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The Thunderstorm.

A stillness wraps in calm the summer day,
 Unbroken by a sound, save when the breeze
 A moment rustles through the parched trees,
 Then leaves them motionless. The sultry air—
 Hot as the breath of fevered patient—seems
 Conscious of coming storms; the cattle crowd
 With low-bowed heads beneath the elm-clumps, awed
 By some dread instinct of they know not what,
 Save that 'tis ill impending. All the sky
 With thickly gathering clouds is overcast,
 Dark leaden clouds, their edges tinged with red,
 All ominous of storm: the quick, big drops
 Of rain begin to fall—a rumbling peal
 Of distant thunder, low reverberates
 Along the hills; more thickly fall the drops,
 Comes down a deluge—and the lightning gleams
 In quick, successive flashes; louder still,
 And louder roars the thunder—till gives rein
 The tempest to its fury; awing man
 And beast alike by its sublimity.
 Its wrath at length the storm begins to hate,
 A wrath too fierce to last; the thunder grows
 Fainter and fainter, and the lightnings cease:
 The rain-drops patter feebly through the leaves,
 Till they at last are spent; bright diamonds,
 Of heaven's purest water, glittering hang
 On leaf, and blade, and flower; once more the birds
 Resume their for-a-while suspended song;
 The cattle leave the shelter of the boughs,
 And seek again the pastures; all the air
 Is filled with fragrance sweet, the cooling gift
 Of storm beneficent: and once again
 From her enforced torpor wakes the earth.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

RETRIBUTION.

One day, about the middle of March, Sybil was sitting alone in a bright little room known as the morning room, which the family—when alone, preferred to the large dreary drawing room. There was an air of sadness in the drooping figure, a careworn look in her face as she bent slightly over her sewing, presently a heavy sigh escaped her, and leaning back in her chair and letting her work drop into her lap she gazed wistfully out of the window into the garden, where Kenneth was playing with another little fellow of his own age.

"Oh! my boy! my boy!" murmured the poor mother, pressing her hand to her eyes.

"I pray heaven to shield you from your father's example. It seemed a bitter thing to say; but she, who loved her reprobate husband, so faithfully and devotedly, was mother—as well as wife; and she would not blind herself to the awful danger in the future for her only child; the danger of a father's evil example. Many and many a time, for long afterwards, the prayer she had just uttered came back to her mind, with power to make her tremble and cry out with painful self-reproach.

At this moment she heard her husband's step in the hall and the door opened and he came in.

"Oh! you are home; I did not hear you come in," she said, looking up at him with a welcoming smile.

He did not answer, but walked over to the window, and took up his station beside her chair.

"Been out to-day Sybil?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "Ken and I were out all morning; it is a beautiful day for March, cold but not at all windy, and we enjoyed our walk so much; but why did you ask dear?"

"Oh nothing!—I suppose you are too tired to go for a long drive with me this afternoon?"

"Indeed I am not a bit too tired and I would like it very much Arthur dear, but the fact is I am expecting some visitors and as I, myself invited them, I cannot very well go out before they come; I am so sorry, I would enjoy the drive with you so much dear; could not you defer it till to-morrow?"

"Well no; not very conveniently; I am obliged to go to Weston this afternoon, and to-morrow afternoon I have an engagement with Grenton and some others; but I will take you out the day after; I wish you could go with me to-day."

"I wish I could; is it to Weston you are going?"

"Yes; old Marks has a horse he wants to sell; a splendid animal; I think of buying it and am going this afternoon to look at it; Sultan is growing rather stiff in the joints."

"Is Mr. Marks' horse the one Mr. Grenton was talking about the other evening, named Firebrand?" asked his wife with a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"Yes, the same," he replied, gazing abstractedly from the window.

"Oh! Arthur, I wish—I do wish you would not think of buying that horse. They say he has a fierce temper, and that it is actually dangerous to ride him; don't you remember what Mr. Graham told us the other evening about the poor unfortunate young man who was worried by Firebrand and crippled for life? Oh? dearest Arthur, please give up all thought of buying this horrible horse."

"My dear Sybil what nonsense! That young fellow knew nothing whatever of horses, and should never have mounted one with even half of Firebrand's mettle, now I flatter myself I know a good deal about horsemanship, and I fancy Firebrand will find that he has met his master in me."

Sybil sighed and said no more, for she knew it would be useless to argue with him, his mind was set on possessing this particular horse and nothing she could say would turn him from his purpose.

"You need not be anxious Sybil," he said, after a pause, and placing his hand on the back of her chair bent forward and kissed her.

She flushed and looked up quickly for his caresses were rare nowadays. But there was sorrow as well as joy in the kiss, for he, in the instant his lips met her she smelt the brandy on his breath, and the old aching pain throbbled in her bosom, and shone in her eyes even as she raised them so gratefully to his flushed, haggard face.

Grateful for his caress! and he was her husband! O you happy wives who read this! how is it possible for you to understand the pathetic hungering and longing of the neglected wife for the loving word, the tender caress, that alas! is now seldom or never bestowed. Or the rapture, the intense thankfulness that fills her heart to overflowing when, all unexpectedly, he kisses her with something of the tenderness of old times, or speaks to her with a sound in his voice like the echo of a half-forgotten song?

Think, happy wife!—when you stand by your cheerful hearth with your husband's arm around you and his loving voice speaking kindly to you—then think of those other; less happy wives, and—pray for them.

Sybil rose from her seat, and clasping Arthur's arm with both hands she laid her head down upon his shoulder.

"Dear Arthur, I do entrust you to take care of yourself, it would break my heart if anything happened to you," she said pleadingly.

A faint spasm passed over his face as he looked down upon that other face, so pure and beautiful, yet so sorrowful. "You are an angel Sybil, to care so much for a brute like me."

"Oh Arthur! Hush! you must not speak so, it hurts me." And, perhaps because the subject of his own unworthiness was distasteful to him, perhaps because he wished to spare her feelings, he did not pursue the theme.

"Of course I intend to take care of myself," he said a trifle impatiently, "but you women are never happy unless you've got something to worry over. By the way, if you are not going with me this afternoon, I think I will ride Sultan instead of driving."

But he did not tell her that he meditated riding Firebrand home again, in the event of his concluding the bargain with old Marks, and she never thought of his doing so.

"You will be home earlier if you ride," she answered. "I suppose you will be home about seven? If you are late though, I will wait dinner."

"I shall be back by seven, sure."

"Very well."

"By the way, who are the visitors you expect this afternoon?"

"Katie Howard and Mollie," Sybil answered quietly, but happening to glance up at him at the moment, she saw her husband start and a deep red flush mount to his brow. A pang shot through her heart, and a swift rush of anger against him and against Mollie swept over her. She drew herself away from his side and stood staring out of the window without seeing anything.

What was this secret of her husband's? the secret with which Mollie Stuart was so evidently mixed up, but of which she—his wife—knew absolutely nothing?

There was only one key to the mystery, so far as she could discover; and woman-like, she seized upon it at once as the right one. Arthur had loved Mollie, and sought to win her for his wife, in those by-gone days at Buxly; she had refused him for Neal Despard; hence Arthur's hatred of them both.

This was Sybil Macdonald's solution of the mystery; and though her nature was far too noble a one to condescend to petty jealousy, it was a somewhat bitter thought that Mollie's name had still power to agitate her husband. She did not quite believe in his protestations of dislike for Miss Mollie Stuart; though she did believe that he had thoroughly hated Neal.

There was one thing that puzzled and troubled her more than anything else. If Arthur had ceased to care for Mollie when he married her—Sybil, what then was the cause of his sudden and swift descent into a life of wild dissipation and vice, compared to which his youthful follies were as nothing? Had his old love for Mollie revived? and was it this sinful secret which was gradually drawing him to ruin?

Sybil shed many bitter tears as she thought over these things day after day, and sometimes a bitter thought of Mollie would creep into her heart, but only to be forcibly ejected, as her common sense and her innate justness of

thought showed her how foolish and ungenerous it was to blame the girl for what she could not help. Mollie certainly detested her husband; Sybil told herself, and that very hatred of him, indeed, had often irritated her, almost unconsciously against Mollie. Still hard thought, of her *would* intrude time and again, valiantly as she fought against them, and knowing this, Sybil was always kinder and more friendly when she and Mollie met. It proved that she had a truly noble nature and a firm control over herself.

It was Arthur who broke the silence that followed. "Miss Stuart does not often honor our establishment with her presence," he remarked with a sneer.

"I have no doubt you know the reason why," answered his wife, looking at him calmly; and again she winced, as she saw his face flush, and his eyes turn inquisitively to her face, as though seeking there a hidden meaning to her words.

"Oh! I presume you refer to our mutual affection; well certainly—"

"There is the lunch bell," interrupted his wife, and she swept haughtily from the room.

The meal was rather an uncomfortable one, and Arthur excused himself as soon as possible and went up-stairs to prepare for his ride. When he descended again, Sybil was waiting in the hall to bid him good-bye.

"I wish, Arthur you would not buy that horse," she said once more, as they stood together.

"It may not suit me," he replied, smiling, "but if it does I shall certainly buy it, if for no other reason than to show you how foolish your tears are. My dear Sybil, I am not a boy, that you need fear for my safety."

"Well," sighing, "I hope Firebrand will not suit you."

"And I hope he will; good-bye, I must be off."

He stooped and kissed her, for the second time that day; and Sybil clasped her arms around his neck with a convulsive pressure.

"Good bye, dearest, and do take care of yourself."

"All right," he answered with a laugh, and the next moment he was on Sultan's back and riding out of the gate; then Sybil went back into the house and shut the door, with a dim foreboding of coming evil; the shadow of a cloud that was drifting slowly across her pathway.

It was after three o'clock when her visitors made their appearance, and after disposing of their out-door garments, settled themselves cosily in the morning room with their hostess, each with some dainty piece of work in hand, and commenced one of those interminable conversations, so dearly appreciated by the feminine mind; on the affairs of their households: of Katie's babies, Mollie's Bertie and Lesley and Sybil's Kenneth.

Leaving them to chat away the afternoon after this fashion, let you and I, reader, take the road to Weston and see what happened there.

It was about five o'clock, perhaps not quite so late; when Arthur Macdonald rode rapidly homeward. The horse he bestrode was not Sultan; this was a finer beast than Sultan had ever been, even in his palmiest days. Firebrand was, perhaps, not so pretty to look at as his predecessor; he was an immense, long-legged animal with fiery, wicked eyes, that looked mischief out of their corners "like the devil," as old Marks said to Mr. Macdonald.

"Aye, he's just Satan and no mistake; so I warn you Mr. Macdonald afore you conclude to buy him."

But Mr. Macdonald, in no wise disconcerted by this warning, merely laughed and replied that if such was his nature he must have a name to match, and that henceforth his name would be "Satan" in lieu of "Firebrand" and that he would soon have the satisfaction of proving to Mr Marks that he was capable of controlling his Satanic Majesty.

"Well sir," if you are determined to buy the horse, so be it; but never say I didna' warn you of his devilish temper."

