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CANADA

OUR HOME

HOME

AND

YOUTH

SEPTEMBER

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PER YEAR

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The Abbott Myron Mason
Medical Co
238 Yonge st
Toronto

Gentlemen

again I write
to say. My wife is still
improving by the use
of your medicine - and I
believe will eventually be
entirely cured of the cancer
with which she is afflicted
and I believe the remedy
which you have to be a
great boon to humanity
wishing you every success

138 Major St
Toronto

I remain

Yours Truly
H. Slight

Examinations and consultations concerning cancers, tumors, malignant blood, etc., may be had without charge at the office, or by mail, any week day between 10 and 4 o'clock

This company have opened branch offices in Canada, and they will give or mail free to any one interested a 100-page book that contains much valuable information about the workings of this wonderful system. Canadian offices of the Abbott Myron Mason Medical Company have been removed from 238 Yonge street to 577 Sherbourne st., Toronto. In writing for book address Department H, Y.

HOME AND YOUTH

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1897

No. 2.

THE POINT OF THE PEN

CANADA'S GREATNESS.

Prof. Roberts-Austin, in his admirable paper on "The Metals of Canada," presented at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held in Toronto recently, expressed the opinion that the country which possessed the iron possessed also the gold. In other words, that the possession of iron was of more value to a country than the possession of gold, on account of the extensive demand for the former metal and the numerous industries which would be called into existence and maintained by its production, manufacture and sale. The statement may also be taken to mean that iron being a staple commodity for which the demand is constant, the country which possesses it may with certainty count on receiving gold in exchange for whatever quantity it may have to offer.

The author of this paper in demonstrating the molecular action of metals showed the impact of a cannon ball on the steel armor plate of a vessel to resemble the splash of a stone dropped into water. He illustrated the lessened effect upon the plate when 22 per cent. of nickel was incorporated with the

steel, and further showed that when 37 per cent. of nickel was contained in the plate the impact of the projectile was powerless to penetrate or destroy the armor.

The deduction drawn from these demonstrations is one of the highest interest to Canadians, namely, that the use of nickel plated armor is essential to the continued supremacy of the British navy, and that inasmuch as Canada is known to possess the largest nickel deposits of any country in the world, the Dominion becomes a very necessary part of the British empire.

This is another important link in the chain of circumstances that have lately transpired tending to make known the natural resources of Canada and its desirability as a field for enterprise, alike to those possessed of capital as well as those whose only capital is an upright character and a willingness to labor with hands and brain.

Evidence is daily accumulating to prove that Canada possesses the diversity of resources necessary to sustain a large population. The news of our mineral wealth and of the magnificent harvests that are being reaped from the fertile lands of our Northwest is

finding its way throughout Europe and the United States, with the result that the tide of population is already beginning to set in this direction. While population and capital are the most important requisites to our advancement, we desire only population of the right sort—such as will compare favorably with that which we already have—in order that we may continue to be characterized as a nation by intelligence, industry and integrity.

PROMINENT YOUNG CANADIANS.

II.

MISS EDITH THOMPSON.

It is a pleasure to be able to record the fact that bravery is characteristic of the young women of Canada as well as the young men.

Miss Edith Thompson, of Toronto, whose portrait is herewith presented to our readers, gave conspicuous evidence of her courage on the 10th of July last, by rescuing from drowning Miss Marion Stanway, a companion of about her own age.

The two young ladies, with three others, were bathing in Lake Ontario about a mile from Long Branch, when they suddenly found themselves in a deep hole, the existence of which they had not known. All but Miss Stanway were able to swim, and on finding themselves beyond their depth, struck out for the shore. Miss Thompson heard a cry, and looking back saw the hair on the head of one of her companions floating on the surface of the water. Heedless of the warnings of some lads on the shore, she immediately swam back, and grasping her unfortunate companion by the hair, succeeded in bringing her into shallow water,

when help arrived, and the unconscious young lady was placed in the hands of a physician. Three hours elapsed before she responded to the efforts made to bring her back to life.

The news of the accident and of Miss Thompson's prompt and courageous act soon became widely known, and congratulations were showered upon her. Not only so, but the incident was brought to the notice of the officers of the Royal Humane Society, with the



MISS EDITH THOMPSON.

result that she was presented by Mr. W. R. Brock with the society's medal, bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to Edith Thompson for prompt action and bravery in rescuing Tottie Stanway from drowning."

Miss Edith Thompson, who is about fifteen years of age, is the daughter of Mr. H. L. Thompson, President of the Copp, Clark Co. Miss Marion Stanway is the daughter of Mr. Geo. Stanway, Isabella street, Toronto.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Milestones, because you never see two of them together.

I LOVED MY OLD WIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

There was a dead silence at the Orchard Farm, near Alloa, when Tom Morrison announced to his mother and sisters that he was going to marry Christina Cram—she was generally called Kristy Cram. There was nothing against the woman but her age. She was good enough looking (for her age); she was a splendid housewife, having done for her brother Geordie for 20 years. But Tom was 25 and Kirsty just 22 years older! Mrs. Morrison and she had attended the same day-school, and afterwards the same finishing classes in Edinburgh. A man may not marry his mother; I believe the law also extends to the grandparents; but there is no law, canonical or civil, against joining your fortunes to your mother's friend and contemporary.

Miss Cram had nursed Johnny and had given him "sweeties." She had often stayed at The Orchard in times of sickness or gaiety. The children looked upon her as an aunt. But latterly she stayed at her own place, The Whins. Tom often went over to see her, when he could get away from the farm, and met girls there invited to be thrown in his way. None of them for him, however. Gradually Christina saw a change in Tom's behavior and wondered what was wrong. When she heard his tale she cried with laughter, but promised not to tell, and for a time Tom visited her no more. And now a wonder came to light. In his absence she fell in love with Tom. You laugh. You sneer. You say, absurd! But it is not always the absurd that occurs in life. When they next met it was at Tullibody Fair, Tom on his big half-bred, Kirsty in The

Whin's gig driven by sober Sandy Scobie. And while Tom stammered "Good-day," Kirsty blushed like a girl. Think of the ages! Tom 25. Kirsty 47. I have seen heaps of love at 47, but up to Christina's date always on the male side. Absurd or not, they were married; Tom let The Orchard to his mother, Kirsty did the same with The Whins, Geordie from the Big Stone, her own brother, becoming the tenant. Then they came to Australia.

Many mistakes were made by waiters, stewards, fellow-passengers and others. But Tom never laughed or got angry when his wife was called his sister, aunt or mother. The quiet dignity of Mrs. Morrison stopped the babblers who began to praise her handsome son. At Melbourne trouble came. They stopped at a private place whilst Tom looked for a farm to buy or rent. Why, oh! why, do people not mind their own business?

In the office of the agent a snob who had come out with them was relating with glee how "a young man married to a hag of 60 had been in the saloon with him. Married her for her money; old enough to be his grandmother; thrown away for life; and his name is Morrison." But that was the last word the man ever spoke. A lucky or unlucky blow behind his ear had stopped his gossip, muffled his clapper and ended his chatter forever.

The great criminal lawyer could not talk Tom off. The evidence of the blow was clear, though the provocation was immense. The jury disagreed. At the next assize a second jury failed to agree, but at the third time of asking the verdict was—"Guilty of manslaughter, with a strong recommendation to mercy."

Oh! wise judge! Oh! just judge!
 Merciful chances and happy fortune!
 The sentence was so light as to be
 nominal, but the shock killed Mrs.
 Morrison.

She is buried with the other Morrisons in Tullibody Churchyard, a resting-place where curious epitaphs and stones delight the antiquary. In the old church, disused since the hideous barn was built close by for a newer service, in that old building is a tablet with a strange legend:—"C. M." and beneath these initials, "I loved my old wife."—*Liverpool Weekly Telegraph.*

THE COSTLIEST BOOK.

The most expensive book ever published in the world is said to be the official history of the War of the Rebellion, now being issued by the government of the United States, at a cost up to date of about £477,000. Of this amount, £236,858 has been paid for printing and binding. It will require at least three years longer to complete the work, and the total cost is expected to reach nearly £600,000. It will consist of 112 volumes, including an atlas which contains 178 plates and maps, illustrating the important battles of the war, routes of march, and photographs of interesting scenes, places and persons. Only 51,000 copies of the book have yet been sold.

THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood,
 A calf walked home, as good calves should:
 But made a trail all bent askew,
 A crooked trail, as all calves do.
 Since then two hundred years have fled,
 And, I infer, the calf is dead.
 But still he left behind his trail,
 And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
 The trail was taken up next day
 By a lone dog that passed that way.

And then the wise bell-wether sheep
 Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
 And drew the flock behind him, too,
 As good bell-wethers always do.
 And from that day, o'er hill and glade;
 Through those old woods a path was made,
 And many men wound in and out,
 And turned and dodged and bent about,
 And uttered words of righteous wrath,
 Because 'twas such a crooked path;
 But still they followed—do not laugh—
 The first miration of that calf,
 And through this winding woodway stalked
 Because he wobbled when he walked.
 This forest path became a lane,
 That bent and turned and turned again;
 This crooked lane became a road,
 Where many a poor horse, with his load,
 Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
 And traveled some three miles in one.
 And thus a century and a half
 They trod the footsteps of that calf.
 The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
 The road became a village street,
 And this, before the men were aware,
 A city's crowded thoroughfare,
 And soon the central street was this
 Of a renowned metropolis.
 And men two centuries and a half
 Trod in the footsteps of that calf
 Each day a hundred thousand rout
 Followed the zigzag calf about;
 And o'er his crooked journey went
 The traffic of a continent.
 A hundred thousand men were led
 By a calf near three centuries dead.
 They followed still his crooked way,
 And lost one hundred years a day;
 For this such reverence is lent
 To well established precedent.
 A moral lesson this must teach
 Were I ordained and called to preach.
 For men are prone to go it blind
 Along the calf-paths of the mind,
 And work away from sun to sun
 And do what other men have done.
 They follow in the beaten track,
 And out and in, and forth and back,
 And still their devious course pursue,
 To keep the path that others do.
 But how wise the wood gods laugh,
 Who saw that first primeval calf!
 And many things this tale might teach—
 But I am not ordained to preach.

ON A STUMP IN NIAGARA.

On the 19th of July, 1853, an event took place at the Falls of Niagara which caused great excitement in the neighborhood. Three men had got into a small boat, which was speedily swamped; and being thus immersed in the water, which rushed with great force, they were hurried down the rapids. Two of the men were at once carried over the falls and perished. The other, named Avery, struck by chance on a stump in the river, midway between the Falls and Goat Island bridge, and there he agonizingly clung for security. The catastrophe drew a crowd to the brink of the rapids, and the utmost sympathy was manifested in the fate of the poor fellow.

A newspaper, published at Buffalo, gave the following account of this terrible adventure: Up to six o'clock last evening, the public were kept in a state of excitement by dispatches received at intervals from the Falls, bringing information of the situation of poor Avery, each report fluctuating between hope and fear—now expressing confidence in his eventual safety, and now almost despairing of his rescue. A large number of persons left this city by the trains for the scene of excitement, and swelled the thousands already gathered round the spot. We have been furnished with an account of the proceedings since one o'clock yesterday by an eye-witness; but we are under obligation to the operators upon Kissock's Canada line for the earliest intelligence of the result. Our informant tells us, that the man was in a part of the rapids where the rocks rise nearly to the surface of the water. A log of wood, apparently wedged tightly between the rocks, and crossed by

another, still higher out of the water was his resting-place. Here he remained, half clinging to and half perching upon the log, from which he would occasionally slip down and walk upon the rocks which were only a few inches under the water. A few feet in advance was a small fall of four or five feet, and here and on each side of him the water rushed wildly on at a speed of about forty miles an hour. A raft was constructed, formed of cross timbers, strongly fastened in a square form, a hogshead being placed in the centre. The raft was strongly secured with ropes on each side, and was floated down to the rocks upon which Avery was stationed. As it approached the spot where he stood, the rope got fast in the rocks, and the raft became immoveable. Avery then appeared to muster strength and courage, and, descending from the log, walked over to the place where the rope had caught and labored long and hard to disengage it from the rocks. After some time he succeeded, and then, with renewed energy, inspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled manfully at the rope, until he succeeded in bringing the raft from the current to his tearful resting-place. Avery now got on the raft, making himself fast thereto by means of ropes, which had been placed there for that purpose; and those on the land commenced drawing it towards the shore. It had approached within thirty feet of one of the small islands towards which its course was directed, when suddenly it became stationary in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having again caught in the rocks. All endeavors to move it were found to be in vain, and much fear was entertained that the strain upon the ropes might

break them, and occasion the poor fellow's destruction. Various suggestions were now volunteered, and several attempts were made to reach him. One man went out in a boat as far as he dared to venture, and asked him if he would fasten a rope around his body and trust to being drawn in by that. The poor fellow shook his head despondingly, as though he felt he had not strength enough remaining to make himself secure to a rope. At length a boat was got ready—a life-boat, which had arrived from Buffalo—and was launched. Seeing the preparations Avery unloosed his fastenings, with the intention of being ready to spring into the boat. Borne on by the rushing waters, and amid the breathless suspense of the spectators, the boat approached the raft. A thrill ran through the crowd—the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck the raft—a shout of joy rang forth from the shore, for it was believed he was saved—when suddenly the hope that had been raised was again destroyed; a moment's confusion followed the collision, and in the next the victim was seen in the midst of the waters, separated from his small support and struggling for life. For a minute or two the poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam towards the island, and the cry echoed from shore to shore that he would yet be saved. But soon the fact became certain that he receded from the shore—his strength was evidently failing. Gradually he was borne back into the fiercest part of the current, slowly at first, then more rapidly. Swiftly and more swiftly he approached the brink of the fatal precipice—the waters had him at last their undisputed victim, and madly they whirled him on to death, as though enraged at his

persevering efforts to escape their fury.

A sickening feeling came over the spectators when, just on the brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprang up from the waters, clear from the surface, raising himself upright as a statue, his arms flung wildly aloft, and, with a piercing shriek that rang loudly above the mocking roar of the cataract, fell back again into the foaming waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal precipice.

We have no heart for comment upon this melancholy and awful event. The fate of poor Avery will add another to the many fearful local incidents already related by the guides at the Falls; and for many years his critical situation, his hard struggles, his fearful death, will be the theme of many a harrowing tale. And visitors to the mighty cataract will seek the scene of the terrible catastrophe with a shuddering curiosity; and the timid and imaginative will fancy, in the dusk of the evening, that they still hear above the waters' roar the shriek that preceded the fatal plunge.

A FEW HINTS ON SWIMMING.

BY PETER S. M'NALLY,
Champion Long Distance Swimmer, U.S.A.

In the essential part of swimming—that is, the art of keeping the head above the water—there is really no skill at all. Confidence in the sustaining power of the water is the only secret. Keep the hands and feet well below the surface, and immerse the whole body up to the chin.

Everyone with the least smattering of physical science knows that the flotation of various bodies is exactly in proportion to the quantity of water

displaced. It will be observed, therefore, that by the simple carrying out of this principle that exactly in proportion to the immersion of the body is it sustained by the water. All practical swimmers know that when a man swims with his head and part of his shoulders out of the water he cannot endure for any length of time, because the force that ought to be used in propulsion is wasted in sustaining the body. Hollow the spine and throw the back of the head upon the shoulders.

Bulk for bulk, the body of an ordinary human being is about the same as that of water. There are, however, two exceptional portions—the head, which is somewhat heavier, and the chest, which is somewhat lighter. It is therefore essential to support the former upon the latter, as well as to make the water support both as much as possible. By hollowing the back and throwing the back of the head upon the shoulders, the heavy, solid mass of the brain is supported by the air-filled lungs, and the eyes and nostrils are kept above the surface. Move the limbs quietly. A good swimmer is at once distinguished by the ease and quietude of his movements. The slow stroke is the very essence of good swimming, while its speed is by no means contemptible.

The beginner should first become familiar with the buoyant power of the water, and then a little practice at stroking will give a mastery over the art. Swimming has to be learned but once, and for this reason no time consumed in the pursuit of this accomplishment may afterwards be reckoned as lost time. Once a swimmer, always a swimmer. Once able to swim the breast-stroke, all other methods of

swimming are at hand, and the swimmer's garb is donned for something more than a beach parade or a loaf on the sands.

The knowledge of the supporting power of the water constitutes the groundwork of all efforts in swimming or of self-preservation from drowning.

Swimming is one of the best of exercises. It develops the chest wonderfully, calling, as it does, for forward and outward strokes of the arms, bringing into action the large muscles having connection with the arms and trunk.

To be a good swimmer, and endurance swimmer, one must be strong—not in special parts, but generally so—and to acquire the necessary strength to be able to swim well and for a considerable time I know of nothing better than the dumb-bell drill as taught in in the gymnasium by Mr. Roberts. In it are found all the exercises which the follower of any physical sport may need to practise to further his specialty—and this is especially true with regard to swimming, an exercise which brings into play almost every muscle in the body. To young men who swim, and to those who intend to swim, I would advise you to develop yourselves generally, and the work of swimming will be easy and the distances you will be able to swim surprising.

Swimming develops confidence, and confidence begets courage, and courage humanity, Nature's noblest adornments.—“Men.”

