedly, and announced that his father and Ruth and the Howards were coming to spend a month in Buxly, and he had preceded them for the purpose of securing rooms for the party at some private house, as they did not wish to go to an hotel. Miss Janet at once said she thought the Stauntons would receive them, as they had a large house and there were only two of them to inhabit it; namely, Miss Marjorie and her father. As they were not so well off as formerly, Miss Janet was sure they would not be averse to taking a few boarders for the summer months. And so it proved. Mr. Staunton gruffly gave his consent and Miss Marjorie was "delighted! oh! quite delighted to see such old friends again." Miss Marjorie had not changed much in the years that had passed since first we saw her. Her cheek bones were, mayhap, a trifle sharper and her voice shriller; but otherwise she was the same gushing, ecstatic creature of 'Auld lang syne.' Ah! how mournfully did those days of 'Auld lang syne' come back to Mollie Stuart as she looked upon the familiar scenes of her childhood and wandered through the green fields and lanes of the place where her youth had been spent; where she had tasted all of joy that her sad young life had known; where she had met and loved and parted forever from the brave, kindly lover, whose place in her heart was still so sacredly guarded. When she listened to the familiar voices of those friends whom she had known here so long ago; Aunt Janet and Uncle George, Ruth, Paul, Katie and Tom; and Miss Marjorie; not to speak of many others whose names have never appeared in these pages, she almost forgot the past and looked around as though seeking some other face; or found herself listening for the sound of another voice; till all at once memory rushed back thrilling through her whole being with a sickening sense of hopeless desolation. Alas! and alas! many had laid them down to their last long sleep since 'Auld lang syne.'

Everyone was kind to her and tried to make her forget the sadness of her past life in the calm happiness of the present. And they went wisely to work; for while they were gentle and considerate they were also natural and easy in

their manners towards her. All constraint was avoided and whatever innocent little scheme of amusement was going forward, Mollie was made to take a part, being always included as a matter-of-course; and she, though probably but little inclined for even the mild dissipation of a friendly picnic or a small tea party, had too much good sense and feeling to dampen the enjoyment of the others by refusing to join their little gathering. So she went where they went, and did as they did, and no one was the wiser if her cheerful face and happy smile belied the gloom that filled her heart. She was so sweet and lovable, so pleasant and courteous, that it was small wonder they all loved her. The children would rather be with her than with anyone; and Katie laughingly declared that her boys and girls were fonder of Mollie than they were of her. Aunt Janet was almost tender to her niece "Mary" as she called her. Truth to tell, time had worked wonders in Miss Janet, she had relaxed much of her severity, and her brother George profited by the change inasmuch as his face beamed now with a geniality which had been foreign to it in the days of yore.

The holidays ended on the fifteenth of September, and by the tenth they were all back at home; and once more the old routine was taken up by the little family at the cottage.

About the end of October, a grand concert was to be given in Shaftsbury Hall; which was intended to be one of the great musical events of the season. Musicians from Hamilton and other places were to take part. Mollie was waited upon by a deputation of the committee, who solicited her services most urgently. She had not sung in public since the news came of Neal's death; and she hesitated before giving her promise to sing at this concert; at length, however, she gave it, as everyone seemed desirous she should do so. And when it was announced in the newspapers that "Miss Stuart would sing at the concert in Shaftsbury Hall on the 29th of October," there was a great rush for tickets; and long before the evening arrived there was not a seat to be had, and many disappointed ones were turned away. It was evident that Mollie would receive an enthusiastic welcome upon her re-appearance in public. But she cared nothing for the praise of the crowd; a strange sadness and sinking of the heart were her chief sensations as she dressed for the concert on the eventful evening. Eventful it was destined to be for her; and one never to be forgotten in all the years of her life to come.

"Law Miss Mollie! you never looked more lovelier than you do to-night," said Christie admiringly as she arose from her knees after arranging the folds of her mistress's train.

"Thanks Christie," she answered with a smile, as turning, she surveyed herself in the mirror. In happier days she would have laughed with light hearted, girlish vanity at the image reflected there; now she did not even smile but a mist came before her eyes and her lips trembled as she turned away again.

"If Neal were to be there; I would rejoice at my beauty," was the thought that rose to her mind and made the tears rise unbidden to her eyes.

Christie was right; she did look very lovely, though so simply, almost plainly dressed, in black, of some soft clinging material that draped itself about her slight figure in graceful, classical folds. The only ornament she wore was a beautiful necklace of three rows of black jet beads which flashed and gleamed at every rise and fall of her bosom. There was white lace at her throat and wrists, otherwise the sombre gloom of her attire was unrelieved. "Good night, my own darlings?" she said, stooping to kiss the children, when the cab was announced and she stood in the hall ready to start.

"Be good children, and go to bed at your usual time."

"Yes, Aunt Mollie," answered Lesley; but Bertie threw his arms around her neck and said "Oh aunty! you do look so lovely; I wish I could go to the concert too."

"Some other night I will take both of you," she replied, and gathering her train up on one arm she went out to the cab and was whirled rapidly away to the scene of her triumphs. We will follow her presently, meanwhile events claim our attention at the cottage. At half past eight, Bertie and Lesley put away their school books, and after lingering a little while in the kitchen with Christie teasing the wits out of that honest creature, with their mischievous tricks, went off to bed. Christie went up and tucked them cosily into their beds and then bidding them good night, came down

stairs again and sat down to her needle-work by the kitchen fire. She had not been thus employed very long when there came an unusually loud peal at the door bell, which startled Christie considerably, with a pious ejaculation she recovered herself and hastened to see who the visitor might be. It was a bright moon-light night, and as the girl threw open the door she saw as plainly as though it were day time, the figure of a man, standing before her. When she first opened the door he stood with his face in the shadow; but suddenly he turned towards her and the moon-light fell full upon his face.

"Oh Lord! Oh! —"

With a shriek Christie let go the handle of the door and fell back a few paces into the hall; where she remained, trembling from head to foot, staring fearfully at what she was fully convinced was an apparition from another world.

"Is Miss Stuart at home?" asked the spirit in a well-known voice.

"Oh! Lord save us! it's a ghost," ejaculated Christie and fled precipitately into the kitchen.

"Why it must be Christie Burton, and she takes me for a ghost," said the visitor with a low, pleasant laugh to himself; and stepping into the hall he went in the direction whither she had disappeared from his sight. Presently he saw the glimmer of a light underneath a door, which he pushed open and found himself in the kitchen.

"Why Christie," he said, going up to the frightened girl, and holding out his hand. "You need not be afraid of me; I am not a ghost; I assure you this hand is flesh and blood," and with a cheery laugh he seized her hand in his and shook it heartily.

"Oh! Mr. Despard; we heard you were dead," cried the poor girl beginning to blubber.

"I know; it was a mistake," he answered gravely.

"But tell me Christie, where is your mistress, is she away from home?"

"She—she is at the concert," sobbed Christie.

"What concert? make haste; there's a good girl."

"At Shaftsbury Hall, sir; but oh Mr. Neal you won't go there and frighten the life out o' my dear mistress, before all the people sure?"

"I will go there; but don't be afraid; she shan't see me; but I will see her, God bless her. She is singing there I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Christie; and the next moment he had left the house and was striding through the streets in the direction of Shaftsbury Hall, leaving Christie still in a flutter and tremble; one minute crying and the next laughing hysterically, and running about the house in an insane manner, scarce knowing what she did.

By the time Neal reached the Hall it was nearly ten o'clock, he had no ticket but a whispered word to the door-keeper settled that matter and he went in. The house was literally jammed, there was not so much as a camp stool to be had. Several gentlemen were standing, and Neal also was forced to "accommodate himself on his feet," as an Irish friend of mine phrases it. The concert was half over; when our friend entered a quartette performance was going on, two pianos and two violins, the celebrated Mrs. A—, of Hamilton, being one of the violinists. After this, when the applause had died away, a young lady in a wonderful costume of pink silk and white lace came forward and sang in a very sweet but very ordinary voice, 'Let me dream again.' This was loudly encored and with a muttered imprecation upon the fair vocalist, Neal Despard watched her reappear, bowing and smiling, upon the stage; this time she sang a French song, which, truth to tell was understood by very few of the audience: but they applauded loudly and heartily as it behooves a well-bred audience to do; and the young lady in pink made her exit from the stage in a pleasing state of self-satisfaction; as indeed, why should she not? We have all a perfect right to be pleased at our own performances.

And then—there was a loud clapping, and thumping of sticks on the floor and smiles on every face and all eyes turned eagerly to the stage. Neal felt the blood rush to his temples, and a rushing—hissing sound in his ears, a mist swam before his eyes and when it cleared away, he looked—and beheld, Mollie—his Mollie! but oh! she was changed; the blithe, sunny-faced girl was gone and this fair woman stood in her place. We have not time to describe the various emotions that throbbled in his breast as he gazed on the

perfect face of the woman from whom he had parted years ago and whom he still loved passionately; his heart ached with his great longing to clasp her in his arms and kiss her dear lips again, and to hear her voice calling him by his name; the very intensity of his emotion made him turn pale, and his head drooped upon his breast. But hark! she is singing; and every sound is hushed in that great audience; men hold their breaths and listen, as the grand voice rolls forth and fills the hall with its glorious melody. She sang that beautiful, weird song of Salaman's, "I rise from dreams of thee," and the depth and passionate power of her voice and the words themselves seem to hold the vast audience in a thrall; and when the last notes died away the very house shook with thunders of applause. "Encore, encore," is heard on every side, and she is obliged to come forward again.

She waits till silence is obtained and then with simple grace, commenced to sing one of her favorite Scottish songs, "Auld lang syne":

"Should auld acquaintances be forgot  
Ard never brought to mind;  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne?"