"Oh no; that's all right," was the reply, as Arthur, who was a true lover of horses; viewed with glistening eyes the magnificent animal before him.

"By Jove! what a sensation he would make in town! no other fellow in Toronto would have a horse like it." So the purchase was concluded, and leaving orders for Sultan to be taken back to town the following day, Arthur Macdonald mounted "Satan," otherwise "Firebrand" and rode away to his fate.

When he had come about half way at a steady gallop, he drew rein and proceeded at a somewhat slower pace. He was delighted with his purchase and congratulated himself on his good luck in having secured such a treasure as Firebrand.

He told himself that Sybil would certainly admire the horse and would acknowledge his wisdom in buying it. As to Firebrand's evil temper, why, he might be so but certainly thus far he had not shown any trait that could be termed absolutely satanic, and even if he did, he—Arthur would let the beast see that he was master, he liked his horse all the better for having gained the reputation of being satanic. Oh yes! he had been a very fortunate man in getting a horse like Firebrand, poor old Sultan was getting worn out; he would do for Ken to ride on very soon. So thinking, he rode slowly along patting the horse's sleek head and smiling as Firebrand tossed his mane and showed an inclination to shy at every object along the road.

"Steady old boy; steady, we will be good friends when we come to know each other, you and I." As he rode slowly along, he observed a female figure advancing towards him at some little distance ahead. It was a lonely part of the road; there were no houses near and not another living creature in sight but this woman; perhaps that was the reason he watched the approaching figure, almost unconscious that he did so; then as they gradually neared each other he did become conscious that he was watching her; there was something strangely familiar in that figure, as it came slowly along; a peculiarity in its gait that puzzled him. He walked his horse so that he might look into her face as they passed each other.

They were close now—very close; now they were passing each other, the woman raised her head and looked into the face of the horse man and her own grew white even as his had done.

"Grace Roberts!"

"Arthur Macdonald!"

For a few moments they stood staring at one another; each, as it were, measuring the strength of the other for the impending battle.

Arthur was the first to recover himself. Raising his hat, he bowed with a mocking smile and said:

"This is a pleasure I did not anticipate; I hope I see you quite well, Miss Roberts and—I wish you good evening."

He bowed again and replaced his hat, the next instant he would have ridden away; but her voice arrested him; perhaps he felt that it would be more expedient to listen to her now on this lonely road, and to have done with her there and then, than to run the risk of her showing herself at the house on Jarvis street, where he might possibly encounter some difficulty in dealing with her in such a manner as to avoid arousing Sybil's wonder and suspicions. Therefore, when she spoke, he stopped to hear what she had to say.

"You probably wonder why I have returned to Canada?" she said in a hard voice.

"No I don't," he answered doggedly. "I presume you are free to come and go as you please."

"Ah! then you have quite forgotten that more than six years ago, you bade me never return to this country."

"Then why have you come?" he asked sullenly. "Is it more money you want?"

"No; I would not take your money: there is a curse upon it."

"What do you mean, woman?" Arthur Macdonald demanded, and his face grew white, but whether from fear or anger, Grace did not know.

"Mean—I mean this, that the money you gave me, the money that bought my silence was *curse'd*. But I will tell you my story Arthur Macdonald and then you will know why I have come to Canada again."

"I refuse to listen to it, your miserable tale can have no interest for me; I am in a hurry to reach home."

"It has an interest for you and you shall hear me or—your lady wife shall."

"Go on then, curse you and cut it short."

If he dared, Macdonald would have trampled this woman beneath his horse's feet, he writhed in his fury and his hand grasped his whip fiercely, oh! if he could but have raised it and stricken her to the earth!

"I will tell it in as few words as possible, but had you not better dismount, your horse seems unmanageable."

"No, I shall remain where I am, proceed with your story, it will be dark before you finish."

"You remember," she began, the day I went to Buxly and demanded money from you, I over-took you on a quiet country road and we stood there talking; at first you refused me the money, and said you did not have it, and I told you you must find a way to get it, or I would go to Miss O'Brien and tell her my miserable story. Then you swore you would get the money and give it to me, on, or before the third day previous to your wedding. Arthur Macdonald, as God is my witness I never dreamed of how you would get it, if I had I would have taken my child and gone away without troubling you for a cent; though both I and my boy had perished of hunger. I knew you were wicked but I did not think you were bad enough to do what you did; I would have died sooner than have caused you to sin more deeply than you had already done."

"What do you mean woman? you are mad," cried Macdonald hoarsely.

"Mad—no I am not mad and I will tell you what I mean—you robbed the Bank and the money you brought to me was the money you had stolen and there was a curse upon it."

"You lie," he shouted.

"No I don't lie, and if you will listen further you will see that I speak the truth."

"You remember that day as we stood talking on that quiet road at Buxly, that a gentleman passed by on the other side of a hedge that divided the road from a foot-path; you bade me hush, and we ceased speaking till he had gone from sight, but I saw his face and thought what a good, kind face it was. When I left you I went straight to the station, but I was just five minutes too late; the train had gone, and there was no other till nine that night. There were nearly four hours to wait, a long time, but I was used to waiting; towards nine o'clock the station was pretty well crowded with people, mostly men; amongst them I recognized the gentleman who had passed by us on the road. When I went to buy my ticket, I found my purse was gone and I had no more money with me. I was much distressed and did not know what to do; but the gentleman, I afterwards learned that his name was Despard—came to my aid and bought me a ticket besides pressing into my hand a dollar bill; for cab fare, he said. I was very grateful and thanked him, but I did not think I would ever see him again; however, I did; it was at your wedding—yes, I was there, standing amongst the crowd at the church door to see the beautiful bride who had usurped my rightful place. Mr. Despard was one of the groomsmen and with him was a pretty, sweet-faced young girl, to whom they told me he was engaged to be married. I took a sudden, strange fancy to her; she looked so girlish and happy; perhaps she made me think of my own happy girl-hood when I was as pure and innocent as she. When the wedding party had driven away, I hastened to my boarding-house and packed up all my belongings; that day I left Toronto with my child, and as I had to pass through Buxly I resolved to get out there and remain over one night on the chance of seeing her again; I thought maybe she would return to her house that evening or early next morning and I wished only to have one more look at her sweet face; I thought I would be a better woman for having seen her, ever after."

I reached Buxly by the half-past three train, and leaving my trunk at the station, I took the child and walked up to the village; a man directed me to a quiet boarding house where I engaged a room for the night; the landlady was a friendly, gossiping woman, and when she heard I had just come from Toronto, she began talking of the grand wedding that took place there that morning, the bridegroom, she said, was from Buxly, and the bride had been lately visiting in the village, at Mr. Halliday's. Of course I knew she meant your marriage, but I said nothing to let her suspect that I knew you. Well, from her gossip I learned that Mr. Despard had for many years been a suitor for Miss O'Brien's hand, a fact which I had reason to recall very soon afterwards. When it began to grow dusk, I left the child in charge of the landlady and walked up to Fernside, there did not seem to be anyone near the house or about the grounds, so I went in and crept up to the veranda, when I found myself close to an open window, and from the room within I could plainly hear the sound of voices. Thinking Miss Stuart might be in there, I went up on to the veranda and crouched beneath the window. I looked in, but only Mr. and Mrs. Stuart were there,

so I resolved to wait a few minutes. I could not avoid hearing the conversation that was going on within, though I had not gone there to listen.

"I heard Mr. Stuart tell his wife there had been a robbery at the bank. He mentioned the sum, and it was the same as you gave to me; again I heard him mention the date of the robbery, so far as they could guess, and it was on the very day on which you brought me the money—the evening of the thirteenth of August. As I crouched there, trembling as I listened, I knew that you were the guilty one. Aye; even when I heard Mr. Stuart say that Mr. Neal Despard had owned to the crime; even then I never doubted that you were guilty. I could not at first understand why Mr. Despard should take the blame upon himself; but when I recalled what the landlady had said about him being Miss O'Brien's lover before she married you; it was all clear to me, and I knew that to save her from the misery of her newly-made husband's exposure, Neal Despard had taken your guilt upon him. I thought of the fair young girl who loved him, and I blamed him bitterly for doing her this great wrong. He surely could never have loved her. Then when Miss Stuart herself came into the room and they told her the truth, how her lover was guilty and had been sent away, never to return to her, the awful look in her face cut me to the heart, and I cursed myself for being the cause of this trouble which had fallen upon her. I told myself the money was cursed; and I resolved to fling it from me, and denounce you to the world for a villain. And when I saw her lying pale and still in a faint, with her pretty young face like the face of the dead, I could bear it no longer, but rushed away calling upon God to pardon my sin. You, no doubt, wonder why I kept your secret, instead of betraying you, as was certainly my duty. I meant to do it, but could not bring myself to it. All night long I wrestled with myself and tried to harden my heart against you sufficiently to deal you this blow; but I could not, and when the morning came, I fled with the child and kept your secret—for heaven forgive me! I loved you even then."

Grace Roberts stopped speaking for a moment and looked up at Arthur. His face was livid and there was a look of fiendish hate in his eyes as he fixed them upon her face. He was about to speak when she interrupted him.

"Let me finish; I shall not be long, for I will not trouble you with the history of my miserable life for the last few years. It is enough to say that your money brought its curse with it; for my child sickened and after lingering for a year, died. I, myself, fell ill amongst strangers in a strange land, and when I recovered, I found I had but two hundred dollars in the world. I would have gone home to my father and mother, but I soon discovered the fact of their deaths, and that the old house was in the hands of strangers. I was obliged then to go into service, which I did; and it was at my master's house I learned of the death of Mr. Neal Despard. I read it in a Toronto paper which I chanced to take up one day. As I read, a dreadful remorse took hold of me. Had it not been for me he would be still living, honored and happy. My scruples on your account had vanished, for my fatal love for you had died with my little child. As I read of poor Neal Despard's death, I seemed to realise more fully than I had ever done, the depth of your villainy; and my heart ached with a ceaseless pain for Miss Stuart. I resolved that I would do what I could to atone for my sin. I could not bring the dead to life, but I could wipe the stain from his name and memory; and for that I have returned to Canada."

"Why have you told me this?" asked Macdonald, mockingly. "Why did you not go straight to my wife, to Miss Stuart and others with your precious story?"

"Because," answered Grace slowly, and without a trace of anger in her sad voice, "I wished to spare your wife one pang at least. She is beautiful and good; she will suffer keenly when she learns of your treachery to that dead man; what I would spare her is the knowledge of your villainy to me. If you will own to the robbery and clear Neal Despard's name from dishonor, I will go away and not trouble you again, and your wife will never know of me."

"You must take me for a precious fool," he said with a jeering laugh.

"You will not do it then?"

"No," he answered with an oath, "and now you had better get out of my way, I'm in a hurry."

"No, no, wait; you *shall* listen to me."

She sprang forward and grasped the reins, jerking them from his hold. Cursing her, he raised his whip and brought it down with all his force upon her face. She let go the bridle and fell back with a cry; and at the same instant the terrified horse suddenly plunged and dashed off at a mad gallop, and then the woman, taking her hands from her face, saw the figure of Arthur Macdonald lying across the road, outstretched and motionless, with his face, all ghastly and bloody, upturned to the quiet sky.

