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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

EDMUND. DES J. ENGR. LONDON.

VOL. VI.

LONDON EAST, ONT., JUNE, 1883.

NO. 12.

[Written for the Family Circle.]
An Incident.

BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

An owl in an elm broods sad and grim;
With hunger her owlets cry,
While the airy light of the moon grows dim,
As the white morn draweth nigh.

An old gray mouse with her children three,
In a nest all under the dew,
Rests in peace at the foot of the tree,
As if sorrow she never knew.

Through the dusky light of the dawn
Two soft wings fan the grass;
A rushing thud—a beak all blood—
And the hours unheeding pass.

And now at the foot of the tree,
Falls a shade from the shaggy nest,
And the sunrays coming, see
The owl, with her owlets, rest.

BONNY WOODS;

A Charming Story of Love's Trials and
Triumphs.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

Author of "The Old Library at Home," etc., etc.

THIS new story, written with the same faithfulness to nature, and subtlety of delineation that characterizes its author's works, will be commenced in our next number. It more than sustains its author's well-merited esteem, and, from a literary standpoint is, we consider the best work of fiction ever produced by Canadian talent. Our many readers and friends will render us great service by making their acquaintances everywhere aware of this fact. To be in time for the new story SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS AT ONCE.

Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse the soul; mark the decay
And growth-of it; with wif thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

—Herbert.

The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"WHY, William?" She said. "Because you have done so well?"
"On the contrary. Because I have done so badly: but I say, courage, and do better to-morrow."

"How have you done badly, dear?" she asked, fearful of some misadventure.

"In the first place, I had'n't been half an hour in the shop, when I smashed three hundred eggs. We took them up carefully, however, and they are to run through the week."

"To run through the week?"

"Yes, for dinner. Fried eggs are very nice, you know, though its possible to have a surfeit. Besides, there will be the sawdust and the straw."

"Oh! you broke the eggs on the floor, and took up straw and sawdust all together. But that was your only accident?"

"The next was the bad Five. While Terry was at dinner, a young widow came into the shop and asked for a pound of cheese. 'Cheshire or double Glos'ter, Madam?' said I. 'Stilton' she answered. 'We don't cut Stilton by the pound,' I remarked. 'Oh! let it be Cheshire, then,' she said. She looked at me very hard. 'You are a new young man, ain't you?' she asked. 'Yes, ma'am, I replied, 'very new,—only came this morning.' 'I thought I had'n't seen you before. Could you oblige me with change for a Five?' 'With pleasure, ma'am,' I answered, and I gave her four pounds ten in gold, nine shillings in silver, and two-pence in copper. 'I see you are quite new,' she remarked, and left the shop."

"Did'n't you offer to send the cheese?" said Emma.

"Yes, but she preferred to carry it. 'Persons should never be ashamed to carry what they are not ashamed to eat,' she said. 'That woman is a democrat,' I thought. Well, the note was a forged one."

This recital of his mishaps as a cheesemonger's shopman, secretly gratified Emma, for she knew that he had abilities which were thrown away on such employment. No, he had not found his bread yet. Let him try to convince her, as he would, his arguments were repelled by her conviction that the world has better uses for its better men, than to waste them in vending eggs and bacon. She was both right and wrong.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME sped onward, and the month of June brought the summer with it. The people were now convinced that the Reform Bill would be passed. There was no longer any fear of a revolution. A whisper had gone abroad of the existence of a society, organized for physical force purposes, but sensible men set their faces altogether against it. In the house which Boldero occupied an-expl-

sion had taken place which did some damage, and it was reported that that misguided youth had employed himself in the manufacture of destructive missiles in anticipation of a popular outbreak. The police inquired into the affair, but no investigation took place, as Boldero had escaped, and had managed to remove all traces of his recent occupations. Still the Reform Bill was the principal topic in men's mouths; but the women had found another subject of interest—the approach of the Asiatic cholera.

At length the Bill that was to effect such wonders passed the Upper House, and received the royal sanction. Then England went mad in earnest, and consumed an infinity of tallow-candles in illuminations. The best thing it did was to provide, in some parishes, dinners of commemoration for the poor, and its greatest folly was the national acknowledgement of abundant satisfaction with the work of its legislators. That was in 1832. We are now on the threshold of 1848. Where are the wonders? What has the Reform Bill done for the people?

