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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

JOURNAL OF

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NO. 1.

The Old Story.

When visions of her face come o'er me—
Of her sweet face so far away;
I say what lovers said before me,
What lovers will forever say:
That flowers bloom sweeter for her being,
That birds sing sweeter for her seeing;
That grass is greener, skies more blue,
That all things take a richer hue.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

O sweet young love, that in all ages
Rears ever one eternal form;
With lasting youth, your oldest pages
Glow ever ever fresh and warm.
O dear old story, ever young,
Poets have painted, artists sang!
Sure naught in life is half so sweet;
Death cannot make you incomplete.
Lovers have said these things before;
Lovers will say them evermore.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

PROLOGUE.

BEFORE commencing the story of that portion of my heroine's life contained in the following pages, let us for an instant, reader, raising the curtain that veils the Past, look upon one short scene in the life of Judith's sister.

Toward the close of a fair afternoon at the end of summer, the red rays of the setting sun slanted through the trees in Bonny Woods, resting with a lingering, farewell touch on the nut-brown hair of a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years, who stood on the grassy bank at the bottom of which was a little gurgling streamlet, and upon this the girl's down-drooping eyes were bent. She was very pretty, with brown hair and clear, fair complexion; the tall, slight and graceful figure was clad in a gown of purest white, belted in at the waist with a black velvet band, while the hem just touched the ground. A moment before a hasty foot-step had broken her reverie, and a tall stalwart young man of about five-and-twenty, had come hastily to her side; to his words, eager and passionate, she was now shyly listening, while at no great distance from where they stood came the sound of other voices approaching.

"I could not leave without seeing you Dorothy; the telegram came about an hour ago, and as soon as I could leave the office I hastened to Bonny Dale and then had to come

on here, the train leaves Eastville in little more than half an hour; there is no time to say all that I wish to say to you Dorothy, for these people will be upon us in another minute. But I will write to you;—for I do not know how long it may be till I see you again,—and you, Dorothy, you will send me your answer as soon as possible; will you not? and now," taking her hand in his; not waiting for the answer which was so slow in coming.—"And now I must go; let us say good-bye before these people come."

"Good-bye" she said softly, raising a pair of clear grey eyes for a moment to his face.

"Good-bye my love!" He drew her slight figure to him, and held her for an instant in his arms, while their lips met in a first kiss.

In another moment he was gone, striding quickly through the shadowy woods; while the girl with tender flushed face stood where he had left her, following him with her love-lit eyes, till his form vanished from her sight in the gloom of Bonny Woods.

CHAPTER I.

THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.

H! Dorothy, Dorothy! Is there no other way, no means by which we might keep together? you and I, at any rate; it does not so much matter about Reggie; it is natural for a boy to go out into the world, away from his own people; but what shall I do away from you? oh Dolly! there won't be a soul to care for me!"

"Judith Brown threw herself on the rug close to her sister's chair and covered her face with her hands. Another girl might have thrown her arms around Dorothy's neck, or buried her face in her lap, but such was not Judith's way; she was a very unemotional young person, as were Dorothy and Reggie also, for that matter. But though they very seldom kissed one another or made a show of affection, they were none the less fond of one another on that account. So now, Dorothy Brown bravely bent forward and laid her hand lightly on her young sister's shoulder as she answered:

"I am afraid there is no other way Judy; you must try and reconcile yourself to the thought of going to the Lauries'. After all, I daresay it is but a childish prejudice you have against them, and when you know them better you may learn to like them very much; I am sure they will treat you kindly."

"Oh! I daresay they will not starve nor beat me" retorted Judith bitterly. "But you need not think that I shall ever learn to like them; you know yourself what Augusta Laurie is—proud and full of self-conceit as she can be, and always ridiculing everyone and everything that comes beneath her notice. As for Mr. Laurie, I remember how one glance from his stern eyes used to have power to make my childish soul quake within me: and then Mrs. Laurie is so meek and wishy-washy that I wonder such a nonentity was ever sent into the world as a human creature at all."

"Oh Judith dear!" exclaimed her sister reproachfully, while a loud boyish laugh at the door made them both turn round.

"What an interesting study the Laurie family would make" said Reginald Brown coming forward to the fire place where his sisters were sitting.

"What are you in the blues about Ju?" he asked, throwing himself on to the well-worn old sofa and stretching out his immense length of limb.

"She does not like the idea of going to the Lauries," answered Dorothy, as Judith remained silent.

"Why Ju, you are the best off of us all, you won't have to work," said Reggie, who did not himself take kindly to labor of any description.

"That is nonsense!" retorted his sister sharply; "I would rather work—I would do *anything*, if only Mr. Lennox would let me, instead of going to Eastville."

"My dear Judith! do you not think it is rather ungrateful of you to talk in this way and to be so discontented. Just pause for a moment and think how truly kind it was of Mr. Laurie to make the offer he did, and also remember my dear girl that it rests entirely—or almost so—with yourself whether your life at Bonny Dale will be moderately happy or not."

"Oh Dolly! you are right—quite right I know, and believe me I am not as ungrateful as I seem, only I—oh! let me get rid of all my discontent to-night, it is the last peaceful one we shall have together—and then, Dolly, when I am away alone at Bonny Dale, I will remember all your wise advice, and be as grateful and happy as I can."

"That is right; and I am sure you will not dislike Mr. Laurie; he is very gruff and difficult to understand; but I think he is kind at heart. Stick up for your rights and don't seem to be afraid of him, whatever you do. A man like that admires pluck in a woman, but cringes to him and he is your tyrant at once" said Reggie sententially.

"I am afraid his wife must have cringed to him then, for he is certainly a tyrant to her, poor thing" said Dorothy smiling.

"But to return to our muttons; I think you have the hardest lot of us all Dorothy. It is a shame, By Jove! to think of you going out as governess. I say! wouldn't you rather have a situation in an office of some kind? ladies do all sorts of office work now; a fellow told me to-day that his cousin or his aunt or somebody went to New York or somewhere in the States, and got a situation in an office at a salary of forty or forty-five dollars a month; that is more than you will earn, teaching some wretched children to spell."

"Perhaps so," answered Dorothy with her quiet smile—"But I fear I have no taste for office work, and would not care to go to the States; while I rather like teaching and am fond of children, so I think I shall content myself with the smaller salary I shall earn as a governess."

Dorothy was going to Montreal as governess in a wealthy family there. The circumstances which necessitated this scattering of the Brown family we will briefly scan.

A few years previous to the opening of our story, Colin Brown had been a prosperous merchant in the city. Mrs. Brown had died when Judith was a little lisping baby of three years and Dorothy a staid, fair little maiden of thirteen; Reginald came in between the two girls and was at the time our story opens a tall stripling of nineteen, Judith being nearly two years younger. In the midst of their prosperity, reverses came; loss followed loss until ruin, gaunt and bare, stared them in the face. To his credit be it said, Mr. Brown struggled manfully to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and when that hope had fled, he struggled still to keep his family in common comfort, aided by the noble efforts of his elder daughter who managed by teaching music and painting to add something to their small income.

But after several years of desperate fighting for the necessities of life he was forced to own himself defeated and quietly and mournfully laying down his arms, did what was, perhaps, the best thing he could have done both for himself and his children, peacefully and unobtrusively departed from a world which of late had used him so scurvily.

Thus the brother and sisters found themselves alone in the world; for they had no near relations and such distant ones as they had, took no notice of them (with the exception of Mr. Laurie) and the young people were too proud to ask for the help which had never been proffered. What money remained, when the late Mr. Brown's affairs were settled,

was a mere nothing; when divided equally between the three, it brought to each an annual income of sixty dollars—"Just enough to starve upon" as Reggie said. They had absolutely nothing else. Mr. Lennox, the lawyer, who had been a friend of the dead man, and had had the management of his affairs, was the only one the orphans had to rely upon for aid and advice. It was now about three months since their father's death, and on the day but one following that on which our story opens the lease of the cottage in which they lived would expire and they were then to leave the place which had sheltered and been home to them in spite of the iron grip of poverty, for the last ten years—bid each other farewell and go their separate ways. Reginald was to board in the city; he was already in a situation in a wholesale house, which Mr. Lennox had some time before obtained for him. The position was a humble one and the salary not large, but, as the lawyer tritely remarked "you cannot get to the top of the ladder till you've passed the bottom rung." Dorothy as we have mentioned, was going as governess to two little girls in another city. A good woman was Dorothy Brown—gentle, unselfish and womanly. Losing her mother at an early and impressionable age, she had grown into a sweet, helpful woman before she had reached her seventeenth year. Since her mother's death she had supplied her place to father, brother and sister, and they in return had all looked up to her and loved and revered her. Yes, even the poor, heart-broken father in his latter days had leaned on her and taken comfort from her wise, loving words of cheer.

It was little wonder then, that Judith should grieve at parting from her sister, and that sister's heart was very heavy at the thought of sending amongst strangers the child who had been her care and her treasure from baby-hood.

Hugh Laurie was a cousin of Judith's mother; and report said that years ago he had been madly in love with her, but his fierce temper repelled the girl, who otherwise might have loved him. He subsequently married a pretty but inane young lady who beneath the iron rule of her husband had degenerated into the nonentity described by Judith, who as a child had twice visited Bonny Dale farm.

When the young Browns had been left destitute at their father's death, Mr. Laurie had offered to adopt Judith, thereby giving color to the story of his early love for her mother who had also been named Judith.

The girl had rebelled against the acceptance of this offer, but Mr. Lennox thought it too good an arrangement to be laid aside for a mere childish whim; so by that peculiar inductive reasoning for which the man of law is noted, he brought her into accordance with his wishes and so her fate, for the present was settled.

Reginald mentally accused his younger sister of selfishness in being so discontented with her own lot, when Dorothy, who had a prospect of hard work and little pleasure to look forward to, uttered never a word of complaint. But, in truth, Judith thought much of the disagreeableness of her sister's future, and when alone with her spoke regretfully of it. But Dorothy Brown was not a woman to bring her troubles to the fore. Always sweetly ready to listen to a recital of another's woes, to sympathize with, and give the pity craved; yet she never sought from others the pity and sympathy she gave so unstintedly to them. People said she was a very self-contained woman, and so she was; but the term need not be used as a reproach. She was emphatically a brave woman, in a moral sense. Reggie said she was a "trump" and never bored a fellow with her grievances, if she had any.

So Dorothy smiled calmly, and spoke cheerfully of her future life, and her young sister never suspected the strong aversion to the drudgery that awaited her, slumbering deep in her brave heart.

Having thus explained the circumstances in which the Browns were placed, let us now return to the little sitting-room where we found them on that last evening but one of their home life. The three sat there discussing their past, present and future; the conversation was serious sometimes, but anon flashed into brighter channels mingling with gentle mirth at one another's little jokes and exaggerated pictures of future greatness and grandeur, when the present crisis had passed and they had made their fortunes in various ways, practicable only in the marvellous dreams of youth. But in these bright prognostications Dorothy took no part,

rather her mind had travelled back many years and she was thinking of some bright dreams of her own youth from which she had been rudely awakened.

It was growing late; Dorothy was folding up her work preparatory to putting it away for the night. Reggie was lighting a lamp to take to his bedroom, but Judith still loiled in the depths of the antiquated arm chair.

"Well Ju, I would advise you to take the first rich old buffer who asks you; I do not see how you will get a fortune in any other way," said Reggie with a sly look at his younger sister,

"Thank you," answered she tartly—"when the rich old buffer appears upon the scene I may remember your advice; anything would be better than the Lauries."

"I hope you will never marry any man for his money Judith. Love the man you marry," said Dorothy gently.