"He is dead and I have killed him!" she shrieked; and kneeling beside him, raised his head and rested it upon her bosom.

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur, my love, my love!"

All his villainy to her, all her anger and resentment and bitter revenge were utterly forgotten when she uttered that passionate, despairing cry. This man who lay, with his still, white face upon her breast, was the handsome young lover of her girlhood, and Sybil O'Brien, Mollie Stuart and Neal Despard had never existed.

CHAPTER XXI.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

"Are you quite resolved to go then, Sybil dear?"

"Oh yes! quite; I could not stay here now after what has passed; my heart is too sore for that. I must get away. I cannot breathe here where everything reminds me of my husband; for though he sinned, he is dead now; and I loved him, Mollie, I loved him dearly.

"Yes dear, I know."

"If I could only atone to you, for the unhappy past, if I could bring Neal Despard back to life and restore you to one another I would be free of half the great weight of pain that is breaking my heart; but I cannot—I cannot; I can but beseech your forgiveness."

"I have nothing to forgive, dear Sybil," answered Mollie as the widow covered her face with her hands and wept.

"When Neal made the sacrifice he did, it was for love of you, his old friend, and because of the promise made to poor Alice on her death bed; he never dreamed of atonement to be made. It was a voluntary sacrifice on his part.

There was a break in Mollie's voice as she said this and a swift rush of tears to her eyes.

"I know; it was noble of him, but Mollie it was wrong and unwise; he should have thought of you."

"Then you would have had him break a most solemn promise to a dying woman for the sake of his love? He would never have done that; and then remember that it was on the evening of your wedding day that the—*the crime was discovered; that very morning we had seen you made a wife; had seen the perfect happiness and content shining in your face when you drove away with your husband, and how was it possible for Neal to destroy your happiness with one cruel blow ere the first day of your wifehood had drawn to a close. And he had loved you Sybil remember that; yes, I know that. Long before he knew me, he had known and loved you; he had such a big, tender heart, say how could he have dealt you such a blow as that would have been?*"

"But he was cruel to you Mollie, for you loved him."

"Yes, I loved him and he loved me, answered the girl simply. "He knew that I would trust him, and his honor was more to him than his love and I would not have had it otherwise."

"His honor?"

"Yes, he pledged his word of honor to Alice."

Ah! poor Alice; had she dreamed of all the sorrow the keeping of that fatal promise would entail, she would never have exacted it," said Sybil sorrowfully.

"Tell me, and truly," said Mollie, earnestly, "has Neal's sacrifice saved you from sorrow at all? Would it have been better to let you know the truth seven years ago, instead of finding it out now? Uncle George, Katie and Tom and all the others say it would have been better. But you have been happy all these years dear, have you not?" asked the girl looking wistfully up into the widow's face, for Sybil had risen and was standing by the window, a tall sombre figure in trailing robes of deep black with a widow's cap on her auburn hair.

(To be Continued.)

For The Family Circle.

To M. V. S.,

ROSE LAWN, NIAGARA.

I know a maiden fair to see,
With eyes of deepest brown,
Fair cheeks, pink-tinted, like the shell,
And soft as peaches' down.
Her lips are dewy, sweet, and red,
As any rose in June,
She smiles more brightly than the sun
Smiles on the fairest noon.
The storms and tempests of this world,
Will never cloud her life;
She'll be a perfect sun-beam, to
The man who calls her wife.
Her name is Minnie, and she makes
It seem just twice as sweet,
While she lingers in the border-land
Where girl and woman meet.

MARY E. FOSTER.

Hamilton.

SELECTED.

A SIMPLE STORY.

"Here's a piece of good news, Sally," cried Tom Leveret to his wife, as he ran into the tiny kitchen where the neat tea-table was ready spread. "I'm to be foreman at the shop, and my wages are more than double after the first of the month."

"Well, that is good news, Tom," cried Sally, radiant with pleasure as she set the dish of ham and eggs before her husband, and poured out his tea; "but its no more than you deserve, if I do say it. I was saying to Martha Decker, when she was giving me the new pattern for your shirts yesterday: 'Martha,' says I, 'it isn't to be expected but what Tom's employers will see his value before long; and from what I hear they go already.'"

"Well, I have put my shoulder to the wheel," said Tom, "It's not my way to loaf; and now we can begin to save for a rainy day."

"Yes; and you won't want me to stitch shirt bosoms for old Mr. Isaacs, now that you are foreman," said Sally.

"I never did expect it. 'Twas your own thought, Sally," said Tom.

Sally had been able to make four dollars a week by stitching shirt bosoms at odd times, and it had been her own fund for her own dress, and nice things for the children. But that evening she took in the last of her sewing, and said to old Mr. Isaacs:

"I sha'n't need to sew any more; my husband is made foreman at the shop."

"That's good," said the shirtmaker, as he took her little bundle and counted out her pay. "That's good luck, no doubt; but you'd be all the richer if you went on doing the stitching. Four dollars is four dollars, and it's a big sum in the year counted all up."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Sally: "but I don't need it any more."

And so the poor widow who had been trying to get stitching to do was happier next morning than she had been for years; and Sally, singing about her work, made up her mind to have a little more pleasure now, and to walk out more and take tea oftener with Martha Decker.

That evening she began a new subject to Tom.

"Tom," she said, "this is an awfully ungenteel place for a foreman's family. Now, there's a flat in the next street, only five dollars a month more than this, that would be pleasanter. We'd have a little parlor there, and nicer neighbors. You'll feel like holding up your head a little higher now."

"Oh, I sha'n't take airs," said Tom; "but five dollars a month won't break me; let's have the flat."

The flat was hired, and the furniture from the old place looked—as Sally said—like nothing in it. The parlor was empty.

"Of course," said Sally, "we can't pay out money; but there is a furniture shop in the avenue where they take installments. Now I could get the things that way."

"I suppose we must have them," said Tom. "Don't be extravagant, Sally."

"I extravagant!" cried Sally.

And, indeed, she had never been so; but at that shop, where they knew very well that Tom Leveret's salary was doubled, they were so obliging that before she knew it Sally had bought a hundred dollars' worth of furniture.

"Since you can't pay much down, Mr. Leveret," said the proprietor, "we must have ten dollars a month."

Ten dollars a month for a year! Sally gasped at the thought, but Tom asked her no questions, and she had the handling of the money. So the parlor shone resplendent with red rep furniture, marble-top table, mantel ornaments, and a "real oil painting" in a gilt frame, and the finest curtains possible.

Friends called and admired, and Mrs. Leveret felt that there was something inappropriate in the wife of the foreman being intimate with that shabby little Martha Decker. Martha took her first snub, and was seen no more at the new house, and Sally lost her truest friend.

"Mrs. Leveret, ma'am, now that your husband is in good business, why don't you get yourself a handsome silk suit?" asked the wife of the dry goods store keeper one morning of Sally.

"Well, we've spent so much for furnishing, I thought I'd wait awhile," said Sally.

"Pshaw! Why, we'd give you credit," cried the lady behind the counter. "We know your means. Here's some silk now, and velvet to match it—hunter's green, with gold buttons, and a hat trimmed to match. They're wearing everything alike now, and we've splendid gloves. Just choose, and pay when you like."

Sally hesitated, looked again, and ended by buying; and soon her bill at the dry goods store was a large one, for the children must be as fine as their mother, and then it was so easy to say to Mrs. Shaeffer:

"Send it down to-day," why not buy? And so, without Tom's knowledge, the day came when paying a little here and paying a little there, Sally was striving to stave off her creditors, and waited more anxiously for the payment of the big salary than she ever had for the small one.

It all came at once.

"Ma'am, you're no lady, and I'm going to your husband, with my bill," cried Mrs. Shaeffer: "he's an honest man, I hope."

"The meat and things has got to be paid for, and don't you forget it. I'll speak to Mr. Leveret," roared the provision dealer.

"Coals is coals, and I want the price of 'em," explained the coal dealer. "I don't believe your husband would cheat me."

"You're fine enough now; but when you wore cotton dresses, you paid for your shoes," remarked the shoemaker. "I'll go to Tom."

As for the furniture dealer, one day his dray was backed up to the door, and the Brussels carpet, the fine "suit," the marble-topped table, and the "real" oil painting went away upon it. Fifty dollars had been paid, but the dealer made no allowance for that, nor could Sally help herself at all. Oh, if Mrs. Shaeffer could but have taken back all her finery! But that was impossible.

One evening Sally sat crying on a little chair, while Tom, with a solemn face, counted up the bills.

"Three hundred dollars, Sally, not counting the fifty for the furniture," he said. "It will be a long pull, but I'll pay 'em all. I won't be spoke of as a thief by old acquaintances."

"I wish I was dead, Tom," said Sally. "Do you hate me?"

"No, my dear," said Tom. "I haven't anything but love for you in my heart. Only we've both learnt a lesson. Credit aint cash, and luck aint luck if you make poor use of it. We'll go back to the old rooms for a bit and save for a while."

"And I'll get some stitching," said Sally.

"I don't require it of you," said Tom.

But Sally did it. There was enough for her and the widow also, and she folded her silk away and wore calico again, and she went to work with a will, humbled by her downfall. It was a hard two year's work, but they did it,

and the time came when, free of debt, the young couple looked happily into each other's eyes.

"We can live a little nicer now, Sally," said Tom, "but we must remember our experience."

And so they did, and being really good and honest folk, they prospered.

"I wouldn't ask her while we lived so plain," said Sally one day, "but now we're nice again I mean to ask Martha Decker to come and see me. She's a good old friend, though I was carried away by Mrs. Schaeffer's fine airs and by the politeness of people who only courted me because they thought me prospering."

"That's right," said Tom. "We've got something by our experience, anyhow."—*Ledger.*

A Race.

Daniel Webster's first appearance in public was when he was carried into the old meeting-house to be christened. The Rev. Jonathan Searle performed the ceremony. Though kind and courteous, his manners were pompous, and he exacted due homage from his people. A tri-cornered cocked hat, powdered wig, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles set off his dignified person, which, when in the pulpit, was also arrayed in bands and gown. After the christening the pompous clergyman became the victim of a ludicrous accident, which Mr. Webster used to relate, it having been told him by a person who saw it.

A Mrs. Clay was present. She was a dressy woman, and wore a large bonnet, with a long veil, and trimmed with numerous ribbons and feathers. She was walking across the church green, by the side of the stately pastor, when a flaw of wind whirled her bonnet from her, and carried it down the hill.

"My dear sir," she exclaimed to the pompous pastor, "won't you pick up my bonnet?"

The courteous minister walked after the whirling bonnet as fast his dignity would permit. But his gait was not rapid enough to allay the lady's anxiety.

"Reverend sir," she said, appealingly, "do stop my bonnet; it will be ruined!"

The parson accelerated his strides so as to clutch at the bonnet as it hung on a twig. But a fresh gust snatched it away, and a louder appeal bade him hasten to its rescue.