“What's this card in your pocket, John?” asked his wife. “That? Oh, before I went to lunch that was a bill of fare. Now its my table of contents.”

ON WINGS OF STEEL.

Wheeling Song.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Lively.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

1. Come let us fly up - on our wings of steel _____ Yes
 2. Come let us mount and fly be-fore the whud _____ And
 3. Come lads and lass - es let us ride a - way, _____ The

p *storer* *p* *Chorus in unison. (ad lib.)* *p* on wings of steel wind be-fore the wind we ride a way

let us ride a - stride the glit'-ring wheel For ev'-ry man's a king — When
 leave all care and sor-row far be - hind _____ The air is clear and bright, — And
 time to start is at the break of day, For then the world is new, And

p the glit'-ring wheel all far be - hind the break of day *crenc.*

he is on the wing — And sor-rowdies as on he flies up - on his wings of steel. — Oh
 ev'-ry heart is light — As on wespeed, nor care nor heed up - on the glit'-ring wheel. The
 sweet the morn - ing dew. And fresh the breeze a-midst the trees as we speed on our way. — We

up - on his wings of steel
 up - on the glit'-ring wheel
 as we speed on our way

HOME AND YOUTH

4

what's so sweet in life as on to speed, With one you love be-
 sun is shin-ing bright-ly ov-er head, Each mur-mur-ing stream glides
 spurn the earth as light-ly on we go Nor think to turn un-

p as on to speed
 shines ov-er head
 as on we go

side on si-lent stee-d For ev'-ry man's a king—When
 soft-ly o'er its bed; So let us gai-ly sing—For
 til the sun is low; But ev'-ry man's a king—Whea

p on si-lent stee-d
 glides o'er its bed
 the sun is low *ff*

he is on the wing rid-ing a wheel, rid-ing a wheel, rid-ing a wheel.
 ev'-ry man's a king rid-ing a wheel, rid-ing a wheel, rid-ing a wheel.
 he is on the wing rid-ing a wheel, rid-ing a wheel, rid-ing a wheel.

1-3. when he's rid-ing a wheel.

CHORUS. (*In unison.*)

Rid-ing a wheel, a wheel, a wheel, a wheel, my

p Rub - a - dub dub dub dub

wheel, my shin-ing wheel, I soar on wings of steel, And like a king I feel; rid-ing a

cruc.

wheel, a wheel, a wheel, a wheel, I fly on wings of steel, for I feel a king when

ff

on the wing I ride my trus-ty wheel.

Fine

f

p slower



PEOPLE OF THE PAST



In the year 1761, Mrs. John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger induced Mrs. Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a stripe of dirty carpet. these things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands fortune had thrown the young African, and in a short time the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs. Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupation of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence

which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree as to read with ease the most difficult parts of the Sacred Writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and after this she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanor.

At this period, neither in the mother country nor in the colonies, was much attention bestowed on the education of the laboring classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa could afford.

Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, her mother poured out water before the rising sun—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morn, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breaker-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family, admitted her to her own table, and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honors, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her

genius, and overlooked in her favor all the disadvantages of caste and of color. So far was Phillis from repining at or resenting the prejudice which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the most humane of a more favored race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of color, a child of a long degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley; her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems, which were given to the world, seem to have been written. Her favorite author was Pope, and her favorite work the translation of the Iliad. It is not, of course, surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began, also, the study of the Latin tongue, and if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The little piece following is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise :—

Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown.
War with each principdom, throne and power is o'er,
The scene is ended, to return no more.

Oh, could my muse the seat on high behold,
 How decked with laurel and enriched with gold !
 Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
 How sweet thy anthems, how divine thy joys,
 What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain !
 What holy raptures in her numbers reign !
 To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
 To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
 To ease the anguish of the patients' heart,
 What shall my sympathizing verse impart ?
 Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound ?
 Where shall a sovereign remedy be found ?
 Look, gracious spirit ! from thy heavenly bowers,
 And thy full joys into their bosoms pour :
 The raging tempest of their grief contr. I,
 And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
 To eye the path the saint departed trod,
 And trace him to the bosom of his God.

The following passage on Sleep, from a poem of some length, on the Providence of God, shews a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression :—

As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
 So may we trace him in the night's repose.
 Say, what is sleep ? And dreams, how passing strange !
 When action ceases and ideas range
 Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
 Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
 Here in soft strains the dreaming lover sighs
 To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy ;
 On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
 The lab'ring passions struggle for a vent.
 What power, O man ! thy reason then restores,
 So long suspended in nocturnal hours ?
 What secret hand returns the mental train,
 And gives improved thine active powers again ?
 From thee, O man ! what gratitude should rise !
 And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes
 Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
 How merciful our God, who thus imparts
 O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
 When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
 Our God forgetting, by our God forgot !

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race or color. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

Should you, my Lord, while you peruse my song,
 Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung,
 Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
 By feeling hearts alone best understood—
 I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
 Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
 What pangs excruciating must molest,
 What sorrows labor in my parents' breast !
 Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
 That from a father seized his babe beloved :
 Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
 Others may never feel tyrannic sway ?

A rather curious defect of Phillis' intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind mistress provided a remedy for this by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis' room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs. Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business.

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society, and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them. The likeness is a profile. The countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing,

and the shape of her head highly intellectual. On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs. Wheatley in Boston, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming:

"See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?"

But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress' desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she had the melancholy pleasure of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sank into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded forever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends she received an offer of marriage from a respectable colored man, of the name of Peters. At the time the marriage took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race, being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The War of Independence began soon

after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon laid in one humble grave.

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day,

That's the way

Seeds in darkness swell and grow

Tiny blades push through the snow.

Never any flower of May

Leaps to blossom in a burst.

Slowly—slowly—at the first.

That's the way

Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,

That's the way

Children learn to read and write,

Bit by bit, and mite by mite.

Never any one, I say,

Leaps to knowledge and its power.

Slowly—slowly—hour by hour

That's the way

Just a little every day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EARLY DAYS IN CANADA.

By H. M. H.

There are few, if any, of the present generation who can really appreciate the hardships endured by the early settlers, whose industry and enterprise have made Canada "blossom as the rose."

The romance of the "back settlement" is still unwritten, but in that delightful book by Miss Lizars, "In the Days of the Canada Company," are recited many of the thrilling experiences of the brave pioneers who reclaimed the Huron tract from the wilderness.

A pathetic incident of the dreadful cholera year, "which was one of tears for many settlers," is told. A mother of twelve children came out then from the Old Land with her husband and two oldest.

On their way up the St. Lawrence the crew of the boat took fright and landed them, with others, in a marsh by the river side. A heavy rain fell, and they took refuge in a deserted barn. But so great was the dread of emigrants as possible conveyors of cholera, that no passing vessel would take them on board. In time they progressed as far as Dundas. Here the younger of the two children died from illness due to exposure; the other, very ill, was attended to medically in Toronto, and then the young girl-mother, barely out of her teens, held it in her arms while the terrible wagon journey to Goderich was made.

A night of terror, when her husband, with gun and watch-fires, kept a pack of wolves at bay, was one of the many adventures at The Corners, and the particular spot which they were to call home, was reached.

Here in the succeeding years, by the light of a strip of cotton drawn to the edge of a saucer of lard, she patched garments torn in the bush and clearing, and rocked "the ten forest babies" which afterwards came to her. Here the little boy, carried so far in her arms, died, and five of the babies followed him. "But nothing daunted by poverty, death and unceasing hard work, she baked, knit, sewed, spun and weaved; cut up her silk wedding gown into sun-bonnets, and saw her children capering about her in made-over relics of former days."

A life of patient toil she led, duty faithfully performed, great hardships suffered, yet happy withal, "if I could have but kept my babes."

THE BATTLE OF STARLINGS.

According to an old chronicle, in October, 1621, a most remarkable battle of starlings was fought over the city of Cork, frightening the citizens almost out of their wits, and inspiring the whole country with terror and wonder as to what it might portend. The chronicler says: "To report strange or admirable accidents is subject both to danger and disgrace—to danger, in that they may be held as prodigious or ominous; to disgrace, in that they may be reputed fabulous. I need not fear disgrace in reporting so strange an accident to be reputed fabulous, being able to free myself from any suspicion of such an imputation by certificate of letters from right honorable persons in Ireland, where the accident fell out, to right honorable persons at court, and divers in London at this present; as also by the testimony of right honorable and worship-

ful persons and others of good reputation now in London, who were eye-witnesses, beholding the same during the time it continued.

"To come to the fight of these birds. They mustered together at this above-named city of Cork some four or five days before they fought, every day more and more increasing their armies with greater supplies. Some came from the east, and others from the west, and so accordingly they placed themselves — as it were, encamped themselves — eastward and westward about the city. The citizens more curiously observing, noted that from those on the east and from those on the west some twenty or thirty in a company would pass from one side to the other, as it should seem, employed in embassages, for they would fly and hover in the air over the adverse party with strange tunes and noise, and return back again to that side from which, as it seemed, they were sent.

"And further, it was observed that during the time they assembled the stares of the east sought their food eastward, as the stares of the west did the like westward, no one flying in the circuits of the other. These courses and customs continued with them until the 12th of October, which day being Saturday, about nine of the clock in the morning, being a very fair and sunshine day, upon a strange sound and noise made as well on one side as on the other, they forthwith at one instant took wing, and so, mounting up into the skies, encountered one another with such a terrible shock as the sound amazed the whole city and all the beholders. Upon this sudden and fierce encounter there fell down into the city

and into the river multitudes of stares, some with wings broken, some with legs and neck broken, some with eyes picked out, some their bills thrust into the breasts and sides of their adversaries in so strange a manner, that it were incredible except it were confirmed by letters of credit and by eye-witnesses with that assurance which is without all exception. Upon the first encounter they withdrew themselves backward east and west, and with like eagerness and fury encountered several times, upon all which these stares fell down in like strange and admirable manner as upon the first encounter. They continued this most admirable and violent battle till a little before night, at which time they seemed to vanish, so that all Sunday, the 13th of October, none appeared about the city.

"Upon Monday, the 14th of October, they made their return again, and at the same time, the day being as fair a sunshine day as it was the Saturday before, they mounted into the air, and encountered each other with like violent assaults as formerly they had done, and fell into the city upon the houses, and into the river, wounded and slaughtered in like manner as is before reported; but at this last battle there was a kite, a raven and a crow, all three found dead in the streets, rent, torn and mangled."

It will be noted that in this old chronicle the word "admirable" is used in the sense of "wonderful." This usage of the word "admirable" was very common in those days. The meaning of the word has since changed. It will also be noted that the starlings are called stares all through the chronicle.

THE HISTORY OF ALCOHOL

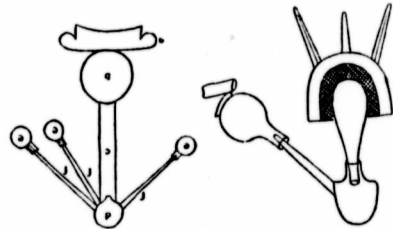
The Popular Science Monthly for July contains an exceedingly interesting article by Prof. Charles Ernest Pellew, entitled, "The History of Alcohol." Prof. Pellew says :

It is a curious fact that, although intoxicating beverages have been known and used from time immemorial, alcohol itself was not discovered until after the fall of the Roman Empire, and, when once discovered, it was not used for intoxicating purposes for many hundred years. Pliny, in his Natural History, written about A. D. 50, mentions that oil of turpentine could be extracted from the crude pitch by boiling the latter in open vessels and catching the vapors on fleeces, from which the condensed oil could be pressed. This marks the first beginnings of the art of distillation, which progressed but slowly, for, two hundred years later, we read that sailors were accustomed to get potable water from sea water by similar crude methods.

About this time there existed a flourishing school of alchemists at Alexandria, and it is probable that some of them had, or soon would have, developed the art further. But A. D. 287 the Emperor Diocletian destroyed their books and prohibited their studies, for fear lest by discovering the philosopher's stone, and hence learning to change base metals into gold, they might overturn the Roman rule. A more serious disaster befell the later Alexandrian School of Philosophy in the destruction of the famous Alex-

andrian library by the Mohammedan general Amru, A. D. 984, at the orders of the Caliph Abu Bekr. "If the books agree with the Koran, they are not needed; if opposed, they are injurious."

This was the argument which helped to put back civilization some centuries, and gave literature, as well as science and medicine, a blow from which she has not yet recovered. It is curious to speculate what would be our present



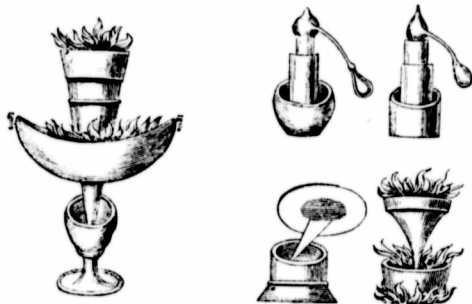
OLD STILLS USED BY THE ALEXANDRIANS.

condition if only two or three of our recent advances—the discovery of galvanic electricity, for instance, or the germ theory of disease—had been made but one hundred years earlier.

As it was, the study of science had to be begun over again almost from the very foundation by the Arabians under a more enlightened rule. The famous Geber about the close of the eighth century mentions the term distillation, but it is doubtful whether he understood much more by it than the separation by heat of two metals of different melting points. Albucasis, a famous alchemist of the eleventh century, speaks of the process in less doubtful terms, and late in the thirteenth century the art of distillation

and the preparation, properties and uses of alcohol were clearly described by two European alchemists, Raymond Lully and Armand de Villeneuve.

In view of the fierce and, indeed, not undeserved abuse that has been levied



OLD STILLS, FROM EARLY EDITION OF GEBER.

against distilled liquors, it is interesting to note that for some hundreds of years after its discovery alcohol was distinctly the most valuable product of chemistry. The old alchemists went wild over it. They wondered at its power of dissolving oils and resins and balsams, calling it "oleum vini" and "balsamus universalis," by the sale of which they replenished their not over-filled purses. They admired the clear, colorless, smokeless flame with which it burned, and named it "sulphur cœleste," in contradistinction to the ordinary or earthy sulphur, which burns by no means so pleasantly. They used it as a preservative, they used it for the preparation of their chemicals, and above all they used it as a medicine.

For during many hundred years this "aqua vitæ," water of life, as it was almost universally called, was the most valuable medicine in their large but inefficient pharmacopœia. Each alchemist, each physician, prepared his own elixirs, his own cordials, and

claimed miraculous results for his own particular nostrums; but the basis of them all was the same—namely, alcohol, sweetened with sugar, and flavored by distillation or infusion with herbs and spices. Some of these "cordials," or heart remedies exist at the present day in the form of the various liqueurs. The Chartreuse and Benedictine are simply the same old medicines, prepared after practically the same old formulæ that the Carthusian and Benedictine monks used to distill hundreds of years ago to give to the sick and feeble at their convent doors, or sell to the wealthy invalid who sought their treatment.

But the curious part of it is not that it should have been used as a medicine, but that it should have been used as a medicine exclusively. There seems to



STILL FOR AQUA VITÆ, COUNTRIE FARMÉ.

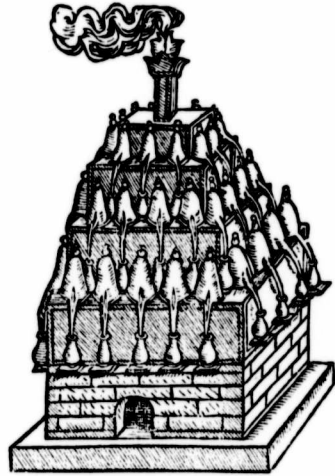
have been little or no idea of its intoxicating power. In Shakespeare, for instance, there is abundant mention of drinking and drunkenness. But Cassio, and fat Sir John, and the rest got tipsy on sack, and canary, and sherry, or, if

of lower rank, on ale and beer, but never on spirits. Indeed, the only mention of distilled liquors in all his plays is in *Romeo and Juliet*, where the old nurse says, "Oh, for some strong waters from Venice!" to restore her energies. As an example of how long this state of affairs continued I may mention a well known book, *The Countrie Farm*, published in England in 1616. This large and important work discusses in great detail all the varied occupations of a large country place. It describes carefully the wine industry, the culture of vines and grapes, the preparation and varieties of wine, and, while highly praising good pure wine as a beverage, the author is extremely careful to describe fully and with much emphasis the many evil effects which come from intoxication, and from constant as well as from over-much winebibbing.

A few chapters further on the author describes the art of distillation. He explains that a still room was a necessary adjunct to a well-equipped country house, and shows curious illustrations of stills, some of them with sixty or eighty retorts on one oven. He mentions the great variety of vegetables and animal substances from which extracts could be and should be distilled, but spends most of his time upon the distillate from wine. "For," says he, "the virtues of aqua vitæ are infinite. It keepeth off fits of apoplexie—it driveth away venime. . . . In wet and malarial climates every one should take a teaspoonful, with sugar, before breakfast, to keepe off the ague," and so on. Not one word about intoxication—merely as a medicine.

