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MAY, 1897.

No. 10.

# OUR HOME



A MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE

5 Cents per Month.

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MONTREAL, CANADA.

# I CANNOT AFFORD TO KILL MY CALVES.

A farmer near Bayham, Ont., who not only raises his own calves, but finds a profit in buying and raising the young calves of some of his neighbors, who think it wiser to kill them for their almost worthless "Deacon" skins, or even to give them away and thus save further trouble; when spoken to about it replied: "I cannot afford to kill my calves."

A very great many farmers in Canada annually kill in place of raising their calves, and in proportion to the number killed impoverish themselves. How much wiser it would be for the farmer who cannot spare time to raise his calves, to

## GIVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS A CHANCE.

Boys and girls grow up on the farm as a rule without any chance to make money for themselves, while frequently city boys, and often the girls, earn money out of school hours, which is their own to use, without question, for any proper purpose. Give those on the farm the same chance to earn money which shall be absolutely their own, by giving them the calves considered useless. Then supply them with skim milk, whey, meal and Herbageum, to be paid for when the calves are sold. Require them to keep a strict account, in a book, of the milk, whey, meal and Herbageum used, each at its proper commercial value. This will give them a good training on business lines. When the calves are really fit for the market, or ready to be turned into the dairy herd, if that is desirable, either buy them for cash at their market value, or let the children sell them to some one else for cash. Then, on true business principles, collect the amount of the supply account, the balance belonging to the children who earned it by their care and attention. These earnings may be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, and become the foundation of future prosperity. The young people become manly, womanly, and self-reliant, and there will be an all-round benefit, which for all future time will put the killing of young calves out of the question. Remember that it is by the use of Herbageum that the best results are obtained. Read carefully the following opinions selected from a great many:

Last year I used 20 lbs. of Herbageum with seven calves; fed it with fresh whey and they did splendidly. They ate the whey with a relish.

DAVID OSBORNE.

Arden, Ont., May 17, 1890.

One of my customers says that with fresh whey and Herbageum he raised as fine calves, if not better, than he did ordinarily with sweet milk.

D. A. McDONALD.

Alexandria, Ont., June 22, 1889.

Herbageum is in good demand for calves.

JAMES TORRANCE.

Milverton, July 18, 1894.

With skim milk and Herbageum calves do extra well.

DIXON BROS.

Maple Creek, N. W. T., Aug. 1, 1894.

Calves do as well with skim milk and Herbageum as on new milk without it.

JOHN F. KENNEDY.

South Indian, Ont., June 20, 1892.

Although I sell all my milk I raised nine calves last year, and am raising sixteen this year on a little meal with Herbageum, and all are fat.

W. F. CLARK.

Powassan, Ont., May 15, 1892.

Write for a pamphlet mentioning OUR HOME to

**THE BEAVER MFG. CO., - Galt, Ont.,**  
Sole Manufacturers of Herbageum.

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## THE POINT OF THE PEN.

### THE GREEK AND THE TURK.

There is no doubt that the sympathies of the world at large are with the Greeks in the dispute with Turkey and the concert of powers. In France and Italy popular sentiment runs high in favor of Greece, and many Italians have volunteered to fight against the Turks. It is not so certain how the masses of the people in Germany, Austria and Russia have regarded the struggle. It would appear from the cable despatches that the young German Emperor incited Turkey to attack Greece, and the people of Athens seem to believe that the Czar of Russia and his ministers are using all their influence in favor of the Turks, but it would seem natural that the Russians in general, who belong to the Greek church, should sympathize with the Greeks in a struggle against the Moslems. In Canada and the United States the universal sentiment is strongly favorable to the Greeks, and, while sentiment is said to be divided in Great Britain, there is no doubt that those who hope for Turkish success are animated by the desire that a general European war may be avoided rather than by any feeling of friendship for the Turks, as it is generally believed that a Grecian conquest of Turkey would be more likely to cause a general war than a Turkish conquest of Greece.

Those who sympathize with the Greeks may have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever may be the immediate outcome of the present dispute the Greeks seem to be gradually driv-

ing the Turks out of all those regions which were formerly included in the great Byzantine Empire, and if the great powers of Europe would allow the Greeks to settle the matter as they please, it would only require patience on their part and agreement among themselves to eventually reestablish the old Byzantine Empire.

It is not by force of arms that the Turks are being driven from these countries, but by the superior knowledge, commercial energy and financial shrewdness of the Greeks.

The increasing power of the Greeks in Asia Minor is particularly noteworthy. These Greeks are not all of pure Greek origin. There is a mixture of Greek, Pontic, Cappadocian, Galatian and Phrygian blood in many sections, but their religion is Greek, and for many generations their priests, in defiance of Turkish oppression, have cultivated Grecian aspirations, so that now this mixed race is essentially Greek in sentiment. In the islands off the west coast of Asia Minor a most remarkable change is said to have taken place in the population during the last forty years, many islands where the Turks formerly comprised two-thirds of the population being now occupied almost entirely by Greeks, for the Grecian population increases as fast as the Turks decrease. It is said that whenever land is for sale the purchaser is a Christian, and if the same rate of displacement continues there will not be a Turk on the islands fifty years hence. On the mainland the displace-

ment of the Turkish population by Greeks is said to be progressing even more rapidly than on the islands, and the Greeks are increasing in numbers, wealth and influence at a marvellous rate in all the coast districts. Mr. C. W. Wilson after a visit to Asia Minor in 1886, described the revolution as follows:

There is now going on in these coast districts, what might almost be called a struggle for existence between Greek and Turk, and in this struggle the advantages are all on the side of the Christian. The Greek marries young, is very prolific, and living under more favorable conditions than the Turk, manages to raise his family. He is shrewd, better educated, suffers less from official robbery than his neighbor, and is not liable to conscription. The Turk, on the other hand, rarely raises a large family; infanticide and abortion are common; there is no skilled medical attendance; and half of the peasant children die before they attain their first year. The Turk is apathetic; his education, which consists of learning verses from the Koran in a language that he does not understand, hardly fits him for a struggle with the keen-witted Greek; he has to bear the full burden of the conscription, to supply recruits for the police force, and altogether his pursuits are more calculated to shorten life than those of the Greek.

Greek colonization on the mainland has not unfrequently followed in the footsteps of humble commercial enterprise. Andreas, the younger son of a large family, finds himself unable to make his way in his native island; he forthwith invests his small earnings in miscellaneous articles, especially such as are in favor with Moslem wives and maidens, and starts off to seek his fortune as a pedlar on the mainland. He sells his goods at from fifty to one hundred per cent. profit, and lives, while travelling, on Turkish hospitality; and when he has disposed of his stock he returns to the nearest town to replenish, and then takes to the road again. After a little experience Andreas settles in a Turkish village and opens a small shop; he is always ready to give credit on good security at a high rate of interest, and for a further consideration to take payment in kind; he receives the corn, oil, or whatever it may be, at prices much below their market value, and readily disposes of them at a profit, through his compatriots in the nearest town. Needless to say, Andreas grows rich whilst the villagers grow poor; he is soon joined by his cousin Dimitri and others, who have heard of his success, and the peasants become poorer still; at last a succession of bad harvests places them at the mercy of Andreas and his friends, and forces them to part with their houses and land; they move further inland, and the village becomes a Greek colony. It is the same with the wealthier Turks; the old bey, who owns a large estate near our village, has always kept open house, and never takes thought of the morrow; he has still to entertain his guests and marry his children, but his expenses have increased, and he is sometimes in want of ready money; he applies to Andreas, who is always pleased to supply his wants on good security at twenty-five to thirty per cent. interest. The bey never dreams of paying, and the debt increases, until one dark day, Andreas closes his purse and threatens to sell the old man up. In the good old days Andreas would have lost his head, and the bey's lands would have passed intact to his heirs; now a compromise is effected, part of the land is surrendered at once, and for an additional loan the remainder goes to the Greek at the old bey's death.

This account of the way the Greek conquers the Turk is not so likely to arouse sympathy as a description of one of those old battles in which Greeks fought bravely against their enemies,

prepared to conquer or to die. It reminds one too, of the fact that according to recent reports from Egypt most of the liquor sellers there are Greeks. It is more pleasant to read that on the islands and in the districts on the west coast of the mainland of Asia Minor the Greeks have a well-organized system of free education, supported by communal taxes and legacies. Each village has its primary schools in which Greek is taught by masters and mistresses who were either educated in Greece or have passed a qualifying examination at Athens. The wealthier classes are quite cultured, and strenuous efforts are being made to educate the masses. Profuse expenditure on education is a national characteristic and to acquire a sufficient fortune to found and maintain a school or hospital in his native town is the honorable ambition of many a Greek merchant.

These Asiatic Greeks have long cherished the hope that the old Byzantine Empire may yet be revived with the capital at Constantinople, and although they look to Athens for inspiration their hopes are centred in Constantinople. How the Athenians would regard the removal of the capital it is hard to say. There might possibly be a quarrel among the Greeks over this question if they should ever have the power to re-establish the Byzantine Empire. However, they might arrive at a compromise by forming a federal union with a number of state capitals, of which Athens would be one, and the seat of the Federal Government at Constantinople.

But all this is a dream of the future, and the aspirations of the Greeks in Europe and Asia to establish a powerful state may never be realized. The great powers of Europe have all to be taken into consideration, and the Czar Nicholas emphatically expressed the established policy of Russia in this regard when he said to Sir William Seymour:

"I will never permit an attempt at the reconstruction of the Byzantine Empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state; still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics—asylum for the Kossuths and Mazzinis and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and would carry it on as long as I have a man and a musket left."

## THE BLACK GONDOLA.

## CHAPTER V.

Count Leonardo watched his new jailer with great interest, wondering whether he could discover any weakness in his character which he could take advantage of in planning another escape. He recognized the fact that he could not again make use of the device which had made such an impression upon Mario, but he thought that by carefully observing his jailer he might form some new plan of action that would work equally well.

The first impression that this scrutiny of the jailer made upon the mind of Leonardo was that the man was anxious to speak to him about something. He rejected the idea as absurd in thinking about it after the jailer had left him that night, but, nevertheless, being determined to miss no opportunity, when the jailer visited his cell next morning Leonardo said blandly, "I think you have something to say to me, my good man. Do not hesitate to confide in me."

This speech which would have astonished any ordinary jailer was received without surprise by this one, who said in reply,

"You have a friend—Stephen Dandolo."

"He was once my friend," said Leonardo.

"Always your friend," said the jailer. "You think he was to blame for your imprisonment. You wrong him. One older than he, more influential than he, was responsible. Through the influence of the Doge, his father, I have been appointed as your jailer. The Doge knows nothing of my master's purpose in asking for this appointment. I came to assist you to escape. I will do so at the risk of my own life, and it will be necessary for me to go with you. To remain behind after your escape would be to court death. There could be no hope of pardon for me. If you escape

you must take me with you to some foreign land. I have served your friend, Stephen Dandolo, faithfully, and I will serve you as well. We have arranged everything. You are to leave here to-morrow night at ten o'clock under my guidance. A gondola will be ready to take you to the palace of Stephen Dandolo, where you will remain in hiding for a few days, after which we must escape together to France. My name is Maso. Regard me hereafter as a devoted servant who risks his life for you, and will follow you to the ends of the earth, anywhere out of reach of the vengeance of Venice."

## CHAPTER VI.

It has been recorded that when Francesca discovered that the Prince di Papoli knew at the time he married her that Count Leonardo Montecali was alive in prison, and allowed her to suppose him dead, she lost all faith in him, and turned for assistance to Stephen Dandolo, the man whom she had most dreaded. When she read the letter placed in the hands of Agatha by some unknown man in the Dandolo palace, all her old fear of Dandolo returned, and her first impulse was to seek advice from the Prince, in whom her confidence revived, but after a few moment's consideration she decided to rely upon her own judgment. She questioned Agatha regarding the man who placed the letter in her hands, but could learn nothing from her. Agatha was not acquainted with any of Dandolo's servants except Paolo. She did not think it was Paolo, but it might have been. She did not see the man's face and his voice was disguised.

"What is your theory?" said Francesca. "Why do you suppose Stephen Dandolo has imprisoned this lady, and what do you think we should do?"

"Oh, my lady," said Agatha, "will

you believe me and follow my advice when I tell you what I think?"

"How can I tell, Agatha, until I hear what you have to say?" said Francesca.

"I believe," said Agatha, "that this is only a plot of Stephen Dandolo to get you into his house again. There is no imprisoned lady yet, but you will be made a prisoner if you go near him again."

"What nonsense," said Francesca, "if he had wished to make me a prisoner he could have done so while we were in his palace. No one knew of our visit, and he might then easily have detained me, but he made no attempt to do so, and it would be absurd to suppose that he would adopt any such method to entice me to his palace. It is evident that I cannot depend upon you for aid."

"What will you do then?"

"We must contrive some means of escape for this poor prisoner. I will disguise myself as a gondolier and go to rescue her."

"My lady this is madness."

"Do not try to dissuade me, Agatha, my mind is made up."

"Will Alphonse go with you?"

"No, I will go alone if you are afraid to accompany me."

"My lady, I am afraid of nothing for myself, but I am sure it is madness for you."

"Then we will go together, both disguised as gondoliers. You are as strong as Alphonse."

Agatha made no further remonstrance, but quietly proceeded to carry out the instructions of her mistress, procuring the necessary clothing for their disguises. In fact, although she was concerned for her mistress she prepared for the adventure with some eagerness, for she was by no means a timid woman, and the letter regarding Dandolo's prisoner had aroused her curiosity. When she had arrayed herself as a gondolier she surveyed herself in the mirror with much complacency, and vigorously brandished at her reflection in the glass a sharp pointed dagger, the jewelled handle of which would have made the eyes of any ordinary gondolier glisten with envy. This dagger she concealed in her clothing, saying to herself,

"No one can tell how soon we may need to use it."

They left the Avarenza palace an hour before the time appointed. The sky was partly overclouded, and the moon was under the clouds, so that the night

was dark. The Dandolo palace, which looked so gay when they visited it the night before, now looked as dark and gloomy as a prison. No other gondolas were in sight as they approached. They stationed themselves directly under a window of the palace which was most secluded from observation, and therefore most likely to be selected as a way of escape for the prisoner. There was much doubt in their minds on this point, however, for the letter had not stated which window the escape was to be made from.

As they sat there in the darkness trembling with anxiety and with all their senses alert their ears caught the splash of oars. The sound approached nearer, and they strained their eyes in the vain endeavor to see who were the occupants of the other gondola.

At this moment the window above opened and someone leaning out held a torch, which threw a dim light on the water, and Francesca, looking up, recognized Paolo. He drew in his head and a moment afterward began to lower a rope, one end of which soon rested in the gondola below and was made fast by Agatha.

Francesca wished to warn those above of the approaching gondola, but she did not know how to do so without arousing the attention of those who occupied it, who might otherwise pass by without noticing the escape.

The prisoner did not descend by sliding down the rope as the watchers below had anticipated. This was evidently the original plan of Paolo, but the lady appeared to decline this mode of descent, and after a short delay she was gently lowered by means of twisted bedclothes, knotted together and tied about her waist. In this way, while she clasped the rope and descended hand over hand, the weight of her body was partly sustained by Paolo, and the danger of accident or injury to the hands from a rapid descent was avoided. She had almost reached the gondola when the clouds dispersed and the moon shone brightly, revealing her face and figure clearly, not only to the disguised women in the gondola below, but also to Count Leonardo Montecali and his jailer Maso, who occupied the gondola, the approach of which had alarmed Francesca.

"It is Tessa Tornabelli," cried Leonardo, and Francesca's heart sank as she recognized his voice and heard the name that had been present in her mind ever since the interview with Stephen Dandolo."

(To be Continued.)

## PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

A pretty story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has a sound of music in it. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was misshapen. He went to bid her good-bye, and, while making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes from her sewing. "Do you really think marriages are made in heaven?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was also said—'Alas, she shall have a frightful hump on her back!' 'Oh, God,' I said, 'then a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful! Dear Lord, give me the hump, and let the maid be well-favored and agreeable!'" The maid could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.

\* \* \*

In the chronicles of John of Brompton, a pathetic and romantic account is given of the mother of Thos. à Becket. His father, Gilbert à Becket, was taken prisoner during one of the crusades, by a Syrian Emir, and held a considerable period in a kind of honorable captivity. A daughter of the Emir saw him at her father's table, heard him converse, fell in love with him, and offered to arrange the means by which both might escape to Europe. The project only partially succeeded, he only escaped. But after a time she contrived to elude her attendants, and after many marvellous adventures both by sea and land found her lover. She knew but two English words "London" and "Gilbert." By constantly repeating the first, she was directed to the city, and there followed by a mob, she walked from street to street crying as she went, "Gilbert! Gilbert!" She at length came to the street in which her lover lived. The mob and the name attracted the attention of a servant in the house; Gilbert recognized her and they were married.

\* \* \*

A very curious story is told by several ancient writers respecting Engirvard, a secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that Emperor. The secretary fell in love with the Princess, who

at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his footmarks would be observed, and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the Princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from the window of his bedroom the Emperor saw the whole affair. In the assembly of the Lords, on the following day, when Engirvard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who compelled a King's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers were alarmed, but the Emperor, addressing Engirvard, said,

"Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

\* \* \*

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally. A lucky instance of this kind was the invention of the telescope. Nearly three hundred years ago there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him or amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying about, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed: "Oh, papa! see how near the steeple comes!" Startled by this announcement Hans looked up from his work, anxious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning towards her, he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, the other at arm's length; and calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye lens was plano-concave, while the one held at a distance was plano-convex. Then taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at the proper focus, and this had produced the wonderful effect that she observed. His quick wit saw in this a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had

fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses at their proper focus, and so the telescope was invented.

