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CANADA

OUR HOME

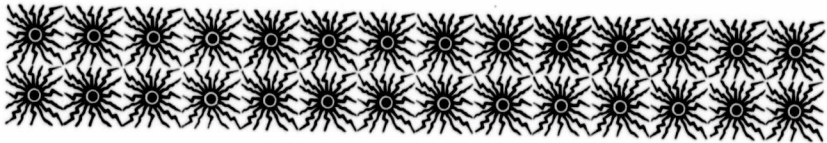
HOME AND YOUTH

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OCTOBER
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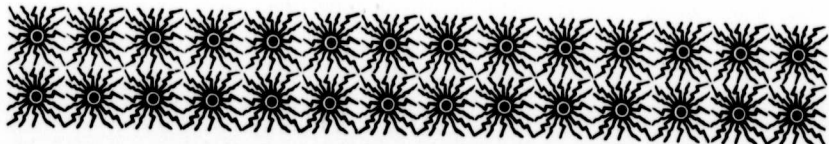
HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO CANADA



FOR Has your doctor failed to cure you? Does your weakness grow worse and worse all the time? Are you longing for a means of relief from those pains which afflict you daily? I have a "Home Treatment" for your weak-
WEAK ness which will not fail. It is prepared with a view to the manifold needs of the fe-
SICK male sex, when suffering from the various phases of Uterine trouble. I will forward full private description of the action
AND of my treatment with advice free, upon receipt of your address with stamp. My "Home Treatment" comprises the several remedies necessary to a complete cure, no one of which is a "cure-all." It consists of a remedy for the Ovaries ; one for the Stomach and Blood? **AND** one for the Liver and Bowels ; one for Leucor-
SUFFERING rahoea; specially prepared plaster for a weak back, and a positive relief from Constipation. Each remedy for a separ-
WOMANKIND ate trouble, yet all work-
ing in harmony. I refer to the publishers of this paper as to my reliability. Address,

MRS. E. WOODS,

578 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.



HOME AND YOUTH

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1897

No. 3.

THE POINT OF THE PEN

THE DECAY OF PEDESTRIANISM.

Those who have accustomed themselves by long continued habit to take regular daily exercise in walking, cannot fail to have noticed within recent years the very marked decline in the number of fellow-pedestrians to be met with on the highway and in the by-lanes of the country-side. Where at one time, within easy recollection, it was of no unusual occurrence to meet on the road numbers of people availing themselves of those benefits to be derived from a good walk, it is now indeed a remarkable circumstance to encounter during a few hours' ramble any one person—man, woman or child—ON FOOT, outside a three-mile, or at most, a five-mile radius from his or her own home.

Pedestrianism, in fine, is out of general favor—is out of the fashion. An inventive science having so placed at the disposal, and within the reach of all, such varied and pleasureable means of locomotion—the cycle, the street-car, the railroad—that walking, even the shortest distances, is rendered unnecessary; further, as a form of recreation, it is now almost universally voted to be "feeble" and "uninteresting."

Just as in the early years of the Victorian period, the introduction and development of steam as a motor power brought to a close the Old Country coaching days of our grandparents, so in like manner the swift and silent roadster has, in our own time, succeeded in eclipsing the modest pedestrian. Every highway has its cloud of cyclists. All the world goes on wheels—the leisured for their morning ride, the housekeeper to her shopping, the doctor to his patients, the business man to his office—even the clergyman on his parochial "rounds," and the policeman in pursuit of the law-breaker. There would seem to be no limit, as yet, to the many and useful purposes to which the cycle may be advantageously adapted.

In addressing this plea on the behalf of pedestrianism, the writer trusts that he may not be misunderstood. He would be very sorry to say, or to write, anything in disapproval of the MODERATE pursuit of wheeling, beside which there is no form of recreative exercise that affords the participant, whether male or female, such lively enjoyment, or that confers on the physique such real and lasting benefit. It is a matter of common knowledge, however, that

PROMINENT YOUNG CANADIANS.

III.

HAROLD E. JOHNSTON.

The original of the accompanying portrait, Mr. Harold E. Johnston, is the winner of the first prize, a piano, in the recent great bicycle road race over the Kingston road in East Toronto. In this race there were 190 competitors, representing the picked men of Ontario.

The result of the race was a complete surprise to everybody. Johnston's achievement was a truly wonderful one, seeing that he is only seventeen years of age, and is still pursuing his studies. He had only been the possessor of a wheel for a few months previous to the race in which he distinguished himself. He spent the summer holidays in constant training for the race, and had evidently gone over the course so frequently as to be thoroughly acquainted with every feature of the road.

Mr. Johnston, who weighs 130 pounds, rode a Stearns wheel, 77 gear. He forged to the front at the commencement of the race, and held his position throughout, being at the finish a quarter of a mile ahead of his nearest competitor.

Sir Walter Scott's manuscript of "The Lady of the Lake" has just been sold for \$6,450.

AGE NO DRAWBACK.

History resounds with the performances of men whose years numbered threescore or more. "My Cid with the fleecy beard," driving the Moors from Spain, Dandolo, Doge of Venice at 90, and storming Constantinople at 94, and in our own time Von Moltke

at 70 conducted a campaign unparalleled for brilliancy and result in the history of war. There are feats of arms; would you search other fields? In science there are Darwin and Spencer and Pasteur and Lister, and if you go back a little, Sir Isaac Newton, who could name a discovery for every one of his 85 years. It was Voltaire who said that if all the great men of all the ages could be assembled in a congress Sir Isaac Newton would be chosen to preside by unanimous consent.

In literature and art the names of those who in advanced years won imperishable renown are legion. Milton wrote his great epic when nearly 60. Michael Angelo at 80 won the triple crown for excellence in painting, sculpture and architecture. Browning at 77 wrote his most characteristic poem, and Tennyson at 81 gave to the world the most exquisite of his lyrics. We name but a few, for the roll is long.



HAROLD E. JOHNSTON.



TWO OF A KIND

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

"Mother!"

Mrs. Starkweather started at the sound of her husband's voice and turned toward him apprehensively. It was an unusual hour of the afternoon for him to come in from the field, and she scarcely needed to catch sight of his stern face to know that something was wrong.

"What is it, father?" she asked, going toward him. "Are you sick?"

He waved her away with his brown, hard hand, and paid no heed to her query.

"Mother," he repeated, fixing his eyes on her face in unwavering scrutiny, "I've come to the house to ask you something. I want to know—" he paused just the least fraction of a second, as if to add weight to his words—"if you've been talking politics to Jim?"

"Politics! Me?" Mrs. Starkweather's jaw fairly dropped in her bewildered amazement.

"I wish you'd just answer with a straight-out yes or no, mother."

"Well, no, then, I ain't been talking politics to Jim, nor to any other living soul. You must be getting cracked, father! As if I could talk politics, even if I wanted to!"

"Well, don't get mad about it, mother. You see, your father was a Democrat, an' I did'n't know but—

well, confound it! I'm at my wits' end to make out what's got into Jim, that's all."

"Why, what's Jim done, father?"

"He's had the impudence to stand up an' tell me he's a Democrat! Think of that, mother: an' my folks 've always been Republicans as many generations back as I've got any account of!"

"Well, that is queer, father. I didn't s'pose Jim knowed the difference between a Democrat an' a Republican. I'm sure I don't. But I wouldn't feel so bad about it, father. There's lots of good men that are Democrats; it isn't any disgrace."

"No disgrace, eh? That's all you know about it. Maybe it's a nice thing for me, after I've been boasting for months that my son was goin' to come of age just in time to vote for Harrison this fall, now to have him march up to the polls alongside of me an' kill my vote—kill his own father's vote!—think of that, mother! Right before the eyes of the whole community, too! I don't believe I can stand it. I b'lieve I'd be doin' right if I'd horsewhip the cub an' make him stay at home."

"My land, father, don't you think of such a thing for a minute! Jim ain't the kind to stand it. Try some other way. Have you talked to him, kindly?"

"I've talked all I'm goin' to. He

thinks he knows it all. It ain't pleasant, mother, to have your own child stand up an' argue with you about silver, an' tariff, an' those things."

"No, I reckon it ain't, father. But don't be rough with Jim. He's a bright boy, an' when he's a little older he'll see what's what, an' he'll come 'round an' be as good a Republican as any of his forefathers. Like as not he'll be all right before another President is elected."

"Maybe so; but that don't help me out for to-morrow. You think up some plan to keep him away from the polls to-morrow, mother, an' I'll buy you a new dress as soon as the potatoes 're dug."

"There now, father, that's bribery an' corruption. But you go back to the field an' act just as usual to Jim, an' I'll think the matter over."

Joel Starkweather heaved a sigh that was more than half relief, and trudged away along the path that led over the ridge and through the trees to the field. Experience had taught him that when "mother" consented to "think about" a difficulty of any kind she usually found some way to evade or overcome it.

"I reckon I couldn't 've done better than to tell mother about it," he soliloquized. "Any way, I had to tell her; I couldn't 've stayed in the field an' worked till night with that inside of me, an' kep' my hands off from Jim. To think that I should live to see the day that my only son'd turn Democrat! It does beat the world!"

Father and son watched "mother" furtively that evening; the former anxiously, the latter somewhat sheepishly, for he suspected that she had been informed of his defection, and he wondered how she was going to feel

about it. But her placid countenance revealed nothing, and the elder man's hopes sank. He ate but little at the evening meal, and afterward went out and leaned on the gate in a despondent attitude. He was in a mood to contemplate desperate alternatives, and had grim thoughts of tying Jim, hand and foot, while he slept, and leaving him locked in his room on the morrow.

"But I reckon I'd have to tie mother, too, or he'd wheedle her into lettin' him loose as soon as my back was turned," was his disconcerting afterthought.

At the breakfast table the next morning Mrs. Starkweather took the dilemma by the horns.

"Father," she said, "I reckon you an' Jim 'd just about as well stay at home an' go on with your potato diggin' to-day."

Her husband gave her a quick, surprised glance from beneath his heavy brows, and Jim looked up uneasily, but neither man uttered a word. She waited a moment, then went on, in her gentle, unruffled way:

"As Jim's vote 'd kill yours, I reckon yours 'd kill Jim's, an' so I don't see as your votes 'd do much good to either side. I s'pose the pollin' place of this precinct is at Milwaukee, as usual, an' as that's two miles away it'll take you the best part of two hours to go there and back. You can dig a good many potatoes in two hours, can't you, father?"

"Yes, a good many." The old man was beginning to look interested and thoughtful. After a moment's silence he said, with gloomy resignation:

"I've never missed votin' for President mother. I've voted the straight Republican ticket ever since I was old enough to vote at all; an' my father,

an' gran'father, an' great-gran'father before me were all red-hot Whigs. I never expected the day 'd come that I'd be ashamed to walk up to the polls an' cast my vote ; but it has come. This day I'm ashamed to be seen at the polls side by side with my own son. An' so, mother, I reckon you're right—the best thing we can do is to stay at home an' dig potatoes."

This speech brought red spots in Jim's cheeks, and it took him a minute or two to choke down his resentment. Then he glanced at his mother and said, as pleasantly as he could :

"I'm not anxious to vote, mother ; I'd just as lief stay at home and work, if father does."

So it was settled outwardly, and as Mrs. Starkweather saw her husband and son depart together for the potato field, she was complacently conscious of having done the right thing at the right time and place. But this way out of his difficulty did not quite satisfy Joel Starkweather. He had few misgivings as to the result of the election, but the mere thought of a President being elected without the assistance of his vote was galling to him.

"It makes a feller feel old an' sort o' laid-on-the-shelf," he said to himself, as he plunged the potato fork into the ground with spiteful thrusts and cast resentful glances at Jim.

But Jim worked away industriously at his own potato row, apparently unconscious of the disturbance going on in the paternal breast. The two, by a sort of tacit understanding, drifted apart in their work that day. The elder man lagged heavily behind, and the younger one hurried on until several rods of distance lay between them. The long day was not shortened nor

brightened, as usual, by pleasant chat, and the toil-burdened hours seemed endless.

It was about mid-afternoon when Joel Starkweather suddenly stopped work, with his foot on the fork and his body half bent, and stood thus as if transfixed, gazing down at the gleaming tines of his potato fork. A full minute thus, then he cast his eyes furtively in Jim's direction and slowly resumed work.

The November sun shone on ; the big white-skinned potatoes continued to roll out of the black, rich soil and smile up at the old farmer as if glad to be liberated. But he saw them not. There were cloven foot-prints in the furrow beside him, and the Tempter was whispering in his ear a plan by which he might yet circumvent Jim and cast his own vote for a Republican President.

In justice to Joel Starkweather it must be recorded that, after the first minute of temptation, he strove valiantly to put the suggestion from him. But it kept returning and presenting itself in plausible and alluring attitudes, and from arguing with it he came to compromise, and, finally, to yield. At first he said :

"Sho, I wouldn't do such a thing ; it'd be the same as breakin' my word to Jim." But at the end of another half-hour he reasoned thus : "Of course ther' wasn't any actual promises passed between Jim an' me, an' so it wouldn't be exactly breakin' my word, but—"

In the meantime the sun was slipping westward, and the old man, in his state of longing and indecision, began to grow nervous. He watched the shadow of the big fir tree in the middle of the

potato field. It was his sun-dial, and when it neared the four-o'clock mark his nerves were hard-strung and every pulse in his body was throbbing feverishly.

"The polls 'll close at six," he muttered; "it's now or never!"

A moment later Jim was startled into an upright attitude by a peculiar, smothered cry from his father. The old man was lying on his back in the furrow, his arms and legs waving wildly in the air. Jim dropped his fork precipitately and ran to him.

"What is it, father—your heart again?"

"Lif—lift me up, Jimmy," was the gasping response. Jim complied quickly. He looked frightened. His father was subject to occasional spells of heart-palpitation, but this attack was, it seemed to Jim, far worse than any of its predecessors. He felt profoundly relieved when, after sitting up a few minutes, the sufferer appeared to be slowly recovering.

"It took me awful sudden," he said presently; "an' it's the worst spell I've ever had. If you don't mind, I think I'll go to the house a bit, Jim. A dose of my bitters is what I need now."

Jim favored the proposition and promptly offered to assist his father to the house, but his offer was declined, and even strenuously objected to when he insisted.

"I tell you I can get to the house all right," said the old man, peevishly; "an' it's bad enough for me to lose the time, let alone both of us. An' now, Jim," he suddenly added, "if I don't come back purty soon, you'll know it's because I'm restin' a bit. I shouldn't wonder if mother 'd insist on me layin' down a spell."

The gleam that heralds a new-born suspicion was in Jim's eyes as he stood still and watched his father slowly cross the field; but when the latter reached the bars and looked back, Jim was bending industriously to his work. His father stood for a moment looking at him over the bars.

"He's an honest, good-hearted boy, Jim is," he muttered; "an' it don't seem quite right to fool him; but—sho! he'll never know it, an' I feel as if I've just got to vote. I hain't never missed votin' for President."

The "field" was a forty-acre clearing, and was skirted on three sides by a mere or less dense growth of fir trees and underbrush. Joel Starkweather feebly followed the path toward the house until he had entered the cover of the trees and was no longer visible from the field; then he suddenly drew himself together and plunged into the woods at right angles to the home path. Time being at a premium, he did not wait to pick and choose his way, but crashed through thickets and over stumps and logs until he reached the county road, a well-beaten thoroughfare that ran parallel with one side of the field, with a belt of trees intervening.

"Now I've got to travel," he said to himself breathlessly, suiting action to the words. "If I ain't back in an hour, there's no tellin' but Jim may smell a mouse."

Then he began to torture himself with the fear that Jim might go to the house and see how he was. He pictured the consternation of the boy and his mother when they should come to a mutual understanding of the fact that "father" had a "spell," had started for home alone, and had mysteriously

disappeared somewhere on the road. Why, they might be foolish enough to rouse the neighborhood and institute a wholesale search for him! His hair almost stood up at the thought, and when he came to the point where the road bade farewell to the field, he crept through the trees to the fence and reconnoitered the enclosure. A chill of apprehension ran over him when he realized that Jim was not in sight! The next moment, however, he reassured himself and laughed nervously at his fears.

"There's that patch of mustard on a bee-line between me an' just about the spot where Jim 'd be now, if he's worked stiddy since I left the field; an' of course that mustard, bein' not under seven feet high, 'd hide the boy. Sho! I reckon it's all right."

He turned from the fence and crept back to the road, and half an hour later strode into Milwaukee and up to the polls, prepared to do his whole duty by the "straight Republican ticket." He was hailed jovially by an acquaintance, and after depositing his vote he turned to reply; but the jocular words froze on his lips. There, at his back, stood Jim!—poor, innocent, good-hearted, deceived Jim, whom he had left in the potato field such a very little while ago!

The old man grew absolutely purple in the face.

"Wha— what you doin' here?" he stammered, with a blustering attempt at sternness. Jim was deftly folding a Cleveland ticket, and he coolly stepped forward and slipped it into the ballot-box before answering his father's question. Then, turning, he passed his brawny hand through the old man's arm and asked, with much seeming solicitude:

"How's your heart, father?"

Joel Starkweather bent his head and silently suffered himself to be led away. In fact, he uttered no word throughout the long walk home, until they arrived at the corner of the field; then he left the road, climbed on the fence and looked at the sun, now low in the west.

"I reckon it's about quittin' time, Jim," he said. "We'll just go through the field an' get the forks, so mother needn't know we've been away from the potato patch."

"All right," responded Jim, heartily, but there was a quizzical twinkle in his eyes as he crossed the fence at a leap.

After supper that evening Mrs. Starkweather followed her husband out to the veranda in the twilight and whispered cautiously:

"Well, now, father, my plan worked beautifully, didn't it?"

And father responded:

"Beautifully!"

—The Editor.



YOUNG CANADIANS AND THE JUBILEE.

We have not learned what part was taken in the Queen's jubilee celebration by the youth of other parts of the Em-

dom, but in Canada they marched gallantly in advance of Her Majesty's veterans and the city regiments. The accompanying illustration shows the creditable turn-out of the rising generation in connection with



PUBLIC SCHOOL PUPILS IN THE JUBILEE PROCESSION AT WINNIPEG.

pire, but in Canada there was a generous display of youthful loyalty. In the great procession in Toronto, the boys of the senior public school classes

the jubilee celebration at Winnipeg. Upon these boys and girls will largely depend the future development of our great Northwest Territories.

THE BOSPHORUS.

The Straits of Bosphorus, which connect the waters of the Black Sea with those of the Sea of Marmora, and at the eastern extremity of which is situated the city of Constantinople, are seventeen miles in length and possess an average width of one and a half miles. They are of considerable depth and remarkably easy of navigation; a strong current, however, constantly flows from the Black Sea, and when aided by a north-west wind of long duration, the current becomes so powerful that a sailing vessel can hardly make headway against it.

In the width of its channel, safety of navigation, and swiftness of its current, it resembles a noble river more than a branch of the ocean.

The harbor of Constantinople, properly an arm of the Bosphorus, received at a remote period the appellation of the Golden Horn, and is one of the most capacious, as well as the most beautiful parts of the world. It is situated near the western mouth of the Straits, about sixteen miles from the Black Sea. The corner which it describes might be compared with propriety to that of an ox's horn, and the epithet golden was expressive of the riches which every wind wafted from the distant countries to its bosom. The entrance is about five hundred yards wide and upon emergencies a strong chain might be drawn against it to guard the city from the attack of an hostile navy. About five miles from the Black Sea two fortresses are constructed—one on either continent—upon the foundations of the celebrated temples of Serapis and Jupiter Urius. These castles form the chief defence of the city against encroachment from the north and east.