"We twa hae run about the braes  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wandered mony a weary fit  
Sin' auld lang syne."

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn  
Frae mornin' sun till ev'ning,  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne."

When Mollie ceases there are tears in many an eye, so deep the tender pithos of her voice, and for a moment the audience do not arouse from the hush that has fallen upon them; but when they do, the applause is greater than before.

The concert is almost over now, and learning that Mollie will not sing again, Neal goes quietly out, and back to the cottage. He felt that he must see Mollie and speak with her to night. The door is opened by Christie, who, thinking it was her mistress, trembled from head to foot with excitement.

"Oh, Mr. Despard! have you seen her, sir?"

"Yes, I have seen but not spoken to her; I thought it would be better to see her here and—that you should prepare her a little, Christie. I will stay in the drawing room, and when you hear her coming, be in the hall to meet her and—tell her—but you understand, Christie, I am sure!"

"Yes sir, leave it to me; you go in there for I hear the sound of wheels coming and it may be her; here sir." She opened the parlor door and he went in, just as a cab was heard to draw up to the gate of the cottage.

Now that the moment had come, he felt as nervous and excited as a school girl, and he trembled as he heard the door open and in the short silence that followed when he knew that Christie was giving the news to her mistress.

A moment later there was a cry, a sound of footsteps; he started forward—but the door was flung open from the outside and then—then his arms were around her, his lips pressed against hers in one long, lingering embrace, and not a sound was heard, but a low sob from the faithful Christie, who closing the door upon them, retired to the kitchen with her apron over her honest, tear-stained face.

When the first emotion of their meeting had calmed down Neal told her how he had met with Sybil Macdonald in Italy and learned from her of the death of her husband and of his dying confession, whereby he (Neal) was freed from all suspicion of guilt; and then she told him of the report which had reached them of his death; of Mollie's grief and illness. In fact, from her he learned all the events which had transpired at home, during his absence, and she urged him to set out for Canada at once; though indeed, he did not require much urging, when he had once been assured of Mollie's faithfulness to him. He was only too anxious then to set off; and actually took leave of the Macdonalds the same day on which he had met them, and had travelled day and night since then. He described his interview with Sybil as extremely painful. She had sent all manner of loving messages to Mollie, but declared that she would not return to her native land for some years to come.

"And now, dearest, tell me about yourself and the children and the old folks at Bazly. By the way, I suppose, my old friends Bertie and Lesley are grown out of all knowledge since I saw them last?"

"You will see them to-morrow," answered Mollie smiling. "You will find them rather changed certainly. But now dear Neal tell me how it was that terrible report reached us of—of your death? Oh! Neal, you don't know how terrible it was to me; my heart was nearly broken."

"My own sweet love," murmured Mr. Despard, and then he—well, well, I daresay it is not necessary to describe what followed as most of my kind readers will be able, with the aid of their experience and imagination combined, to picture pretty accurately the tender little interlude that occurred here.

"It was my poor friend Nelson Delmar who died," said Neal, when the interlude was ended. "Poor old fellow! I would have died ten times over to have saved him; he was a fine fellow. We were travelling together through Spain when I was taken with one of those low fevers prevalent in some parts of that country; Nelson insisted upon nursing me all through my illness, though I begged him to leave me. Well, I recovered and he took the fever and died; poor, dear old boy." There was a slight break in Neal's manly voice as he spoke of his friend, and Mollie wept outright.

"Oh Neal, how good he must have been; I wish he had lived," she said.

"The mistake, I suppose, arose from the similarity of our names. Stanly probably heard of Delmar's death from some foreigner who confused the two names."

"It was an error which caused all your friends great pain, Neal dearest," said Mollie, nestling her head on his shoulder; and in answer, he only drew her closer to him and kissed her silently.

And now, kind and patient reader; I have told my simple little story and there remains but little more to say. The events I have related happened years ago and Mollie Stuart has been Neal Despard's happy wife these many years; and has sons and daughters of her own. It is not so long ago that a pretty wedding took place in the little Church of the Ascension, when the bride was bonnie Lesley Stuart and the happy bridegroom our old friend Paul Halliday, who had thus succeeded in winning his girl bride; the young clergyman who performed the marriage service was the Rev. Herbert Stuart, brother of the bride.

THE END.

## SELECTED.

### Comfort One Another.

Comfort one another;

For the way is growing dreary,  
The feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.

There is heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another;

With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.

Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life's daily bread is broken,  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;

There are words of music ringing  
Down the ages, sweet as singing  
Of the happy choirs above.

Ransomed saint and mighty angel,  
Lift the grand deep-voiced evangel,  
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.

Comfort one another;

By the hope of Him who sought us  
In our peril—Him who bought us,  
Paying with His precious blood;  
By the faith that will not alter,  
Trusting strength that shall not falter,  
Leaning on the One Divinely Good.

Comfort one another;

Let the grave-gloom lie behind you,  
While the Spirit's words remind you  
Of the home beyond the tomb

Where no more is pain or parting,  
Fever's flush or tear-drop starting,  
But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.

—Mrs. Margaret A. Sangster, Brooklyn, L. I.

### WE MOTHERS.

O, what mischievous, troublesome children we have! How difficult it is to manage them, and to enforce obedience. How much patience we mothers need, and what a hard life we have! But the fault after all is really not so much in the children as in ourselves. Worn out with petty vexations and cares, burdened with secret sorrows and pain, we bring to the work no vitality, no enthusiasm, no heart, and gradually we come to move through the same routine of every-day duties in a sort of mechanical way, weak and spiritless, till the home seems like a tomb. No wonder the children eagerly seek to escape from it. No wonder that their pent-up vitality and energy finds vent in noise and confusion distracting to their weary mothers.

But suppose we mothers hear some special good news, which animates our spirits and lifts the shadows from our hearts. O, how different then does all appear. Mother's face is radiant with smiles; she walks with an elastic step, and speaks to her children in cheerful tones; they catch the spirit and it pleases them. They are no better than they were yesterday, in one sense, yet they love their mother better, and that makes all the difference in the world in their outward conduct. They say to themselves, "How kind mother is! How pleasantly she smiles on us! She is not cross to-day." And even though they may be as noisy as yesterday, she is too happy to notice it, or at least to be troubled by it. She looks upon the children's faults with a lenient eye, and as they, in a measure, really try to please her, she says to herself, "How much better they behave to-day?"

O, it is not the sea—

It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves,

That rock and rise with endless and uneasy motion.

We sympathize with each other. We cannot help it. Eye speaks to eye more plainly than ever tongue speaks, and the fire of enthusiasm which burns in our own spirits will flash through the windows of our souls to light up the eyes of our children and enkindle in them a similar fire which, though but a spark at first, may be fanned into a flame which shall burn with a steady and constant light, shedding cheerfulness on all around.

The mother may almost regard her children as a mirror. In their gloomy and listless looks she may see the reflection of her own troubles and perplexities. In their indolence of mischievous tricks she may see her own weariness or flagging health and spirits. The machinery is out of order, or she has neglected to wind it up. In their noiseless, cheerful diligence, their animated, happy looks, she beholds her own health and happiness, her own quiet, unwavering zeal, and unflinching love and patience.

Does not love beget love, gloom create gloom, mirth provoke mirth, cheerfulness send forth sunshine, and earnestness rouse the energies of all who behold it? So as true mothers we must seek to attain that self-command that will enable us to keep our own trials and perplexities, our sorrows and anxieties, buried in our bosom, that outwardly we may be cheerful and bright. We must have that deep love for our children that will lead us to enter into all their little joys and sorrows as if they were our own.

A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

For our children's sake as well as our own it is important for us to keep ourselves in such a physical condition, by means of fresh air, rest, recreation, and all such means as are desirable and in our power, that we may enjoy life, and may have mental, moral and physical force enough to enter upon our life-work with enthusiasm; and last but not least, we

must rely continually upon a help and strength beyond ourselves. Let us seek aid and direction from Him who is "an ever present help in time of trouble," and in His strength will be strong.

A true mother never separates her own interest from her children's interest. She feels for them, she sympathizes with them, she assists them, over finally, gently, unwaveringly, guiding them in the right way. She rouses their dormant energies. She finds the secret spring which shall set the machinery to work in the right direction, and then puts it in order. If possible she so cultivates their moral feelings, the nobler part of their nature, that they may love to do right for the right's sake. All may not be influenced by the same motives. Resting assured that there are none who cannot be influenced, let the mother by close study of the characters and dispositions of her children search out those motives which seem best adapted to influence them for good. And then, while with unwearied hands and heart she sows the seed, let her learn to wait patiently for the harvest.

What though difficulties and trials sometimes cross our path? Is that any reason why we should despair or give up our interest? With no obstacles, no difficulties, no evils to contend with, there would be no victory, no virtue, no success. "Rome was not built in a day." By steady adherence to the fixed principles of right, enforced in firmness and gentleness, and by an unflinching fund of love, and sympathy, and patience, if our enthusiasm fail not, we may accomplish all we desire. To us most of all is the promise and exhortation, "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

#### The Habit of Self-Control.

If there is one habit which, above all others, is deserving of cultivation, it is that of self-control. In fact, it includes so much that is of value and importance in life that it may almost be said that, in proportion to its power, does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood. The ability to identify self with the highest parts of our nature, and to bring all the lower parts into subjection, or rather to draw them all upward into harmony with the best that we know, is the one central power which supplies vitality to all the rest. How to develop this in the child may well absorb the energy of every parent; how to cultivate it in himself may well employ the wisdom and enthusiasm of every youth.