\* \* \*

Aline Dupré was born at Martinique in the year 1763. Her father possessed one of the best estates on the island, and spared no pains or expense in educating his daughter, whose rare natural qualities, both of person and mind, well-merited the most careful development. At the age of fourteen, when womanly charms are almost matured in that clime, Aline was the pride of her family, and the admiration of the upper circles of the colony. In private society no one surpassed her in vivacity of spirit; in the ball-room the graces of her person and movements were unrivalled; and she possessed musical talents well fitted to enhance and complete the impression made by her appearance and address. Such was Aline Dupré, when an unforeseen accident gave a sudden turn to her prospects and fortunes. Excited by oppression, real or imaginary, a numerous band of negroes made their escape from their masters, and spread the most serious alarm over the whole island. Profiting by the scantiness of the military force stationed there at the time, these runaways committed various outrages, and made threatening demonstrations at many different points, calling everywhere upon their fellow-slaves to join their standard. None of the negroes in the employ of M. Dupré had acceded to the insurgent band; but the station of that gentleman, and the high opinion entertained of his talents and activity, caused him to be pitched upon as the leader of the militia raised for the suppression of the mutineers. M. Dupré fulfilled with energy and success the duty entrusted to him. The fugitives were surrounded and captured, but only after a desperate struggle, in which M. Dupré received a mortal injury. He survived it long enough to permit him to receive from France the Cross of St. Louis, which the governor of the colony, the Marquis de Bouillé, had requested for him. Soon after receiving this reward, M. Dupré died, recommending with his last breath his daughter Aline and his only son to the care of the governor.

The Marquis de Bouillé did not neglect the charge committed to him. It had been the purpose of the late M. Dupré to return to France, where he had a small patrimonial property, and where various members of his family were settled. This intention had been partly

formed with the view of completing the education of Aline and her brother, and in the hope of seeing them well established there in life. The governor of Martinique determined to fulfil the wishes of the father in this respect. Finding the young Dupré, who was a year or two older than Aline, to have an inclination for a military life, the marquis arranged that he should go to France, and enter the regiment of Bouillon, while the sister was to be placed for a time in the seminary of St. Cyr, the highest institution then existing for persons of her sex. Aline and her brother accordingly, embarked in a vessel bound for France.

The vessel which bore the brother and sister, intending to land on the western coast of France, reached the Straits of Gibraltar in safety. Soon afterwards, however, when the passengers, attracted by the beauty of that latitude, had assembled in a group on deck, an old negress in attendance on Aline, pointed out a dark spot on the sea at a distance. The captain was present at the moment, and was observed to grow pale as he turned his eye on the object pointed out. But he made no remark; and the passengers retired for the night. In the morning they found nothing but bustle and alarm on board. The vessel was pursued by a swift-sailing Algerine corsair, of a size which rendered it almost hopeless for a petty merchantman to attempt any resistance. Nevertheless, the crew took to their arms, resolved to sell their liberty dearly. The pirates were not long in coming up and boarding, and, as might have been anticipated, soon overpowered all opposition. Aline had kept close by the side of her brother, determined to perish with him if he fell; and when the capture took place, she was bound with him in the same chain. This association greatly lightened their sufferings on this occasion, but it did not last long. When the corsair reached the port of Algiers, an order was issued for the conveyance of all the male prisoners ashore, and the retention of the females. The language spoken around her was unintelligible to Aline, but she soon became sensible of the intended separation. Her agony was dreadful at the moment; the past mishap seemed to her insignificant in comparison with this crowning ill. She fell on her knees before the barbarians of the vessel, and used every entreaty, by words and gestures, which might have a chance of moving them to permit her accompanying her brother. Her tears and imploring looks fully

expressed the meaning which her language could not convey, but they were totally disregarded, and her brother was carried off with his companions. All hope seemed to depart with him, and Aline fell down in a swoon.

Her insensibility, at least to a partial extent, was of long continuance, every return of her powers to reflection serving only to renew her grief, and throw her back into a state of lethargy, which rendered her heedless of all around her. Zara, the old negress, watched over her with incessant care. When Aline regained something like composure, she found herself on board of a different vessel, and again upon the open sea. Zara informed her that she had been purchased by an Armenian merchant, and was now on the way to Smyrna, whence, after taking on board some Circassian and Georgian captives, Achmet, as the merchant was called, intended to proceed to Constantinople. Zara likewise added, that Achmet seemed to take a strong interest in her restoration to health. This last piece of intelligence was anything but pleasing to the poor captive, and her mind was so heavily oppressed with a foreboding dread of the fate that seemed to await her, that she resolved to escape from it at the cost of life. No other way of effecting this object was in her power save that of starving herself. For two days she maintained this determination; and was already beginning to feel her strength diminishing, when some proceedings on the part of Zara changed altogether the train of her thoughts. The old negress, like many of her race, affected a power of reading the cards, or of telling fortunes, and she artfully led her languid mistress to express a wish to know what would be her brother's fate, the subject ever uppermost in her thoughts. Zara used the opportunity given to her most dexterously. Consulting the cards, she assumed, after a time, an aspect of great joy. "Your brother shall yet be free and great! the cards declare it! And by *you*—by *you* shall he be saved!" The suggestion of such a possibility made an instantaneous and striking impression upon Aline, and raised in her a new train of thought. Finally, she resolved to desist from her course of abstinence, and to preserve her life, in the hope that, whatever might be her own fate, she might yet have it in her power to alleviate the sufferings of her beloved brother.

When the vessel arrived at Smyrna, it chanced that, while Achmet was getting on board his other captives, he met the French consul in society, and

mentioned his having with him a beautiful slave of French descent. The consul immediately requested to see her, and, after some difficulty, this was accomplished. On seeing Aline, Monsieur L—— generously offered to purchase her from the Armenian, and set her at liberty.

"My brother," said Aline; "will you set him, too, at liberty?"

"Alas!" said the consul, "that is not possible. How could he now be found out? The intervention of the sultan alone, I fear, could avail to discover his retreat, and procure his freedom."

"The sultan!" replied Aline, and for a few moments she remained in thought. "Well," continued she at length, "I cannot, and will not, since such is the case, accept of liberty for myself." The consul pressed her to alter her resolution, but the generous girl held firmly by her purpose. The slight hope which existed of her finding in Constantinople some means of liberating the poor captive of Algiers, kept her fixed in the determination of remaining with Achmet. It seemed to her as if some secret power urged her onwards to the Turkish capital.

But, as she sailed thither, doubts and fears took possession of her mind. Her whole chance of success was founded on the vague possibility of her personally seeing the sultan Abdul-Hamed, or some great courtier, from whom she might beg the life and liberty of her brother. But she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that she might become the purchased slave of some rich but obscure Turk, and might be shut out forever from the light of day among strangers. With these thoughts in her mind, she proceeded to the presence of Achmet, and, assuming a firm and bold tone, she said: "Armenian, *your* fortune and *mine* are now in *your* hands. If I have observed aright, you do not confound me with these poor ignorant slaves, who have bodies, but no souls. Such as these subjugate the eyes, but not the heart. My character is different from theirs, and so will my destiny be. It will be a high one, and your fortunes shall rise with it. Introduce me to the presence of the sultan, and depend upon my eternal gratitude." Achmet seemed to be struck by these words, and the confident tone in which they were uttered. His manner assumed a semblance of respect very unusual between master and slave, and he expressed his intention to gratify the wishes of Aline if possible. Accordingly, when the vessel entered the port of Constantinople, and the party were

conveyed to the house of Achmet, he showed his intentions by bringing to her one of the richest dresses to be found in the city, this being a proper preliminary step, as he thought, to the execution of her design. But Aline declined assuming the garb, and contented herself with one of the most simple kind. To his surprise, the Armenian was compelled to admit that her appearance was more captivating without than with the rich attire obtained for her.

Though Achmet seemed thus desirous of fulfilling her wishes, day after day passed away without any notice of the approach of that event on which Aline rested every hope of procuring her brother's liberation. At last, however, Achmet announced that it was impossible for himself to introduce his beautiful slave to the presence of the sultan in any way. "But do not despond," said he; "I have sold you along with Zara to Isaac-Aga, one of the old chief of the royal guards. He has promised to place you in the way of seeing the sultan." Aline at first thought that she was deceived with false promises, but such was not the case. Isaac-Aga was faithful to his word, and Aline obtained her wish. She was brought before the sultan. It is needless to linger on the issue. The skill of Aline in music was exerted to charm Abdul-Hamed, and not in vain. It was not long ere his passion for the accomplished captive grew so deep and strong, that he made her his legitimate wife; and she had also the pleasure of embracing her brother, liberated by the sultan's orders from the slave-chains of Algiers. Under the title of the Sultana Validé, Aline outlived Abdul-Hamed, to whom she bore the Sultan Mahmoud. Mahmoud did not immediately succeed his father, but lived in seclusion during the intervening reigns of Selim and Mustapha. The civilized spirit of Mahmoud may, in part, be traced to the instructions of his mother, the Sultana Validé. She discovered the retreat of her relatives in France, and sent them letters, which were accompanied by magnificent presents. M. and Madame Dupré, an aged pair residing at Havre-de-Grace, were her uncle and aunt, and shared liberally of her bounty. The Sultana Validé died in 1817, at the age of fifty-four.

A little boy not quite three years old was sitting at the dinner table quietly eating dessert, when his aunty said to him, "Are you having a good time?" "No," said he, "I'm having pudding."

## A USE FOR OLD PIANOS.

There came into my possession, many years ago, a very old-fashioned upright piano.

We found a place for it in my study, more for the beauty and quaintness of the case, which was of rosewood, and of the usual excellent workmanship, than from any hope of deriving comfort from any sweet music the mellow ivories might produce. It was old, and its time and power for discoursing sweet music were past and gone; try as we would, by a new string here and another there, it refused to send out any but shrill and discordant notes, and in despair we locked it up. And so it might have stood for many years to come, pleasant to look upon, but utterly useless, had it not been that a good many books were scattered about the house and demanded a case.

While trying to reconcile ourselves to parting with the piano to make room for the bookcase, the thought struck us: "Surely this would make a splendid bookcase, if its inside could be bodily taken out without injury to the frame."

We sent for a workman, who saw the possibility of doing this for us at a moderate sum, and the result is that we have a beautiful piece of furniture and bookcase combined.

The upper part, consisting of about two-thirds of the height, contains three shelves for books, and a writing desk, the former keyboard-running the whole depth and width of the piano, while the under third forms a famous cupboard for manuscripts and magazines.

Thinking that many people may have a piano similar to mine, and that rather than sell it they would desire to keep it and make it useful, I send you this short account of what we have done with ours.—*The Girl's Own Paper.*

## THE HUMAN VOICE.

The voice is a human sound which nothing inanimate can perfectly imitate. It has an authority and an insinuating property which writing lacks. It is not merely so much air, but air modulated by us, impregnated with our warmth, and, as it were, enveloped by the vapour of our atmosphere, some emanation of which accompanies it, giving it a certain configuration and certain virtues calculated to act upon the mind.—*Joubert.*

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.



### THE CHILD AND THE BEAR.

One beautiful summer morning in Norway, when the bells of the distant church tower were ringing clearly through the air, when the birds were singing in the branches, and the lambs skipping in the meadows, the butterflies fluttering over the flowers, and the busy bees gathering the honey, a crowd of happy children were going merrily up a footpath. They were all dressed in their best, and carried little baskets and pitchers on their arms. Fritz led the joyful procession; Louisa and Thora followed him; next came George and Anthony; and last of all came the gentle Sophie, leading little Alvide. Alvide was the queen of the day; she had seen but five summers, and when she lightly ran over the green meadows in her white frock she looked just like one of those little angels which peep out from among the clouds in Raphael's beautiful pictures.

"I, too, will gather lots of whortleberries, Sophie, and bunches of flowers, and I will make a great many wreaths; one for you, and one for Fritz, and one for George, and one for Thora, and one for Louisa, and none for Anthony, yes, one very small wreath Anthony shall have."

But now when they had come into the wood, Fritz made a halt, and pointed to a large moss-covered stone. All sat down, and Sophie spread a white cloth over it, and brought out white bread and cakes. Fritz had some milk in a bottle, which he poured out into a little tin can. The bottle was enclosed in basket-work, and hung by a string

round his neck. The careful George said:

"Let us keep some to refresh ourselves as the heat is sure to be greater by and by."

"May I eat now?" asked Anthony, impatiently, and when Fritz nodded assent, he put his tin trumpet to his mouth and began to blow so loudly that Sophie put her hands to her ears and all the sparrows flew away frightened from the bushes.

"Here, here, look how blue it is here! No; there behind you Fritz, I see oh! so many whortleberries."

"But here are strawberries, which are much sweeter," said Fritz.

"No, only come this way!"

"I shall stay with you, Sophie," said Alvide, "but not all the time, remember; afterwards I shall go to Louisa and then to Thora."

"I will gather flowers for wreaths," said Louisa. "But first let us put the heavy pitcher down among the pine trees, and then we can come and empty our jugs into it."

This they did; and the busy little hands were not weary of gathering, nor the merry mouths of chattering. The sun rose higher, shadows grew shorter, but a fresh noontide breeze cooled their cheeks. Then the little girls sat round in a circle, and made wreaths of the heather, the wild roses, the foxgloves, the forget-me-nots and other gay wild flowers, and each wreath was prettier than the one before it. But now Alvide began to get tired, and laid herself down among the berries and wreaths; she shut her blue eyes, and Sophie sang cradle songs to her till she fell asleep. The other little girls had jumped up to follow the boys, who had gone to the top of the mountain, and as they heard Anthony's trumpet it was not difficult to find them. Then Sophie went up too, and saw a pleasant green spot, through the middle of which ran a clear brook, while round it grew thousands of the most beautiful flowers.

Meanwhile, Alvide awoke, and heard something growling. She jumped up and cried for her sisters, but they were so far away that they did not hear her. She became rather frightened then, but she did not cry. They are sure to come, she thought, and she took her little basket in her hand to eat some whortleberries. Then there was a rustling among the trees, and a big dark brown bear came growling up to Alvide. At first she was going to cry, and the bright tears stood in her eyes, her little heart beat with terror, and she could not utter a sound.

"You won't do me any harm, bear,"

she said at last, boldly, "for I am a very good child. I know you already from your picture in my book. Here, bear, are some whortleberries for you!" at the same time she offered him her little basket. The bear looked at her, gave a low growl, tapped the basket with his paw so that all the berries rolled out upon the ground. He ate them all, and then began to smell Alvilde's clothes.

"Dear, good bear, you must not do me any harm, for I try to be a very good child," said Alvilde, frightened. "There is a basket full of whortleberries for you!"

The bear looked at her, threw over the basket and began to eat. Alvilde was then no longer frightened, but she hastened to give the bear as many whortleberries as she could. The bear grunted quite good-temperedly, and laid one of his fat paws on Alvilde's shoulder. But now he saw the great pewter pitcher, which stood there quite full of whortleberries and strawberries, and bears like strawberries better than anything else, so he went up to the pitcher and quickly began to eat.

"No, no, bear, you must not have all the berries! They are not all my berries, either, so I cannot give them to you; and besides, you will have a stomach-ache if you eat so many, old bear!" At the same time she went up to the bear and put her little hands on his rough, furry neck, to try to push him back. The bear was not offended, but she saw that all her efforts to hinder

him were of no avail.

"Well, only wait till Fritz comes, won't he be angry, and drive you away with his stick!"

The great beast looked good-humorously at the little girl, but went on eating.

"Now I will make you look so pretty, bear, if you will only let my brothers' and sisters' berries alone!"

She took up one of the wreaths and fastened it round the bear's neck, and then put a little wreath on the top of his head.

High up on the top of the mountain Anthony's trumpet sounded, and all the boys and girls came singing down the path. Then bruin looked round, and went slowly away into the dark wood. When they had all come down Alvilde sadly pointed to the empty pitcher, excusing herself as well as she could, and told them all about the bear. They turned pale with fright, and hurried off with her so quickly, that they left flower-wreaths, pitchers, baskets and berries all behind them. When they came home to their father and mother, and told them what had happened, their mother embraced Alvilde, trembling, and all, great and small, crowded round her, weeping with joy. And the father spread his arms over the little group. Then he went silently up to his chamber and thanked God who had preserved his dear little girl so wonderfully.

In the autumn, a great, dark brown bear was shot, and round his neck the string of Alvilde's wreath was found.



## OUR HOME.

### THE SIZE OF THE STAR.

"I know what you think,"  
Said a twinkling star  
To a child far down below;  
"And what a ridiculous child you are,  
To think.  
Because you've seen me wink  
Up here in the sky.  
I'm as big as your eye,  
And not any bigger, you know.  
Oh, my!  
Oh, fie!  
I—why,  
I'm as big as your head!  
*You don't believe it? I'll say instead,  
As big as the earth on which you tread!*"

Said the child, turning up a saucy nose  
To the star in the distant blue,  
"You think, I s'pose,  
That no one knows  
Anything in the world but you!  
I'm never going to believe that tale  
When the moon is only as big as a pail.  
I know you're not,  
I don't care what  
You say, as big as a *cup*,  
So give it up!  
A spot,  
A dot  
Is as big as you are! Maybe  
I'd believe what you say if I were a baby,  
But you ought to be 'shamed, I think,  
To wink,  
And blink  
Up there in Heaven,  
And play such tricks.  
You can't fool me,  
I'm half-past six  
And going on seven!"

—ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

### HOW A MIRROR IS MADE.

A large stone table is used, which has underneath it a screw, by means of which the table can be inclined when desired. Around the edge of the table is a groove, the use of which will be known presently. While the surface of the table is perfectly level, tinfoil is carefully laid all over it. A strip of glass is then laid on each of the three sides of the foil, and quicksilver is poured on until it is nearly a quarter of an inch deep. The affinity of the quicksilver for the tinfoil, and the obstruction made by the strips of glass, prevent it from flowing off. The plate of glass having been carefully cleaned, is now slipped in upon the quicksilver through the side where no glass strip is placed, and

is held firm while the table is inclined by means of a screw, so as to let the superfluous quicksilver run off into the groove along the edge of the table. That having been done, the table is brought back to a level, heavy weights are put upon the glass, and it is then left for several hours. The next step is to take the glass from the table and put it in a frame, the coated side up. The coating—or amalgam, as it is sometime called—soon becomes so dry as to allow the plate to stand on its edge, but it cannot be used for several weeks longer. This method of making mirrors is the best in use, and was invented by the Venetians in the sixteenth century.

### PICTURES THROUGH PINHOLES

Referring to the article entitled "The Miniature Suns," published in the April number of OUR HOME, Mr. A. C. Lyman, a well-known notary of Montreal, writes as follows: "Being interested in anything scientific I read the article carefully and found it interesting. As to the explanation of what the writer saw, it is simply this: the small holes in the curtain acted like the openings, fitted with lenses, in the front-boards of cameras. Opticians and photographers are well aware that rays of light from an object passing through a very small hole into a darkened room will form on the wall, or a screen, an image of the object; which image is more or less clear according to the size of the hole; the smaller the hole the more clear and sharp the image, the image being reversed similarly as when the light passes through a lens. In fact photographers have sometimes taken photographs without any lens, by simply replacing the front board of the camera by a piece of cardboard in which is a pinhole. The great difficulty in this case is that the amount of light passing through the pinhole is so very small that it requires a very long exposure to take a proper photograph. In the case referred to by your correspondent, the small holes in the curtain acted as the pinhole that I have above referred to, and threw on the wall images of the partial eclipse, which was then taking place.

There is one statement made in the article which I think I must criticise. In the early part of the article she says, "I cannot give a scientific explanation of the strange phenomenon, but I can say that it was caused by the sun, which was at the time nearly covered by the earth's shadow." Towards the end

of the article occur the words "produced these miniature suns upon the smooth white wall, with the earth's shadow upon them," etc. Your correspondent has got mixed between the causes of solar and lunar eclipses. The cause of the former is not the shadow of the earth, but simply the moon getting between the earth and the sun, and hiding the latter; a lunar eclipse is caused by the moon getting into the earth's shadow, and being thus deprived of the sunlight by which it shines, appearing dark. A moment's reflection will show that it is not possible to cast a shadow of the earth, or anything else, upon the sun, for the simple reason that the sun is the sole source of light, from which is derived the light of all the bodies of the planetary system. If the earth's shadow fell on the sun, from where proceeded the light which cast that shadow, and even if there were such a light casting such a shadow, how would that darken the sun, which shines by its own light? If I have two gas lights in a room and I interpose between them an opaque body, so that each light will be obscured from the other, would that lessen the brilliancy of either, seeing that each is itself a source of light?

#### A PIECE OF SPONGE.

A piece of sponge! Do you know what it is, and whence it comes? You know it by sight as it comes from the shop where it is sold, but possibly you do not know it alive, and how it is obtained.

There are no less than three hundred kinds of sponges known. Their various forms account for some of the curious names given to them by sailors. There is the feather sponge, the fan, the bell, the trumpet, the peacock's tail, and Neptune's gloves.

When taken from the rocks to which it clings, the sponge is a mass of jelly, which upon being beaten and pressed gives forth a quantity of milky fluid, till the whole of the animal life is beaten out of it, and only the skeleton remains. This sponge skeleton, after being thoroughly washed and dried, is packed into boxes and exported to various countries.

Fishing for sponges is principally carried on by the Greeks and the Syrians in that part of the Mediterranean Sea which washes the shores of their countries, and by the people of Florida and of the Bahamas, in the neighborhood of which are some excellent fishing grounds.

There are really two qualities of

sponge—the fine, which is close and elastic, and the dark, open sponge, known to us as "honey-comb." Both kinds are found together side by side upon the same rock.

The Greeks commence fishing in May and end in August, but the Syrians continue to the end of September.

Each crew consists of five or six men. The divers are provided with a strong knife or a three-pronged fork. Once down, the diver's object is to wade rapidly to the pieces of rock upon which the sponge is growing. Then having torn off as much of the sponge as he can carry, he pulls at his rope, which is the signal to rise in the boat to haul him up.

In some parts of the East, and also in Florida, the sponge grows in shallow water, and it is therefore not necessary to dive for them. The fishermen drive down a long pole into the water and fasten it to the side of the boat. They then slide down the pole to the sponges, which are easily detached from the rocks.

#### EGYPTIAN TOYS.

Some of the old Egyptian balls still carefully preserved in the British museum are so much like those in use to-day, that we might easily imagine they were bought in one of our toy-shops. Although three thousand years have passed away since they were used, the balls show little sign of their great age. These balls are stuffed with palm leaves and covered with skin.

The children of Egypt also had whips, drums, whistles, wooden birds that nodded their heads as though they knew you, rag dolls used by the poor children, and painted wooden and stone dolls used by the children of the rich.

Many of the dolls were made of clay. Stone was often used for carving out toy animals, and hard wood was used for those dolls and toys with moveable arms, legs and heads.

#### AN OBJECT LESSON.

I'm spinning my new top, you see,  
And I can spell it, t-o-p.  
These letters stand for words that tell  
How little children may do well.

There's t, that's *Truth*, it means that I  
Must never tell the smallest lie.  
And o's *Obedience*; that is to  
At once do as I'm told to do.

P's *Purity*. What does it mean?  
To never say a word unclean;  
Or do a thing which I should be  
Ashamed to have my mamma see.

—ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

## ANIMAL STORIES.

**Birds Without Wings.**

You will think, and rightly too, that birds without wings must be very curious birds indeed, writes Wood Smith. New Zealand is the home of these strange creatures, and the natives have given to them queer names; one is called the "kiwi," and another the "weka."

The kiwi does not look like a bird at all. It is about a foot high, and about the same length. Its body is round, and covered with soft plumage which resembles brown or dark grey fur. It has no tail, and not a sign of wings.

The weka is a more ordinary looking fowl, of a rich brown color. It has only a very short tail, and is quite without



wings. Its habits are most peculiar, and it is said to be the most inquisitive creature living. It must always know what is going on, and will even enter boldly the tent of a traveller and steal his goods as he lies in his blankets. Very often, when a coach stops to change horses at some roadside stable in the wilds of New Zealand, three or four of these curious birds will emerge from the surrounding herbage, and gravely investigate the proceedings. They walk almost under the horses' heels, and survey the passengers as if they were old friends. At the first hostile sign, however, they disappear in an instant.

An old resident in New Zealand says that many a man's life has been saved in the bush, when starvation seemed certain, by a knowledge of the weka's queer habit. The plan is to tie a piece of rag or paper to the end of a string or switch, and then to tap regularly on a log or a tree, or on a stone. In a very short time two or three wekas will be seen gliding and popping about, evidently wondering where the strange noise can proceed from. The hungry bushman remains concealed in the foliage, and goes on tapping until the weka is close to him. Then he swings the string or switch with the lure on the end of it, slowly and regularly at arm's length, holding a short stick ready in the other hand. The weka cannot resist this. It comes boldly up, and, without giving a look at the man, stands up and peeks at the swinging object. The stick then descends smartly and kills the weka almost instantly.

The weka makes excellent food, but is so oily that unless it is skinned at once after it is killed no one could possibly eat it. The oil is used for wounds and bruises, and also for dressing boots to make them watertight. It is so penetrating, however, that it soon destroys the leather if used frequently.

**The Cherry Birds and Their Nests.**

The following incident came under my observation some years ago, writes Mrs. C. C. Murcy, North Haverhill, N. H.:

I saw a Cherry bird try to pick off a string that was tied on the clothes line. He worked so hard that I was interested for him. I took several short pieces of twine and placed them on the line, and its mate came and helped carry them off. They always flew in the same direction and seemed to pass through the branches of a spruce directly across the road from the house. I finally put on longer pieces, which seemed to please them. At last I looped pieces of cotton yarn six or seven yards long upon the line. They would light on the line and work very hard until the whole length was on the ground. To my astonishment one would light on the ground near the end and take hold with his beak, then hop along two feet, take hold again and continue to do so until his beak would hold no more. As they

flew away there would sometimes be several yards streaming behind. It did not seem to take more than one half hour to dispose of the longest pieces. I tried in vain to find the nest. The next spring my little boy found it just back of the spruce.

The nest was built on a tall and very slim cherry tree which was surrounded by four or five stronger trees from one to two feet from the cherry tree. The small pieces were used to line the nest. The long pieces were wound around the tree at the point where the nest was built several times, then extended out in every direction, winding round those near surrounding trees about as intelligently as human hands could have done it.

#### Thought it Was His Fault.

Richard Follett, of Willimantic, Conn., was the owner of a magnificent pointer. On June 3rd, 1888, the dog came suddenly upon a high-spirited horse and carriage containing E. M. Durkee, wholesale merchant, and Miss Lou M. Buck, daughter of ex-senator Buck, of Willimantic, while passing through a tract of woodland. The horse being frightened leaped from the road. The gentleman was thrown violently to the ground where he lay insensible. The frightened horse started off at full speed. Miss Buck grasped the reins, cast a hasty glance backwards; saw the dog standing over Mr. Durkee, and then was whirled quickly away. Half a mile was made, when the pointer rushed ahead, making frantic efforts to stop the furious steed. The carriage was again dashed from the highway, the lady hurled among the rocks; her leg broken, and she rendered insensible. When consciousness returned, the dog was licking her face, whining piteously and showing every sign of commiseration. The lady, in her agonizing pain, pushed the dog away, saying, "Go, go, for help!" and the intelligent creature, after an expression of his joy for her notice, sprang away. Running to the nearest house, which was occupied by Mr. George Simmons, he soon attracted Mrs. Simmons's attention by an aggressive movement upon door and window, and when the lady appeared, the animal caught hold of her sleeve, and made such other demonstrations as to impress the family that something was wrong. They followed as he led and were shortly at the side of the suffering victims. A litter was formed, the lady placed upon it and

raised from the ground. The pointer took a place at its side and thus they reached the house, where the lady remained for several days. The dog came every morning, and persisted in staying until admitted to the room of Miss B. to whom he truly showed deep sympathy and affection almost human. The poor creature really seemed to feel that he had been the cause of the accident, and did all in his power to make amends.

#### Strange Conduct of a Dog.

Charles Rumball of Port Sidney, Muskoka, Ont., writes: The following incident was lately related to me by a neighboring settler in Muskoka who fishes, traps and hunts in the season, and being well acquainted with him personally I can vouch for its truth.

Amongst many hounds that the old hunter has owned at various times he had a few years since one an especial favorite, as he was not only a noble animal to look at, but a sure tracker, and sagacious and good-natured to a degree. He was of large size; of color brown and white, with legs of the darkest fawn color. His owner, be it said, though living in the wilds, is no common man, and did once mingle with the gay and the learned.

He is a natural and mental philosopher, knows something of many ologies, and thinking of a name for his hound when a pup, godfathered him with our warlike fiery planet, and called him Mars. With him he owned a smaller hound called Juno, and he was as much attached to these canine friends as other men are to their children. Our friend lives quite alone as regards his own species, in a cosy log house in a small clearing in the midst of two hundred acres of his own beech and maple.

For fourteen or fifteen years it has been his headquarters, and during that time he has guided numerous parties in their expeditions in these parts, and many an extraordinary adventure he has met with in encounters with wild animals, and many a startling story he has told to me, but none so strange as the one I am about to relate.

One morning leaving his dogs in the house he went forth a little way into the bush and placed on a stick a strychnine pill to poison a fox that was about. When he returned to the house he took up a pail to get some water from a well near, and went out, followed by his dog Mars, that seated himself in

the path in his usual placid unconcerned manner.

The hunter was about returning with the water he had drawn, when he observed his dog to start suddenly up, emitting an angry growl, his eyes blazing either with fury or fear, his back raised, and his white fangs gleaming. The hunter stood still as one amazed, for this was a demonstration of latent character in his faithful, well tried companion that was as alarming as new to him.

"Mars, old boy, what ails ye?" he at length called out loudly, a sudden thought striking him that his dog might be going mad. But the voice did not apparently seem the old familiar one to the dog, for he only drew back a little and then displayed signs of an intention to spring at his master; but whilst rage seemed to impel him to a ferocious attack, some horrible feeling akin to terror seemed to withhold him, and growling and gnashing his white teeth, he drew back a little, his eyes glaring like a demon's. The poor hunter did not know what to do; he was terror-struck, and could not determine whether to retreat as best he could or boldly make for the house.

At length he ventured to move slowly forward, alternately using coaxing or scolding language, but all to no purpose. But as the hunter crept cautiously on, the dog slunk back at the same pace, all the while exhibiting the same indications of rage and terror. Terror must have been the predominant sensation, for he slowly slunk back to the doorstep, and there stood fiercely at bay as if determined that his master should enter it at his peril.

For fully ten minutes his master stood at the door, uncertain whether to brave the brute and enter or not. After using many endearing epithets he ventured a step forward, and to his relief the dog instead of disputing his entrance, darted away as if terrified into a corner of the dwelling, and again turned and evinced all his former threatening demonstrations of ferocity. The hunter said that the perspiration streamed down his face in the intensity of his excitement.

Two or three minutes more of this and the hunter, looking reproachfully into the dog's gleaming eyes, called out, "Mars, what's wrong with ye—don't you know your old master? Suddenly the dog drew back further, his head drooped, and for a moment he stood still, almost as if bewildered, when, like a flash of lightning, he sprang upon his master, who, alarmed, thought he was going to be torn in pieces by the infuriated animal.

But it was not in rage that he had sprung, to the hunter's unbounded relief. No, it was to evince every token and demonstration of recognition and affection. We need not try to picture the hunter's emotion at this unexpected denouement. We may only say that tears burst from the delighted old man's eyes.

"Why, Mars, old boy, what did you take me for?" he cried when he could speak. The hunter told me that he fully believed that in the eyes of the dog he must have become transformed into some hideous monster, or that he had become suddenly imbued with deadly fear of him. The reader may be able to arrive at some natural conclusion when I conclude by relating to him the immediate and fatal sequel. Half an hour or so after the above occurrence the hunter missed the hound from the house, and though it often happened that the dog would absent himself for a while he went to the door to call him. The hound not making his appearance he concluded to search a little for him. He happened undesignedly to walk towards the spot where he had placed the strychnine pill, and what was his horror to find Mars, his faithful hound, stretched stone dead, and the poison pill gone, no doubt swallowed by the dog.

#### THE HABIT OF TEASING.

There are few habits which should be more carefully looked after among youngsters than that of teasing and worrying either playmates or the elder members of the family. At the outset, and in its mildest form, it may be to a certain extent entertaining and amusing in the little one, but after a time it grows almost intolerable, and if allowed to strengthen with the growth of the child, it develops into a habit than which nothing is more annoying and exasperating. There are persons in good society who are simply tolerated because there seems no legitimate way in which to get rid of them. An accident, a misfortune, a trifling indiscretion or some uncomfortable event or another furnishes them a pretext, and there is no living with them once they get started. To show that one cares about such things is often to furnish occasion for further teasing; therefore the victims keep silence. Their only protection is the avoidance of the society of such people, and more than one man and woman have found themselves omitted from entertainments and left out of social gatherings without being able to account for the fact.

## CARAVAN TALES

## No. IV.—The Fortunes of Said.

(Commenced in the April Number).

One day old Selim said to Said: "I had hoped that you would replace my son, who perished by your hand. It is the fault of neither of us that this cannot be done. All here are inflamed against you, and for the future even I cannot protect you. What benefit is it to you or me, if, after they have killed you, I bring your murderers to punishment? Therefore, Said, when my followers come home from their excursion, I will give out that your father has sent me your ransom, and will cause you to be conducted, by some trustee men, safely out of the desert."

"But can I put faith in any one but you?" asked Said. "Will they not kill me on the road?"

"The oath they shall swear to me, and which no one has ever broken, will protect you from violence," answered Selim, calmly.

Some days after, the tribe returned to camp, and Selim kept his promise. He gave the young man weapons, and a horse, and, assembling his warriors and selecting five of them for Said's escort, bound them by a frightful oath to spare his life, and dismissed him with many tears.

Gloomy and silent the five men rode with Said through the desert. The youth saw how reluctantly they obeyed their chief; and it caused him no little uneasiness to recognize two of them as having been present at the battle in which he had slain Almansor. After riding about eight leagues, Said heard them whispering among themselves, and observed that their bearing had grown more menacing. He pricked his ears to listen, and perceived that they were conversing in a dialect peculiar to the tribe, and which was only spoken on important and secret occasions. Selim, who had designed to keep the lad constantly in his tent, had devoted many hours to teaching him this secret language; but what he now heard was anything but enlivening.

"Here is the place," said one, "where we attacked the caravan; and here fell the bravest of our tribe by the hand of a boy."

"And shall he who did the deed still live to our disgrace, and be free? When before did a father refuse to avenge the death of his son? But Selim is old and childish."

"If a father renounces his rights," said a third, "it is a friend's duty to avenge a fallen friend. We should hew him to pieces on this spot!"