It is not to be supposed from this,

however, that the English did not have plenty of ways of getting tipsy. They had long been known as ranking next to the Germans and the Dutch for their drinking powers. The Saxons and the Danes had both introduced into England the intemperate habits of the Northmen, and beer and cider, and mead or metheglin made from honey, were quite as efficacious in their way as stronger beverages. The Normans were a more refined and far more tem-



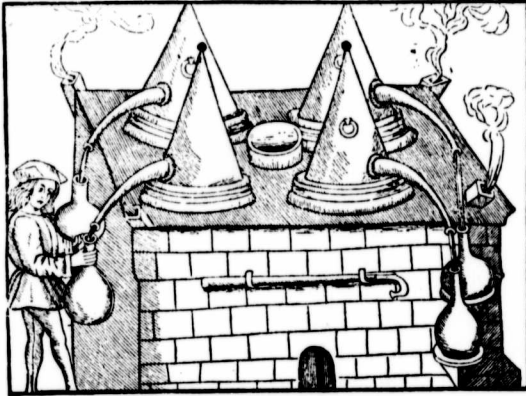
HOUSEHOLD STILL, COUNTRIE FARME.

perate race, and it is for this reason, in large part, that they conquered England so readily. The night before the battle of Hastings, so the old chroniclers tell us, was spent by the Saxons in drinking heavily and uproariously around their camp fires. "Next morning, still drunk, they recklessly advanced against the enemy," so we read in the old monkish Latin, while the Normans, passing a quiet, peaceful night, were cool and well prepared for the decisive struggle.

Their habits, however, soon deteriorated, and they drank almost as heavi-

ly as their predecessors. In the reign of Henry I. the nation suffered a grievous loss, from overindulgence in liquor, in the sad drowning of his eldest son, just married to a princess of France. The wedding party were returning to England on a galley, amid the rejoicing of both nations, and wine flowed freely on board, until even the seaman became intoxicated. As they were nearing the shore, the galley ran upon a sunken rock, and out of the whole company but one person escaped. The young prince, it was said, with his bride and some attendants had pushed off from the ship in a boat, but he insisted on returning to try to save his sister, when the boat was upset, and all perished together.

All during the middle ages, in the chronicles of Froissart, Holinshed, and others, we find records of the fact that our English ancestors, then as now,



ANCIENT STILL FOR EXTRACTION OF ESSENTIAL OILS AND PERFUMES.

“like a glass of good beer,” and of wine too. Sir John Sortescue naively says, “They drink no water, except when they abstain from drinks, by way of penance and from principles of devo-

tion.” In 1498 the Spanish ambassador at the English court wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella to ask that Princess Catharine of Aragon, betrothed to Prince Henry, afterward Henry



TARTARS DISTILLING KOUMYSS.

VIII, should learn to drink wine. This was a good-natured tip from the English king and queen, who wished their future daughter-in-law to know that

“water in England is not drinkable, and, even if it were, the climate would not allow the drinking of it.” Heavy drinking was not by any means confined to the laity, for there are constant complaints of the habits of the clergy, and especially of the religious orders. The drunkenness of the monks and nuns was one of the main excuses for closing the monasteries by King Henry VIII. Good Queen Bess did not frown on the practice

either, for, in the records of her visit to Kenilworth, 1575, we read that the Earl of Leicester broached three hundred and sixty-five hogsheads of beer, besides any amount of wine.

Toward the end of her reign drinking increased, thanks to the habits acquired by the volunteers in the Low Countries; and under her successor, the stupid and pedantic Scotchman, James I, the court itself set an ugly example to the people of England. We read that, at a great feast given by the minister Cecil to the king and a visiting monarch, Christian IV of Denmark, James was carried to the bed intoxicated, and King Christian, less fortunate, rolled around very much under the influence of liquor and grossly insulted some of the ladies present. The latter, in their turn, before the evening was through, became quite as tipsy as the men, and, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, behaved most disgracefully. The nation sobered somewhat during the next reign and under the Commonwealth, only to return to loose habits again after the Restoration. And with the accession of the Dutch King, William, in 1688, the drinking assumed a more dangerous stage than ever.

For by this time the people had at last learned that alcohol was intoxicating, and had also learned how to make it cheaply out of grain. Up to the seventeenth century all the aqua vitæ was made from wine, and was therefore expensive. But now they were able to make it from beer; and not only in France, at Nantes and elsewhere, but in Switzerland, and especially in Holland, at Schiedam and other places, vast distilleries were pouring out vast quantities of cheap and fiery spirits. Early in William and Mary's reign encouragement was given to similar distilleries in England, on the ground of assisting agriculture, and by

the beginning of the eighteenth century all England was flooded with native as well as imported gin at absurdly low prices.

The results were most disastrous. London streets abounded with gin-shops, and one could actually find placards on them reading, "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for two pence; clean straw for nothing." The effects on the common people were so marked that all thoughtful persons were alarmed by it. In the wet, temperate climate of England people might drink heavily of beer or wine, and still in fair measure retain their health and their capacity for work; but, under the reign of gin, vice and misery and disease increased so fearfully that parliament finally passed a law practically prohibiting its use.

The famous "Gin Law," passed in 1736, is interesting as the earliest severe blow at liquor-dealing among civilized nations. It levied a tax of twenty shillings a gallon on spirits, and a license of fifty pounds for anyone selling or dealing in it. And, being in advance of public opinion, it failed much as other, more stringent, prohibition laws have failed in our own day. For the cry was at once raised that it taxed the poor man's gin, and let the rich man's wine go free. Every wit, every caricaturist, had his fling at it. Ballads were hawked around, telling of the approaching death of Mother Gin. The liquor shops were hung with black, and celebrated uproariously Madame Geneva's lying in state, her funeral, her wake, and so on. The night before the law went into effect, so the contemporary journals say, there was a universal revel all over the country. Every one drank his fill, and carried

home as much gin, besides, as he could pay for.

To evade the law, apothecaries sold it in vials and small packages, sometimes colored and disguised, generally under false labels, such as "Colic Water," "Make Shift," "Ladies' Delight." There were printed directions on some of these packages—e. g., "Take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, or as often as the fit takes you." Informers were very prominent and exceedingly offensive, inventing snares to catch law-breakers for the sake of the heavy rewards, and spying and sneaking around in a way particularly distasteful to the English mind. In consequence, they suffered in their turn. The mere cry, "Liquor spy!" was enough to raise a mob in the London street, and the informer was lucky if he escaped with a sound thrashing and a ducking in the Thames or the nearest horse pond. Indeed, such an outcry was made about the matter that the ministry became very unpopular, and the law was not enforced after two or three years, and was largely modified in 1743, after seven years' trial.

While the lower classes in England were thus being demoralized by gin, the upper classes were suffering almost as much from the introduction of the strong, sweet, fiery, heavily brandied wines of Portugal, thanks, in part at least, to some favoring clause in the Methuen treaty, early in the eighteenth century. It is curious to read in the contemporary journals and diaries and in the histories and descriptions of the last century—as, for instance, in Trevelyan's *Life of Fox*—how terribly demoralized was the state of English society during the period of England's

greatest colonial and material expansion. The country was governed by a small, wealthy, land-owning aristocracy, who seemed to take the most unbridled corruption in public, and the most unrestrained dissipation in private life, as a matter of course. It was from the long years of peace under the Walpoles, during the first half of the century, when the energy and industry of the middle classes were able to exert themselves, and from the protection of her insular position, that England obtained strength to master her empire; not from any superiority in her governing classes.

For, all during the last century, drunkenness was the rule, not the exception, in all classes of society. In the lower classes it was actually encouraged. Did the troops win a victory, did the prince come of age, "Go home, Jack," would say the master to his servant, "build a big bonfire, and tell the butler to make ye all drunk." It was quite a compliment to call an underling an "honest, drunken fellow." And as for the gentry—well, we can hardly conceive of the state of affairs. It was part of a gentleman's education to learn to carry his port. One, two, three quarts a night was a proper and reasonable supply. After dinner the ladies retired to another room—a practice still observed—so that the men should have no embarrassing restraints, and it was a matter of course for them to drink one another under the table as fast as was convenient. In the army and navy, in the learned professions, among the gentry and nobility, and even in the royal family, heavy drinking was the rule and not the exception until well on in the present century.

And they suffered from it. Their lives were shortened, their usefulness impaired, their estates squandered, and then the gout! Nowadays, with the example of Palmerston and Bismarck, Gladstone and Sherman before our eyes, it is hard to think of a time when statesmen were incapacitated at thirty-five or forty. But it was so. A gentleman who reached middle age without being crippled was either unusually lucky or was a milksop. Lord Chat-ham and many, nay most, of his contemporaries were horribly tortured by it. At critical periods in the nation's

staggering in, and Pitt says: "I can not see the Speaker, Dick, can you?" "No see the Speaker? Hang it, I see two." And all through the regency, and well on through the next reign, until the accession of the young queen, there prevailed what to us would seem unpardonable license.

But it must not be inferred from this that drinking was much more prevalent in England than in other parts of the world at the same periods. Indeed, the records of Germany and Holland show quite as startling pictures. And in America we have not much to boast of.

The North American Indians were, on the whole, unaccustomed to alcoholic beverages before the arrival of the white man. Tobacco they had, and used it freely. In some stray localities we read of drink made from maize; and from the reports of Captains Amadas and Barlow to Sir Walter Raleigh about the expedition to Virginia in 1584, we find that the Indians along the coast of Chesapeake Bay and the Carolinas had learned

the art of making wine from grapes. But when the Puritans landed in Massachusetts in 1620 they found, to their disgust, that beer and wine were both lacking, and we find Governor Bradford complaining bitterly of the hardships of drinking water.

Nor was water a more favored beverage among the settlers of Massachusetts Bay eight or ten years later. The first list of necessities sent back to the home company, in 1629, is headed, as our New England friends so frequently remind us, by an appeal for "ministers," and for a "patent under



THE GOUT. (Gillray.)

history a severe onset of gout, or the illness leading up to it, would cause the retirement of the most prominent statesmen. Many of them died young. Few indeed of them reached a healthy and vigorous old age. For heavy drinking was not confined to the idlers and spendthrifts, the courtiers and country gentlemen; it was a custom with the ablest and most brilliant men in England. Pitt and Fox, the two "Great Commoners," were noted topers. The old couplet is still remembered that refers to a scene in the House of Commons when Pitt and his friend Dundas came

seale." We do not hear so often of their request, only a line or two further down, for "vyn planters." They ask for wheat, rye, barley, and other

thirty-five sailors for three months, each sailor counting as much as two passengers. They provided for the



JOHN BULL PETITIONING PITT AND DUNDAS TO LIGHTEN THE LIQUOR TAX. (Gillray.)

grains, and also for "hop rootes." The records are still kept of the equipment of the vessel sent out in answer to this appeal. It was provi-

voyage "forty-five tuns beere, at 10. 11 and six shillings per tun; two caskes Mallega and Canarie at sixteen shillings; twenty gallons aqua vitæ," and

—for drinking, cooking and all, only six tuns of water!

Higginson, the well-known first minister, went out in 1628. The next year he wrote home a glowing account of the country. Among other things, the air was so fine that his health was greatly benefitted. "And whereas my stomache could only digest and did require such drink as was both strong and stale, now I can and doe oftentimes drinke New England water verie well."

This really remarkable fact we find explained a few years after by Wood, in his *New England's Prospect*. He says that the country is well watered, and with different water from that of England; "not so sharpe, of a tatty substance, and of a more jetty color. It is thought that there can be no better water in the world; yet dare I not preferre it to good beere as some have done. Those that drink it be as healthful, fresh and lustie as they that drinke beere."

By 1631 they had passed a law for putting drunkards in the stocks; other laws followed concerning adulterations, sale to savages, etc. In 1634 the price of an "ale quart of beere" was set at a penny, and brew houses were soon in every village, in some places attached to every farm. The manufacture of other drinks followed rapidly, and in Judge Sewall's diary, some forty or fifty years later, we find mention of ale, beer, mead, metheglin, cider wine, sillabub, claret, sack, canary, punch, sack posset, and black cherry brandy. The commonest of all these was "cyder," which was produced in enormous quantities and drunk very freely. Sack was passing out of date, excepting in posset, a delectable mixture of

wine, ale, eggs, cream and spices, boiled together. Metheglin and mead were brewed from one part of honey and two or two and a half parts of water and spices, fermented with yeast, and very heady liquors they were. The least excess, as they used to say, would bring back the humming of the bees in the ears. Governor Bradford early issued one of his orders against some "Merrymount scamps" on board the bark *Friendship*, who took two barrels of metheglin from Boston to Plymouth, and "dranke up, under the name leakage, all but six gallons."

But none of these, nor the "beverage" and "swizzle" made from molasses and water, the perry, peachy, spruce and birch beer, and the rest, did half as much execution as rum. This was introduced from Barbadoes about 1650, and from then on became practically the national drink of the country. A great trade was set up with the West Indies, the ships exporting corn and pork and lumber for the plantations, and returning with cargoes of raw sugar and molasses, which last was almost valueless where it was made, but, diluted and fermented, furnished a ready source of alcohol. Every little New England town and village had its distillery—the seaport towns had scores of them—and the rum bullion, rum-booze, or, as it was universally known, *killdivil*, was sold freely for two shillings a gallon, and was shipped largely to the African coast in exchange for slaves. It was to this profitable trade that Newport and other New England coast towns owed their prosperity, and the interference with this trade by the English Commerce Acts was one of the main causes of the Revolution.

This rum was the basis not only of

"flip," when mixed with beer, molasses, dried pumpkin, and sometimes cream and eggs, and stirred before serving with a red-hot poker, but also of punch. This latter, named after an East Indian word meaning five, was concocted with sugar, spices, lemon juice and water, and was imbibed freely. As early as 1686 we find travellers telling of noble bowls of punch, which were passed from hand to hand before dinner. Double and "thribble" bowls there were also, holding two or three quarts each, and the amounts that our ancestors disposed of in those days are staggering.

For liquor was not only used at dinner and supper parties; it was taken morning, noon and night, as a matter of course. The laborer would not work at the harvest, the builders at their trades, without a liberal allowance of rum. It did not matter, either, what class of work they were doing. When the little town of Medfield, early in the last century, "raised" the new meeting house, there were required "four barrels beer, twenty-four gallons West Indian rum, thirty gallons New England rum, thirty-five pounds loaf sugar, twenty-five pounds brown sugar, and four hundred and sixty-five lemons." A house could not be built without liquor being distributed at every stage of the operation, and this practice was not obsolete till well on in this century.

The clergy, while keeping a strict eye upon the excesses of their parishioners, did not disdain a drop themselves, and their conventions rivalled the dinners of the no - lect. In 1792 Governor Hancock gave a dinner to the Fusileers at the Merchant's Club in Boston, and for eighty diners there were served one hundred and thirty-six bowls of

punch, twenty-one bottles of sherry, and lots of cider and brandy. But a similar bill is preserved for the refreshments at the ordination of a clergyman at Beverly, Mass., in 1785, and we notice :

30 Bowles Punch before they went to meeting.	£	3	cs.	od.
80 people eating in morning, at 16d.		6	0	0
10 bottles of wine before they went to meeting.		1	10	0
68 dinners at 30d.		10	4	0
44 bowles punch while at dinner.		4	8	0
18 bottles wine.		2	14	0
8 bowles brandy.		1	2	0
Cherry Rum.		1	10	0
and 6 people drank tea.		0	0	9

It would be but useless repetition to discuss the drinking habits of New York and other colonies. It is enough to say that well on into the present century drunkenness was extremely common, and, when people could afford it, a most pardonable and venial offense. It is the pride of our civilization in the present century that, during the last fifty or seventy-five years, the whole tone of society has changed, and intemperance, while still unfortunately prevalent, is nothing like as common as it used to be.

Indeed, it is hardly possible for us to imagine the state of affairs in our grandfathers' times. A hundred years ago a gentleman who went out to dinner, and was not brought home in the bottom of a cab or in a wheelbarrow, was a very poor-spirited fellow indeed. So with the poorer classes. Just a century ago George Washington was engaging a gardener, and in his contract it was expressly stipulated that he should have "four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk for four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon." Nor was the sum mentioned a niggard-

ly one, when George Washington was distilling his own whisky, and selling it, probably, for thirty or forty cents a gallon.

And now, just think of the change. We can hardly imagine a gentleman perceptibly exhilarated with wine at a dinner table. He certainly would never get a second opportunity, if the fact were known. And as for the working class—a clerk, an engineer, a coachman, or even a gardener, whose breath smelt of whisky, or who was seen often dropping into a saloon, would run a good chance of losing his position.

For the world has at last found out what intoxication means. Alcohol in large doses is a poison, but it is a poison which injures the family and neighbors and friends of the inebriate more than the victim himself. It, to some extent at least, causes him discomfort, but think of the discomfort it causes his family! It shortens his life, to be sure, but think of the other lives it shortens! And while some attack the problem with fierce and violent denunciations, and others by quieter and not less effective arguments and appeals, the world certainly owes a debt of gratitude to those who are doing so much now, and who have done so much already, to relieve mankind from the burden of inebriety.

Thackeray says :—We view the world with our own eyes each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship; a man with no ear does not care about music.

COST OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire display, have any adequate impression of the gigantic cost of the great temple of Solomon. According to Villalpandus, the "talents" of gold, silver, and brass were equal to the enormous sum of £6,879,822,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which reduced to English money (as has been shown by Chapel's reduction tables), was equal to £575,296,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth £646,344,000. Priests' vestments and robes of singers, £2,010,000; trumpets, £200,000.