The passing of the Bill and the consequent satisfaction of the nation dissolved the P. F. D. Many of the late adherents spread themselves throughout the country, and preached physical force doctrines. The riots in Wales and the north, at a subsequent period, were mainly owing to their exertions. Imprisonments took place, and some suffered transportation. You shall never repel wrong by wrong, but you shall conquer the wrong by the right, and overcome hate with love.

Nearly a year had passed since the Reform Bill became the law of the land, and Harding still retained his situation. He was now the father of two children, and Emma practised domestic economy on eighteen shillings a week. They dwelt in a house, as Harding had foretold, *without a passage*; but M. Jean Masson had for a long time visited them, although of late his visits had been irregularly, and less frequently paid. As Madame Cacasi, Emma was to be the delight of the lords and ladies of the Grand Theatre. She had made such progress as a vocalist, that in musical circles her *debut* was already talked of, and as no one had ever seen her, M. Jean was beset with inquiries touching her voice and execution, her features, stature, complexion, age. But he was very reserved and mysterious on all these points. However, it got whispered abroad that the husband of the new *debutante* was a cheesemonger's shopman, and the people shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that, if she had any talent, it was a thousand pities that she had also such low connexions.

Now, the man enobles his work. The office never degrades the individual, respect being always paid to honor; but the individual confers superiority on the office. Why should William Harding be less acceptable, being a cheesemonger's shopman, than the secretary of state's secretary? Tell me that. Or than the secretary of state himself? Tell me that. Away with this cursed barrier of alleged respectability of station which separates between man and man! Shakespeare, holding horses' bridles at the door of the Globe Theatre, was still Shakespeare.

I should not have praised William Harding if he had hesitated to accept the situation which he now filled, because it was subordinate. Wherever the brave man serves there are angels, there is the presence of God. The world overlooks the uses of subordinate. It is not thankful for benefits unless it views them through lenses of its own construction, which have too frequently the demerit of falsifying the real proportions of services.

Harding had some such philosophy as this to sustain him, or he would, long since, have been a most miserable man. His family were sure of the humble bread, *that* consideration kept him at his post. The question which he often asked himself was, am I not better fitted for another service? His wife said from the first that he was throwing himself away, and, after a period, he entertained the same conviction. Now, to throw one's self away, literally means to do a dishonorable action. All other interpretations are conventional, and will fail to influence the brave. The real question was, whether William Harding could be more usefully employed? He found bread, it is true, but was it *BREADWINNING*? For man does not live by bread alone, and there is bread which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer.

On Saturday night, entering the house, and throwing

down his wages, he told his wife that he should not return to his employment on the following Monday morning, as usual.

"I have never given satisfaction to Terry," he said, "and to-day we came to an open rupture. He allows me to go without the ceremony of a notice. And I am glad of it, for I am heart-sick of his service."

She was not surprised, she rejoined. How could it be otherwise?

"God knows what I am to do!" he exclaimed. "I must teach again, I suppose."

"If you can find pupils," she interposed.

"If I can. Yes. And if I can't—what then?"

She did not reply at once, but rocked the infant that she held in her arms faster than before.

"You have been seeking bread these three years," she said, presently.

"And have not found it. Oh, I know. The knowledge is very bitter, Emma."

"It is my turn now. *Let me try.*"

"Emma?"

"I repeat, let me try, *You shall stay at home. I will go forth and find our bread. Come, what have you to object to that?*"

"You, a woman!"

"You, a man, have failed. Now, let the woman, and the mother, try."

"Ah, yes! You mean with M. Jean Masson's help. You would be a *cantatrice*?"

"No," she sadly answered. "No, William. My voice is not what it was. M. Jean says so. We have deceived ourselves. I shall never be a singer."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. M. Jean assured me, on his last visit, that I must no longer cherish the hope of appearing as Madame Cacasi."

That was bitter news, indeed; and the next day was moodily spent. Harding set himself, for the twentieth time, to review his life. Lest Emma should accuse him of want of fortitude, he feigned a necessity for leaving the house. It was then the coming on of night.