"But we have sworn to the chief," cried a fourth, "that we would not kill him, and our oath must not be broken."

"It is true," said the others, "we have sworn, and the murderer goes unscathed from the hands of his enemies."

"Stay!" cried one, the fiercest of them all. "Old Selim is crafty; but not so crafty as men think. Have we sworn to him to carry this boy to any particular place? No! He took of us an oath to spare his life; and that we will spare him. But the burning sun and the teeth of the jackals will accomplish our revenge. We will leave him bound upon the sands."

Said had been for some minutes prepared for the worst, and, as the last words were spoken, turned his steed suddenly aside, and, giving him a vigorous cut, flew like a bird across the plain. The five men halted a moment in surprise; but, familiar with such incidents, they instantly divided, and pursued him right and left; and, being better acquainted with the ground and the mode of riding suited to the desert, two of them speedily overtook the fugitive and turned his flank, and, on his drawing his rein to avoid them, he found on his other side also two enemies, and at his back a fifth. Their oath to spare his life restrained them from making use of their weapons; so, a second time throwing a lasso over his head, they dragged him from his horse, and, beating him unmercifully, tied his hands and feet together and laid him down on the glowing sands of the desert.

Said uttered heart-rending cries for mercy, and promised them a prodigious ransom if they would spare his life; but, laughing at his offers, they mounted their horses and rode away like the wind. For a few moments he listened to the light footsteps of their steeds, and then gave himself up for lost. He thought of his father, and of the old man's anguish should his son return no more; he thought of his own hard fate to be obliged to die so young; for nothing seemed more certain than that he was to suffer the agonies of a languishing death on the scorching sands, or be torn to pieces by the jackals.

The sun rose higher and higher, and

beat fiercely on his face, and with inexpressible difficulty he succeeded in turning over; but to find little relief. In consequence of his exertions the pipe had fallen from his girdle. He struggled till he succeeded in reaching it with his mouth, and tried to blow, but even in this frightful extremity it refused its aid. Despairing of escape his head fell, and, the burning sun soon deprived him of his senses; he sank into a deep swoon.

After the lapse of many hours a sound in his vicinity recalled Said to himself; he felt at the same time a grasp on his shoulder, and, believing it to be a jackal about to devour him, uttered a cry of horror. At the same moment he felt himself seized by the legs, but he perceived that they were no wild beast's teeth which held him, but the hands of a man busily occupied in releasing him from his bonds, and who was talking with two or three others, who stood looking on. "He lives," they whispered, "but he takes us for enemies."

Said now opened his eyes, and saw bending over him the face of a little, ugly man, with small eyes and a long beard. This stranger spoke to him kindly, helped him to rise to his feet, and, supplying him with food and drink, told him, while he refreshed his exhausted strength, that he was a merchant from Bagdad, that his name was Kalum Beg, and that he dealt in shawls and costly veils for ladies' use. He had been making a journey on business, and was now on his return, and had found Said lying senseless on the ground. Said's rich dress and the jewels in his dagger had attracted the merchant's attention; he had made every effort to restore him to animation, and had fortunately succeeded. The young man thanked him for his life, for he saw clearly that but for the intervention of this stranger, he must have died a miserable, lingering death; and having neither means to extricate himself from his perils, nor inclination to travel through the desert alone and on foot, he accepted gratefully a seat on one of the merchant's camels, and resolved to go with him to Bagdad, in the hope of finding there a caravan about to return to Balsora.

On the way the merchant told his newly-found companion many stories of the excellent Commander of the Faithful, Haroun al Raschid. He described his love of justice, and his marvellous acuteness, and how he could adjust the most complicated lawsuits in the simplest and most admirable way. Among others, he told him the story

of the Ropemaker, and of the Pot of Olives; stories which every child is familiar with, but which excited in Said the deepest interest. "Our lord, the commander of the faithful," continued the merchant, "is a wonderful man. If you suppose he sleeps like ordinary men, you are greatly mistaken. Two or three hours' sleep in the early morning, is all the refreshment he obtains. My information is sure, for Messour, his first chamberlain, is my cousin, and although as silent as the grave on the secrets of his master's household, yet now and then he gives a little hint of what goes on behind the scenes to a valued relation, when he sees him almost crazy from curiosity. Instead of sleeping like common men, the caliph walks in disguise through the streets of Bagdad, and a week rarely passes in which he does not encounter some adventure; for you must know, as in fact is proved by the story of the Pot of Olives, which is as true as the Koran, that he does not go about with his guard, and on horseback, in full dress and with a hundred torch-bearers, as he might if he chose, but wanders round in disguise, sometimes as a merchant, sometimes a sailor, then again a soldier, or perhaps a mufti, and sees with his own eyes if everything is in good order in his dominions.

"Hence it comes that in no city in the world are men so polite to every rogue they meet at night, as in Bagdad; for it may as likely as not prove to be the caliph himself disguised as a dirty Arab, and there is enough wood growing to give every man in Bagdad the bastinado, in case of impertinence."

So spoke the merchant; and Said, though torn by a desire to see his father, still rejoiced much at the prospect of seeing Bagdad and the famous Haroun al Raschid.

They reached Bagdad in about ten days, and Said was filled with admiration at the magnificence of the city, at that time at the acme of its splendor. The merchant invited him to take up his residence with him, and Said willingly accepted the offer; for in this torrent of human beings, it now occurred to him for the first time, that, excepting the air, the waters of the Tigris, and a sleeping-place on the steps of some mosque, nothing here could be obtained without money.

The day after his arrival, while he was putting the last touches to his costume, and was secretly assuring himself that in this handsome military dress he need feel no embarrassment in showing himself in the streets of Bagdad, the merchant entered his cham-

ber, and, looking at the lad with an unpleasant laugh, stroked his beard and said: "This is all very fine, young man! But what is to become of you now? You are an accomplished dreamer, it seems, and take no thought for the morrow; or have you so much money in your pockets that you can live in a style corresponding with the handsome clothes you have on?"

"Excellent Kalum Beg," said the lad, embarrassed and blushing; "money indeed I have not, but perhaps you will be willing to lend me a little, to take me home; my father will pay it to the last piastre."

"Your father, boy!" cried the merchant with a harsh laugh. "I believe the sun must have scorched your brains. Do you suppose I believe a word of the story you told me in the desert, about your father being a rich citizen of Balsora, and you his only son, and about the attack of the Arabs, and your residence with the tribe, and all that nonsense? Even while you told me these stories I grew angry at your impudence and audacity. I know that in Balsora all the rich people are merchants, for I have had many dealings with them, and I should have surely heard of Benezar, if he were worth a zechin. So it is either a falsehood that you belong to Balsora, or your father is some poor wretch to whose runaway son I will not lend an aspre. And then the attack in the desert! Since our wise caliph, Haroun, extended his protection to the merchant caravans, who ever heard of robbers daring to plunder a caravan and carry away men? If it were true, I should have heard of it on the road, to say nothing of Bagdad here, where men meet from all quarters of the globe; yet, I have never heard it mentioned. That is the second lie, impudent scoundrel!"

Said, pale with anger and surprise, would have interrupted his diminutive accuser, but the little man shouted louder than he, and gesticulated fiercely with his arms. "And your third falsehood, you audacious liar, is your story of Selim's camp. Selim's name is well known to every one who has ever seen an Arab; but he is known to be a frightful and bloodthirsty robber; and yet you dare to say that you killed his son, and were not cut to pieces by him on the spot! Ay, you carry your impudence too far when you say that Selim protected you against his tribe, took you into his own tent, and let you go without a ransom, instead of hanging you on the nearest tree; he, who has often hanged travellers merely to laugh

at the faces they make while dying. O, you horrible liar!"

"I can say nothing more," cried the lad, "but that I swear by my soul and by the beard of the Prophet, that the whole story is as true as the Koran."

"What! do you swear by your soul?" cried the merchant, "by your black, false soul! Who will believe you! And by the beard of the Prophet, you, who have no beard? Who will trust you for that?"

"It is true I have no witness," said Said, "but did you not yourself find me suffering and in bonds?"

"That proves nothing," shrieked the merchant; "you were dressed like a robber, and probably you had attacked some one who was stronger than you, and he vanquished and bound you."

"I should like to see any man, or any two men," answered Said, "who could bind me, unless they threw a noose over my head; of course you know nothing of what a man can do who is skilled in the use of arms. But you have saved my life, and I thank you. What do you think to do with me? If you refuse to feed me, I must beg; and I cannot ask favors of my equals. I will go to the caliph."

"So!" said the merchant, laughing contemptuously. "And will no other serve your turn but our most admirable caliph? That I call presumption indeed! Ha, ha! remember young gentleman, that the road to the caliph is through my cousin Messour, and that it will cost me but one word to put him on his guard against your atrocious lying. But I feel compassion for your youth, Said. You can make something of yourself if you will. I will take you into my shop in the bazaar, and you shall serve with me for one year. When this is passed, if you do not choose to stay, I will pay you your wages, and let you go whither you please, to Aleppo, Medina, Stamboul, Balsora, to the infidels for all I care. I give you till noon to decide. If you agree to my terms, good; if not, I will calculate reasonably the expenses you have put me to, and the seat you filled on my camel, pay myself with your clothes, and throw you into the street; there you may beg as you please."

With these words the wicked fellow left the room, and Said looked after him in a state of stupor. He was bewildered by the baseness of this man, who had so evidently brought him to Bagdad, and invited him into his house, merely to get him into his power. He looked about for some means of escape, but the windows were grated and the door locked. At last, after a long

struggle with his repugnance, he decided to accept the merchant's offer, and take service in his shop. He felt, indeed, that no better course was left to him; for, supposing he escaped, still, without money, he would be unable to reach Balsora. He resolved, however, as soon as it was in his power, to implore protection from the caliph himself.

The next day Kalum Beg took his new servant to his shop. He showed Said the shawls, veils, and other articles in which he dealt, and instructed him in his daily duties. These were, that Said, dressed like a merchant's clerk, and no longer in military costume, should stand at the shop-door, with a shawl in one hand and a veil in the other, call to those passing by, exhibit his wares, mention the price, and invite the people to buy; and Said could now see why Kalum Beg had selected him for this office. He was himself a small, ugly man, and when he stood at the door and called for customers, his neighbors or the passers-by cracked their jokes, the boys made fun of him, and the women called him scarecrow. But every one liked to look at the young, slim Said, who cried his wares with so much grace, and held his shawls and veils with so much skill and elegance.

Kalum Beg, seeing that his custom had much increased since Said stood at the shop-door, became more friendly to the unhappy boy, fed him better than before, and hoped to retain him for the rest of his life. But Said was little affected by these indications of his master's softening disposition, and pondered all day long, and even in his dreams, on the best way of effecting his escape to his native city.

One evening, when the sales during the day had been large, and the porters, who carried the goods to the purchasers' houses, had all been sent out on their respective errands, a lady entered the shop to make a purchase. Having made her selection, she enquired for a messenger to carry the articles to her house.

"I can send your package in half an hour," answered Kalum Beg; "but for that short time I beg you to have patience, or take some other porter."

"You a merchant, and give your customers strange porters?" cried the lady. "What is there to prevent such a fellow from running away with my property in the crowd? And who is there I can employ? No; it is your duty, by the laws of the market, to send my articles home for me, and I insist on your doing so."

"But, excellent madam, please be patient for half an hour," said the merchant with growing distress. "All my porters have been sent out —"

"A pretty shop this, without porters enough to run its errands!" said the angry lady. "But there stands just such an idler as I want. Come, young man, take my bundle and bring it after me."

"Stop! stop!" cried Kalum Beg. "That is my sign-board, my crier, my magnet! He mustn't quit the shop on any account!"

"Pooh, pooh!" answered the old lady, putting her bundle into Said's hands without more ado; "they are miserable goods which must have a lazy clown like this to advertise them. Go along, child, you shall earn a little pocket-money to-day."

"Run, then, in the name of Ariman and all the devils!" muttered Kalum Beg to his magnet; "and see you come back soon. The old witch will make an uproar through the whole bazaar if I refuse any longer."

Said followed the lady, who hurried through the various streets with a lighter step than he would have thought possible in a woman of her age. She halted at length before a handsome house, the doors of which flew open at her knock, and beckoning Said to follow, she ascended the marble steps. They soon reached a lofty, spacious hall, of greater splendor than Said had ever seen before. There the old lady seated herself exhausted on a cushion; and, motioning to Said to lay down his bundle, handed him a bit of silver, and bade him go.

(To be Continued.)

### THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below,  
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry, and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best;  
So when we are weak and wretched,  
By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Oh, great heart of God! whose loving  
Cannot hindered be, nor ceased,  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost,  
Love divine! of such great loving  
Only mothers know the cost—  
Cost of love which, all love passing:  
Gave a Son to save the lost!

—SAXE HOLM.

## THE TAVERN IN SPESSART

### PART III.

Felix and his companions looked up at the steep cliff with dismay, but the robber pointed to a rope-ladder suspended from the cliff. Throwing his gun on his back he began the ascent, and calling on the countess to follow, gave her his hand to help her up, while the courier and the student came last. Beyond this cliff a foot-path showed itself, which the four fugitives hastily struck into, and hurried forward.

"This foot-path," said the captain, "opens into the road to Aschaffenburg. We will go there, for I have certain information that the count your husband is at present in that neighborhood."

They pressed on in silence, the robber in front, the three others close behind. After advancing three leagues they halted, and the captain urged the countess to sit down on the fallen trunk of a tree, and recover from her fatigue. Here he drew some bread and a flask of old wine from his pocket, and offered them to the weary travellers.

"I think," said he, "that in less than an hour we shall arrive at the cordon which the soldiery have drawn through this forest. In case we do so, I beg you to speak to the commander of the detachment, and request for me good treatment."

Felix nodded assent, though he anticipated small results from his intercession. They rested here for half an hour, and started again. They had gone on for perhaps an hour, and were nearing the high-road, while daylight was rapidly coming on, and the gloom of the forest giving place to the morning sun, when their progress was suddenly arrested by a cry of "Halt!"

They obeyed, and five soldiers advanced and informed them they must go before the commanding-officer and account for themselves.

After advancing about fifty paces, they saw weapons glistening in the thicket on every side, evidence that a large force had taken possession of the forest. The major was sitting under an oak, surrounded by a group of officers and friends. The prisoners were set before him, and he was on the point of interrogating them as to the object of their journey, when one of the men of the surrounding group sprang hastily up, exclaiming:

"My God! What do I see? This is Gottfried, our courier!"

"Very true, Mr. Bailiff," answered the courier in a delighted voice. "Here I am, and rescued in a marvellous manner from the hands of that gang of robbers."

The officers looked surprised to see him in this situation. The courier requested the major and the bailiff to step aside, and told them briefly how they had been rescued, and who the third person was who accompanied the goldsmith and himself.

Delighted with this information, the major speedily made arrangements for effectually guarding and transporting the important prisoner; and then, leading the goldsmith to the group of officers, presented him to them as the heroic youth who had saved the countess from capture by his courage and presence of mind. All shook Felix warmly by the hand, praised him with enthusiasm, and were never weary of hearing him and the courier describe their adventure among the robbers.

By this time it was broad day. The major resolved to accompany the liberated captives in person into the city, and went with them and the countess' bailiff to the nearest village, where his carriage had been left, and in which he insisted that Felix should also take his seat. The courier, the student, the bailiff, and many other persons, rode in front and behind, and they entered the city in triumph. The rumor of the strange events at the tavern, and of the voluntary self-sacrifice of the young goldsmith, had run through the country like wildfire, and the story of his escape was now flying from mouth to mouth with equal speed. Hence it was not to be wondered at that when they entered the city the streets were thronged with excited crowds, anxious to catch a glimpse of the youthful hero. A tumultuous rush took place when the carriage drove slowly through the gates. "That is he!" cried the populace. "See him there in the carriage next the officer! Long live the brave goldsmith!" And a myriad-voiced "Hurrah!" filled the air.

Felix was embarrassed and affected by the shouts of the crowd. But a still more moving sight met his eyes at the city hall. A man of middle age, magnificently dressed, received him at the steps and embraced him with tears in his eyes.

"How shall I ever recompense you, my son?" he cried. "You have preserved for me a treasure of inestimable value! You have saved for me a wife—a mother for my children. Her fragile life could never have survived the terrors of such an imprisonment."

It was the countess' husband who was pouring out these thanks. Resolutely as Felix refused to accept a reward for his magnanimity, the count seemed no less resolute in insisting that he should do so. The boy suddenly remembered the probable fate of the robber chieftain; he told how he had saved their lives, and that this rescue had been intended for the countess. The count, moved not so much by the conduct of the robber as by this fresh proof of disinterestedness exhibited by Felix, promised to use his best endeavors to save the criminal from his deserved punishment.

On the same day the count, accompanied by his bold courier, carried the goldsmith to his castle, where the countess, filled with anxiety for the fate of her youthful champion, was waiting impatiently for news of what had taken place. Who can picture her joy when her husband entered the room with her preserver at his side? She could not question, she could not thank him sufficiently. She caused her children to be brought to her, and showed to them the noble-hearted youth to whom their mother owed so large a debt of gratitude; and the warm affection with which they seized his hands, the child-like tenderness of their earnest thanks, and their declarations that next to their father and mother, they loved him better than all the world beside, were an ample recompense for his many sufferings and sleepless nights in the robber's hut.

When the first joyful moments of the happy meeting had passed by, the countess gave a signal to a servant, who soon returned, bringing the clothes and the well-known knapsack which Felix had entrusted to the countess.