"O, reverend sir, what shall I do? Be so good as to hasten, or I shall lose my bonnet."

The minister still continuing to walk, though with rapid gait, the nervous woman lost both her temper and her respect.

"Searle, Searle, you lazy goose," she shouted, "why don't you run?" She may have used a stronger expression, but this will look better on paper.

The disturbed clergyman, spurred on by a woman's temper, ran for the bonnet, his gown streaming in the wind. The hat took advantage of its liberty, for it whisked and whirled and evaded the poor man as if bent on prolonging the ludicrous sight. He beat in the race, however, and restored the bonnet, somewhat the worse for its flight; but the frantic woman found some compensation in the fact that the clergyman's pompousness was quite as much demoralized as the bonnet.

Suggestive to Fault-Finders.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear your preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow, Thankful—she can teach you theology."

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see, I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has just found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it to one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it to one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or weed which she leaves.

But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would grow lean, and the milk would dry up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood quiet for a moment and then turned away, saying, "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."—*Anon.*

Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything. Not those "young ladies," who going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most credulous young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously as many a foolish, young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and *confidante*, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself.—*Fanny Fern.*

THE ALABASTER BOX.—Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

I BEG YOUR PARDON.—A civil word is the cheapest thing in the world and yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their inferiors. See the effect of civility on a rough little street boy. The other evening, a lady abruptly turned the corner, and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon, indeed I am very sorry." The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant, then, taking off about three-quarters of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered: "You can hev my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically: "I never had any one to ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

She Would Earn Her Living.

The story is told in good company, with the assurance of its truthfulness, says the Gazette, that a carefully nurtured and educated miss, of one of Boston's best families on Commonwealth Avenue, disagreeing with her mother about a small article of dress, recently, resolved to earn her own living, and at once put her resolve into practice. Donning the plain garb of a domestic, she stole forth, from the parental roof to the house of an advertiser for help. The place being already filled, she was so informed, but a happening caller being in want of a cook, the fugitive accepted an offer, and

accompanied the lady home to Dartmouth Street, descending to the basement for immediate duty. It was late in the evening, and tea was served to suit, with the aid of the "second girl," who knew the ways of the house. What was the latter's surprise when the dishes were washed to find that the new cook did not use soap to cleanse them, as she expressed it. "Soap! why, you don't use it on plates and cups that you eat and drink from?" ejaculated the cook, and the matter ended.

Retiring together, the two girls were naturally, or unnaturally, quite familiar, but nothing occurred worthy of remark until the fresh cook doffed her outward habiliments of servitude, revealing to her astonished companion an array of elegant underwear little dreamed of as belonging to a hired girl. But the young woman kept her own counsel, the morning dawned, and breakfast was got and served pretty much as the last evening's tea was. The dishes were washed without soap, as before, and when the lieutenant suggested that Mrs. — expected the hearth to be washed after every service of the range, the new-comer uncomplainingly stooped to and did the repulsive work. But there was a dinner to be prepared, and the preliminaries had begun under the mistress's direction, as was to be expected with a new and untried servant. The difficult details had not progressed far, however, when the "cook" suddenly exclaimed that she had her trunk to get at the Providence Depot, and was excused to obtain it. It is needless to say that the delicate girl did not return, the responsibilities of an elaborate dinner upon her shoulders having frightened her away, and the cooking was finished without her. Later in the day, a carriage drove to the door, and a distressed lady alighted. It was the "cook's" mother. The lamb had returned home, and the strange occurrence was tearfully explained.

OCCUPATION—How many persons there are in this world who entirely ignore the golden search for genial occupation! They are almost constantly striving after something which is entirely different from what they are capable of enjoying. We are not opposed to enterprise, but it is the habit of constantly changing from one thing to another against which we protest. There are thousands of men, and women, too, who are to-day fast approaching the grave, and who are striving and toiling to keep soul and body together until the last hour, because it has been their habit all through life to be discontented. In their time they have tried perhaps a hundred different things, and all with little or no success; while, if they had chosen one pursuit, and devoted their time and attention exclusively to it, they would to-day, in all probability, be spending their declining years in ease, surrounded with all the wants and comforts of life; for there is scarcely a single pursuit that, if followed with some purpose, will not yield a golden future.

UNPUNCTUAL PEOPLE—You may take it for granted that unpunctual people are thoroughly selfish. Their own inclinations are paramount to the convenience of others. The unpunctual man is apt to think that the greatest evil he occasions, by his special infirmity, is temporary inconvenience or disappointment. But this is not so. If one of his delays should disturb only the arrangements for one day of a single person, he may congratulate himself. What bitter disappointment and what serious annoyance and loss, may come from a letter a little too late for the mail—a bill paid after the promised time—an appointment not kept—a commission deferred! Note for yourself, and think on these things. Punctual people are always reliable. Do all that you promise to do, and all that you are rightfully required and expected to do, as certainly, so far as it depends upon yourself, as the sun rises and sets, so that the hearts of all with whom you are in any way connected may safely trust in you. Then you will become "pillars of support" in the family and in society, instead of broken reeds. Let your word be as good as your bond, and when you say you will do a thing, *do it*.

Sweet Obesity.

Pumpiness, such as would be considered exuberant in the cold and critical north of Europe, constitutes the popular ideal of female beauty in the Regency of Tunis. Among marriageable young ladies of that province slenderness of form and delicacy of proportion are regarded with justifiable aver-

sion, as disqualifications for the wedded state. The fatter a maiden the better is her chance of making a good and early match. To be abnormally obese is to be certain of drawing a prize in the matrimonial market, and the loveliest liteness remains unwooed, while homely corpulence can pick and choose from among a throng of eligible suitors. How deep a root this predilection for capacious charms has struck in the Tunisian manly bosom may be gathered from the fact that widowers, desirous to marry again, should they haply, moved by family or pecuniary considerations, select a bride whose dimensions are reported to fall something short of those to which their previous experience had accustomed them, are wont to send the "dear departed's" girdle and bracelet to the parents of their too exiguous betrothed. On receipt of these articles, conveying a delicate hint that it might be expedient to make up for nature's shortcomings by some judicious treatment, the bride's papa and mamma proceed to fatten her with assiduity and despatch. For some weeks she leads the life of a Strasburg goose; and when she has attained the necessary goodly proportions her nuptials are celebrated to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned in them.—*London Telegraph*.

The Exchange of Courtesies.

A story is told of an exchange of courtesy between a Scotch minister and his parishioner which is characteristic of both. The minister was but lately inducted into a country living, and in his round of parochial visits called at the cottage of a little tailor. Taking a seat uninvited, he proceeded to talk, but found it hard work, as he met with no response. The tailor sat upon the table, stitching in sulky silence. At length he spoke. "Sir," he said, "I regard it as an unwarrantable intrusion your entering my house, and I ask you in what capacity you come?" "My good man," was the reply, "I came as your parish clergyman—it is my duty to know all my parishioners. I know you don't attend church, but that is no reason why we should not be friends." To which the tailor responded: "I dinna regard ye as a minister of Christ, but as a servant of satan's, if ye come as a gentleman well and good, but as a minister I refuse to receive you," which could hardly be called courteous, but the tailor's politeness was untrivaled by his minister's, who rising, said: "My good fellow, be pleased to understand that it is only as your parish clergyman that I ever dreamt of visiting you; when I visit as a gentleman I don't visit persons in your position in society," with which he departed.

✦ **MODIFIED BY CIRCUMSTANCES**—There is no doubt that the early riser accomplishes more work than does his less energetic neighbor; for as the old proverb has it, the morning hour has gold in its mouth. Still it is one of those things which by common consent are set very high in the list of desirable virtues, and yet which are open to certain doubts and objections. Early rising, unless preceded by early bedtime and sound sleep, may be unhealthful. Delicate children should never be wakened till they have fully had their sleep out, and nature will then awaken them. We do not underestimate the pleasure and propriety of having the family all seated at once at the breakfast hour; but if one or two people in the house, by reason of engagements, must sally forth very early, it is often better to let them have their morning meal by themselves, while others rise and breakfast later. Many a worn and ailing mother, whose sleep is disturbed by the cares of her nursery, owes it to herself and to her family to take her morning nap, and to make up the arrears of repose by late rising. No one who regards his health will sit up till midnight and rise at dawn. Overwork is slow suicide. It is better to rise at eight o'clock in the freshness of renovated powers, than to rise at five, jaded, aching and half-asleep, to drag wearily through the first quarter of the day, doing nothing well, and exasperating one's friends by fretfulness and fault-finding. If you wish to indulge in the luxury of early rising, go to bed early, that your rest may be sufficient for your strength.

If you want to find a great many faults, be on the look-out, but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look-in.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Barricaded Against Fresh Air.

In some parts of the country, particularly in the New England States, the houses of most of the wealthier classes are furnished with double windows, and every other device for the purpose of keeping out the cold air of winter. Apartments are made as nearly air-tight as possible; and in these close, unventilated rooms, hermetically sealed up, thousands of persons annually spend several months of the year, regardless of the fact that with the air which they respire day and night, they are inhaling debility, disease, and death. The life-giving oxygen, which a beneficent Creator has supplied in lavish abundance "without money and without price" to all, moans anxiously around these sealed-up houses, seeking in vain for even one small crevice through which to find entrance, carrying life, energy, and purification to the suffocating inmates.

Let a person from the pure, crisp, outer air, enter one of these magnificent dens of disease. A beautiful carpet covers the floors, fine works of art adorn the walls, luxurious furniture abounds in every room, and no luxury that wealth can buy is wanting; but oh! what a smell! One is tempted to protect his olfactory with a handkerchief, and beat a hasty retreat; but courtesy demands that he should suffer martyrdom, and so he sits down with as much complacency as possible, but involuntarily turns wistfully toward the window now and then, hoping to discover some little crack or crevice through which one breath of pure, unpoisoned air may enter. But in vain. In each breath his keen sense of smell discovers ancient smells from the kitchen, odors of decomposition from the cellar, moldy dust from the carpet, and, worst of all, the foul exhalations from half a dozen human bodies, lungs, skins, stomachs, decaying teeth, etc. On all the outer walls the same sort of condensation of fetid matter is taking place, but is rendered invisible by absorption by the porous paper and plaster, where it undergoes putrefactive changes, sending out foul and putrescent gases to add still further to the contamination of the poison-laden atmosphere of those close and musty rooms.

Better by far, from a hygienic stand-point, was the old-fashioned log house, with its huge fire-place and its capacious throat, breathing up great volumes of air, and here and there

a chink between the logs, with loosely-fitting window sash, and door jams too large for the doors, extending an invitation for God's pure, life-giving oxygen to come in with its energizing, vitalizing, purifying, beautifying, health-giving potencies. If every house were provided with an efficient, automatic, ventilating apparatus, double windows would be no disadvantage to health. But when windows are the chief means for the admission of fresh air as well as of light, in the majority of houses, they may well be looked upon as dangerous, and deserving of the most vigorous condemnation.

Boil Doubtful Milk.