He went forth,—whither he knew not,—cared not. At length, when from scores of church towers the bells pealed forth a summons to the evening service, he remembered that it was Sunday, and that the public temples offered a seat to the weary. He repaired to one which was nearest at hand. He did not get a seat, however, for there is a fashion in religion, as in other things, and a fashionable preacher officiated at this church. The pews that were paid for were crowded; the few free seats were crowded; the aisles were crowded.

Harding, who, unable to get a seat, had taken his situation at the door, was by degrees forced by the pressure of the crowd into the church, and he found himself, presently, beneath a mural tablet, which demanded his attention as a work of Art. It was dedicated to the memory of a young wife, who had died in giving birth to her first child. There was, most exquisitely sculptured, a rose, just spreading into bloom,—that was the young mother; and there was a tiny, tiny bud, and that was the infant. The parson prayed, the clerk gave sonorous "Amen's," but Harding, hearing only the confused buzz of orthodoxy, saw nothing but the opening rose, and the little fast-sleeping bud. He seemed to have awakened to a new existence. Hitherto he had been apathetic on the subject of poverty, and had contented himself with the reflection that his wife had three meals a-day, a bed to sleep upon, and a fire to warm her in the cold weather. Their unadorned walls and miserable furniture, their scanty wardrobe, their intellectual famine, had caused him no uneasiness. No books, no pictures, no work of Art that was beautiful or graceful, did their dwelling afford. Not even a vase for flowers; not even—so was Nature slighted—flowers for a vase. Emma's song—and that had been stilled of late—was the only evidence of culture, and not for the sake of procuring the *unbeautiful, literal bread*. Nothing High, Aspiring, Holy—everything mean, sordid, paltry. Was he to blame for this? He was. He had *kept the wolf from the door*, but there had his exertions ceased. To be poor, that I may eat virtuous bread, and cherish my soul in purity, is noble; but to be poor because I am too indolent to exert myself for the attainment of aught that does not belong to the physical need of present hours, is base, and this was Harding's baseness

There is bread, I say again which was never kneaded by baker, by miller never crushed, never sown by farmer. The true Breadfinner will seek diligently for that Pictures, Music, Poetry, Eloquence, Sculpture, the Dramatic Talent, the beautiful, which is also the Divine, will afford it to the seeker. Art is the High Priest, who conducts us into the Sanctuary, but the impure of soul enters with veiled eyes. Not even the poet, who is "God's darling," shall know the divinity of his mission, who leads other than a simple and a divine life. Only the meek in heart shall see God.

Harding left the church. For the first time in his life his soul had got a glimpse of the true bread. Pursued by this conviction, he did what under other circumstances he would never have thought of doing. He visited an old companion of his school-days, who was now a cultor of eminence, and whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He scarcely expected a welcome, but had found one, when he made himself known. When he entered the *atelier*, the beautiful creations of genius which he saw there, recalled to his memory the rose and the little bud.

"Is it possible for one, at my age, to become a sculptor?" he demands of his old school-fellow.

"Humph, I don't know," replied Maberly—for that was the sculptor's name. "Alfieri became a poet when he was older than you are, and after years of dissipation. Have you any yearning for the Art?"

"It is so easy to deceive one's self, and to mistake the power to appreciate, for the genius that is impelled to create. Yes, I think—but you will laugh at me."

"I shall not laugh. You think that you could create. Well, I have an engagement. I will leave you alone for three hours. See what you can do in my absence.

"You are not making fun of me?"

"I am incapable of such cruelty. Strip off your coat, and put on this blouse. I am going to a private concert. You have heard of the new singer, Madame Casasi?"

"Eh, what of her?" cried Harding, who started, as though he had been stung.

"She is to sing, this morning, before a select audience. I am invited to attend. We shall judge if all that has been reported of her be true."

"How can I model the human form—I, who know nothing of anatomy?" said Harding, resuming his coat, which he had a minute before taken off, "I am absurd—a madman."

"You are soon dispirited. You will never make an artist."

"You are right, but I will yet cherish the ambition. Give me leave to visit you again."

"Let me see you to-morrow. I will then tell you of Casasi's success."

Harding hurried home.

"That rascal Masson!" he cried, on entering the house. "He has deceived us, Emma. He has played with you. You are not Madame Casasi."

And he related what he had heard.

"We are poor," was Emma's quiet remark. "We live in a house *without a passage*. M. Jean Masson likes comfort."