"Everything is here," said she, with a kind laugh, "which you gave me in that moment of peril. Here are the spells which you threw over me to blind the eyes of my pursuers. They are again at your disposal; but I beg you to leave these clothes with me, to be kept as memorials of your devotion, and accept, in exchange, the sum which the robbers fixed upon as my ransom."

Felix was frightened at the magnitude of the gift. His lofty spirit was reluctant to receive a reward for what he had done from an exalted sense of duty.

"Noble lady," said he, with emotion, "I cannot suffer this. The clothes shall be yours, as you command, but the sum you offer I cannot take. Yet, knowing your desire to show me some substantial gratitude, in place of other rewards retain me in your friendly remembrance; and should I ever chance to need your aid, believe me I will not hesitate to come to you."

They tried long to induce the youth to change his resolution, but to no purpose. The countess and her husband submitted at last, and the servant was about to carry away the clothes and knapsack, when Felix remembered the jewels, which he had wholly forgotten till now in the emotions excited by so many joyful events.

"Stop!" cried he. "One thing, noble lady, you must permit me to take from my knapsack; the rest shall be exclusively your own."

"Do as please you best," said she; "though I would gladly keep all as memorials of your bravery. Will it be rude in me to enquire what it is lies so near your heart that you cannot leave it with me?"

While the countess was speaking, the young man had opened the knapsack and taken from it a small red morocco case.

"Whatever is my own I gladly give you," he answered laughing; "but this box belongs to my dear god-mother. I made the jewels with my own hands, and must deliver them to her. It is a set of ornaments, noble lady," he continued, opening the case and handing it to the countess, "the work of my own industry."

She took the case; but no sooner had she thrown her eyes upon its contents than she started back in amazement.

"What! These jewels!" she exclaimed. "And you have made them for your god-mother, you say?"

"Yes," answered Felix; "my god-mother sent me the stones, for a setting to be made for them, and I am on the way to restore them to her."

The countess studied his features, deeply moved, and the tears gathered in her eyes. "Then you are Felix Perner of Nuremburg?" she exclaimed.

"Certainly! But how did you learn my name?" asked the youth, gazing at her bewildered.

"O, wonderful decree of Heaven!" she cried, addressing her husband. "This is Felix, our god-son, the son of our faithful Sabina! Felix, I am she you are in search of!"

"What are you then the Countess Sandau, my mother's benefactress? And is this the castle Maienburg? How

shall I thank kind Providence for bringing us so wonderfully in contact! How shall I rejoice that I have been able to testify, however inadequately, the gratitude I feel for you?"

"You have done far more for me," she answered, "than I could ever do for you. As long as I live I will seek to show how large is the obligation we all owe you. My husband shall be your father, my children your sisters, and I myself will be your devoted mother. And these ornaments, which you gave me in my hour of greatest peril, shall be my most precious treasures, for they will never cease to remind me of you and your noble courage."

The countess kept her word. She equipped the happy Felix richly for his travels. When he came home, a skilful workman in his trade, she bought him a house in Nuremburg, which she stocked and furnished handsomely; and among the most valued decorations of his dwelling were two pictures, one representing the scene at the roadside tavern, and the other Felix's life among the robbers.

Here Felix lived, a skilful goldsmith, and the fame of his talents, added to the report of his wonderful heroism, obtained him customers from every land. Many strangers, passing through the fair city of Nuremburg, caused themselves to be taken to the workshop of the famous Master Felix, not only to see and admire him, but to order handsome trinkets of his manufacture. His favorite visitors, however, were the courier, the compass-maker, the student and the carrier. As often as the latter travelled his accustomed route, he made a call on Felix; the courier brought him almost every year presents from the countess; and the compass-maker, after long wandering through foreign countries, established himself at last with Felix.

One day they received a visit from the student. He had become meanwhile a man of great distinction in the state, but was none the less ready and delighted to pass a jovial evening with Master Felix and the compass-maker. They reviled in their conversation all the incidents of the treacherous tavern of Spessart; and the whilom student stated that he had since seen the robber-chief in Italy; that his character had wholly altered, and he was serving as a brave soldier in the army of the King of Naples.

This information gave Felix much pleasure. Though without this man he might never have encountered the dangers which befell him; yet, but for him, also, he would never have been

rescued from the hands of the robbers. And thus it came to pass that the stout goldsmith's reminiscences were never other than peaceful and pleasant when he chanced to call to mind the "Tavern in Spessart."

THE END.

### THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD.

Out in the cool green forest a little brown bird sang;  
Perched on a swaying bramble, his happy, clear voice rang

Into the air with gladness a song of pure delight,  
In the sweet spring of blossoms when all the world is bright.

He sang, "It is no wonder with all my heart I sing;  
I have for my own, really, the best and truest thing.  
It lives and grows forever; it gives me perfect rest;  
And anyone can have it—that is what makes it best."

"Nuts?" said a tiny dormouse, as she went past the tree—

"Nuts I think are more perfect than anything to me,  
Or some ripe corn hid safely until the winter goes,  
I ask for nothing better, my head curled in my toes."

"It is not nuts," he answered; "Oh! it is better far,  
It is more lovely even than the first darling star;  
And it is much more precious than corn or any store,  
It leads to worlds of beauty through such a tiny door."

A child came through the forest, and he was six years old;

His hair was long and tangled, as red as autumn gold,  
He stopped to hear the linnet, this chubby little boy;  
His tiny chin was dimpled, his eyes were full of joy.

"The best thing of all others?" he said; "I am so small

When I am knocked down playing I have not far to fall,

There are not many things mine, under the wide blue sky,

But I am very happy, and I will tell you why.

"Last night half in the darkness, before God lit the stars,

There came the dearest baby, dropped over heaven's bars—

The dearest baby sister for me to love and kiss;  
Could anything be better for all of us than this?"

Out of the wood he hurried, the linnet watched him pass;

The sunbeams through the branches fell broken on the grass.

The bird flew to a thicket, and a soft nest he knew,  
Where a brown hen sat brooding; her eggs were small and blue.

All belonged to the linnet—the nest, the eggs, the wife,

To guard them well and safely, and love for all his life

Gently the twilight deepened, the flowers shut up,  
dew-pearled,

I think love is the truest and best thing in the world  
—ETHEL COXHEAD (in "Birds and Babies.")

## LADY MARJORY ST. JUST

## CHAPTER VIII.

My heart sank despairingly, but a glimpse of hope supported me. "If the child really lives," I cried, "the hand of justice shall recover him."

With a taunting laugh Mrs. Danton exclaimed, "Recovered from our mountain fastnesses! You know not what you say, Marjory St. Just. My kin are bold, daring men, amenable to no laws, and a word from them seals the boy's doom. They demand a ransom; but the ransom is mine: it is that which I have named. And were you to offer me all the gold in the universe in exchange, I would fling it from me as worthless dross!"

Alas! I wished to gain time, for she was becoming impatient; and I murmured, "How can I believe that you would abide by your part of the covenant were I to bind myself as you desire? And oh, Mrs. Danton, wherefore do you exact so hard a compact?" My heart whispered too well the wherefore.

With a glance of scorn she replied, "First, unless my part of the condition be fulfilled within a month from this day, yours will be null and void—your oath cancelled. Believe me when the child Cecil stands before you in health and safety, and not till then. As to your other question"—her voice faltered, her head drooped—"let your own heart answer it."

I was silent and undecided. She continued more vehemently, "My time is short; decide, and we part forever."

Appeals, supplications were unavailing; she folded her arms, drew her cloak around her, and stepping slowly backward, coldly said, "I give you five minutes more, Lady Marjory, to decide your own fate and the child's. Then farewell!"

She withdrew into the black shade of the trees as she spoke, and as she stood there mute and motionless, I felt that her eyes in their snake-like beauty were fixed upon mine, and I trembled half with terror, half with indignation. Was it reasonable to suppose that even a desperate woman would commit so horrible a deed as she hinted at, when it could no longer answer the slightest purpose? Might not her kinsmen be wrought upon by motives to which passion made her deaf? Would it be difficult to move even the government to interfere in

circumstances involving the life of a grandee of the empire? Was I called upon, when such matter for hope existed, to give up the betrothed of my heart, and, setting aside my own feelings, to inflict upon him a blow so terrible? Such were the first reflections that chased each other across my brain; but by and by they were effaced by a different and better train. My father—my dear father—seemed to stand before me in that cathedral gloom, fixing surprised and sorrowful eyes upon the child. It was he who had been murdered—not the youthful earl. He had died of the wound inflicted on his character, and had descended broken-hearted into a dishonored grave. To accomplish what the sacrifice demanded of me was to purchase, he would have given every drop of blood in his body; and was I, the daughter of that noble spirit, to stand thus coolly calculating chances? Was it even a real sacrifice that was sought to be extorted? It would be impossible for me to enjoy a moment's happiness situated as I should be; and it was a fallacy, therefore, to say that I abandoned any by complying with Mrs. Danton's terms. Since unhappiness was to be my lot in life, it would be more easily endured with peace of mind: and better even for Basil to suffer a thousand disappointments than marry a woman whose days would be passed in unavailing remorse. With these reflections came that sense of guilt to which I have already alluded—the consciousness that I did not deserve the happiness to which I clung; and so fortified, ere the allotted five minutes had elapsed my decision was formed, and I bound myself by a solemn vow never to divulge what had passed, and to adhere to the other conditions of the cruel ransom. Oh, the wild exulting laugh that rang through the dark pine wood as, in promising to keep the compact, I added, by way, I suppose, of retaining some gleam of hope, "Unless absolved by yourself!" Basil Edmondstone and I were parted for ever in this world.

"Farewell, Lady Marjory!" she said, "you will receive due notice of the day when your presence is required at that point of the coast so fatal in your history; on that strand where the music of the sad sea waves shall chant the dirge of love!" Passionately she clasped her hands, as she added, "Oh, fool! is this your love? Me, who would

have lost my soul for him, he slighted and rejected; while you—tame, cold, passionless idiot—he loves; you, who give him up, for what?—for a child's worthless life! Basil Edmondstone loves you, Marjory St. Just, and Inez Danton is revenged! Farewell! Yet one word more"—she lingered and spoke more softly, "When he demands an explanation of the mystery surrounding you—when your heart yearns tenderly towards him, yet you reject his approaches—then, then remember Inez Danton, and in your own suffering picture hers! But no; you cannot! Tell him that you have purchased peace of mind, and that his love is nothing in comparison with that!"

My wrung spirit struggled to be free, and I was wonderfully sustained, replying with a calmness which astonished myself, "You are right, Mrs. Danton; even Basil Edmondstone's love may be placed in competition with that 'peace which passeth all understanding'—a conscience lightened of a heavy burden—the 'sunshine within' I was told of when a girl, but which as yet has shed but little illumination on my unhappy life."

The memory of happy childhood's hours arose vividly before my excited imagination as I uttered the well-remembered words, and I was transported back to other days. I heard a voice retreating in the distance exclaim—"Adieu, Lady Marjory, 'Countess May' no longer!" The rocks and woods re-echoed the sound—"Countess May no longer!" and I stood alone, with the quiet stars looking down upon me. Was it an illusion of the senses, or had all this really happened? Was a load of care removed from off my heart, even while I was separated by an impassable barrier from him I loved? Yes, it was reality; for though bewildered and agitated, genial tears flowed forth, with supplications and thanksgiving to Him who had removed from me a great affliction. I supplicated for strength to bear my approaching trial—above all, praying earnestly for the fulfilment of Mrs. Danton's promise. Yet I loved Basil Edmondstone as few in this world have ever loved; but he himself had warned me not to trust in my own strength, but to pray for strength from above—and who ever offered up such petitions in vain?

It were tedious to dwell on subsequent hours and days of suspense and weariness; of Basil's wounded heart when I postponed our marriage indefinitely, giving no reason, but entreating him not to judge me harshly, but to wait for coming events. He saw my

restless anxiety, and he tenderly entreated me to confide my sorrows to him; then, then, Inez Danton, you were revenged indeed, as I silently turned away, though my full heart yearned to pour itself out at his feet. "Remember your oath" seemed traced on the blue skies, and on the summer flowers; the birds of the air re-echoing and prolonging the admonition with a dismal wail.

The allotted month had nearly expired—but two days more remained—and my rebellious heart was so treacherous, that lurking hope actually found its way there, for truly the "spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak." Hapless Marjory! Human love was strong, and conscience slumbered; but, praised be God, events are not in our own hands, and I received the promised missive, appointing the next day for the ratification of Mrs. Danton's part of the contract. I set off to keep the fateful tryst alone, unknown to Basil Edmondstone, as I had stipulated. I stood on the beach, the waves curling and foaming at my feet, watching the approach of a small skiff which had put off from a foreign-looking barque in the offing. There were two persons in it, one of them a child. My heart throbbed in agony, the booming waters hymning a funeral dirge over buried love, as I clasped the restored boy wildly to my breast. I held him at arm's length; I contemplated his blooming beauty; the "sunshine within" chased the dark shadows away, and the funeral dirge was changed to angel-songs of joy!

(To be continued.)

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come and the old years go,  
How, little by little, all things grow!  
All things grow—and all decay—  
Little by little passing away,  
Little by little on fertile plain,  
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,  
Waving and flashing in the sun,  
When the summer at last is done,  
Little by little they ripen so  
As the new years come and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,  
Little by little it mounts to the skies,  
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,  
Home for a hundred singing birds  
Little by little the great rocks grew  
Long, long ago, when the world was new;  
Slowly and silently, stately and free,  
Cities of coral under the sea  
Little by little are builded—while so—  
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little old tasks are done;  
So are the crowns of the faithful won,  
With work and with weeping, with laughter and  
play,  
Little by little the longest day  
And the longest life are passing away,  
Passing without return—while so—  
The new years come and the old years go.

## ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The following narrative of a remarkable adventure on the St. Lawrence, appeared a number of years ago in a Liverpool newspaper, where it was vouched for as true in every particular;

"On the 22d of April, 1810, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara Town, in Upper Canada, and in two days crossed Lake Ontario to Kingston, at the head of the St. Lawrence, distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired an American barge—a large flat-bottomed boat—to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles: then set out from Kingston on the 28th of April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdensburgh a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall; and the succeeding night, at Point du Lac, on Lake St. Francis: here our bargeman obtained our permission to return up the river: and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers, and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined within comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky channels: through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the Falls of Niagara: they are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April, we arrived at the village of the Cedars; immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids—the Cedars, the Split-Rock, and the Cascades—distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the 1st of May, we set out from the Cedars; the barge very deep and very leaky; the captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedar Rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing at the same time with horrid impiety that all the powers could not steer the barge better than he did. Soon after this we entered the Split-Rock Rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as nearly to take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before

we hurried on to what the Canadians call the *grande bouillie*, or great boiling. In approaching this place, the captain let go the helm, saying: "Now for it! here we fill!" The barge was immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, etc. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders, when the barge sank, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, etc. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water; but, contrary to my expectations, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot where the Split-Rock Rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited, and we could see women on shore, running about, much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo: these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was, with two others, holding on by the trunk; when, terrified with the vicinity of the Cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering, subjected him to constant immersion; and in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom—which, with the gaff, sails, etc., had been detached from the mast, to make room for the cargo—and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the Cascades: in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion also adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the Cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting near to it, and held by a crack in one end of it: the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not

daring to endeavor to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this, my new situation, I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff. He shook his head; and when the waves suffered me to look up again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

"The cascades are a kind of fall or rapid descent in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called by the French *sauter*—to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below the channel continues in uproar, just like a storm at sea; and I was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over it. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one-half; and I certainly should—after I became very cold and much exhausted—have fallen asleep, but for the waves that were passing over me, which obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Lawrence before; but I knew there were more rapids ahead—perhaps another set of the Cascades—but, at all events, the Lachine Rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice, extending from the shore, to be the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw, at a distance, a canoe, with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles; but in this I was disappointed: the men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians—genuine descendants of the Tartars—who, happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks, picked it up, and returned to the shore for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable that my life would have been taken, to secure them in the possession of my watch and several half-eagles which I had about me. The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the

sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake St. Louis, about three to five miles wide: with some difficulty I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from the shore. I was now going, with wind and current, to destruction; and cold, hungry and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it were possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along: this I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, I dragged up upon the barge. After near an hour's work, in which I broke my pen-knife, whilst trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and, to my great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum; a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, etc., all wet. Of these I made a seasonable, though very moderate use; and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

'After in vain endeavoring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal—with my waistcoat, etc.—in my power, to the several headlands which I had passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands; but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals, with my waistcoat and a shirt, which I took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived. The distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of Lachine. Night was drawing on; my destruction appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much: the idea of death had lost its novelty, and had become quite familiar. I really felt more provoked at having escaped so long to be finally sacrificed, than alarmed at the prospect. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl; such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and, being favored by the wind, it did, although at above a mile distant, reach the ears of some people

on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which, being very small and white-bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of Lachine, twenty-one miles below where the accident happened, having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold. The accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men, etc. My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day: had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of Lachine after dark, and, of course, would have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was rapidly advancing. The trunk which furnished me with provisions and a resting-place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life; without it, I must have passed the whole time in the water, and have been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction: the floating luggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us; but as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor, indeed, could they well have been made.

"It was at this very place that General Ambert's brigade of 300 men coming to attack Canada, was lost: the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion, by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot who conducted their first *bateau*, committing—it is said intentionally—the same error that we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other *bateaux* following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party with which I was, escaped: four left the barge at the Cedar village above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land; two more were saved by the canoe; the barge's crew, all accustomed to labor, were lost; of the eight men

who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped, or were seen again; nor indeed, was it possible for any one, without my extraordinary luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close, to have escaped; the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, etc., to which they adhered, and the heavy greatcoats which they had on, very probably helped to overwhelm them; but they must have gone at all events: swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible; still, I think my knowing how to swim, kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with one article of support to gain a better: those who could not swim would naturally cling to whatever hold they first got; and of course, many had very bad ones. The captain passed me above the Cascades on a sack of woollen clothes, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk."