It is with the following words that Dr. Pichon closes his account of the epizootic of 1879-80: "Most authors are silent as to the quality of the milk yielded by cattle during the prevalence of epizootics. It is possible that experience has not yet supplied sufficient ground for its condemnation, and it is true that while a diminution of milk secretion is usually an early symptom in almost all diseases of the cow, complete suppression of that secretion accompanies any aggravation or prolongation of disease. The source of danger is thus removed to the question of natural causes, and the discussion is narrowed to the question whether milk secreted at the very onset may not have acquired hurtful properties. In this state of uncertainty, which has not been cleared up by any authority on hygiene, the precaution of boiling the milk should be adopted. Boiling destroys any infective germs that it may contain."

How to Treat a Poisoned Person.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach. And lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

HURRIED DINNER.—It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining of that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly.

Variety in Your Food.

There is no standard for food applicable to all persons, whether as to kind of food or quantity. Our tastes are more or less a matter of education. A taste educated in one direction revolts at a taste educated in another. Tomatoes, now almost universally used in this country, were rejected with loathing a generation ago.

The French, who led off in eating frog-flesh, are now eating horse-flesh—their taste for the latter having been developed during the exigencies of the siege of Paris. The English have, heretofore, turned with disgust from corn (maize), which is the very staff of life in the Western States, and, in some of its forms of cooking, a delicious favorite.

It might be well for men generally to have their tastes broadened. Some persons are altogether too nice and narrow in their preferences for food. It should be remembered that

unused functions tend towards complete cessation. For instance, one of the best preservatives against consumption is the ability of the stomach to digest fat; but the power to digest it may be lost by long disuse, the glands ceasing to secrete the necessary fluid.

So, too, the quantity of food eaten by different persons varies. One man, in good health too, and in the same surroundings, would be killed by what is essential to the health of another. A hard-worker in the open air would starve if restricted to what amply suffices for the man whose employment is in-doors and sedentary.

Life could not be sustained in the arctic zone without immense quantities of heat-producing food. An Esquimaux will eat daily from twelve to fifteen pounds of meat, one-third of it fat. He generates so much internal heat that he always throws off his coat in his hut, where the temperature ranges from freezing down to zero, with an outside temperature from 30 degs. to 70 degs. below the latter point.—*Foulie's Com.*

KEEP DWELLINGS DRY—A warm and dry atmosphere is not unwholesome, but when cloudy and rainy weather brings a sultry air which dampens everything around us, the atmosphere may be loaded with the germs of disease, and fire is needed to destroy them. The walls, the ceilings, and the floors of apartments should never be allowed to become damp. Sometimes, when the warmth of the air is oppressive, fire is more necessary to preserve health than it is at another season to protect us from the cold of winter; and the rooms of a dwelling should never be left without the means of warming and drying. Investigations have shown that many of the most fatal diseases are caused by the germs of vegetable and animal life, and that a humid atmosphere is most favorable for their propagation. It is, therefore, neglecting to avail ourselves of the great discoveries of the age, and failing to protect ourselves from the scourges which so fearfully afflict families, when we ignore the dangers which surround us. Apartments exposed to the full action of the sun may be less comfortable in hot weather than those from which the sun's rays are excluded, but they are more wholesome, and when contagious diseases prevail in closely-built cities, it is to be found that the inmates of houses on the side of the street exposed to the sun are less liable to be attacked, while the greatest number of sick are always found where there is the least exposure to the rays of the great disinfecter—the sun.

PREVENTATIVE OF SMALL-POX.—Dr. J. T. Miller, of Stockton, California, in a very readable communication to the Independent, closes as follows: "Place an ounce of tartar in sixteen ounces of water, and take a tablespoonful three times a day, and you may sleep with a small-pox patient with perfect impunity. Let each citizen do the same thing, and in fifteen days it may be the end of small-pox in this or any other city."

CURE FOR ASTHMA.—A lady whose husband has suffered very acutely from asthma, and has tried many methods of relief without advantage, sends the following to the N. Y. Times: One very hot day, when the thermometer stood at one hundred and six degrees, my husband took a severe cold, and asthma trouble commenced. A gentleman sent him word that an old man of his acquaintance had been cured by sleeping on a pillow made of "wild balsam," or, as Massachusetts people call it, "life everlasting." It grows wild in most places in the country, and is very sweet, and considered by some an excellent thing for colds—made into a tea, of course. We hadn't a particle of faith, but as some grew close by, sent and got it, and, as it was not dry enough for a pillow, put it on the floor in his bedroom. That night my husband didn't have the asthma, nor has he had it since. We don't expect it will last, but we don't know. We are gathering more. We are going to give it a thorough trial. It has worked a miracle so far, and it is now a week since he has had the asthma.

DRAINS—Sink-drains may be kept in a constant state of efficiency by simply pouring down into the drain, once a week, a pailful of very hot water in which a good quantity of common washing-soda has been dissolved. This will carry off the greasy and oily accumulations derived from the refuse food substances.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TROUT.—Small trout are never so good as when cooked in the following simple fashion:—When cleaned and wiped dry with a soft and gentle hand, dip them lightly in flour and lay them in a frying pan in which a moderate amount of fresh butter is fizzling. Sprinkle delicately with salt, and let them fry quickly until the fish looks done and the skin is a crisp brown. The butter must be "the freshest of the fresh."

A NICE WAY OF COOKING COLD MEATS.—Chop the meat fine; season with salt, pepper, a little onion or else tomato catsup. Fill a tin bread-pan two-thirds full; cover it over with mashed potato which has been salted and has milk in it; lay bits of butter over the top, and set it into a Dutch or stove oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

BREAD PUDDING.—Put all scraps of bread into the oven until they become a nice brown; roll them while hot quite fine. For a good-sized pudding take half a pound of crumbs, quarter of a pound of brown sugar or golden syrup, quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of allspice, and one pint of boiling water. Pour the boiling water over the crumbs, stir them well, and let them soak until soft; then take all the ingredients, mix well, rub the pie dish with dripping, fill it, put some more dripping on the top of the pudding, and bake half an hour.

BREAD.—It is said that "one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used is made thus, without salt, saloratus, yeast, or rising of any sort: Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal, thoroughly moisten the whole with pure, soft water scalding hot, that is, about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, make it up firm, not sticky, then roll and cut into strips, or any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad. Bake quickly in a hot oven until the dough has acquired a soft, fine, brown color, or until the water has nearly all evaporated. Hydropathists say that a sweeter bread than this was never tasted.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SODA BISCUIT.—Take three pints of sifted flour, mix three good sized teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour, put a gill of soft butter in a pint cup, a small teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, and fill the cup with sweet milk. Knead soft, bake quick, and you will find them delicious.

FLAX-SEED LEMONADE.—Four tablespoonfuls flax-seed, whole; one quart boiling water poured upon the flax-seed; juice of two lemons, leaving out the peel; sweeten to the taste; steep three hours in a covered pitcher; if too thick, put in cold water with the lemon juice and sugar. Good for colds.—*Marion Harland.*

CALEDONIAN CREAM.—Two ounces of raspberry jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf sugar, the whites of two eggs put into a bowl and beaten with a spoon for three quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty cream, and is good and economical.

LEMON PEEL.—One of the nicest flavorings for custards, stewed rhubarb, puddings, etc., is made from the brandy in which lemon peel is soaked. A wide-mouthed bottle should always be kept, in which to put all spare lemon peel; pour brandy over to cover it, and keep it corked. This is always ready for use. Another bottle should be kept for some of the spare peel, which should be chopped very fine, and a little salt put over it, to be used for forcemeats or meat flavorings. Also dry some peel in a cool oven, and use this, crumbled fine or grated, for apples and various other things.

TAYLOR CAKE.—Add to one cupful butter a cupful boiling water, four eggs, two cupfuls sugar, flour enough to make it about as thick as pound cake, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; one teaspoonful soda, a teaspoonful lemon extract or nutmeg. Pour into your tin and sprinkle over sugar; one large or two small sheets.

PARK-STREET CAKE.—Stir a cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter to a cream, add another cupful of sugar, a cupful of milk and four eggs; the yolks and whites beaten separately; sift two teaspoonfuls cream tartar and one teaspoonful soda into three cupfuls flour. Flavor with lemon, and bake on two sheets. This recipe is "tried and true."

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—To settle coffee without eggs, put the ground coffee—two tablespoonfuls or more, according to the size of the family—to soak over night in a teacup of water. In the morning add more water, and put it on to boil, boiling fifteen or twenty minutes; then fill in what water is necessary, and put the coffee-pot on the stove. In fifteen minutes it will be as clear as amber.

VINEGAR, CHEAP AND GOOD.—Do not throw away your apple-peelings. They can be turned to good account in making vinegar. Have a clean, tight, half barrel, or a large stone jar, and as you peel your apples for mince meat or apple butter, throw aside any skins or cores which are decayed, and put the rest into the jar. Cover them with boiling water, and lay a cloth over the top of them as well as the cover. Set it in a warm place in the cellar, and in seven or eight weeks you will find it turned into a good vinegar. You can then strain it off into bowls or jugs ready for use.

BESWAX dissolved by heat, in turpentine, till it gets the consistency of cream, and then applied with a woollen or cotton rag, is a good old-fashioned method for polishing furniture. It takes a great deal of elbow grease, but it lasts well, and is considered by many to be worth the extra rubbing it costs.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

She stood upon the beach and watched in awe the storm-tossed ocean,
And in her large and melting eyes there gleamed a strange emoocean;
Were those wild glances born of fear, or rapturous devocean?

About her feet the wild waves broke, and made a strange commoocean—
She stooped and filled a water-pail, and then we had a noocean
She'd got the rheumatiz, and used salt water as a loocean.
—*Somerville Journal.*

The more flour a housekeeper has the more she kneads.

Never put off to-day the flannel you may want to-morrow.

Potatoes planted must have their eyes about them if they are to come up.

When a thief steals five cents he doesn't think half the dime that some day perhaps old nickel get him.

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land, look out for fishing-smacks.

The farmer who "ran rapidly through his property" wore a red shirt and had his brindle bull behind him.

"My vocation," said a justice of the peace, "is one of the fine arts."

A boy in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," being asked the name of one, promptly replied, "A baby."

A Cairo girl, whose lover is called Peleg, blushinglly addresses him as "Pelim." Her modesty is of several years' duration, and has baffled the skill of the best physicians.

How quickly we forget the rules of arithmetic as learned in school is shown in the fact that a prominent dry-goods merchant in Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer: If four men build a wall five feet high in four days, how long will it take six men to build a wall eight feet high in seven days?

A widow at the West, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertises that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

It's funny that we haven't a solitary pawnbroker's shop in Evansville, when any body knows that there are more "redeeming" features about it than any other branch of business.—*Evansville Argus.*

Some people are so very anxious lest men should be spoiled by the possession of too much money that they strive to get it all themselves. This kind of philanthropy is not uncommon.

A New Brunswick, N. J., four-year-old, on seeing the cook take the baked potatoes from the oven, was astonished at one which had burst its skin. "O, Annie," he exclaimed, "there's one all unbuttoned!"