The old castle, six miles distant from the city, the work of the Greek emperors, commands the narrowest part of the channel, where the straight contracts to the width of five hundred paces. Here it was that Darius twenty-three hundred years ago connected the two continents by a bridge of boats. The scenery of the Bosphorus is quite unrivalled in its peculiar character and beauty. On each side of the straits arise in picturesque confusion from the water's edge, huge cliffs of jasper, agate, porphyry, calcareous spath and cornelian. Such is their abruptness, that the belief is generally entertained by the inhabitants of the surrounding country that the two walls of the straits were rent asunder thousands of years ago by some tremendous convulsion of nature. The temples and native altars profusely scattered along the banks, attest the feats and devotions of the Greeks, who first explored the inhospitable Euxine or Black Sea. Private houses, too, and delightful gardens lie resting here and there upon the summit of the banks, or clinging to their deep sides; while the mosques and palaces of the great metropolis, its snowy-white minarets and gleaming crescents, resemble more the fanciful conjurations of an eastern fairy tale than a reality of the modern world.

The straits abound in fish, and the Sea of Marmora has always been renowned for possessing an inexhaustible supply of the finny tribe, which are taken, in the proper seasons, without skill and almost without labor.

The Bosphorous and the Dardanelles (the latter is better known in ancient history as the Hellespont) may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople, and their passage may always

be closed by the reigning prince against a naval enemy, or opened to the fleets of commerce.

The name Bosphorous is derived from two Greek words, signifying "ox" and "passage." Tradition attributes the origin of the name to the passage of Jupiter across the straits, in the form of a white bull, bearing the beautiful Europa, daughter of a Phœnician king, upon his back.

At the northern entrance of the straits are the Cyanean Isles, which, according to the poets, once floated upon the surface of the water, and were stationed there by the gods to defend the entrance of the Euxine from the prying of profane curiosity.

The mythological legends and myths relating to those Eastern localities, which have come down as traditionary, are almost without number.

A MODERN MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Here is a touching little sketch of a boy musician, whose intense love of music led him to take the journey on foot from Cleveland to Yellow Springs, Ohio, a few weeks ago.

When he arrived in Yellow Springs, the boy tramp, bearing the name of H. P. Diluth, was a delicate, dirty, ragged little fellow, white with the dust of the long, gritty roads leading from Northern to Southern Ohio.

All the way from Cleveland this child of twelve had tramped, eating what was offered him, sleeping when he could, and tarrying nowhere. His apparently purposeless wandering had an aim, and the tired feet strode sturdily across the State to where a great college stood—the college of Antioch.

When first noticed he was standing

on tip-toe beneath the open windows of the college building listening to the music which came from within. He was weeping in his ecstasy of delight, and his emotion becoming uncontrollable caused him to sob aloud. The director's attention was thus drawn to the little outcast, and demanding the reason of the intrusion, he was about to summon the janitor to eject the lad, who pleaded in a gentle voice to be allowed to remain, promising to "not to hurt anything—only to listen to the music."

For three hours the child stood under the college window, unmindful of the jeers of the students and the frowns of the faculty. At length the director, moved to tardy compassion, had the wretched young tramp brought in, and questioning him, was put into instant possession of his brief history. The recital ended with the word, "And sir, I LOVE MUSIC!" the great eyes of the speaker flashing from their hollows, and his face glowing through its tear stains, dirt and pallor with a wonderful light from within. He was no common vagrant; a great soul shone from the depths of his brilliant eyes, and in his pale, thin face there glowed the light of an eternal sweetness that was his in spite of, or rather, perhaps, because of his ruthless hardships.

Thinking to gratify the child, the kind director played a few simple pieces which he felt would be within the understanding of the youthful mind of the small auditor, then turning toward his little visitor, he smilingly asked him if he would like to learn to play.

"I can play," replied the child. The amused host invited him to use the piano. Without the least show of

diffidence or hesitancy the boy took his place upon the piano stool, and ran his dirty little fingers over the keys. A thrill of astonishment permeated the listener's entire being, as without ado, the nervous hands took a masterly hold of the key board, and the "Poet and Peasant," by Brunner, fell upon ears that were quick to hear the true note of powerful inspiration!

The director was carried away into a world of harmony. The sad song of the homeless child, the cry of thwarted hope, the wail of crushed ambition, the heartlessness of an unrecognizing world, the woe, the want, the misery of a helpless young life—all these were put into music by the hands of a master, and filled the listener's eyes with tears.

When the music ceased, the child was gathered to the heart of the man—the little storm-tossed barque had found an earthly haven; sorrow and hardship, want and loneliness were to be his portion no longer; and now in "snug harbor," he passes his days.

"I will play for you," he says gently; and forthwith one wanders with the young master to regions of ecstasy. His playing of Beethoven's "Farewell to the Piano" is marvelous, it is so deep, so touching, so full of infinite pathos, so finished, so comprehensively rendered.

The child is a composer, imitating Nature in her many moods, his efforts being filled with bird song, the ripple of noisy waters, the coming of the storm. Just what may become of the music he now writes is mere speculation. Beautiful and masterly as it is, in the "transcendental light of maturer attainments," says one who has had

the good fortune to hear him, "these early efforts will, no doubt, be forgotten."

"Now I will play you something from Chopin," says Master Diluth, and forthwith there comes a waltz taking the listener into a fairy land of bird-song, laughing hill-sides, and rippling waters; then up into coming storm clouds to feel the hot breath of the lightning, only to bring the entranced auditor back again to fields and flowers, and the laughing assurance that the composition is his own and not Chopin's!

All geniusses have their ODDNESSES—to come to a word—and this child, whose small, thin fingers master Liszt with ease, chooses to take many naps during the day, his head pillowed upon the works of his most beloved composer and a small Bible which is his constant companion. He lives an isolated life, joining in no merry-making, and seeming to care nothing at all for youthful companionship. He is serious in his moods, and wanders alone amid the unusual beauties of the place, keenly alive to Nature's changing humors, and seemingly comprehending her marvelous revelations.

HE FOLLOWED THE ADVICE.

"How far can you swim, Willie?" inquired the visitor.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Willie.

"Across the ocean?" persisted the visitor facetiously.

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Willie promptly.

"Why, Willie, do you know how far it is across the ocean?" demanded Willie's mother.

"Don't care how far it is," retorted Willie. "Father told me never to admit that I couldn't do a thing until I'd tried and failed, and I never tried this."

FASHIONS

Fall fashions! We hear and see these words all around us. Fall fashions! fall fashions! From the columns of the newspapers, from the pages of magazines, from the windows of many stores, these words are constantly looking us in the face, and will not allowed themselves to be forgotten. But why this excitement, this restless activity? Stately Dame Nature must hold herself responsible for a large share of it. "Nature!" you exclaim. "What has Nature to do with fashion?"

Well, she has to do with change, and change is the very life of fashion.

Summer has merged into autumn, and during this transition period Nature has donned a new attire.

Her delicate robes of white and pink and violet and cream are laid aside, and she now appears in rich and gorgeous array. Deep red, russet, brown, gold and purple predominate, and we are charmed with the harmonious combinations and splendid effects. But again you say, "What has this to do with our dress and our fashions?"

Nature and Fashion may stand to us as symbols of two types of woman—the one wise and reliable; the other sometimes winning our admiration, and again appearing capricious and even ridiculous. We may safely follow the advice of the former, but not always the dictates of the latter.

Nature changes because surrounding conditions require her to do so, and we do, or should do, the same. And while she appears in rich and varied

colors, she does not compel us to follow in her footsteps, but she suggests that we do likewise.

There is one command she gives us, however, and he or she who is wise will not disobey. "Thou shalt dress warmly" is her word of wisdom, and surely in this respect she gives us example as well as precept. For is she not busy in every nook and corner of her vast domains making preparations for keeping her great family warm and comfortable?

And now, as to ourselves, our climate demands, at this season, that we lay aside thin garments and wear clothes which protect the body from cold. And this is the sensible reason or foundation of the vast superstructure known as "fall fashions." But the wise man or woman does not lose sight of the primal necessity.

We should know, too, that warm clothing does not mean that the clothing be heavy. Warm garments, yet light in weight, should be the keynotes of the fall shopping. Health and comfort should be our first considerations.

Then come the questions of color and texture in goods and the style into which the garment will be fashioned.

Color is an important item from an artistic standpoint, and is worthy of careful thought.

For outdoor costumes, the lady of taste will choose some quiet effect. Brown, grey, green, purple, black and endless combinations offer a wide field for choice.

For indoor dresses, warmer and more striking colors are more appropriate, but in choosing these the complexion and figure should be studied. We sometimes see a lady of stout figure wearing large and pronounced checks or plaids, while one of slim figure favors stripes. The reverse is always more becoming. Again, pale, dark people will wear greys and blues, which lend a ghastly hue to their faces. Such complexions look best in colors which give some glow to the pale face, while a high color is softened by more delicate or sombre hues.

Then, the latest pattern in the fashion book should not be chosen because it is the latest, irrespective of its suitability to the figure.

The world about us revels in variety, and we, too, like variety in our clothes. One color, one texture, one pattern would be very monotonous indeed, and knowing this, the clever manufacturer, dressmaker and milliner provide something new each season.

The latest style, however, is not always the most becoming, and if so, should not remain in favor.

But the secret of the whole matter may be compressed into very small space.

Keep these thoughts in mind when buying for old or young: Let the clothing be warm, light, good, appropriately chosen and becomingly made, and favorable results are assured.

We need not be faddists or extremists, but rather should keep to the happy medium where good sense and good taste are our guides.

Still, one is often glad of a few hints as to what will be the prevailing modes for the coming season. And we find that Dame Fashion has just now a great

variety of colors to choose from; but for street wear she decrees the quieter hues. There are many shades of brown, drab and fawn worn at present.

A FEW HINTS.

Skirts are not quite so wide as they were, trimmed ones being the rule. The trimming is put on in any way to suit the fancy of the wearer. It ought to suit her style and figure as well; and the tall and slender woman may reduce her apparent height by having the garniture go around the skirt, while the short, stout woman will, if wise, have her skirt trimmed from belt to hem.

Sometimes the trimming is put on so as to have a bias effect. It will be put on, say, about four inches from the centre at the waist at the left side, and be carried down and across the skirt to about a foot from the centre at the right side, near the edge.

Sometimes it will be put on near the top of the front breadths, giving a yoke effect.

Jackets are longer.

Sleeves are of an endless variety of styles. One house in Paris is said to have sent out thirty-six different styles this season. They are puffed or trimmed quite close to the shoulder.

Walking hats are seen with very high, wide crowns. Some of them have the brims bound with leather and a belt of leather around the crown clasped with a buckle.

Velvet hats have draped crowns with shined brims, and Tam O'Shanter crowns with puffed brims. While there is a great variety to choose from, it is well to remember that the becomingness of a hat depends upon the arrangement of the hair. For instance,

if you wear a small hat, a close-fitting turban, prim in design and sharp in outline, the hair must be plainly dressed, parted and rolled smoothly away from the forehead, and as crisply neat in effect as the turban itself. If plain hair dressing is unbecoming and curls and waves are worn, then beware of the puritan turban. The face that requires fluffy hair dressing will also demand the dressy toque, with careless uneven brim, finished in soft rolls of velvet or fur, that "fit the hair." Loosely dressed hair must be met with picturesque effects in millinery, or the result will be lack of harmony, which is only another way of saying the hat will be unbecoming.

The "picture hat" is undoubtedly the most becoming of all. Everyone knows that the average face is pleasanter, if not actually prettier, in shadow than in fierce, searching light, and for the same reason a face at all inclined to thinness, or where there is undue prominence of feature, is far more attractive softened in outline in the shadow thrown by the broad-trimmed "picture hat." Drooping plumes, either in rich colors or black, also tend to hide any harshness of features or crudeness of coloring.

When a hat that is stylish and becoming in a full front view is out of harmony at the sides, additional trimming under the brim will frequently overcome the difficulty, and should be fitted in place while the hat is on the head.

The thin-faced, fluffy-haired woman should avoid close-woven wreaths of flowers or plain bands of velvet and aigrettes on the same ground she would the puritan turban; her features are brought into bold relief and her wavy

tresses made to look untidy. A head-dress worn far back on the head is the only style suitable for faces slender in contour.

Feathers are much used for millinery. Wings, breasts, birds, plumes, ospreys are all in vogue.

It has been rumored that the days of the big ribbon bow at the back of the neck are numbered.

Fringes are beginning to be worn again.

A reception room in a house near New York has had the walls hung with figured yellow satin damask, which is carried to the ceiling, where a gilt picture frame has been used in the angle. The oval central panel of the ceiling has been painted with fleecy cloud effects, and here and there flowers, as though tossed by the wind. A tiny gilt molding separates this from the wide stile, which is a deep cream color, ornamented with wreaths in gilded relief work in the corners of the room. The woodwork has been finished in white enamel, the moldings being high lighted with gold. At the windows heavy yellow satin damask curtains are draped back over white lace curtains at the sash. The furniture, of white mahogany, is upholstered in yellow satin, and the gas fixtures are in gold ormula and crystal.

A handsome library has had the walls hung with burlaps. On this, at regular intervals, to form a powdering, relief ornaments—a sort of fleur-de-lis pattern—have been fastened with small wire nails. The whole has then been painted a pale gray green, using oil color. The mahogany woodwork and furniture contrast admirably with this background. One end of the room is taken up with a chimney piece, an arched fireplace of buff brick being recessed below a deep carved beam across the ingle-nook. Above the low bookshelves, windows of leaded glass, pale green in tint, with heraldic patterns and ribbon ornament in bright colors, face the west, and when the afternoon sun streams in, light up the room with brilliant radiance. The comfortable easy chairs are covered with a terra cotta brown plush that gives a warm color effect in the sunlight.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST



The following story reads like a fiction, but it is a true account of certain incidents that came to light in a trial in France fifty years ago. In the year 1838 M le Baron de Cormann, an opulent German noble, inhabited the chateau of his ancestors, situated in the environs of Weuna. An excellent sportsman and a redoubtable smoker, the Baron was at the same time one of the richest mortals that Germany ever produced. Notwithstanding this circumstance he was an admirer of beauty in others, and conceived a lively passion for Mademoiselle de Reischberg, daughter of a neighboring castellan whose antique domicile constituted nearly his whole property. A formal demand of the lady's hand was made by the baron; and the father, delighted with the prospect of such a match, hastened to give the suitor an assurance of his assent and best wishes. It was not so, however, with the young lady, who herself endowed with extraordinary charms, could not endure the looks of the baron, and had besides long ago given away her heart to one of her cousins, a handsome cavalier in contrast to whom the baron made a very sorry figure. On this account the assiduities of the latter and the commands of the father produced no effect. Mademoiselle de Reischberg conclusively declared that she would never give her hand to any man so thoroughly ugly as the Baron de Cormann.

One evening excited by new en-

treaties on the part of her ugly suitor, she repeated this declaration even more energetically than before. The downcast baron afterwards wended his way home. He sat down by his blazing fire, called for a pipe and ale; and betwixt the curling whiffs from his only source of consolation, he exclaimed passionately:

"I would give myself to the Old One himself to be as good-looking as that confounded cousin!"

In his energy the baron—who it will soon be pretty evident, was something of a simpleton—spoke aloud; indeed, he almost roared out the words. After the ejaculation, he smoked on vigorously, every blast-like puff giving indication of the storm within. How long he sat absorbed in this occupation it is impossible to say; but certain it is that when he had laid down the pipe and the fumes around slowly floated away, he saw before him, to his great surprise, an odd-looking personage, black all over, in countenance and clothes.

"You have been heard," said the personage; "sign this paper, and by to-morrow morning you shall be beautiful in the eyes of all the world, though unchanged in your own!"

Stupefied—almost out of his senses—M. de Cormann sat staring without motion. "Sign!" repeated the figure; "I am never involked in vain, and you shall find my words to hold good!" The thought of Mademoiselle de Reischberg crossed the baron's brain. Great was the temptation. He took the pen,

and again hesitated, being in a state of unspeakable confusion of mind. Then, as if determined not to trust himself with reflection, he hurriedly signed the paper. The stranger lifted it, bowed, and disappeared.

After this proceeding, which had taken place so rapidly that the baron had scarcely time for connected thought he sat in a silent dreamy stupor through several long hours. With strange feelings he retired to bed, half afraid of the past, and half eager for the dawn, that he might prove the reality of the promised metamorphosis.

Morning broke, and the baron arose. He dressed himself, and perceived no change in his appearance; but he had no sooner descended the staircase than the reality of the change was manifest. Two servants stood in waiting, and the instant they cast eyes on their master, they started back in great surprise.

"Gracious powers! how much my lord is improved in looks! What a noble figure! How beautiful a countenance!"

The baron's heart beat fast with exultation. He went out for further proof, wending his course to the mansion of M. de Reischberg, which was close to his own. Two men met him and they seemed greatly surprised at his appearance. "How noble is my lord's figure!" cried one. "What a charming countenance!" cried the other, "surely he is much altered!"

These, and similar ejaculations confirmed the baron in his impression of the reality of the metamorphosis; and he proceeded without delay to the house of M. de Reischberg. Here the crowning stroke was given to his triumph. Mademoiselle de Reischberg

appeared equally surprised and enchanted with his form and looks. She seemingly could not conceal or restrain her admiration, and the handsome cousin appeared to be driven out of her thoughts at once by the new and irresistible charms of his rival. Striking while the iron was hot, the baron entreated her to reward his long devotion by consenting to be his. The lady hesitated—the cousin seemed to pass, for a last time, across her thoughts, but the baron pressed his request, and the lady gave her consent.

In passing homewards on that happy day, the baron received additional though superfluous proofs of the change in his looks, from the remarks of various persons who came in his way. When before his own fire, a pipe and ale were again called for to heighten the delightful cast of the baron's ruminations. Long he smoked, gazing on the blaze; but at length he laid down the pipe. Then did he first become sensible of a startling fact. His sable visitor of the preceding evening was again before him.

"If you fulfill the intention you now entertain of leading Mademoiselle de Reischberg to the altar," said the stranger solemnly, "you will die on its steps."

As he spoke he disappeared and the Baron de Cormann was so overcome with emotion that he did not notice what became of his visitor.

When the baron regained his senses and could reflect on what had passed, great was his vexation and greater his terrors. He could not conceal from himself the fact that since his visitor had been able to fulfil one promise so effectually, the same being could not fail to fulfil with equal certainty the

menace just made. He saw that the fiend, if fiend it were, had "paltered with him in a double sense," but the evil was irremediable. Preferring life to every other consideration, the baron, ere long, took a decisive resolution. He wrote to the Reischbergs, announcing his altered intentions respecting marriage, and, in short, declining the honor of the young lady's hand. On the following morning he jumped into his carriage, and drove off for Paris, after leaving precise orders with an agent to sell his chateau and property at Weima without delay.

It was in the end of 1838 that the Baron de Cormann reached Paris, where he took a handsome hotel in the Rue Dominique. A month or two after his settlement there, he was presented with an acceptance of his own for 120,000 francs, purporting to have been granted by him while in Germany, and a demand was made upon him for payment of the same. The holder of the acceptance, and the requester of payment, was the already-mentioned handsome cousin of Mademoiselle de Reischberg, now become her husband.

The baron was struck dumb by this demand. Never in the course of his life was he aware of having signed any such obligation either to the nominal holder of the one before him, or to any one else. Yet he could not deny that the handwriting on the presented bill was his own; it was certainly his signature. Nevertheless, in the consciousness that he really owed no such debt, he refused payment. Immediately afterwards, he went to consult an acute legal friend. After relating the circumstances to that gentleman, and repeating his confident assurance that he had never signed,

to his knowledge, the obligation in question, though unquestionably his signature was there, the lawyer asked if he never, while in Germany, signed any paper without knowing its contents. The baron thought for an instant, and blushed for his folly. The remembrance of his strange visitant came across his mind with all the attendant circumstances. He compelled himself to tell his legal friend the whole affair.

The acute lawyer saw through the mystery at once. The baron had been ugly at Weima, he was ugly at Paris, and he had never been aught but ugly anywhere. The handsome cousin had so suborned his domestics as to acquire a knowledge of every movement, even of every word of the baron, in his own establishment; and being near the spot, perhaps in the house, on the evening of the baron's rash ejaculation, respecting a change in his personal appearance, he had taken advantage of the circumstance when it was reported to him, to victimize De Cormann in a double and truly diabolical way. By the connivance of the treacherous servants, and one or two other persons, Mademoiselle de Reischberg included, the poor baron had been thoroughly imposed upon, and, in some respects, he was not undeserving of it, seeing that he credulously consented to attempt success in his suit by such means as those described. The conspirator of a cousin, it is probable, imagined that the baron would pay the sum rather than incur the ridicule of a full disclosure.