Yet it is no mysterious or complicated path that leads to this goal. The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgement over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires.

He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetite and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day and hour by hour is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and though it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-tryed, true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.

#### Good for Evil.

"Mamma," said little Annie, "please give me two apples for lunch. I want to give one to Jane Woods."

"Certainly, my dear. But why do you want to give Jane one?" said her mother.

"Because, dear mamma, she stole one out of my basket yesterday; and I want her not to be tempted any more: for our teacher told us, that if we are sincere in praying, 'Lead us not into temptation,' we should not only keep out of the way of evil ourselves, but try to keep others from being tempted; and I think, if I give Jane an apple, she will not want to steal any more."

The apple was given; and a little while after, Jane said to Annie, looking very penitent:

"Won't you please take this apple back again? I suppose it is mine now, as you gave it to me; and I want to pay you back the one I stole from you yesterday." Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness saved her.—Selected.

#### A Leaf from My Diary.

On one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of I.—; dinner was just over, and I was left with but one other gentleman in the room. We had not long been in conversation before a youth was ushered in, who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message, and was on the point of retiring, he was asked the question, "What would you like to take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select, rum, brandy, port, sherry, etc. The boy was even now more bewildered and mechanically said, "Brandy, please sir?" which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, "Mind your own business!" Duty seemed to say, "Speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin." I waited until the brandy appeared, and, just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak. "My boy, before you drink that brandy I should like you to hear what I have to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply. "Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment, that that which this gentleman has been kind enough to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that, and drinks of a similar nature, fill our prisons, workhouses, and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks, than from any other." And, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I state correct?" He replied, "I am not in a position to deny it!" Then, speaking again to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world, and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say, don't you think it is the wisest policy to have nothing to do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room.

Three months after I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets I saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed upon me. When we met, he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning," I replied. "You seem to know me; but for the moment I don't remember you. Have you seen me before?" He heartily, and with boyish honesty said, "Yes, sir; don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day, two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, I think something I said prevented him drinking a glass of brandy; was it you?" "Yes sir, it was; I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't want the brandy, but I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Juvenile Temperance Society at our Sunday-school. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it!"

"A word in season, how good is it!"

#### Willing to Do Anything, but Unfitted for Any but-a So-called Genteel Occupation.

Young woman, young woman, you've come to this great wicked city to get "something to do." Do what? Oh, "anything!" Young woman, "anything" is nothing. Anything is hardly a legitimate occupation. Young woman, there are 5,000 or 10,000 young men and women who have come to this city from all parts of this land and even from all other ends of the earth who are willing to do anything. Young woman, you are by birth American. You have been well bred and well educated, to use the current expression. But what can you do? Music? We have music teachers starving by the thousand. Painting? We have the best and scores of them who can't make room rent. Amanuensis? Armies of them are on the street daily looking for work. Stenography? Ditto. Telegraph operator? The town is full. The fact is, young woman, the few comparatively easy employments have long been monopolized by young ladies like yourself, who came here to do "anything" but could only do and were only waiting to do a few things. Can you cook? Yes and no, and a little that your mother taught you at home, and you don't want to go out to service, of course; and small blame to you that you should not wish to or become indignant at the idea of such a thing as sinking to the level of

"hired help." Yes, it is a loss of caste, my dear, and social ostracism and a great gulf 'twixt you and your genteel young lady high school friends. Could you assist in a family as nurse or housekeeper or step into many a place now open for somebody which involves labor or the lower plane of respectability? No, you can't, young woman, for though the adage runs in this free and happy land that all honest labor is honorable, exact truth doesn't run quite that way. You can't do "anything." Your high school education hasn't taught you to do "anything." You have spent many years in learning to do a few things, along with thousands and tens of thousands of young women all over the land, and the result is that there are a great many more of you able to draw and paint and play, and copy in a nice fair hand, than there are people who want to pay anything for drawing, painting, playing and copying. But what are we going to do about it? Where is the vigilant far-sighted watchman on the towers of our modern Zion who shall cry long and loud that our schools and colleges are yearly turning out tens of thousands of educated young men and women for whom the busy money-making, bread-winning world has little or nothing to do, or if they get "anything" to do will pay him little or nothing. A skilled oyster opener makes his \$5 per day. A good bricklayer wants \$4 per day. A good cook gets more than many college professors. But these are not genteel occupations. You want to be genteel, and you are right in aspiring to gentility and refinement, but, young woman, the world in this town don't place a high cash value on genteel occupations. Sad, sordid, sour world this, mademoiselle.—*New York Graphic.*

### Beauty.

BY AUNT MARCIA.

Young man don't marry a girl because she is pretty. Will beauty satisfy you through the life-long journey, to the exclusion of those moral qualities, mind and heart? Will beauty alone cook your dinner, train your children and prove a true solace in the hours of weary toil and trial—the lot of every man on earth? The poet has said:

"Beauty's a doubtful good, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

Wed not yourself to that which time will surely snatch from you, leaving the faded eye, withered cheek and vacant mind. Study well the character and capabilities of the object of your choice. See to it that she possesses a mind capable of grasping the ordinary questions of the day; and that a portion of her time is spent in reading something besides novels and fashion notes. And above all, be assured that she is well disciplined in those virtues without which home is wretched. Sweetness of temper is not incompatible with firmness or moral courage, and a woman possessing these attributes will not belong to the rapid, 'wishy-washy' sort; but on the contrary the class who develop noble wives and mothers, faithful in friendship, and devout Christians, capable of exerting both at home and in society, the best influences for the right and for virtue.

If to these high and independent qualities is added beauty then your choice is indeed blessed of God. Take such a one to your heart, and while loving and cherishing fail not to prove yourself worthy to be the possessor of such a priceless gem.

### General Jackson's Wife.

Many of our public men have been blessed with wives and mothers who were the ornaments of their sex, and by their quiet and ennobling influence contributed largely to the subsequent greatness of their children and husbands. Mr. Parton tells the following story of General Jackson's wife:

When General Jackson was a candidate for the presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it, he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoodie

"Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and, though she heard not a word, she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few minutes, when she took up the paper and understood every thing. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse, and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone," he replied; how came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered, "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

"He replied, furiously, "But I will go—get out of my way!"

Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her, "I say let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

### Talking to Heaven.

A mother, living not very far from the post-office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a few seconds' rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half-open door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone, and stood upon it, with the piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides, as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Our baby is sick, and we want you let it get well. Won't you, now?"

No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "yes."

The little one hung the ear-piece back on its hook, clambered down from the chair, and, with a radiant face, went for mother, who caught her in her arms. The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend, and got well.—*Elmira Free Press.*

### A Talent for Conversation.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, every-day life. Let any one who has this gift enter in a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with

very great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence; or excite their envy and so produce a chill where his aim would be to produce heat and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him as hearing him talk.

The talent for conversation, indeed more than anything else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have more varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can just use as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrase of courtesy to the expression of sentiment and passion.—*Prof. Hart.*

### Speak Pleasantly.

The habit of speaking in pleasant tones to the sensitive hearts within our care, is of the utmost importance. If we would have them learn to speak gently and kindly to all, we must teach by precept and example, in their early years, while their minds are so elastic as to be led to pattern after the influences which surrounds them.

I was very busy one morning, and my little son of four years was amusing himself with his playthings. He was continually asking questions and requiring assistance. After a little time he left his play, sobbing as though his heart would break. I said, "Georgie, dear, what is the matter?" No reply. I repeated the question and he sobbingly replied, "You didn't speak pleasant to me." I said, "Don't cry; come and tell me about it."

A few pleasant words, the tears kissed away, and he was comforted and happy, and soon at play again, but I had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.—*Household.*

### Not My Business.

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. After being further pressed, he said:

"Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days after, his wife and two daughters were coming home in the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with livered attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark! did some one say, "Accident?" There are twenty-five railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident it is not likely it has happened on the ——— and Mississippi Railroad. Yet it troubles him. "It is his business" now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and upon inquiring he finds it has occurred twenty-five miles, on the ——— and Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent,—

"I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine."

The answer flashes back, "No."

"I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow the man paced the station to and fro. That is his business now. In half an hour, perhaps, which seemed to him half a century, the train arrived.

He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless remains of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay his other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drunk fifty miles away, by a railroad employe, was the cause of the catastrophe.

"Who dares to say of this tremendous question, 'It is not my business?'"

**GOOD TEMPER.**—Perhaps there is no quality more desirable in man or woman than the homely one of good temper. It has a greater charm than beauty, more lasting fascination than wit, and a higher grace than the most brilliant accomplishments. It is the happiness of some people to be born with it, and their natural amiability shines out even in childhood, as contrasted with the captious, petulant, and fretful spirit of their little mates; but, like other excellent gifts, it may be cultivated.—*Mrs. Sangster.*

### Untimely Words.

A frightened child is to be soothed, not scolded. Any rebuke which it deserves is not to be given while it is almost wild with terror. A despondent man needs, for the hour, words of cheer rather than merited reproof. A clergyman who valued highly his loving wife's criticisms upon his words and manner in the pulpit, asked her not to tell him what she had noticed out of the way, when he was fresh from his exhausting service; but to say all the encouraging words she could to begin with, saving her list of blunders until he had recovered sufficient nervous force to meet bravely their disheartening array. If a husband would find fault with his wife, or a wife with her husband, let it never, never be done before others. A rebuke under such circumstances is always untimely. To do it fittingly at any time requires wisdom, tact, and grace. If an author shows you a book of his, or an artist invites you to look at his latest painting, do not first point out the errors your quick eye observes there; but speak all the pleasant words you can of the work before you, and then, unless you have some very good reason for saying something else, unless there is some positive gain to be hoped for through your speaking—keep silence. "He that refraineth his lips"—at such a time—"is wise."