To this add the expense of building materials, labour, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3,300 overseers, all of which were employed for seven years, and upon whom, beside their wages, Solomon bestowed £6,733,970. If their daily food was worth 50 cents each, the sum total for all was £63,877,088 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

Wild geese fly in the shape of the letter A, so as to cleave the air with the least exertion. The leading bird may be seen constantly falling back for relief, as it has the greatest labor while in front. It may often be seen to fall back either to the centre of the figure or to the backmost place.



THE TEMPEST.

[A Tale from Shakespeare, by Mary Lamb.]

Charles Lamb and his sister Mary translated twenty of Shakespeare's plays into charming prose for children. One of the prettiest of these plays is "The Tempest," which was written by Mary Lamb and reads as follows :

There was a certain island in the sea the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men : and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released

many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell and taught him to speak, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful ; therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch water and do the most laborious offices, and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swifly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they

raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of human beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero, "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but I am your father, and live in the poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think I cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," con-

tinued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that preserved me. Your innoent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has

been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now, pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep, for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners, and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel,

"searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come,

sir, follow me." He then began singing :

" Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

" Miranda," said Prospero, " tell me what you are looking at yonder."

" O, father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, " surely that is a spirit. Lord ! How it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?"

" No, girl," answered her father ; " it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince ; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was

going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they had admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight ; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way ; therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. " Follow me," said he ; " I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water ; shell-fish, withered roots and husks of acorns shall be your food."

" No," said Ferdinand, " I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword ; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, " Why are you so ungentle ? Have pity, sir ; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

" Silence," said the father ; " one word more will make me chide you, girl ! What ! an advocate for an impostor ! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban."

This he said to prove his daughter's constancy, and she replied : " My affections are most humble ; I have no wish to see a godlier man."

" Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince ; " you have no power to disobey me."

" I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand ; and not knowing it was by

magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying of fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not; I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command that she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the women he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl shall be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence; I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them. "Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and ap-

prove of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero, "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life, and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother, and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore the dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and ex-

cellent graces of young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness, and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that the ship was safe in the harbor and the sailors

all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords, and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island."

He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and set the caves in order, and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait on him.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel, "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magical art. And having

thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples, at which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

A UNIQUE JINGLE.

Many years ago, an ingenious and very patient woman conceived the idea of arranging into a "jingle" a number of the most familiar "old sayings." Here is the result of her work, and we think you will agree with us that it is quite unique :

As poor as a church mouse,
 As thin as a rail,
 As fat as a porpoise,
 As rough as a gale,
 As brave as a lion,
 As spry as a cat.
 As bright as a sixpence,
 As weak as a rat.
 As proud as a peacock,
 As sly as a fox,
 As mad as a March hare,
 As strong as an ox,

As fair as a lily,
 As empty as air,
 As rich as Croesus,
 As cross as a bear.
 As pure as an angel,
 As neat as a pin,
 As smart as a steel trap,
 As ugly as sin,
 As dead as a door nail,
 As white as a sheet,
 As flat as a pancake,
 As red as a beet.
 As round as an apple,
 As black as your hat,
 As brown as a berry,
 As blind as a bat,
 As mean as a miser,
 As full as a tick,
 As plump as a partridge,
 As sharp as a stick.
 As clean as a penny,
 As dark as a pail,
 As hard as a mill stone,
 As bitter as gall,
 As fine as a fiddle,
 As clear as a bell,
 As dry as a herring,
 As deep as a well.
 As light as a feather,
 As hard as a rock,
 As stiff as a poker,
 As calm as a clock,
 As green as a gosling,
 As brisk as a bee—
 And now let me stop
 Lest you weary of me.



THE STORY OF THE SEA.

I.

The west'ring sun was shining
Upon a little bay:
The hamlet near by seem fast asleep,
For fisher folk had gone to keep
Some inland holiday.

But one small boat was rocking
Beside the sandy slope,
And, swaying with the ebbing tide,
That fretted 'neath her batter'd side,
Strain'd at her tight'ning rope.

And in it there were playing
Five children, young and fair,
Their merry laughter ringing out,
With carol wild, and lusty shout,
Upon the summer air.

They did not see an urchin,
Whose hand, in stealthy jest,
Let loose the cord that kept them safe,
They did not hear the pebbles chafe
Their play-place—lov'd the best.

For eyes and hands were busy
With fisher children's toys;
They had no thought of pain or fear
And never dreamed of danger near—
Those happy girls and boys!

But when the wind blew fresher,
And skies were overcast,
The boat sway'd, tossing on the tide;
And Mary's blue eyes open'd wide,
To see the truth at last.

The brave child did not tremble,
But, stooping from her seat,
With soothing words from steady lips,
She coaxed her little sister Gibs
Between her shelt'ring feet.

And closer to her bosom
She press'd the baby girl,
And with a passionate embrace
Kissed off the sweet, unconscious face
And silky yellow curl.

But Will, her biggest brother,—
A lad of six or more—
Sprang up, in speechless blank dismay
To see across the wat'ry way
The distant less'ning shore.

And little Harry cowers
With terror-stricken eyes—
"Oh, daddy, daddy! fetch us home!
I'm frighten'd of the white horse foam!"
The startled darling cries.

II.

The sun was sinking redly,
The wind sprang up apace,
The sky was red and ruddy hued,
The boat sped fast as if pursued
By rivals in a race.

And Mary's heart grew heavy
At thought of storm and wreck;
But still her voice rose, soft and calm,
To cheer poor Will, whose sturdy arm
Was thrown round Harry's neck.

Ah! little dreamed the mother
When she had bid them go
To paddle in the creamy surf,
Or roll upon the meadow turf,
Of danger, or of woe!

A store of cakes and apples,
Sufficient for their play,
And bread, and milk—an ample fair,
She packed for them with loving care,
That summer holiday.

"You'll have enough for dinner
And supper, too," she said,
"But, Mary, ere the sun has set
Bring home the bairns, and little pet,
It will be time for bed."

Alas! her tender nurslings
Were far upon the main
At set of sun. Their supper lay
Within the locker still, but they
Were sick with fear and pain.

III.

Dark clouds began to herald
The dying of the day;
The sea was rough and hoarse and deep,
The night wind hurried on the sweep
Across the shadow'd bay.

"I wish I could see mammy!"
Was Gipsy's tearful cry;
"Or Jesus, walking on the sea,
As once He did in Galilee!"
Sobbed Harry in reply.

But Mary hush'd their weeping
—Brave little maid of eight!—
And bade the children say their prayer
As if their mother dear was there,
For it was growing late!

Together, then, they murmur'd,
With many a starting tear,
Their "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
And (sweetest prayer for little child)—
The "Tender Shepherd, hear!"

The last "Amen!" was falter'd
 And Mary, with a sigh,
 Kept back her tears to cheer the rest
 And soothe the babe upon her breast
 With hymn and lullaby,

Until the fleeting moments
 Brought darkness in their train,
 Then, sleep with gentle finger still'd
 The pulse of fear that long had thrill'd
 Each weary heart and brain.

Within the fishing village
 Was anguish and unrest,
 For, frightened by the rising gale,
 The boy had told his wretched tale
 Of mischief done in jest.

And all night long the mother
 Stood weeping by the shore;
 And, gazing o'er the moonlit wave,
 Pray'd that the God she lov'd would save
 Her babes for her once more.

Naught but her faith in Jesus
 Could comfort woe like this,
 No hand but His could give relief,
 And change her tears of bitter grief
 To hope, and joy, and bliss.

* * *

Two days and nights the father
 Had spent upon the deep;
 His straining eyes that search'd in vain
 The near and distant wat'ry plain
 Had known no rest nor sleep.

The startled seagull flying,
 The tangle-weed afloat,
 Stirr'd his sick heart with hope and fear,
 But nothing shew'd him far or near
 The shadow of a boat.

And even as he labour'd
 Above the swelling wave
 He drew his quick uneasy breath
 And thought, was this the home of Death!
 Was this his children's Grave?

Such dread his heart oppressing
 With weight he could not lift,
 Was like a darkness on his soul,
 A knell that beat its heavy toll,
 A cloud without a rift.

At length the dawn came slowly
 To mark the third sad day;
 The father watch'd the lifting haze,
 And started up with eager gaze
 To scan the quiet bay.

And when the sun uprising
 Spread out his golden track,
 A something gleam'd 'mid sea and air
 Within the glitt'ring radiance fair,—
 A tiny speck of black!

He saw it! In a moment
 His bark was on its way,
 The rapid oar with sturdy stroke,
 The morning silence swiftly broke;
 He could not think—or pray!

His throbbing heart beat thickly,
 The dew stood on his brow,
 Was it a wreck—that distant boat?
 A storm-toss'd skiff just left afloat?
 He is beside it now!

Oh, miracle of mercy!
 His darlings all were there,
 Asleep, as if an angel's hand
 Had cradled thus the little band
 Of children wan and fair.

He softly raised the baby,
 Her face was white as clay,
 But as beneath his kiss she woke
 A fleeting smile of pleasure broke,
 And chas'd his fear away.

Ah! picture the awaking
 Of each poor little waif!
 Pain, cold, and want forgotten now,
 With father's kiss on cheek and brow,
 In father's arms held safe!

With tenderest precaution
 He gave them drink and food,
 Then homeward he began to row
 (The truant boat still kept in tow)
 In humble thankful mood.

* * *

What shouts of exultation
 Came floating from the strand!
 The kindly fisher-folk were there
 With eager hands outstretched to bear
 The lost and found to land.

But ah! the mother's rapture
 No pen of mine can tell
 When to heart so rack'd and sore,
 She held her dear ones safe once more,
 And whisper'd "all is well."

—EMMA STURGEON.

TRACY WALKINGHAM'S PEEPING

CHAPTER III.

The door was no sooner closed on Tracy than Mr. Jonas Aldridge returned to the parlor, and lighted a candle which stood on a side-table, by the aid of which he ascended to the second floor, and entered a back room, wherein stood a heavy four post bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn together. The apartment, which also contained an old-fashioned chest of mahogany drawers and a large arm-chair, was well carpeted, and wore an aspect of considerable comfort. The shutters were closed, and a moreen curtain was let down to keep out the draught from the window.

Mr. Jonas had mounted the stairs three at a time; but no sooner did he enter the room, and his eyes fall upon the bed, than he suddenly paused, and stepping on the points of his toes toward it, he gently drew back one of the side curtains and looked in. The covers were turned down and ready for the expected occupant; but the bed was tenantless: he who should have lain there lay elsewhere that night. Mr. Jonas folded in his lips, and nodded his head with an expression that seemed to say all's right. And then having drawn the bolt across the door, he took keys out of his waistcoat pocket; with one he opened a cupboard in the wainscot, and with the other a large tin box that stood therein, into which he thrust his hand, and brought out a packet of papers, which not proving to be the thing he sought, he made another dive; but his second attempt turned out equally unsuccessful with the first; whereupon he fetched the candle from the table and held it over the box in the hopes of espying what he wished. But his countenance clouded and an oath escaped him on discovering that it was not there.

"He has taken it with him!" said he. And having replaced the papers he had disturbed and closed the box, he hastily descended the stairs. In the hall hung his great coat and hat. These he put on, tying a comforter round his throat to defend him from the chill night-air; and then leaving the candle burn-

ing in the passage, he put the key of the house-door in his pocket, and went out.

Dead men wait patiently; but the haste with which Mr. Jonas Aldridge strode over the ground seemed rather like one in chase of a fugitive; and yet, fast as he went, the time seemed long to him till he reached Thomas Street.

"Is my uncle here?" said he to Mary, who immediately answered to his knock.

"Yes, sir," replied she.

"And what's the matter? I hope it's nothing serious," said he.

"He's dead, the doctor says," she replied.

"Then you had a doctor?"

"Oh yes, sir; I fetched Mr. Adams over the way immediately; but he said he was dead the moment he saw him. Will you please to walk upstairs and see him yourself?"

"Impossible! it cannot be that my uncle is dead!" exclaimed Mr. Jonas, who yet suspected some ruse. "You should have had the best advice—you should have called in Dr. Sykes. Let him be sent for immediately!" he added, speaking at the top of his voice, as he entered the little room above: "No means must be neglected to recover him. Depend on it, it is only a fit."

But the first glance satisfied him that all these ingenious precautions were quite unnecessary. There lay Mr. Ephraim Aldridge dead unmistakably; and while Mary was inquiring where the celebrated Dr. Sykes lived, in order that she might immediately go in search of him, Mr. Jonas was thinking on what pretence he might get her out of the room without sending for anyone at all.

Designing people often give themselves an enormous deal of useless trouble; and after searching his brain in vain for an expedient to get rid of the girl, Mr. Jonas suddenly recollected that the simplest was the best. There was no necessity, in short, for saying anything more than that he wished to be alone; and this he did say, at the same time drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, and applying it

to his eyes, a little pantomime that was intended to aid the gentle Mary in putting a kind construction on the wish. She accordingly quitted the room, and descended to the parlor; whereupon Mr. Jonas, finding himself alone, lost no time in addressing himself to his purpose, which was to search the pockets of the deceased, wherein he found a purse containing gold and silver, various keys, and several other articles, but not the article he sought; and as he gradually convinced himself that his search was vain, his brow became overcast, angry ejaculations escaped his lips, and after taking a cursory survey of the room, he snatched up the candle, and hastily descended the stairs.

"When did my uncle come here? What did he come about?" he inquired abruptly as he entered the parlor, where Mary, weary and sad, was resting her head upon the table.

"He came here this evening, sir; but I don't know what he came about. He said he wanted to have some conversation with my father, and I went into the kitchen to leave them alone."

"Then you were not in the room when the accident happened?"

"What accident, sir?"

"I mean when he died."

"No, sir; I had gone out to buy something for supper?"

"What made you go out so late for that purpose?"

"My father called me in, sir, and Mr. Aldridge gave me some money."

"Then nobody was present but your father?"

"No, sir."

"And where is he now?"

"My father is very ill, sir; it gave him such a shock, that he was obliged to go to bed."

"Had my uncle nothing with him but what I have found in his pockets?"

"Nothing that I know of, sir."

"No papers?"

"No, sir."

"Go and ask your father if he saw any papers."

"I'm sure he didn't, sir, or else they would be here."

"Well, I'll thank you to go and ask him, however."

Whereupon Mary quitted the room; and stepping up stairs, she opened, and then pres-

ently shut again, the door of her own bedroom. "It is no use disturbing my poor father," she said to herself; "I'm sure he knows nothing about any papers; and if I wake him, he will not get to sleep again all night. If he saw them he'll say so in the morning."

"My father knows nothing of the papers, sir," said she, re-entering the room; "and if they are not in the pocket, I'm sure Mr. Aldridge never brought them here."

"Perhaps he did not, after all," thought Jonas; "he has maybe removed it out of the tin box, and put it into the bureau." A suggestion which made him desire to get home as fast as he had left it. So promising to send the undertakers in the morning to remove the body, Mr. Jonas took his leave, and hastened back to West street, where he immediately set about ransacking every drawer, cupboard, and press, some of which he could only open with the keys he had just extracted from the dead man's pocket. But the mornings dawn found him unsuccessful; it appeared almost certain that the important paper was not in the house; and weary, haggard and angry, he stretched himself on his bed till the hour admitted of further proceedings. And we will avail ourselves of this interval to explain more particularly the relative position of the parties concerned in our story.

Ephraim Aldridge, a younger member of a large and poor family, had been early in life apprenticed to a hosier; and being one of the most steady, cautious, saving boys that ever found his bread amongst gloves and stockings, had early grown into great favor with his master, who, as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, elevated him to the post of book-keeper; and in this situation, as he had a liberal salary, and was too prudent to marry, he contrived to save such a sum of money as, together with his good character, enabled him to obtain the reversion of the business when his master retired from it. The prudence which had raised him adhered to him still; his business flourished, and he grew rich; but the more money he got, the fonder he became of it; and the more he had, the less he spent; while the cautious steadiness of the boy shrank into dry reserve as he grew older, till he became an austere, silent, inaccessible man, for whom the world in general entertained a certain degree of respect, but whom nobody

liked, with the exception perhaps of Maurice Lane, who had formerly been his fellow-apprentice, but was now his shop-man. And yet a more marked contrast of character could scarcely exist than between these two young men; but, somehow or other, everybody liked Lane; even the frigid heart of Ephraim could not defend itself from the charm of the boy's beautiful countenance and open disposition; and when he placed his former comrade in a position of responsibility, it was not because he thought him the best or steadiest servant he could possibly find, but because he wished to have one person about him that he liked, and that liked him. But no sooner did Lane find himself with a salary which would have maintained himself comfortably, than he fell in love with a beautiful girl whom he saw trimming caps and bonnets in an opposite shop-window, and straightway married her. Then came a family, and with it a train of calamities which kept them always steeped in distress, till the wife, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died; the children that survived were then dispersed about the world to earn their bread, and Lane found himself alone with his youngest daughter Mary. Had he retained his health, he might now have done better; but a severe rheumatic fever, after reducing him to the brink of the grave, had left him in such infirm health, that he was no longer able to maintain his situation; so he resigned it, and retired to an obscure lodging, with a few pounds in his pocket, and the affection and industry of his daughter for his only dependence.