The affair came to a trial and a celebrated Parisian advocate was engaged for the baron, the note for 120,000 francs being lodged in the interval in

the safe hands of Messrs. Rothschilds: The case created a great sensation in Paris, and, although the baron saved his 120,000 francs, he became such an object of ridicule that he had reason to be sorry that he ever allowed the matter to become public.

HE'S A BRICK.

When a boy does something that is particularly good or noble his comrades say: "He's a brick!" for to call a fellow "a brick" is as high a compliment as one boy can pay to another, says the National Builder. If we stop to think about it, though, it seems rather strange that a brick should be chosen as a standard for measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by looking up the origin of this expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ—all the way back to the time of Lycurgus, the great Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town. "But we have walls," replied Lycurgus, "and if you will come with me I will show

them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of the soldiers, he said: "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

PREVENTION OF HAILSTORMS BY MEANS OF EXPLOSIONS.

Consul Germain, Zurich, says: Mr. Albert Stiger, burgomaster of Windisch-Friestritz (Lower Steirmark, Austria), owns extensive vineyards, situated on the southern slopes of the Bacher mountains, a locality often visited by destructive hailstorms. Some of his vines were destroyed by phylloxera a few years ago and he replaced them with American vine cuttings. Having expended a great deal of money and labor in the improvement of his lands and vines, he began to experiment to protect his crops from their worst enemy—hail. At first he purchased galvanized wire netting and stretched it over five acres of his best vines, but found the scheme too expensive for general application. He therefore concluded to try the shooting or explosive system, to scatter the clouds and drive away approaching hail or heavy rain storms. He erected six stations on the six most prominent summits surrounding the locality and commanding a territory of about two miles in extent. These stations, built of wood, shelter ten heavy mortars each. In the neighborhood of every station is a cabin, in which the necessary powder is stored. A corp of volunteers, consisting of neighbors who are also owners of small vineyards,

have been trained to proceed to the stations and handle the mortars at the slightest indication of an approaching storm. The mortars are immediately manned and loaded with 120 grams of powder each (about $4\frac{1}{4}$ ounces), and shooting commences simultaneously and continues regularly out of the sixty mortars until the clouds have scattered and the storm has blown over. These experiments were anxiously watched by the citizens of Windisch-Freistritz last summer. Threatening clouds made their appearance over the summits of the Bacher mountains; at a given signal all the mortars were fired off, and the continuous detonations in a few moments caused a sudden reaction in movements of the clouds. The cloud wall opened up funnel like, the mouth of the funnel began to rise in the form of consecutive rings, expanding gradually until all of the clouds scattered and entirely disappeared. There was no hail or even a sudden downpour of rain. The same experience was gone through six times last summer, and has without a single exception proven a successful preventive.

AMERICAN WORKERS.

A most astonishingly large proportion of the people of the United States are workers. From the eleventh census we find that in 1890 nearly 23,000,000 of the people were workers, an increase of over 5,000,000 in the preceding ten years. This shows nearly 47 per cent of all the population over ten years of age to be workers; of this number only about 17 per cent. were females. The statistics give the following distribution of laborers: In agriculture, fishing and mining, 9,031,336; manufacturing and mechanical,

5,091,293; domestic and personal service, 4,360,377; professional, 944,333; trade and transportation, 326,122. These classes are further divided as follows: In manufacturers and mechanics, the carpenters lead with 611,482 followed by dressmakers and milliners, 499,690. There are over 1,000,000 bookkeepers, clerks and salesmen; over 690,000 merchants and dealers; 349,952 miners, while of fishers and oystermen we have only 60,000. Of the professional class, we have as professors and teachers, 347,344; physicians and surgeons, 104,805; lawyers, 89,630; clergymen, 86,000; government officials, 70,664; musicians, 62,000; engineers (civil), 42,239; artists and their teachers, 22,496; journalists, 21,849, and actors, 9,728.

WHY POPCORN POPS.

Popping corn is one of the pleasures in store for the young folks during the approaching winter evenings, and it may be interesting for them while watching the little fairy like forms bursting out of their shells, to know just why popcorn pops.

There will be extra quantities of it popped no doubt at Hallowe'en; but not one of my readers will be likely to have such an abundance of it as a certain farmer, whose barn, filled with the newly harvested and carefully shucked popcorn, took fire. What a popping there was then! The popcorn couldn't help it; it popped! It had to pop. Up shot one grain after another into the air, looking like snow flakes. Down they fell thick and fast, forming an enormous white wave which rolled down the hill, and covered up the farm house, leaving only the chimneys sticking up out of the apparent snow drift,

to be seen by the astonished neighbors, who rushed to the rescue with snow shovels, and spent some time and strength in digging the farmer and his family out from beneath the popcorn avalanche.

Why does popcorn pop? Ask the first twenty learned men you can find and not one of them will be able to tell you. The secret lies in the structure of the grain, which is very wonderful indeed. In the centre of each grain of popcorn is the "germ" of the future plant. It holds the vital elements of the seed. What is it like? Well, it is about the size of a large pin head. Its outer coat is a membrane of woody matter, inside of which is an oily substance containing nitrogen and phosphorus. Imbedded in this oily substance is the "nucleus." The "nucleus" is the true germ—the essential life principle of the seed. It is chiefly composed of albumen, and is just big enough to be seen by the naked eye. Small as it is it contains a mystery which no man has ever solved or is likely to solve—the mighty secret of reproduction. However, there are more things of interest to be noticed in the outer structure of the popcorn grain. Gathered about the germ are granules of starch arranged in layers and so regularly placed as to resemble a crystalline structure. In fact, like crystals, though they are not such, these granules possess the peculiar property of "polarizing" light. Seen under the microscope they have very beautiful forms. Between each two layers of them is a woody membrane, and covering the whole is the hard external envelope of the corn grain, composed of woody matter, with a large proportion of mineral substances,

such as lime, silix, potash and magnesia.

Think what an amazing quantity of nutritious food is thus packed in a little space for the use of the embryo plant, which first absorbs the nitrogen and phosphorus contained in the so-called "germ" envelope, afterward consuming the starch and so getting ready to sprout.

A popcorn grain has precisely the same structure as a grain of ordinary corn. It is simply a variety of the same species of plant. Why, then, will not common corn pop? It will do so, as you can find out for yourself by trying; but it does not pop nearly so well, though now and then a grain will do exceedingly well. The reason is that the starch granules in popcorn are packed more tightly and the woody membranes between the layers are thinner and more easily ruptured. Heat causes the water that is in the starch to expand, the external envelope is burst open and the grain turns inside out, becoming fifteen times its original size, or more, and showing the pretty white starch outside.

This is the reason why popcorn pops.

INTERCHANGEABLE SIGNS.

"Interchangeable signs," on which a different design or lettering is visible according to the points of view, are becoming very popular. They are curious and effective. The following is the modus operandi of producing them. An ordinary signboard is prepared by the joiner, framed in a good bold moulding. Across the top and bottom rails of this frame a succession of narrow verticle saw kerfs are cut at an inch apart, and long enough to re-

ceive the ends of a series of inch strips of tin, zinc, or any other sheet metal. Having procured these and fitted them into the kerfs, they are taken out and the board and both sides of the metal strips painted with the ground color. The board is next lettered. Then the strips are laid down edge to edge and side to side on the shop board and a different lettering (or design) is painted across them. When dry they are turned over and yet another inscription painted on the other side. The strips are then slid into the grooves in the frames and a triplicate sign results, which reads differently from three positions—in front, and from the right and the left. We have seen a portrait or head of a very ingenious and effective character thus produced.

A CHALLENGE WHICH WAS NOT ACCEPTED.

In the great Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II, the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the Channel for three days successively; engaging in battle during the day and lying-to at night. But, just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came that an armistice had been concluded, and the hostile parties began to exercise mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man-of-war, which lay alongside an English warship, was a sailor so remarkably active as to run to the mast head and stand upright upon the truck, after which he cut several capers, and concluded with standing on his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from his exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzahing, and thereby

signifying their triumph over the English. One of the British tars, piqued for the honor of the country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed to throw up his heels as the Dutchman had done; but not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however broke his fall and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech he ran to the side and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "There, do that if you can."

A FAMILIAR QUOTATION.

Until recently it has not been known who was the author of the well-known quotation:

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Miss Kate Louise Roberts has discovered the authorship. Many years ago John Brougham, Lester Wallack, Artemus Ward, and others, used to meet after the play at Windhurst's in Park Row. One night the question, "What rules the world?" arose, and various opinions were expressed. William Ross Wallace, who was present, retired, and a little later called Thomas J. Leigh from the room and handed him a poem which he had just written. Mr. Leigh read it to the company. It was entitled, "What Rules the World," and the first stanza ran:

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre,
O'er lesser powers that be:
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."



IN THE DARK.

Who's afraid in the dark ?
 "Oh, not I," said the owl,
 And he gave a great scowl,
 And he wiped his eye
 And fluffed his jowl, "Tu whoo!"
 Said the dog, "I bark
 Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!"
 Said the cat, "Miew!
 I'll scratch any one who
 Dares say I do
 Feel afraid—Miew!"
 "Afraid," said the mouse,
 "Of the dark in the house!
 Hear me scatter
 Whatever's the matter—squeak!"
 Then the toad in the hole,
 And the bug in the ground,
 They both shook their heads
 And passed the word 'round.
 And the bird in the tree,
 The fish and the bee,
 They declared all three
 That you never did see
 One of them afraid in the dark.
 But the little boy who had gone to bed
 Just raised the bed-clothes and covered
 his head.

—Louisville Western Recorder.

Freddie's Experiment.—"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?" "Well, I heard everybody say he was a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see him bounce."

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

"I don't believe that she can be an angel unawares," exclaimed May, as she rolled the ball over to the baby. "I think it is real mean," she went on, in a grumbling tone, "that she should come this morning and take up so much of mamma's time when Jane is away, and after I've been cooped up so long in the house with a bad cold. Here, I have to amuse the baby, instead of being out in the garden getting a breath of fresh air, and enjoying the fine weather. But it's always the way! Jane's mother had to go and get sick and send for her, and then mamma has to get cups of tea for Angels Unawares."

"O, May, what's a Nangel?"

"You know, Hettie; you saw the pictures of some in the big Bible last Sunday. There was a ladder, you remember, and angels were going up and down on it, and Jacob was asleep at the foot. They all had wings and long white robes."

"Did Japick have wings, too?"

"Don't be so silly, Hettie! Of course he hadn't; only the angels had wings."

"Did you ever see a Nangel, May?"

"Yes, I've seen a great many. At least, that's what mamma says they may be. But I don't believe that this one can be any sort of an angel."

"Where is 'ee Nangel?"

"In the kitchen, to be sure, having a cup of tea!"

Away sped Hettie to the kitchen. She found no one there but her mamma and old Mrs. Bowler. Nettie's little feet pattered across the floor until she was quite close to the visitor, at whom she stared very hard.

Mrs. Bowler set down her tea-cup and held out her hand to Hettie. But

the little girl refused to shake hands ; she only stood and stared, open-eyed.

"Hettie," said her mother, reprovingly, "you know it is not polite to stare so at people. If you won't shake hands with Mrs. Bowler, and say, 'Good Morning,' you must go away."

Hettie ran back to May. "She's not one bit a Nangel!" she cried, "she hasn't a speck of wings!"

"What a little goose you are, Hettie! Of course she's not a truly angel with wings. But mamma says that when we are kind to people that come to our home, and do them some good, that some time they may be able to do something to help us, when we are in trouble, or when we want something very much ; and so we may be entertaining an angel, unawares."

This did not make the matter very clear to Hettie, for although May understood what her mother had told her, she could not explain the meaning exactly. She concluded, however, by repeating, "But I don't believe that she can ever be an angel unawares, so there."

Her mother had come into the room in time to hear part of May's speech. She was really the one, if any, who had any right to complain, for she had lost a great deal of sleep during the night, the baby had been so fretful. Then she had had extra work to do, as Jane was away.

But she had cheerfully set about making a cup of tea for old Mrs. Bowler, when she came in to rest after her long walk in the dust and heat.

"Give me the baby, May," said her mamma, "and take Hettie out for a run in the garden. I am sorry that you should feel disposed to grudge a

cup of tea to a poor tired old woman, who has come so far this warm morning."

"It's not that, mamma," but I wanted to be out in the fresh air ; you know I couldn't go out all week on account of my cold and the way it rained. And I'll have to stay in the house while you are at church and mind the baby. "And, mamma," continued May, speaking very rapidly, "I don't believe that that shabby-looking old woman can ever be an angel unawares. What could she ever do for us?"

"Don't be too sure, May, we never know what may happen. Besides, we ought not to expect a return for every little kindness we may do. I consider it a privilege to be able to do anything for Mrs. Bowler, she does so much for others. She is a good nurse in sickness, and can set bones and bind up wounds quite skilfully. Indeed, I don't know what would become of her poor neighbors if she were not on hand. They are so far from a good doctor. We think ourselves badly off to have to send ten miles for one ; but what would we do if we lived back at the Augmentation? We'd be very glad to have old Mrs. Bowler for a neighbor, I think. Indeed, if any accident were to happen, there's no one I know of that I'd be so thankful to see come in. But I hope it will be a long time before we need her help. Take Hettie out into the garden for a while ; I want to get the baby to sleep."

"Can you spare May, to-day, mamma?" asked her papa one fine morning a few weeks later, "I am going to drive over to the Corners, and I'd like to take her with me. It is going to

be a lovely day, and I think she'd enjoy the ride."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed May, beginning to dance up and down, "how splendid! Can I go, mamma? Say yes, please!"

"Yes, please!" laughed her mother, and away flew May to get ready.

Hettie wanted to go too, but her papa told her it was too far for such a little girl to go without mamma. But she might go as far as the gate.

That satisfied her, and after papa had lifted her out of the carriage and kissed her good-bye, she wandered around to the kitchen door, where she found Jane busy over the wash-tub. She was fond of Jane, who was very good to the little girl, and tried to answer the many questions with which she plied her.

"I'll help 'oo, Dane, said Hettie, climbing up on the edge of a pail of hot water which was standing beside the wash bench.

Such a shriek! Out rushed mamma and caught up the unfortunate little girl, whose feet were terribly scalded. All that poor mamma could do was to hold the kicking, screaming child, and try to give directions to Jane, who was too frightened to be of much use. But in this extremity a familiar voice was heard saying, "let me see what I can do, ma'am," and Mrs. Bowler began to cut off Hettie's shoes and stockings. Of course this hurt dreadfully, but it had to be done, and no one else could have done it more tenderly. Mrs. Bowler having so much to do with the sick and being called upon so often in case of accident was accustomed to carry about her a few simple remedies. She had a salve in her hand bag which Hettie found very soothing.

"How glad I am, ma'am, that I was passing this way, I heard the noise and thought I might be needed, so I came in."

"It is well that you did, Mrs. Bowler, for I don't know what I'd have done without your help."

Hettie had been made as comfortable as possible, and was propped upon the lounge with lots of playthings around her, when there came a great sound of bumping and thumping.

"Oh, my baby!" screamed mamma, "he has fallen down stairs."

Sure enough that was what had caused the noise. In their anxiety about Hetty no one had noticed that the baby had crept out of the room, and attempted to climb the stairs. He lay at the foot of the staircase, white and motionless.

"Oh," cried the poor mother, "he is killed! I know he is dead, my poor dear little baby! What will his father do when he comes home and finds the baby gone."

She picked him up and staggered with him to a chair, never doubting that he was dead.

But Mrs. Bowler had had more experience, and she saw that although unconscious, he was still alive.

She hurried Jane off to try and find some one to send for the doctor. There was, she believed, a chance for the baby's life to be saved. But she greatly feared that he would be deformed, and that his head would always be awry. If such a fate were to be averted there was not a moment to lose.

She took hold of his head as he lay in his mamma's lap, and began to pull and turn it gently, very, very gently,

into place, and to stroke and straighten his neck.

"There, ma'am, it's all right now, let me take him."

She carried him out into the open air, sprinkled water in his face, and forced a drop of cordial between his lips.

Presently he opened his eyes, but closed them again wearily. She handed him back to his mother, who held him for a long time. He would just open and close his eyes, or put up his little lip as if he meant to cry, but was too weak. He gradually gained a little strength, and Mrs. Bowler said he would be all right in time. She proved a good prophet, although it was a long while before baby recovered from the effects of that fall.

Mrs. Bowler was not idle a moment. She gave Hettie a nice luncheon, and made mamma eat something too, and then go and lie down, promising to sit with Hettie and look after her. Such a family of dolls as she cut from an old newspaper. Hettie was delighted with them and with the stories which Mrs. Bowler told, until the little girl fell asleep.

It was hours before the doctor arrived. Mrs. Bowler had gone home, and papa had returned. They were still very anxious about the baby, but the doctor said that the prompt measures which Mrs. Bowler had taken had undoubtedly prevented the baby from having a wry neck. Indeed he said he thought the little fellow owed his life to the skill and presence of mind which she had shown.

When Hettie opened her eyes her papa and May were in the room.

"Oh, May," she cried, "I hurt my foot, and look what 'ee yun-a-way

Nangel made for me," and she held up one of her dolls.

"Poor little girlie," said papa, "I'm so sorry you were hurt, but you are better now, dearie."

"Yes, papa, 'ee Nangel put some stuff on my foots, and make zem better."

"What does she mean? Has she been dreaming about an angel do you suppose?"

"No papa," replied May, "she means the angel unawares."

"Still, I don't understand."

"Well, Papa, you know one Sunday Mrs. Bowler came in and mamma gave her a cup of tea, and I called her an angel unawares to Hettie. Only, I said I didn't think that she could ever be one. I said she could never do anything to help us. And just see what she has done to-day for Hettie and the baby. Oh, Papa, if she hadn't been here," and May hid her face in her hands, so she did not see the tears which stood in Papa's eyes.

"It seems, May, as if you had been mistaken," said he in a trembling voice.

"Indeed I was, papa, now I know that she was truly an angel unawares."

"Yes, chimed in Hettie, a twooly yun away nangel."

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

DOGS THAT HELPED EACH OTHER.

H. Willis, a little boy of Roland, Man., writes: "About a year ago two foxes made their abode within the limit of this neighborhood, and they would frequently pay a visit to our hen-house, and of course we, to see the fun, would naturally put the dog on them. The dog was a small-sized Collie, but he never succeeded in catch-

ing either of them. The cunning and light-footed foxes would keep about ten paces ahead of the dog, as if to tempt him. One day the snow melted a little so that after it had frozen at night there was a crust on the snow next day, on which day we saw one of the foxes and set the dog on it, and we were surprised to see the dog rapidly overtaking the fox until he got within about five yards of it, when the fox suddenly turned and sat down and calmly awaited the arrival of the dog, who to our disgust stopped and sat down also, and there they sat watching each other for about a minute, until the dog turned and quickly went, not to his own home, but to that of our neighbor about a quarter of a mile distant. We watched for him until he appeared at the back of our neighbor's premises. With what? Nothing less than our neighbor's dog, an old intimate friend of his. They soon got on the trail of the fox, and in about ten minutes had caught up to it. Then began a chase. The fox was soon joined by its mate, and we watched them for about ten minutes until they disappeared out of sight. The dogs came home about two hours afterwards and I don't think they caught any of the foxes. People maintain that dumb animals have no language in which to convey their thoughts to one another, but I think these dogs must have mutu-

ally understood one another, else the one would not have gone to aid the other in the manner it did. This is a true story."

THE BEST WAY.

'Cos it's a tell-tale I must stay
 In this old corner till I say
 I'm sorry that I touched the jam,
 I just won't say it, but I am!
 Now, if I'm sorry don't you spose
 The little birdie surely knows?
 Why can't it tell a thing like that,
 And do some good, the little tat?
 See how my blouse is stained! Oh, dear,
 I wish I could go 'way from here!
 There's no use wriggling—mamma's word
 Is always law. I wish that bird
 Would come along; I can't stand this.
 "I'm sorry, mamma!" Well that kiss
 Was worth it. Now if birdie had
 Told that time would I feel as glad?