And if you find that you have had trouble, or have made it, through what you have spoken in hearty sincerity to others, do not console yourself with the thought that they are true words, kindly intentioned words; but consider well if they were fitting words, timely words—hence, prudent words. The speaking of untimely words may be a crying fault of yours—a fault to be recognized and battled, and by God's help corrected. The more you think it is not so, the greater is the probability that it is your besetting sin.—*Selected.*

### Copying a Blot.

"Mother, whom of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern after?" asked a little boy who was looking around for a good example.

"Whom should you think?" asked his mother; "you know the big boys better than I do."

The little boy thought. Then he said, "There's Dan Parker, he snokes; there's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones, he's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he sprees it; Jem Wood, he hates study; Joe Blake, he's cross; Charlie Doe, he goes fishing Sunday; Gus Tyng, he tells whoppers. Mother, there isn't one that, if I copy, I shouldn't copy a blot from."

Oh, how the ugly blots in our character stand out.

"Well," said his mother, "there is one perfect pattern."

"Who?" asked the boy eagerly. "I should love to know him."

"The Son of God," answered she, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; and 'who left us an example, that we should follow his steps.'"

Oh, children, God knew you would need a perfect pattern to copy from. You could not copy God, because he is a Spirit; therefore he sent his Son to become a child in this world, to show you the pattern of a heavenly boy; and he wishes you to begin when a child to grow into his likeness. In his character there is no blot to copy. He is pure.—*Golden Threads.*

**LEAVE-TAKING.**—Not all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and every body in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go—go.



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### HEALTH AND DISEASE.

#### The Grape Cure.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

Let us once more invite the attention of dyspeptics and all sorts of invalids to the most delicious of continental cures—the grape cure. It consists in living entirely on bread and grapes, and is practised in grape-producing countries in August and September. With a moderate portion of bread—12 to 16 ounces—patients eat from two to four pounds of grapes a day. They walk about among the vineyards, breathing a pure air, enjoying the sunshine, and resting from toil and care. Of course they get well. Such pure food makes pure blood, and pure blood builds up a healthy body.

In England, hot-house grapes are rather costly. Few people can afford to pay 3s. to 6s. a pound. Imported grapes are not always quite ripe, nor of the most healthful and nutritious varieties, and they are not to be found in all localities.

For us who cannot go abroad and spend an autumn in the Tyrol, or Upper Rhine, or Rhone, or Loire—how are we to have our grape cure?

Why, thus! The richest grapes in the world grow along the shores or on the islands of the Mediterranean. They are full of sunshine. These big, luscious grapes are dried in the nearly tropical sun, and then packed up in boxes and kegs and sent to us as raisins—the French name for grapes. The French say, "*une grappe de raisin*"—a cluster of grapes—and so we came to call the grapes raisins.

We put a few of these grapes into puddings or cakes—but that is not the most curative way of eating them. In childhood we bought many a penny worth to eat. They are Sir William Gull's favorite lunch. We get a few at dessert with almonds, after a full dinner, but that is not exactly the grape cure.

How then? Well, this way. It is the best substitute for the grape cure we know of—it is, in fact, the thing itself. Buy, for economy, good pudding raisins. They cost from 3d. to 5d. a pound. The water has been mostly dried out of them, so they are equal to grapes, large and sweet, at 1d. a pound, which is what they cost in Seville. Wash them well in plenty of water to free them from dust, and pick out any bad ones. Then you may put them to soak all night, in as much water as they will absorb, so as to swell out to their

natural size, and then bring them slowly to the boiling point and let them simmer half-an-hour. If you want a quicker process, wash, and then put in cold water, and let them come very slowly to the simmering point. In either way you have a most delicious and most healthful dish. The sun has made grape sugar of the acid juice. Live on brown bread, or white bread if you find, as in some rare cases, the brown to be too aperient, and these plump, delicious grapes, and you have the grape cure in perfection. We have tried it, and know that it is good. It can be had everywhere, and at all seasons, and there is no curable disease which such a diet will not help to cure. Milk and vegetables may be taken in moderation, and other fruits, for variety, in most cases; but those who go in seriously for the cure of seriously diseased conditions will do well to keep almost entirely to the bread and grapes.

Don't say it is hard to get fruit, or that fruit is dear. Here is the best fruit everywhere and at all times, and cheapest as well as best. So try the grape cure.—*English Magazine.*

### Chronic Gout.

Take hot vinegar, and put into it all the table salt which it will dissolve, and bathe the parts affected with a soft piece of flannel. Rub in with the hand, and dry the feet, etc., by the fire. Repeat this operation four times in the 24 hours, fifteen minutes each time, for four days; then twice a day for the same period; then once, and follow this rule whenever the symptoms show themselves at any further time." The philosophy of the above formula is as follows: Chronic gout proceeds from the obstruction of the free circulation of the blood (in the parts affected) by the deposit of a chalky substance, which is generally understood to be a carbonate and phosphate of lime. Vinegar and salt dissolve these; and the old chronic compound is broken up. The carbonate of lime, etc., become acetate and muriate, and these being soluble, are taken up by the circulating system, and discharged by secretion. This fact will be seen by the gouty joints becoming less in bulk until they assume their natural size. During this process, the stomach and bowels should be occasionally regulated by a gentle purgative. Abstinence from spirituous libations; exercise in the open air, and especially in the morning; freely bathing the whole surface; eating only the plainest food, and occupying the time by study, or useful employment, are very desirable assistants.

**MEDICAL VALUE OF SALT.**—In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding of the lungs and when other remedies failed, it has been found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stopped the blood. In the case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve it in most cases. If the gums are affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

**POISON OF TOBACCO.**—A rather unusual case of poisoning by nicotine has occurred lately in a Paris suburb. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp-knife; with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently, but as the wound was of a trivial nature he paid no heed to it. Five or six hours later, however, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen; the inflammation rapidly spread to the arm and shoulder, the patient suffering such intense pain that he was obliged to betake himself to bed. Medical assistance was called, and ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the use to which the pocket-knife had been applied, adding that he had omitted to wipe it after cleaning the pipe. The case was now understood, and the patient's state becoming alarming, he was conveyed to the hospital. There the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done. His life was barely saved. No wonder smokers so often have sore and poisoned mouths, cancer of the lips, and like troubles.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

**ROAST BEEF WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING**—Three-quarters of an hour before the beef is done pour nearly all the drippings from the pan, then place the meat on a small wire trivet, or lacking this, put it on a wire grating, or even a few sticks across the top of the pan. Pour the pudding into the pan and return all to the oven; the drippings from the meat will fall on the pudding and season it; when done place the meat in the middle of the platter, and lay the pudding—cut in pieces—around it. If preferred, the latter may be baked in a separate pan, and served around in the same manner.

**For the Pudding**—To a pint of sifted flour add a teaspoonful of salt and half a pint of milk; add the beaten yolks of four eggs, then another half-pint of milk. Lustily put in the four whites beaten to a stiff froth. Don't use baking powder, but beat furiously; turn into the hot pan and bake three-quarters of an hour.

**A BACHELOR'S PUDDING**—Four ounces grated bread, four ounces currants, four ounces apples, two ounces sugar, three eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon, a little grated nutmeg. Pare, core, and mince the apples finely—sufficient, when minced, to make four ounces; add to these the currants, which should be well washed, the grated bread, and sugar; whisk the eggs, beat these up with the remaining ingredients, and when all is thoroughly mixed, put the pudding into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for three hours.

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

**PIE CRUST SHORTENED WITH BEANS**—Boil white beans until soft, rub through a sieve and mix as much into flour as can be done and preserve sufficient tenacity in the dough. Add a little salt. This crust is used at "water cures," and makes a far better pie crust than one would suppose who have never eaten it.

**TEA BISCUIT**—One pint of sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water, two teaspoonfuls melted butter, flour enough to make a soft dough, but stiff enough to handle; mix, roll, and cut out rapidly, with as little handling as possible; bake in a quick oven.

**BISMARCK WAFFLES**—Half a pound of butter stirred to a cream, the yolks of five eggs mixed with half a pound of flour, half a pint of milk gradually stirred in, and lastly the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth and beaten into the butter. Very rich and delicious.

**WAFFLES**—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and flour for a thin batter. Have the irons hot and bake quickly.

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

**SPONGE GINGERBREAD**, for whose excellence an exchange vouches, is made thus: "Take one cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one small teaspoonful of soda, one cup of molasses, four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one cup of raisins, four cups of flour. In place of sour milk and soda, you may use sweet milk and baking-powder.

**CAROLINA SWEET POTATO PIES**—Allow one large potato to every pie. Boil until done, remove the skin, mash thoroughly, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and

enough milk to make it run thoroughly through the colander without much difficulty. When cold, add yolks of two eggs well beaten, sugar to taste, a little cinnamon and nutmeg and the beaten whites of the eggs. Line a pie dish with paste, pour in the mixture and bake about half an hour.

**LEMON PIE**—Grate two lemons; add two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of New Orleans molasses, half a cup of water, one tablespoonful of butter, and one of flour. This will make six pies.

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

**TO REMOVE INK STAINS**—The *Journal de Pharmacie d'Anvers* recommends pyrophosphate of soda for the removal of ink stains. This salt does not injure vegetable fiber and yields colorless compounds with the ferric oxide of the ink. It is best to first apply tallow to the ink spot, then wash in a solution of pyrophosphate until both tallow and ink have disappeared. Stains of red aniline ink may be removed by moistening the spot with strong alcohol acidulated with nitric acid. Unless the stain is produced by eosine, it disappears without difficulty. Paper is hardly affected by the process; still it is always advisable to make a blank experiment first.

## PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Old Popkins was a bachelor  
Who dearly loved his neighbor,  
And that was why, undoubtedly,  
The widow let him labor:  
For every day unto her yard,  
Despite her friends' reprov'n',  
He'd take his hoe and smiling say,  
"Her weeds I am removin'."  
And this went on from day to day;  
His friends' fears were not banished;  
At last he married—then they knew  
The widow's weeds had vanished.

A boarding housekeeper's tree—'Lsh.

It is easier to find fault than to find perfection.

A dollar in hand is worth a million "in your mind."

A grate annoyance—Clinkers.

A wall between many old friendships is built of freeze tone.

If a man's aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will miss fire in the next.

The deepest well in the world is at Buda Pesh, Hungary. It has a depth of 3,200 feet, over three-fifths of a mile.

A Western compositor recently made pi of an article, prepared by the editor, on "rhubarb."

"What is that man yelling at?" enquired Tommy of his younger brother. "At the top of his voice," replied the little one.

When may a ship be said to be in love? When she is in want of a mate, or she's attached to a buoy.

Egyptian mummies are being ground into brown paint. This is the darkest flesh color on record.

"Will the coming man fly?" He probably will when the coming woman gets after him.

You cannot cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.

Why tarrieth the milkman at the fountain? To see the milk made, of course.

This country is never without its evil. Just about the time the fly disappears politics begin to get active.

No, "Matilda," a woman is not a thief when she hooks a dress. Some one has been cruelly deceiving you, darling.

Tom Slobson told his girl he was "going to give her the sack," and she, dear innocent girl, thought he meant a seal-skin.

'Tis clear why Twister, wretched rat,  
Always abusive in his chatter;  
He's truly such a thorough flatter,  
We can't expect to see him flatter.

"Let us play we are married," said little Carrie, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Tommy, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me till I have read the paper,' just as my papa does."

"Say, conductor, why don't this train go on?" enquired a red-haired passenger, with his head out of the car window. "Put your head in," replied the car conductor, "How can you expect it to go on when the danger signal is out!"

A gentleman noticing that his wife's bonnets grew smaller and smaller, and the bills larger and larger, calmly said, "I suppose this thing will go on until the milliner will send nothing but the bill."

An Iowa editor thus acknowledges a present of grapes: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

At Liege, in Belgium, one may arrange with the telephone company to be aroused at any particular hour of the night or morning. When the hour comes, the bell begins to ring, and it continues ringing till the person is answered by telephone.

A careful political economist declares that things are not just right. He closely calculates that women in this country might annually save \$14,550,000 in ribbons, which the men might spend in cigars.

A Galveston widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand, if the Lord keeps on taking them, I will, too," was the spirited reply.

*Terribly Sarcastic Father*.—Now I must bid you good-night, Mr John, for I have an engagement. But say, why don't you stop and take breakfast with us some morning? You always go an hour or two before it is ready.

An exchange says an Indianapolis judge has decided that "a druggist may sell cigars on Sunday, but not a cigar dealer." And it is a wise decision, too. A druggist should not be permitted to sell a cigar dealer on Sunday or any other day.—*Norristown Herald*.

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

"You want to be free from whatever gives you annoyance," said the doctor to the sick man, "free from all causes of worry and nervous excitement, from everything that tends to produce mental distress or agitation." "Doctor!" exclaimed the patient, sitting bolt upright in bed and clasping his professional adviser's hand with enthusiasm, "put that in writing and I'll apply for a divorce at once."

**THE BUGLE CALL.**—Col. Tubbs, of the Fourteenth Connecticut, had a negro servant with him at the opening of the battle at Antietam. But as soon as the engagement commenced in earnest the negro disappeared, and was not seen again for three days. When he came back Col. Tubbs called him to an account for his absence. "I say, Massa Tubbs," exclaimed the culprit, "Ise all right till de first shell was fired. Den ebery hair on my head pered like a bugle, and ebery bugle was sounding 'Home, Sweet Home.' Den dis child just lit out. Couldn't dodge dat are bugle call, Massa Tubbs. No sah."

The Saxons are a very polite people, so overpolite that they not unfrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in Dresden that a stranger in the city was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to be directed to a certain church which he wished to find. "Really, my dear Sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I can not tell you." The stranger passed on a little surprised at the voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a few rods when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and turning, saw the same man running to catch up with him. In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say, "My dear Sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, and asked him, but I grieve to say that he did not know either."

**THE BITTER BIT.**—The country store—the headquarters of ruraldom—has been the scene of many a funny story. I once read of a countryman who took an eight gallon keg to the store to have it filled with molasses. The storekeeper declared that he had put in ten gallons, and demanded pay accordingly. The countryman handed over the money, with the remark that he didn't mind the money so much as he did "the strain upon the precious old keg." Next week, the storekeeper said to the same man: "Here, my friend, those rolls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound. And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

Some advertisements are as comical as if written for fun. One landlady, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman 12 foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair," still another has "a hall bedroom for a single woman 8 by 12." An English widow became rather mixed by her grief, but when announcing the death of her husband she was not so mixed that she lost sight of the main question. "His virtues were beyond price, and his beaver hats were only 17 shillings. He has left a widow and a large stock to be sold cheap at the old stand. He was snatched to the other world just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that his widow can sell hats a fraction less than any other house in London. Peace to his ashes. The business will be carried on as usual."

### A Deacon's Prayer.

There are a great many men with the ambition to rule or ruin churches. One gentleman with this tendency, who had broken up every church that he had ever belonged to, recently joined a hitherto harmonious church and commenced his machinations. This church was blessed with a genial and witty deacon, who rose one night at a prayer meeting at which his plotting Brother D—— was present and commenced to lead in prayer:

"Oh! Lord, we pray that Brother D—— may die," and the good brothers and sisters opened their eyes wide with surprise,—"O Lord! we pray that Brother D—— may die and go to hell," he continued. Shocked beyond measure the pastor raised his head and was about to rebuke the deacon, when he finished his petition with the words: "For we know that if he goes to hell he will break up the institution in less than a year!" The church was not broken up.—*Cope Ann Advertiser*.

## Suspicious Symptoms.

A minister who was perhaps not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the t. etotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up your hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterwards appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after, and said:

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrang wi' his mind."

"How!"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's aye shavin'."

The symptoms were, indeed, very suspicious.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for December.*

## Testing His Affections.

A mean trick was played on an Austin darkey, Mr. James Crow, not long since. He had been paying attention to one of Uncle Nace's daughters, it being generally understood that she was to get, on her marriage, a house and lot, which Uncle Nace has reserved. Uncle Nace is a sly old coon, and determined to test the genuineness of his future son-in-law's affections, so the other night, as they were smoking their pipes, he said:

"Mr. Crow, I has been cogitatin' ober matters and things, and I has come to de 'clusion not to donate Matilday dat ar house an' lot on Austin Avenue, for de reason—"

Mr. Crow sprang to his feet in a fine rage. He pulled down his vest, and slinging his stovepipe hat on the side of his head, said:

"In dat case, our future relations done cease to exist, from dis moment, sah."

"But let us talk, Mr. Crow. I was going to say—"

"O, go hire a hall, and invite yer friends to attend!" exclaimed Crow, insolently.

"Ail right, Mr. Crow. Our future relations has done cease ter exist; but I only wanted ter let yer know dat de reason I objects ter Matildy habin' dat house on her weddin' day is because it am too small, so I am gwine ter give her dat two-story cottage on Pecan street, which am wuff twice as much."

Jim tried to explain his position on the University question, so to speak, but Uncle Nace solemnly lifted up a boot the size of a ham, and pointed to the gate, so James took the hint, and refused to linger.—*Texas Siftings.*

**A LADY PRESENT.**—Yesterday morning a couple of farmers, whose wagons, filled with vegetables, stood on the market, got into a dispute about some trifle, and they were using some very strong language just as an old woman with a basket come along. She halted and listened for a moment, and then, giving one of the disputants an energetic thump over the head with her basket, called out:

"Give your jaw a rest, you brute you—there's a lady present!"

His jaw rested.

## CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN.

**ED. FAMILY CIRCLE.**—Immediately on receipt of the June number of the "Circle" we tried Lillie's way of frosting glass and were well pleased with the result. It was just what we required. I hope she will be as well satisfied with "Anna's" method of using hair combs. I have not had time to try it yet.

I would receive some information about the cactus. The different kinds, the care they need, and when they usually blossom; also, if Verbenas can be grown from a cutting.

Will some one who knows please tell how to make an autograph pillow.

KATE.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Daniel Gray.

If ever I shall win the home in heaven  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;  
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,  
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter  
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted  
On ready words his freight of gratitude,  
Nor was he called among the gifted  
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,  
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;  
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces  
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,  
His homespun habit, and his silver hair—  
And hear the language of his trite devotions,  
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—  
"Help us, oh Lord, to pray and not to faint!"  
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded  
The loftier aspiration of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,  
He never kissed his children—so they say;  
And finest scenes of rarest flowers would move him  
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,  
And righteous word for sin of every kind;  
Alas! that the transgressor and transgression  
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,  
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,  
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty  
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;  
And I am told that when his Charley died,  
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him  
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,  
They found fresh dew drops sprinkled in his hair,  
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,  
And guessed, but did not know who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,  
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,  
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,  
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man and yet a dreamer,  
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way  
His mighty friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,  
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit  
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,  
And his Redeemer called him to inherit  
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

## Curfew Bells.

Many have heard of the "curfew bell," but not all know its origin. Its history in England runs back to the time of William the Conqueror, who ordered a bell to be rung about sundown in summer, and at eight o'clock in the evening in winter, at which time fire and lights were to be put out, and the people to remain within doors, and penalties were imposed upon those who neglected or refused to comply with the law. This was called the "curfew," a word derived from the French *couvre-feu*—cover-fire—and so the appropriateness of the name is readily seen. The old king has been generally charged with instituting this custom in order to impress upon his subjects a sense of their abject condition; but, as the "curfew bell" was rung in France long before William's time, as a safeguard against fires, it is not improbable that he brought the custom with him into England from the continent, and that he has been slandered as to his motives. At any rate, he has sins enough to answer for without this. In the sixteenth century, "bell-men" were added to the night-watch in London. They went through the streets ringing their bells and crying, "Take care of fire and candle; be kind to the poor and pray for the dead." It was the bell-man's duty also to bless the sleepers as he passed their doors. In "Il Penseroso" Milton refers to this custom:

"The bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from mighty harm."