"Love! moonshine!" exclaimed Reginald skeptically. Love is all very well, I datesay, but it don't last. Two people adore one another frantically for a few jolly months, then they go and get married, and from that time the frenzy gradually but perceptibly diminishes. Love is a vapor which vanishes in the atmosphere of domestic life, like morning mist beneath the sun's rays."

"What a young cynic you are," said Dorothy, somewhat sadly.

"There is some truth in what you say, but when I marry I intend to win more love from my husband instead of losing what I had before," said Judith with a pretty blush.

"A shining example to other wives," quoth Reggie.

"Dorothy," continued our heroine meditatively—"I should not wonder if you were to meet someone in Montreal and fall in love with him, some handsome, princely man, very rich, who would adore you; you would marry him and then I would go and live with you and we should be happy ever afterwards. How charming that would be."

"Do not build castles in the air for me Judy; or if you do please leave out the prince, I shall not marry him."

"Poor prince, left out in the cold!" laughed Judith, but as she looked into her sister's face, a sort of wistful sadness in the sweet grey eyes checked her mirth, and she wondered as she returned her gaze to the dying embers in the grate, who had been the prince, who long ago had come into Dorothy's life and then departed leaving desolation behind!"

"If ever I meet the wretch how I shall hate him!"

All too soon came the hour of parting; notwithstanding their enforced spirits there was a dull weight on the heart of each. True the parting was but for a time; they were young and could look forward to a not very distant re-union; but then one never knows what may happen in the meantime. Heaven, what a life-time of bitterest woe may be crammed into one short year! Some such thought as this was in Dorothy's mind as she bade farewell to the young brother and sister who stood on the platform and looked with glistening eyes after the train which bore away from them the sister who had been mother as well as sister to them both.

Judith's train left soon after. Poor Judy! How utterly desolate she felt as Reggie with a last kiss left her and swung himself off the already moving train. Then the tears gushed to her eyes; all her self-pity vanished and gave place to a huge compassion for the lad left to fight, unaided, the battle of life in a great city. "Poor Reggie," she murmured, as the two trains that bore her and Dorothy sped along in opposite directions; while Reggie, perhaps the least affected of the three, retraced his steps through the city streets.

So they went their separate ways.

(To be Continued.)

One evening, when neither of them had a sou in his pocket, Balzac said to Jules Sandeau: "Sandeau, I must have twenty francs, to go to the Dutchess of S—'s ball. Murder a publisher, if you like; assassinate a banker, if you can; but get me the twenty francs." Without a word Sandeau went out—it was midwinter—and pawned his overcoat. Returning, he handed Balzac the proceeds, twenty francs. "Now," said Balzac, "oblige me by lending me your overcoat." "I cannot." "You are disobliging." "Stop here," said Sandeau, handing him the pawn-ticket. "Forgive me. I am a brute," cried Balzac, and threw himself weeping into Sandeau's arms.

The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

THE treatment I received at that school poisoned my whole being. I have been violent and wrathful in these later years, but I was not formerly so. I owe the corruption of my nature to the injustice of my fellows. Had I the power, I could destroy the world, for it has stung me and trodden on me. I like Physical Force. It suits my humor."

He spoke with difficulty, for his sufferings were great. "I should not have been incarcerated within these walls," he said, at a later period of the day, "if my father had not broken faith with me. When I left school, my mother revealed to me the secret of my birth. She told me whose son I was. She was slowly dying of consumption. I addressed a letter to him. He wrote, in reply, that he could not acknowledge me, because I should bring scandal on his office and on the church. But he would provide for me secretly. He sent me a hundred pounds, and another hundred when my mother died. When I first made your acquaintance, I told you that I was independent—dependent with the remains of those munificent sums, for they were all that I ever received from him. He promised to renew them every six months, but he did not keep his word. I got eighty pounds into debt, on the strength of his promise, and being unable to pay, was pounced upon by creditors and transferred to a sponging-house from whence I dated a letter to the episcopal palace—my father's palace!—but I received no answer. So they conveyed me hither. I have applied to my father since my imprisonment, but to no purpose. You will give me credit for disinterested advocacy of principles. When I was subsisting on a Bishop's money, and was, in a sense, dependent on the Church, I hated Church, bishops, monarchy, aristocracy, and all their tangled web of interest. When I was deserted by the Church, I began to love her as a venerable parent. Most men praise the bridge that carries them over. I have ever done the opposite."

"It was noble in you," remarked Harding, "not to betray the secret of your relationship to the bishop. The scandal would have taken effect, and irreparably have damaged his reputation."

"Ha! I had also become a Tory, and to Tories the reputation of the episcopal church is very dear. Besides, I can hate, but I could never betray."

He spoke but little after this, for he was physically reduced by his suffering. But he endured heroically, and scarcely allowed a groan to escape him. To Harding, in the event of death, he gave his lathe, carving tools, and a few books.

"As for my body," he said, "they will be glad to give it speedy interment of some sort, and I am indifferent to the whereabouts of my last lodgings. But, tell me, Harding, do you believe in a future state?"

"I do," replied Harding, startled by the question.

"I don't," said Boldero. "I have been writing up the parsons lately, but they are only useful to keep the people in order—that is all."

The unfortunate wayward youth had uttered his last words. In less than an hour his corpse was removed, and Harding could not learn where they buried it.

At length the plague was stayed, and London relapsed into its old habits of uncleanness. "It will not visit us again,—at least, for many years,"—said the Corporation, "so let us enjoy ourselves, and be dirty!"

The night was fast approaching when Emma was to make her debut. On that event her husband's destiny seemed to depend for he had failed in his attempt to get literary work. Scheffer predicted marvels, and the reputation prepared for her, cast that of Madame Cacas into the shade. If she succeeded to the manager's satisfaction, he was prepared to offer her fifty pounds a-week for the season, so that in six weeks from the time of her appearance, she would be able to liberate her husband! Very frequently she repaired to the Fleet, to spend hours in conversing with him; but every day she was instructed by Scheffer, whose pupil she was, and whom she was to remunerate when her great duty was ful-

filled, and her husband was restored to liberty. The tenor's terms were high, for he had stipulated for the third of her salary, for three years.

Harding amused himself with carving in which art he had become expert. The rose and a little bud bloomed in wood. He delighted to produce grotesque figures of men, busied in various manipulations of handicraft, and quaint unpastoral sheep and oxen. But this art was mere pastime, and, as such, went to frustrate the noble end of being.

Under the sky there is not a sadder object than a man without a definite pursuit,— who has had no call to a specific work. To have no profession which demands the attention of every earnest moment, and engrosses the anxious care of the matured mind, is to be an alien in Nature. "Whatsoever the hand findeth to do," admonishes the author of Ecclesiastes, "do it with thy might."

Harding's position was peculiar. He was haunted by shapes of Beauty, which, out of vision, he could not realize, and, so far, he was no uncommon case. For who can fix the ideal with painter's brush, or sculptor's chisel, or carver's knife? It was strange. The rose and a little bud had done it all. Greek literature, with which he had long been critically familiar, had been without other meanings than the philological one, until this epoch of his life. And all the Arts, and every Science into which he had obtained the merest insight, now became replete with a quite unutilitarian signification. He had attained to the knowledge of the highest bread, but, at present, he sat only at the feast of crumbs. For he had not found his work. Not a little of the evil that is in the world has its origin in this circumstance, that men do not occupy their just position. Nature knows best. Of a certain George Guclph, she made a creditable, it is even said, a clever husbandman, but the Marplot of nature called him George the Third, and lo, a bad King! As a farmer he would have cultivated the good earth, and brought corn out of her liberal stores. As a king, he devastated her fields with sanguinary wars. "Translate," writes Carlyle, "that impossible precept, *know thyself*, into this partially possible one; *know what thou canst work at.*" The breadfinder, as I take it, is he who has attained to that indispensable knowledge,—indispensable to a wise government of himself and the world. Not the material bread, not that which was flour yesterday, and corn at the last full of the moon, is what is meant by BREAD in these pages. But that is bread—the Bread of Life, which brings me into harmony with Nature, and, transcending conventionality and routine, leaves me the undisturbed recipient of large benefits, and lands me on that shore beaten by the Eternal surges,—washed by the tides of the Great Ocean of Being.

I know the strife. I have seen the agony. I have heard the prayer. I have been a witness to the incessant conflict maintained for the quite literal, unbeautiful bread. The combatants in that battle-field fall around us like harvest. Not for the soul's need but for the body's lust have they striven: and the Autumn leaves are rarer than their graves, For them, no poet; for them, no artist; no seer. Yet, even for the lowest and the least of these a deliverance is preparing. The teacher gathers the young thieves from the street, and discourses to them of Duty, and of the Infinitive, lessons, which even Sectarian jargon, and the rubbish of church creeds cannot divest of their importance. A new race shall arise which the Beautiful shall lead to Freedom. In the meantime, let us take courage, let us know what we can work at, and make poverty welcome to our board. He is rich who has few wants.

Harding worked at the wood carving. He knew little of the history of the art, but he was aware that like that of glass-staining, it had gradually forfeited its rank in modern hands, and had become insignificant. He remembered what elaborate specimens he had seen in the metropolitan churches, and other public buildings. Why had the art decayed? Why had skill, genius, creation, flowed into other channels? He conceived the idea of treating in hard oak a fine mythological subject, and he determined to make the attempt.

Notwithstanding the high praises which had been bestowed upon Emma's singing, each rehearsal at the Theatre indicated a loss of power, and of diminution in the compass of her voice. Those who heard her on these occasions shook their heads. Scheffer alone, would not be disheartened. She was nervous, he said, nothing more. Perhaps, in private,

he was alarmed. Emma herself was conscious of falling far short of what had been expected of her, but she feared to tell her husband, and only checked his too ardent anticipations of her success.

"Really," said the manager to Scheffer, on the morning of the last rehearsal, "this will never do. She is feeble, positively feeble; we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole town. I must postpone her appearance. It would be a failure, sir, a dead failure."

"I was never more disappointed," said Scheffer. "I am quite confounded."

"Yes. I shall postpone her appearance. Masson has been here to introduce Madame Cacasi. I shall substitute her for Mrs. Harding. It will occasion a delay of a few weeks, but we shall escape the disgrace of a failure."

"Allow her one more rehearsal," pleaded the alarmed tenor, "You have only to postpone the production of the Opera for a night or two, on the plea of the vast care required in its preparation."

"Well, I have no objection to do that. One more rehearsal, then."

CHAPTER XI.

IT was in an obscure cottage at Deptford, that Grinling Gibbons was engaged upon his celebrated work *The Stoning of Stephen*, when he was discovered by Evelyn, and introduced to the notice of Charles II. It was in the Fleet Prison, that William Harding essayed his skill in bas-relief. He chose for his subject *The Raising of Lazarus*. Gibbons followed Tintoretto. Harding studied the narrative in the New Testament, and sketched his own design. He was on wondrous ground now. It seemed extraordinary that he had never done this before; that he had been so slow to discover his own ready access to the Beautiful. It was as natural to carve fruit or flowers, as to gather them from the living branch or stem. It was as easy too. It was astonishing that he found no difficulty in his work—that Art came to him like a ready friend, and, at the first handling of his tools, made him perfect in the use of them. The same marvel is recorded of Grinling Gibbons, whose earliest efforts were as successful as his latest. It must not be inferred that Harding was another Gibbons, or even a Diivot, a Selden, or a Laurens, Grinling's assistants. But he gave promise of much excellence. And here, let me express a hope, that this ancient and noble art of wood-carving, which, according to Pliny, was antecedent to statuary and painting, may be revived amongst us, and that our artists may be original, and not mere imitators of the Italian style, which is itself imitative, and dates from the discovery of the baths of Adrian. With the solitary exception of Grinling Gibbons, who is said to have been of Dutch extraction, the English have not been celebrated as wood-artists. The splendid and elaborate decorations in oak, lime, maple, and sometimes, but rarely, in box, that embellish our palaces, cathedrals, public and private buildings, were mostly executed by foreigners. With the one exception named, where are the equals of Albert Durer, of his pupil Taurigny of Rouen, of Demontreuil, of a hundred others?