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

PEEK A BOO.

Where is Mamma's baby, tell me?
 Gone a sailing on the sea?
 Off down town along with Papa?
 Where can baby-bunting be?
 Oh, I hope he hasn't started
 On a journey to the moon!
 I must hurry-scurry after;
 Go and fetch me a balloon.
 Run and set the bells a-ringing;
 Cry "Child missing!" up and down.
 Tell the people, so they'll know him,
 He's the sweetest boy in town.
 Ah, if baby only knew it
 There's a kiss for him in store.
 Who's that laughing? Why he's hiding
 All the time behind the door.



OLD FASHIONED GAMES.

BY GRACE GIVEN.

They are all out of date now, but how we used to enjoy the old fashioned games! And now, after the lapse of so many years, the remembrance of them will bring a smile to the lip and a sparkle to the eye!

What pleasant memories we recall of the merry playmates, some of whom lived to do battle with the world; while others early passed to that fair city where we are told "there are boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Through all of these happy reminiscences runs, like a golden thread, something which we did not then perceive—the hidden meaning of those apparently idle pastimes.

"Hold fast what I give you!" says Fortune now as in the old days; but it will no longer do to sit and wait with folded hands, or when the question is asked, "Who's got the button?" we certainly will not be able to respond.

How we loaded our ships with A's, and set them afloat! Have we not often since loaded them with everything from A to Z—with aspirations and ambitions, with zeal and zest—and launched them on Life's Ocean? Where are they now with their precious cargoes?

"Pussy Wants a Corner!" Hasn't she wanted one many a time since, and put forth mighty efforts to secure one, only to be jostled and pushed aside by the more fortunate? Are there ever corners enough to go around, or must somebody always be left out? Does success to one always mean defeat to another?

"Magic Music," with its low pianissimo of disapproval, or its fortissimo of approbation! When one was likely

to become successful how encouraging it sounded, and how it died down and left one feeling helpless when defeat seemed certain.

"Blindman's Buff" was a favorite. How we darted hither and thither to keep out of the way! But sooner or later we were sure to be caught; just as now we fall a prey to the fate which we strive in vain to elude.

Then we gathered around the table and played "Consequences." How silly! Not at all—when viewed in the proper light. Character, that all-important item, was put first, you see, before the names even. What mattered it whether the latter were euphonious, aristocratic, plain or plebian, if borne by those whose characters were irreproachable? In time those names are sure to become the dearest in the world to the persons interested.

"Where They Met" might be the most unromantic spot on the face of the earth, but it becomes forthwith enchanted ground, radiant with "the light that never was on land or sea." "What He Said" — some ridiculous commonplace remark, no doubt, but worth the wisdom of the wise to one listener, whose reply most likely was of the same inane order; but he would not miss one word of it for worlds. It may sound silly to others, but in the ears of this infatuated pair, it blends with the faint echo of a marriage bell, and makes Life's sweetest music.

"What the World Said" came next, for, of course, the World would give its opinion, asked or unasked. But what need they care? It is none of the World's business!

Then the Conundrums! We fancied ourselves very clever when we guessed one. So simple as they were! we

wonder now how they could ever have puzzled our brains. And they were so much more satisfactory than those propounded to us in late years—and fully as instructive.

“When is a door not a door?” is just as sensible a question as, “Is marriage a failure?” Besides, it has an answer—“When it’s a-jar”—while the other has no answer, and is *A JAR* in itself, and seems to have no answer which will suit the ideas of every person.

“Is life worth living?” is not a whit less silly than, “How many blue beans does it take to make five white ones?” since it all depends upon whether you skin the beans in the one case, or in the other, whether you strive to make the best of your life.

Pernaps these perplexing questions may one day seem as simple to us as the riddles of our childhood.

However that may be, let us not despise the memory of the old-fashioned games, with their wonderful significance. They had a mission to fulfill, serving to relieve the dreariness of many a long winter evening when the wind blew around the house, and the snow lay deep on the sill.

Friends, dear friends, give your children a happy childhood. Make youth a time of rejoicing. Encourage the young in innocent amusements, for soon will come the days when merriment must cease. Let there be a joyous youth to look back upon in lonely hours of solitude, and darker ones of despair. There will be no need to press home the moral of the fairy tale of amusements. It will come in after years, when the fire is out upon the hearth; the old home deserted; father and mother resting from their

labors; brothers and sisters weighted with the serious duties of life, and the light-hearted companions scattered far and wide.

When the time has gone by for fun and frolic, life will be all the sweeter and toil the lighter for the remembrance of a happy, joyous youth.

FAMOUS BELLS.

The largest church peal of bells in England is that of St. Paul’s London, where the tenor bell alone weighs 64 cwt. The church of St. Michael, Coventry, has a famous peal of bells. For ten years they were silent, and were only replaced in the belfry in 1895. The total weight of the bells is nearly seven tons, varying from the 32 cwt. of the tenor to the 6 cwt. 3 qr. 1 lb. of the first or treble bell. Each bell has a distinctive motto. The present bells contain the original metal of which the bells of 550 years ago were made, and are capable of producing 3,628,800 changes. Westminster Abbey has a peal which are only rung on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth’s accession. The first set of carillon bells were made in 1487. Manchester has a set in use, consisting of twenty, playing thirty-five tunes, since 1879. The cathedral of Antwerp has a peal of sixty-five; that of Bruges one of forty-one, and Les Halles, also in Bruges, forty-eight. The largest bell ever cast is the cracked one at Moscow—now used as a chapel—19 ft. high, 60 ft. around lower rim, and weighing 198 tons. The three heaviest bells actually in use are, one in Moscow, weighing 128 tons; the second at Mingrow, Burmah, weight from 90 to 100 tons; and the third, the great bell of Peking, 58 tons.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Conducted by BESSIE BROOKS.

I.

Yes, Minnie, we intend to have a nice cosey corner where the girls can come and ask questions. Bessie Brooks will be glad to welcome you, and will try to answer your questions to the best of her ability. She hopes they will be sensible questions, which will show that the minds of the girls are not given too much to matters of a frivolous nature.

Of course they must not be too deep, requiring the wisdom of a philosopher to answer them properly.

Read the reply to Violet whose question is good; but not very easy to answer.

II.

"How can I earn money, which I need badly, without going away from home? Violet."

Well, Violet, that depends greatly upon what you are capable of doing; also upon whether you live in the city or the country, and in what part of the world. I can tell you what others have done, both in city and country, and you will know whether you can follow their example. In a certain large city one woman found herself obliged to earn her living. She could bake good bread, so she resolved to turn that talent to account. She hired a room with a brick oven in it. It was only a little back room in a basement, but she kept it scrupulously clean, and herself neat in appearance; and baked such good bread that she soon had many customers. After her bread had become one of the "must haves" of

the wealthy, she was offered \$2,000 to furnish it to one grocer exclusively. Is she in that little back basement room now, worried about her next payments? Not at all! She lives in a picturesque cottage, has a patent oven, and although she has money in the bank she still goes on baking bread. This would not do in the country where the housewives do their own work for the most part, and where money is not plentiful. Still a bright determined girl can find some way of earning money, even in the country. I have known girls who dug up the root of ginseng sang, they called it, and sold it for a good price. Others earn money by raising small fruits and vegetables for summer boarders, or cottagers, who being in the country for a few weeks only in the heat of the summer, could not do their own gardening, and were very glad to pay a fair price for such produce. There are usually such customers to be found in every neighborhood, and to them one can easily dispose of cream and milk, eggs and butter, frog's legs and chickens. Only let these things be of the best, for that is what city people want when they go into the country; and if they are willing to pay for it, see that they get the best the country affords, Violet, and you will have the satisfaction of earning money honestly, and yet stay at home, where all girls ought to be if possible.

Questions to be answered in the next month must be received by the 20th of the current month.

MISTRESS MARY'S CORNER

"A man from the wilderness he asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good—
As many red herrings as grow in the wood."

Wasn't that an astute answer? How would it have been possible to convey to this man's mind any conception of the sea? He has often heard of it, and has in his mind compared it with the wilderness with which he is so familiar. Of all the good things produced in the woods, nothing comes up in his estimation to strawberries.

Should we say that no strawberries grow in the sea, he will think it is an arid waste, utterly unfit for anything. A lover of Old Ocean cannot allow such an estimate to be made of the boundless deep. Compare it with the wilderness! There is no comparison. All the beautiful things that have been said or sung about the fathomless deep, the bounding billow, the crested wave, the surging surf, or the restless tide, would not give him the faintest idea of what the ocean really is like—its majesty and grandeur, its sparkling surface, or the hidden treasures of its depths. Imagine the effect of saying, "It is nothing but water!"

"Water? Ha-ha-ha!" he laughs. "That's good! Only water! Why, it's fit for nothing but washing in and drinking."

We know it isn't fit for drinking, but we nevertheless have a most profound admiration for the dark and deep blue ocean. What is to be done?

The good man hailing from the wild-

erness knows something of red herrings. If only they grew in the woods, what a perfect place it would be! It is likely that whatever place produces them must be almost as desirable as the wilderness.

So I replied, "As many red herrings as grow in the wood!"

That's none at all, of course; but it shows him that his vaunted wilderness may be lacking in some respects. And if so, other places are not to be despised altogether if they are wanting in that which he considers the chief charm of his neighborhood.

That answer was an inspiration. He can take in the whole situation at once. He suspected that there were no strawberries in the sea, and he thought to exult over us by showing how superior was his habitat to our lauded ocean.

"How many strawberries grow in the sea?" He has us there, he thinks, as he stands with his head to one side awaiting the answer. See his chin drop as he receives the retort courteous: "As many red herrings as grow in the wood!" He has something on which to ponder—and so have we.

How many pictures did you paint last year? As many rag carpets as you made.

How many poems have you written? As many dinners as you have cooked.

How many places of amusement did you attend? As many new books as you have read.

Why should one woman pride herself on her knowledge or ability and

despise her neighbor because she cannot do the same thing? There are surely other things worth accomplishing than the particular one at which any one of us is proficient. Some women have the knack of doing one thing, some another. All cannot trim a hat or bonnet tastefully, neither can every one excel in cooking. What lovely flowers some can raise, while others have no luck with plants. One has the gift of writing, another that of nursing.

Very few excel in all branches. There are women who seem able to do everything. We call them capable, but they are not met with very often. They are usually so superior that one feels uncomfortable in their presence. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to feel your own shortcomings.

If no strawberries grow in the sea, it helps one to bear it better if one reflects that after all no red herrings grow in the wood. It would seem to the ordinary observer that all women can learn to sew, whereas many cannot learn to set a stitch properly. Another can make every garment she wears, from the dainty bit of millinery on the top of her head to her stocking sole, and could on a pinch furnish herself with slippers. But does she know anything of quadratic equations? Do strawberries grow in the sea?

Cooking is a science of which it would seem no woman ought to be ignorant. But one woman will from no want of will or lack of effort set before you a badly cooked meal; while another without any trouble will serve up something that is a marvel of culinary art.

"It's a gift," says one.

"Its the result of intelligent painstaking," says another.

It only proves that I was right in my reply to the Man from the Wilderness.

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

Oh, mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand

And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in the sweet posy garden up there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on the silver dew stream
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that soothed me so often,
And the wide-a-wake stars shall sing in my stead

A song which my dreaming shall soften.
So, mother, my love, let me take your dear hand

And away through the starlight we'll wander,
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—EUGENE FIELD.

A WEDDING NOVICE.

He went to the wedding with pride,
In his faultlessly fine array;
To act like the others he tried,
But he didn't know what to say,
So he wished the charming young bride
Many happy returns of the day.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

A three-year-old boy objects to kissing his papa when his beard is not shaven closely, saying that there are slivers in his face.

WHAT THE QUEEN WORE.

For the first time in thirty years the Queen of England wore a colored dress when, upon the occasion of receiving the deputations presenting royal addresses at Buckingham Palace, she donned a grey silk.

This gown was a silvery, sheeny silk. The skirt was most exquisitely embroidered in silver, the design representing the emblems of the United Kingdom—rose, shamrock and thistle—blended.

The low cut bodice was wonderfully embroidered; the sleeves were full and trimmed with falls of costly lace.

At the banquet given her royal guests the evening preceding, Victoria was gowned in superb black moire antique.

The entire front breadths were wrought in the richest gold embroidery of pure gold, raised from the surface of the silk in oriental design.

Diamond spaces were formed by waved bands of the embroidery, and in these spaces, wrought in rich bullion work, were suns raised from the surface, the centres flashing out millions of colored lights from a mass of real jewels.

There were stars also in the design, and a deep border passed around the entire hem wrought in gems.

On either side of this embroidery were cascades of superb lace.

The sleeves were bell-shaped, the queen's favorite style, and one she always has clung to, and a small white tucker finished the jewelled bodice.

The veil that fell from the royal head was of exquisite lace, and was fastened to the hair by a small diamond crown.

This grand costume created quite a sensation among her subjects unaccustomed to seeing her in any but the most

quaint attire, as never once at her drawing rooms has the queen worn such gorgeous array, but at her jubilee she laid aside her customary black garb.

A PEDLAR'S ADVENTURE.

It was many years ago that the adventure befell me which I am about to relate. It was before I gave up my pedlar's pack for a horse and cart, though I had already made up my mind that I could afford it. I was travelling through a wild part of the country. Between the settlements there were long stretches of forest filled with wild beasts, and now and then you came upon a band of strolling savages.

One night I stopped at a tavern which stood in the midst of a little settlement of not more than a dozen log houses. In the evening there were assembled in the bar-room all the male denizens of the place, and among them was one that I at once set down as a villain. His looks plainly showed that there was little he would hesitate to do, if in the end there was anything to gain. Again and again I caught him looking towards my pack, which I had placed in one corner of the room near the bar; and once I felt sure he was looking at me as though calculating whether or no I should be a dangerous antagonist in case he should attempt to rob me of it.

I was up betimes next morning, and as soon as I had done my breakfast, I started. Once within the forest I hurried on, desiring to put as great a distance as I could between me and the settlement in as little time as possible.

As I had learned from the landlord that I should not be able to reach any habitation before nightfall, I had taken my dinner along with me; and after

walking some hours, feeling the need of it, I sat down by the edge of a clear stream which crossed the road, and ate my noontide meal.

The extra exertion I had made, and the hearty meal of which I had partaken, rendered me sleepy; and placing my pack under my head, I closed my eyes, thinking I would take a few minutes' rest before going onward. I did not intend to go to sleep; yet in less than five minutes I was unconscious of all that was going on around me. How long I slept I know not. It might have been a few minutes, or it might have been an hour, but I awoke at last with a start, and a sense of some great danger overhanging me.

I opened my eyes and looked about me, but saw nothing, and I was just on the point of making a motion to get upon my feet, when I heard the slight cracking of a branch above my head. Looking up in the direction of the sound, I beheld a sight which almost froze the marrow in my bones. A huge panther was there, ready for a spring down upon me.

As motionless as one dead, I lay and gazed up at my terrible enemy. To stir as much as a hand, I knew would be a signal for the beast to spring upon me. Its fiery eyes were fixed upon my face, and its tail was gently waving to and fro like that of a cat. Hope of escape there seemed none. My doom was sealed. The panther had me as surely in his power as though his claws were already fastened in my flesh.

All at once the fiery eyes of the panther were turned from me, and fixed upon some object a little to the right. What could it mean? What new danger was approaching me from that

direction? By turning my head a little, I was enabled to see what it was. A man was creeping towards me with a knife in his hand. He was not a dozen feet from where I lay; and at the first glance I recognized him. It was the man whom I had made up my mind to be a villain in the tavern the night before.

Cautiously the villain crept towards me, with a murderous look in his face. A glance showed me that one thing was evident. The villain, while he sought to murder me, was not aware of his own danger. For the panther no longer kept his eye fixed upon me. He was watching every movement of the villain; and, each instant, I expected that he would leap down upon him. If he only would do so before he reached my side, it would prove my salvation!

Closer and closer the villain drew towards me. Only a moment more, and he would be so near that he could touch me with his outstretched hand. There was not an instant to be lost, and I was just on the point of springing to my feet, when, quick as a flash of lightning, the panther cleft the air, and landed full on the shoulders of the villain, with its claws and fangs buried deep in his flesh. A terrible cry of terror and rage burst from his lips as he went down, with his blood dyeing the earth. At the same instant I was upon my feet; and drawing a pistol, I sent a bullet through the heart of the beast. It did its work well, though even in death the brute clung to its victim; and when at last it struggles were over, and I pulled it from the bleeding man, I saw that it had also done its work. The impress of death was on the villain's face, and in a few moments he was dead.

TO ENAMEL A BICYCLE FRAME.

In a recent issue of Morgan & Wright's Wheel Talk, J. D. Stubbins, Pocomoke City, Md., writes: "In answer to enquiries as to enamelling, I use the following preparation with good results: Asphaltum, 1 ounce; boiled oil, 1 quart; burnt umber, 2 ounces. Mix umber and oil, heat, and add the asphaltum, keeping hot until thoroughly mixed. While still hot, thin with turpentine. Clean all parts to be enameled, and apply enamel with camel's hair brush, then bake. I bake over night."

In another issue of the same paper E. D. Southwick, Sigourney, Ia., writes on the subject of enameling: "First clean frame by burning off old enamel; then sandpaper down smooth and wash with gasoline. Put in oven for from six to eight hours at 300 degrees, to burn off all grease and foreign matter. Then wash with gasoline.

Put on first coat and allow the enamel to set thoroughly before baking at 250 degrees, from six to seven hours. Then rub down smooth with steel wool. The finishing coat should be baked at 200 degrees, eight hours, and rubbed down smooth with a soft rag; then put on the varnish and bake eight hours in 200 degrees heat. The frame should be heated and cooled gradually, as the enamel is soft when hot. Best results are obtained if the liquids are applied with a brush. Black enamel is the best to put on, and it also bakes harder. Three hundred degrees should be used for black, and from 200 to 250 degrees for colors."

Experts predict that the books of to-day will fall to pieces before the middle of the next century. The paper in the books that have survived two or three centuries was made by hand of honest rags and without the use of strong chemicals, while the ink was made of nut galls. To-day much of the paper for books is made, at least in part, of wood pulp treated with powerful acids, while the ink is a compound of various substances naturally at war with the flimsy paper upon which it is laid. The printing of two centuries ago has improved with age; that of to-day will within fifty years have eaten its way through the pages upon which it is impressed.
—The New England Press.

THE STEP AT THE GATE.

The twilight shadows are creeping
Along the garden wall,
The summer wind comes rustling by,
And showers of rose leaves fall.
While I sit at my cottage window,
And dream and listen and wait
For the sound of a cheerful whistle
And a well known step at the gate.

Out in the kitchen the kettle
Is humming its loudest song;
"I'm boiling!" it says; "'tis time to make tea!
Pray, why don't you come along?"

The cozy table is ready,
But the singing kettle must wait,
Because, you see, I never make tea
Till I hear the step at the gate.

Baby sleeps in her cradle,
Dreaming with all her might,
And over her blossom-blue eyes
Are drawn their curtains white.
See! she smiles in her slumber!
She seldom sleeps so late;
She'll wake in a glow of gladness
When she hears the step at the gate.

This is our little kingdom—
This cottage with vines o'ergrown,
Papa's the king, and mamma's the queen,
And baby's the heir to the throne.
Why lingers the king, I wonder?
Supper will be so late!
Ah, he is coming! Baby, wake up!
For I hear his step at the gate.

—Peterson's Magazine.

Mrs. Mann (meeting former servant)—"Ah Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?" Mary—"No, ma'am, I'm working for nothing now. I'm married."
—Boston Transcript.

City Farmer—"I am somewhat of a connoisseur in stock, and I only want such as are young, and in good condition." Dealer—"Well, buy this drove of yearlings." City Farmer—"How old are they?"