During all this succession of calamities, Mr. Aldridge had looked on with a severe eye. Had it been anybody but Lane, he would have dismissed him as soon as he married; as it was, he allowed him to retain his place, and to take the consequences of his folly. He had carved his own destiny, and must accept it; it was not for want of knowing better, for Ephraim had warned him over and over again of the folly of poor men falling in love and marrying. Entertaining this view of the case, he justified his natural parsimony with the reflection, that by encouraging such imprudence he should be doing an injury to other young men. He made use of Lane as a beacon, and left him in his distress, lest assistance should destroy his usefulness. The old house on Thomas Street, however, which be-

longed to him, happening to fall vacant, he so far relented as to send word to his old clerk that he might inhabit it if he pleased.

Some few years, however, before these latter circumstances, Mr. Aldridge, who had determined against matrimony, had nevertheless been seized with that desire so prevalent in the old especially, to have an heir of his own name and blood for his property. He had had but two relations that he remembered, a brother and a sister. The latter, when Ephraim was a boy, had married a handsome sergeant of a marching regiment, and gone away with it; and her family never saw her afterwards, though for some years she had kept up an occasional correspondence with her parents, by which they learned that she was happy and prosperous; that her husband had been promoted to an ensigncy for his good conduct; that she had one child, and finally that they were about to embark for the West Indies.

His brother, with whom he had always maintained some degree of intercourse, had early settled in London as a harness-maker, and was tolerably well off; on which account Ephraim respected him, and now that he wanted an heir, it was in this quarter that he resolved to look for one. So he went to London, inspected the family, and finally selected young Jonas, who everybody said was a facsimile of himself in person and character. He was certainly a cautious, careful, steady boy, who was guilty of no indiscretions, and looked very sharp after his halfpence. Ephraim, who thought he had hit upon the exact desideratum, carried him to the country, put him to school and became exceedingly proud and fond of him. His character, indeed, as regarded his relations with the boy, seemed to have undergone a complete change, and the tenderness he had all through life denied to everybody else, he now in his decline lavished to an injudicious excess on this child of his adoption. When he retired from business he took Jonas home, and as the lad had some talent for portrait painting, he believed him destined to be a great artist, and forbore to give him a profession. Thus they lived together harmoniously enough for some time, till the factitious virtues of the boy ripened into the real vices of the man; and Ephraim discovered that the cautious, economical, discreet child was, at five-and-twenty, an odious

specimen of avarice, selfishness and cunning ; and what made the matter worse was, that the uncle and nephew somehow appeared to have insensibly changed places—the latter being the governor, and the former the governed ; and that while Mr. Jonas professed the warmest affection for the old man, and exhibited the tenderest anxiety for his health, he contrived to make him a prisoner in his own house, and destroy all the comfort of his existence—and everybody knows how hard it is to break free from a domestic despotism of this description, which, like the arms of a gigantic cuttle-fish, has wound itself inextricably around its victim.

To leave Jonas, or to make Jonas leave him, was equally difficult ; but at length the declining state of his health, together with his ever-augmenting hatred of his chosen heir, rendering the case more urgent he determined to make a vigorous effort for freedom ; and it now first occurred to him that his old friend Maurice Lane might help him to attain his object. In the meantime, while waiting for an opportunity to get possession of the will by which he had appointed Jonas heir to all his fortune, he privately drew up another, in favor of his sister's eldest son or descendants, and this he secured in a tin box, of which he kept the key always about him, the box itself being deposited in a cupboard in his own chamber. In spite of all these precautions, however, Jonas penetrated the secret and by means of false keys obtained a sight of the document which was to cut him out of all he had been accustomed to consider his own ; but it was at least some comfort to observe that the will was neither signed nor witnessed and therefore at present perfectly invalid. This being the case he thought it advisable to replace the papers, and content himself with narrowly watching his uncle's future proceedings, since stronger measures at so critical a juncture might possibly provoke the old man to more decisive ones of his own.

In a remote quarter of the town resided two young men, commonly called Jock and Joe Wantage, who had formerly served Mr. Aldridge as errand boys, but who had since managed to step up in a humble way of business for themselves ; and having at length contrived one evening to elude the vigilance of his nephew, he stepped into a coach and, without entering into any explanation of his

reasons he, in the presence of those persons, produced and signed his will, which they witnessed, desiring them at the same time never to mention the circumstance to anybody, unless called upon to do so. After making them a little present of money, for adversity had now somewhat softened his heart, he proceeded to the house of his old clerk.

It was by this time getting late, and the father and daughter were sitting in their almost fireless room, anxious and sad, for as Tracey had conjectured, they were reduced to the last extremity of distress, when they were startled by a double knock at the door. It was long since those old walls had reverberated to such a sound.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Lane, looking suddenly up from his book, which was a tattered volume of Shakespeare, the only one he possessed. "I heard a coach stop."

"It can be nobody here," returned Mary, "it must be a mistake."

However, she rose and opened the door, at which by this time stood Mr. Aldridge, whose features it was too dark to distinguish.

"Bring a light here!" said he. "No, stay, I'll bring you out the money," he added to the coachman, and with that he stepped forward to the little parlor. But the scene that there presented itself struck heavily upon his heart, and perhaps upon his conscience, for instead of advancing he stood still in the doorway. Here was poverty indeed. He and Lane had begun life together, but what a contrast in their ultimate fortunes. The one with much more money than he knew what to do with ; the other without a shilling to purchase a bushel of coals to warm his shivering limbs ; and yet the rich man was probably the more miserable of the two.

"Mr. Aldridge!" exclaimed Lane, rising from his seat in amazement.

"Take this, and pay the man his fare," said the visitor to Mary, handing her some silver. "And have you no coals?"

"No, sir!"

"Then buy some directly, and make up the fire. Get plenty ; here's the money to pay for them ;" and as the coals were to be had next door, there was soon a cheerful fire in the grate. Lane drew his chair close to the fender, and spread his thin fingers to the welcome blaze.

"I did not know you were so badly off as this," Mr. Aldridge remarked.

"We have nothing but what Mary earns, and needle work is poorly paid," returned Lane, "and often not to be had. I hope Mr. Jonas is well."

Mr. Aldridge did not answer, but sat silently looking into the fire. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, his lip quivered, and the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of all he had lavished on that ungrateful nephew, that serpent he had nourished in his bosom, while the only friend he ever had was starving.

"Mary's an excellent girl," pursued the father, "and has more sense than years. She nursed me through all my illness night and day, and though she has had a hard life of it, she's as patient as a lamb, poor thing. I sometimes wish I was dead, and out of her way, for then she might do better for herself."

Mr. Aldridge maintained his attitude and his silence, but a tear or two escaped from their channels, and flowed down the wan and hollow cheek; he did not dare to speak, lest the convulsion within his breast should burst forth into sobs and outward demonstrations, from which his close and reserved nature shrunk. Lane made two or three attempts at conversation, and then, finding them ineffectual, sank into silence himself.

If the poor clerk could have penetrated the thoughts of his visitor during that interval, he would have read their pity for the sufferings of his old friend, remorse for having treated him with harshness under the name of justice, and the best resolutions to make him amends for the future.

"Justice," thought he, "how can man who sees only the surface of things ever hope to be just."

"You have no food either, I suppose," said he, abruptly breaking the silence.

"There's part of a loaf in the house, I believe," returned Lane.

"Call the girl and bid her fetch some food! Plenty and best! Do you hear Mary?" he added, as she appeared at the door. "Here's money."

"I have enough left from what you gave me for the coals," said Mary, withholding her hand.

"Take it! take it!" said Mr. Aldridge, who was now for the first time in his life beginning to comprehend that the real value of money

depends wholly on the way in which it is used, and that that which purchases happiness neither for its possessor nor anybody else is not wealth, but dross. "Take it and buy whatever you want. When did he ever withhold his hand when I offered him money?" thought he, as his mind recurred to his adopted nephew.

Mary accordingly departed, and having supplied the table with provisions was sent out again to purchase a warm shawl and some other articles for herself, which it was too evident she was much in need of. It was not till after she had departed that Mr. Aldridge entered into the subject that sat heavy on his soul. He now first communicated to Lane that which the reserve of his nature had hitherto induced him to conceal from everybody—namely, the disappointment he had experienced in the character of his adopted son, the ill-treatment he had received from him, and the mixture of fear, hatred and disgust with which the conduct of Jonas has inspired him.

"He has contrived, under the pretence of taking care of my health, to make me a prisoner in my own house. I haven't a friend for an acquaintance; he has bought over the servants to his interest, and his confidential associate is Holland, my solicitor, who drew up the will I made in that rascal's favor, and has it in his possession. Jonas is to marry his daughter too, but I have something in my pocket that will break off that match. I should never sleep in my grave if he inherited my money. The fact is," continued he, after a pause, "I never mean to go back to the fellow. I won't trust myself in his keeping; for I see he has scarcely patience to wait till nature removes me out of his way. I'll tell you what, Lane," continued he, his hollow cheek flushing with excited feelings, "I'll come and live with you, and Mary shall be my nurse."

Lane, who was listening to all this in a state of bewilderment, half-doubting whether his old master had not been seized with a sudden fit of insanity, here cast a glance round the miserable whitewashed walls begrimmed with smoke and dirt. "Not here—not here!" added Mr. Aldridge, interpreting the look aright, "we'll take a house in the country, and Mary shall manage everything for us, whilst we sit together, with our knees in the

fire, and talk over old times. Thank God, my money is my own still, and with country air and good nursing, I should not wonder if I recover my health; for I can safely say I have never known what it is to enjoy a happy hour these five years—never since I found out that fellow's real character—and that is enough to kill any man. Look here," said he, drawing from his pocket a large black, leathern note-case. "Here is a good round sum in Bank of England notes, which I have kept concealed till I could get clear of Mr. Jonas; for though he cannot touch the principal, thank God, he got a power of attorney from me some time ago, entitling him to receive my dividends; but now I'm out of his clutches, I'll put a drag on his wheel, he may rely on it. With this we can remove into the country and take lodgings, while we look out for a place to suit us permanently. We'll have a cow in a paddock close to the house; the new milk and the smell of the hay will make us young again. Many an hour, as I have lain in my wearisome bed lately, I have thought of you

and our Sunday afternoons in the country when we were boys. In the eagerness of money getting, these things had passed away from my memory; but they return to me now as the only pleasant recollection of his life."

"And yet I never thought you enjoyed them much at the time," observed Lane, who was gradually getting more at ease with the rich man that had once been his equal, but between whom and himself all equality had ceased as the one grew richer and the other poorer.

"Perhaps I did not," returned Ephriam. "I was too eager to get on in the world to take much pleasure in anything that did not help to fill my pockets. Money, money, was all I thought of, and when I got it what did it bring me? Jonas—and a precious bargain he has turned out. But I'll be even with him yet." Here there was a sob and a convulsion of the breast, as the wounded heart swelled with its bitter sense of injury. "I have not told you half yet," continued he, "but I'll be even with him, little as he thinks it."

(To be Continued)



THE DANDELION AS A GARDEN PLANT.

In a piece of semi-wild grounds attached to Kew there are some thousands of plants of the common dandelion in full bloom. They are broad tufts of rich green leaves with from a dozen to twenty flower heads springing from each tuft, each head two inches across and colored a rich golden orange. I know nothing that flowers so early in the year that will compare with these dandelions for richness of color, floriferousness, and elegance. I therefore venture to recommend the common ubiquitous dandelion as a first-rate plant for Spring effect in the garden. I can imagine a few beds of well-cultivated plants nicely placed on the lawn, and glistening in the May sunshine like burnished gold, surpassing any other yellow flowers possible out of doors in May. The dandelion is capable of being turned to excellent account in the flower garden. We have beds of tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, etc., in April and May, but nothing like to, nor even so good as these big-flowered, golden yellow dandelions.

The French know the value of this plant as a vegetable and have grown it largely for the last twenty years. According to M. Vilmorin, it was formerly gathered from the fields and meadows where it grows wild, but as it became an important article of commerce in Paris its systematic cultivation and improvement naturally followed, with the result that new varieties have been raised and their cultivation is now largely practiced. The whole of the plant is used for salad, its leaves being, as a rule, blanched by covering them with pots, as in the treatment of sea kale.

We do not know the dandelion as a garden vegetable in England, but it deserves a place as a "bedding" plant on account of its beautiful flowers. If, instead of being common with us, it had been obtained from Japan or China or New Zealand, we should have recognized its beauty and fitness for the garden by using it extensively for Spring effect. No doubt it might be improved, or, at any rate, variety of form and size and shade of the flowers could be obtained by cultivation and selection, just as the French have obtained considerable variety in the leaves.—Garden and Forest.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

MILK AND THUNDER.

The popular belief that thunderstorms will sour milk is so widespread that it would seem as if there must be some foundation for it. It has been asserted by many that the ozone produced in the air by electricity causes the milk to become sour. In experiments in which electric sparks were discharged over the surface of the milk, however, little or no effect has been produced upon it. The conclusion is that electricity is not of itself capable of souring milk or even of materially hastening the process. Nor can the ozone developed during the thunderstorm be looked upon as of any great importance. It seems probable that the connection between the thunderstorm and the souring of milk is one of a different character. Bacteria certainly grow most rapidly in the warm, sultry conditions which usually precede a thunderstorm, and it frequently happens that thunderstorms and the souring occur together, not because the thunder has hastened the souring, but rather because the climatic conditions which have brought the storm have at the same time been such as to cause unusually rapid bacteria growth. The fact has been verified by many experiments, which have shown that without the presence of lactic organisms there can be no spontaneous souring of milk. Milk deprived of bacteria will certainly keep well during thunderstorms. Dairymen find no difficulty in keeping milk if it is cooled immediately after being drawn from the cow and is kept cool. Milk submerged in cool water is not affected by thunderstorms.

The absolutely most valuable stamp in the world, says a philatelist, is the one cent magenta stamp of British Guiana, dated 1856. There is only one copy in existence, and it will cost you £1,000 if you are demented enough to desire to purchase it.

Nature provides a series of hooks on the front edge of the hind wings of insects, each hook fitting into a groove on the hind edge of a front wing. The front and hind wings are thus fastened together on each side while the insect is flying, and are unfastened at other times. This explains why you have occasionally noticed one of the species flying, apparently with two wings, and have seen him display four upon alighting.

CARAVAN TALES

No. V.

NOSEY, THE DWARF.

(Continued.)

While saying this, Jacob's father was pounding his boot bravely, and drawing out his threads with both fists. It was growing evident to the little lad that what he had gone through was no dream, and that he had actually served seven years as a squirrel with the wicked fairy. Anger and grief filled his heart almost to bursting. Seven years of his life the old hag had stolen from him, and what remuneration had he to show for it? He could polish slippers of cocoanut shell, and could clean chambers with floors of glass, and he had learned from the guinea-pigs the mysteries of cooking! He stood thus a good while, thinking of his fate, and at last, his father asked him:

"Would you like something of my manufacture, young gentleman? Perhaps a pair of slippers would suit you; or," he added, laughing, "perhaps a leather case for your nose?"

"Why do you refer to my nose?" inquired Jacob. "Why should I like a case for it?"

"Nay," answered the shoemaker; "every one to his taste; but I must say, if I had such a terrible nose, I would have a case made for it at once of red shiny leather. Look, sir, I have a beautiful piece handy; you would require a yard of it at least. But, consider how well you would be protected. With a case, you might knock it against every door-post; you might even let a cart run over it, and never hurt you."

The little fellow stood dumb with horror. He felt of his nose, and found it thick, heavy, and two feet long! The old woman, then, had altered his shape! This was the reason why his mother did not know him, and everyone called him a hideous dwarf!

"Master," said he, half crying, "have you a looking-glass at hand in which I can look at myself?"

"Young gentleman," answered his father gravely, "you have no cause to be vain of the figure nature has given you, and no good reason to be looking all the time in the glass.

Give up the habit, I advise you. In your case nothing can be more ridiculous."

"Alas! please let me look in your looking-glass," cried the little fellow. "Believe me, it is not from vanity!"

"Don't bother me, young gentleman, I have no such thing in the shop," replied the cobbler. "My wife has a little one, I believe, but I don't know where she hides it. If you must have a looking-glass, Urban, the barber lives across the street, and he has one twice as big as your head. Go look into his; and now, good morning."

With these words his father pushed him gently out of the shop, and shutting the door behind him, went to his work. The boy went across the street in a very miserable state of mind to Urban, the barber's, whom he had known very well in former times.

"Good morning, Urban," said he to him. "I've come to beg as a favor that you will let me look a moment in your looking-glass."

"With all the pleasure in the world; there it is," cried the barber, laughing, and the customers waiting to be shaved laughed uproariously with him. "You are a pretty lad, I must confess; so slender and graceful, with a neck like a swan, hands like a queen, and a nose which I never saw equalled! You have some reason to be vain, to be sure. Take a good look, sir; take a good look. Nobody will say I refused you permission out of envy of your beauty."