While Harding was engaged in sketching his design, Scheffer was imparting encouragement to Emma. On the issue of the next rehearsal, her success or failure would depend. M. Jean Masson announced on all sides, that Madame Cacasi would be the public favorite, and that *she was his wife*. The singularity of his previous conduct was now fully explained, and Emma was no longer unable to assign a cause for his ungracious behavior to herself. Scheffer learned the whole secret, and communicated it to her. He had fallen in love with his landlady's blooming daughter, who, besides many personal attractions, (maugre, a certain insipidity of countenance, which Maberly had commented on) had a voice that promised to repay cultivation. The poor Signor could not resist her blandishments. Emma might have gained him reputation, but she was a married woman. He had already extolled her as Madame Cacasi, and prepared the public for her future appearance. But her real name was unknown, and it was easy to bestow the appellation he had given her, on another. Besides, Emma's education must necessarily be suspended during his professional absence on the Continent, for he could not remain in

London when the Grand Theatre was closed. On the other hand, a wife would accompany him wherever he went, and her education could proceed at all seasons. Thus argued the Signor, and sacrificed to passion the dictates of honor. But now he cast off the mask, and proclaimed Madame Casasi, to be in public, the Signora Pepolini, and Madame Masson, in private, and to her friends.

The morning of the rehearsal came. Out of the Heavens God never sent a brighter day. The earth laughed beneath the sun. Checks, ordinarily pale, had a flush of life in them. Her husband's liberty, perhaps, their future bread, depended on her brave achievement, or unhappy short-coming. She would not fatigue herself by walking, but engage a cab to convey her to the theatre. Her first annoyance was extreme. The manager was not present—would not be present, but had deputed M. Jean Masson, to represent him.

She had many annoyances to bear. The musicians were late at their post, and there was much tiresome waiting to be endured before the rehearsal began. Then, the actors were frigid and impatient, and the opera was commenced in a slovenly manner. In vain Scheffer strove to rally them. He drew Emma aside, and encouraged her, but he felt dismay, and looked thunder-bolts at Masson.

Nevertheless, Emma succeeded, for she was lifted into a higher life at the thought of her husband's striving, since their marriage for their joint bread. And had he not said that the Beautiful was the true Bread? and was not she ministering, imperfectly, it might be, but still ministering, to the Beautiful? Was she not, indeed, its Priestess?

Her success was indisputable. M. Jean Masson acknowledged it, and joined with all present, in laudation of the *cantatrice*. Scheffer was so overpowered with joy, that he accepted a pinch of snuff from Masson's box, and promised to smoke a cigar with him on some future, but indefinite occasion.

She hurried to the prison, and fell upon her husband's neck. He was sketching his conception of the narrative he had undertaken to illustrate in wood. He gently put her aside.

"See," he said. "Jesus stands in this attitude."

"I have succeeded," she cried, embracing him.

"And Lazarus comes forth thus. Thus the disciples stand!"

"Still, my success of to-day is nothing, if I should fail when the public fill the theatre."

"But Martha and Mary are wanting to the group; confiding in Jesus, yet hoping against hope. Now, he comes forth, he casts aside the grave clothes, they see—they believe. How should I represent the sisters of Lazarus."

"William, do you hear me? I have succeeded. M. Jean Masson could not deny it. Are you not glad? Do you not understand me?"

"Yes—yes, of course you have succeeded. I never doubted of your success. God is good."

M. Jean Masson, on leaving the theatre, went direct to the house of the manager.

"She was not so bad, really not so bad—quite creditable," he said. "But she must not lead, at least, in your theatre—positively must not."

"She has avoided a failure, then?" said the manager.

"Yes, that is it; avoided a failure. The Signora will be very excellent."

"I have made up my mind to delay the production of the opera. We will rehearse it again, and the Signora shall sustain the leading *role*. Between ourselves, Masson, I do not want this Mrs. Harding. It was only yesterday that Lord Filmy Gossamer told me of the report that she was the wife of a low fellow, a cheese-monger's shopman, who is now in a prison. The connection would not be respectable. I shall break with her."

"But the Signora is my wife."

"Ah, quite a different matter. You are respectable, the Signora is respectable."

Masson had scarcely departed, when Scheffer arrived. The manager received him coldly, but he was too elated to notice it.

"Splendid success," he cried. "This will be a memorable season in the annals of your theatre. Your treasury will be filled. The public will be in raptures. You will of course, suspend all privileges, but those of the press."

"Humph."

"What do you mean?"

"That I shall do as you say—fill my treasury."

"Undoubtedly. Such a voice! such execution!"

"So sly of him, to call her Madame Casasi, when she was his wife all the time."

"His wife—whose wife?"

"Masson's—"

"Diablo. I am talking of Mrs. Harding."

"And I, of Madame Masson."

"Yes, but it is Mrs. Harding, who will fill your treasury."

"I think it will be the Signora Pepolini."

"Let us understand each other. You intend of course, after the unequal success of this morning, to introduce Mrs. Harding to the stage?"

"Really, I must decline the honor. Try the provinces."

"Are you then not a man of your word? You are committed with Mrs. Harding. She has attended six rehearsals. Masson's wife has never been on your boards. You have never heard her sing. You will be open to an action, let me tell you."

"Scheffer," said the manager, laying a hand familiarly on the tenor's shoulder. "You are a man of sense. Mrs. Harding is a good singer. I know it very well. She was weak, the other day—perhaps, through indisposition; but I am quite satisfied with your report of her success this morning. Do you not know, however, that she has low connections—that her husband is a cheesemonger's shopman? All the world knows it."

"All the world is mistaken, then," returned the irate Scheffer. "He is a man of talent and education. I see the *Times* on your table. Allow me. There," he continued, pointing to an advertisement. "What do you say to that? A translation of the Comedies of Aristophanes. By William Harding.' That is the man, sir—that is her husband. A first-rate Greek scholar, sir."

"Are you sure that there is no error, Herr Scheffer? I wish I had known this yesterday, when Lord Filmy Gossamer said to me, 'He is so low.' Dear me, a Greek scholar, Eh? A gentleman, Eh?"

"Certainly, a gentleman; under a cloud, at present, but quite in a gentlemanly way."

"Explain."

"He borrowed money on a Post Obit Bond, and is now residing in the Fleet. Nothing more gentlemanly."

"Nothing. Dear me, borrowed money, did he? Then he had expectations?"

"His father died worth twelve thousand pounds, the other day."

"You astonish me. Why, he is quite a gentleman."

"Quite. And, between ourselves, there are strange reports about Masson."

"Ha!"

"He pays nobody. There was a writ issued against him this morning. It will be served to-day."

"That is his affair. He is still a gentleman."

"Yes; but his wife is no singer."

"Have you heard her?"

"Frequently. I have had every opportunity of judging. She might do for another house, but not for yours. Your theatre has such a high reputation."

"It has. I have worked hard for it. I have done it myself, Scheffer."

"Everybody knows that. Your skill in catering for the public taste is excellent. And you manage so well to repress the jealousies of your actors. Your word—what do I say?—your nod is Law in your Establishment."

"It is kind of you to say so. But you only do me justice."

"And you have an excellent discernment of rising talent."

"I pique myself upon it."

"With every disposition to foster merit."

"Yes. The stage owes some of its brightest ornaments to me."

"I am confident that Mrs. Harding's *debut* will create a sensation. When shall it come off?"

"Her husband is quite a gentleman. We will say Monday for the *debut*."

"Shall I write the advertisement for the papers?"

"I shall be obliged to you if you will. My hands are full." There is little need that I should lengthen this history. Emma succeeded and opened the prison gates for her husband. On the day that he was restored to liberty, M. Jean Masson passed through the same gates as a prisoner. Indeed, Harding, with his delighted wife hanging on his arm, encountered him in the porter's lodge.

"*Helas!*" he said, addressing his old acquaintances, in explanation of their meeting. "They say that I have run over the policeman."

"No, no, Moseer," interposed the tipstaff who accompanied him. "Them's not my words. I said that gents came here for *overrunning the constable*. That's what he means, ma'am."

Harding and Emma passed into the street without speaking to him.

Had Harding found his work—that work which he was especially sent to do? I know not. If he had brought his entire moral being into harmony with nature; if he had subdued all discord in his soul, he had. For us, he exists no longer; but let him represent a thousand young men, who are thrown into society without a fitting profession, or with no profession. I have not intended to depict the life-long struggle for daily corn-bread, which characterizes the existence of the oppressed and neglected, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." But, inasmuch as Bread is the Beautiful, and the Beautiful is Virtue. It may also be found by them. I acknowledge the difficulty. I anticipate the objection. What can they know of the Spiritual and the Eternal, whose toil for the material and the temporal, for the need of the perishing hour is unceasing from childhood to the grave? Alas, but little; but something they can and do know. The soul will burst its bonds, and Virtue enters the tenant's hut as freely as the hall of the landlord. What I insist upon, is that, in our vicious society, we hear too much of the bread that the baker has kneaded. "O most excellent person," said Socrates, before his judges. "Art thou not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation and honor—but concernest not thyself about intellect and truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature? These, as you well know, are the commands of the God. And it appears to me that no good can happen to the state greater than my service of the God; for I pass my whole time inciting both the young and the old, to care neither for body nor state, in preference to, nor in comparison with, the excellence of the soul, telling them that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue, wealth, and all other good things to mankind, both collectively and individually."

THE END.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

Rewarded at Last.

BY MRS. R. H. CROSS.

WATCHING listlessly from the car window while the train waits at B—, I recognize suddenly with a start of surprise, a face which was once very familiar to me, but has been a stranger for ten years or more. Ten years, let me see—it is twelve years since I left school, and it was when I was a school-girl of seventeen that I attended the Academy at H— with John Ordway, who stands now on the platform not six feet away.

My first impulse is to tap on the window to attract his attention, but the next moment I am appalled at my own boldness. He would not know me. The idea of making myself so conspicuous. And yet—what would I not give to have him recognize me?

"All aboard," shouts the conductor, and the object of my interest gets aboard the car and in a moment is passing my seat. I can restrain myself no longer, "How are you Mr. Ordway?" I say smiling. He stops, evidently puzzled, and taking the seat in front of me, turns and faces me with a "Really your face has a familiar look, but I cannot recall your name," he said at last. "I dare say not, yet we were classmates once at H— Academy, you have not forgotten those days," I queried, rather enjoying his perplexity. "No, nor Agnes Porter either, how are you old friend?" he exclaimed, cordially grasping my hand. "That was some

twelve years ago, was it not, yet you have not changed much now I look at you, unless it be in name," he added mischievously. I was conscious of a sharp pang at his unwitting betrayal of how entirely he had lost sight of me, when I had treasured so eagerly every casual mention of his name, and rejoiced in the frequent reports of his prosperity, yet I only assured him lightly that there was "na luck about the house" where I lived and consequently, I still enjoyed single blessedness. And then the way our tongues flew as the train rattled on towards D—, which was my home. There were so many old schoolmates to be inquired for, incidents of school-life to be recalled and laughed or sighed over, that the miles were not a tithe of their usual length. When the last moment had come, he said that we had only begun to talk, but recollecting suddenly that business would bring him to D— in about two weeks, asked if he might call and finish our conversation then. Whereupon we agreed to adjourn the council and parted.