Professor—"In China criminals are often sentenced to be kept awake until insanity and death result. Now, how do you suppose they keep them from falling asleep?" Little girl (oldest of a small family)—"I expect they give 'em a baby to take care of."

TRACY WALKINGHAM'S PEEPING

CHAPTER III.

As a pause now ensued Lane felt it was his turn to say something, and he began with, "I am surprised at Mr. Jonas," for so cleverly had the nephew managed that the alienation of the uncle was unsuspected by everybody, and Lane could hardly bring himself to comment freely on this once cherished nephew. "I could not have believed, after all you've done for him, that he would turn out ungrateful. Perhaps," continued he; but here the words were arrested on his lips by a sudden movement on the part of Mr. Aldridge, which caused Lane, who had been staring vacantly into the fire, to turn his eyes towards his visitor, whom, to his surprise, he saw gradually falling forward. He stretched out his hand to arrest the fall; but his feeble arm only gave another direction to his body, which sank on its face to the ground. Lane, who naturally thought Mr. Aldridge had fainted from excess of emotion, fetched water, and endeavored to raise him from the floor, but he slipped heavily from his grasp; and the recollection that, years ago, he had heard from the apothecary who attended Ephriam that the latter had disease of the heart and would some day die suddenly, filled him with terror and dismay. He saw that the prophecy was fulfilled; his own weak nerves and enfeebled frame gave way under the shock, and dropping into the nearest chair he was for some moments almost as insensible as his friend.

When he revived, and was able to recall his scattered senses, the first thing that met his eye was the open pocket-book and the notes that lay on the table. But a moment before, how full of promise was that book to him! Now where was his hopes? Alas, like his fortunes, in the dust! Never was a man less greedy of money than Lane; but he knew what it was to want bread, to want clothes, to want fire. He felt sure Jonas would never give him a sixpence to keep him from starving and there was poor Mary, so overworked and fading her young cheeks with toil. That

money was to have made three persons comfortable; he to whom it belonged was gone, and could never need it; and he had said quite enough before he parted to satisfy Lane, that could he lift up his voice from the grave to say who should have the contents of that book it would not be Jonas. Where, then, could be the harm of helping himself to that which had been partly intended for him? Where, too, could be the danger? Assuredly Jonas, the only person who had a right to inquire into Mr. Aldridge's affairs, knew nothing of this sum; and then the pocket-book might be burned, and so annihilate all trace. There blazed the fire so invitingly. Besides, Jonas would be so rich, and could so well afford to spare it.

As these arguments hastily suggested themselves, Lane, trembling with emotion, arose from his seat, seized the book, and grasped a handful of the notes, when, to his horror, at that moment he heard a tap at the window. Shaking like a leaf, his wan cheeks whiter than before, and his very breath suspended, he stood waiting for what was to follow; but nothing ensued—all was silent again. It was probably an accident; some one passing had touched the glass; but still an undefined fear made him totter to the street door, and draw the bolt. Then he returned into the room; there were the notes yet tempting him; but this interruption had unnerved him. He longed for them as much as before, but did not dare to satisfy his desire, lest he should hear that warning tap again. Yet if left there till Mary returned, they were lost to him forever; and he and she would be starving again, all the more wretched for this transitory gleam of hope that had relieved for a moment the darkness of their despair. But time pressed; every moment he expected to hear her at the door, and as unwilling to relinquish the prize as afraid to seize it, he took refuge in an expedient that avoided either extreme—he closed the book and flung it beneath the table, over which there was spread an old green cloth, casting a sufficiently dark

shadow around to render the object invisible, unless to a person stooping to search for it. Thus, if inquired for and sought, it would be found, and the natural conclusion be drawn that it had fallen there; if not, he would have time for deliberation, and circumstances should decide him what to do.

CHAPTER IV.

There were but two beds in this poor house; in one slept Lane, on the other was stretched the dead guest; Mary, therefore on this eventful night had none to go to. So she made up the fire, threw her new shawl over her head, and arranged herself to pass the hours till morning in the rickety old chair in which her father usually sat. The scenes in which she had been assisting formed a sad episode in her sad life; and although she knew too little of Mr. Aldridge to feel any particular interest in him, she had gathered enough from her father, and from the snatches of conversation she had heard, to be aware that this visit was to have been the dawn of better fortunes, and that the old man's sudden decease was probably a much heavier misfortune to themselves than to him. A girl more tenderly nurtured and accustomed to prosperity would have most likely given vent to her disappointment in tears; but tears are an idle luxury in which the poor rarely indulge; they have no time for them. They must use their eyes for their work, and when night comes their weary bodies constrain the mind to rest. Mary had had a fatiguing evening—it was late before she found herself alone, and tired and exhausted, unhappy as she felt, it was not long ere she was in a sound sleep.

It appeared to her that she must have slept several hours, when she awoke with a consciousness that there was somebody stirring in the room. She felt sure that a person had passed close to where she was sitting; she heard the low breathing and the cautious foot, which sounded as if the intruder was without shoes. The small grate not holding much coal, the fire was already out, and the room perfectly dark, so that Mary had only her ear to guide her; she could see nothing.

A strange feeling crept over her when she remembered their guest; but no—he was for ever motionless; there could be no doubt of that. It could not surely be her father. His getting out of bed and coming down stairs in

the middle of the night was to the last degree improbable. What could he come for? Besides, if he had done so, he would naturally have spoken to her. Then came the sudden recollection that she had not fastened the back door, which opened upon a yard as accessible to their neighbors as to themselves—neighbors not always of the best character either; and the cold shiver of fear crept over her. Now she felt how fortunate it was that the room was dark. How fortunate too, that she had not spoken or stirred; for the intruder withdrew as silently as he came. Mary strained her ears to listen which way he went; but the shoeless feet gave no echo. It was some time before the poor girl's beating heart was stilled; and then suddenly recollecting that this mysterious visitor, whoever he was, might be gone to fetch a light and return, she started up, and turned the key in the door. During that night Mary had no more sleep. When the morning broke she arose and looked around to see if any traces of her midnight visitor remained, but there were none. A sudden alarm now arose in her breast for her father's safety, and she hastily ascended the stairs to his chamber; but he appeared to be asleep, and she did not disturb him. Then she opened the door of her own room, and peeped in—all was still there, and just as it had been left on the preceding evening; and now, as is usual on such occasions, when the terrors of the night had passed away, and the broad daylight looked out upon the world, she began to doubt whether the whole affair had not been a dream betwixt sleeping and waking, the result of the agitating events of the preceding evening.

After lighting the fire and filling the kettle Mary next set about arranging the room, and in so doing she discovered a bit of folded paper under the table, which, on examination, proved to be a five-pound note. Of course this belonged to Mr. Aldridge, and must have fallen there by accident; so she put it aside for Jonas, and then ascended to her father's room again. He was now awake, but said he felt very unwell, and begged for some tea, a luxury they now possessed through the liberality of their deceased guest.

"Did anything disturb you in the night, father?" inquired Mary.

"No," replied Lane, "I slept all night." He did not look as if he had thought, and

Mary, seeing he was irritable and nervous, and did not wish to be questioned, made no allusion to what had disturbed herself.

"If Mr. Jonas Aldridge comes here, say I am too ill to see him," added he as she quitted the room.

About eleven o'clock the undertakers came to remove the body, and presently afterwards Tracy arrived.

"I came to say that I delivered your message last night to Mr. Jonas Aldridge," said he, when she opened the door, "and he promised to come here directly."

"He did come," returned Mary, "Will you please to walk in? I'm sorry my father is not down stairs. He's very poorly to-day."

"I do not wonder at that," answered Tracy, as his thoughts recurred to the black pocket-book.

"Mr. Jonas seemed very anxious about some papers he thought his uncle had about him; but I have found nothing but this five-pound note, which perhaps, you would leave at Mr. Aldridge's for me?"

"I will with pleasure," answered Tracy, remembering that this commission would afford him an excuse for another visit; and he took his leave a great deal more in love than ever.

"Humph!" said Mr. Jonas, taking the note that Tracy brought him, "and she has found no papers?"

"No, sir, none. Miss Lane says that unless they were in his pocket, Mr. Aldridge could not have had any papers with him."

"It's very extraordinary," said Mr. Jonas, answering his own reflections.

"Will you give me a receipt for the note, sir?" asked Tracy. "My name is"—

"It's all right. I'm going there directly myself, and I'll say you delivered it," answered Jonas, hastily interrupting him, and taking his hat off a peg in the passage. "I'm in a hurry just now;" whereupon Tracy departed without insisting farther.

CHAPTER V.

While poor Ephraim slept peaceably in his coffin above, Mr. Jonas, perplexed by all manner of doubts in regard to the missing will, sat below in the parlor in a fever of restless anxiety. Every heel that resounded on the pavement made his heart sink until it had passed the door, while a ring or a knock

shook his whole frame to the centre; and though he longed to see Mr. Holland, his uncle's solicitor, whom he knew to be quite in his interest, he had not the courage either to go to him, or to send for him, for fear of hastening the catastrophe he dreaded.

Time crept on; the day of the funeral came and went; the will was read; and Mr. Jonas took possession as sole heir and executor, and no interruption occurred. Smoothly and favorably, however, as the stream of events appeared to flow, the long-expectant heir was not the less miserable.

But when three months had elapsed he began to breathe more freely, and to hope that the alarm had been a false one. The property was indeed his own—he was a rich man, and now for the first time he felt in sufficient spirits to look into his affairs and review his possessions. A considerable share of these consisted in houses, which his uncle had seized opportunities of purchasing on advantageous terms; and as the value of some had increased whilst that of others was diminishing for want of repairs, he employed a surveyor to examine and pronounce on their condition.

"Among the rest," said he, "there is a small house in Thomas Street, No. 7. My uncle allowed an old clerk of his to inhabit it, rent free; but he must turn out. I gave them notice three months ago; but they've not taken out. Root them out, will you? and get the house cleaned down and whitewashed for some other tenant."

Having put these matters in train, Mr. Jonas resolved, while his own residence was being set in order, to make a journey to London, and enjoy the gratification of presenting himself to his family in the character of a rich man; and so fascinating did he find the pleasures of wealth and independence, that nearly four months had elapsed since his departure before he summoned Mr. Reynolds to give an account of his proceedings.

"So," said he, after they had run through the most important items, "So you have found a tenant for the house in Thomas Street? Had you much trouble in getting rid of the Lanes?"

"They're in it still," answered Mr. Reynolds. "The man that has taken it has married Lane's daughter."

"What is he?" inquired Jonas.

"An officer's servant—a soldier in the regiment that is quartered in the citadel."

"Oh, I've seen the young man—a good-looking young fellow. But how is he to pay the rent?"

"He says he has saved money, and he has set her up in a shop. However, I have taken care to secure the first quarter; there's the receipt for it."

"That is all right," answered Mr. Jonas, who was in a very complacent humor, for fortune seemed quite on his side at present.

"How," said he, suddenly changing color, as he glanced his eye over the slip of paper; "how! Tracy Walkingham!"

"Yes; an odd name enough for a private soldier, isn't it?"

"Tracy Walkingham!" he repeated. "Why how came he to know the Lanes? Where does he come from!"

"I know nothing of him except that he is in the barracks. But I can inquire, and find out his history and genealogy if you wish it," replied Mr. Reynolds.

"Oh, no, no, no," said Jonas; "leave him alone. If I want to find out anything about him, I'll do it myself. Indeed it is nothing connected with himself, but the name struck me as being that of a person who owed my uncle some money; however, it cannot be him, of course. And to return to matters of more consequence, I want to know what you've done with the tenements in Water Lane?" And having thus adroitly turned the conversation, the subject of the tenant with the odd name was referred to no more; but although it is true that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," it is also frequently true that that which occupies the mind is the farthest from the lips, and this was eminently the case on the present occasion; for during the ensuing half hour that Mr. Jonas appeared to be listening with composure to the surveyor's reports and suggestions, the name of Tracy Walkingham was burning itself into his brain in characters of fire.

"Tracy Walkingham!" exclaimed he, as soon as Mr. Reynolds had gone, and he had turned the key in the lock to exclude interruption; "here, and married to Lane's daughter! There's something in this more than meets the eye! The Lanes have got that will as sure as my name is Jonas Aldridge, and have been waiting to produce it till they had him

fast noosed! But why do they withhold it now? Waiting till they hear of my return, I suppose?"

And as this conviction gained strength, he paced the room in a paroxysm of anguish. And there he was, so helpless, too! What could he do but wait till the blow came? He would have liked to turn them out of his house but they had taken it for a year; and besides, what good would that do but give them a greater triumph, and perhaps expedite the catastrophe? Sometimes he thought of consulting his friend Holland; but his pride shrank from the avowal that his uncle had disinherited him, and the property he and everybody else had long considered so securely his, now in all probability justly belonged to another. Then he formed all sorts of impracticable schemes for getting the paper into his possession, or Tracy out of the way. Never was there a more miserable man; the sight of those two words Tracy Walkingham had blasted his sight, and changed the hue of everything he looked upon. Our readers will have little difficulty in guessing the reason: the young soldier, Mary's handsome husband, was the heir named in the missing will—the son of that sister of Ephraim's who had married a sergeant, and had subsequently gone to the West Indies.

Tracy Walkingham, the father, was not exactly in his right position as a private in the 9th Regiment, for he was the offspring of a very respectable family; but some early extravagance and dissipation, together with a passion for a military life, which was denied gratification, had induced him to enlist. Good conduct and a tolerable education soon procured him the favorable notice of his superiors, took him out of the ranks, and finally procured him a commission. When both he and his wife died in Jamaica, their only son was sent home to his father's friends; but the boy met with a cold reception; and after some years passed, far from happily, he, as we have said, ran away from school; and, his early associations being military, seized the first opportunity of enlisting, as his father had done before him. But of the history of his parents he knew nothing whatever, except that his father had risen from the ranks; and he had as little suspicion of his connection with Ephraim Aldridge as Mary had. Neither did the name of Tracy Walkingham suggest

any reminiscences to Lane, who had either forgotten, or more probably had never heard it, Mr. Aldridge's sister having been married prior to the acquaintance of the two lads. But Jonas had been enlightened by the will; and although the regiment now quartered at P— was not the one therein mentioned, the name was too remarkable not to imply a probability, which his own terror naturally converted into a certainty.

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime, while the rich and conscientious usurper was nightly lying on a bed of thorns, and daily eating the bread of bitterness, the poor and unconscious heir was in the enjoyment of a larger share of happiness than usually falls to the lot of mortals. The more intimately he became acquainted with Mary's character, the more reason he found to congratulate himself on his choice; and even Lane he had learned to love; while all the painful suspicions connected with Mr. Aldridge's death and the pocketbook had been entirely dissipated by the evident poverty of the family; since, after the expenditure of the little ready money Mr. Aldridge had given them, they had relapsed into their previous state of distress, having clearly no secret resources wherewith to avert it. Mary's shop was now beginning to get custom too, and she was by slow degrees augmenting her small stock, when the first interruption to their felicity occurred. This was the impending removal of the regiment, which under the present circumstances, was an almost inevitable sentence of separation; for even could they have resolved to make the sacrifice, and quit the home on which they had expended all their little funds, it was impossible for Mary to abandon her father, ever feeble, and declining in health. The money Tracy had saved towards purchasing his discharge was not only all gone, but, though doing very well, they were not quite clear of the debt incurred for the furniture. There was therefore no alternative but to submit to the separation, hard as it was; and all the harder, that they could not tell how long it might take them to amass the needful sum to purchase Tracy's liberty. Lane, too, was very much affected, and very unwilling to part with his son-in-law.

"What," said he, "is it only twenty

pounds?" And when he saw his daughter's tears, he would exclaim, "Oh, Mary! and to think that twenty pounds would do it!" And more than once he said Tracy should not go; he was determined he should not leave them; and bade Mary dry her tears, for he would prevent it. But nevertheless the time came; and early one morning the regiment marched through Thomas Street, the band playing the tune of "The girl I leave behind me;" while poor Mary, choking with sobs, peeped through the half-opened shutter, to which the young husband's eye was directed as long as the house was in sight. That was a sad day, and very sad were many that followed. Neither was there then any blessed Penny Post to ease the sick hearts and hopes of the poor; and few and rare were the tidings that reached the loving wife—soon to become a mother. How eager she was for it! How she counted over and over her daily gains! How she economized! What self-denial she practised! Oh for twenty pounds to set her husband free, and bring him to her arms again! So passed two years, circumstances always improving, but still this object so near her heart was far from being attained, when there arrived a letter from Tracy, informing her that the regiment was ordered abroad, and that, as he could not procure a furlough, there was no possibility of their meeting, unless she could go to him. What was to be done? If she went, all her little savings would be absorbed in the journey, and the hope of purchasing her husband's discharge indefinitely postponed. Besides, who was to take care of her father, and the lodger, and the shop? The former would perhaps die from neglect, she should lose her lodger, and the shop would go to destruction for want of the needful attention. But could she forbear? Her husband might never return—they might never meet again—then how she should reproach herself! Moreover, Tracy had not seen the child; that was decisive. At all risks she must go; and this being resolved, she determined to shut up her shop, and engage a girl to attend to her father and her lodger. These arrangements made, she started on her long journey with her baby in her arms.

At the period of which we are treating, a humble traveller was not only subject to great inconveniences, but besides the actual sum

disbursed, he paid a heavy percentage from delay on every mile of his journey. Howbeit, "Time and the hour run throughout the roughest day," and poor Mary reached her destination at last; and in the joy of meeting her husband, forgot all her difficulties and anxieties, till the necessity for parting recalled her to the sad reality that awaited them. If she stayed too long away from the shop, she feared her customers would forsake her altogether; and then how was the next rent-day to be provided for? So with many a sigh and many a tear, the young couple bade each other farewell, and Mary recommenced her tedious journey. If tedious before, when such a bright star of hope lighted her on her way, how much more so now! While poor Tracy felt so wretched and depressed, that many a time vague thoughts of deserting glanced through his mind, and he was only withheld from it by the certainty if they shot him—and deserters, when taken, were shot in those days—it would break his poor little wife's

heart. Soon after Mary's departure, however, it happened that his master, Major D'Arcy, met with a severe accident while hunting; and as Tracy was his favorite servant, and very much attached to him, his time and thoughts were so much occupied with attendance on the invalid, that he was necessarily in some degree diverted from his own troubles.

In the meantime Mary arrived at home, where she found her affairs in no worse condition than might be expected. Her father was in health much as she had left him, and her lodger still in the house, though both weary of her substitute; and the latter—that is, the lodger—threatening to quit if the mistress did not make haste back. All was right now again—except Mary's heart—and things resumed their former train; the only event she expected being a letter to inform her of her husband's departure, which he had promised to post on the day of his embarkation.

[Concluded next month.]



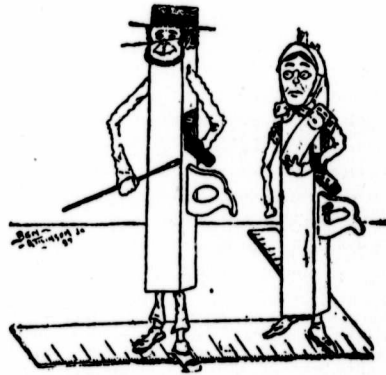
COLOR IN PLANT LIFE.