#### PUT ON THE SHOE.

Have you heard that old saw of the Persians,  
That saying both witty and true,  
"The whole world is covered with leather  
To him who is shod with a shoe?"  
Fine calfskin, or kid, or morocco,  
Great cavalry boots armed with steel,  
The daintiest, jauntiest slippers,  
Coarse brogues tumbled down at the heel—  
What matter the differing fashions?—  
The richest and poorest of you  
Will find the whole world clad in leather  
As soon as you put on your shoe!  
Before it was cold and uneven glass.  
Rough pebbles and sharp bits of glass.  
Now, presto! a smooth and warm pavement  
Wherever it please you to pass.

But ah! there's a maid—have you seen her?—  
A little maid cheery and sweet,  
Who daintily trips, yet I see not  
What leather she wears on her feet;  
For I know by her pretty eyes' sparkle,  
And by the calm curve of her mouth,  
And by the kind grace of her manners,  
Like warm breezes fresh from the South.  
I know that wherever her foot falls  
On loving task speeding or sent—  
The cobbler may laugh, but I care not—  
She is shod with the shoe of content!

And, little maid, Cinderella  
Might claim your wee shoe for her own,  
But borrowing's out of the question  
For me, with my "sevens" outgrown.  
Just whisper the secret, I pray thee,  
Come, what is the shop and the street,  
And where is the cobbler who fashions  
Such beautiful gear for the feet?  
I'll go and I'll offer a treasure  
Will make his big spectacles shine,  
If only two shoes—somewhat larger—  
Like your little shoes, can be mine!  
And then I will don them, and leaping  
Off over the world will I go,  
Off over my frets and my worries,  
Off over my aches and my woes,  
And loudly to all limping crumblers  
My shoemaker cheer will be sent:  
"The whole world is covered with gladness  
To him who is shod with content!"

—ANOS R. WELLS.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR

### Brief Hints.

Mud or clay is good to relieve a bee sting. Make it stiff and apply.

Borax is excellent for the bites of insects, as it neutralizes their acid properties.

For constipation, drink a glass of hot water with a spoonful of wheat bran stirred in it every morning.

Earache is very painful. A dust of ground black pepper put in a dry thin piece of cotton and tied, inserted in the ear, sometimes gives relief.

### A Hot Drink for a Cold.

Put one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a teacup. Pour over it a cupful of hot water. Sweeten with loaf sugar or honey. Strain and drink.

### Water Unfit to Drink.

Where foul smells exist water absorbs them, and it is then not fit for use. Water which has stood all night in an open vessel in a bedroom is unfit for drinking, unless the room be much better ventilated than bedrooms usually are.

### Spice Poultices.

One tablespoonful of ground spice, one of black pepper, one of cloves and one of ginger mixed together in a bowl; put in a flannel bag and quilt across twice each way to keep it in place; sew up the end, wet with alcohol, heat and apply; save the bag and use when needed.

### Sleeping With Head Under Bed-Clothes.

Mothers should see that children do not sleep with their heads under the bed-clothes. There is no surer way of children becoming sickly and weak than by allowing them to sleep with their heads covered with the bed-clothes, as many timid children are inclined to do, and thus inhale air already breathed as well as exhalations from the skin, all of which are injurious.

### A Good Eye Lotion.

A good eye lotion, suitable for all simple cases of inflammation of the eyes, is made by diluting Witch Hazel with an equal part of water, and soaking a bit of lint in the fluid. The lint must be laid on the eyelid, and kept moist with the solution.

### Unwise to Live Below the Ground.

The most wholesome room in the house for use as a sitting room is an upper room of southern exposure. People who make it a practice to sit in basement rooms finally become rheumatic; they take cold easily and their general vitality becomes lowered. It is unwise to live below the surface of the ground. All physicians are of this opinion.

### Linseed Tea for Throat Troubles.

The value of linseed tea in cases of catarrh, and in throat affections, is due to its demulcent and soothing effect on the inflamed surface of the mucous membrane. Put an ounce of linseed into a quart of water, and boil it gently to a pint. Strain, and add lemon syrup to taste, or half an ounce of licorice-root may be boiled with the linseed. The remedy may be taken repeatedly.

### Abuse of Disinfectants.

Remember that to mitigate a foul smell by sprinkling a disinfecting powder over it, is only to conceal, and not to remove the evil. You may for a time overcome a nauseous odor by the use of a disinfectant, but because you temporarily abolish a smell you certainly do not remove its cause. Like the person who, possessing an insanitary drain, uses a disinfectant powder to lessen the nuisance it causes, the man who thinks he has "disinfected" everything by sprinkling a powder on decomposing matter, is living in a sanitary fool's paradise. The only safety for the one is to replace his defective drain by one of proper make, and for the other to clear away the filth heap that so long as it is permitted to exist near human habitation must inevitably form a source of disease.

**Poisonous Air.**

A simple and effective plan to ventilate a room is to get a piece of wood about four inches wide, and long enough to fit exactly across the window, and fix it edgewise under the lower sash, thus preventing it from quite shutting, and allowing a current of air to pass between the sashes, and this being an upward current, will cause no draught. It is often supposed that opening a window for a few minutes is sufficient to ventilate any room; but the deposit of minute animal matter which is exhaled with the breath, and often deposited on the furniture and walls, requires a long exposure to fresh air to be carried away. A close room will often smell close for a long time after the windows have been opened. Those who live or sleep in close rooms should therefore see that they are open as many hours of the day as possible.

"Of all things, the most I would have you beware  
Of breathing the poison of *once breathéd* air;  
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,  
Always open your windows, and let it go free."

**DRESSING DOLLS.**

The dressing of a family of dolls is the best method in the world for teaching small women how to sew, writes a mother. To-day, as it was fifty years ago, it is deemed most desirable to have the art of needlework at your fingers' tips, and by the art of needlework is meant the placing of fine stitches, the using a fine needle and thread, and the bringing out as a decoration what is really the means whereby the cloth is held together. Teach the little woman to sew by hand; do not let her sew so long that her eyes get tired and the little back weary, but teach her that the stitch worth putting in is worth putting in properly, and that, though it may only be in a gown for mistress Dolly, still, because it is her work, it must do her credit, and make her small family of dolls the best dressed in the neighborhood. Do I want you to make her a little prig, sitting and sewing as solemnly as an owl? Not a bit of it, my friend. But between you and me, I don't like a girl who is a tom-boy, and I am sure you want to teach your little woman to be a gentlewoman; and though she may roll her hoop or toss her ball in the fresh air; though she may run a race until the roses in her cheeks are pinker than ever, still there must be a time when she sits down by you, quiet and happy, to learn how to sew as mother does, and how to take care of those silent children who *will* wear out their clothes.

**A GOOD IDEA ABOUT SKIRTS.**

Now that the dress skirts are so very full, they are of necessity much heavier than they used to be, but still they are worn fastened about the waist, with all that weight hanging from the hips, and women go about wondering why they feel so tired and cannot walk more. Simply for this reason; that their skirts are too heavy to be worn in that way, and should hang from the shoulders.

To accomplish this, attach the skirt to a waist made of thin cambrie, fastening in the back with three or four buttons, without sleeves and with a low neck. In this way it will not seem clumsy under the dress waist, and yet will relieve that heavy, dragging sensation of the skirt fastened around the waist.

In a case where the skirt is worn over a waist with a belt, sew hooks on the inner side of the skirt-band and corresponding eyes on the waist, and again you have the weight hanging practically from the shoulders.

Both suggestions may be put to trial with good effect in this present style of dress, where the skirts are so full and so much lined.

**A HELP-SONG AND A HOPE-SONG**

Ho, comrade, onward faring,  
Let's sing in cheerful strain  
A song to lighten labor  
And soothe the heart of pain.  
A song of hope, my comrade,  
So full of help and cheer  
That weary, wayside pilgrims  
Will gain new strength to hear.  
A help-song and a hope-song,  
O! lift your voice and sing,  
Until the cares that vex us  
Shall all have taken wing.

O, let us sing, my comrades,  
In measures blithe and gay,  
Of all the joys and pleasures  
We've met with in the way.  
They could not last forever,  
But we need not forget  
The happiness they brought us  
That should cheer us even yet.  
And as we sing about them  
The shadows break apart,  
And all the world's in sunshine  
Because we're light of heart.

Life holds for most, my comrades,  
More joy, by far, than pain;  
God gives a day of sunshine  
For every hour of rain.  
Sing of the sunny moments  
When the hour of storm is here,  
And the darkest time, my comrades  
Will have its share of cheer.  
A help-song and a hope-song,  
O friend we'll sing to-day,  
Until all thoughts of sorrow  
Take wing and fly away.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

## THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

Clean paint with cold tea, unless it is white, when milk will be found to have a better effect.

If soot happens to be dropped on a carpet, throw down an equal quantity of salt, and sweep all off together.

In painting and papering a small room remember that by choosing a light color you increase its apparent size.

To remove ironmould wash the spots in a strong solution of cream of tartar and water, let dry, then wash again in the solution, and dry in the sun.

Before using orange and lemon peel for flavoring purposes, wash the fruit well with a small stiff brush and cold water, so that any dirty specks may be removed.

Never hem tablecloths, napkins or sheets by machine. Handwork is best, and washes best, for there is almost sure to be a layer of dirt under a machine hem.

Ink stains on linen may generally be removed by smearing hot tallow on them; the tallow should be left on a day or two, and the linen should be put in the wash with it still on.

Cheap thimbles should never be used, for they are often made of lead or brass, and their use is very likely to result in serious inflammation and swelling if there is even a slight scratch on the finger. Silver or steel thimbles are the safest to use.

Clean plaster of paris ornaments with a thick paste made of starch and water. Put this on the article to be cleaned, and leave it until dry. Then brush it off with a stiff brush, and the ornament underneath should look quite clean and new.

Alum will be found useful for destroying insects, such as cockroaches and blackbeetles. Put some alum into water, and boil until it is quite dissolved. With this water paint the cracks in the wall and floor through which the insects come.

A new way to utilize pieces of silk, satin and velvet is to cut them in "rounds," backing the thin sorts with crinoline, or fibre chamois, or some

other stiffening. Fibre chamois is excellent because it is pliable and will not fray the silk. Collect enough of these rounds to decorate a cushion, or a curtain or portiere. Care must be taken to have colors harmonize.

The best way of watering plants, especially ferns, is to stand the pots in a pail of water, and leave them there until all bubbling ceases, which shows that the water has well soaked through the mould. This should be done about twice a week in winter, and when it is cold weather luke warm water should be used. To keep plants healthy and green, their leaves should be sponged over at least once a week.

To prevent crockery breaking easily, put it when new into a large pot of cold water. Place this on the fire and let it come gradually to the boil; then remove the pot and let the articles remain in the water until it is quite cold again. This treatment may be used for tumblers, and if more frequently followed would save a good deal of breakage, for it hardens the glass and china and renders them less liable to break.

When the woodwork of a window is painted, it often happens that splashes of paint go on to the glass, and if these are left for any length of time they become hard, and many people find them difficult to remove. There need, however, be no difficulty if soda and water be used. Take some very hot water, and in it dissolve a lump of soda; a piece about the size of an egg to one pint of water. Wet a soft cloth or piece of flannel in this, and rub the paint marks, when they will be found to come off quite easily.

The mistress of the house, or some careful servant, should be entrusted with thoroughly airing the linen after its return from the laundry. Damp sheets, or damp underwear of any sort, are very destructive to health; colds, rheumatism, sore throats, and other ailments are often the result of sleeping in unaired bed linen, and even that most terrible complaint rheumatic fever has been caused by it. If linen is allowed to remain in the kitchen to air at night, it should be put at a safe distance from the grate, and the grate should never be left without a guard before it.

## THOMAS: A TRUE STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

## PART I.

Some years ago, twenty and more, after my husband died, I lived in what was then a new street near Westbourne Terrace. It consisted of two rows of houses—very ugly houses outside, though inside they were comfortable enough. I had three little girls; the eldest, May, was just five, a pretty little thing with golden hair and blue eyes. I often wish I had had her portrait painted. The others were quite tiny—four, and two and a half. The last was born a week before the news came from India that her father had died of sunstroke.

Opposite to me there was a house to be let. For a long time it was quite empty, bill in the window, dirt on the windows, dust on the steps, dreary and deserted. Suddenly one morning, though the bill was not taken down, the windows were cleaned, the stairs swept, and a small cart-load of shabby furniture carried in. Evidently a care-taker had been put in charge, and I was glad of it, for it is never very safe to leave a house absolutely empty.

I used to sit by the window a good deal and knit. I had so much to think about that I could not settle to anything else. Books were never much in my way, and as for going out I never cared for it much even as a girl. So I used to sit and knit, seeing through the thick screen of plants on the window-sill all that went on in the street. Sometimes I saw the care-taker opposite going in and out, he and his wife and their two little children. He looked very respectable, but broken down and terribly thin; he was evidently far gone in consumption. The woman seemed worried and anxious, as well she might, poor soul; and in her arms there was always a skinny little baby, her third child. They were of the artisan class, and very poor, of course, or they would not have been taking care of an empty house. I used to wonder if they had enough to eat, for they all looked white and thin and half-starved.

The next time I went to the landlord's office I asked about them, and was told that they were respectable Cornish people, but Cornwall was starvation now, and there was nothing for anyone to do. They had come to London a few years before, and the man, who was a mechanic, had kept his family well till

he broke down in health. He could do nothing now, was an outdoor patient at Brompton Hospital, and had only the allowance from his club, and a few shillings his wife sometimes earned by going out to work.

There was a large leg of mutton for the children's dinner the next day. I cut off half-a-dozen good slices, put them between two hot dishes with some vegetables, and sent them to the Cornish folk. They were very grateful the servant said, when she returned, and the dishes were returned by the little boy, with "Father's much obliged, and it did him a world of good." One day a box of flowers came from the country, so I made up a nosegay and sent it across to the poor, wasted-looking care-taker. This brought the woman, with tears in her eyes, to thank me.

"My husband he do like to smell a flower, ma'am," she said. "It's many a day now since he has seen them growing in the ground." Then I asked her if I might go and see him sometimes, or perhaps he would like some papers and a book now and then? The woman's face brightened. He would be pleased, ma'am, indeed," she said. It's long since any one went to talk to him, and I often think it's dull for him. I doubt if I have him much longer," she added simply; "and it's likely you can feel for me, ma'am."

So I went over to see Mr. Lobb. He was sitting by the fire, warming his long thin hands.

"I am glad to see you, ma'am," he said, with the almost perfect manner one sometimes finds among working people who have not lived much in towns. I would have come over to have thanked you for your kindness, but feared you might think it a liberty. I spend most of my time trying to keep warm by a bit of fire."

He was very simple and kindly. He knew that he was going to die, and faced it like a man. He spoke of it without fear or affectation. "It worries me to think of the wife and children," he said. "A man should not marry as I did, with nothing put by. I subscribed to a club, of course, and it's kept us from starving, and it'll bury me, but that's all. I ought to have saved before I married, and so ought every man. One is always so sure one is going to live when one feels strong. Well, God is good, and he'll take care of them," he added with a sigh; and a

month later in that simple faith he died.

Then it became a question of what was to be done with the widow and children. The woman was delicate; there was the skinny baby, a little girl of six called Gracie, and Thomas—they always called him by his full old-fashioned name—who was ten, or barely ten.

"I would like to stay in London; there's more going on, and I'd be more likely to get something," the poor woman said, when a proposal was made to send her back to her native place. "They be very poor in Cornwall where I came from; it would do no good going back; father and mother are dead, and there was only one other of us, my brother Joe, and he went off to Melbourne long ago."

"Couldn't you send to him?" I asked; he might do something for you."

"I have sent, ma'am," she answered; "but I don't know if he's got the letter. We never kept much count of his address, for he never had the same one long together. I don't suppose he'd be able to do much; he never was much of a hand at helping himself, let alone others."

So we got together a little money and bought her a mangle. She went to live in two rooms close by, and just kept soul and body together for herself and children by mangling and occasionally going out to work.

Suddenly one day my housemaid went off without a moment's notice to her mother who was ill, and poor Mrs. Lobb was unable to come and help us on account of the baby. "I can't bear

to refuse," the poor thing said, "but the little baby is that bad with bronchitis, I doubt if I keep it through the winter."

Then it was that Thomas first came into our lives. I had hardly noticed him before, except as a little dark-haired boy too small for his age. The morning after Jane left I was told he wanted to see me. I remember the interview as well as if it were yesterday. I was in the dining-room when he knocked. "Come in," I said, and in came Thomas. He stepped just inside and pulled his front hair. Evidently he had been instructed that that was the correct way of making a bow.

"Please, mum," he said shyly, "mother says as how you have no housemaid, so I came to ask if you would like me to help a bit."

"You, Thomas!"

"Please, mum, I does for mother, sweeps and scrubs and dusts and washes up the things. Mother said that I was to tell you that I could clean knives and boots beautiful." He looked down as he said the last words, as though he felt ashamed at praising himself, and nothing but necessity would have driven him to do it.

"Why you have quite a list of accomplishments, Thomas," I answered, and laughed, but he was evidently very anxious.