"But, perhaps, Emma, your voice may be as excellent as ever, and Masson's faultfinding but a device to get rid of you?"

"Ah, if I thought so! You see what I am doing, William? I have undertaken to find bread. These are seamen's shirts that I am making"

"Dear soul!—but wait only till to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Harding said, "Wait only till to-morrow!" he was building an air-castle. He was a clever architect of air-castles. Your inactive people usually are. But the Hope which he cherished in his own breast, and which he desired to impart to Emma's, was to find a realization on that important day.

He found Maberly in the *atelier*, employed upon the bust of a celebrated actress. His first enquiry was after Madame Casasi.

"She will never do the great things that Lepolini has predicted," was the sculptor's answer. "Do you know, it is whispered that she is not the real Casasi?"

Harding, who was indignant with M. Jean Masson, wanted no other encouragement than this remark to confide

the whole story to his friend. Maberly was astonished. He seized Harding's hand.

"What!" he said. "Do I understand you aright? Is your wife the lady whom Pepolini lauded to the skies, six months ago, as the possible rival of Malibran? Be sure there has been some unfair play. Pepolini could not have been deceived in your wife's talent for so long a time."

"You think that he has been influenced?" said Harding.

"Undoubtedly. I wish we knew who this pretended Casasi is. She is about twenty-six years old, of fair complexion, short in stature, with a disposition to *embonpoint*, rather pretty, but insipid, no character, no expression. Do you recognize her?"

Harding replied in the negative.

"Well, leave it to me to discover her," said Maberly. "You would, of course, wish your wife to appear. I can manage that for you."

"You can?" exclaimed Harding. Ah, I said to her, yesterday, 'Only wait till to-morrow!'"

"You have heard of the celebrated tenor Scheffer. We are great friends. I shall take him into my confidence, and he will more than supply Pepolini's place. They are cat and dog to each other, and Scheffer will be glad to annoy his rival. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You are a noble fellow," replied Harding, whose eyes were moist with grateful tears. "I am at present without the means of getting bread. Have you influence in any quarter where I may find employment?"

"You were esteemed a good scholar, if my memory is not treacherous. Can you translate?"

"Readily"

"The *Timæus* of Plato, or the *Cassandra* of Lycophron?"

"You are willing to try if I am a boaster. Coleridge confesses that he has failed to attach a consistent meaning to a considerable portion of the *Timæus*. And every reader of Greek knows the difficulty of the *Cassandra*."

"Will you undertake to render *Aristophanes* into literal prose? I know a publisher who wishes to issue such a translation, and he will pay well for it. When you have brought that labor to a termination, I shall probably be able to offer you something more worthy of your talents."

"You are my saviour, Maberly," cried Harding, touched to the quick by the sculptor's kindness.

"And if you will allow me to lend you twenty pounds for your present exigencies, you will confer a favor on me."

Maberly was, indeed, what Harding called him, a noble fellow. A few such characters dropped here and there into odd nooks and corners, are constantly renewing the youth of the world.

But this unexpected good fortune seemed only a mockery to his misery, soon after. Such is the uncertainty of events. Harding refused the loan, amid such other great kindness, from his benefactor, and went forth with a light heart of hope and happiness. But he had scarcely left the *atelier* when news of his father's sudden death staggered him and nothing more seemed real for sometime.

A dim knowledge of being placed under arrest slowly dawned upon him.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH side is it to be?" were the first words addressed to him, after he had got clear of the porter's lodge. He reflected. The publisher for whom he had translated *Aristophanes*, might have other occasion for his services. And, indeed, if ever he would taste freedom again, he must exert himself as a translator, or in some literary way. Quiet then, and solitude, would be indispensable, though neither, it was likely, were to be enjoyed in perfection within those walls.

"I will pay for a room, if you will find me one," he said to his conductor.

"You can share one with another gentleman, Sir," replied the official, suddenly seized with spasms of politeness, "but you can't rent one out and out."

"Cannot I be alone, if I wish it, and pay for the accommodation?"

"Why, I don't know that you can," the man answered, "leastways you must buy the other out, and he would want a smart sum—smarter perhaps than you would like to stand."

"Well, let us see the room."