Those familiar with the growth of flowers know how essential light is to the creation of color. The most gaudy blossoms and the most brilliant foliage if kept in the dark or overshadowed will become pale and almost white. This fact (according to the Horticultural Times) shows the presence in the plant of some chemical agent which is acted upon by the actinic rays. To some extent this chemistry of nature is understood by florists, who, by the use of chemical manures and other means, strive to take the greatest advantage of it. For instance, it is a common practice to mix alum and iron filings with the soil in which certain plants are grown in order to bring out special colors. The bluish-tinted hydrangea is the result of such treatment. Salts of iron, or sodium phosphate, added to the soil turns the crimson of the peony to violet and produces blue hortensias. According to Dr. Hansen, who has studied the subject very closely for many years, there are only three distinct pigments to be found in flowers—setting aside the chlorophyl, which forms the green coloring matter in all plants. These colors are yellows, reds and blues. The yellows are mostly in combination with the plasmic sap, while the other exist chiefly in solution in the cell sap. The yellow pigment forms an insoluble compound with fatty matters, and is termed lipochrome. Orange is formed by a denser deposit of the yellow, and the color in the rind of an orange is identified with that found in many flowers. The red in flowers is a single pigment soluble in water, and decolorized in alcohol, but capable of being restored by the addition of acid. Lipochrome combined with this red pigment produces the scarlets and reds of poppies and of the hips of hawthorns, but the varying intensity of reds in roses, carnations, peonies and other flowers depends on the presence of a greater or lesser quantity of acids. The blue and violet colors are also decolorized by alcohol, but reddened by acids. Florists have already succeeded in producing a very large scale of unusual colors in flowers, and there seems to be very good ground for believing that it is possible so to manipulate nature that she will produce blossoms of every conceivable tint and hue

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.



BUTTER ON ICE.



Mrs. Smoother—Jack, did you ever see a saw set?

Mr. Smoother—No, but I have seen a dog iron and an auger bit.

PAPER CANS.—Every now and then one hears of people being poisoned from eating food preserved in tin cans. The amount of risk we incur from eating these preserved foods is exceedingly small, and it is likely to be done away with altogether, for paper cans are now manufactured in the United States, which are designed to supersede the use of those of tin altogether.

GUESS AGAIN

Conducted by BRIAR ROSE.

I

CHARADE.

My FIRST the baby and the dove
 Will often do. Who does not love
 To listen to the pretty dears?
 My SECOND's Latin, it appears,
 And yet we use it every day.
 For instance we will often say,
 "We had to pay so much — pound."
 My WHOLE makes vessels large and round.
 Constructs them chiefly out of wood.
 Or names an author, counted good
 At telling tales of Indian life.
 With thrilling scenes these tales are rife.
 One of the first of New World men
 To give us novels from his pen.

II.

DIVIDED WORD.

She undertook this 1, 2, 3, 4 one night
 To kill a biped. When he's dead
 She tries to prove that 5, 6, 7, 8 by right
 Are trophies taken. And her head
 She now proceeds to decorate;
 And tosses it in high disdain
 When told her victim was of late
 Of these same 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8 likewise vain.

III.

CURTAILMENT.

DANGER was lurking ahead. Should I
 From it turn and ignominiously fly?
 Nay, I faced it boldly. Curtailed 'twas I
 ween,
 And a FAIRY at once appeared on the scene.

IV.

ENIGMA.

See the PATHS I wandered on
 Up and down for many years
 THIS showed whence diseases came
 And THIS one led to tears.

V.

BLANKS.

1st.

What I'd have you do is, place
 RELATIVES in either space.
 "The —g was very —d," said Alice,
 "To every body in the palace."

2nd.

"What is that, Mother? The eagle boy!"
 To fill each blank please GAIN employ,
 And the quotation reads, when done,
 "His —g on the —d, and his eye on the sun."

3rd.

Set an INTERDICTION in each blank, and
 Hear the drummer —g the drum in the —d.

VI.

DECAPITATION.

A sweet WIND instrument am I,
 Breathe into me the softest sigh,
 The gentlest tones of love, and hear
 How they are borne unto the ear
 Of lady fair, whom with mine aid
 'Tis thy desire to serenade.
 But drop a certain note from me,
 A wondrous change you then shall see.
 And lo, on SILKEN STRINGS for May
 Accompany your sweet roundelay.

VII.

DIAMOND.

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a letter, a promise, troubles, leave, tired, a
 canopy, a letter.

VIII.

CONUNDRUM.

What fish would be most welcome to a
 person who had just been discharged from
 his position.

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH.



CARAVAN TALES

No. V.

NOSEY, THE DWARF.

(Concluded)

The dwarf was the wonder of the city. People craved of the kitchen-director, with tears in their eyes, to be permitted to see the sub-inspector cook, and some of the most distinguished men of the dukedom obtained permission to send their servants to the royal kitchen to take lessons from Nosey by the hour; a proceeding which brought him in no little money, for each paid a half ducat daily. To keep the other cooks in good humor, and prevent any feeling of jealousy, Nosey resigned to them all the money which the gentlemen paid for the instruction of their servants.

In this way Nosey passed two years in extreme comfort and honor; and the only reflection causing him a pang was the memory of his parents. Thus he lived, with nothing remarkable to disturb the even tenor of his way, till the following event occurred. Being exceedingly skilful and fortunate in his purchases, he went in person, as often as time permitted him, to the market, to procure poultry and fruit for the duke's table. He went one morning to the goose market, and made inquiries for fat geese, of which his highness was extremely fond. His appearance, so far from exciting laughter and ridicule, inspired the greatest respect and veneration, for he was well-known as the duke's famous master cook, and every market woman felt herself fortunate if he so much as turned his nose in her direction.

He saw at length a woman sitting in a corner, at the extreme end of the row, who had geese for sale like the rest, but who did not, like them, commend her wares or shout to buyers to come and purchase. He went up to her and examined and weighed her geese. They proved to be such as he wanted, and buying three, with the cage con-

taining them, hoisted them upon his broad shoulders and trudged back to the palace. It struck him as peculiar that only two of the geese gabbled and screamed like common birds, while the third sat perfectly silent and absorbed, heaving deep sighs, and groaning like a human being. "This one is sick," said he to himself, "I must make haste to kill and dress her." The goose answered, in a perfectly distinct and audible voice:

"One movement of thy murd'rous knife,
And instant snaps the thread of life!
By fear, if not by love, be stayed;
Then, stranger, spare, O, spare thy blade!"

Nosey the dwarf, much terrified, set down his cage on the ground, and the goose, sighing profoundly gazed at him with her beautiful, intelligent eyes. "The deuce!" cried Nosey. "So you can talk, Miss Goose? I should never have thought it. Nay, never be so down-hearted. Men are no fools, and no one would put an end to so rare a bird. But I lay a wager, you have not always worn feathers. I myself was once a filthy squirrel."

"You are right," answered the goose; "I was not born to this ignominious body. Alas! it was not sung to me in my cradle, that Mimi, the daughter of the great Wetterbock, was to be slain in the kitchen of a duke."

"Make your mind easy, my dear Miss Mimi," said the dwarf, consolingly. "As surely as I am an honest fellow, and sub-kitchen-inspector to his highness the duke, no one shall touch a hair of your head. I will give you a coop in my private room; you shall have food in abundance, and I will devote all my leisure time to your entertainment. I will tell the rest of the kitchen gentlemen that I am fattening a goose for the duke with a variety of choice herbs; and, as soon as I find a good opportunity, I will set you at liberty."

The goose thanked him with tears in her eyes, and the dwarf fulfilled his promise to the letter. He slaughtered the two other geese, but built for Mimi a private coop in his own chamber, and gave out that he was fattening a goose for the duke's especial eating. He did not furnish her with the food usually given to geese, but supplied her with pastry and sweetmeats. All his spare time he spent in conversing with and consoling her. In return she told him her story; and Nosey learned in this way that the goose was the daughter of the wizard Wetterbock, who lived on the island of Gothland; that he had a quarrel with an old fairy, who had vanquished him by fraud and artifice, and, having changed her into a goose by way of revenge, had brought her hither, a great distance from her native country. When Nosey had told her his story also, she said:

"I have some experience in such matters. My father has given me and my sisters as much insight into them as he dared to communicate. Your account of the dispute over the vegetable basket, your sudden transformation on smelling of that herb, and some words let fall by the old woman, which you repeated to me, all convince me that you are under the magical influence of some plant; and, if you can find the herb which the old fairy used for your enchantment, you will be released."

Poor consolation was this for our diminutive hero, for where was he to find the required vegetable? But he expressed his thanks for the information, and began to cherish some little hope.

About this time the duke received a visit from a neighboring prince, his friend. He summoned Nosey, the dwarf, before him, and said: "The time has now arrived when you must show yourself a faithful servant, as well as a master of your profession. This prince, who is now making us a visit, is, next to me, the most distinguished gourmand living. Be careful, therefore, that my table is so attended to that he shall be thrown into profounder admiration every day. With this view, you must never, under fear of my displeasure, produce the same dish twice. You can obtain from my treasurer whatever sums you need. And, if you find yourself obliged to cook diamonds and gold, do so without

hesitation. I prefer being impoverished to blushing before my guest."

So spake the duke, and the dwarf answered with a respectful bow: "It shall be as you say, your highness. God willing, everything I make shall be suited precisely to the taste of this prince of good-livers."

The little cook now summoned to his aid all the resources of his art. He had no mercy on the duke's treasury, and was still less lenient to himself. He was seen the whole day long enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and his voice sounded incessantly through the arches of the kitchen; for he ruled the under-cooks and scullions like a sovereign.

The foreign prince had already stayed a fortnight with the duke, and feasted royally. They devoured not less than five meals a day, and the duke was well satisfied with his cook's efforts, for he saw contentment in the features of his guest. On the fifteenth day, however, it happened that his highness called the dwarf into his presence, and, presenting him to the prince, asked him if this dwarf had pleased him.

"You are a wonderful cook," answered the foreign prince. "During the whole time I have been here you have not repeated a single dish, and everything has been cooked sublimely. But, pray explain why you have delayed so long in producing that queen of delicacies, the pie Souzeraïne?"

The dwarf was much startled, for he had never heard of this pastry queen; but summoning his presence of mind, he answered: "May it please your highness, I was in hopes that your presence might still long illuminate this court, and for this reason I delayed the sovereign dish. For with what should your slave testify his veneration at your departure, if not with the pie Souzeraïne."

"So," answered the duke, laughing, "in my case you intended to wait till the day of my death before testifying your veneration. For, I remember, you have never sent up to me this wonderful pastry. But you must devise some other testimonial, for to-morrow you must furnish us with the pie Souzeraïne."

"Your will is law, your highness," answered the dwarf, and withdrew. His mind was much agitated, for the day of his disgrace was at hand. He could not imagine the composition of this pie, and retired to his private room, weeping over his unhappy fate. Mimi,

the goose, who had the run of his chamber, inquired the cause of his lamentations.

"Dry your tears," said she, when she had heard of the pie Souzeraïne; "this dish came often to my father's table, and I know nearly all of its ingredients. You take this and that, so much and so much; and, even supposing these are not all that are necessary, the tastes of your master and his friend are not delicate enough to discover the deficiencies."

At these words of Mimi, the dwarf sprang up delighted, and blessing the day on which he had bought the goose, set at once about preparing the queen of pies. He made a little at first by way of experiment, and its flavor was so delicious that the director of the kitchen department, to whom he gave a little to taste, again glorified his inimitable genius.

Next day he prepared a similar pie, of larger size, and sent it to the royal table, warm from the oven, and decorated with wreaths of flowers. He himself slipped on his best court suit, and took his post in the dining-hall. At the moment he entered, the head carver was cutting up the pie and handing it to the duke and his guest on silver plates. The duke swallowed a huge mouthful, and, casting his eyes up to the ceiling, said after gulping it down: "Ah! ah! ah! this pie is justly called the pastry-queen; and my cook is no less the pastry-king; is he not, my friend?"

His guest took a small piece on his plate, and, having tasted it with great attention, burst into a scornful laugh. "This thing is well made," he answered, pushing away his plate, "but it is not quite up to the Souzeraïne. I expected as much."

The duke wrinkled his forehead with rage, and blushed with mortification. "Hound of a dwarf!" he cried, "how dare you play this trick on your master? Must I have your big head chopped off as a punishment for your infamous cookery?"

Alas! my lord, I swear to heaven I cooked the dish by all the rules of art; failure is impossible," replied the dwarf, in an agony of terror.

"It is a lie, you knave!" shouted the duke, kicking him from one end of the room to the other. "Do you think the prince would say so, if it were not? I will have you chopped to pieces and baked in a pie yourself!"

"Have mercy!" cried the pigmy, falling on

his knees and embracing the prince's feet.

"Say, sire, what is wanting to this pastry to make it acceptable to your palate? Suffer me not to die for a handful of meat and flour!"

"It will be useless to tell you, my dear Nosey," answered the stranger with a laugh. "I was thinking all yesterday that you could not make this pie like my cook. But, if you must know, it needs an herb, unknown to anyone in this country, called Sneeze-with-pleasure; without this the pie is without flavor, and your master will never eat it as I do."

The duke was boiling with rage. "But I will eat it," he cried, his eyes sparkling with fury; "for I swear by my princely honor, either I will show it to you to-morrow as you want it, or the head of this scoundrel here shall disfigure the gate of my palace. Go, dog! I will give you four-and-twenty hours to retrieve yourself."

The dwarf repaired to his chamber, and told the goose with many tears that his death was near, for he had never heard of the herb Sneeze-with-pleasure.

"Is that all?" said she; "then I can soon help you, for my father taught me every herb that grows. At any other time your death were certain, but fortunately to-night is the new moon, and at this time the plant is in flower. Tell me, are there any old chestnut trees near the palace?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the dwarf with reviving courage. "A large group of them stands on the lake shore, not two hundred paces from the house. But why do you ask?"

"This herb grows only at the foot of old chestnut trees," said Mimi. "Let us lose no time, but seek for it at once. Take me under your arm and set me down when you get into the open air. I will help you hunt for it."

He did as she directed, and went with her to the palace gate. But the sentinel there held out his musket, saying, "My dear Nosey, it is all up with you. I have positive orders not to let you leave the palace."

"But surely I can go into the garden?" answered the dwarf. "Be obliging now; send one of your comrades to the superintendent, and ask him whether I may not go into the garden and hunt for herbs."

The sentinel assented, and permission was given; for the garden had high walls, and escape from it seemed inconceivable. As

soon as the dwarf reached the open air, he set Mimi carefully down, and she went before him rapidly to the lake shore, where stood the chestnut trees. He followed her with a beating heart, for it was his last and only hope. Should she fail to find the herb, his resolve was taken unalterably to throw himself into the water, rather than submit to be beheaded. The goose sought everywhere in vain, wandering about under the chestnut trees, and turning over every tuft of grass with her bill. The herb was nowhere to be found, and she began to cry with compassion and anguish; for the evening was becoming darker, and objects around becoming more and more difficult to recognize.

The dwarf's eyes were turned to the opposite shore of the lake, and he suddenly cried: "See, see, there is a large old tree on the other side yonder! Let us go there and search; perhaps the herb is growing there."

The goose hopped and flew to the spot, and he ran after, as fast as his little legs would let him. The chestnut tree cast a vast shadow, and it was so dark in its vicinity that scarcely anything could be discerned, but the goose suddenly came to a stop, and clapping her wings with joy, thrust her head into the long grass, and plucked out something which she gave in her bill to the astonished dwarf with great caution, saying: "This is your herb, and a great abundance of it is growing here; so it will never fail you in future."

The dwarf gazed at the plant in deep thought; a sweet odor was streaming from it, which reminded him involuntarily of his transformation. The stalks and leaves were of a bluish-green, and supported a flower with a yellow edge.

"God be praised!" he cried, after a pause. "A miracle! Do you know, Mimi, I think it is the same plant which changed me from a squirrel into this hideous shape? Shall I make the trial?"

"Not yet," entreated the goose. "Take a handful of this herb with you, go with me to your room, collect your money and the rest of your property, and then we will try the power of this plant."

Obedient to her directions, the dwarf carried her back to his chamber, his heart beating audibly from excessive anxiety. After tying about fifty ducats, the amount of his savings, with some clothes and shoes into a

bundle, he said: "Please God, I will now get rid of my burthen;" and thrusting his nose deep into the flower, he took a long, strong sniff of the fragrance.

He instantly felt a snapping in all his limbs, and was conscious that his head was rising from his shoulders. He took a look at his nose, and saw that it was growing smaller and smaller. His back and breast began to straighten, and his legs grew longer and bigger.

The goose looked in astonishment at these changes. "Ha! how large, how handsome you are!" she exclaimed. "There is not a particle left of what you were a moment ago."

Jacob was rejoiced beyond measure, and in the abundance of his gratitude folded his hands and prayed. But his joy did not cause him to forget the extent of his obligations to Mimi. His heart impelled him to fly at once to his parents, but he repressed the impulse, and said to his invaluable ally: "Whom have I to thank but you, that I am restored to myself? Without you I should never have found this herb; without you I should have retained forever this frightful figure, or perhaps have died under the headman's axe. Come! I will requite you. I will take you to your father. He, who is so skillful in all the arts of magic, will be able to disenchant you without difficulty.

The goose shed tears of pleasure, and accepted his proposal. Jacob passed unrecognized out of the palace, and set forth to the sea-coast to find Mimi's home.

What more shall I say, my lord, shiek, except that they accomplished their journey successfully; that Wetterbock disenchanting his daughter, and dismissed Jacob, laden with splendid presents; that he returned to his native land, and his parents recognized their long-lost son; that he purchased a shop with the gifts which he had received from Wetterbock, and that he became a rich, happy and successful man.

I will only add, that a tremendous excitement took place at the palace after the dwarf's flight; for when, on the following day, the duke made ready to perform the oath, and gave orders to strike off the dwarf's head if he had not procured the required herb, he was, of course, nowhere to be found; and the foreign prince, suspecting that the duke had

secretly removed the culprit, in order to avoid depriving himself of his best cook, accused him of being faithless to his pledge. As a necessary result a great war arose between the two princes, well known in history by the name of "The Vegetable War." Many battles were fought, and much injury inflicted on either side; but, in the end, a peace was made, which Europeans call "The Pastry Peace," because, at the first feast given in honor of the reconciliation of the two nations, the prince's cook was sent for, for the express purpose of providing the Souzeraïne, the queen of pies, for the royal table, where the duke devoured it with immense satisfaction.

Thus, as you see, the greatest results often flow from the smallest causes; and this is the history of Nosey, the Dwarf.

[THE END.]

SENTIMENT IN CLOTHING.

Although a young man might object to wearing the willow, he might not refuse to sport the willow-pattern vest, which, we are told, is coming into style.

We are all familiar with the picture on our plates and dishes; and now we are to behold it over many bosoms, covering hearts which surely beat in sympathy with the lovers whose story it portrays.

Who does not know the legend of Chong, the mandarin's secretary, who rashly falls in love with his employer's daughter? We can all imagine the rage of the old mandarin when he overheard the vows of love and constancy which are pledged—for the lady reciprocates the affection of her ardent wooer. The match is sternly forbidden, and poor Chong severely chastised. Then the lovers plan to elope, and are for a while concealed in the gardener's cottage. They try to escape to Chong's home which is on the island, but the mandarin, whip in hand, pursues them, and overtakes them on the bridge. Alas! if they fall into his hands they will be beaten to death. The gods come to the rescue, and as a reward of the fidelity shown by the lovers, change them into a pair of turtle doves, who may be seen soaring out of reach of the baffled mandarin.

All this occurred in the time of the year in which the willow sheds its leaves—hence the name of "willow pattern."

Again, the willow is the emblem of disas-

trous love, which is said to be the origin of the name.

THE TUBEROSE.

In deserted garden beds
Droop the flowers their withered heads,
Dark the days and dreary—
Leaves in crimson showers fly,
Or in ruddy billows lie
When the wind is weary.
Here and there an aster blows,
And the gladiolus shows
Blossoms bright and cheery.
Lo! a fragrance fills the air,
Stealing subtly everywhere,
Sweet and sweeter seeming—
Gathered in the brightest days,
When the warmly glowing rays
Of the sun were beaming!
Or in watches of the night,
When beneath the moon's soft light,
Dew drops, jewel-like, were gleaming,

Showing Parian marble white
Dainty censers, pure as light,
Are this perfume holding,
Swinging low and swinging high,
More with them in grace may vie—
Nature's choicest molding;
Lily fair the blossom blows,
In its heart a lovely rose
Tenderly enfolding.

Emblem of the highest good,
Type of perfect womanhood,
Tuberose, rare, sweet flower!
Who has gifts so wond'rous may
Other spirits surely sway
With mysterious power.
Pure in heart, like lilies be,
Like the roses fair to see—
Who hath richer dower?

SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Yesterday's sunshine
Was so bright!
Yesterday's burdens
Were so light!
Yesterday's hand-clasps
Were so sweet!
Yesterday's hours
Were so fleet!
Well-a-day! Yesterday drops her rose
Petal by petal, and softly goes
Back to the bosom of God's repose.

—Israel Jordan, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

LOTION FOR THE EYES.

It is not generally known that Fuller's earth water is an invaluable lotion for the eyes. Sometimes people complain of a prickly sensation in the eyelids, as if sand were in the eyes. This proceeds from cold, causing inflammation. The following recipe has never failed to give relief: Take a lump of common rock Fuller's earth about the size of a large egg; put it in a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on it. Let it stand until the earth has settled, then pour the water off when cool (but not cold), and bathe the eyes frequently with the water. It is also a remedy for blood-shot eyes.

AS SLEEP INDUCERS.

A cup of hot water or hot milk before retiring for some.

A light sandwich (minced meat or chicken) and a glass of ale or stout, for others.

Never go to bed hungry, or with an overloaded stomach.

Lay aside business worries and other cares at sun set.

Sleep in a cool, well-ventilated room.

Take a walk, some light exercise or ride a wheel after the evening meal (one hour later.)

Substitute muscle fatigue for brain tire.

When you go to bed, relax the muscles, lie on the right side, and think of something pleasant.

REMOVING TASTE AFTER MEDICINES.

The following will be found very efficacious to remove the most unpleasant tastes of different kinds of medicines: A little extract of liquorice destroys the taste of aloes; peppermint water will take away the nauseous taste of salts; milk will take away the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark; cloves will take away the taste of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another way of taking away the nauseous taste of castor oil, or cod-liver oil, is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a wineglass, pour the oil into the centre of

the juice, then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil, and around the edge of the glass.

A SURE SIGN OF DEATH.

From time to time we are horrified by learning that some person has been buried alive, after assurances have been given of death. Under these circumstances the opinion of a rising young physician upon the subject becomes of world-wide interest; for since the tests which have been in use for years have been found unreliable, no means should be left untried to prove beyond a doubt that life is actually extinct before conveying our beloved ones to the grave. Doctor Martinot asserts that an unfailing test may be made by producing a blister on the hand or foot of the body by holding the flame of a candle to the same for a few moments, or until the blister is formed, which will always occur. If the blister contains any fluid, it is evidence of life, and the blister only that produced by an ordinary burn; if, on the contrary, the blister contains only steam, it may be asserted that life is extinct. The explanation is as follows: A corpse is nothing more than inert matter, under the immediate control of physical laws which causes all liquids heated to a certain temperature to become steam; the epidermis is raised, the blister produced; it breaks with a little noise and the steam escapes. But if, in spite of appearances, there is any life, the organic mechanism continues to be governed by physiological laws, and the blister will contain serous matter, as in the case of ordinary burns. The test is as simple as the proof is conclusive. Dry blister: death. Liquid blister: life. Anyone may try it; there is no error possible.—Opinion Nacional de Caracas.

BRIEF HINTS.

A warm bath will often allay nervous irritation.

If your liver is out of order, avoid eating prunes, oranges, and stone fruit generally; also blue grapes, which are too rich for a

diseased liver. At least, so says a food specialist of standing.

A few thicknesses of newspaper over a piece of flannel laid on a rheumatic spot will often give relief.

Lemons and tomatoes being thinning and cooling should not be too freely eaten in cold weather. Tomatoes are a good brain food; but the skins are bad for the stomach.

A new remedy for night sweats is a salt shirt—or salted shirt would be better. Immerse the nightshirt or gown in a saturated solution of common salt, drying thoroughly, and then wearing it at night.

During the long, tedious days of convalescing, when the child is too weak to sit up, and yet needs constant amusement, try the effect of a mirror, placed so as to reflect the panorama of the street. It must be in such a position as to require no effort on the part of the child to see what is going on. If this should be too exciting, change the position of the mirror so as to give a glimpse of the blue sky and fleecy clouds, which will be a much more restful picture.

Dull green matting, in a closely woven pattern, showing a decided figure in the weave, has been hung on the sitting-room wall of a country house to the height of the mantel-shelf, the molded cap of which continues round the room as a finish to the dado. Above this the wall has been hung with a paper in two tones of green, in which chrysanthemums of a lighter shade are intertwined with the darker leaves and stems in a closely woven scrollage of a Japanese character. The high lights on the flowers are formed by the greenish buff ground color of the paper that has a nice luster. The ceiling, separated from the side wall by a green molding in the angle, is greenish buff in tone. The broad chimney piece is faced with green toned brick, having a rough surface. The Liberty velvet hangings and the upholstery of the forest green oak furniture harmonize in coloring with the wall paper, and a dull green rug is spread upon the floor. But life and brightness are given to the whole room by a pile of gay colored cushions that are heaped in the window seat, and sealing-wax red lounging chair of wicker.

NOTES OF A LECTURE ON COOKING.

"Civilized man cannot live without cooks."

The stanza containing this well-known quotation hung in a conspicuous place in the roomy kitchen of the Y.W.C.A. on Elm street, Toronto, where a large number of ladies lately listened to a talk on cooking, and witnessed the concoction of some dainty dishes by Mrs. Mitchell, graduate of the School of Cookery, Philadelphia. The science of cooking being very important we ought to be glad that the Minister of Education has had it introduced into the curriculum of the public schools, and no woman should feel that such a measure is a reflection on the house-keepers of this or any other place. It is necessary to teach the children of a very large class of people who require the knowledge, and yet who resent all attempts that are made to teach them personally. There is only one way of teaching them, and that is through the children, who must be taught the true value of good cooking and the best method of its preparation. This class of people waste more than would keep them in comfort, and yet fare badly.

Cooking may be divided into several branches, chiefly esthetic, economic and hygienic.

It is possible to carry the esthetic too far, and to lose the good value of a dish in striving to make it ornamental. Life is too short and time too valuable for such kind of cooking, although a dish should always present an attractive appearance.

Economic cooking is that branch which pays due regard to the values of food, and which can convert much that is often thrown away as useless, into good, wholesome appetizing dishes.

A knowledge of hygienic cooking is necessary to mothers and those in charge of growing children, as it teaches what food and what combinations of food are best adapted to the building up of the child's body, on which so much depends. A wise builder is careful in the choice of material wherewith to construct the building, but parents often neglect to see that their little ones have suitable food, out of which their bodies may be built. The hair requires one kind of food, the bones another, the muscles still another, and so on. A knowledge of the properties of food is therefore of the utmost importance.

Hygienic cooking is also useful for preparing dishes for invalids and convalescents.

Subjoined is a list of the dishes prepared at the lecture, with the receipts for making them.

SALMON TIMBELES.

Put a cup of stale bread crumbs on to boil in a gill of milk; when reduced to a perfectly smooth paste add 1 pt. salmon, carefully picked over and pounded fine and seasoned with a dust-cup of mace and cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon white pepper, 1 teaspoon salt. Add the yolks of 2 eggs, slightly beaten, and work the mixture for three or four minutes. Let it cool. Have the molds prepared by oiling them thoroughly with butter, and having a well oiled paper fitting into the bottom of each. It is best not to have the molds too elaborate. Garnish the bottom with trifle cut in fancy shapes, add the stiffly beaten white of 2 eggs to the cooled mixture, fill the mold about $\frac{2}{3}$ full, shaking the paste well down to prevent the timbale from being full of large holes when baked. Set the molds into a dish of hot water, cover them first with paper to keep them from becoming too hard on top. Bake about 30 minutes. If a deeper color is desired add a few drops of fruit juice.

Timbales are served with a cream or egg sauce, which ought to be poured around, but not over them.

CONSOMME A LA ROYALE.

The stock for this soup may be made from two or three kinds of meat, the rule being a quart of water to a pound of meat. It is stimulating but not nourishing, and to be properly served must be very clean, therefore it is necessary to add the seasoning before the soup is strained; 1 stick celery, 4 cloves, 6 peppercorns, a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion if desired.

To clear the consomme mix with it thoroughly the crushed shell, and the white of 1 egg, beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. This forms a net work which removes all impurities from the soup, which must be strained through a flannel bag or through two thicknesses of cheese cloth. If not clear enough strain once more. A spoonful of caramel may be added to improve the color. The stock for this soup may be prepared beforehand, and can often be made of the bones and scraps from roasts, either cooked or uncooked. It is garnished

with custard a la royale, from which it takes its name.

CUSTARD A LA ROYALE.

One tablespoon cream added to an egg, a dust of cayenne pepper, a pinch of white pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of salt, a little nutmeg. Put the mixture into shallow molds, cover closely and let it into a kettle of boiling water. Poach until solid. When cool cut it into shapes, and use it to garnish the consomme. A few drops of green vegetable coloring gives variety.

PUREE OF CAULIFLOWER.

A puree is a very nourishing soup, and can be made of any vegetable that can be reduced to a pulp, which is the meaning of puree. It affords a good way of using the vegetables which have been left over from a former meal. Melt, without burning, one tablespoon of butter; add 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 pint pulped cauliflower, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk. The water helps to make the cauliflower pass more readily through the colander. The flour prevents the vegetable from settling to the bottom of the kettle. A heaping tablespoonful was used, but more can be used if the soup is required to be thicker. It ought to be about the consistency of thick cream. Season with a level teaspoon of salt, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of white pepper. The cost of this soup is eight cents for three pints. A gill of whipped cream added just before serving is an improvement.

FRIED POTATO BALLS.

With a vegetable scoop—be sure it has a hole in the bottom—cut out the required number of balls from nicely pared potatoes. Put them on in cold water, and let them come to a boil. Take them up and wipe them very dry, and fry them in hot grease, which may be prepared in the following manner from beef suet: Put the suet in a pan and cover it with cold water; let it cook until the water is all gone and the fat has fried out until the scraps are of a pretty golden color. Pour it off, and it is ready for use. It is preferable to lard or oil. Dripping and skimmings of soup, etc., may be saved and clarified in the same way, and will be found very good as well as economical.

FRIED EGG PLANT.

Peel the egg plant and cut it into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness. Soak them in salt

and water for an hour or two to remove the bitter taste. Have ready an egg beaten with a tablespoonful of hot water. Dip each slice into this, and then into fine bread crumbs, which ought to be stale if you wish them to adhere evenly to the slices. Fry in butter, which has been melted but not allowed to scorch, until the vegetable is soft throughout. The egg plant ought to be used more extensively than it is in this country. It is excellent baked and eaten with cream sauce. To bake, remove the pulp, which is to be mixed with bread crumbs, seasoned to taste, and replaced in the egg plant. It is served in the skin.

SHRIMP SALAD.

There is no dish better than a salad for displaying individual taste. The requisites for a good salad are crisp, cool greens, and a good dressing. The dressing must not be added to the salad until just before it is served. This salad was made by placing lettuce leaves around a salad dish, with here a bunch of pepper grass, and there a tuft of tender celery leaves. Next came slices of very cold, carefully peeled tomatoes; and then the shrimps, and lastly the cream dressing, squeezed through a funnel, the upper part of which was a flannel bag. It was put on in a sort of scroll pattern, much as icing is often put on cakes, and gave the salad a very pretty appearance.

CREAM DRESSING FOR SHRIMP SALAD.

Three eggs slightly beaten; teaspoon prepared mustard; tablespoon sugar; teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar; dash of cayenne pepper; $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon white pepper. Cook in double boiler until it is like soft custard. Cool it thoroughly, and add a cup of whipped cream or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of plain cream.

TIMBULES A LA VERSAILLES.

Ingredients: $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine; $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar; juice of four lemons; an inch of stick cinnamon; 4 cloves; white and shells of 2 eggs; 1 quart cold water. Boil it until the jelly looks clear under the scum. If a deeper color is desired, add grated rind of lemon, or a few drops of saffron coloring. Strain it through a flannel bag. When it is cool add a wine glass of Maraschino or Uoyan flavoring, which is quite as good as wine for the purpose and entirely harmless. Garnish it with a cream prepared as follows: Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of

cream and two tablespoons of sugar until the latter is melted; dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce gelatine in the hot liquid, strain it, and flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla. Pour it into shallow dishes and when cold cut into fancy shapes, and line the mold with them. The mould ought to be coated on the inside with a little of the jelly; the cream having also a little gelatine will stick to the mold nicely. Fill up the mold with jelly, and set it away to become firm. Serve with whipped cream.

Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post-offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English.

A charming way of covering the walls of a girl's bedroom is to hang them with pretty cretonne, run on brass rods top and bottom. Many a large room with sloping roof could be thus transformed into a square or oblong apartment, with a cosy, comfortable effect.

In a dainty reception room, decidedly French in character, the long panels, into which the walls have been divided by broad wooden stiles, have been filled in with figured satin damask of a violet tone, the woodwork being a very pale shade of the same color, with the carved moldings accented in gold. The domed ceiling shows a group of cupids amid fleecy clouds, who appear to be showering roses down upon the guests. The inlaid mahogany furniture is upholstered in violet, and heavy curtains hang a gilded cornice over white curtains of rich lace.

A charming little morning room not far away from New York has had the walls hung with green denim to the height of a little more than six feet, at which point is a narrow shelf intended for the display of odd bits of bric-a-brac. Above this the walls have been hung with an English wall-paper, a chintz design having large, bold, red flowers and green leaves, which is used as well for the ceiling. The window draperies are made of imported chintz that matches in color and pattern the wall paper. The woodwork is enamelled white with a very slight green cast, and the furniture is wicker in sealing wax red, with cushions of bright colored Liberty velvet. The floor has been covered with a Byzantine rug in green and white, and the effect of the whole room is exceedingly pleasing and harmonious.

THE DINNER MAKERS

FRIED BANANAS.

Slice two dozen bananas in halves down the length. Fry to a crisp brown in butter, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve very hot.

CABBAGE.

Take cabbage up the moment it is tender, and squeeze every drop of water out of it at once, using a plate or saucer to press it with, and not taking the cabbage out of the colander as long as any water remains. This will prevent it from being indigestible.

SQUASH CAKES.

Very nice squash cakes to be eaten either as a vegetable or as griddle cakes may be made by stirring three eggs, beaten light, into two cups of boiled squash, and adding slowly 2 tablespoons of cream and one of melted butter, a little salt, and lastly about two tablespoons of flour. Bake like pancakes, and serve very hot.

MERINGUE FOR PIES.

In making meringues for a pie, never use less than the whites of two eggs. Take one tablespoonful of pulverized sugar to one egg. Allow the pie to cool, then spread the meringue, which has been beaten as light as possible, over it. Be careful to spread the meringue over the crust. Place in a cool oven until a delicate fawn color.

QUINCE JELLY.

When putting up quinces, either preserving or canning them, save the parings, and the knotty parts for jelly. Put them with a few good quinces, sliced thin, into a preserving kettle, cover them with water, and boil slowly until tender, then drain. Boil the juice fifteen minutes, add heated sugar in the proportion of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. for every pint of juice. Boil a few minutes, until it jellies when exposed to the air. Do not use the cores of quinces for jelly, as they will make the jelly gummy.

This jelly is nice with custards and similar dishes.

PRESERVING MUSHROOMS (DRY).

Wipe and peel some good mushrooms. Lay them on a paper in the sun till they become shrivelled. Put them in paper bags and hang them up in a cool, dry place. When wanted for use place them in the sauce or gravy when it is cool, boil slowly, and the mushrooms will swell to almost the size of fresh ones.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.

Chop fine the meat of a two-pound lobster; take also two tablespoons of butter, enough cream to make it moist (very moist), one egg, salt and pepper to taste, and half a tablespoon of flour. Cook butter and flour together till they bubble; add the cream (there should be a scant half cupful), then the lobster and seasoning, and when hot, the egg, well beaten. Set away to cool. Shape; dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry.

TOMATO SWEET PICKLES.

Slice 1 peck of green tomatoes and 2 fair-sized onions. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of salt. Let it stand until morning. Drain, and add 1 quart of water and 1 pint of vinegar. Boil until tender. Drain the liquid off and throw it away. Add to the tomatoes 3 pints vinegar, 1 pound brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound mustard seed, 1 tablespoon each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Let it boil a little longer.

BLACKBERRY FOOL.

Prepare 1 lb. of blackberries carefully and 1 lb. of apples which pulp easily; add the juice of a lemon and put all in a clean saucepan with six ozs. of sugar and a wineglassful of water. Simmer slowly till all are quite tender. Rub through a hair sieve and taste it, adding more sugar if wanted. This will much depend on the sort of apples. Add a little custard or cream gradually until the

mixture is of the right consistency. Before serving put some whipped cream on the top if it is for company. It is a great improvement with "fool" of all sorts to serve it with sponge fingers to be eaten with it.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVE.

To three pounds of green tomatoes add the juice and finely cut peel of two lemons. Boil together with two ounces of bruised ginger till the tomatoes are partly done. They must then be cut in quarters. Add four pounds of lump sugar. Boil half-an-hour longer. It will then be ready to put into jars. Fasten down when cool. If made according to the above directions this will be found fully equal to greengage jam—better in fact, as it contains no stones.

PUMPKIN JOHNNY-CAKE.

This is very good fresh or warmed over; and it is also economical; and a good way to use up the stewed pumpkin that is often left when the pies are all made: 2 cups sifted pumpkin; 2 cups sour milk, or buttermilk; ½ cup molasses; ½ cup of sugar—unless it is required to be very sweet, when more can be used; 3½ cups corn meal; 1½ cups flour; 2 teaspoons soda; a little salt. Bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly cooked.

Try squeezing the juice of a lemon over sliced beets, instead of steeping them in vinegar. A sprinkle of sugar improves this delicious salad.

APPLE JELLY.

Cut tart unpared apples into pieces, using the cores, but rejecting all unsound portions. Use as little water as possible and cook until tender. Allow ¾ lb. sugar to each pint of juice. Boil the latter about 15 minutes, and then add the sugar, which must be hot. Pour through a straining cloth; and then at once into heated glasses. If desired vary the flavor with the juice of other fruits, or with some kind of essence. A sweet scented geranium leaf laid on top of the jelly before it is sealed will impart a delicious flavor. When sealing jellies try the method of tying over them two thicknesses of paper spread on each side with freshly made starch paste.

CHEAP LEMONADE.

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and a gentleman was their first patron. Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was: "Two cents a glass."

Remembering that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade, drank it, paid two cents due, and casually enquired,

"Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?"

"'Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into," said Johnny.

"Where was Magna Charter signed?" asked a teacher in a London board school. "Please, sir, at the bottom."—Tit-Bits.

BOVRIL

is Infinitely Better than the Best Beef Tea.

BOVRIL spread on Toast, or Bread and Butter, forms a Savory and Sustaining Sandwich. When used in the preparation of Soups, Gravies, Stews, Hashes, Entrees, Etc., the Perfection of Economical and Appetizing Cooking is achieved.

BOVRIL, Limited · 27 St. Peter St., MONTREAL

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

Clean patent leather with spirits of turpentine.

Save the coffee grounds, dry them, and use them for filling pincushions.

When hot water is scarce, wipe greasy knives and forks, plates and dishes with paper before putting them into the dish water.

If ink is spattered on woodwork it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia, then rinse with soda and water.

A tablespoonful of powdered borax dissolved in the bath will prove very invigorating, as well as soften the water so that it will feel like velvet.

To remove rust from steel, cover the steel with sweet oil well rubbed on. In forty-eight hours rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust disappears.

To sweeten rancid lard, heat the lard, and when melted slice in three or four potatoes; continue heating until the slices, which should be quite thin, are well browned.

To remove a glass stopper that has become fast put a drop of sweet oil or glycerine in the crevice about the stopper. In an hour or so the stopper may be easily removed.

To test a ham stick a sharp knife under the bone; if it comes out clean, with a pleasant smell, the ham is good; but if the knife is

daubed and has a disagreeable smell, do not buy it.

A piece of orange peel placed on the stove, and allowed to dry quickly but not burn, will sweeten the air of the kitchen on week days, or will help to remove the odor of cooked cabbage and onions.