"Or I could take care of the children—the young ladies, I mean"—he said, correcting himself; "then perhaps nurse could help." He was quite a manager, and had evidently thought out how matters could be arranged so as to make the best of things. "I am



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used to children, I have always taken care of ours," he added gravely, and the "ours" showed that he did not put himself on a level with his sister; "and I have pushed a perambulator often for Mrs. Hicks, the grocer's wife, since her husband has been laid up and her in the shop." I thought how funny he would look pushing my two babies with one hand, and with the other holding little May, as she toddled beside him, and wondered what my most kind but proper mother-in-law would do if she met them. My mother-in-law always kept me well in hand, and does still, though I am getting to be an old woman. There is one thing I simply dread her finding out—but that will appear by and by.

"Well, no, Thomas, I don't think we can make you head-nurse," I said. "But you can come in the morning and clean the knives and boots. You are quite sure 'you can do them beautiful?'"

"Yes, quite sure, mum," he answered, looking up with his great dark eyes.

So Thomas came every day, and was the comfort of my life. He was very quiet and attentive. When he carried in the coals he always looked round to see if there were letters to post or anything he could do; he always saw when my plants wanted watering or the leaves wanted washing. Even cook, who was difficult to please, said he was a downright blessing." The only vexing thing was that whenever he had a chance he would creep up to the nursery and play with the children. He adored May, and used to carry her upstairs when she came in from her walk. She was delighted to let him do it, putting her arms round his neck, and looking up at him with her clear blue eyes.

He was so careful with the children that in the afternoon nurse sometimes

left him on guard while she was downstairs.

"Thomas," I said one day, "what is that sticking out of your pocket?" He turned very red and pulled his hair.

"Please, mum, it's a pipe."

"A pipe! Where did you get it?"

"Bought it, mum."

"But you are not going to smoke, I hope?" He tried hard not to laugh, but the idea of smoking was too much for him.

"Please mum, I bought it to teach Miss May how to blow bubbles," he said, with as grand an air as if he had bought it to teach her Arabic.

Another week, and Jane returned. Thomas got a place at a paper-shop, and carried out papers every morning; but on Saturday afternoons he generally paid cook a visit, and went up to see the children. One day I discovered that he had a voice. Going past the nursery door, I heard May say,—

"Yes, do sing it again, please, Thomas," and then a weak little voice began—

"A little seed is in the ground,  
A little tiny seed;  
When it grows up what will it be,  
A flower or a weed?"

I opened the door. "Why, Thomas," I said, "I didn't know you could sing."

"Please, mum, mother taught me," he said; "she sings beautiful, and so do little Gracie."

Then that time came in which May fell ill. There was hardly a hope of her recovery. And through all those sad days none grieved more than Thomas. Every morning, as soon as the cook came down, she heard a tap at the kitchen window, and there stood Thomas at the top of the area steps, pale and anxious. She used to open the window, and before she could speak the eager voice would say,—

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"How is Miss May?—is she any worse?—has she slept?" And on that terrible night when we thought she was dying, Thomas sat at the end of the kitchen by the side-table white and silent, waiting with burning eyes and a breathless misery that almost seemed to suffocate him. Late that night Jane went down and reported, "The doctor says she is a little better." Thomas sprang to his feet for one moment, then sat down again, and resting his face on his arm on the table sobbed bitterly at last.

When May was better Thomas was taken up to see her. He stopped for a moment outside her door as if to gather strength, and felt his side-pocket anxiously; there was something there that bulged, but I pretended not to see it. He drew a long breath as he entered her room.

"Are you better Miss May?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you, Thomas dear," she said.

"You've been very bad," and he shook his head mournfully.

"Poor Thomas!" she sighed, just as if she knew all that he had suffered.

"I don't know what we should have done if you had'n't got better, Miss May."

"Do you know any more songs?" she asked. He shook his head; he had had no heart for songs.

"I kept your garden in order," he said; "the primroses are coming up, and there's three snowdrops out."

"I am so glad. What's that in your pocket, sticking out?"

"It's the mice," he answered, smiling for the first time. "I've had 'em this fortnight ready against you was better, Miss May," and then with a sigh of satisfaction he brought them out.

A little later in the spring brought us

the last of Thomas. May was well. The gardener had just been to see about doing up the garden. I was sitting in the dining-room making up my books with the weekly expenses, wondering how it was that something extra always swelled them. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and in came Thomas, of course.

"Please, mum, I'm come to say good-bye," he said, pulling his front hair as usual.

"Good-bye! why, where are you going?"

"Going to Australia, mum."

I was quite astonished.

"Has your uncle sent for you?"

"No, mum; but there's a gentleman who's been coming on and off to our shop a good deal, and he's captain of a ship. I always wanted to go about a bit, and he's offered to take me free for my work, and bring me back or drop me in Melbourne, which I like. I think it's a good thing, mum," he added, in his old-fashioned way. "I don't see that I can come to much good at a paper-shop."

"No, Thomas, perhaps not."

"And I wants to get on and help mother," he said, lifting his face and looking at me proudly. "Perhaps I might come across uncle out at Melbourne; and anyhow I'll know more, and have seen more when I have been there and back, than I do now. The gentleman that's taking me too, says the sea air will make me strong and set me off growing. I shan't be any good if I'm not strong."

"Perhaps you are right."

"It's hard work leaving mother," he said with a little gasp. "But she's keen on my going, because she thinks I might meet uncle, but I don't like leaving of her, and I don't like leaving the

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two little 'uns." The tears came into his clear eyes, but he struggled manfully to keep them back; and then he added, "And I don't like leaving Miss May. I couldn't ha' gone if she hadn't been better."

"And when do you start?"

"To-morrow, mum; it's very sudden-like, but they say chances always is. I came to say good-bye. May I go up to the young ladies?" I took him up to the ursery myself. He looked at the children with the face of one who had suddenly grown older and knew much, and was going to know more. He explained all about his journey to them, and then he shook hands with them all three, and with nurse.

"I don't want you to go," May said. "I want you to stay here. When will you come back?"

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear but I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardener will look after it a bit now." They followed him to the head of the stairs, and stood through and over the banisters.

"Good bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend.

"Good bye," he said. "Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbottomed, fell through the railing on to the stairs looking beneath, touching him as it fell.

"It's good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you." He picked it up and looked at it, a little old shoe with a hole nearly through at the toe.

"Please, mum, may I keep it?" he asked with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked up at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it. Miss May, I'm going to keep it. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall and turned round. "Please, num," he

said, and pulled his hair once more, "I want to say thank you for all your kindness to us. You's allus been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"And you have been a good boy, Thomas," I answered gratefully, "and I know that you'll be one still."

"I'll try, for mother's sake, and yours, and Miss May's," he said, and strode sturdily towards the street door.

"You must shake hands with me too, Thomas," I said, and gave him a sovereign. He took the gold in silence, turning it over in surprise, as if to be sure that it was real. He looked such a baby while he did so that I wondered if the captain of the ship had taken a fancy to his pale face and sad eyes, or what hard work he thought those small hands could do. Poor little Thomas, going alone to the other side of the world, leaving all he cared for here, my heart went out to him. Did not his mother bear him with the same pains that I had borne my children? Had she not once looked at him with the same strange wonder that I had looked at my first little one? And how her heart would ache whenever a wind swept by, and she thought of her little lad at sea, trying to get strong in order to take care of her by-and-by. I thought of how he had sat and sobbed the night he heard that May was better, of how I had seen his father lying dead with the surprised smile on his face, as though he had seen the heavenly city—what would he say now, I wondered, if he could see his little son starting alone out into the world?

"Good-bye, dear little lad," I said. "May you grow strong, and be a brave and good man," and I stooped and kissed him. Thomas said not a word; but I knew that he was crying, as he strode towards the door.

(To be continued).

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## THE DINNER MAKERS

### Orange Drops.

The rind and juice of one orange; a pinch of tartaric acid; add confectioner's sugar until stiff enough to form into small balls the size of a small marble.

### Cheese Custard.

Beat up two eggs in a pint of milk, add a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Mix all well, pour into a greased dish, and bake till just set. Serve at once with water biscuits.

### A Dainty Desert.

One pint of cream, whites of two eggs, and one small cupful of powdered sugar. Whip one-half the sugar with the cream, the remainder with the eggs. Mix well, and pour over sliced oranges and bananas sweetened.

### Effervescing Lemonade.

Rub one or two lumps of sugar on the rind of a large juicy lemon, put the sugar and lemon-juice into a large tumbler, pour on it half a pint of iced water. To make it effervesce, add half a small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda or potash.

### Apricot Pudding.

Place in a buttered mould a layer of sponge cakes, then a layer of stewed apricots, then another layer of sponge cakes, and so on till the dish is full.

Beat up two eggs in one and a half pints of milk, pour slowly over the pudding, steam for one and a half hours, and serve.

### Savory Rice.

Wash three ounces of rice, and boil it in half a pint of milk till quite tender; add pepper and salt. Butter a shallow pie-dish, spread half the rice upon it, spread an ounce of grated cheese upon this, add the rest of the rice, and then another ounce of cheese. Put a few bits of butter on the top, and brown in a quick oven.

### Sago Jelly.

Boil three ounces of fine sago in a quart of water for two hours, stirring frequently. When the sago is quite cooked add the juice of a large lemon and four ounces of loaf sugar. Boil all together for a few moments, and pour into a wetted mould. Next day turn out the jelly, garnish with whipped cream, and serve.

### Egg Lemonade.

Shake together in a bottle a tumblerful of water in which the white of an egg has been stirred, the juice of half a lemon, and a teaspoonful of pounded white sugar. This is a valuable drink to those invalids who are allowed fluid food only, the white of the egg being pure albumen, which, being taken raw and pleasantly flavored, is acceptable and digestible.

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**Oatmeal Should be Well Cooked.**

Oatmeal contains a larger proportion of nitrogen than meal prepared from other grain, and requires much cooking. It is a most wholesome, nutritive, and economical food, and should be more extensively used than it is. When not thoroughly cooked, it is, however, very indigestible, and also tends to produce waterbrash. The coarser qualities require quite half an hour's boiling. It should also be eaten slowly to insure its being well mixed with saliva; a crust of bread may be eaten with it with that object.

**Prune Trifle.**

Stew half a pound of prunes until quite soft, mash them, and take away the stones, add to these half a pound of sponge cake crumbs, soaked in a little prune juice. When well mixed, stir in a cup of cream, whipped till stiff, and powdered sugar to taste. Place this mixture in a fancy dish and set it on one side for an hour. Pour over a pint of cold custard, scatter chopped almonds over, and serve. This is an excellent and simple sweet.

**Orange Tapioca.**

Wash one cupful of tapioca through several waters, cover with cold water, and soak over night. Add one pint of boiling water in the morning and cook slowly in a double boiler until the tapioca is clear. Remove the skin and seeds of one dozen sour oranges; cut in slices and stir in the boiling tapioca. Add sufficient sugar to sweeten and pour in a dish to cool. When ice cold serve with cream and sugar. This can be made the day before using if preferred.

**Escalloped Apples.**

This is a very nice fashion for serving apples. The sliced apples (the sour ones are best) should be sweetened to taste, and flavored highly with lemon juice, cinnamon and any spice that you like. Put in alternate layers with slices of buttered bread. Fill the dish with hot water. Bake slowly to a light brown and serve with a rich sauce. A prettier way is to halve the apples and omit the bread, having only alternate layers of apples and sugar. Flavor as you like. Bake three hours, closely covered. The apples keep their shape, imbedded in a beautiful jelly. Do not break in taking it out.

**Lemon Marmalade.**

Lemon marmalade is quite as good as that made with Seville oranges, and has the advantage of being less widely known. Take a dozen sound lemons. Those of moderate size are preferable to the very large ones, which usually contain a good deal of pith. Slice very thinly, and remove the pips. Allow about three pints of water to each pound of sliced fruit, let this stand for a day and a night. Then boil until the slices are tender, pour into an earthen bowl, and let it remain thus for about twelve hours. Then weigh it, and to every half pound of boiled fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar. Boil all together until the syrup becomes of the consistency of jelly and the fruit has a transparent appearance; in taking out the seeds be careful not to disturb the pith, as that helps to make the syrup. Pour into jars and tie down tightly. It is a good plan when storing preserves to put the date of making beneath the name.

She May Have Seen her breakfast rolls frequently spoiled by **Better Days**  
the use of inferior powders, but now declares that

are in store, for she has learned that success in baking lies in the use of the Genuine

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## ITALIAN NOVELETTES

## No. IV.—The Blind Man Who Was Robbed.

[By Franco Sacchetti].

A blind man of Orvieto, of the name of Cola, hit upon a device to recover a hundred florins he had been cheated of, which showed that he was possessed of all the eyes of Argus, though he had unluckily lost his own. And this he did without wasting a farthing either upon law or arbitration, by sheer dexterity; for he had formerly been a barber, and accustomed to shave very close, having then all his eyes about him, which had been now closed for about thirty years.

Alms seemed then the only resource to which he could betake himself, and such was the surprising progress he in a short time made in his new trade, that he counted a hundred florins in his purse, which he secretly carried about him until he could find a safer place.

His gains far surpassed anything he had realized with his razor and scissors; indeed, they increased so fast that he no longer knew where to bestow them; until one morning happening to remain the last, as he believed, in the church, he thought of depositing his purse of a hundred florins under a loose tile in the floor behind the door, knowing the situation of the place perfectly well.

After listening for some time, without hearing a foot stirring, he very cautiously laid it in the spot; but unluckily there remained a certain Juccio Pezzicheruolo, offering his adoration before an image of San Giovanna Boccadoro, who happened to see Cola busily engaged behind the door. He continued

his adorations until he saw the blind man depart, when, not in the least suspecting the truth, he approached and searched the place. He soon found the identical tile, and on removing it with the help of his knife, he found the purse, which he very quietly put into his pocket, replacing the tiles just as they were; and resolving to say nothing about it, he went home.

At the end of three days, the blind mendicant, desirous of inspecting his treasure, took a quiet time for visiting the place, and removing the tile, searched a long while in great perturbation, but all in vain, to find his beloved purse.

At last, replacing things just as they were, he was compelled to return in no very enviable state of mind to his dwelling; and there meditating over his loss, the harvest of the toil of so many days, by dint of intense thinking a bright idea struck him, as frequently happens by cogitating in the dark, how he had yet a chance of redeeming his lost spoils.

Accordingly in the morning he called his young guide, a lad about nine years old, saying,

"My son, lead me to the church;" and before setting out he tutored him how he was to behave, seating himself at his side before the entrance, and particularly remarking every person who should enter into the church.

"Now, if you happen to see any one who takes particular notice of me, and who either laughs or makes any sign, be sure you observe it and tell me."

The boy promised he would; and they proceeded accordingly, and took their

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1884 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL.

remained the whole of the morning, till just as they were beginning to despair, Juccio made his appearance, and fixing his eyes upon the blind man, could not refrain from laughing. When the dinner-hour arrived the father and son prepared to leave the place, the former enquiring by the way whether his son had observed any one looking hard at him as he passed along.

"That I did," answered the lad, "but only one, and he laughed as he went past us. I do not know his name, but he is strongly marked with the small-pox, and lives somewhere near the Frati Minori."

"Do you think, my dear lad," said his father, "you could take me to his shop, and tell me when you see him there?"

"To be sure I could," said the lad.

"Then come, let us lose no time," replied his father, "and when we are there tell me, and when I speak to him you can step on one side and wait for me."

So the sharp little fellow led him along the way until he reached a cheesemonger's stall, when he acquainted his father, and brought him close to it. No sooner did the blind man hear him speaking with his customers, than he recognized him for the same Juccio with whom he had formerly been acquainted during his days of light. When the coast was a little clear, our blind hero entreated some moments' conversation, and Juccio, half suspecting the occasion, took him on one side into a little room, saying, "Cola, friend, what good news?"

"Why, said Cola, "I am come to consult you, in great hopes you will be of use to me. You know it is a long time since I lost my sight, and being in a destitute condition, I was compelled to earn my subsistence by begging alms. Now, by the grace of God, and with the

help of you and of other good people of Orvieto, I have saved a sum of two hundred florins, one of which I have deposited in a safe place, and the other is in the hands of my relations, which I expect to receive with interest in the course of a week. Now if you would consent to receive, and to employ for me to the best advantage, the whole sum of two hundred florins, it would be doing me a kindness, for there is no one besides in all Orvieto in whom I dare to confide; nor do I like to be at the expense of paying a notary for doing business which we can as well transact ourselves. Only I wish you would say nothing about it, but receive the two hundred florins from me to employ as you think best. Say not a word about it, for there would be an end of my calling were it known I had received so large a sum in alms."

Here the blind mendicant stopped; and the sly Juccio, imagining he might thus become master of the whole sum, said he should be very happy to serve him in every way he could, and would return an answer the next morning as to the best way of laying out the money.

Cola then took his leave, while Juccio going directly for the purse, deposited it in its old place, being in full expectation of soon receiving it again with the addition of the other hundred, as it was clear that Cola had not yet missed the sum. The cunning old mendicant on his part expected that he would do no less, and trusting that his plot might have succeeded, he set out the very same day to the church, and had the delight, on removing the tile, to find his purse really there. Seizing upon it with the utmost eagerness, he concealed it under his clothes, and placing the tiles exactly in the same position, he hastened home whistling, troubling himself very

## TOOTH TALK.

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—Use Odorama. You want them preserved and any tendency to decay checked—Use Odorama. You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—Use Odorama.

**'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.**

Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

PRICE 25cts. ALL DRUGGISTS, or

The Aroma Chemical Co.,  
Toronto, Ont.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

little about his appointment of the next day.

The sly thief, Juccio, set out accordingly the next morning, to see his friend Cola, and actually met him on the road.

"Whither are you going?" enquired Juccio.