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

An English servant girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told that she looked "really aristocratic." To which she responded, "Yes, in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

The costume of the Persian woman is the handsomest upon the face of the earth. It consists of a loose waist, short skirt and trousers not too loose. I have made this costume beautifully and hung it up in Paris, but the women will not wear it. I can do nothing more. They must suffer till they are willing to adopt it.—*Worth.*

A GOOD CUSTOM.—In Germany and in other parts of the Continent cherry-trees are commonly planted by the roadside. The road from Brunn to Olmutz, sixty miles in length, is bordered with cherry-trees. This useful kind of hedgerow has many parallels in other districts of Austria. Any passenger may eat of the fruit of these trees, except those few about which the owner has bound a wisp of straw, in token of reservation. The sign is universally respected.

IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the birds to roost on!"—*New York Express.*

AN HONEST BOY—A boy walked into an office yesterday with a pocket-book in his hand, and inquired if Mr. Blank was in.

"That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen.

"Well, here's a wallet with your name in it."

"Yes. I lost it this morning."

He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call:

"Say, boy, what's your name?"

"O, that's all right," replied the boy, as he backed down.

"Tain't worth your saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes-line."

An officer of the Union army relates that upon one occasion, after a charge upon the enemy's works, a fierce encounter and a fall back for reinforcement, a bright young Irish soldier was found to have a rebel flag captured from the foe. Approaching him, he said:

"I'll send that to the rear as one of our trophies; give me the flag."

"Sure, I'll not give it ye," said Pat; "if ye are wanting one, there's plenty av 'em behind that ridge over beyant, where I got this; sure ye can go and get one for yourself."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Baby Thankful.

Roaming in the meadow,
Little four-year-old
Picks the stary daisies,
With their hearts of gold.

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

"Who made fowers so pitty—
Put 'em here? Did God?"
I, half-heeding, answer
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Pervent face turned skyward,
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining,
(Though no word I spake):
"Always mus' say 'thank you'
For the things I take."

O, my little preacher,
Clad in robes of praise!
Would we all might copy
Baby Thankful's ways!

Time to fret and murmur
We could never make,
Should we first say "thank you"
For the things we take!

The Little Hero.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the Captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the Captain. "You have been on duty all day, hearing the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm and held fast to his integrity.

The Captain then turned to the Major and said: "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the Major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your Captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the Captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the Major in a stern tone of voice, to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said: "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir; but I would rather suffer any thing than disgrace my mother, and break my temperance pledge." Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved the conduct of that noble boy, and told him, that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and protection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Same Old Game.

They came into a dangerous place,
Where she might come to harm;
He feared she'd fall, and so he said,
"Won't you accept my arm?"

"O, no," she quite demurely said,
"Unless, sir, you command;
But then I think it better far
That you accept my hand."

Their glances met—the heart of each
Was in the mouth. "O, bliss!"
Those hearts were quickly joined in one,
And welded with a kiss.

(Written for The Family Circle.)

FAULTS.

BY AGATHA SCOTT.

Who has no faults? Even the best of men have their faults? Sometimes they may be small and inconspicuous, not easily discernible to the eye of a casual observer; yet on closer observation we cannot fail to discover them.

No matter how small or insignificant they may seem to be at first, if not continually fought with and watched over, they will gradually increase, ever growing stronger, until at last they are the masters, we the abject slaves. It is a sad day for those whose fault is tardiness, when the old joke about being "five minutes too late at the gates of heaven," has lost its power and ceases to be felt as a rebuke. It is a sign that this fault is in the ascendancy, that it has conquered their good resolutions, and all their lives they will be just a little too late.

How often you have been one of a little group, engaged in talking of so and so's one fault. "If," you say, "it were not for *this* what a capital fellow Mr. — would be!" But Alas! that little conjunction "if" too often covers a world of meaning. It is always if, if! Sometimes the all-pervading fault is selfishness, a habit of looking after one's own interest or comfort first, no matter at what cost to others. Or fretfulness, or discontent, which causes the tenth commandment to be continually broken. Sometimes it is a disposition to dwell on the failings of others; endeavoring to remove the mote from our brother's eye, without first taking the beam out of our own. Or perhaps it is a morbid self-abasement; an unhappy faculty of interference, a desire to have "a finger in every one else's pie." Too little attention paid to personal appearance, prevarication or exaggeration, procrastination, and so on to the end of the chapter.

It has got to be a standing joke that we can see other people's faults so much better than our own; now although this may be true in one way yet it is not always so. No doubt it is easier to see others' faults and shut our eyes to our own, yet their are few persons who do not know their own particular fault or faults as the case may be, and they grow upon us because we shirk them, dreading to commence the battle necessary to eradication. Let us take for example Elizabeth the Virgin Queen of England. Her greatest fault was vanity; and this gradually grew worse and worse till it was at last joined by jealousy. This latter passion caused her to commit a great crime, one which casts a blight over an otherwise glorious reign: I mean the barbarous execution of that most unfortunate of monarchs, Mary Queen of Scots. Elizabeth, jealous of the young queen's beauty and of the pity she excited in the hearts of a generous people, listened to the slanderous accusations of her enemies, and refusing Mary's petition for an interview, in an evil hour signed her death warrant. The execution took place almost immediately afterwards, and when Elizabeth, repenting of her hasty action, demanded the warrant to be brought to her in order that she might destroy it, she was informed that her wishes had been carried out, and Mary was no more. Thus jealousy caused a cruel murder—for it cannot be called anything less—and perhaps it may do so again: let us therefore by all the means in our power, endeavor to overcome our faults, whatsoever they may be, thereby rendering our own lives better and nobler and those of our friends happier.

Written for *The Family Circle*.

SLANG PHRASES.

Rev. Dr. H.—was sitting in his study one pleasant August afternoon, with his thoughts intent upon his Sunday sermon, and his mind withdrawn from worldly care., when his train of thoughts was rudely interrupted and his ideas distracted from his theme by the following conversation: "Oh, Nellie Hall, where are you? You ought to have been here—just the stunningest fellow!" "Is that you, Maggie?" "Yes, come down quick, I've got something to tell you." "I'll be there in a gify." Then a door opened, and in a few moments— "What do you think? As I was coming over here there was the stunningest fellow right in front of me. Just as I got in front of the new church, my music roll slipped and every paper in it fell on the side walk." "Gracious, I should have been dumconfounded." "And so I was, but it was so ridiculous that I almost died laughing. Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me pick them up. I was all hunkadory then. He walked as far as here. I thanked him of course. You know how it is yourself." Very soon it was continued by his daughter. "There, how is that for high?" "Oh, isn't it sweet, how much was it, Nellie?" "Only five dollars, heap enough isn't it?" "Yes, indeed; but you said you were going to have pink—and this is blue." "Never mind, its all the same in Dutch." The doctor peeped in to see what they were talking about—and Nellie was exhibiting her new bonnet to the admiration of her friend. Its raging hot here." "Well, I don't know as I can make it any cooler," said Nellie, looking around, "I suppose father would kill me if I opened the door." Her father the day before had requested her to keep the door closed. "I guess its time for me to absquatulate," said Maggie. "Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to attend the lecture this evening?" "Yes, I had a staving time Tuesday night." "George Saunders said he would go home with you to-night." "Did he? He'd better learn to spell able first." "That's so. If there's anything I hate its these boys bothering around. they ought to be put in a barrel and fed through a bung hole until they are able to behave." "I must bid you fond adieu now. I have thousands of errands to perform to-day." "Well, good-bye." "Oh! the dickens, I forgot my parasol." "Now, good-bye." "Be sure and come to-night." "Yes, good-bye." Then the door closed, and Nellie went up stairs. The doctor gently shut the door with a slight twinkle in his eye. He sat buried in thought some time. Now and then a good humored smile broke over his face, and once he shook with silent laughter, at last with an impatient gesture, he took his hat and went out for a walk. He got as far as the gate when an idea seemed to strike him. He came back, hung up his hat, went in search of his wife. For a long time they were closeted together, until time for tea. When tea was ready Miss Nellie came down equipped for the lecture. After they were seated at the table, Mrs. Hall: "My dear, will you have some tea?" "In half a gify, madam," Nellie looked up. But her father took no notice. "Really this cake is stunning," went on the doctor, solemn as a judge. Just then his napkin fell to the floor. "Gracious, I'm condumfounded," ejaculated the doctor, getting it a little wrong. Nellie gazed at her father in perfect amazement. "My, dear, this sauce is staving, where did you get it?" "I made it, said his wife coolly. "Oh, well, its all the same in german." Nellie dropped her knife and fork. "You must give me some money for the butcher to-morrow," said Mrs. Hall. "You'll have to spell ability first," growled the doctor, savagely. Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his nose a tremendous blow. "There," said he, "how is that for high." "I know how it is myself," replied his wife. This capped the climax. The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation was too much for Nellie. She burst into tears and left the room. The sage doctor nodded to his wife and when she was out of hearing, exclaimed. "There, wife, I guess we shall hear no more slang phrases from her." The next day the good doctor called his daughter into his study and said to her, "My dear girl, don't you see how very foolish all these slang phrases are? They mean nothing, but are exceedingly injurious to those who use them. There is much in companionship. If we keep company and are intimate with those who use bad language, we are apt to make use

of it ourselves. Persons are known by the company they keep. When you see a person using these phrases you must be sure that such a person does not know what is called good society."

Lines on a Plumber.

Most modest of men is the plumber,
No rival has he save the drummer;
Though the world e'er maligns,
Yet he never repigns,
And thriveth in winter and summer.

Give him but an order to plumb,
And his bill straightway reaches a sumb
That depletes your exchequer—
Would equip a three dequer—
And makes you most awfully glumb.

THE POWER OF SONG:

A Story of Sweden's Heroic King.

Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's heroic king, was fond of music. The sweet voice of song, especially from the lips of childhood, often moved him to tears.

Once upon a time, Gustavus Adolphus, after long and severe fighting, had conquered a strongly-fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of the Swedish rule, but had since found inducements to seek new homes, and take upon themselves new allegiance. And all these people he condemned to death. They were marched out from the town at nightfall, to be held in camp until the following morning, when they were to be shot for treason. Several of his own officers interceded with the king for the lives of these poor people.

But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough. First—in the ruddy heat of his passion—he had consigned the whole tribe to death; but since he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning to be shot only those of the former subjects of Sweden who had been taken with arms in their hands, and from this no power of argument or persuasion could move him. All the talk of his old chaplain about these people having only joined their fellows in protecting the homes of their wives and children moved him not an atom. "They are traitors!" he said: "and as traitors they shall die!"

At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak and drew his slouched hat down over his eyes, and, staff in hand, wandered forth into the darkness. Without thinking whether he went, he slowly walked on, answering the sentinels as they hailed him, until at length his steps were arrested by a strain of music.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel whom he chanced to meet a moment later.

"It is in one of the tents of the prisoners, sire. The wife and children of one of their chief men have had permission to spend the night with the husband and father."