Poets have often referred to the "curfew," or cover-fire, bell. Gray begins his beautiful "Elegy" with

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Longfellow, too, has a pretty little poem telling the story of this bell with charming simplicity:

"Solemnly, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The curfew bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
Put out the light;  
Toil comes in the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire;  
Sound goes into silence,  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all."

King William died, and the original obligations of the curfew were at last removed about the time of Henry I., in 1104; but the custom of ringing an evening bell is still kept up in England, with variations as to the hour. "The nine o'clock bell,"—familiar to most New England people—which sends so many young people home and to bed, and which in the early history of our country was almost rigidly obeyed by all, both old and young, as the old "curfew," traces its origin directly to the cover fire-bell. In Longfellow's "Evangeline" the custom is well described:

"Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine—the village curfew—and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed, and silence reigned in the household."

But now the customs have changed; and though the bell still rings out on the evening air, in country village, and city street, it has lost its power, save as a tell-tale of passing time. Let the old bells ring on; we love their sound, or, in the words of Moore—

"These evening bells! these evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime!"

—Samuel Burnham.

A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

## "DON'T TELL MOTHER."

BY MRS. H. W. DEECHER.

Not long since we passed two little girls, perhaps eight or nine years old. Their arms were thrown around each other in simple, loving, unaffected manner that quite enchanted us. But the first words we heard them utter dispelled the charm and left a very painful impression.

"I'll tell you something that I am going to do, May, if you will promise not to tell mother a word about it."

If at that early age boys or girls begin to have secrets from their parents, especially from the mother, it does not require a prophet's skill to form a tolerably correct judgment of what the character will be, and the results springing from such tendencies when they arrive at mature age. A disposition to deceive is bad enough, but when a child arranges to conceal her actions from her mother the outlook is sad indeed.

Whatever may be taught or believed about natural depravity it would be very difficult to imagine that a little child naturally inclines to conceal its actions from the mother, who for the few earliest years at least must, almost of necessity, be with it more than any other one. In such cases it is impossible not to feel that the parents must be held, in part, accountable. Over-strictness in governing children too often proves a temptation to deceive and conceal. When a child first understands that it is under surveillance and all its acts criticised or censured it becomes uncomfortable, and soon feels frightened, and seeks to escape from the thralldom by prevarication or deceit. To deny, conceal, invent or give an excuse that to a youthful mind appears plausible, if not unanswerable, opens in their childish judgment the readiest way of escape from blame or punishment. Let any one enter on that way and concealment, deceit and excuses become easy. It will not be long before this course will be taken not merely to avoid punishment or reproof but to secure some pleasure known to have been forbidden.

Young parents often enter upon their new duties with very high ideas. They have theories which, if strictly followed out, will place their *nonpareil* far above all other babies and bring it into maturity a bright and shining light, only a little lower than the angels. And in its rare development it is expected that the parents' theory will be glorified. It is vain for parents who have had several experiences and many new theories to try to convince the young matrons that there never was a mode of training children that would be suitable for all dispositions, or that fully realized the bright expectations with which they first tried to bring them into daily practice.

Some begin with the idea that implicit, unquestioning, instantaneous obedience must be insisted on, and any hesitation or deviation must be met at once by severe punishment. Children brought up under such a system are the ones most likely to deceive and conceal. Those parents who are thoroughly good and act in the most conscientious manner, in their hearts believing that their theory, "though for the present not joyous but grievous," will in the end work out the possible fruits of righteousness, are the ones who in riper years, taught by that rough schoolmaster, experience, greatly modify if not entirely change their mode of bringing up their children. Indeed, finding that strict discipline and rigorous oversight have not entirely perfected their first children they are in great danger of swinging clear over to the opposite side, and do the last children as much or more harm, by being too lenient and indulgent, as their first received by needless severity.

Whatever mode of training children may be adopted, that is best which is so modified as to teach all, particularly the girls, that the mother is the sagest and wisest confidante. Children will make mistakes, but no great harm will follow if they have no secrets from their mother; and they will not be tempted to hide a blunder if they know she will not rebuke sharply but with loving kindness. A girl will not do an thing very wrong who has no secrets from her mother. Every girl stands on slippery, unsafe ground the moment she thinks or says "Don't tell mother." The fewer secrets girls or boys have the safer they are. If there should be a few which may seem important and unavoidable let the child test the real necessity of encumbering herself with them by taking the mother in partnership. No companion-

ship should be tolerated, no letter written, that she may not know of.

Secrets, mysteries, are bad things for any one, boy or girl, man or woman, but much worse for a girl or woman. We wish we could show the young how much of unrest, trouble and wrong has come through these small mysteries and secrets that many young girls take delight in, but we close with this one item of advice for children of both sexes.

Hide nothing from your mother. Do nothing that you would be ashamed or unwilling to have your father know. If you have done wrong don't wait for them to learn it from others. Go to them and own it, trusting that their love will enable you to right it. If you have made a mistake look into their eyes with loving boldness and tell them yourself. Prevent others from telling your parents tales of you by taking the whole matter to them, your best friends and advisers, your own self.—*Christian Union*.

### "Too Good to Spoil."

The distinction between economy and meanness is overlooked by some people. They need a rap on the knuckles to call their attention to it. Such a rap was administered years ago to an ironsmith of Newburyport. In those days, that now restless town was an important commercial port. Many ships were built there, whose iron work was done at some large smithy, of which there were several in the town.

One of these was owned and superintended by a Mr. Gordon, who prided himself on the economical style of his household. His workmen boarded with him, and they thought the master's table meanly rather than economically furnished. One day at dinner a large cheese was placed on the table; everybody in those days thought cheese an aid to digestion.

After the men had all eaten meat, Mr. Gordon, taking a knife and turning the cheese over, exclaimed: "This is a good cheese! a pretty cheese! too good to spoil!" Laying down his knife, he rose, saying: "Come, men, let's get to work." They went, vowing they would give him a lesson that he would not forget.

That afternoon a large anchor was to be forged. The fire burned brightly, the iron grew hotter and hotter, and at last the master exclaimed:

"That's a good heat?"

"A good heat!" responded the men.

"A grand heat!" reiterated the master.

"A grand heat!" answered the men.

"Then why don't you strike?" shouted the master, excitedly.

"It is a good heat!" soliloquized the foreman.

"Yes, yes! strike, strike, I tell ye!" he shouted, in an authoritative tone.

"Don't you think it is too good a heat to spoil?" quietly asked the foreman, while every man stood leaning on his sledge-hammer.

The master saw the point, and ordered the cheese to be brought into the smithy, and a loaf of brown bread. The luncheon was eaten and then the anchor was forged.

A ROMANCE OF A PRETTY FOOT.—I don't know that there is anything in the world that is so well calculated to excite envy as a pretty foot, and when a person can boast of such a possession, he or she is ve y apt, if poverty doesn't stand in the way, to make the most of it. A pretty foot is a fortune to a woman. Last year I made a pair of shoes for a lady who had as pretty feet as were ever fashioned. It was a pleasure for me to make the shoes, and when they were finished I put them in the show-window in a very conspicuous place, where I could view them at my leisure. Pretty soon a nicely-dressed gentleman stopped and began looking at them very attentively. Presently he entered the store and inquired if they were for sale. I told him no—that they were made for one of my customers. He looked surprised, and asked the lady's name. I would not give him this much satisfaction, but told him where she lived, however. I was considerably surprised to learn afterwards that he was calling at the house, and more surprised still when the lady, accompanied by the gentleman, called at the store three months later. She called him "dear" then, so I guess they were married.—*Philadelphia Times*.

### How to Bring up a Boy.

"If I had a boy to bring up I wouldn't bring him up too soft'ly," began brother Gardener, as Samuel Shin finally quit poking the fire. "Ebery day of my life I meet men who were brung up softly. As boys dey were kissed an' petted and stuffed with sweet cake an' cried ober. As young men dey had nuffin' to do but spend money, dress like monkeys, loaf on de streets, and look down at honest labor. As men dey am a failure. People who doan' hate 'em avoid 'em, feel to pity 'em, an' dat's just as bad. When I see a man whom everybody dislikes, I realize dat he was brung up on de goody-good plan as a boy.

"If I had a boy I'd rub him agin de world. I'd put responsibility on his shoulders. If he got sugar, he'd aim it. If he got time for loafin' it would be only arter his work was done. If he was ugly obstinate, I'd tan it outter him instead of buying him off. If you want to make a selfish man, humor de whims of a boy. If you want to make a coward of him, forbid your boy to defend his rights. I'd teach my boy dat all boys had rights, an' dat while he had no business to trample on de rights of odder boys, no boy had the privilege of takin' him by de nose. Las' night an old man libiu' up my way was turned out doors by his boy. He has been tryin' de goody-good plan on dat youth for de las' twenty years, and dis am de legitimate result. He didn't want him to work, kase work is hard. He did'n't want him to dress plain fur fear people would look down on him. De boy am to-day a loafer, neither grateful fur what has been done in de pas' nor carin' what happens in de futcher. Ten yars ago he was cried ober, run arter, an' coaxed an' bought off, an' his mubber libed to see him a loafer an' his fader has found him an ingrate."—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Nelson.