Parted, yes but how differently to anything I could have expected. I had my old friend back—I felt sure of that; our friendship would now be re-established on a firmer basis—purely platonic of course. Nevertheless my heart beat fast when I met him at the door in a little less than two weeks after, though I was nearly thirty and should have been past such folly. I saw him several times during the weeks his *business* kept him at D—, and at parting he made a confession. He had been such a busy man he said, had never thought much about women in general and none in particular, had had too much to do, or something had blinded him to the charms of all he met, but since he had met me so opportunely, his home had suddenly grown lonely, his business dull and unsatisfying. Could I learn to love him—would I be his wife. I answered "yes" to his latter question; "no" to the former.

Seeing his surprise I explained that I could not learn to love him, as I had loved him all these years since we parted, had thought it no wrong to cherish that love, though it was given unasked, as long as I kept it a secret.

"You know, John if you had married, I should have considered it a duty to your wife to think of you no more, or if it had unfitted me to do the duties of my lot, but on the contrary, my love for you has been an incentive to be a nobler, better woman. Would John approve this or that I would say to myself, and never have I permitted myself to consider for a moment the possibility of loving another, though I considered my love for you as hopeless, yet I always held it true 'it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'"

When I had finished my earnest vindication of my motives, I raised my eyes to his face to see if I could read there aught of condemnation, but his eyes were swimming with tears and he whispered softly as he clasped me to his breast, "you brave, faithful darling, to think of your loving me so unselfishly all these long years." "But they have been busy, useful, pleasant years," I protested "and moreover I am 'Rewarded at last.'"

So the "farewell" I supposed he had come to say was changed to an "Au revoir."

Caught.

Over the lattice there clambered a vine,
Its tendrils in arabesques tenderly clung
To the cool slender bars in the shade of the pine,
That sheltered us there where the song-sparrows sung.

As sweet as a rose in the pale pink and blue
Of her thin fleecy robe, with a bud in her hair,
As fair as a tropic bloom fresh with the dew,
She mused by my side in the cool morning air.

How did it happen? I really don't know,
Her lips were like rosebuds—sore tempted, I fell;—
"Oh, nobody saw us!"—I started to go,
When a wee voice,—"I seen 'oo, an' I'm doin' to tell!"

—The Century.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

Cologne cathedral is at last completed, six hundred and twenty-five years after its commencement, and nothing remains but to put the terrace in order. This will cost \$120,000 more than there is on hand for the purpose.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

If you love God as you ought, then love your brethren likewise.

Happiness is like an echo; it answers to your call, but does not come.

The man who has no respect for wealth is always trying to borrow a little of it.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.

We frequently hear of a man's returning thanks, but seldom money or an umbrella.

John Bright considers weddings occasions of sadness, and we know of several married men who agree with him.

Wound the feelings of no person unnecessarily; there are thorns enough in the path of human life.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—*Washington Irving.*

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey.*

If you desire to ridicule the figure of a companion in the most approved style, tell him he is as hollow chested as a box of strawberries.

The old gentleman who spent a fortune in endeavoring to hatch colts from horse-chestnuts is now cultivating the egg-plant, with a view to raising chickens from it.

The meanest man we have heard of this season is the fellow who telegraphed his sympathy to a friend, who had lost everything in speculation, and made him pay for the message.

A New York contemporary would have us believe that there is a book-canvasser in that city who earned last year by commission on his sales not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. If this is so, no wonder there is a growing disposition among a depressed populace towards killing such wealth-accumulators.

A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up it will begin to ring a warning bell just before 10 o'clock. At 10:01 it splits apart, and while one half carries the daughter of the house up-stairs the other half kicks her young man out of doors. They will come high, but people must have them.

A tramp carries about him a box of dead cockroaches. When he feels hungry he goes to a restaurant and orders a good dinner, nearly finishes it, puts a cockroach in the principal dish, and, calling a waiter, points with horror to the object. Instead of being charged for dinner, he stands a chance of getting paid for keeping silent.

A bear broke into the house of a Nevada man the other night. He was away, and his wife thought he was coming home drunk. She didn't stop to light a lamp, but began operations. When the bear finally got away he didn't stop running till he had travelled eight miles into the heart of the mountains, and he was such a sight that the other bears wouldn't associate with him.

It seems to us, and not to a few others, a writer in the *Journal of Science* seriously remarks, that the moral character of the cat has altered for the better, and is still altering, within say the last century. There are few persons now given to studying the habits of animals closely who would join in those sweeping charges of treachery, ill-temper, and selfishness, which were brought against her by earlier writers.

"I remember," said a boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "You told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."
"Yes. Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?" "You see, a boy he came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized. I remembered what you said, and began to count." "And you didn't fight?" "No ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water! I was going to count fifty, and then run!"

LITERARY LINKLETS.

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

The house in Fordham in which Poe wrote "The Raven" has lately been sold at auction.

Mark Twain has secured a Canadian copyright on his new book by having it printed in England first.

President Eliot, of Harvard, thinks it would be a great improvement in the relation between minister and congregation if the minister were frankly allowed sometimes to comment upon a fresh book instead of preaching a sermon, sometimes to read other men's sermons instead of preaching his own, and, in general, to direct his hearers to good reading, and bring them to know something of the minds and works of the leaders of the race, living and dead.

William Chambers, L. L. D., the famous bookseller, publisher, and writer, has just died at the age of eighty-three. With his brother Robert he began his business life in 1819. Though he wrote less than Robert, his "Memoirs of William and Robert Chambers" is one of the most readable works of biography. Among the publications of the firm were "Chambers' Encyclopedia," "Chambers' Journal," and the "Encyclopedia of English Literature." William Chambers received his degree of L. L. D. from the Edinburgh University in 1872. He was twice Lord Provost of the city. A baronetcy was offered to him shortly before his last illness, and would probably have been accepted.

From Hood to Dickens.

A writer, describing some of the especially interesting features of the private library of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, says that among the books is a copy of Tom Hood's "Comic Annual" for 1842, from the library of Charles Dickens. It contains an inscription in Hood's handwriting, which runs as follows:

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up.
Though I had a pledge to shiver,
And the longest ever was,
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I will drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a sale at home.
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works!

A Great Novelist,

The greatest of all Russian novelists, Ivan Tourgenieff, is hopelessly insane, and is reported to have lost all his interest in current events. At times he is said to be absolutely mad, and ready to commit suicide. Tourgenieff's fame as a delineator of Russian society is worldwide; the Russians themselves esteem also his poems, of which the following, on Benevolence and Gratitude, is an example:

The Virtues were invited once
To banquet with the Lord of All.
They came—the great ones rather grim
And not so pleasant as the small.
They talked and chatted o'er the meal,
They even laughed with temperate glee,
And each one knew the other well,
And all were good as good could be.

Benevolence and Gratitude
Alone of all seemed "strangers yet;"
They stared when they were introduced—
On earth they never once had met.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

At the opening of this, our seventh volume, we greet our readers with promises of a better and more successful year than we have hitherto enjoyed. Very satisfactory lists from our agents are being continually received from all parts of the Dominion; and we earnestly solicit an even more universal exhibition of interest among our numerous friends. We are always glad to feel assured of our readers' appreciation of our efforts to please them, but are naturally better pleased with these kind words of appreciation when a small list, or even an additional name accompanies our old subscribers' subscriptions. We have to sincerely thank a great many for acting according to this hint, which has been thrown out from time to time during the past volume.

Subscriptions received in 3, 2, or 1 cent postage stamps. 6, 10 and 15 cent and also register stamps are very inconvenient to us and should never be sent when others can be obtained. Do not stick the stamps to your letters, as it causes difficulty in removing them, and the ink stains often show through, rendering them worthless.

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CIRCLE CHAT

BRAIN FEVER CAUSED BY OVER-STUDY is becoming alarmingly prevalent as the popular emulation in our renowned Canadian School System advances. Recently a young lady preparing, at the London Collegiate Institute for the Intermediate Examination held at the beginning of this month, after long hours of study went to bed and dreamed that she was drowning. When at the bottom of the water her wealth of hair seemed to become entangled and come off. On awaking she discovered that during her sleep she had got up, taken a pair of scissors and cut the hair off, and let it fall in various places about the floor. "An approaching fever from over-study" medical gentlemen pronounced the cause, but taken in time the attack was prevented. Now who's to blame for the present undue emulation in education? An exacting public can no longer appreciate a teacher's efforts unless he "passes" a certain number at the examination for which he is preparing his class. No matter who is at fault as regards the existing state of affairs be cautious you parents who love your children and would not have them mentally and physically weakened—be cautious, about letting them study beyond their strength, especially during the hot months of summer.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

FRED F.—In gloves, gentlemen should wear white at balls, very pale tints at evening parties, and neutral shades at church.

S. S.—In the case you mention we prefer to offer no suggestions, as it would be impossible for us to decide whether or not your suspicions have any foundation.

JENNY V.—If the gentleman you mention really loves you he will find opportunity of expressing his affection. It would be very injudicious for you to make advances in the manner you speak of.

W. E.—1. A lady, in making a call may take a stranger of either sex with her, but a gentleman should never take this liberty. 2. A lady should never call upon a gentleman, except upon some business.

J. H.—Though the publishers of the FAMILY CIRCLE had fully intended to publish their decision in the matter of issuing the magazine weekly, in this number, the matter has for the present been laid over for further consideration.

N. P.—Yes, we believe the Mutual Marriage Aid Association to be an excellent institution. Some uncertainty, of course, exists as to the amount your assessments would amount to, but the chances are very much in your favor.

D. D.—We will bind volumes of the FAMILY CIRCLE sent to us for from 35 cents up to 75 cents, according to the style of binding, and return them post-paid to any address in the Dominion, or, we will supply the volume bound for 50 cents additional.

W. W.—As a rule we prefer to give a cash commission to those sending us subscriptions. It gives better satisfaction than premiums. We send our liberal terms to agents free to anyone applying for them. We send the FAMILY CIRCLE free for a year to anyone sending us three subscribers and \$1.50.

M. S.—to loosen stoppers of toilet bottles, let a drop of pure oil flow round the stopper, and allow the bottle to stand a foot or two from the fire. After a time tap the stopper smartly, but not too hard, with the handle of a hair brush. If this is not effectual, use a fresh drop of oil and repeat the process. It is almost sure to succeed.

C. R.—In answer to your question "How long should children be kept from school after an infectious disease?" we quote the following from the *Academy*: With scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and small-pox, isolation is to be maintained for forty days. Chicken-pox and mumps lose their contagious power after twenty-five days.

L. W.—Sincerely yours, Faithfully yours, or Affectionately yours, are appropriate conclusions, in writing to an intimate friend. Yours etc., is rude, and Yours truly, and Respectfully yours, though often used in such letters are so commonly used in business letters that the above-mentioned phrases are felt to be warmer expressions of friendship.

T. T.—1. A gentleman should insist upon carrying any parcels a lady may have who is walking with him on the street. 2. A person making loud remarks in a picture gallery seeking to show superior knowledge in arts, shows evident signs of ill-breeding or ignorance. 3. In writing to a person who does not know whether your name should be written Mrs. or Miss, a lady should write, if married, *Mrs.* before her name and if single, *Miss* should be placed in brackets a short distance preceding the signature.

Jas. W.—An invitation from a gentleman to a lady to attend a concert, lecture, opera, or other amusement may read as follows:

"Mr. Williamson would be pleased to have Miss MacLeod's company to the Royal Musical Academy, on Friday evening, December 21, when 'Richelieu' will be played by Edwin Booth's Company."

An invitation of this kind demands an immediate answer of acceptance or regrets. A previous engagement may be a reason for rejection.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Hot Water as a Remedy for Nausea.