The king nodded his thanks for the information, and moved on. Slowly he approached the tent whence the music had issued, and as he drew near he heard the sound of weeping and wailing, for the song had ceased. As he stopped, close by the rear of the tent, he heard a deep, manly voice:

"Hush! hush! Weep not. Trust in Heaven, the voice said.

The king looked in through an open seam in the cloth, and saw a gray-haired old man, with an imposing presence, a grand face and head, and a clear, flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" he said. "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need to be. It is but the fortune of war, my loved ones. Come, my Hermoine, sing to me, once more, our dear old song of the Fatherland. For, though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave me birth. Blessings on dear Sweden, now and evermore! Now, Hermoine, sing. Come, let thy voice give my poor heart cheer, if it may be."

Presently thereafter a beautiful girl, of fifteen or sixteen summers, threw back the silken hood from her golden curls and began to sing. Her song was the Swede's oldest and

most deeply-cherished piece of heart-music—the words full of love and devotion—love of home and country—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the king heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangely awakening power. As the charming melody swelled to grander and grander tones, and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hushed with awe. And finally, when the last rich cadence died away in mellow, melting echoes upon the upper air, he pressed his hands over his eyes and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head, and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent, he saw the family upon their knees, and heard the voice of the old man raised in prayer. He listened for a few seconds, and then turned and strode away toward his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up waiting for him. To one of them he said: "Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme northwestern corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven; and of that family is a girl named Hermoine. Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messenger had gone, the king turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials, he went to work at writing. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas, and he had just finished his work when the colonel appeared, with the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the king said, as the maiden stood trembling before him. "I have sent for you because I wish to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the Fatherland?"

"Yes, your majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing; and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here, take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Forsby will go with you. And, my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasa, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard nor cold!"

The girl looked up into the monarch's face as he held forth the paper, and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old general to whom the order was directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned, and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He caught the beautiful messenger in his arms and kissed her, and went with her to the tent where her father was held, and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners—to the number of over two hundred—were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom.

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell it. We will only add, that Gustavus Adolphus, by that act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time. And one other thing. In less than a year from that time Colonel Ulric Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.

An Effectual Temperance Lecturer.

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spiritous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would have been drunk, but the young lady asked.

"Did you call upon me, or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer:

"We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added:

"Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents un-tasted. After leaving the house one of the party exclaimed:

"That is the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard."

The young man from whom these facts were obtained broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and is now a clergymen, preaching temperance and religion. He still holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully and resolutely gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

Pure Tobacco, Free from all Ingredients.

The *Sunday-School Times* makes the following good point against tobacco:—

"Once in a while a dealer in harmful things is frank enough to tell the plain truth about the stuff he sells. There is a Philadelphia tobacconist, for example—Vetterlein of Chestnut Street—who distributes cheap fans on which he advertises his wares after this sort. 'The consumer in buying our segars can rely upon getting the pure tobacco free from all ingredients, which injures the health and breaks down the constitution.' Possibly if he had been more careful of his grammar and punctuation, he would have said something else, but it is better as it stands. In tobacco, as in liquors, it is the pure article that works the mischief. There is never any adulteration that makes the thing worse than the original sample. It is the pure liquor or the pure tobacco which injures the health and breaks down the constitution."

The Highland Land Steward and His Clever Family.

We take the following from a paper entitled "Reminiscences of a Commercial Traveller"—A Mr. David, from Edinburgh, in the nursery and seedsman line, paid a visit once in five years to a nobleman's estate in the far north, for the purpose of getting orders for the replanting of the fir tree, which the rough blasts of the previous winters had destroyed. Upon the occasion in question the land steward, or grieve, was a man called Alexander Mackintosh; he was a quite inoffensive, and singularly reticent individual, and the utmost Mr. David could extract from him were the monosyllabic answers "yes" and "no," as the case might be. As usual, when the bargain was completed, the nurseryman asked the land steward to clench the bargain with, of course, a glass of whiskey. Mackintosh never spoke, and even the electrifying influence of the "usquebaugh" availed not; his lips seemed hermetically sealed. Turning over in his mind some subject to get the Highlander to speak upon, he said—

"Oh! by the by, Mr. Mackintosh, I saw in the *Scotsman*, the other day, that a young man from this district had passed his examination as Master of Arts of the University of Edinburgh. I saw it was the same name as your own, Alex. Mackintosh. Is he any relation of yours?"

"My son."

"Your son!" exclaimed Mr. David. "Why, he must be a clever chiel; the examination is by no means easy; it requires preparation, study, and above all, indomitable perseverance. Why, you must be proud of your son?"

"Yes, yes," said the Highlander, and then relapsed into silence.

"Well, I only wish I had a son who could pass with such honors," remarked the Edinburgh gentleman.

"Yes, yes," nodded the grieve, and added, "I am very proud of Alexander, but it is my other son I think most of."

"What, have you another son?" asked Mr. David "and what may he be?"

"Oh, yes; I have another son; and he is a physician in Liverpool, in England, where he has a large practice, not among poor people, but in the most aristocratic part of the town. He makes much money, and is not old yet."

"Well!" continued Mr. David, "you have two sons—one of them a physician, and the other a Master of Arts. Why you must be proud of them!"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" returned the ground officer.

"And your excellent wife, Margaret, she will be very proud also!"

"Oh, yes, she is, poor body; but, if I had known," he remarked, in rising to leave, that my family would have attained such eminence, and become so distinguished, I would have married a lady, and had another mother for them."

Great on the Piano.

"I think," said a well-known orchestral leader to a San Francisco friend, "that the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was here. The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play one of the instruments. I was leader. I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece. 'He is sure to throw us all out,' said I, 'and ruin the performance.' Gottschalk swore like a major, but it was no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left, we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference with several pianos going at once. And, just as I thought, that amateur and his friends never discovered the trick. No; he just sailed in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he had ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his key-board until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time I did so he gave the piano a lick that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding arch; and when it was all over his fond parent fell on his neck in the green-room and slipped a check for two hundred and fifty dollars into his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled. 'Didn't he do fine,' said he to me—'among so many first-class professionals too?' 'I never heard an amateur do so well in public,' said I; and, what's more, I meant it."

Anecdote of Lord Clyde.

On returning to camp it was quite dark. Not a tent was pitched; the baggage was coming up in darkness and in storms of angry voices. As the night was cold, the men made blazing fires of the straw and grass of the houses of the neighboring hamlet, in which Nana Sahib's followers had long been quartered. At one of these fires, surrounded by Beloochees, Lord Clyde sat, with his arm in a sling, on a cheryoy which had been brought up to feed the flames. And as he rose up to give some orders for the disposition of his troops, a tired Beloochee flung himself full length on the crazy bedstead, and was jerked off in a moment by one of his comrades, "Don't you see, you fool, that you are on the Lord Sahib's cheryoy?" Lord Clyde interposed, "Let him lie there; don't interfere with his rest," and took his seat on a billet of wood.—*The Life of Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C. B.*

THE GARDENER'S LESSON.—Two gardeners had their early crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient about the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work to plant a new crop. After a while, the impatient man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be. "These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor. "But don't you ever fret?" "Yes I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done." "Why, then you have no need to fret at all!" "True," said his friend: "and that's the reason I put it off."

"Faix, Patrick, don't ye cross the ford,
Ye set me in a shiver."

Said Bridget to her liege and lord,
Who eyed the rolling river.

"Ah Biddy dear, ye must cross first,
And don't get in a fidget;
And then if worst must come to worst,
I think that I will bridge it."

Texas has a local option law; under it the county of Rockwell has been for three years trying the experiment of running a county without whisky. The *Greenville Independent* gives the following results: "The experiment is a successful demonstration of the evils of dram drinking. Crime has so notably diminished that first-class people are coming here to find homes. A recent session of the court had no criminal docket. A new jail built two years ago has never had an inmate save one, and he came there through whisky clandestinely got. So clear is the gain socially, morally, commercially, universally, that even old toppers are now temperance advocates. Men who would get drunk the very first day a saloon was opened, now say, 'For God's sake keep them closed forever.'"—*The Signal*.

The Holy Well at Mecca.

When Mohammed captured Mecca, which had been regarded for ages by his countrymen as a place of peculiar sanctity, he interfered with the worship of the Black Stone (probably a meteorite) which the angels had brought from heaven, and of Zemzem or Holy Well of Hagar, only so far as to suppress the ancient polytheistic rites. This well is close beside the Caaba or Square House, the chief sanctuary of the Mohammedan world.

The princes of Islam maintain at Mecca keepers of the Holy Well, who annually supply them with water to be used on great occasions and in great emergencies, as when stricken with disease. Every pilgrim to Mecca—and thousands come thither from all countries—visits the well and is purified by drinking the water or pouring it over his person, or both. The water is described as unpleasant in taste and cathartic in effect—qualities which are not to be accounted for without recourse to miracle.

With Occidental irreverence the British Consul-General at Jeddah has sent a bottle of the water to the Royal College of Chemistry at South Kensington to be analyzed. Dr. E. Frankland, in his report of the analysis, says that the water is of the most abominable character. "In fact, it is sewage more than seven times as concentrated as London Sewage, and it contains no less than 579 grains of solid matters per gallon. Knowing the composition of this water, and the mode of propagation of Asiatic cholera by excrementitious matters, it is not to be wondered at that outbreaks of this disease should often occur among pilgrims to Mecca, while it would scarcely be possible to provide a more effective means for distribution of cholera poison throughout Mohammedan countries."

It would be interesting to know the composition of the waters of other holy wells of which Islam has by no means the monopoly.

POLITICS AND MATRIMONY.—The death of Mrs. Millard Fillmore serves to recall a singular incident connected with her two husbands. In 1847, while she was the wife of Ezekiel McIntosh, of Albany, Mr. Fillmore was candidate for the position of State Comptroller of New York. Some persons who desired to defeat his election raised about twenty thousand dollars for the purpose, and placed it in the hands of McIntosh, instructing him to place it in a bank in his own name and not to make the matter public. He did as desired, but before the fund could be drawn out to use for election purposes the treasurer fell sick and died. Mr. Fillmore was elected Comptroller, and many years afterwards married Mrs. McIntosh, and received, as a part of her dowry, the money that had been raised to defeat his election. The ex-President used to enjoy telling the story, and often remarked that "the money was placed where it would do the most good" to him.—*Lowell Courier*.

A correspondent relates how experience cured him of hero-worship: When I was a college youth, I ventured one day to call on a man of some eminence, to whom I had been introduced. He received me with smiles and compliments, and as I left his presence I was ready to proclaim him the most gentlemanly man I had ever met with; but after I went out I lingered at the door a moment to determine whether I should call on another great man who lived near, and I overheard the polite gentleman I had left call his servant and administer to him the most terrible scolding I had ever listened to in my life, for letting in that stupid impudent stripling. This cured me of hero-worship and of interviewing great men. Since that date I have at times, gone to distinguished men's houses with letters of introduction, and turned at the door for fear of what might come.