It was at Yarmouth that Nelson landed on his return from the Mediterranean, and from Yarmouth that he embarked, in 1801, for the Baltic. The battle off Copenhagen was one of the most arduous of those won by Nelson, from the difficulties of the ground—a large shoal lying close to the ships—and from the courage and endurance of the Danes, who were subdued with less relish and more trouble than the French. No timely nego in ion averted the lavish bloodshed of that Good Friday eve; it was left to Nelson to crush the united scheme of Russia, Sweden and Denmark against the naval rights of England. He won the victory in disobedience to orders. When Sir Hyde Parker, who commanded the fleet, signalled to him to stop the action (to save Nelson, as he thought, the disgrace of inevitable defeat), Nelson's remark was, "I have only one eye, so I have a right to be blind sometimes. I can't see the signal. — the signal. Keep mine flying for closer battle."

### Taking off the Shoes.

In Syria people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is, their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads on the floor; so that it would not be decent or respectable to walk in with dirty shoes, and soil the sijada on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot-mats or scrapers, and it is much simpler and cheaper to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go into the Syrian school-houses and see the piles of shoes at the door. They are new, bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on those dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, then down they go on their noses, kob-kobs fly off, and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali, or Yaqes, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya imme! Yo imme!" (O, my mother!) and cries, just like the other children in other countries. But the funniest part is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and, of course, a hundred shoes all mixed together in one pile. When school is out, the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war.

### Sunlight and Starlight.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;  
They have no daylight of their own;  
Only in the lives of happier ones  
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,  
Thy greater heaven hath grander light,  
To-day is close; the hours are small,  
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind,  
Reach forth a larger bliss to find;  
To-day is brief; the inclusive spheres  
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

—A. D. T. Whitney.

### 'Does it Pay?'

A great many things evidently don't pay. A good many others as evidently do. But there are different kinds of paying, and still more different opinions as to what "paying" really means. When one gives little and gets much, he flatters himself he has a paying thing in hand. When one gives much and gets more he comes to the same conclusion. But the little or the much may be only money, or something which money can purchase or for which it can be exchanged. If things are on the right side of the ledger as far as these are concerned, very many have no doubt about it being all O. K. Yet how often a great deal more has been given which may be never considered at all! Besides so much cash, this one had to put in a goodly allowance of lies. He humbugged. He pulled the wool over his neighbor's eyes. He took advantage of ignorance. He appealed to Heaven. He flattered. He favoured. He suppressed the facts. He exaggerated that. And he gained his purpose. He made a very good spec, and Master Greenhorn had to grin and bear it. Did it pay? He thinks so. He hugs himself at every remembrance of his dexterity. He tells gleefully of what really proclaims his dishonor. Let him wait a while, and he may discover that the spec is a poor one after all. He has given far more than he received back again. He has sacrificed his honour. He has debauched his conscience. He has parted company with self-respect. He has to say sometimes to himself, "Now I'm afraid I am a rogue."

It is possible that the thief thinks his occupation pays. Even the poor, vulgar, ordinary pilferer seems to delude himself with the idea that it is grand to get possession of that for which he has not labored, and for which he gives no equivalent. And the pilferer, in the extraordinary sense, seems to have exactly the same idea. Are there no thieves in Ontario who hold their heads high as honest and honorable men? Of course there are. Plenty of them. In what respect are they worse than the truck that go before the Cadi? They took more. That is about all. How many made their money by smuggling? How many by adulteration? How many by defrauding their creditors? How many by exorbitant charges? How many by simple prosaic stealing? How many by the dirtiest of dirty work? How many in the meanest of all mean ways? And what do they think to-day of themselves and their success? Perhaps a great deal. Perhaps not. Has it all "paid?" We more than doubt if it has. Is there superstition in saying that the curse of Heaven rests upon riches gotten by lying lips, and that fraud and falsehood never in the long run pay? Perhaps. Yet we hold it all the same. Longfellow's "mills" and their "grinding" have been quoted too often to need any repetition here. But what is said about them is true all the same. They do grind very small, though they may go very deliberately about it. Nobody is so shortsighted as the greedy unscrupulous man. His best laid plans are but folly. His greatest success is a delusion. His triumph is only the beginning of his defeat. His highest exultation is only to a deeper fall. And then the misery is that in a great number of cases the man "could have it done better," even in his own sense, if he had only kept to honesty and uprightness. There is not a thief or burglar in the country who does not show an amount of energy and intelligence, which devoted to honorable enterprise would have secured to him even far more money, in a respectable way, than he has ever been

able to secure after his own fashion. There is no use in saying that he could not help it. He could. But he would not. And there he is. A goul bird and an outcast, simply because he thought the way of transgressors was very pleasant, though he has found it at the last, and all the way through, tremendously hard. Pay! Of course you pay, and very smartly too, you foolish, idle, good-for-nothing. Did you think you were going to draw bills on the future and find them unprotested at the last! You are an awful simpleton if you did. Not quite on the square, do you say, with a laugh? Well, well. Look out for squalls. What is not on the square will not stand, as very many have found to their cost—as many more will.

### A Perfect Cup of Coffee.

Coffee is the final issue of Eastern hospitality—the climax of the visit. One recognizes, on entering, the sound of the mortar; for in every properly regulated household in the East the coffee is not ground, but pounded to an impalpable powder, having been roasted that morning, each day its provision, and pounded the moment it is needed. And no one who has not drunk it there can presume to judge of the beverage. In England we roast it till it is black, grind it as we would cattle food, boiling it like malt for beer, and we drink the bitter and unaromatic fluid which remains and say we have taken our coffee. The Eastern coffee-drinker knows all the grades of the berry and preparation as a silk merchant knows the quality of silk; the coffeee knows that to roast it a shade beyond the point where it breaks crisply under the pestle is to spoil it, and when the slow pulverising is done, each measure goes into its little copper ibrik, receives its dose of boiling water, just one of the tiny cup's full rests an instant on the coals to restore the heat lost in the ibrik, and is poured into the egg shell cup, and so it came to us, each cup in a gold enamelled holder. The rule in these lands seems to be that few things are not worth doing well, and there is no waste of life or material by over-haste.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A lawyer in Central New York gives the following account of one of his first cases: "My client sued a neighbor for the alleged killing of a favorite dog. The proof consisted in the mysterious disappearance of the animal, and the possession of a dog's skin by the defendant, which, after considerable argument, was brought into court in evidence. It was marked in a singular manner, and was positively identified with many tears, by the plaintiff's wife and daughter as the undoubted integument of the deceased Bose. In summing up to the jury, I was in the midst of a highly colored picture of the deceased, and of the love of the children's four-footed friend, when I was interrupted by a slight disturbance in the crowd near the door of the little school-house which served as court-house. Looking around, I saw my client's youngest son, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, coming forward with a dog whose skin was the exact counterpart of the one put in evidence. The dog wagged his tail with a good-natured composure, and the boy cried, in his childish treble, "Paw, Bose has come home." I gathered up my law-books and retreated, and I have never had perfect confidence in circumstantial evidence since.

**A TRAMP'S FATE.**—A tramp and his companions, camping out near Steubenville, Ohio, a year since, fell in with a neighboring farmer and his wife, an Englishwoman, who, discovering that one of them was her own countryman, took them all home and gave them a ravishing meal. The husband finally induced the Englishman to abandon his rough life and stay with them. His wife's sister, a widow, shortly after coming out from England, fell in love with the reformed tramp and at length married him. One day he received a letter from England in answer to one of his own, informing him that his father had been dead two years and left him a fortune of £10,000. He then disclosed his identity to his wife and his friends. He was the son of a superintendent of a public library in England, and having in consequence of his fast life there, quarreled with his father, came to this country where he spent, among dissolute companions, the money with which his father supplied him until his patience was exhausted. For five years he led a tramp's life until he was at last provided with a home, a wife, a fortune, and, it is to be hoped, a reformed and sensible mind.

## Sharp Practice.

There is a good deal of talk about the smartness of Yankees, but on the other side of the water they manage to turn out some very shrewd rascals. How is this for a case of sharp practice? "A certain Hungarian Countess, well-known for her riches and beauty (the same spirited lady who last year seconded her brother in a duel), graced with her presence the performance at the Aresa, or summer theatre. On one of her fair fingers my lady wore two splendid diamond rings exactly like each other. During an *entracte* there presented himself in her box a big fellow in grotesque livery—six feet of the finest flunkey imaginable. Quoth he, in the finest Hungarian, 'My mistress, Princess P., has sent to beg of your ladyship the loan of one of your rings for five minutes. Her Highness has observed them from her box opposite, and is very anxious to examine one more closely, as she wished to have one made after the pattern.' Without an instant's hesitation, the Countess handed a ring to 'Jeames,' who bowed with respectful dignity and retired. The performance over, the two great ladies met on the staircase, and the Countess begged her friend to keep the ring at her convenience. 'What ring my dear?' Denouement! Tableau! The 'powdered menial' was no flunkey at all, but a thief; and the ring was gone.