"I was going," said Cola, "to your house."

The former, then taking the blind man aside, said, "I am resolved to do what you ask; and since you are pleased to confide in me, I will tell you of a plan I have in hand of laying out your money to advantage. If you will put the two hundred into my possession, I will make a purchase in cheese and salt meat, a speculation which cannot fail to turn to good account."

"Thank you," said Cola; "I am going to-day for the other hundred, which I mean to bring, and when you have got them both, you can do with them what you think proper."

Juccio said, "Then let me have them soon, for I think I can secure this bargain; and as the soldiers are come into the town, who are fond of these articles, I think it cannot fail to answer; so go, and Heaven speed you."

And Cola went; but with very different intentions to those imagined by his friend—Cola being now clear-sighted and Juccio truly blind. The next day Cola called on his friend with very downcast and melancholy looks, and when Juccio bade him good day, he said,

"I wish from my soul it were good, or even a middling day for me."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" said Cola, "why it is all over with me; some rascal has stolen a hundred florins from the place where they were hidden, and I cannot recover a penny from my relations, so that I may eat my fingers off for anything I have to expect."

Juccio replied, "This is like all the rest of my speculations. I have invariably lost where I expected to make a good hit. What I shall do, I know not; for if the person should choose to keep me to the agreement I made for you, I shall be in a pretty dilemma indeed."

"Yet," said Cola, "I think my condition is still worse than yours. I shall be sadly distressed, and shall have to amass a fresh capital, which will take me ever so long. And when I have got it, I will take care not to conceal it in a hole in the floor, or trust it, Juccio, into any friend's hands."

"But," said Juccio, "if we could contrive to recover what is owing by your relations, we might still make some pretty profit by it, I doubt not." For he thought, if he could only get hold of the hundred he had returned, it would still be something in his way.

"Why," said Cola, "to tell the truth, if I were to proceed against my relations, I believe I might get it; but such a thing would ruin my business, my dear

---

**I**T is generally admitted that Herbageum is the most efficient and economical aid to digestion that has been placed on the market. Proper digestion ensures good blood, sound liver and kidneys, freedom from worms and vermin, and also a healthy nervous system, with full nutrition assured to bones and muscles. All of which means economy in food with greater returns without any of those expensive set-backs which are so common. Besides which it is almost, if not quite, as impossible for disease germs to thrive in a perfectly healthy system, as it is for intestinal worms to live on thoroughly digested food, or lice and ticks to live on perfectly pure, healthy blood, which is poison to vermin. Therefore, when any contagious or epidemic disease gets a foothold, it is the well-nourished, healthy, properly cared for animal that almost invariably escapes. No better preventive of disease can be found than the regular use of Herbageum with your stock not occasionally but regularly every day. Feed to cows and other animals before and while suckling their young, and both will thrive better and will more readily resist disease. And while we do not claim that it will certainly cure every disease, the many letters received relating to the cure of sick animals through the use of Herbageum more than justify every one in testing it. Write to the BEAVER MANUFACTURING CO., GALT, ONT., for a pamphlet about Herbageum and say you saw it in OUR HOME.

Juccio, forever: the world would know I was worth money, and I should get no more money from the world; so I fear I shall hardly be able to profit by your kindness, though I shall always consider myself as much obliged as if I had actually cleared a large sum. Moreover, I am going to teach another blind man my profession, and if we have luck you shall see me again, and we can venture a speculation together."

So far the wily mendicant; to whom Juccio said,

"Well, go and try to get money soon, and bring it; you know where to find me, but look sharp about you, and the Lord speed you: farewell."

"Farewell," said Cola, "and I am well rid of thee," he whispered to himself; and going upon his way, in a short time he doubled his capital; but he no longer went near his friend Juccio to know how he should invest it. He had great diversion in telling the story to his companions during their feasts, always concluding, "By St. Lucia! Juccio is the blinder man of the two: he thought it was a bold stroke to risk his hundred to double the amount."

It is impossible to describe Juccio's vexation on going to the church and finding the florins were gone. His regret was far greater than if he had actually lost a hundred of his own; as is known to be the case with all inveterate rogues, half of whose pleasure consists in depriving others of their lawful property.

CURIOUS WATCHES.

Many very curiously-shaped watches were made during the seventeenth century. They were in the form of crosses, skulls, bells, shells, stars, and all kinds of fruits. One, a very peculiar book-shaped watch, is now in the British Museum. It is made of silver, and when closed resembles a tiny book, the cover being beautifully chased.

Another curious watch is in the form of a dog resting. Under the forepaws of the dog is a little catch which secures the outer case. The ring of the watch is fastened to the collar of the dog, the watch, no doubt, having been suspended from the neck of the wearer.

Queen Elizabeth had a watch in shape exactly like a duck, while Mary Queen of Scots had a watch in the form of a skull, which she kept in her private chapel.

King George the Third owned a tiny watch, the dial of which was not larger than a sixpence. It was set in a ring,



**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness. Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

**SMITH & CO.**

Fashionable Tailors,

364 & 366 St. James St.,

MONTREAL.

Send your name on a postal, and we will send samples and self-measurement forms.

Agent wanted in your town.

**DON'T GET BALD!**

It Makes You Look Old.

**THE EMPRESS HAIR GROWER** Stops the hair from falling out. Promotes the growth of the hair. A delightful hair dressing for both ladies and gentlemen. A sure cure for dandruff.

**PRICE 50c.** Your dealer can procure it from any wholesale druggist. Prepared by

C. J. COVERNTON & CO.,  
Cor. of Bleury and Dorchester Sts., MONTREAL.

and surrounded with very small diamonds. The same king was presented with a wonderful watch as a birthday gift. It was less than an inch in diameter and it struck the hours, half-hours and the quarters. It was made by a watchmaker named Arnold; and it is said that the king was so delighted with the gift that he sent in return a letter of thanks and a sum of five hundred guineas. This masterpiece of workmanship contains no less than one hundred and twenty different parts. Arnold was asked by the Czar of Russia to make another watch, for which the Czar was willing to pay one thousand guineas; but the watchmaker refused to accept the tempting offer.

Watches called touch-watches were made for the use of blind persons. These touch-watches had only one hand, with raised pins at each hour, which enabled a person to tell the time by merely passing a finger over the dial.

### A BARREL, FULL.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street  
A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete;  
And on it red letters like forked tongues of flame,  
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame  
Of this world-renowned whiskey from somebody's still.  
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel delivered, but I  
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh,  
A sulphurous shadow that grew as I gazed  
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed,  
I ventured to question this imp of the realm  
Where Vice is the Pilot, with Crime at the Helm;  
And asked him politely his mission to name,  
And if he was licensed to retail the same  
Identical barrel of whiskey? which he  
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee.  
"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied;  
"My partners mortal are trusty and tried;  
Mayhap, peradventure you might wish to look  
At the invoice complete—I will read from this book,  
You will find that this barrel contains something  
more  
Than forty-two gallons of whiskey galore."  
And ere I could slip but another word in,  
He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;  
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;  
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;  
A barrel of sorrow and a barrel of strife;  
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;  
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;  
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;  
A barrel of hopes ever blasted in vain;  
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries  
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;  
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;  
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;  
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;  
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;  
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;  
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;  
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass  
From the bead on the liquor that glows in the glass.  
My barrel! My treasure! I bid thee farewell,  
Sow ye the foul seed, I will reap it in Hell!"

(Assessment System.)

## The Colonial Mutual Life ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

### LIFE PLAN WITH PROFITS. Rates for \$1,000.

Age	Yearly	Age	Yearly
20	\$13 75	41	\$21 50
21	13 80	42	22 39
22	13 90	43	23 10
23	14 00	44	23 95
24	14 15	45	24 80
25	14 30	46	25 70
26	14 50	47	26 60
27	14 70	48	27 55
28	14 95	49	28 55
29	15 20	50	29 60
30	15 50	51	30 75
31	15 80	52	32 10
32	16 15	53	33 70
33	16 55	54	35 50
34	16 95	55	37 20
35	17 45	56	39 20
36	18 00	57	41 60
37	18 60	58	44 50
38	19 30	59	48 15
39	20 00	60	52 35
40	20 75		

Policy has surrender value after three years.  
Free as to residence, travel and occupation.  
Grace allowed on all payments.  
Losses paid promptly.  
Nothing better ever offered.

Agents Wanted. Write for particulars.

Farmers tell the truth when they say HERBAGEUM ensures better cows, more milk, choicer butter, cheaper pork, extra calves, finer horses, healthy sheep, larger lambs, thriving turkeys, laying hens. Do you use it?

THE BEAVER MANF'G CO., GALT, ONT.

## FITS

**STOPPED FREE**  
Permanently Cured  
Insanity Prevented by  
**DR. KLINE'S GREAT**  
**NERVE RESTORER**

Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Free trial and 60 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges only when received. Send to Dr. Kline, Ltd, Bellevue Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your Cow will give more milk if you feed her Herbageum regularly.

THE BEAVER MANUFACTURING CO.,  
Galt, Ont.

**LADIES.** Send stamp for valuable information and nice present (no lady should be without it) to MRS. O. STEPHENS, Box 249, Campbellford, Ont

## THE SUNFLOWER AND ITS USES.

The sunflower is a native of America. In 1569 it was introduced into Europe, and is now extensively cultivated there, particularly in Russia, where it has been grown for fifty years, principally for the oil contained in its seed. The seeds, after the shells are removed, contain 34 per cent. of oil. This oil is clear, light yellow, nearly odorless, and of a peculiar pleasant and mild taste. It is said to be superior to both almond and olive oil for table purposes, and is used in making soap and candles. In Russia the larger seeds are sold in immense quantities to the lower classes of the people, who eat the kernels as we do peanuts. The stalks furnish a valuable fertilizer, while the green leaves are dried, pulverized and mixed with meal as food for cows. The stalk produces an excellent fiber. It is said that Chinese silk goods commonly contain more or less sunflower fiber. The so-called Niger-seed oil is made from a species of the sunflower family which is a native of Abyssinia. It furnishes the common lamp oil of Upper India, where it is largely cultivated.

The sunflower has been found so valuable for food purposes in the empire of the Czar that 750,000 acres in that country are annually planted with it. Two

kinds are used there—one which bears small seeds used for making oil, while the other produces big seeds, which are consumed in enormous quantities by the common people in the same way that peanuts are eaten here, except that they are devoured raw.

The oil is so nutritious and agreeable in flavor that in Russia it has to a certain extent superseded all other vegetable oils. It is obtained by passing the seeds beneath the millstones, so as to crush the shells, sifting them to separate the kernels, and finally pressing the latter in bags of horsehair cloth. The cakes left after the oil has been expressed are excellent fodder for cattle. The shells are employed for heating, special ovens being made to burn them in while the stalks have almost replaced firewood, being gathered and dried in stacks in the fields. A ton of the latter is obtained from each acre cultivated. They make a very hot and quick fire.

The seed cups are utilized as food for sheep. A big one when ripe will yield 2000 seeds. The largest and finest seed cups are selected in the autumn and hung by their stalks in a dry place. In the following spring the seeds are shaken out of them and dried in ovens for planting. At harvest time the flowers are gathered as fast as they are ripe and spread upon the ground to dry.

Then the seeds are beaten out of them with a small stick by whipping each cup. Finally the seeds are dried in the sun or in kilns and are sorted by means of screens into different sizes.

An acre planted with sun-flowers yields 2000 pounds of seeds, from which 250 pounds of oil may be obtained. Ten million quarts of this oil are produced by Russian mills.

# BOVRIL,

The great English food for Brain, Blood, Bone and Muscle, is now obtainable in Canada, and whether taken as a beverage for Luncheon, Supper, or at "odd times," it will relieve the mental and bodily over-strain so common to this high-pressure age.

Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

Canadian Branch **BOVRIL LIMITED,**

27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

**TERMS.**

OUR HOME is issued every month from the office of publication, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, Canada, by Watson Griffin, editor and publisher.

OUR HOME ordinarily contains only forty-eight pages, including cover. Sixty-four or more pages may often be given, but additional pages over forty-eight are a gift to the subscriber from the publisher.

Its subscription price is fifty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps.

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

In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive OUR HOME regularly, write to this office and the matter will be looked into at once.

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

Advertising rates will be furnished on application.

Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval.

All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of OUR HOME.

Address all communications to

**"OUR HOME,"**

**MONTREAL, Canada.**

**MONTREAL, MAY, 1897.**

**READ BY ALL THE FAMILY.**

The editor of OUR HOME receives every day many letters from subscribers throughout America, praising OUR HOME. These letters show that the magazine is being very widely appreciated as a family magazine, and that it is constantly growing in favor with men, women and children. If all these letters were published in OUR HOME from month to month everything else would have to be crowded out to make room for them. One subscriber says that when she first subscribed for OUR HOME she was the only one in the family that read it. Then the children got interested in it, and a few months ago her husband began to read it. Now, she says, the whole family look for it every month. Many other letters indicate that in thousands of homes throughout the land this magazine is read by father, mother and the children. And what pleases the editor most of all is the fact that the children like it. Not only do the parents write to tell how their children look for it every month, but the children themselves write to the editor in many cases

saying they are delighted with it. It has been the aim of the editor to make OUR HOME interesting to both young and old, and it is gratifying to be assured by so many letters that the effort has been successful. The editor would like to send a written reply to each of the kind letters of praise, but as this would be impossible he must thank each and every one of them through OUR HOME.

**"WORTH FOUR TIMES THE PRICE."**

OUR HOME is not a very big magazine, and is by no means pretentious in appearance, so that its value is not fully appreciated until the subscribers get in the way of reading it through from cover to cover every month. Then they declare that everything in it is worth reading, and that it is worth far more than the price of subscription. Many of the old subscribers, in renewing their subscriptions, say it is worth twice the subscription price, and some of them say it is worth "four times the price."

**THE PRIZE COMPETITION.**

The Trial Subscription prize competition closes the tenth of May, and the result will be announced in the June number of OUR HOME. OUR HOME will be sent on trial to any address outside of Montreal for three months for ten cents, and from now to the end of the year 1897 for twenty-five cents. In the competition for the gold watch and other prizes those who wish to swell their lists may take subscriptions from now to the end of the year for twenty-five cents, and each of these twenty-five cent subscriptions will be counted as a double trial subscription and will be equal to two single trial subscriptions in the competition. A pretty pearl-handled penknife will be sent to anyone sending us not less than six double trial subscriptions at twenty-five cents each before the 1st of June, but those who are competing for the gold watch must send their subscriptions before the 10th of May.

# Held Up On The Street

## By Cramps, Giddiness and Weakness Resulting From Dyspepsia.

**Paine's Celery Compound Delivers Mr. Rose From  
Every Trouble.**

The story of Mr. William V. Rose, of Montreal, is the experience of thousands of men and women who are living a miserable life owing to the agonies of dyspepsia.

Mr. Rose's experience with suffering was a long one. From his youth indigestion and stomach troubles subjected him to daily tortures, and continued up to his sixty-fourth year, always increasing in intensity and danger.

After a lifetime of failures with medicines and doctors, a friend who had used Paine's Celery Compound with great success induced Mr. Rose to give it a trial. The medicine was used, and now Mr. Rose joyfully boasts of health and a new lease of life.

Mr. Rose, with a view of benefitting all dyspeptic sufferers, writes as follows:

"For a long time I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and was often compelled to stop on the street until I could recover from cramps, pains and attacks of giddiness that were brought on by the terrible disease. I had little strength, could not sleep much, and was so run down that I thought I would never get better.

"I used many kinds of medicine, but they did me very little good. At last I was recommended to use Paine's Celery Compound. I tried a bottle, and it did me more good than anything I had taken before. I have used four bottles and have completely banished the distressing pains in my stomach, and I feel well.

"After having had dyspepsia for almost a lifetime, I think the cure is a wonderful one."

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## SHOW THEM UP TO THE PUBLIC.

As the public—particularly the ladies—are so often swindled by profit-loving merchants and dealers, it is well that people should have an example of what is done in the sale of certain packet dyes for home dyeing.

The makers of common and adulterated package dyes sell their crude colors to the retail merchants at a cost of four cents per package, and the public who buy these deceptive dyes are made to pay ten cents for them. A handsome profit indeed for Mr. Storekeeper! No wonder he uses every endeavor to sell and substitute his poor dyes for the famous and reliable Diamond Dyes.

The Diamond Dyes, that all live and honorable dealers in Canada handle and sell, cost a good deal more money, yet the public get them for ten cents, which only allows the dealer a fair profit.

But mark the difference, ladies! The cheap dyes are really worthless, and are made for the profit of the manufacturer and the dealer, while Diamond Dyes are made for the profit, pleasure and blessing of every home dyer.

# RADNOR

Bottled at the spring in the Canadian Laurentides.

"I consider Radnor a most excellent and delicious Table Water."

—SIR HENRY IRVING

GALT, ONT., DEC. 5TH, 1896.

THE PUBLISHER,  
"OUR HOME," MONTREAL.

Dear Sir :

Enclosed you will find copy for change in our advertisement, and we are pleased to inform you that evidently your columns are widely read. For several years we have been advertising in different publications, and in some of them with marked success.

Five months ago, we began to use the columns of "OUR HOME," and we assure you that since then we have had more enquiries, directly traceable to your publication, than from any other in which we advertise. Enquiries directly traceable to it have reached us, not only from the central portions of Canada, but also from outlying provinces, a number having been received from British Columbia to the West and Nova Scotia to the East, while it has brought requests for information regarding our line from as far South as Virginia and South Carolina.

Trusting that this information, though unasked for, may be of value to you.

We remain,

Sincerely yours,

**THE BEAVER MFG. CO.**