RESURRECTIONISTS TACKLE A "LIVE CORPSE."—A Bucharest newspaper gives an account of the doings of a party of resurrectionists, whose crime resulted in joy to a bereaved family. A young woman who was engaged to be married had apparently died of small-pox, and, according to police regulations the body was buried with the least possible delay. In consequence of her betrothal, her relatives had adorned the corpse with the jewels which had been presented to her. Three individuals resolved to rob the body. The grave was opened, the body taken out and the trinkets removed. During the sacriligious proceeding one of the robbers was accused by his companions of cowardice, and in bravado struck the corpse in the face. The girl at once sat up and begged for mercy, which so frightened the robbers that they fled. The poor girl turned her feeble steps towards the house of the curate, to whom she told her story. The robbers were allowed to go free in consideration of the valuable services which they had unwittingly rendered.

Keokuk's *Gate City* says the meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. When a deaf dumb and blind hand organist was sleeping on the post-office corner the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new fangled churn therefor, and when the organist awoke he seized the handles of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the "shades of night was falling fast," that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, restored the organ to its owner and carried home four pounds of creamy butter.

A Dangerous Humorist.

The following anecdote is given by Lord Houghton in his "Monographs Personal and Social," for the authenticity of which, he says, he will not vouch, but which seems to him good enough to be true.

On being settled at his small living in Yorkshire, Sydney Smith willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties. On an occasion of this kind he dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes.

"I am very glad that I have amused you," said Mr. Sydney Smith, at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow."

"I should hope I know the difference between here and at church," remarked the gentleman, with sharpness.

"I am not so sure of that," replied the visitor.

"I'll bet you a guinea on it," said the squire.

"Take you," replied the divine.

Next day the preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit, apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once sneezed out the name Ker-shaw several times, in various intonations.

This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation, and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.—On Monday morning (says a Paris correspondent) a clerk applied to his superior for permission to be absent forty-eight hours on some family affairs, and received an affirmative answer. However, he did not appear

during the whole of the week, and no one knew to what cause to attribute his absence. On the following Monday he reappeared at the regular hour.

"Well, monsieur," demanded his superior, "why have you stayed away all week?"

"You, sir," replied the clerk, "gave me permission."

"I gave you leave for forty-eight hours only, and not for six days."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the young man, "I have only taken the exact time which you granted me. We work here eight hours a day, and six times eight are forty-eight. I certainly had no occasion to ask your permission for the night, any more than for the hours which I do not owe to the administration."

This was logical; but since that day the chief specifies by administrative hours the leave he grants.

A Wonderful Tree.

An Italian naturalist has been studying the eucalyptus tree, and finds it as valuable for destroying miasma as the most sanguine Californians have ever claimed it to be. It has extraordinary powers of absorption, the trunk of a full-grown tree taking up ten times its own weight of water from the soil in which it stands. This alone is often enough to purify a fever district, the superfluous miasma-breeding moisture in the earth being absorbed by the trees. Experiments with eucalyptus planting in miasmatic regions have given surprising results. The vicinity of the Convent Dell tre Fontane, near Rome, was one of the most pestilential spots in Italy, but monks sent there in 1868 to plant groves of these trees made it a healthful region within five years. On a farm near the Algerian borders, where previously no human being could live for any length of time, 1,300 eucalyptus plants in 1867 have counteracted every tendency to fever. Similar experiments have been successful also in Alsace and Lorraine. The home of the tree is in Australia and Tasmania. It composes in great measure the forests of Australia. In California all varieties of the trees are to be found. It is planted there chiefly on account of its rapid growth, to obtain shade and woodland on some of the otherwise treeless plains. So quickly does the eucalyptus grow that a plant three feet high set in the ground near Mentone in 1857, had attained in 1874 a height of over fifty feet and a diameter of forty inches three feet from the ground.

CORK.—The layer develops itself under the epidermis of the cork-oak. This tree, which belongs to the region of the Mediterranean, is very abundant in Spain, Italy, the south of France and Algeria, where it alone forms considerable forests. Up to the age of twelve years the tree produces a hard, irregular, tough kind of cork, which can only be used for floats or buoys; but after this is carefully removed, a new layer forms itself, which being no longer compressed by the epidermis, is regularly developed, and grows the true cork for bottles. In about ten years it gains the necessary thickness, when it is cut round the trunk at the top and bottom, and by vertical incisions stripped off in planks, which are sent to market. The same operation is repeated every ten years, so that a single tree gives in a hundred and fifty years twelve or fourteen harvests, producing a revenue better than any land can afford to the owner.

THE GIANT TREES.—A correspondent of the *San Francisco Examiner*, in speaking of the big trees of Calaveras County, says: "In the stump of one of these a ballroom, thirty feet across, is built, and it requires a ladder of eighteen steps to ascend to the top of the log, on which was built a ten-pin alley. It has been burned up, but the body of the old, charred monarch of the forest still remains. Think of it—a hollow log, through which one can ride on horseback and come out through a knot-hole! There are some ninety of these big trees, measuring from fifty to one hundred feet in circumference, and reaching up to the skies from three hundred to four hundred feet. From the rings that denote the annual growth of these trees science has estimated some of them to be 4,000 years old, while they stand over the fallen bodies of a much older growth, covered over with earth and large growing trees, as it is one of the peculiarities of this timber not to decay. It appears to be a species of red-wood."

A Wonderful Lake.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field, which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake, covered with soil about eight inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade-handle, he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, his four or five inches long can be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one having the strength to drive a nail through the crust will find, on releasing it, that it will disappear altogether.—*Scientific American.*

Leeches and Shooting Fish.

Leeches are among the curious pests which swarm in the moist places of the Malay jungle. Solomon was acquainted with these blood-suckers, and used their voracity to represent insatiable greed: "The horse-leech hath two daughters crying, Give, give." The two daughters, a rhetorical expression of the intensity of the leech's appetite, often illustrate their tenacious sucking to the unwary traveler.

Directly the earth trembles with his step, the leeches stretch themselves out in savage thirst. By some means they manage to make a lodgment on his body. He may not feel them at first, but when at his journey's end he strips for a bath, he finds a score or more of the little blood suckers fastened to his legs and gorged with their sanguinary dinner.

He puzzles his head in vain to discover how they managed to get up his trouser-legs. But on resuming his journey, he ties his trousers tightly around the ankle, places them in his boots, which he anoints with lime-juice, an abomination to the little pests. Only in this way may they be kept off the person.

Another curious specimen of tropical life, though not a pest, which the traveler sees, is the little shooting-fish. It is an expert marksman, and kills his game by a water-shot.

An English gentleman, who kept one in a basin, reports that it would swim round and round, watching for a fly or an ant to appear on the edge of the vessel. As soon as one was in sight, the fish, poising itself, would shoot out a drop of water with such dexterity as to cause the animal to drop into the basin, where it was speedily swallowed. He also says that when three or four of these "shooters" are confined in a basin, they will fire in turn, with singular regularity.

A Spider Draws up a Mouse by the Tail.

A very curious and interesting spectacle was to be seen on Monday afternoon in the office of Mr. P. C. Clever's livery stable in this city. Against the wall of the room stands a tolerably tall desk, and under this a small spider, not larger than a common pea, had constructed an extensive web reaching down to the floor.

About 11.30 o'clock, Monday forenoon it was observed that the spider had ensnared a young mouse by passing filaments of her web about its tail. When first seen the mouse had its hind feet off the floor, and could barely touch the floor with its fore feet. The spider was full of business, running up and down the line, occasionally biting the mouse's tail, making it struggle desperately. Its efforts to escape were unavailing, and the tender filaments about its tail were too strong for it to break. In a short time it was seen that the spider was slowly hoisting its victim into the air. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the mouse barely touched the floor with its fore feet; by dark the point of its nose was an inch above the floor. At 9 o'clock at night the mouse was still alive, but had made no sign except when the spider descended and bit its tail. At this time it was an inch and a half from the floor.

The next morning the mouse was dead and hung three inches from the floor.

The news of the novel sight soon became circulated, and hundreds of people visited the stable to witness it. The mouse is a small one, probably less than full grown, measuring about one and one half inches from the point of its nose to the root of its tail. How the spider succeeded in ensnaring it is not known. The mechanical ingenuity of the spider, which enables her to raise a body which must weigh forty or fifty times as much as herself, has been the subject of much comment and speculation, and no satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been found. All agree that it is a most remarkable case, and one that would be received with utter incredulity if it were not so amply attested.—*Lebanon, Ky., Standard.*

Storage of Heat.

Foreign papers during the past few months have contained accounts of apparatus designed for storing electricity, so that it may be transported and made an article of commerce. It is suggested that batteries may be charged with electricity generated by the power of wind or falling water, safely conveyed long distances and employed for surgical purposes, producing light and for running small machinery. Some think that electricity stored in this way may be used for lighting railway cars and for illuminating parks, public buildings and private houses on special occasions. It is also suggested that batteries charged with electricity will be furnished private families for running sewing machines, and that they will be recharged as occasion requires at small cost.

M. Ancelin, of France, also brings out an ingenious apparatus for storing heat that is adapted to a great number of practical purposes. It is based on the principle that metallic salts, especially those that are alkaline, absorb a large amount of heat when they are dissolved or melted, retain it while they are kept in a fluid state, and evolve it when the salts pass into a solid form. The substance he employs for storing and giving out heat is acetate of soda. The chemical heater consists of a metallic flask filled with the above-named salt, and soldered airtight. The flask is made of thin copper or brass. It has a loop or handle for suspending it in a vessel of hot water, from which the supply of heat is obtained. If the heater is not injured one charge of acetate of soda is sufficient for all time.

The time required for the apparatus to store up all the heat it is capable of will depend on its size, and the period it will continue to discharge heat will be in proportion to the quantity of the salt employed. A heater sufficiently large to keep the hands warm for an hour or more can be charged by immersing it in hot water for five minutes. A foot-warmer, however, intended to be put in a sleigh, must be immersed in boiling water for about twenty minutes. A foot-warmer that on removal from the water bath indicated 153 degrees of temperature, at the end of eleven hours registered 111 degrees. The most sudden fall was at the end of two hours. It then rose two degrees, after which the temperature gradually subsided until it became as cold as the surrounding atmosphere.

Some of the uses to which this piece of apparatus may be put have already been stated, and many others will suggest themselves to persons employed in different avocations. It will doubtless be found very convenient for keeping cooked food warm when there is occasion to remove it some distance from the fire. It may be advantageously employed for warming beds and sleeping-rooms in which there are no stoves. It can be placed in a carriage of any kind and used during very cold days in winter. It may be rendered very useful for warming cellars in which fruit and vegetables are kept on the occasion of severely cold weather, and may be suspended in a poultry-house when there is danger that fowls will freeze.—*Chicago Times.*

AN EXCELLENT WHITENING.—Prof. Kedzie, of the Agricultural College of Michigan, an expert chemist, recently said that a paint or wash made of skim milk, thoroughly skimmed, and water brine will render wood unflamable, and he proved it by experiment. He said this paint or whitewash, is durable, very cheap, impervious to water, of agreeable color, and as it will prevent wood from taking fire, he urged its use, particularly on roofs, out-buildings, barns, &c.