Dr. Morton, writing in the *Louisville Medical News*, states that "several years ago he learned from his own personal experience that no agent relieves nausea and vomiting so satisfactorily and promptly as water as hot as can be drunk. He has since used it in a large number of cases, and no remedy that he ever administered in any condition has proved more uniformly reliable. He has preserved records of many of these cases, and makes the following classification: 1. Cases in which nausea and vomiting occurred at the onset or during the course of acute febrile disease; 2. Cases in which these symptoms were caused by overloading the stomach when its functions had been impaired by protracted disease; 3. Cases in which they were produced by nauseous medicines (not emetics) at the time they were taken; 4. Cases of acute gastritis caused by the indigestion of irritants; 5. Cases in which these symptoms were purely reflex; 6. Cases of chronic gastritis; 7. Cases of colic in newly born infants; 8. Cases of flatulent distention of the stomach in adults."

We have used hot water in similar cases for the past ten years with most excellent success, and can recommend it as one of the best known means for the purpose. It should be born in mind, however, that the water must be *hot*. Warm water increases the nausea. The hot water will often accomplish the desired result, even when the nausea is the result of indigested food in the stomach, affording relief by causing contraction of the stomach, so that its contents are expelled, either by vomiting or into the intestines.

Flowers in Sleeping-rooms.

Many peculiar notions have prevailed among the laity respecting the influence of flowers, some of which have been characterized by superstition almost amounting to witchcraft. Most of these notions are without the slightest foundation. It has been noticed, however, by persons sleeping with many flowers in their bedroom, that they frequently awaken in the morning with a slight headache, and enervated, their sleep having been uneasy and unrefreshing. Dr. Reklam, an English physician, thinks these results "do not arise from any special properties of the flowers themselves. He maintains that this effect is analogous to that produced on the eyes and ears, by excessive light and by loud sounds, being, in fact, caused by a continual strain on the olfactory nerves. More or less similar consequences arise, it is remarked, from a bright light being kept burning in a bedroom, or from the noise of the wind and vehicles passing by, the brain being disturbed from its wonted rest by these external influences. The moderate use of perfumes, it is argued, cannot be regarded as injurious. In fact, the suggestion is made that the sense of smell is usually less exercised than it might be, the instance being quoted of the comparatively limited number of experts in distinguishing perfumes."—*Good Health*.

A Doctor on Thirst-Quenching.

The following suggestions for those who need a liberal supply of drink in hot weather—especially in the case of harvesters, day laborers, ball players, cricketers, etc.—are worthy of attention:

"When you have any heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar. The proportions are a quarter of a pound of oat meal to two or three quarts of water, according to the heat of the day and your work and thirst; it should be well boiled, and an ounce or an ounce and a-half of brown sugar added. If you find it thicker than you like, add three quarts of water. Before you drink it, shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer, drink this cold; in winter, hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If you cannot boil it, you can take a little oatmeal mixed with cold water and sugar, but this is not so good; always boil it if you can. If at any time you have to make

a very long day as in harvest, and cannot stop for meal, increase the oatmeal to half a pound or even three-quarters and the water to three quarts if you are likely to be very thirsty. For quenching thirst few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar. One ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water and cooled is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cool tea has the same effect, but neither is so supporting as oatmeal."

When to Bathe.

The *London Lancet* gives some timely hints about beginning out-of-door bathing. If the weather be chilly, it says, or there be a cold wind so that the body may be rapidly cooled at the surface while undressing, it is not safe to bathe. Under such conditions the further chill of emersion in cold water will take place at the moment when the reaction consequent upon the chill of exposure by undressing ought to occur, and this second chill will not only delay or altogether prevent the reaction, but convert the bath from a mere stimulant to a depressant, ending in the abstraction of a large amount of animal heat and congestion of the internal organs and nerve centres. The actual temperature of the water does not affect the question so much as its relative temperature as compared with that of the surrounding air. The aim must be to avoid two chills; first from the air, and second, from the water, and to make sure that the body is in such a condition as to secure a quick reaction on emerging from the water, without relying too much on the possible effect of friction by rubbing. It will be obvious, therefore, that both weather and wind must be carefully considered before bathing is begun, and that the state of the organism as regards fatigue and the force of the circulation should also be considered, not merely as regards the general habit, but the special condition when a bath is to be taken. These precautions are eminently needful in the case of the young or weakly.

Frightened to Death.

The *London Daily News* mentions a "joke" which had a fatal termination, and comments upon it as follows: "A girl of eighteen, named Harriet Etherington, has just been frightened to death at Brockley. She was walking on a lonely road beside a cemetery, when a man with something white round his face 'flew out at her.' Probably the neighborhood of the graves may have disposed her to be readily alarmed. She went home, told her story, and fell down dead at her father's table.

"There is a class of idiots who think it amusing to play on the nerves of women in this manner. To be frightened terribly by a person in a hideous disguise who leaps out suddenly in the dark, a girl need not be superstitious, or inclined to believe in churchyard spectres. The suddenness of the attack might startle even a man of strong nerve for a moment. To a girl, still more to a child, such an attack may mean simply murder."

Old Potatoes.

At this season of the year, those who eat potatoes must be content either with those which are old, or new ones which are unripe, at least in most parts of the Dominion. It ought to be known and remembered, just at this time, that both old and unripe potatoes contain a poisonous substance known as *solanine*. Potatoes which have begun to sprout are certain to contain a quantity of this poison, and hence should be avoided, unless very great care is taken to remove the sprouts very perfectly, and then they are better buried than eaten.

Poisonous Stockings.

It is reported that many of the colors in the new styles of colored hose are poisonous, the greens being almost certain to be of a dangerous character. The usual symptoms first noticed are swelling of the feet and irritation of the skin of the parts in contact with the stocking. Black, red, and brown are safe colors, and on this account should be selected in preference to others. It is probable there are many more cases of poisoning from this source than are discovered, the difficulty being attributed to some other cause.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Basket bonnets are in favor.
 High collars on dresses are much worn.
 Little capes and small mantles are all the rage.
 Lace upon day dresses is very popular this season.
 Copper in various shades is the rival of tobacco or cigar color.
 Gold braid is much used, even for trimming morning dresses.
 Black silk stockings and long black silk jersey gloves will again be worn with toilets of white.
 New braiding and embroidery designs are done in the damier or checker-board pattern of blocks for trimming muslin dresses.
 Seaside suits of flannel serge will be worn in all colors, but bright tints and white will be preferred by young ladies and misses.
 Pretty tea-aprons are made of Oriental net, with ruffles of Oriental lace over strawberry surah, and also of ficelle lace over pale-blue satin.
 Kate Greenaway handkerchiefs of white silk, with gayly colored figures of old-fashioned children on the hem, are knotted as cravats for little boys to wear with their kilt suits.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CHICKEN PIE.—Divide the chicken at all the joints and boil until tender; season with salt and pepper, make a nice, rich biscuit dough and roll to an inch thickness; line your pan or pudding dish on the sides only, letting the crust roll down over the edge of the pan; put in the chicken, and add butter generously and flour enough to thicken the gravy; let it boil up good, then pour over the meat until covered; boil the top crust and cover, having previously seasoned to taste, pressing the crust well over the edges, cut, mix in the minced parsley and serve immediately.

BOILED CHICKENS.—Clean, wash and stuff as for roasting, sew each up in thin muslin, or tarlatan, fitted closely to the shape, put on in plenty of boiling salted water, boil twelve minutes to the pound (taking the heavier chicken as the standard) if tender, if doubtful take a longer time, and cook more slowly; when done, lay upon a heated dish, and pour over them a cupful of drawn butter, made from the pot liquor, thickened with butter rolled in flour, and with an egg beaten up in it with a little chopped parsley.

SUMMER EGGS.—Butter a dish, and break into it a number of eggs, taking care that they do not encroach upon each other enough to break the yolks. Sprinkle pepper and salt over them, put a small piece of butter upon each, and add a table-spoonful of cream for each egg. Bake in a hot oven until the whites are set.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—Take one-half pint of milk, three-quarters pint of bread crumbs, sugar to taste, four eggs, one ounce of butter, three ounces of currants, one-quarter teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Make the milk boiling, and pour it on the bread crumbs; let these remain till cold; then add the other ingredients, taking care that the eggs are well beaten, and the currants well washed, picked and dried. Beat the pudding well, and put it into a buttered basin; tie it down tightly with a cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and boil for one and one-quarter hours; turn it out of the basin, and serve with sifted sugar. Any odd pieces or scraps of bread answer for this pudding; but they should be soaked over night, and, when wanted for use, should have the water well squeezed from them.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup suet, chopped fine; one cup seeded raisins or currants; one cup sugar; one egg; one cup sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; two heaping cups flour; half teaspoonful salt. Steam one and a-half hours. *Sauce.*—one tablespoonful corn starch, three of sugar; a little bit of butter; flavor to taste. Mix with a little cold water; then add boiling water as for starch.

JELLY CAKE.—Two eggs, one scant cup of sugar, same of flour, one level teaspoonful each of salt, soda, and cream tartar. This makes three layers.

COCONUT PUDDING.—Beat two eggs very light, stir them in with a coffee-cup full of fresh milk, add one-quarter of a pound of grated coconut, three tablespoonfuls each of grated bread and powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cupful of raisins and the grated peel of a lemon. Beat all until well mixed. Butter the bottom and sides of a cold pudding-dish and pour the mixture in; bake slowly for an hour, then turn it out on a platter, scatter powdered sugar over it and serve with or without fruit. Oranges cut up are very nice with it. The pudding-dish should be cold when buttered, so that more butter will adhere to it, and then the pudding will turn out smoothly.

THE TOP CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one cupful of butter, four eggs, one cupful of milk, one pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of chopped figs, half a grated nutmeg, one small teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flour to make it of proper consistency.

CANNED FRUIT.—The fruit put up in tin cans should be taken out when the can is opened for use. If allowed to remain after the can is opened, the action of the acid juices upon the tin when exposed to the air may form acetate of tin, which is poisonous. Pour the fruit out into glass or earthenware dishes, and the danger of poisoning is avoided.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying.—That a little saltpetre worked into butter that has become sour or rancid will render it sweet and palatable.—That penny-royal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away.—That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house.—That lime sprinkled in fireplaces during summer months is healthful.—That Spanish brown mixed with a little water, will make the hearths look pretty. A pound costs ten cents, and will last two months; use a little at a time.—That leaves of parsley, eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequences of tainted breath by onions.—That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a sick-chamber.—That oil-paintings hung over the mantelpiece are liable to wrinkle with the heat.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

HOW TO WASH LACES.—Take a quart bottle and cover it over with the leg of a soft, firm stocking, sew it tightly above and below. Then wind the collar or lace smoothly around the covered bottle; take a fine needle and thread and sew very carefully around the outer edge of the collar or lace, catching every loop fast to the stocking. Then shake the bottle up and down in a pailful of warm soap-suds, occasionally rubbing the soiled places with a soft sponge. It must be rinsed well after the same manner in clean water. When the lace is clean, apply a very weak solution of gum arabic and stand the bottle in the sunshine to dry. Take off the lace very carefully when perfectly dry. Instead of ironing, lay it between the white leaves of a heavy book; or, if you are in a hurry, iron on flannel between a few thicknesses of fine muslin. Done up in this way, lace collars will wear longer, stay clean longer, and have a rich, new, lacy look that they will not have otherwise.

TO REMOVE PAINT.—One pound of soft soap, one pound of soda; dissolve in one pint of boiling water; lay a thick coat (while hot) upon the paint with a brush; leave it for one or two hours until it begins to soften the paint, then scrape off and repeat. When all is removed wash thoroughly with clean water.