He was conducted along a passage, where several men were lounging, and noisily conversing in groups. By these, of course, he was unmercifully quizzed. They were mostly habited in motley costume, and the nondescript odds and ends of a once choice wardrobe. Faded bucks in threadbare garments, that were in the extreme of fashion three or four summers before. Exquisites, formerly known at Crockford's and the Opera. Bloods that man, a tale could unfold of Tattersall's, the Derby, and the Oaks, with a score or so of rough, hulking, sadden-faced fellows, who had made ventures in tavern-keeping, or had set up hells and gambling dens, with other people's money, or more literally, without any of their own, and going to the dogs, had found a kennel in the Fleet. One youthful individual, whose face was scarred and horribly disfigured, left a group, less noisy than the rest, and advancing towards him, addressed him by name.

"I do not know you," said Harding, halting for an instant.

"I will prompt your memory," the other replied. "You were once a P. F. D."

"That is Mr. Boldero's voice, surely."

"And his face too, the worse luck for him. You didn't expect to find him here, he conjectures."

"Indeed, I did not."

Boldero's comrades gathered around them, to hear their discourse, and glean information respecting the new arrival. Harding moved forward.

"Are you going to have a room?" asked Boldero, placing a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes."

"Go halves in my crib. My chum will sell himself out for forty shillings."

To this proposal Harding readily acceded, and as the 'chum' was present, he ratified the bargain at once, and accompanied Boldero to inspect his quarters. The man who had sold himself out, went off to buy some liquor, chinking the gold in his hand, and was followed on the instant, by a human stream which flowed after him, along the passage, down sundry steps, and across a yard to the very spot where liquor was dispensed.

Boldero expressed an early desire to be made acquainted with the particular stroke of ill-fortune which threw him into the companionship of a sometime political confre. Harding briefly gratified his curiosity, and became inquisitive in his turn, especially with reference to the scarred face. He was preparing to listen to Boldero's recital, when a functionary of the prison brought him a note from his wife, to whom he had despatched by a special messenger, the tidings of his arrest. She bade him,—poor soul, and her own was fathoms deep in the abyss of black despair—preserve his heart from sinking, for she would work, O God, how she would work, to get the two hundred and fifty pounds that must be paid, beside expenses, to procure his liberation. He took the opportunity to kiss the note in private, before he thrust it into his bosom.

"How do you think I maintain myself here?" demanded Boldero, suddenly.

Harding could not guess.

"By writing political articles."

"What,—in the *Starler*?"

"Tush, no. I am for High Church and King now. I've had enough of democracy. I am a Tory of the old stamp."

"Eh?" said Harding, with a stare, though he was not greatly surprised. Extremes frequently run into their opposites, and your flaming demagogue stands the best chance of repudiating his principles, of any man I know. Trust none such.

"I write for the *Loyal Thunderbolt*," proceeded Boldero. "I have undertaken to prove the divine right of kings, and the impiety of using private judgment in matters pertaining to religion, in a series of letters, signed 'The Ghost of Archbishop Laud.'"

"At least, you decry physical force?"

"I do not. I would have the soldiery use the point of the bayonet, to prick home to his dwelling every unwashed rascal who attends a Radical meeting."

"You are very brave, with your bayonets. But what is this you have here—a turning lathe?"

"Yes. I sometimes amuse myself with turning. I carve too. See, here is a bunch of grapes that I carved out of a stubborn piece of oak."

"You are clever. Will you lend me your tools?"

"With pleasure."

Harding thought of the rose and the little bud. He determined to essay his skill in carving on the morrow.

"The accident that disfigured me in this awful manner," said Boldero, commencing the recital he had promised, "happened when I was a fool of a P. F. D., and the most magnified fool in the Society. I believed the masses to be laboring under oppression, and I thought their rulers selfish and base. Their backs bent, as I persuaded myself, under the burden of taxation, and the money levied from their industry was lavished on a bloated, wicked Court. I asked myself—is it not the time of liberation? Am not I their liberator? As for your doctrine of moral force, I scouted it. Is not the intercourse of man with nature, I said, a perpetual striving by physical means, to get the mastery over it? See how he toils at the quarrying and hewing of granite, and is not content till he brings physical force to bear upon it, and transports it hither or thither where he pleases, and makes it serve him as a slave. Very well. These granite hearts of our legislators, we will get the mastery over them."