Mix one pound of chloride of lime to eight gallons of water and put it into a barrel. Pour about a quart of it daily down the pipes in bathing rooms and kitchens, and if the air is foul or stale in any other rooms put dishes of it there.

If a fire be obstinate in starting, burn a little light kindling wood or paper on top of the coal. This establishes a draft at once, and the upward current soon makes itself manifest upon the fire below, and the flames will burn brightly in a little while.

A brass kettle can be cleaned if discolored by cooking in it by scouring it well with soap and ashes first, then put in half a pint of vinegar and a handful of salt, let them boil on the stove a short time; then wash and rinse out in hot water.

A good polish for removing stains, spots and mildew from furniture is made as follows: Take half a pint of 98 per cent. alcohol; a quarter of an ounce each of pulverized resin and gum shellac; add half a pint of linseed

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

**The SUN Life Assurance Company
of Canada**

R. Macaulay, President.

Head Office: MONTREAL.

oil; shake well, and apply with a brush or sponge.

TO MEND CHINA OR GLASS.—Fine china or colored glass may be neatly mended by painting the edges with the white of an egg slightly beaten, dipping the edge in finely powdered unslacked lime, and quickly pressing the edges together and holding firmly for a few minutes. The lime will slacken and harden very quickly.—Decorator and Furnisher.

There are a great many laundresses who do not take proper care of their irons. The best irons are those with a removable wooden handle, so that no iron holder is needed. It is very easy to spoil irons by keeping them constantly on the stove. They lose temper under such treatment, and will not retain the heat. As soon as the ironing is done, set the irons off the stove, and when they are cold put them away in a dry place. Irons are often injured by being stored where it is damp. It is a good plan to have a small closet especially for the articles required in ironing. The clothes boiler, which must be kept in a dry place, may be stored with the ironing tools, but the tubs and pails should be kept in a damp place, or they will dry out and fall apart. About once in two or three months the irons should be thoroughly washed in a pan of warm water, in which a tablespoonful of lard has been dissolved. A piece of brown beeswax tied in a cloth, or a little fine salt spread out on a paper, is the best thing to remove roughness from the iron when in use. The polishing iron is a valuable little tool that should be kept by itself, and used for no other purpose than polishing bosoms and other linens.

Brown—"I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you eat mutton." Robinson—"I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food."

Europe maintains a lead in many lines of fine and delicate work, by keeping up her splendid technical and manual training schools. Switzerland, far from the seacoast as she is, exports millions of dollars yearly in lace, high grade women's dress goods, toys, etc. The little republic keeps up the schools for training boys and girls in lace making, to the highest level of efficiency. Scholarships are given to especially apt pupils, on competitive examinations, and many are sent to Paris and elsewhere to study the art of designing in the high degrees.

THE QUICKEST THING KNOWN—

And only Preparation of the Kind in America (Containing No Acid) that will Clean all kinds of Clothing, Jewelry, Tinware and highly polished Furniture and Carriages, without injury is . . .

"SAPONIQUE" The Chemical Discovery

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.

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The Cheapest . . .
The Most Used . . .
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Manure :

It gives largely increased crops for 3 or 4 years from one application.

All great authorities are agreed on it.

WALLACE & FRASER

Sales last year over 1,000,000 tons.
Pamphlet "Common Sense Manuring" sent free.

St. John, N. B., and Toronto, Ont.

FINNIGAN'S BREVITY.

Finnigan was a section boss on a rather dangerous part of the road and one of his duties was to report any accident to Supt. Flanagan. Finnigan's reports were very long and Flanagan advised him to make them short, and to the point. The next day a couple of cars were derailed on Finnigan's division, and his report read thus:

"Flanagin—Of agin, on agin, gone agin. Finigin."

Florence Nightingale received her Christian name from the town in which she was born—Florence, Italy. Her name is not Nightingale but Shore, her father being a Nottingham banker who inherited the estates of Peter Nightingale on condition that he assume the name.

Helen Kellar, the remarkable deaf, dumb and blind girl, who recently took examinations for Radcliffe College, read the questions in French by feeling the movements of the examiner's lips, but in the German examinations letters were formed on her hand by the sign language.

NEEDED HIS RIGHT HAND.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar not long since, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Prof. Gallaudet related. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulation continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry-tree,' signalled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand—stop,' 'Stop!' interrupted the professor, where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy, 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

THE VALUE OF COARSE FOODS

I first used *Herbageum* for my entire and working horses, and found it very beneficial. It picks up a horse rapidly that is run down or is off his feed.

I weaned a colt four months old, and as it was rather thin I commenced feeding it skim milk with *Herbageum*, and have had unusually good results with it. In less than two weeks a good growth was started, and from that on there was a steady gain in flesh. In the spring I fed sour whey with bran and *Herbageum*, and to day the colt is a very fine one for his age.

My next test was with fat cattle that were not doing well. They were getting straw once a day, and about every ten to twelve days they would get off their feed, and for a couple of days would refuse food. After I began with *Herbageum* they never refused their feed, and I was able to give straw twice daily, which was eaten clean. I find that straw and other coarse foods will be eaten clean in large quantities when *Herbageum* is fed, thus saving hay and grain.

After this, I decided to try it on my milch cows, and found it satisfactory. I had no

means of testing for improved quality, but as milk was paid for at the creamery by test, I found at the end of the season that I received between five and six cents per 100 lbs. more than a neighbor, whose cows appeared as good as mine, if not better, and I think that the gain in returns made the *Herbageum* profitable.

Your directions say to give a smaller feed ration when *Herbageum* is used, but my experience is that for working horses there should be no reduction in the regular ration, unless they have been over-fed and cannot assimilate the heavy feed. And with cattle there should be fed all they can assimilate, and with *Herbageum* more straw and coarse foods as well as hay and grain can be assimilated.

With a ration of grain and coarse food one tablespoonful of *Herbageum* daily is sufficient. When there is no grain only coarse feed given, a tablespoonful twice daily will be required to secure the best results.

D. A. MCFARLANE,

Trout River, Huntingdon P. O., Que.
July 15th, 1896.

The Peace society of London has made an estimate that since the beginning of history nearly one-fifth of the human race have perished in battle.

AN ASBESTOS ENVELOPE.—An asbestos fire-proof wallet to keep valuable papers in, is the latest offer of fire insurance companies to clients, and in cases of fire certainly would prove to be useful. The entire envelope, pockets and flap, also encircling strap and loop, are of asbestos.

THE CARELESS AND INDIFFERENT

*Suffer Intense Agonies This
Month.*

**Many Men and Women In
Great Danger.**

**To Such Mortals Paine's Celery Compound
Guarantees a New Life.**

**The Great Medicine a Sure Cure
for Rheumatism and Sciatica.**

Thousands of people die annually of rheumatism, yet every case could have been cured if Paine's Celery Compound had been used in time.

Too many men and women show a marked indifference when, in some form, the dread disease commences its agonizing work. Some foolishly imagine that bright, warm and dry weather will banish the intruder, and they determine to trust themselves to time and circumstances. Others place their hope in warmer clothing and the frequent use of liniments, while some experiment with electricity and baths.

As the days pass the careless and indifferent find themselves deeper in the mire of suffering,

and they experience all the countless twinges and agonies of the disease. They have chills, pain in the back, quickened pulse, constipation, loss of appetite, coated tongue, and the joints swell—usually the knees, elbows and wrists.

Now is the time of extreme danger. Now the sufferers realize that they are paying the penalty of their carelessness. Many will soon be helpless and useless; we shall see them with stiffened muscles and joints, and limbs twisted and drawn up.

Some will ask the question, "Is there truly a cure for such helpless rheumatics?" We say unhesitatingly there is. The agent that cures effectually and scientifically is Paine's Celery Compound. It has cured thousands in the past—men and women of the highest standing in every community—and these have given the strongest testimony for the encouragement of others. Besides removing the cause of rheumatism, Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that guarantees a permanent cure.

Will you, sufferer, continue in agony and danger of death when such a mighty remedy as Paine's Celery Compound is offered to you?

Let us assure you, poor rheumatic sufferer, that the use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly dispel any doubts that you may have. The effects will be so encouraging that you will be forced to continue with the life-giving medicine till you are sound, well and happy.

Autumn Fashions and Diamond Dyes.

**Golden Brown Will Be In Favor
This Season.**

The Diamond Dyes have two great necessary foundation qualities. They are true agents of economy and they are also fashion creators.

Color, shade and tint count immensely in the world of fashion. The woman who wears an out-of-date color is set down as an extremely careless and indifferent mortal, and she is severely criticised for her lack of taste.

For ladies' autumn dresses and costumes a golden shade of brown is the correct thing and will be in great demand this season.

The Diamond Dye Fast Brown, Golden Shade, for Wool, will produce this shade in all its full richness and beauty. Any faded or soiled wool dress of any light color can be quite renewed for another year's wear at a very trifling cost.

Ask your dealer for Diamond Dye Fast Brown, Golden Shade. Do not accept the common dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of extra profit.

THE LITTLE OLD SHOE.

It is only a tiny shoe
 That she touches with tender care.
 A cunning little bit of a thing
 That a baby used to wear.
 And she gently raises it to her lips
 And lovingly holds it there.
 It is worn and faded and old,
 But it brings up the happy past.
 She sadly sighs as she thinks of the joys
 That were too sweet to last.
 In fancy she sees a little child
 As it gambols upon the floor.
 An elflike creature with golden hair
 Is cooing a baby song once more,
 And a tear drops down on the little shoe
 That the beautiful dream child wore.
 "Ah, well," she sighs to herself,
 "Tis, alas, the will of the fates!
 I used to be able to wear this shoe,
 But now I take number eights."
 —Pearson's Weekly.

"Every year," said the professor, "a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to the clouds from the sea." "What time of the year does that happen, professor?" asked the freshman from the interior. "I should think it would be a sight worth going to see."—Indianapolis Journal.

DR. ED. MORIN'S WINE

CRESO-PHATES

It is a Sure Cure for Coughs, Colds,
 Bronchitis, Consumption

GOOD TESTIMONIAL

SIRS,—This is to let you know with the greatest pleasure that I was cured with Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine. I was suffering for a long time with a bad cold which affected my health. In spite of several medicines taken I was coughing nearly all the time, and I was obliged to sit down on my bed the most part of the night on account of the cough and oppression, when a friend advised me to use Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine. As soon as I had taken a few doses of it I felt relief at once. I continued to use it and I got better every day. The cough ceased, the oppression disappeared and I could sleep quietly, and to-day I am perfectly well. I have since recommended Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine to several friends and every one said that he found it very good.

Yours truly,
 F. X. LEMIEUX, Ottawa

The World's Convention of the W. C. T. U. will meet in Toronto this month. Amongst the distinguished delegates are Miss Frances E. Willard, Miss Slack, Miss Cottrell, and Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.

If you cannot set to metre all the music of
 your soul,
 Then let its heavenly harmony your daily life
 control;
 Until from out the discord of life's bitterness
 and pain,
 Sweet symphonies shall rise—nor your life-
 song be in vain.

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, Ptre.
 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.

TOOTH TALK

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

'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.

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

Price 25 Cts.
 All Druggists or

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 Toronto, Ont.

GIVE!

Give! as the morning that flows out of Heaven;

Give! as the waves when the channel is riven;

Give! as the air and the sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing;

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing;

Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing—

Give as He gave thee, Who gave thee to live!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Mrs. Marion Crawford, wife of the famous novelist, has dark eyes and golden hair, two things rarely found in the same person.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE

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We want the services of a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Pay \$7 to \$10 per week. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE S. A. SUPPLY CO., BOX 265, LONDON, ONT.

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MADE ONLY OF STRICTLY FIRST QUALITY HAIR



Five of the Many Favorable Points of the Duplex :

1st—They have no Stems or Cords.

2nd—They are made of all Human Hair.

3rd—They can be rolled or puffed to very top.

4th—They can be separated and only one portion worn at a time.

5th—All Human Hair will fade. The outer coverment of all Hair Switches fades quicker than the under hair. You can in a second separate our DUPLEX and turn the faded portion under; in this way the DUPLEX will outwear three of the old style Stem Switches.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE PRICES:

18 inch, \$3.00.	18 inch Wavy Hair, \$4.00.	20 inch, \$4.00.	20 inch Wavy, \$5.00.
22 " \$5.00.	22 " " \$6.00.	24 " \$9.00.	24 " " \$10.00.

Grey Hair, Blonde, Cost Extra.

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THE CANADA LUMBERMAN

A Monthly Journal devoted exclusively to the Lumbering and Wood-Working Industries of the Dominion, with a weekly intermediate edition giving reliable information regarding market conditions, sales of stock, etc. Subscription price for both editions only \$1.00 per year. Advertising rates on application.

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Confederation Life Building, TORONTO

Branch Office :
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TAKING OFF THE SHOES.—The habit in Turkey of taking off the shoes on entering a room is thus explained: The custom of taking off one's shoes before entering a room is not a religious superstition, but comes of the necessity for keeping carpets clean, seeing that they fulfil the purpose of chairs, tables, sofas, in other countries. The rooms of a harem may be furnished like Parisian boudoirs; but custom is stronger than fashion, and Turks of both sexes like to recline or sit cross-legged on the floor. Their carpets are curiously soft and thick and the hangings over the doors shut out all draughts and noises.



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to measure; positively best in the market, in fit, support and comfort, improving the health and carriage. Made in a number of styles to suit all figures. Agents wanted. MADAM STEVENS, General Agt. 30B St. Antoine St., Montreal, Canada.

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For Making Butter.
For Making Cheese.

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I WOULDN'T be so headstrong as to refuse advice when offered in a friendly spirit . . . **WOULD YOU**

Not show better judgment by investigating? If right, follow it. It **WILL BE RIGHT** if you are advised to use

THE

COOK'S FRIEND

Baking Powder

Sofa pillows still abound, and are made in every color, shape, size and design imaginable, of all sorts of material. Too great a number of them, too dainty and delicate for use ought not to be seen in one place. A pillow or cushion ought to suggest comfort, and not show merely.

TO VARNISH WALL PAPER.—The Deutsche Malerzeitung recommends the following method for varnishing wall paper: After the paper is hung and is thoroughly dry it is coated with a layer of size made from the best glue (gelatin in scales) of which two pounds will suffice for an ordinary room 16x13x13 feet. The size is prepared by boiling the gelatin in a sufficient quantity of water, and is applied very evenly and carefully with a brush. After leaving for twenty-four hours to dry, this layer is covered with a thin coat of dammar varnish. It is advisable to try the effect of the varnish on different parts of the wall before commencing the work in earnest, in order that a second coating of size may be applied if the first was not sufficient to prevent the varnish from soaking into the paper. Wall papers so coated may be washed with a soft brush, just like wood paneling.

While Queen Victoria has been ruling Great Britain, Hannah Brewer, of Bitton, in Gloucestershire, has been delivering the village mail, tramping eleven miles a day for sixty years. She has just retired on a pension at the age of seventy-two years, with a record of a quarter of a million miles trudged on foot. Her father was postmaster at the place for fifty-seven years.



SECURE one of these Machines and your Household Sewing will be a pleasure. Made in many Attractive Styles. See our agents.

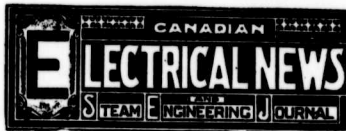
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Send your name on a postal and we will send samples and self-measurement forms.

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Branch Office:
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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,

To all parts of Canada, United States and Newfoundland.

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THE HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,

C. H. MORTIMER, Managing Director

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA.
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Telephone 2299.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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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.

If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of **HOME AND YOUTH** they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for. When this magazine comes enclosed in a **BLUE WRAPPER** it is an intimation that the subscription has expired.

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, OCTOBER, 1897.

A FAMOUS CHEF.

Alexis Soyer, while a cook in a little French inn, sent up an omelette with bacon for an English guest who happened to be on the house committee of the Reform Club. At his invitation Soyer went to London, and under his management the club restaurant became famous. He published several cook-books, which were a source of income to him and are still standard works. During the Crimean War he entered the English army and volunteered to teach the hospital nurses the chemistry and art of invalid cooking. Of this superb recognition of his gratitude to the English people, it was said, Soyer saved more lives with his broiler and **BAIN MARIE** than the surgeons.

THE LEGEND OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Long ago there lived a king of Athens, who had a fair and gentle daughter, renowned all over Greece for her beauty and her wonderfully sweet voice. This fair princess, Philomela, went on a visit to the distant court of her married sister. A wicked prince who had charge of her, but who hated her because she could not love him, instead of bringing her safely to her friends, shut her up in a lonely tower, treated his poor captive cruelly, and then, afraid that she might escape and tell her wrongs, deprived her of her tongue. The gods (so says the fable) took pity on the poor princess and changed her into a nightingale, and the bird is spoken of to this day as Philomel—"most musical, most melancholy bird;" while her cruel oppressor was turned into a hoopoe—a bird of evil omen.

THE OAK.

The pagans, who were always inventing some fable or another, used to believe that there was a kind of beings called Hamadryads, or nymphs of the woods, whose welfare depended upon trees. With trees they were supposed to be born, and with trees to live and die. They were believed to be connected more closely with the oak—the forest king, and to punish severely any one who interfered with that tree, choosing it, perhaps, because it lasted so long and was so noble a tree to look upon.

In later times the Druids regarded the oak as very sacred. They worshipped and offered sacrifices under its shade, and wore wreaths of its leaves when engaged in their rites and ceremonies.

The oak is valued in England for the strength of its timber. If cut down at the proper age—that is, between sixty and seventy years old—there is no better wood to be found. It has been called the father of ships, which is a very good name.

One reason for its standing so long is that insects cannot eat into the heart of oak as they do into the timber of other trees. It will grow even when there is no core left. "It's head is green, tho' it's heart be dead."

The Romans rewarded with a wreath of oak leaves any one who did great public service, or saved a citizen's life.

Deal gently with those who stray; draw by love and persuasion; a kiss is worth a thousand kicks; a kind word is more valuable than a mine of gold.—C. Dickens.

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.]

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

Chemistry and Science are daily astonishing the world with new wonders, and it is no longer safe to say that anything cannot be achieved. The researches and experiments of the distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, patiently carried on for years, have culminated in results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed for any modern genius or philosopher.

That Consumption is a curable disease Dr. Slocum has proved beyond a doubt, and there are now on file in his Canadian, American and European laboratories, thousands of letters of gratitude from those benefitted and cured in all parts of the world.

To make the wonderful merits of his discoveries known, we will send free, three bottles (all different) of his Remedies to any reader of this paper having consumption, lung or throat trouble, general decline, loss of flesh, who will send their name, express and post office address. That the reader of this paper may be convinced of the genuineness of our claims, we publish the following Canadian testimonial taken from hundreds in our possession.

“MISSION CITY, B. C., June, 1897.

“I am a man of 52 years of age—always healthy until last Fall—took terrible pain in lung, followed by severe cough. I was in the lumber camp and could not leave my men, therefore kept at my work until I could not keep around any longer, when I was brought home and the best doctor summoned. After treatment, he said that he was called in too late and he could do no more for me. I kept getting weaker all the time, and resolved to try another doctor from New Westminster. He said my lungs and heart were affected and that death might occur at any time. He prescribed for me but I kept getting worse; and I got so weak that I could scarcely lift a cup of tea, and was by this time confined to the house for three months. I then heard of your Medicine and sent for samples, and at once commenced to use them as directed. The first dose did me good, and before I had completed the use of them I was out of bed. After using a further supply a short time, I was able to look after twenty-five men and walk three miles morning and evening. Your Medicine has certainly saved my life, and although fifty-two years old, I am stronger than ever, and now weigh 240 pounds, which is my old weight. You can use my letter in the interest of suffering humanity.

“JOHN RUTTER WREN.”

Address all communications to the T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., of Toronto, Limited, 186 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada, and the free samples will be promptly sent. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's advertisement in American papers will please send their communications to Toronto.

If the reader is not a sufferer, but has a friend who is, send friend's name, express and post office address and the remedies will be sent. When writing please mention Home and Youth.