"The police were informed of the impudent trick. Justice seemed to have overtaken the culprit in a very few strides, for next morning, while still *en robe de chambre*, received a letter informing her that the thief had been caught and the ring found on his person. 'Only,' added the note, 'the man stoutly denies the charge, and declares the ring to be his own. To clear up all doubts, please come at once to the police station, or send the duplicate ring by bearer.' To draw the second ring from the finger and intrust it joyfully to the messenger—a fine fellow in full police uniform—together with a handsome 'tip' for the glorious news, was the work of a moment. Only when my lady an hour later betook herself radiant to the station-house to recover her jewels, a slight mistake came to light. 'Well, my rings? I could not come myself the instant I got your letter. 'What letter, madam?' Denouement! Tableau No. 2! The thief get them both!"

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home-voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your own guest-voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."

A loving heart and a pleasing countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and child, on could truly say of him, "He never brought an angry or ill-tempered word across his threshold." The best likeness of heaven ever seen on the earth is a well-conducted, happy family.—*National Record*.

## Routing a Burglar.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN'S COOL CONDUCT.

A little Eureka woman, says the Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel, awoke the other night to find a burglar prospecting her room for valuables. She lay very quietly until he had concluded his labors and transferred operations to the adjoining parlor, when she quietly arose, armed herself with a revolver which her husband had provided her with, and which was snugly encased under her pillow, and tiptoed into his presence. Covering him with the weapon, without a tremor in her voice, she commanded him to disgorge his plunder. There was blood in her eye and determination in her voice, and the bold burglar weakened at once. He deposited on the centre-table a bracelet, a gold chain, and a pair of earrings, all that he had managed to secure thus far, and meekly listened to a spirited lecture which the lady delivered impromptu. She wound up her address by expressing a regret that her scanty toilet prevented her escorting him to the jail, and ordered him out of the house. He did not stand upon the order of going, but went at once. The brave little woman then dressed, lit her lantern, and went to the furnace, told her husband of her adventure, and remained until daylight.

## The Mazarin Bible.

The oldest printed book in the world is the Mazarin bible. It is so called because a copy of it was found in the library of that celebrated French statesman, Mazarin, in Paris, about the middle of the last century. It was beautifully printed in Latin, and when offered for sale, not a human being, except the artists, could tell how the work had been done. The printing was finished as early as 1455, and the binding and illuminating were completed at Mentz in 1456.

It was in two volumes, and there were about twenty copies, eighteen of which are still to be found, ten being in private libraries in England. Some of these are printed on vellum, a very fine kind of parchment, some on paper of choice quality, with black and tolerably handsome letters.

Of this book, Hallam, the historian, thus writes:

"In imagination we may see this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of heaven."

A copy of this bible was sold a few years ago for twenty-five hundred dollars.

## Plenty of Water.

Artesian well makers say that water can be found anywhere, the question being only one of depth. This would seem to be proved by operations in the desert of Sahara, the last place in which one would look for water. In that desert French engineers have sunk from 75 to 100 wells, which yield 600,000 gallons of water per hour. With this water a large space has been brought under a high state of cultivation. Among the more noteworthy artesian wells in the United States is that of the insane asylum at St. Louis, Mo. It is 3,843 feet deep, and yields 4,500 gallons per hour. The water is warm, averaging nearly 75 degrees. In the same city a sugar refinery has a well of 2,200 feet, yielding about 5,000 gallons per hour. In Louisville, Ky., is one 2,086 feet deep, giving 14,000 gallons per hour. Charleston, S. C., is poorly situated for water, and the city council has spent much money in trying remedies, commencing as far back as 1824. The result has been an artesian well 1,250 feet deep, yielding 1,200 gallons per hour. In Philadelphia the Continental hotel has a 206-foot well, 8 inches in diameter, giving 2,200 gallons per hour. There is a deeper and more prolific well in the United States mint in that city. In New Orleans there are wells of 600 feet; one in Columbus, O., 2,775, and at Onarga, Ill., 85 miles south of Chicago, within a circle of 40 miles diameter are 200 wells, averaging about 75 feet in depth, and yielding 2,225 gallons per hour. On the plains and in the Colorado desert artesian wells are to be found, and also in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. Many years ago the augers used in boring a salt well at Salina, N. Y., fell into some unknown lake 500 feet below the surface. The tools were lost, but the salt water came up abundantly. In California it is estimated that there are more than a thousand



artesian wells, most of which are flowing. France is celebrated for these wells. One in the department Pas de Calais was sunk in 1162, and is still flowing abundantly. The famous well at Grenelle, near Paris, 1,792 feet deep, was finished in 1842, and yields 21,000 gallons an hour. At Passy there is a well 1,923 feet deep, giving the enormous quantity of 62,000 gallons an hour. London has a large number of wells, and they may be found in almost all civilized countries. The water from deep wells is warm, the temperature increasing a degree for every 75 or 80 feet of depth. The water is usually impregnated with minerals, and few wells give water that is fit to drink.

### The Drying-Room.

In almost all manufacturing establishments a drying-room is a necessary attachment. At some period in the work it is commonly necessary to submit the material to a thorough wetting, and it is also desirable that after this ordeal the water should be removed from it as soon as practicable. But while there are tens of thousands of drying-rooms in this country, it is a curious circumstance that hardly any of them have been constructed on scientific principles. A vast amount of thought and attention has been bestowed in perfecting the various processes of manufacture, but the process of drying is in almost as crude a condition as it was one hundred years ago. The main object seems to be to get the drying-room as hot as it is safe to have it, and then place in it the material to be dried. One result of this plan is that fires in drying rooms are of frequent occurrence, and for this reason the Boston Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company has entered on a scientific investigation of the subject. The first report which has been made to its members is restricted to pointing out a few defects in the various systems now in use. For example, the opinion seems to be commonly received that if the air in a room is made sufficiently hot, and wet material is then put in, it will soon become dry, although no change of air may take place, consequently there is no attempt made to ventilate the room. Now, in reality, a cubic foot of air will hold only a given amount of moisture, this varying with the temperature. At 32 degrees Fahrenheit a cubic foot of air contains two grains of vapor. But this is its maximum limit, and when once that amount of moisture has been absorbed the air is good for nothing for drying purposes, and the sooner it is let out the better. Where no special provision is made for its exit it has to work its way, as best it can, through the cracks in the room. In many cases this same air is drawn off, reheated, and forced into the room again, on the mistaken theory that it is better than fresh but cooler air from the outside would be; but the effect of this is to send damp air to do what should be the work of dry air. Theoretically the true principle would seem to be to refrigerate air, so as to deprive it of its moisture, then heat it and bring it in contact with the material that is to be dried, after which it may be allowed to escape, carrying its burden of moisture with it. In the investigation referred to, the practical method of doing this has not yet been determined, but it is hoped that a satisfactory and rational plan will be developed.

**A FAMOUS SUNKEN LAKE.**—Several of our citizens, says a Jacksonville (Or.) paper, returned, last week from the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to water all around. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unrippled, as it is so far below the surface of the mountains that air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles, and its width ten or twelve. There is a mountain in the centre, having trees upon it. It lies still, silent, and mysterious, in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by our most reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.

### How Far to the Sun.

All the evidence at present attainable makes the distance of the sun from the earth 92,884,000 miles, says Prof. Young, with a probable error of one quarter of one per cent., or 225,000 miles.

But it is one thing to state these figures, and quite another to understand what they mean. Prof. Young is at the pains to translate them into the terms of common experience, so that they may be partially realized. He says: "If one were to try to walk such a distance, supposing that he could walk four miles an hour, and keep it up for 10 hours every day, it would take 68½ years to make a single million of miles, and more than 6,300 years to traverse the whole. If some celestial railway could be imagined, the journey to the sun, even if our trains ran 60 miles an hour, day and night, and without a stop, would require over 175 years. Scussion, even, would not travel so far in a human lifetime. To borrow the curious illustration of Prof. Mendenhall, if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him; since, according to the experiments of Helmholtz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about 100 feet per second, or 1,637 miles a day, and would need more than 150 years to make the journey. Sound would do it in about fourteen years if it could be transmitted through celestial space, and a cannon ball in about nine, if it were to move uniformly with the same speed as when it left the muzzle of the gun. If the earth could be suddenly stopped in her orbit and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun, under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the centre in about four months. I have said if she could be stopped, but such is the compass of her orbit that to make its circuit in a year she has to move nearly nineteen miles a second, or more than fifty times faster than the swiftest rifle ball, and in moving twenty miles her path deviates from perfect straightness by less than one eighth of an inch."

**GLASS TYPE.**—The experiments which have been made in France, with a view to the substitution of printing-type made of toughened glass in place of metal, have proved quite encouraging. The advantages in point of cleanliness would, it is alleged, be not insignificant. The toughened glass is naturally much harder than the usual metallic composition, and can hardly be crushed out of shape by those small accidents which shorten the life and mar the beauty of the type now employed. The glass, too, is capable of being cast into more delicate forms, so that the difference between the thin and thick strokes can be more clearly defined.

**STUMPS.**—The *Scientific American* advances the following important information to those who desire to get rid of stumps on their farms: "In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water, and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug, and pour in about a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

Algiers possesses a river of veritable ink. Two streams, one starting from a region where the soil is ferruginous, the other from a peat-swamp, meet and form the river, whose inky constituency is due to the mixing of the iron and the gallic acid which the two tributary streams respectively contain.

W. L. Bright, an Englishman, claims that he has found the means for preventing distemper in dogs. Following up the researches of Pasteur, as to the cause of epidemics among animals, Mr. Bright has discovered that, if dogs are vaccinated in the ears with ordinary vaccine lymph, they will not be subject to distemper. In a letter to the London *Daily News* he says that for the past twenty years all his young dogs have been freed from ordinary dog troubles by the application of vaccine virus.