"I set to work, to manufacture cartridges, intending to distribute them by hundreds among the members of the P. F. D., in the first place, and subsequently among the populace generally. I dreamt of nothing else than repeated engagements with the military, in which the popular cause was triumphant, and England was in universal anarchy. You remember, I dare say, that on two occasions, when you called on me, a man guarded my door. I had the house at my own disposal, let me tell you, and paid rent for eight unoccupied rooms. At those seasons, I was busy at my demon-work, and could not receive a visitor."

"But you had especially invited my immediate attendance on the first occasion," said Harding—"I remember that I gave up a dinner party to come to you."

"Yes. But in the interval between the sending of my note and your arrival, a bright idea had struck me. I had conceived a design of seizing all the arms that were in the Tower, before the Government could receive the least intimation of my purpose, and when you reached my door, I was in deep study, and profoundly maturing my plan."

"Well, one day, I paid the just penalty of my proposed treason and crimes. A spark fell from a candle which I incautiously held to some exposed gunpowder, and ignited it. The whole exploded in my face. Fortunately I escaped with my eyesight, but the result is what you see."

Harding passed no comment on this strange recital. He went to bed and dreamed that he was Prometheus, and had infused the spark of life into one of Maberly's statues. The sculptor stood by and smiled approvingly. Suddenly his placid and benign features seemed distorted by pain. "I suffer, Harding," he said. "Help me." His cries rang piercingly out, and filled all space. Harding awoke in terror. The voice had not ceased, but still cried, and yet more imploringly, for help. When he had gathered all his consciousness, he hurried to Boldero's bed. The youth was stricken by the Cholera. He instantly gave the alarm to a warder who patrolled the prison, and whose duty it was, during the reign of pestilence, to apprise the authorities of a prisoner's illness. But the medical officer was engaged in another part of the prison, and it was long before he made his appearance. He shook his head. It was a virulent attack. He had clearly little hope.

"To die thus,—in a prison!" cried the poor youth, gnashing his teeth, when the doctor had withdrawn. "In a prison,—in a prison." That ignominy seemed to fasten on him. "Listen, Harding. I am a bishop's son,—you did not guess that,—a bishop's son; but the brand of illegitimacy is on me."

"Yes!" he said again, presently, "the Bishop of—— is my father. I have never met him in private,—have never spoken to him. I have heard him preach, and have seen him as a stranger, on his way to and from the House of Lords. O what seraph words he can drop from silvery lips! When my mother fell, he was Archdeacon of——."

"Such education as I possess, I owe to him. I was sent, by his orders, to—— Grammar School. His name was never mentioned there. I was not even aware that he was my father, neither were any of my playmates. But they had learned the shame of my birth, and taunted me with it every day.

(To be Continued.)

Alone in The House.

JENNIE Bartlett's father and mother had been suddenly called away for the night to Parnassus Centre, where Mrs. Bartlett's sister had been taken very ill, and Jennie was left to keep the toll-gate alone. It was not a difficult task, for scarcely any one travelled over the Barrington Road after nine o'clock, and those who did passed through the open gate without paying toll.

But even if it had been harder, Jennie would have been equal to it. She had lived at the toll-gate ever since she was a baby, and knew perfectly well what to charge, and how to make proper change. Indeed, she often kept the gate for her father when he was at home, and people passing through would be apt to wonder how so bright and pretty a girl could grow up in so lonesome a place. Jennie, however, did not mind the lonesomeness. Her dearest wish was to go to boarding-school; but so long as she was at home it mattered little to her that Barrington was three miles off on the one road and Leicester ten miles on the other, and that there was scarcely a house between. She even liked the solitude, and was almost sorry when the telephone connecting Barrington with Leicester made a connection by the way with the toll-gate. Before, they seemed to be out of the world, and the people coming through the gate were like visitors from another sphere; now the frequent ringing of the call-bell reminded her that civilization was not so far distant, after all.

On this particular night there was not likely to be even the usual number of passers-by. It was dark and threatening. Looking out of the door about nine o'clock, Jennie could hardly see more than a hundred feet either up or down the road. It would be a bad night, she thought, for the gate to get accidentally shut; anybody coming along might run into it without warning; for that matter, people might run into the posts on either side. She hung a lantern on one post to prevent this accident, and going in the house, locked the door and went to bed. The fact that she was alone in the house did not disturb her in the least, and in a minute she was fast asleep.