A rude horse-laugh filled the barber's shop, while the boy walked to the mirror and looked at his reflection. Tears streamed from his eyes as he gazed. "No wonder you did not recognize your little son Jacob, dear mother," said he to himself. His eyes had grown small like a pig's; his nose was huge and hung down over his chin; his neck seemed to have disappeared, and his head was joined to his shoulders; it was with the greatest difficulty he could turn it from one side to the other. His body was of the same size as it had been seven years previously, when he was twelve years of age: but, while others grew in height

from twelve to twenty, he had only increased in breadth, and his back and breast were curved like a bow, and looked like a little, well-filled sack. This extraordinary trunk was supported on a pair of small, weak legs, very ill-adapted to sustain the burthen, while the arms, which hung down at his sides, were as large as those of a well-grown man. His hands were yellow, and his fingers long and slippery, and, when he extended them to their full length, he could touch the ground without stooping. Such was little Jacob's appearance as he looked in the glass. He had been changed into a small, misshapen dwarf.

His thoughts went back to that morning when the old witch had examined his mother's baskets. Everything which he had then ridiculed,—the long nose, the hideous fingers—she had now given to him; and the long, trembling neck was the only thing she had omitted.

"Well, have you inspected yourself long enough, my prince?" said the barber, stepping up and looking him over with a laugh. "Upon my word, if a man should attempt to dream such a figure, he could never imagine one so comical. Come, I will make you an offer, my little man. My barber shop has a great deal of custom, of course, but, still, not so much as I should like. The reason is, my neighbor Lather, the barber, has picked up a giant somewhere, who draws customers. Now, a giant is one thing, but a manikin like you is another. Come into my service, little chap; you shall be found everything, board, eating, drinking, clothes, pocket-money. Your duty shall be to stand at the door every morning and invite the people in; or make the lather, and hand napkins to the customers; and you may feel sure both of us will make by it—I will get more customers than that fellow with the giant, and you will get pocket-money from everybody."

The boy felt, inwardly, bitterly outraged at the proposal that he should act as the barber's decoy-bird. But he was in no condition to resent the insult; so he quietly told the barber that he had no time to spend in such occupations, and left the shop.

Although the old harridan had changed his body, he felt a consciousness that she had failed to affect his mind, for he saw that his thoughts and feelings were no longer juvenile,

as they had been seven years previously; nay, he believed he had become much wiser and more intelligent during this interval. He did not mourn the loss of his departed beauty, nor sigh at the ugliness of his present figure. His sole cause of unhappiness was that he had been hunted like a dog from his father's door. He resolved to make another and final effort to convince his mother of his identity.

He went up to her, as she sat in the market-place, and entreated her to listen patiently to his story. He reminded her of the day on which he had gone away with the old woman; he reminded her of all the little events of his childhood; he then told her that he had served seven years with the fairy, as a squirrel, and that she had transformed him because he had once insulted her. The shoemaker's wife knew not what to think. Everything was true which he had told concerning his childhood, but when he added that he had been a squirrel for seven years, she said: "It is impossible, and there are no such things as fairies," and when she looked at him, she shuddered with disgust, and would not believe him to be her son. She decided, at least, that she had better consult with her husband; so she collected her baskets together and directed him to follow. They went to the shoemaker's shop together.

"Husband," said she, "see here; this man insists that he is our son Jacob. He has told me everything, how he was stolen seven years ago, and how he has been bewitched by a fairy."

"Indeed!" interrupted the cobbler, in a contemptuous tone. "Has he been telling you all this? The scoundrel! Why, I told him the whole story not an hour ago, and now he goes and makes a fool of you. So you have been bewitched, my man? Wait a minute and I will exorcise you." Saying this, he took down a bundle of straps, which he had just cut, and, springing on the little pigmy, beat him over his crooked back and long arms, till the dwarf shrieked with pain and ran away crying.

In that city, as everywhere else, there were very few compassionate souls, ready to assist an unfortunate person, whose misery rendered him also ridiculous. Hence it was that our unhappy dwarf went the whole day without food or drink, and at night was forced to

make his bed as best he might on the cold, hard steps of a church.

When the early beams of the rising sun awoke him next morning from his slumbers, he considered seriously how he should earn his daily bread, since his father and mother had repudiated him. He had too much pride to act as a barber's decoy-duck, and he was unwilling to hire himself to a showman, and be exhibited for money. What was he to do? It occurred to his recollection, that during his squirrel existence, he had made much progress in the science of cookery; and he believed, with good reason, that he might venture to back his skill against many a cook of high reputation. He resolved to avail himself of his accomplishments.

As soon as the streets grew busy, and the day had really begun, he entered the church, and performed his devotions, and then set about the accomplishment of his plans. The duke of the country was a notorious glutton and gormandizer, fond of a good table, and hunting for skilful cooks in every quarter of the globe. Our dwarf betook himself to his palace. Coming to the outer gate, the sentries at the door demanded his business, and made him the butt of their brutal ridicule; but, undisturbed by their laughter, he inquired for the director of the kitchen. They conducted him through the court-yard into the palace, and, wherever he appeared, all the servants stopped in what they were about, stared after him, and laughing uproariously, joined the procession, so that by degrees a large train of servants of every degree approached the palace stairs; the hostlers threw down their curry combs, the runners ran, the carpet-beaters forgot to beat their carpets; all crowded after the misshapen pigmy. There was an uproar as if an enemy were at the gates, and the air was filled with a universal cry of: "A dwarf! A dwarf! Have you seen the dwarf?"

At this moment the superintendent of the palace appeared at the door, with an angry look on his face, and a huge whip in his hand. "For heaven's sake, ye hounds, why this noise? Do you forget that the duke is asleep?" And, swinging his whip round his head, he brought it down heavily on the backs of the hostlers and sentries. "Sir! Sir!" cried they, "don't you see? We are bring-

ing a dwarf—a dwarf such as you never saw in your life."

The superintendent with difficulty suppressed a stentorian laugh, when he caught sight of the diminutive lad; for he feared, by laughing, to injure his dignity. So, driving the rabble away with his whip, he led the boy into the palace, and inquired his business. When he heard that the latter desired to see the head cook, he replied: "You have made a mistake, my little fellow; you want to see me, the superintendent of the palace, I am sure. You would be the duke's dwarf, would you not?"

"No, your honor," answered the dwarf, "I am a skilful cook, and learned in the composition of delicacies for the table. Would you be so kind as to take me to the chief cook? Perhaps he may find my services useful."

"Every one to his taste, little man, but you are a foolish chap, and don't know your own good. The kitchen you want, is it? As the duke's dwarf, now, you would have had no work to do, beautiful clothes to wear, and as much to eat and drink as your heart could wish. However, we shall see. Your skill in cooking will hardly amount to what is wanted in the duke's cook, and you are too good for a scullion."

With these words, the superintendent took him by the hand and led him into the pantry of the overseer of the kitchen.

"Excellent sir, said the dwarf to the overseer, bowing so low that he rubbed his long nose against the carpet, "are you in want of a skilful cook?"

The director of the kitchen looked him all over from head to foot, and burst into a loud laugh.

"What," he cried, "you a cook! Do you think our ovens are low enough for a little fellow like you to look into, without standing on tiptoe and stretching your head clean off your shoulders? You little jewel, whoever has sent you to me for a cook, has sent you on a fool's errand." Saying this the director laughed heartily, in chorus with the superintendent and all the servants who were in the room.

The dwarf, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose. "What matters an egg or two" said he, "and a little sirup and wine, with a little meal and spice in a house like

this? Only give me some dainty trifle to get up, and find me what I need for it, and I will get it ready before your eyes, so that you shall be compelled to say, 'He is a cook of science and genius.'"

The dwarf continued to urge these and similar arguments, his eyes gleaming, his long nose twisting, and his spidery fingers working, as if emphasizing his words. "Very well," said the director at length, taking the superintendent by the arm. Very well, for the joke's sake, so be it; come."

They passed through several halls and corridors, and came at last to the kitchen. This was a lofty, spacious apartment, nobly arranged and fitted up; huge fires burned on twenty hearths; a stream of transparent water flowed down the middle, containing fish; the provisions were stored in compartments of marble and costly woods, ever ready to the hand; and on either side were ten store rooms, in which were gathered in large quantities whatever rare and choice delicacies can be found for man's palate in all Europe and the East. Servants of every grade were running to and fro, rattling and chattering among pots and pans; but the instant the director entered the kitchen every one stood motionless, in whatever part of the room he chanced to be, and the only sounds to be heard in the apartment were the crackling of the fires and the rippling of the stream.

"What has the duke ordered for breakfast this morning?" the director inquired of the chief breakfast-cook, an old and venerable man. "My lord, he has ordered the Danish soup, and red Hamburg dumplings."

"Good," said the director. "You have heard the duke's orders, my little man? Do you think you can cook these difficult articles? You will certainly fail in the dumplings, for their manufacture is a secret."

"Nothing easier," said the dwarf, to the general surprise of those present; he had often prepared these delicacies while a squirrel. "Nothing easier. Let me have, for the soup, such and such herbs, such and such spices, the feet of a wild pig, and greens and eggs. But for the dumplings," said he, in a lower tone, so that only the director and the breakfast-cook might hear, "for the dumplings I need meat of four sorts, some duck's fat, a little ginger, and a certain herb called Magentrost (stomach-warmer.)"

"Ho! by Saint Benedict! Of what magician have you learned your art?" cried the cook in astonishment. "He has described the recipe to a hair; and the herb Magentrost we knew nothing about. O, you miracle among cooks!"

"I should never have thought it," said the superintendent. "However, let him give us a proof of his skill. Give him the things he wants, utensils and all, and let him get up the breakfast."

The servants were told to obey him, and everything was placed in readiness on the hearth. But it was found that his nose scarcely reached the level of the fire-place. Two chairs were therefore set together, a block of marble placed on them, and the little prodigy invited to commence his demonstration. The cooks, scullions and servants stood round in a circle, and witnessed with astonishment the dexterity and nimbleness of his hands, and the delicacy and elegance of the results of his labors. When he had completed all his preliminary arrangements, he directed that both the pots should be set on the fire and permitted to simmer till he should give the word; then he began to count, one, two, three, and so on, till, exactly at five hundred, he cried out, "Halt!" The pots were taken off the fire, and the dwarf invited the director to taste.

The master-cook caused one of the scullions to bring a golden spoon, and, washing it in the brook, handed it to the director. The latter stepped to the hearth with a solemn air, took up a little of the food in the spoon, and, tasting it, shut his eyes and smacked his lips with delight, exclaiming:

"Delicious! by the life of the duke, delicious! Would you like a spoon, superintendent?"

The latter bowed, took the spoon, and tasted, and was beside himself with delight. "With all respect to your great skill, breakfast-maker, and I know you to be a very accomplished man, you have never made in all your life such admirable soup, and such delicious Hamburg dumplings as these."

The cook now tasted in his turn, and, shaking the dwarf with reverence by the hand, said to him, "Pigmy, you are a master of your profession! That Magentrost does indeed impart a unique and miraculous flavor to the entire compound."

At that moment the duke's groom of the chambers entered the kitchen, and said that his grace was inquiring for his breakfast. The soup and dumplings were straightway served on silver dishes and sent to the duke, the director of the kitchen meanwhile taking the little wonder into his private room to converse with him. They had been there hardly as long as it takes to recite a paternoster, when a message came summoning the director into the duke's presence. He put on a dress suit as rapidly as he could, and followed the messenger.

The duke's countenance wore an expression of extreme satisfaction. He had swallowed the whole contents of the silver dishes, and was wiping his beard as the director entered.

"Look, director," said the duke, "I have been invariably delighted with your cooks; but tell me who it was that cooked my breakfast this morning. It was never so delicious since I mounted the throne of my ancestors. Tell me the name of the cook, that I may send him a token of my gratitude."

"Please your highness, it's a wonderful story," answered the director of the kitchen, and told him how, early that morning, a dwarf had been brought to him, who insisted on being a cook, and how everything had turned out. The duke, greatly surprised, called the dwarf into his presence, and asked him who he was, and whence he came. Of course, little Jacob could not tell the duke he had been bewitched, and had been serving hitherto in the capacity of a squirrel. Still he adhered to the truth when he stated that he was without father or mother, and had studied his art with an old woman. The duke inquired no further, but made merry over the extraordinary figure of his new cook.

"If you will stay in my service," said he, "your wages shall be fifty ducats a year, besides a suit of clothes and two extra pairs of trousers. In return, you must cook my breakfast every day with your own hands, look after the dressing of my dinner, and take general charge of my kitchen. As everyone in my palace receives his name from me, your name shall be Nosey, and you shall hold the rank of sub-kitchen inspector."

Nosey fell at the feet of the mighty duke, and kissing his shoes, swore to serve him faithfully.

Thus, at length, was the little fellow well provided for; and his subsequent efforts cov-

ered his office with glory. It can be safely asserted that the duke was a different man during Nosey's administration. Hitherto he had often been pleased to throw the dishes and plates at his cook's head; nay, he once struck the director himself so violently on the head with a baked calf's foot, which he declared was too tough, that he fell senseless to the ground, and was obliged to keep his bed for three days. To be sure, the duke repaired whatever damage his anger inflicted, by the gift of handfuls of ducats; but, notwithstanding, his cooks never entered his highnesses' presence without fear and trembling. Since the arrival of the dwarf, however, everything seemed magically changed. The duke now took five instead of three meals a day, so as to the full benefit of his diminutive servant's skill, and never showed the faintest indication of discontent. On the contrary, everything the dwarf prepared he declared to be original and excellent. He became amiable and condescending, and grew fatter every day.

He frequently summoned the kitchen-director and Nosey into his presence while dining, and, seating one on his right hand and the other on his left, would shove bits of the choicest delicacies into their mouths with his own fingers, an honor which both well knew how to appreciate.

(To be continued.)

MINING FOR DIAMONDS.

Mr. William Crookes in his lecture on "Diamonds" at the Royal Institute, gives a graphic account of the interior of a diamond mine at Kimberley. The scene below ground in the labyrinth of galleries is, he says, bewildering in its complexity, and very unlike the popular notion of a diamond mine. All below is dirt, mud, grime; half-naked men, black as ebony, muscular as athletes, dripping with perspiration, are seen in every direction hammering, picking, shovelling, wheeling the trucks to and fro, keeping up a wierd chant, which rises in force and rhythm when a titanic task calls for excessive muscular strain. The whole scene is more suggestive of a coal mine than a diamond mine, and all this mighty organization, this strenuous expenditure of energy, this costly machinery, this ceaseless toil of skilled and black labor, goes on day and night, just to win a few stones wherewith to deck my lady's finger!

IN THE DARK WITH A MAD DOG.

A London doctor's assistant relates as follows his terrible experience with a mad dog he had been directed to put out of the way :

"I filled a small bottle with hydrocyanic acid, and, taking a syringe, went off at once to see about it. Arriving at the house, I stated my business, and was handed over to the pot boy to be conducted to the dog, which I could hear howling every few seconds. There being no yard to the house, they had chained the dog down in the cellar to a staple in the wall. 'E's a wery bad case, sir,' said my guide, 'an' I'll be glad when its over ; for, although he was a great pet with us all, an' that fond of the kids you never see, it's awfu' to see him not know any of us, but when we goes near 'im to have him come a flyin' at us. Think 'e'll suffer much? There 'e goes ! 'ear 'im ! all day long 'e 'owls like that.'

"I assured him it would soon be over without much pain, and, descending some steps, we passed through a room in the basement that was dimly lit by a small and grimy window. Cases of wines and spirits were ranged against the walls, and we could hear the tramp of the thickly-shod customers in the bar or tap room just above our heads. Opening a door, we passed into another room ; this was lighted only by the small window in the room we had just left, as it shone through the now open door. 'E's in there,' said the pot boy, pointing to another door in the wall opposite.

"Thinking there was a window in the room, I pushed the door open, and immediately heard the rattle of a chain and the hoarse half-howl, half-growl, of the poor beast, whose eyes I could see against the far wall gleaming through the dark. Window there was none.

"'Why on earth didn't you bring a light?' I asked, angrily ; 'you don't suppose I can poison him in the dark?'"

"'Thought I 'ad a match,'" said the boy, fumbling in his pockets ; 'there's a gas jet just inside the door.'

"I had no matches, so I sent him up-stairs to get some, and awaiting his return, sat down on an empty keg near the door.

"The dog seemed uneasy, and fancying the light through the doorway annoyed and distressed him, I pushed it to with my hand.

The boy was some time gone (I found afterward he had been to ask his mistress if she would like to have a last look at the old dog), and I sat there thinking over the job. The air of the cellar was close, and the smell of the wet sawdust on the floor was most unpleasant. Clank went the dog's chain against the wall or on the floor as he moved uneasily about, wondering, I dare say, what was my errand there. Then the movement ceased for a time, or, partly absorbed in my thoughts, I failed to notice it. The next minute I started, feeling something rub against my leg. Looking down, I saw two glaring eyes just at my knee. The dog was loose, the staple having worked its way out of the damp and yielding mortar.

"For a second or two I nearly lost consciousness. My heart seemed to stand still ; but by an effort I kept from going off into a faint. I shall never forget the next few minutes as long as I live. I was alone in the dark with this rabid beast rubbing about my legs—first one and then the other, as if he were trying to find out who I was. Then he rested his nose on my knees and looked straight up into my face, I sat like a statue, knowing that at the slightest movement he would probably seize me, and knowing (who better?) that such a bite in his advanced state of disease was almost certain death, and a horrible death too. Nerving myself, I sat perfectly still, calculating as well as I could my chances of escape. Presently the dog put first one paw, then the other on my knee, and standing on his hind legs, gently rubbed his head against my breast, then over my arms, and then commenced to explore my face. I shut my eyes, and I felt his nose pass several times across my face, covering it with saliva. Yet I dared not move. I expected every instant he would seize me ; the very beating of my heart might disturb and annoy him ; and I felt that, come what might, I must fling him off and make a dash for the door.