FOR FRECKLES.—Muric acid, one drachm; rain-water, a-half pint, spirits of lavender, a-half teaspoonful; mix. Apply it two or three times a day to the freckles with a bit of lichen or camel-hair pencil. Should the application irritate the skin, use as a lotion: almond mixture, one pint; Goulard's extract, one-half drachm.

NEW PAILS.—To remove the unpleasant taste which is frequently observable from new wooden vessels is a thing difficult of accomplishment. *The Breuing World* says that the simplest plan, and one that will succeed in most cases, is to scald them thoroughly several times in boiling water, then dissolve some pearlash of soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessels well in the solution. Afterward scald them several times thoroughly as before.


OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

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

ROBERT BURNS.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

 N the summit of Ben Brock, surrounded by antlered sumachs and rustling hazels, screened from the hot afternoon sun of July by festoons of wild woodbine and cglantine, I have spent a pleasant hour or so in reading the poetry of Robert Burns. Heavy clouds hang over the woods away to the South, the sun sheds brilliant radiance on forest and stream. A fish hawk high over the valley, with keen eye looks for the flash of scale or fin in the valley below. A light breeze blows from the west, and creeping up the hillside through thickets of shrub and scented blossom, reaches the top and ripples across the fields of ripening wheat beyond.

All this is beautiful and beautifully does it all blend with the verses I have just been reading, for example

"Blaw saft ye westlin winds, blaw saft,
Bring hame the laden bees."

Natural affinity connects the charm of this rural scene with the words of that Scottish farmer who living in a different age and in a different land from this, blended with a power almost unparalleled the harmony of the human soul with the sympathetic sounds which issue from the harp of universal nature. Because by his immortal words we are enabled to give some utterance to the joy-notes awakened by the touches of nature, we seek a more intimate acquaintance with the *m m*.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a humble cottage on the banks of the Doon, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, in the misty realm of Scotland. His father, driven by stress of misfortune from one place to another, settled in 1772 in the parish of Tarbolton. Robert, at this time, had made creditable progress in learning, and thus speaks of himself—I was by no means a favorite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot* piety because I was then but a child. Though it cost the school-master some thrashings I made an excellent English scholar."

Soon after the call to work on his father's farm kept him from school. Old ballads beat music in his brain as he toiled at home, and when one harvest day about his sixteenth year a 'bonnie lass' his companion in the labor of the field, kindled the flame—he celebrated her charms in the little ballad "O once I loved a bonnie lass." From this time he was "constantly the victim of some fair e. laver." But over all was his powerful and pathetic love for poetry and nature.

At Irvine, whither he went in 1781, to learn the trade of a flax-dresser, he contracted acquaintanceship with a few, more, noted for their levity than their decorum. It is probable therefore that at this place he laid the foundation of those intemperate habits which finally proved so disastrous. And thus it was that at the time of his father's death, he, a young man of intensely poetical temperament and dangerously free social habits—with a loving heart—a keen perception and honest hatred of all sham—an independent mind and an all too thoughtless view of the present, was plunged in the battle of life.

Robert, in partnership with his brother Gilbert, leased the farm of Mossiel, studied the theory of agriculture and worked bravely from morning till night and—failed. At this time whispers as to his poetical ability took a more definite tone. "Holy Willie's Prayer" appeared, and excited unbounded admiration among some, and among others dismay.

His power of sarcasm was shown and he was felt to be a giant in the country-side. But love's intricate path he still persisted in following. In 1785 he met Jean Armour. The result was distressing. To avoid the responsibility which

their intercourse involved he determined to leave Scotland for the West Indies. In consequence of a friend's remonstrance he consented to see Jean and in the end "conceded to her tears and affliction what ought to have proceeded from love and duty." He gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage.

Strange as it may appear it was at this very time that that simple and true-hearted girl, Mary Campbell, faded from life, after imbuing the heart of the poet with the deepest passion it ever felt. But his heart though never steadfast, always retained its sensibility, and therefore often felt in after years the torture of remorse. His poems published at Kilmarnock on the eve of his expected departure for the Torrid Zone, were rapturously received by high and low. A letter from Dr. Blackwood asking him to come to Edinburgh changed his plans. He went to the capital of his country and was shown the greatest attention. Fame at last was his, and money.

He became intimate with the highest, was lauded to the skies by them, yet he never for a moment forgot the persons of his own rank with whom he had been happy in obscurer days. And this was well, for when the gentry tired of him, he returned to Mossiel and mingled once more with the friends of his boyhood.

His second edition of poetry came out in Edinburgh, was published by subscription, and brought him, besides universal applause, £500.

In 1788 he was publicly married to Jean Armour. He worked hard at farming, and in his leisure hours fashioned the lyrics whose music at the present time is wafted on the sultry air of Hindostan, and lingers with pathetic charm in the cedar-dells of Canada.

But for years a cloud of melancholy seemed to shadow the poet's life. In October 1789, he wrote on the anniversary of Mary Campbell's death, the touching lines beginning "Thou lingering star." The autumn of 1791 was signalized by the production of that matchless tale, "Tam O'Shanter." In the same year he retired with his wife and family to the town of Dumfries, intending to find support as an Exciseman, to which office he had been appointed some years before. Here he was destined to spend the remainder of his days. The follies of his youth were soon to bear bitter fruit. Intemperance, pecuniary difficulty, despondency, took almost complete possession of him; and in the gloom, a great many deserted him without one word of comfort. When asked to join a country ball, he shook his head, saying these words of Lady Baillie:

"Oh, were we young as we once hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green
And linking it over the hilly-white lea,
But were na my heart light I wad dee."

The years came and went and the end drew near. On the 21st July, 1796, the earthly life of this noble but ill-fated genius was terminated; and all at once the world awoke to the magnitude of its loss. In the time which has elapsed since his death a great deal has been written and said about him. With his poems before us we are content, and can well leave the discussion of his faults and foibles to others, and turn with relief to a short and hurried review of the good which he has bequeathed us. His poetry is the outcome of a noble life which was envied by manifold temptations. Many and cruel were the shocks he received, and his verses are all the result of direct contact with the intensest movements of his times.

He saw the best of everything; but alas! he was never free to mount to his ideal, and even the consolation of being permitted to sing the joys and sorrows of those in the humble vale was not entirely given him. And thus his whole life was a protest. Misfortunes in many forms presented itself before him, but amid all he held a proud independence of thought and a full consciousness of the grand power of the human soul.

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

The strength and tenderness of his love for all living creatures is a marked characteristic of his poetry—for example, read his "Twa Dogs," "Address to the De'il," "A Winter Night," "To a Mouse." In "John Anderson, my Jo," the felicity of a life-long union is very beautifully shown:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

In "The Cottar's Saturday Night," we have a glimpse into the Scottish home; in "Tam O'Shanter," we are shown all the phases of dramatic change; in the "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson," we see the highest form of poetry called on to extol a beautiful human life. But we might mention scores of poems, each distinguished by naturalness and force, and each interpreting in the clearest manner, problems which had perplexed the sages of former years. The dialect in which he wrote—Lowland Scotch—he made classical. The hills and streams of his native land, his muse has made forever famous. He sleeps in the dust while his voice, with a full, free tone, echoes around the earth.

"Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang!
Then a fauldin' let us gaug,
My bonny dearie."

How George Eliot Began Writing.

As everything connected with George Eliot is of deep interest, I will briefly narrate the account George Henry Lewes gave me and my wife, some twelve years ago, of the first essay of the author of "Adam Bede" in fiction, which confirms Miss Blind's anecdote in her "George Eliot." He was calling on us here, and in the course of talk he said to Mrs. Macquoid, "We always take an interest in your work, apart from its merit, because of the likeness of the circumstances which induced you and Mrs. Lewes to write. Would you like to hear how my wife began?" He then went on to say, "We were living at Richmond. I had more than once asked her to try if she could write fiction, but she always said she did not think she had power to do it. One day I went to town early. When I came home in the evening she read to me the beginning of 'Amos Barton'—the tea-party. 'Well, I said, 'that is very good, but I always knew you had humor. Do pathos as well and you will make a fortune.' She said she was afraid pathos was not in her power. I told her it was a pity, because the one gift required the presence of the other. But I believed she had the power. Not long afterward I had to dine in town. When I was starting she said to me, 'Do not hurry home; I do not want to be disturbed this evening.' When I came home late at night she read to me Milly's death. I was delighted. I said, 'You'll do now.'"—Thomas h. Macquoid.

Midnight.

Darkness hangs its pall so gloomy
Over all the earth and air,
Not a single starlight glimmers
Through the blackness anywhere;
Clothed in garments sombre, silent,
Nature sits in deep repose,
While the wayward wandering zephyr
Tosses perfume from the rose.

Wrapped in sorrow's midnight mantle,
Many hearts to-night I know
Mourn in darkness o'er life's troubles,
Trials, tribulations, woe,
But should Heaven amid their sorrow
Breathe like breezes on the flowers,
Surely perfumes sweet would scatter
Fragrance through their darksome hours.

—By Mrs. Emma M. A. Bliss.

SELECTED.

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

Why?

I did not love him long ago;
Instead of "yes" I gave him "no."
I did not love him, but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,
Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over that whispered "no"? And why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?
No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.
Sure I am glad to know the wound
I gave has healed—that he has found
Love's blessedness and peace, and yet
A woman never can forget
The man who once has loved her, and
To-day I seem to see him stand.
With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for "yes."
His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead!
And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,
He must be glad that, long ago,
Instead of "yes" I gave him "no."
Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

A Little Money.

A woman ought to have her own purse, great or small; whichever it may be—ten, fifty, a hundred or a thousand dollars, according to circumstances, but her own, for which she accounts only to herself.

Would you know "why"—you gentlemen who make your wives render an account of pence and farthings?

Well, then, a maid-servant knocks down a teacup, a servant breaks a glass; or suddenly teapot, cup and glass all at once fall in pieces, and nobody has broken them, and so on. The wife, who has not her own purse, but who must replace the cups and glass, goes to her husband, relates her misfortune, and begs for a little money to make good the damage.

He scolds the servants, and his wife, who ought to look after the servants.

"Money, indeed! A little money! Money does not grow out of the ground, nor yet is it rained down from Heaven. Many small brooks make a great river," and such like.

At last he gives a little money, and remains often in a very ill humor.

Again, if the wife have her own little purse, then such little vexations never come near him. Children, servants, misfortune, remain the same, but no disorder is remarked—all is in order, and the head of the house—who, perhaps, with the greatest ease could lay down a thousand dollars at once—need not for a few pence, squeezed out at different times, lose the equipoise of his temper, which is as invaluable to the whole house as to himself.

And dost thou reckon as nothing, thou unfeeling nabob, those little surprises—those little birthday and name-day pleasures with which thy wife can give herself the delight of surprising thee—those thousand small pleasures which, unexpected as falling stars, gleam like them on the heaven of home, and which must all come to thee from the affection of thy wife through a little money, which thou must give to her in the gross in order to receive again in the small, with rich interest of comfort and happiness.

To every true woman's heart it is indescribably delightful to give—to feel itself alive in the satisfaction and happiness of others; it is the sunshine of the heart. Besides this, a little freedom is so refreshing.

Express Your Love, Husband.

How many a home have we seen glittering with splendor; where glowing marble, from Italia's clime, gives a silent welcome to the entering guest; where on the walls hang votive offerings of art that fill the whole soul with their beauty; where the carpets yield to the lightest pressure, and the rich hangings crimson the palest cheek! Yet amidst all this show and adorning has the proud wife sat, the choicest piece of furniture there—for so her husband regards her. Formal and stern, he has thrown around her the drapery of his chill heart, and it has folded her about like marble. She is "my lady," and nothing more. No out-bursts of affection in the form of sweet praise fall upon her ears—yet pendants of diamonds drop therefrom, but their shining is like his love, costly and cold. We have heard such a one say, in times gone by, "all this wealth, all this show and pride of station would I resign, for one word of praise from my husband. He never relaxes from the lottiness which has made him feared among men; he never speaks to me but with measured accents, though he surrounds me with luxuries."