Some time in the night she was suddenly awakened by the ringing of the telephone bell. She listened to hear whether it rang three times, which was the toll-gate signal; if often, to call up some of the other people on the same wire. Two of the connections she knew were in Leicester, the third and fourth was in Barrington Bank, the fifth in the tannery, and the sixth in the central office at Barrington. In her bewilderment Jennie could not at first determine how many times it did ring; but at last she decided it was six—for the Barrington central office. That did not mean the toll-gate, and Jennie prepared to turn over for another nap, when a sudden thought aroused her. It was certainly after midnight, and the central office did not keep open later than twelve o'clock. The bank, too, was shut up, and so was the tannery; on the whole line she was probably the only person who could hear the bell. What if it should be something important? Indeed, it would hardly ring at that time of night unless it were important. Quickly jumping out of bed, she ran to the instrument, put the receiver to her ear, and called through the transmitter, "Hello! hello!"

A voice came back to her so distinct that it seemed almost in the same room, saying, "Hello! is that the central office?" The tone was quick and sharp, and Jennie felt sure that something must have happened.

"No, sir, it's the toll-gate; I'm Jennie Bartlett," she called.

"Tell your father to come here right away," the voice said. "It's very important."

Jennie felt a sinking at her heart. "Father's away," she said, "and I'm here alone."

She heard a voice exclaim something in an impatient tone, and then the sound of two or three other people talking as though there was some doubt as to what could be done.

"Can I do anything?" she inquired, almost hoping that she could not.

Another conversation followed, which Jennie overheard; the speakers were no doubt nearer the telephone.

"Why do you want to let them get into Barrington at all?" one voice asked. "Why not stop them at the toll-gate?"

"To be sure!" said another. "If they get past the gate, like as not they'll turn down the Riverton road, and throw

Allen off the track. They can't turn off before they come to the gate; we are sure of them as far as that."

"Tell the girl!" and Jennie caught only a confusion of sounds.

Presently she heard another "Hello!"

"Hello!" she responded.

"The Leicester bank has been robbed," the voice went on, hurriedly, "by two men with a wagon and white horse. They have driven towards Barrington, with Mr. Allen and two constables in pursuit, half an hour behind. You must—"

Here the voice stopped as suddenly and completely as though it had had an extinguisher put over it. Even the hum of the electricity was cut off. It was in vain she rang the bell and called "Hello!" No one answered. Jennie felt once more the old sense that she was out of the world. Leicester seemed all at once hundreds of miles away.

But what was it she must or must not do? Why had not the connection lasted a minute longer, when her instructions would have been complete?

When were the robbers expected? Jennie had made a little calculation. If there had been some thirty minutes before any one started in pursuit, that would carry them, by fast driving half way to the toll-gate. If ten minutes had gone by before the telephone bell had rung, she might have looked for them within half an hour. What was she to do? The conversation which she had overheard came to her mind. "Stop them at the toll-gate," one of the voices had said. Very likely they would have told her to do that if the telephone had kept on. But how could a little girl arrest two armed and desperate men?

By this time she began to feel silly. She could not go to bed with this responsibility on her, even though she did not know how to meet it; so dressing herself, she opened the front door, and looked and listened. The night was darker than ever. A little space around the gate was lit up by the warning lantern. It would not help in stopping burglars, she suddenly thought, to illuminate their way; so going over to the light, she blew it out, and left the road in total darkness. That was at least one move toward the desired end.

All at once she thought of the gate.

"How stupid!" she said to herself. "Why didn't I think of that before?" It was fastened back against the front of the house but in a moment she had unlocked it and swung it around, until it stretched completely across the road. There was only a latch on the gate, but going into the house she brought out of one place a padlock, and from another a chain, with which she fastened it so securely that no ordinary strength could force it open. "They can't get through that," she said to herself; "and there isn't any way of getting around it." Then she went in the house, locked and bolted the door, rolled a bureau up against it, fastened all the windows, pulled down the shades and waited in the dark for the sound of wheels.