"Suddenly he ceased rubbing against me, and appeared to be listening. He could hear the steps of the pot boy descending the ladder. I also could hear it, and knew not whether to call to him or keep silent. The dog now dropped down to my knees again, still listening ; and as the light of a candle streamed through the crevices of the badly fitting door he crept into the far corner of the

cellar, evidently dreading being put upon the chain again. Then I made a dash at the door, swung it open, and banging it to behind me, sank, more dead than alive, on a case near the wall. Seeing my state, the man brought me quickly a nip of brandy, and I pulled myself together. All this time the dog was growling furiously on the other side of the door, and tearing at it in his mad endeavor to get at us. Steadying myself as well as I could I placed the light on a pile of cases, and filling my syringe with acid, opened the door about two inches. As I expected the infuriated beast rushed at the opening, and at he did so I discharged the contents of the syringe into his open mouth. In a few seconds all was over. When I went up stairs I found my trousers, vest, coat, hands and face covered with saliva from his mouth. I felt sick and faint, and looked—so the people said—white as a ghost; in fact, I could hardly stand."

FALL OF A MOUNTAIN.

The Valley of Lowertz, situated in the canton of Schwytz, in Switzerland, and bounded on two sides by the lakes of Zug and Lowertz and the mountains of Rosenberg and Rosi on the others, was the scene of a dreadful catastrophe in the month of September, 1806. An account of the event to which reference is made was given by an American clergyman, who passed over the spot shortly after the occurrence took place :

"About five o'clock in the evening of the 3rd of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rosenberg on the north-east gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley; in less than four minutes it completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as irresistible and terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, everything before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country more than three miles square! The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the side of the Righi. The quantity of earth is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre

of the vale. A portion of the fallen mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient chateau, once belonging to the house of Hapsberg. So large a body was raised and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and whole village of Seven, at the northern extremity, were for a time submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations and carried half a mile beyond its place.

"The disastrous consequences of this event extended further than the loss of such a number of inhabitants in a canton of little population; a fertile plain is at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property are obliterated. The main road from Art to Schwytz is completely filled up, so that another must be opened with great labor over the Righi. The former channel of a large stream is choked up, and its course altered; and as the outlets and passages of large bodies of water must be affected by the filling up of such a portion of the lake, the neighboring villages are still trembling with apprehension of some remote consequences, against which they know not how to provide. Several hundreds of men have been employed opening passages for the stagnant waters, in forming a new road for foot-passengers along the Righi, and in exploring the ruins.

"The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruin of this mountain is scarcely less than 1,500. Some even estimate it as high as 2,000. Of these, a woman and two children have been found alive, after having been several days under the ground. They affirm, that while they were thus entombed, they heard the cries of poor creatures who were perishing around them for want of that succour which they were so fortunate to receive. Indeed, it is the opinion of many well-informed people, that a large number might still be recovered; and a writer in *Publiciste* of Paris goes so far as to blame the inactivity of the neighboring inhabitants, and quotes many well-attested facts, to prove that people

have lived a long time buried under snow and earth. This at least is probable in the present case, that many houses, exposed to lighter weight than others, may have been merely a little crushed; while the lower storey, which in this part of Switzerland is frequently of stone, may have remained firm, and thus not a few of the inhabitants escaped unhurt. The consternation into which the neighboring towns of Art and Schwytz were thrown, appears, indeed, to have left them incapable of contriving and executing these labors which an enlightened compassion would dictate.

"The mountain of Rosenberg, as well as the Righi and other mountains in the vicinity, are composed of a kind of brittle calcareous earth and pudding-stone, or aggregated rocks. Such a prodigious mass as that which fell would easily crumble by its own weight, and spread over a wide surface. The bed of the mountain from which the desolation came, is a plain inclined from north to south. Its appearance, as now laid bare, would lead one to suppose that the mass, when first moved from the base, slid for some distance before it precipitated itself into the valley. The height of the Spitsberg—the name of the projection which fell—above the lake and valley of Lowertz, was little less than 2,000 feet. The composition of the chain of the Righi, of which the Rosenberg makes a part, has always been an obstacle in the way of those system makers who have built their hypotheses upon the structure of the Alps. It has nothing of granite in its whole mass; and though nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, is green and even fertile to its summit. It is composed of nothing but earth and stones, combined in rude masses. It is also remarkable that the strata of which it is composed are distinctly inclined from north to south; a character which is common to all rocks of this kind through the whole range of the Alps, as well as to the greater part of calcareous, schistous, and pyritous rocks, and also to the whole chain of the Jura.

"It was about a week after the fall of the mountain, that our route through Switzerland led us to visit this scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views that presented themselves to our curiosity. Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass of earth and stones, bristled with the shattered part of wooden cottages,

and with thousands of heavy trees torn up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks separated from the top of the mountain which was carried high up the opposite side of the Righi. Large pools of water were formed in different parts of the ruins, and many little streams, whose usual channels had been filled up, were bursting out in various places. Birds of prey, attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were hovering all over the valley. But the general impression made upon us by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected, too, with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive, buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labors of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood. As we travelled along the borders of this chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, bearing a countenance ghastly with woe, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried under the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavoring to clear away. A little further on we came to an elevated spot which overlooked the whole scene. Here we found a painter seated on a rock and busy sketching its horrors. He had chosen a most favorable point. Before him, at the distance of more than a league, rose the Rosenberg, from whose bare side had rushed the destroyer of all this life and beauty. On the right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demolished, but the tower yet stood, and the ruins, shattered but not thrown down. The figures which animated this part of the drawing were a few miserable peasants left to grope among the wrecks of their village. The foreground of the picture was a wide desolate sweep of earth and stones, relieved by the shattered roof of a neighboring cottage. On the left hand spread the blue and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which yet stands the pleasant village of Art, almost intact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

"We proceeded, in our descent, along the side of the Righi, towards the half-buried

village of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate, who is said to have been a spectator of the fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of the earth rushing towards his village, overwhelming half his people, and stopping just before his door. What a situation! He appeared, as we passed, to be superintending the labors of some of the survivors who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new-made graves, marked with a plain pine cross, showed where a few of the wretched victims of this catastrophe had just been interred.

"The immediate cause of this calamitous event is not sufficiently ascertained, and probably never will be. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon, and in Switzerland, especially, there are several instances recorded of the descent of large masses of earth and stone. But so sudden and extensive a ruin as this was perhaps never produced by the fall of a mountain. It can be compared only to the destruction occasioned by the tremendous eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius. Many persons suppose that the long and copious rains which they have lately had in this part of Switzerland may have swelled the fountains in the Rosenberg sufficiently to push this part of the mountain off its inclined base. But we saw no marks of streams issuing from any part of the bed which is laid bare. Perhaps the consistency of the earth in the interior of the mountain was so much altered by the moisture which penetrated into it, that the projection of the Spitsberg was no longer held by a sufficiently strong cohesion, and its own weight carried it over. Perhaps, as the earth is calcareous, a kind of fermentation took place sufficient to loosen its foundation. But there is no end to conjectures. The mountain has fallen, and the villages are no more. Several travellers, or rather strangers, have been destroyed; but whether they were there on business or for pleasure, I know not. Among them are several respectable inhabitants of Berne, and a young lady of fine accomplishments and amiable character, whose loss is much lamented."

A BOTTLE POST.

The inhabitants of a small group of islands situated on the south of Iceland, possess a very curious method of communication, in

their so-called "bottled post." When the wind blows from the south, and one of the islanders wishes to communicate with the mainland, he puts his letters into a well-corked bottle, and to insure their delivery, he incloses at the same time a plug of twist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where people are usually on the look-out, who are willing to deliver the contents of the bottle in return for the inclosed remuneration.

A MONUMENT OF LOVE.

The Alhambra of Spain has attained a fame equalled by no other palace on earth. This marvellous creation of Moorish fancy is situated in what was in its time one of the strongest and largest fortresses in the world. Capable of containing an army of 40,000, it was at once the admiration of the Moors and the dread of the Spaniards. The Moors called it the Maiden Fortress, and had a superstition that when it fell the Moorish power in Spain would come to an end. The belief was justified by the event, for Kal-al-Hamrah, the Red Castle, was the last Moorish stronghold to surrender to the Spaniards, it being given up the year before the discovery of America, and the eight centuries of constant war between the Moors and the Spaniards was brought to a close. The dainty palace within the walls of the huge fortress was the work of Ibn el Aamar, and was inspired by his love for his wife. Telika was her name; some say Zeleika, and others gave her various appellations, so she may have had more names than one, but, no matter what was her name, she found life in the great fortress rather dull, and to please her, Ibn el Abmar began the elegant palace as a home for her and a refuge for himself from the cares of business and the fatigues of war. It proved too long and expensive an undertaking for his life and pocket-book, but his son and grandson each was bountifully supplied with wives, whom they were anxious to please, so it was continued by the one and finished by the other in 1314, over sixty years from the time when its foundations were laid.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

HOW TO DEAL WITH CROUP.

All crowing coughs are not croup, and, though they need careful treatment, are not so dangerous. Croup proper is a diphtheritic disease. When a child coughs with a "brassy" sound, breathes deeply with a crowing or piping noise, the back of the mouth is red and swollen, the breathing quick and cough frequent, he is thirsty and restless, and puts his fingers to his mouth as if he would pull away what is choking him, then we may know he has croup. Send for the doctor at once. If the child is up, put him to bed at once. If there is hot water at hand, give him a hot bath for five minutes or so, but do not wait for the water to be made hot—rather omit the bath. Put him to bed between blankets at once. Have a fire in the room, with a steam-kettle moistening the air as near the child as possible. Make a temporary tent round the bed with a clothes-horse or screen and blankets, so as to keep the moistened air near the child to help the breathing. Squeeze a sponge out in hot water, and apply it to the throat, taking care not to scald the skin. Give a teaspoonful of ipecacuanha in water. Ipecacuanha wine is, indeed, the sovereign remedy for croup. If you have any reason for thinking it necessary, give the child a dose of castor oil.

EXERCISE AND HEALTH.

Most of the food actually digested and assimilated is not used to the fullest extent for want of sufficient oxidation to make it yield the greatest amount of vitalizing power to the tissues of the body. Such partially oxidized products have an irritating effect on the organs and tissues, and predispose them to disease if they do not directly affect them with it. Exercise has a stimulating effect on all parts of the body by inducing further oxidation in all the tissues and organs; this increased oxidation is attended by a greater demand on the part of the system for oxygen—as indicated by the greater number, force and frequency of the respirations. During exercise

the heart beats faster, and forces more blood through the lungs to all parts of the body, bearing in its little blood cells the precious life-giving factor, oxygen. These little cells—one constituent of which, hæmoglobin, has the wonderful faculty of quickly loading and unloading itself with oxygen—thus act as direct aids to the progress of oxidation in the tissues and organs. It is the combining of oxygen with unoxidized products in the blood that gives to each individual cell its possibility of sustaining life. Any process which increases the oxygen supplied to all parts of the body tends to strengthen the life in each individual cell, and to give it more power to resist disease. Exercise, of all factors, does this most effectively; and besides actually producing in each individual cell a greater vitality, it gives a favorable opportunity for the waste products of the tissues to be thrown off rapidly. By thus causing a further oxidizing of certain matters in the blood, it induces in a double sense to life and health. Habitual outdoor exercise, with suitable protection from extremes of weather, is the most effective means of prolonging life to old age. In this age of rush and hurry, when time is too precious to use for systematic exercise, and when the cultivation of the brain too often debars the remainder of the body from a complete development, it is not to be wondered at that the body succumbs to disease which overtakes it in its prime, because it has not the vitality to resist its inroads.

HINTS ON DIETING.

The doctors of to-day have grasped and taught one great truth—that much of the medicine and drugs given in the past need never have been taken; that health can be regulated to a large extent by diet; and that avoiding certain foods and taking others will often effect as satisfactory a cure as costly and nauseous drugs. Fruit especially, from this point of view, and vegetables also, are of great importance, and all housekeepers should know the properties of different kinds, and

what different members of their families should take and avoid. Of course, each person is not affected quite in the same way as others by certain fruits and vegetables; but, roughly speaking, the properties of the chief kinds are as follows:—

Figs, dates and prunes are wholesome and nutritious, and can well take the place of castor oil and old-fashioned salts, and so can coffee.

Beans of all sorts—French beans, haricot beans and broad beans, are most nourishing and sustaining, and so are peas, but they increase fatness.

Tomatoes are very good, especially uncooked, for bilious people who have “sluggish livers.”

Oranges, lemons—especially lemons—are extremely good for feverishness and skin roughness such as scurvy; and for over-stoutness and its attendant evils there is nothing better than unsweetened lemon, the pulp and juice taken once a day. Lemon is also good for rheumatic people, and so is celery.

Onions are a great nerve tonic, and affect the nerves, especially which belong to the skin, and keep it soft and pliant.

Spinach is very good for kidney troubles.

Grapes aid nutrition and assimilation of food, and in themselves are highly nutritious.

Lentils and leeks are extremely nutritious.

Beet-root is good for thin and anæmic people, forming blood and so adding flesh.

Potatoes are nutritious, but form fatty tissue, and should not be eaten by those with gouty tendencies.

White bread is not nearly so good as brown or whole-meal bread, especially for the young, whose bone-forming needs the lime and silicates contained in the wheat husk of the grain.

Lettuce contains opium, and is an excellent thing for those who sleep badly, as is cowslip wine.

Lastly, apples are invaluable as an article of diet; they contain juices which are the best of blood purifiers. They should be eaten by all—as new and fresh as it is possible to get them; uncooked and unsweetened if possible, and bitten and masticated slowly. Many people who suffer from acidity, nervous dyspepsia and similar ailments, have been en-

tirely cured by eating a large apple daily before breakfast, and again several times in the day.

BRIEF HINTS.

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt water, and bind it on the throat when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

Don't sit between a fever patient and the fire, or attend, before eating, to any one suffering from a contagious illness, or come into such a presence when perspiring.

A comfortable way to take castor oil is to squeeze lemon juice into a wine glass, then pour the oil carefully on top, then, on top of that, more lemon juice, and swallow without beat'ng.

One of the best remedies for tender feet is, after the morning bath, to sponge them with a strong solution of salt and water (three tablespoonfuls to half a pint of water), afterwards drying lightly.

Neuralgia pains may often be relieved instantly by the following simple method: Heat a flat iron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part, then move the iron to and fro on the flannel. The pain will cease almost immediately.

For ingrowing toenail, take one dram of muriatic acid, one dram of nitric acid, and one ounce of chloride of zinc. Apply one drop of this mixture to the affected part once a day. This gives instant relief to the pain caused by ingrowing toenail.

When the carpet is taken up to be cleaned the floor beneath is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

Tie up one pint of flour in a cloth and boil for four or five hours. Remove the moist outside of the porridge and grate the hard inside. Mix one or two teaspoonfuls of this with cold milk, then add boiling milk and cook until it thickens. Season with salt or sugar, like a custard, or use cold with blackberry jelly. This is a sure cure for dysentery.

THE DINNER MAKERS

BOILED FISH.

A general rule for boiling fish, which will hold good for all kinds, and thus save a good deal of time and space, is this: Any fresh fish weighing between four and six pounds should be first washed in cold water and then put into boiling water enough to cover it, and containing one tablespoonful of salt. Simmer gently thirty minutes; then take up. A fish kettle is a great convenience, and it can be used also for boiling hams. When you do not have a fish kettle, keep a piece of strong white cotton cloth in which pin the fish before putting it into the boiling water. This will hold it in shape. Hard boiling will break the fish, and, of course, there will be a great waste, besides the dish will not look so handsome and appetizing. There should be a gentle bubbling of the water and nothing more, all the time the fish is in it. A fish weighing more than six pounds should cook five minutes longer for every additional two pounds. Boiled fish can be served with a great variety of sauces. After you have learned to make them (which is a simple matter,) if you cannot get a variety of fish you will not miss it particularly, the sauce and mode of serving doing much to change the whole character of the dish. Many people put a tablespoonful of vinegar in the water in which the fish is

boiled. The fish flakes more readily for it. Small fish, like trout, require from four to eight minutes to cook. They are, however, much better baked, broiled, or fried.

TO MAKE LEMONADE.

The essence: 2½ lbs. lump sugar, 1 oz. tartaric acid, 1 lemon (peeled and sliced.) Pour on two quarts of boiling water. When nearly cold add a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Lemon peel must not be used. Lemon juice may be used instead of the lemon if more convenient. The abovementioned will be found very good, and may be kept in bottles, either with or without corks, for a month or two. When required for use put in a tumbler one-third of the essence, and fill up with cold water. It is then quite ready for use, and is not effervescing.

TO MAKE CLAREMONT PUDDING.