We wondered not that a stifled sob closed the sentence; who had not rather live in a cottage, through which the wind revels and the raindrops fall, with one in whose heart dwells impulses the holiest in our nature, one who is not ashamed or afraid to give fitting commendation, than in the most gorgeous of earthly palaces, with a companion whose lips are sealed forever to the expressions of fondness, sympathy, and praise. There are thousands of men who say: "I would pay one thousand pounds could my wife only regain her health as at our marriage." Give those pounds in expressive love and she will recover.—*Matrimonial Review.*

Making Presents.

Some tact is required in making presents. Never intimate your intention of making one. Half the pleasure in receiving a present consists in its being unexpected. Avoid the appearance of making your gifts of consequence. When you have presented it, and acknowledgments have been rendered, do not recur to the subject; but if its merits have been highly extolled, and the person who has received it evinces lively satisfaction, express your happiness that he is pleased, and say that his opinion of it constitutes the value of the gift; at the same time, do not fall in the vulgar error of depreciating it. The gifts made by ladies to gentlemen should be of the most refined nature; not purchased, but deriving a value above price as emanating from their own skill or ingenuity; as a sketch from their pencil, or some little production from their needle. However small or insignificant a present may be, if offered to you, accept it with expressed thanks; not to manifest much pleasure in receiving it would not only betray ill-breeding, but a disregard for the feelings of the giver, whom you may be certain intended a kindness. We should preserve the presents of friendship with scrupulous care, and ought never to dispose of them, or to give them away to another. It would be very gratifying to the donor were we to speak of it occasionally whenever a suitable opportunity offers; and in proportion as time has elapsed, this attention will confer the more pleasure, and it will prove that we have preserved the gift with care.

How to Furnish Rooms.

Rooms belonging to rich and cultivated amateurs, are generally either over-furnished or under-furnished. The *objects de vertu*, which have been collected at such pains and cost, because they are the fashion, have little reason to be where they are found, however beautiful they may be. They crowd the house till it looks like a curiosity shop; or else they are frugally scattered with a palpable aim to seem select, and their fewness and goodness carry a sort of self-consciousness and affectation with them.

Now, when we enter a room, the first feeling ought to be, "how comfortable!" the second, as we glance quickly around to discover *why*, ought to be "how beautiful!" not a touch too much or too little. The art is to conceal art, and when the impression is that of hyper-refinement, just as when it is that of depletion, or of conspicuous wealth, we may be sure the room is not perfect. Directly affectation enters, beauty decamps. A room should be treated, as much as possible,

as a picture. In a picture, monotonous angels as in panelled walls, would be judiciously broken by the shrewd introduction of some bracket, shelf or plate. Yet, most people still enunciate the angularity of panels, by stretching square pictures in the middle of each. If the panel is of good oak, let us now and then see its fine fabric, unspotted by hanging things. But because one panel is left bare, do not leave all the panels without ornament. Suspend a handsome drooping object of some sort so as to break the lines a little without causing a disagreeable shock to the eye, or place some tall palm plant, so as to serve the same purpose. But plants, young trees and bushes are not often enough used and appreciated, even by those who love flowers.

Beauty in dress, beauty in decoration, like beauty in architecture, largely rest upon character—the human soul within, about, behind it. Individuality supplies the interest; as in a picture. Harmony, like a charitable mood, is the other secret, an open secret, yet somehow as hard to find as genuine charity. To find a beautiful room, or a beautiful costume, is to find a human soul, for the heart and brain shine through tint and fold. Hence, how needful that a pure mind and a genial soul should be clothed about with what is individual and genuinely their own, rather than with some concoction foreign to them, which may speak for itself an alien language.—*Temple Bar.*

Columbus' Love Story.

According to the ideas of his time Columbus was a religious man. He diligently frequented a conventual church of the city, but though his first attendance there may have been prompted by disinterested devotion, there were other reasons for the increased assiduity with which he continued them. There was, connected with the convent, a girls' school for the daughters of well-to-do citizens, and the pupils were in the habit of regularly hearing mass in the church. One of them—would that we could recall her features, long mouldered into dust—attracted the admiration and love of the weary mariner. There must have been considerable disproportion in their ages, for he was no longer young, but he was convinced he had met his fate, and the inquiries he made confirmed his ardor. She was the daughter of a distinguished sailor, Bartolomeo Palestrello, who had been Governor of Porto Santo. Her father had died without leaving behind him any fortune; but her mother still survived, and must have possessed means of her own.

Columbus was accepted as a suitor, and, what to young men in these times must seem a very extraordinary course of procedure, after his marriage he and his wife took up their abode with his mother-in-law. We would give a good deal to know more of that love story; how it was, for instance, that the castaway adventurer reduced to earn his living by drawing charts, managed so to ingratiate himself with the mother, whose husband's position might have enabled her to look higher for her daughter. He must surely have been not only a devoted lover but a man of a good deal of tact, with great power of adapting himself to circumstances. At any rate, the union proved a happy one. We fancy that the suitor must have won the mother's heart by the interest he showed in her deceased husband's achievements; for after the marriage much of the conversation turned on this subject, and Columbus heard what fired his soul with emulation. Palestrello had been a man of much enterprise, and he had left behind him papers and maps, which proved to be of more service to his son-in-law than any wealthy inheritance.

A Notable Meeting.

An official in the Washington Post Office is responsible for the following true story:

Before the war there lived in Pennsylvania a large and influential family by the name of Hurlburt. Several years before the war, the parents having died, the family became scattered, an elder brother, Charles, having last been heard from in Florida.

When the war broke out Albert Hurlburt joined the Union army, and when the terrible strife was ended he returned to his home, and subsequently emigrated to Virginia, where he resided seven years, and finally drifted to Washington, where he obtained a position in one of the departments. He now holds a position in the Post Office Department,

where he is honored and respected by all who know or come in contact with him. It was thirty years or more since the two brothers met.

Monday morning, Charles, who has been living in the land of orange fields in Florida, walked into the stamp division of the Post Office Department and there sat his brother Albert.

As Charles entered the room the eyes of the brothers met. After grasping hands and looking at each other for some time Albert broke the silence by saying: "There is something about your face that looks familiar, but I cannot place you."

"The elder brother replied: "Don't you remember Charlie?" "Charlie who?" said Albert.

"Charlie Hurlburt, your brother," returned the elder.

The younger was completely unnerved for an instant, while, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips, he turned to his fellow clerks and said: "This is my brother whom I have so often spoken to you about, whom I have not seen for thirty-one years, and supposed was dead." The eyes of the elder brother were suffused with tears, and arm in arm they left the office together. It was a touching incident, and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Charles is now a successful orange grower in Florida, owning large tracts of valuable land, and in comfortable circumstances.

Employment in the City.

A large proportion of all the young men and women who come to the cities to get employment belong to the class that have no acquired skill in anything, and no distinct ideas as to what they are good for. Perhaps they advertise that they "would be willing to engage in any respectable business." But employers do not rush after those who have no specialty, who have spent their early youth without discovering an aptitude for some one calling, and cultivating such honest ambition to excel in it as would lead to practical qualification. It is these nothings in particular who are a constant dead weight on the Christian associations. There may be a list of applicants with responsible situations to be filled, and numbers of persons wanting situations: but you cannot fill a square hole with a round stick nor sell wool in the fleece to a man in immediate need of a coat.

The wealth and competition in cities and large towns make the struggle for the "survival of the fittest" a hard one for the workman in the raw. However great the demand for labor, the instances are rare in which there is not a steady over-supply in all departments. This enables employers to make careful selections. They cannot afford to hire incompetent hands even at low wages. If they do, they are apt to find the cheapest the dearest, at the same time that the unlearned workman is finding out that the shortest way across is the longest way around.

What a Boston Woman Says.

I am a milliner, and I have made between \$1,500 and \$2,500 a year in my business for some time past. I married four years ago. My husband is kind and good-looking, but he never learned any trade, had no profession, and could not average \$500 a year. I loved him, however, but I saw that it would not do to depend upon him, so I kept on with my business.

After a time I think he got a little lazy, and as we were both away during the day we could not keep house and get boarding. Finally I proposed that he should keep house, and I would run the business and find the money. We have now lived very happy in this way for two years. My husband gets up and builds the fire, gets breakfast, and I leave at 7:45 for my place of business. He does the washing and ironing, the cleaning, and I do not know of any woman who can beat him. He is as neat as wax, and can cook equal to any one in town.

I may be an isolated case, but I think the time has now come when women who have husbands to support should make them do the work; otherwise they are luxuries we must do without.—*Boston Globe.*

When Carlyle said that everybody should have an aim in life, he had no reference to the fair sex. He had doubtless often seen a woman trying to throw a stone at a hen.

How Long?

How many years will it be, I wonder;
And how will their slow length pass
Till I shall find rest in silence under
The trees and the waving grass?

Many there be in the world who love it,
Who cling to its trifles and toys;
But I could never see ought to covet
Among its vanishing joys.

But once indeed was my heart elated
And pleased with a dream of its own—
A beautiful dream it was, but fated
Soon to be overthrown.

Death, like a shadow, fell and darkened
The light that had shone so clear—
How oft since then have I vainly hearkened,
And prayed for his coming near!

But he cometh not, and I only wonder
How will the long years pass
Till I shall find rest in silence under
The trees and the waving grass?

A Great Change.

"Shall we know each other there?" The minister of a fashionable church once preached a beautiful sermon on this subject. He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk in sunlit groves, by the music of waterfalls, and gaze upon aramanthine fields. And then, too, we shall know each other there," said the minister, and then added, "There'll be no strangers in the New Jerusalem; we'll all be friends." "Beautiful!" said Deacon Sham, as he trotted down the aisle. "A lovely sermon!" said Miss Simkins, as she put her bony hand into the minister's. She was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher: "Mr. —, I am glad we shall recognize each other up there." "Yes," said the minister, "It is one of the greatest consolations of our religion." "Well, I'm right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change, though; for I have attended your church for over four years, and none of the members of this society have recognized me yet. But—we shall know each other there!"

Getting His Money's Worth.

A man a little topheavy, says the *New York World*, rushed into a Sixth Avenue telegraph office, seized a telegraph blank and a stub pen with a ball of dried ink on the end, and, by propping himself against the counter, managed to write the following message:

"Kate:—I won't be home till morning.
HARRY."

"What'll that cost?" said the man, handing the message through the porthole, to the manipulator of electricity,

"Let me see. Seven words—fifteen cents."

"Fifteen, eh! How much for ten words?"

"The same price: anything not exceeding ten will cost you fifteen cents to any address in this city," answers the operator making a spring to muzzle an instrument that was sputtering as if it had delirium tremens.

"I'm bound to have the worth of my money out of your corporation, then," said the man, bracing himself against the counter as he traced on a blank this clear message:

"Incomprehensibility, manufacturers, transcendentalism, Constantinople, concavoconvex, Massachusetts, assassination, Pennsylvania, imperturbability, philoprogenitiveness."

"There, string that on your wire and send her at a 2.40 gait," said the man, with a look of vengeance in his eye.

The operator counted the words, but volunteered the information that there was no sense in the message, and that the dictionary must have been ransacked for the longest words.

I know there's no sense in it, but Kate'll understand it, all the same. She'll know I'm on a drunk, anyway, when I send a message at this hour, whether it's sense or not. I made 'em long, on purpose to break the back of your machine. Shovel 'em in, and start the crank. I'm in for a good time. Never mind the expense. Here's your fifteen cents." And the man ran out and hailed a passing cab.

Paid in His Own Coin.

A good story is going about the clubs concerning a New York millionaire who owns a big stock farm in New Jersey. He has put in force strict rules about the admittance of curiosity-seekers, and if one happens to get in, he is soon hustled off. The other day a neighboring farmer called on business. He had never been on the place before, and entering at a gate he found open was strolling around looking for the superintendent, when the owner, who happened to be there, encountered him. Supposing him to be merely an idler or prying person he asked him what he was doing there. The farmer, taken aback by such an address, replied, "Nothing." The owner said, "Do you know at which gate you came in?" "I do," said the farmer. "Well then," said the owner, "get out there as soon as you can;" and the farmer walked out. Shortly after the superintendent came up and enquired if neighbor so-and-so had been there. He was the only one anywhere about who had timber they wanted very much, and they wanted it immediately. He had promised to come that morning to see about the sale of it. "Well," said the owner of the farm, "I shouldn't wonder if I had just sent him off with a flea in his ear. I found a man strolling about here, and supposing him to be one of these stragglers I cleared him out. Where does he live? I will drive over and see him." Off he started at once. Reaching the farmhouse he drove in, and seeing him he began an apology, but was cut short by the farmer, who enquired if he knew at which gate he came in. He said he did. "Then," said the farmer, "I want you to get out as quick as you can;" and the owner of the stock farm was obliged to depart.

Given to Music.

"I have warned the people of this State not to apply for a divorce," said an Arkansas judge, who was approached by a troubled gentleman for the purpose of a dissolution consultation. "Under the law there are but few grounds for divorce."

"I don't know, judge, that anyone has ever got a divorce on similar grounds, but, sir, I think I have the best cause in the world. My wife is a very sweet-tempered woman, and never gives me a cross word. She has always been devoted and true, and we love each other dearly."

"Then why do you want a divorce?"

"Because she's a singer."

"A singer?"

"Yes, sir, a singer. Every time there's a festival in the neighborhood she has to sing. Why, sir, she'll leave my breeches with a patch half sewed on to go out somewhere and sing. I don't hear anything but songs. When there's a charity concert anywhere within reach she has to go and sing. She's so given to the habit that when I ask her a question she sings at me. She pours out coffee by note, and pats her foot when she hands around the bread. What do you think of these grounds?"

"New but striking. Your case will go through the courts without a hitch."

Such Things Will Happen.

"Are you a Christian?" asked a young lad of the period of a grocery man, as that gentleman was placing vegetables out in front of the grocery one morning. "Well, I hope so," answered the grocery man. "I try to do what is right." "Then how is it that you put out a box of great big sweet potatoes, and when we order some and they come to the table they are little bits of things, not bigger than a radish? Do you expect to get to heaven on such small potatoes when you use big ones for a sign?" asked the boy, as he took out a silk-handkerchief and brushed a speck of dust off his nicely-blacked shoes. The grocery man blushed and said he did not mean to take any such advantage of his customers. He said it must have been a mistake of the boy that delivers groceries. "Then you must hire the boy to make mistakes, for it has been so every time we have had sweet potatoes for five years," said the boy. "And about greer corn. You have a few ears stripped down to show how nice and plump it is, and if we order half-a-dozen ears there are only two that have got any corn on at all, and pa and ma gets them, and the rest of us have to chew cobs." "Oh, such things will happen," said the grocery man, with a laugh. "But don't let's talk about that. Let's talk about something else."

A Veteran Benefactor.

HIS PAST LIFE, PRESENT PLANS, AND WHAT HE HAS TO SAY UPON A SUBJECT THAT ASTONISHED HIM.

(New York Times.)

Nearly forty years ago a young man, of unusual endowments, began to mould public opinion upon a subject of vital importance. Like all pioneers, his early efforts were unsuccessful, but his ability and the value of his work soon won public confidence, and to day there is not a village or hamlet in the country that has not been influenced by Dr. Dio Lewis. When, therefore, it was learned yesterday that he contemplated the establishment of a large magazine in this city, the fact was deemed so important that a representative of this paper was commissioned to see him and ascertain the truth of the rumor.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a gentleman of sixty years and two hundred pounds, with snow-white hair and beard, but probably the most perfect picture of health and vigor in the metropolis. He is a living exponent of his teachings, and notwithstanding the amount of work he has already done, promises still greater activity for years to come. He received the interviewer most courteously, and in reply to a question said;

"It is true that I have come to New York to establish a monthly magazine. I have come here for the same reason that I went to Boston 25 years ago. Then Boston was the best platform in the country from which to speak of education. New York has now become most hospitable to progressive thoughts, and especially so to movements on behalf of physical training.

"I have reason to know the great and abiding interest of the American people in this subject. They have come to realize that the future of our country pivots upon our physical vitality, and especially upon the vigor of our women. My new magazine will bear the title 'Dio Lewis's Monthly,' and be devoted to Sanitary and Social Science. I hope through its pages to inaugurate a new departure in hygiene."

"Have you not written several books on the subject?"

"Yes, nine volumes, and some of them like 'Our Girls,' published by Harpers have had an enormous circulation, but the best work of my life I shall give the world in the new magazine. Forty years of skirmishing ought to conclude with ten years of organized warfare."

"Doctor, what is the occasion of this new interest in health questions?"

"It has come through suffering, which seems the only road to self-knowledge. The stomach, heart, kidneys or liver fall into trouble, happiness is gone, and then people give attention to their health."

"Which of these organs is most frequently the victim of our errors?" asked the Reporter.

"Within the last few years diseases of the kidneys have greatly multiplied. When I was engaged in practice, thirty-five and forty years ago, serious disease of the kidneys was rare; but now distressingly frequent and fatal."

"To what do you attribute this great increase of kidney troubles?"

"To the use of stimulating drinks, adulterated food and irregular habits of life."

"Doctor, have you any confidence in the remedy of which we hear so much now-a-days, 'Warner's Safe Cure'?"

"I believe in the ounce of prevention, rather than in a ton of cure."

"But have you noticed the remarkable testimonials of Warner's remedy?"

"I have, and confess that they have puzzled and astonished me. The commendations of proprietary medicines usually come from unknown persons residing in back countries. But I see in our most reputable newspapers the warmest praise of Warner's Safe Cure from College Professors, respectable physicians, and other persons of high intelligence and character. To thrust such testimony aside may be professional, but it is unmanly. No physician can forget that valuable additions to our *Materia Medica* have sprung from just such sources. I was so impressed with this cloud of witnesses that I purchased some bottles of Warner's Safe Cure at a neighboring drug store, and analyzed one of them to see if it contained anything poisonous. Then I took three of the prescribed doses at once, and found there was nothing injurious in it. I do not hesitate to say that if I

found my kidneys in serious trouble, I should use this remedy, because of the hopelessness of all ordinary treatment, and because when a hundred intelligent and reputable persons unite in the statement that a certain remedy has cured them of a grave malady, I choose to believe that they speak the truth.

"But as you may know, my great interest in life lies in prevention. For forty years I have labored in this field. One of the phases of my work in New England was the establishment of the Ladies' seminary at Lexington, Mass. My aim was to illustrate the possibilities in the physical training of girls during their school life. This institution became before I left it, the largest and most successful Seminary for young women owned and managed by one person, in our country. I sat down to dinner every day with a family of two hundred persons. The remarkable results of this muscle training among girls, were given in my paper published in the *North American Review* of December, 1882.

"Besides, I established the Normal Institute for Physical Training in Boston, and for ten years was its President and Manager. Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. Thomas Hoskins, Professor Leonard, and others were among its teachers, and more than four hundred persons took its diploma and went out into all parts of the land to teach the new school of gymnastics. And now the years left to me I propose to devote to the magazine which I have come here to establish. It will be the largest periodical ever devoted to this field of literature, and will present the hundred and one questions of hygiene with the simplicity of a child's talk. To this end all so-called learning will be subordinated. The magazine will be more or less illustrated, and will strive to reach a high place in the confidence and hearts of the people. In a few weeks our first number will appear, and we shall fondly hope for it a hearty welcome."

The facts above narrated are indeed most important. It is gratifying to know that the life-long experiences of a gentleman who stands without a peer in successfully demonstrating the principles of hygiene; whose heart has always been in sympathy with the afflicted, and whose brain has ever been active in planning for their relief, are to be given to the public through the pages of a magazine. And it is specially significant and proof positive of rare merit that a proprietary medicine, even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have, should be endorsed and recommended by a man so able, so reputable and of such national renown as Dr. Dio. Lewis.

An Innovation.

"My daughter is to be married next week," he said, as he sat down and removed his hat.

"And you will present her with a check for \$50,000, of course?" replied the broker.

"Well, no; that's what I called to see you about. I believe in innovation."

"You'll give her \$25,000 in cash, eh?"

"No, sir; I was thinking that you might take about \$500 and buy about \$75,000 worth of some sort of bonds."

"As an investment for an income?"

"No; for a show. Get \$1,000 bonds, if possible. Get some that are printed in red and blue ink, if you can. If they have big red or blue seals on, so much the better. If they begin, 'In the name of God, amen,' they will look the more important. See that the paper is good, the printing clear, the signature in a bold, heroic hand, and send in your bill to me. The time has gone by when the public can be fooled by a check."—*Wall Street News*.

No Bacon for the Saw.

"I feel so tired this mornin' I can hardly lift me arrum to me head."

"Why, you seemed to sleep soundly, Mr. O'Fagan; you ought to feel refreshed."

"Yis, colonel, I ought to be feelin' refreshed, but I ain't. It's sawin' wood that is the fatagin' occupashun."

"Sawing wood! When have you been sawing wood?"

"Whin have I, is it? Shure an' I dhramed that I was sawin' wood the whole blessed night, an' I didn't have aven a piece av bacon to grase the saw with. I feel broke up intirely."—*Texas Siftings*.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

After a careful examination a close contest between Scout, West Point, N. Y., Lizzie Kinnisten, Parkhill and Walter Jackson, Ottawa: the prize this month was awarded to the last mentioned.

Correct answers have also been received from George H. Toronto; Bertie, Brooklyn; Fred Thompson, Montreal; R. F. Scott, Sarnia and Willie Rice, Toronto.

A handsomely bound story-book will again be given this month to the boy or girl sending in the best and neatest set of answers to the puzzles in this number before August 5th.

JULY PUZZLES.

1

CHARADE.

Whole I am a toy.
My first is a hard substance in the earth.
My second is a ruler.
My third is a useful animal.

2.

SQUARE WORD.

A wild beast's home.
A measure of land.
A mineral.
To part by force.

3.

POETICAL PL.

A morsepir yb'a vrier's mrib,
A lolyew sropemir saw ot imh,
Dan ti saw giunthon rome.

4.

CONUNDRUM.

Make one word of New Door.

5.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole of 5 letters means reputation.

My 1, 2, 3, means queer.

My 4, 5, is a dotted representation on an escutcheon.

—Scout.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

1. Square Word:—F A M E

A D A M

M A L E

E M E U

2. Diamond Puzzle:—H

R A Y

G A M U T

H A M M O C K

G R O V E

I C E

K

3. Hidden Towns:—Dublin, Lima, Hartford, Quito.

4. Charade:—Met-a-phor.

"What a Strange Man!"

The Gallas, in South America, were much amused, when Mr. Wakefield, a missionary, entered their country.

"How many toes have you?" they asked.

"Just as many as you have," he answered.

"Will you pull that off, and let us see?" they said, pointing at his boot and shaking their heads.

When he had done so they all laughed; for even now they could not, for his stocking, see his toes. At last one exclaimed:

"What a strange man this is, to put his foot in a bag. We never heard of a man putting his foot in a bag before!"