Line a basin or pie-dish with strips or small pieces of stale bread, from which the crust has been taken. Have ready some hot, juicy stewed fruit sweetened to taste (black or red currants are the best). Fill in the dish with this, leaving room for a layer of bread, which should come just above the top of basin. Put a round of bread on the top of all, and a weight to press it down. Leave it all night in

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And the union of the Best Beef Extracts with the Albumen and Fibrine produces **BOVRIL**, which is therefore infinitely more Strengthening and Nourishing than ordinary Meat Extracts or Home-Made Beef Tea, in which these flesh-forming and muscle-making properties are almost entirely absent.

This Albumen and Fibrine is obtained by a patented process, by which the lean of the finest beef is in a sense mechanically digested or reduced to so fine a state of sub-divisions that it is at once assimilated by the system, with the smallest possible expenditure of vital energy; and herein lies the superiority of

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the cellar to soak and absorb thoroughly, and turn out carefully the last thing. Serve with boiled custard or cream.

STUFFED POTATOES.

Bake six nice smooth, medium sized potatoes in a moderate oven about one hour. Cut in two lengthwise, carefully remove the inside, keeping the shells in good shape. Now mash the potato, adding butter the size of an egg, about half a cup of hot milk, a level teaspoonful of salt and some white pepper. Beat until light, add carefully the well beaten whites of two eggs. Return to the shells, heaping slightly, touch here and there with the yolk of an egg (using a brush for the purpose), and place in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes, or until a nice, delicate brown. Serve immediately.

NUT BALLS.

Any cold cooked meat may be used for nut balls. To each half pint of finely chopped meat, add one cup of finely chopped blanched almonds, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three or four shakes of white pepper, and one raw egg. Mould into balls the size of a walnut. Place in an agate baking dish, add one and a half cups of strained tomato which has been seasoned with salt, pepper and celery salt, or a little onion juice. Place in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. When serving, if the tomato seems thin, it may be reduced and thickened by placing over the fire for a few moments. Serve this sauce poured around the balls. Garnish with parsley.

CUMBO SOUP.

Six pounds of fresh beef. Allow a little less than a quart of water to each pound. Boil one hour. Add two quarts of okras minced fine, one dozen ripe tomatoes, one half pint of lima beans, four leaves of parsley cut fine, two turnips sliced thin. Season to taste. Cook one hour and a half longer.

ADVERTISING.

The necessity for advertising, which, reduced to its simplest terms, means making a business announcement, was present from the earliest times. Pompeii and Herculaneum had their advertisements painted on the houses, a form of publicity somewhat similar to our street sign, which is really

the most primitive kind of an announcement, since it influences but the passer-by. The town crier was largely utilized in Greece and Rome. It was not until the advent of the newspaper, however, that the art began to show that there existed within it possibilities of growth and development. The newspaper furnished at once a natural advertising medium, a medium that could be carried home by the reader, and which did effective work because it was read at the fireside or in the study, instead of being painted on a single house or being bawled forth indistinctly by a crier. The development of the art as a distinct art, based upon recognized principles of influencing the public, is the matter of the last hundred years. Fifty years ago extensive newspaper advertising was regarded as a luxury; to-day it is one of the recognized necessities of trade, a business in itself, having its own experts and specialists, and being constantly improved in its matter and manner.—Oscar Herzburg, in *July Lippincott's*.

THE SAW.

Pliny says that the saw was first invented by Dædalus, but according to Apollodorus, it was the invention of Talus, who used the jawbone of a crocodile to cut through a piece of wood, and then made an iron instrument in imitation of it. The saw is represented on the monuments of Egypt, from 2500 to 3000 years B. C. As early as A. D. 1327, sawmills driven by water power were in operation at Augsburg, and it is believed before this that they were in operation in Paris, driven by the current of the Seine. The first sawmill erected in the Norway pineries was in 1530. Sawmills were numerous in Italy in the sixteenth century. They were not introduced into England until 1663, when a native of Holland built one, but was compelled to abandon it by the opposition of the populace, carpenters and other artisans, who saw no good in such a new-fangled contrivance.—*Journal of Building*.

Let us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our hearts and minds, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land sapping and undermining character, breaking up the peace of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims not the men or women originally the worst, but persons of strong susceptibility and open in special respects to temptation. This great plague and curse, let us remember, is a national curse, calamity, and scandal.—W. E. Gladstone.

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

To clean a white leather belt rub it with a clean rag dipped in benzine. When quite clean hang it in the air a few minutes.

If your butter seems likely to spoil immerse the vessel which contains it in cold lime water and keep it there until the sweetness of the butter is restored.

To improve starch, add one teaspoonful of Epsom salts and dissolve in the usual way by boiling. Articles starched with this will be stiffer, and rendered to a certain extent fire-proof.

Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar where they can get a little light will do much toward absorbing and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are so apt to lurk in such places.

Cut glass should be first thoroughly washed and dried, then rubbed with prepared chalk, using a soft brush, and being careful not to neglect any of the crevices. This will give it a nice polish.

To clean a white straw hat dissolve one pennyworth of salts of lemon in one pint of boiling water. Scrub the hat well with the hot water, and then rinse in cold water, and hang in the air to dry.

Never leave soap standing in water, because it wastes it. Never throw your shells of soap away, but put them in a jar, fill it up with

water, put it in the oven, and let it boil well with a lid on the top, and when it is all dissolved take it out and put it to cool, and you will be able to cut it out. You can, therefore, use it again. It is very useful for washing flannels.

On the subject of ferns a writer in *Vick's* says: It is better to begin with young plants. Be careful not to overpot them; wash the inside of the pots clean and give especially good drainage; use open, rich fibrous soil, light rather than heavy, and instead of filling the pot to the brim with soil, leave plenty of room to hold water. Ferns should never get quite dry at the root, yet it will not do to keep them soaking wet. Many of them, especially the maiden hair and the gold and silver ferns, dislike being splashed overhead, and hot sunshine must never fall directly upon these delicate kinds. Ferns are sure to be killed by little dribblings of water given every day. The same rule that applies to watering other plants is good with ferns. When the top of the soil looks dry fill the pot with water to the brim, so that the ball of soil may have a thorough soaking.

It is very often a great mistake to keep choice lace for years without washing. Many women believe that it is ruined by soap and water, and will keep some cherished length for years and years, turning yellow with age,

One of the **BEST**, if not the **VERY BEST**, of protections to be had for Our Homes is Life Assurance. It is an evidence of prudent forethought and its commends itself to any far-sighted business man. It will pay you to look into the various plans of policies issued by

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and rotting with the dust it has accumulated, till it really drops to pieces. And all the time it is easy to preserve it by keeping it clean. Squeeze the lace—do not rub it—carefully in lukewarm soapsuds, in which a little borax has been dissolved—say, half a teaspoonful of borax to a quart of suds, and afterwards rinse it several times in clear water. Wrap a large bottle closely in white flannel, and sew tightly over the flannel a piece of soft cotton. Then wind the lace about the bottle, taking care that it lies flat, without wrinkles; carefully pick out any loops that may require it with a pin, and stand the bottle in the air to dry. Do not stand it in the sun, and do not dry it by a fire. If it is desired to give lace the yellow appearance usually associated with old specimens, wait until it is quite dry, dip a soft handkerchief in a cup of black coffee, and sop it as with a sponge. Then dry again as before.

Properly kept glass and china plays almost, if not quite, an important part as bright, well-kept silver, in improving the appearance of the dinner-table, and, however well arranged a table may be, however tasteful the floral and other decorations, it is practically so much wasted labor unless the glasses and plates are clean and bright, and entirely without the smeary, dull appearance, which clearly points to inefficient and ignorant servants, or an untidy and careless mistress. For washing glass it is best to have a wooden bowl, which should be kept specially for that purpose, for it is impossible to polish glass well if there be any trace of greasiness in the water used for washing it. Have hot water and dip the tumblers in it; then stand them bottom up

to drain, and dry thoroughly with a soft towel. There is no need to use soap, but many people add a little soda to the water. Before placing a glass on the table, a servant should hold it towards the light, to see if it be at all smeared looking, and have ready a clean cloth, with which to polish, if necessary. Water bottles and decanters are sometimes hard to clean. The best way is to well soap some newspaper or brown paper; tear it into small pieces, and put them in the bottle to be cleaned, and then pour in hot water. Leave the bottle for two or three hours, then shake well up and down, empty out the paper, and rinse the bottle with clean water several times and put it to drain. Potato parings or tea-leave will answer the same purpose as the brown paper.

THE QUICKEST THING KNOWN—

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This great Grease, Oil and Paint Extractor does what you can't do with any other preparation known. It removes Paint, Grease and Oil that's been on for years, without injury. The SAPONIQUE renews the lustre of the cloth and makes it new again. You can wear clothing so much longer if cleaned with SAPONIQUE. It has no equal for cleaning Patent Leather, Celluloid Cuffs and Collars, and removing Stains from Linen, Shirt Fronts, Cuffs and Collars. The SAPONIQUE cleans your house from top to bottom. Try it on your Mirrors and Windows. It works like a charm. Beware of Imitations. It extracts dirt immediately, and leaves no unpleasant smell on the hands or articles cleaned.

REMEMBER OUR OFFER.—If the SAPONIQUE don't give entire satisfaction, return the bottle and money will be refunded.

Ask your dealer for the Saponique. 25c. and 50c. bottles.
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Pamphlet "Common Sense Manuring" sent free.

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CURIOUS COLLECTION OF PENS.

At the Prison of St. Paul, at Loyns, where Caserio lay under sentence of death, there is a curious collection of pens. They are the pens with which the executioners have signed the regulation receipts for the prisoners handed over to them to be guillotined. At each execution, a fresh pen is used for the purpose, and the ink is left to dry upon it. The pen with which M. Diebler signed the receipt for Caserio, is now in the collection.

EMBROIDERED PHOTOGRAPH MOUNTS.

A new and popular way of using fine embroidery is to work a border of flowers or some conventional design as the mount for a cabinet or other photograph. The place for the photo has to be cut out, and the satin, silk or linen padded and mounted on stiff card. The whole is then framed in a very simple black or gilt frame and glazed. The embroidery, therefore, is preserved, and this is a great advantage over an embroidered frame, which often gets soiled and spoiled. One seen recently was embroidered with wreaths of

pink roses tied with blue ribbons and formed an oval mount to one of the best Jubilee photographs of Her Majesty the Queen. It was worked on fine linen, and framed in a narrow gilt moulding, and the dates 1837 and 1897 introduced among the flowers, with the letters V. R. at the top.

The Grim Reaper Foiled**The Marvellous Virtues of Paine's Celery Compound Conquer and Banish a Lady's Troubles.****Five Doctors Were Unable To Help the Sufferer.****PRECEPTS AND WARNINGS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD DYE WELL.**

Let thy faith be fixed in the wonderful transforming powers of Diamond Dyes; the results they give will cheer thine heart.

Never allow any interested or wily dealer to recommend for thy use some inferior or imitation make of dye. If thou wilt harken to his words, he will rejoice at thy simplicity of character and will delight himself over thy wrath and bitter disappointment.

If thou wouldst avoid handling poisonous ingredients, use only the Diamond Dyes for thy home dyeing work; they are the only harmless and pure dyes.

When times are hard and money scarce, thine heart often craves for new and stylish colors and garments. By the use of the magic Diamond Dyes thy wishes can be fully realized, because Diamond Dyes recreate old dresses and make them to look like new.

If thou wouldst have a smiling face, a happy heart and an easy mind, do thy coloring at all seasons of the year with the Diamond Dyes; they never cause worry or grief to those who make use of them.

Twelve years of misery and agony from female, kidney and stomach troubles! Physicians were utterly perplexed and unable to cure the lady! In a time of gloom and despondency the magic virtues of Paine's Celery Compound bring joy and new life! These are the leading facts in the following statement made by Mrs. G. Stone, of Eganville, Ont.

"For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine without any good results.

"My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines.

I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles."

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This is the Magic Scale being one-ninth its actual size. By it any lady can cut all styles of ladies' and children's garments, (sleeves included,) without cutting. So simple that a child can learn from the book alone. It is not a Chart or model! Free, post-paid, \$2.00. Agents Wanted.

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TORONTO

A Frenchman has found a method of extracting the perfume of flowers without crushing or killing the blossoms. It consists of immersing the flowers in water, which, as it becomes charged with the odor, is gradually withdrawn, while fresh water takes its place. Afterwards the perfume is isolated from the water with the aid of ether. It is said that by this method some flowers whose perfume had never before been extracted have been successfully treated. The process has been notably efficient in the case of the lily of the valley.

MONTREAL, April 23rd, 1897.

TO THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION,
180 St. James St., Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—On behalf of the widow of the late J. F. C. Blondin, who was insured in your Company for \$3,000, I wish to express my thanks for the very prompt and satisfactory payment of the claim, the papers for which were only in your hands a few days, when you might have taken advantage of the 60 days allowed for payment, which you did not do. I will certainly recommend your Association to all whom I may meet desiring insurance.

I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) **JOS. F. BRUYERE, PIRE.**
Vicar of St. Charles of Montreal.

TORONTO, May 4th, 1897.

The Colonial Mutual Life Association, Montreal, P. Q.

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the prompt payment in full of Policy No. 317, on the life of my late brother by The Colonial Mutual Life Association, which policy has been assigned to me.

I can heartily recommend your Company to any intending insurers desiring low rates and equitable treatment, and they will find your Toronto agent, Mr. M. B. Aylsworth, exceedingly courteous and ready to give full information.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed) **JOHN A. CUMMINGS.**

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they strike together and the rising spray of fire leaps thousands of miles into space ; it falls again and rolls over the Himalayas of fire as the sea over the pebbles on its beach. If strips as large as this earth were placed in such a tempest they would be mere corks as tossed by an ocean storm.

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S. S. MERICK.

Carleton Place, Ont., Oct. 12, 1894.

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ROBT. ROBERTSON.

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Home and Youth

(Formerly OUR HOME)

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

[This magazine was published in Montreal for five years previous to July, 1897, under the name of OUR HOME.]

Price, 50 Cents Per Year, in advance,
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THE HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,

C. H. MORTIMER, Managing Director

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA.
Telephone 2362.

Branch Office: New York Life Building, Montreal.
Telephone 2299.

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New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps. Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to the office of publication. We do not authorize agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions. Notify the publishers promptly if you should change your address. Always send your old address as well as the new.

If you do not receive HOME AND YOUTH regularly write to the publishers, and the matter will be looked into at once.

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

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Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval. All new advertisements must be sent in by the 25th of each month, and changes of advertisements by the 20th of the month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of HOME AND YOUTH.

Address all communications to

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want reliable, energetic agents in every town and city in Canada and the United States to obtain new subscribers for HOME AND YOUTH. We offer very liberal compensation to persons who will undertake the work. Why not, by putting forth a little effort among your friends and neighbors, add to your income? Others are taking advantage of this offer, why not you? Write immediately for full particulars to the Home and Youth Publishing Co., Toronto, Canada.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

There is a difference between the moral basis on which Greek antiquity rests, and our modes of life and thought in modern times. We men of to-day can hardly even conceive how the Greeks, the most intellectual race the world has ever seen, could make their highest national festivity a gymnastic one, far less can we sympathize with or imagine ourselves taking actual part in this truly Bacchic enthusiasm for the Olympic victor. We have lost all living and immediate sympathetic relation to the Olympic games, because gymnastics with us no longer occupy that position which they held in so eminent a degree among the Greeks. It is not by any means mere bodily strength and agility which forms the basis of the Olympic games. The coarser, merely mechanical and one-sided species of gymnastics which aims solely at an athletic development of the corporeal frame, and was in later times so greatly in vogue among the Romans, was, in the Greek estimation, contemptible; they looked upon it as "banausic," that is, unworthy of a freeman. Gymnastics among the Greeks had a highly ideal basis. They were the source of central interest in the Olympic festival, simply because they were in reality the focus in which all the rays of the moral, artistic and political life of the Greeks converged. The Greeks were so thoroughly artists by nature that they could not think of beauty of soul except as co-existent with beauty of body. Aristocracy of mind was with them at the same time essentially an aristocracy of personal beauty. Even an Aristotle could give utterance to the famous sentiment that it was a faulty arrangement in nature to bestow, as she frequently does, on slaves the beauty of freedom, and that if there existed men surpassing all others in beauty, as much as the statues of the gods surpass mortals, all men would of necessity and of right be subject to them.

CIRCULATION OF
HOME AND YOUTH
MAGAZINE

DOMINION OF CANADA: }
Province of Quebec. } In the Matter of Cir-
District of Montreal. } culation of Magazine
TO WIT } "Home and Youth."

I, WATSON GRIFFIN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, in the said Province, formerly publisher of the monthly magazine "Our Home," now known as "Home and Youth," having sold the said "Our Home" or "Home and Youth" to Mr. C. H. Mortimer, of Toronto, on the 25th of May, 1897,

DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE, That during the ten months preceding said sale one hundred thousand copies of the said "Our Home" were printed and circulated, that the smallest number of copies printed and circulated during any one month of that period was eight thousand copies, and that the largest number printed and circulated during any one month of that period was twelve thousand copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, ' 1893.

Declared before me at the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, this twenty-sixth day of June, A D. 1897.

R. A. DUNTON,
Notary Public,
Commissioner, etc.

WATSON GRIFFIN

[L. S.]

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