It was not long before they came, but to Jennie every minute seemed an hour, while every rustling leaf outside sounded like a man's stealthy tread. When at last she heard them coming, far up the road, her heart stood still. Nearer and nearer they came. Would they not see the gate? she wondered; the horse kept on; and instantly there was a sudden exclamation outside, a crash as though something had come into collision with the gate, the sound of splintering wood, and the noise of a plunging horse!

Jennie did not venture to move, she dared not go to the window, but sat in the middle of the room shaking with fear, and listening for what might be next. Presently steps sounded on the planks outside, and in a moment there was a rap on the door.

Jennie remained perfectly quiet, though her heart beat so loud that she thought they must hear it outside. In a moment the knocking ceased.

"Folks asleep," she could hear one of the men say.

"Asleep, or dead, or run away," the other one growled.

"Shall we try the window?"

Jennie trembled all over, but the sash held firm.

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed his companion. "Don't let's waste time; we can splice the shaft with the halter."

They moved off again, and Jennie breathed more freely. If the shafts were broken, it would take some time to mend them, and the pursuing party might arrive in time. Mr. Allen, whom Jennie knew to be the president of the Leicester

Bank, had the fastest horse in the country, and ought to be able to make up at least ten minutes in ten miles. For a while there was quiet outside. The men were evidently working at the shafts, and only the tramping of horses' feet gave any signs of life. Jennie began to get nervous, and to listen more intently for the pursuers' approach. By this time they could not be far off. Finally, unable to sit still any longer, she crept up stairs, and sitting down on the floor by the open window of the attic, ventured to look out. The white horse was quite distinctly visible as it stood by the gate, but the men bending over the wagon, were hardly more than an outline. Presently they seemed to have finished and backing the horse around, proceeded to hitch him in the shafts. Would the others never come? The gate was not yet opened, but Jennie began to fear that burglars would not find that a serious difficulty. Suddenly through the woods came the sound of horses' hoofs galloping as if for life. Did the men hear it, too?

Apparently they did.

"Open the gate," she heard one of them say.

His companion went to it and vainly tried to pull it open.

"It's padlocked," he exclaimed, after a minute, "The other uttered an oath. 'Pick it!' he cried. They've put up a job on us here. I knew we didn't cut the wire quick enough."

It was a minute before the burglar could pick the lock, and by this time the pursuing wagon was dangerously near.

"Open the gate!" shouted the first man, pulling back his horse to escape its sweep.

The other pushed, and the great bar swung slowly back. But before it had opened wide enough to let them through the other wagon had dashed upon the scene.

"Stand where you are," Jennie heard Mr. Allen's voice call out, "or I'll shoot you down."

What immediately followed Jennie did not see, for leaving the window she rushed down stairs, lit the lantern, rolled back the bureau, unlocked the door, and went out. When she had gained the road the two burglars, captured and tied, were being guarded by the constables, while Mr. Allen was investigating the contents of the wagon, and making sure, as far as he could in the darkness, that all was right. At Jennie's approach he looked up.

"Ah!" he said. "Are you the toll-gate keeper's daughter? Just ask your father to step out here, won't you?"

Jennie smiled. "Father isn't at home, sir," she said.

"Oh, your mother, then, or any one who keeps the gate."

"Mother isn't at home, either, sir; I am keeping the gate."

The gentleman looked at her in surprise.

"You!" he exclaimed. "What made those fellows stop here?"

"They broke their wagon, sir"

"How did they happen to do that?"

"The horse ran into the gate, sir,"

"Was the gate shut?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't usually shut the gate at night?"

"No, sir, but I did to-night."

He looked at her for a further explanation, and Jennie, who never liked to tell of her exploits, was obliged to go on. "They telephoned me about it from Leicester, sir," she said, briefly.

"Did they tell you to shut the gate?"

"No, sir; the telephone stopped before they got as far as that; these men cut the wire, and I had to think for myself what I should do."

"And you thought of that?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, modestly.

"Well," he said, "you are a thoughtful little girl. You've saved me a great deal of money to-night, and I'll never forget it."

And he never did. The directors of the bank passed a vote of thanks, at their next meeting, to Miss Jennie Bartlett "for her prompt and efficient services in arresting the burglars who feloniously entered the bank building, and abstracted the valuable contents of its vault;" and more than that, sent her a purse of money, with which she was able that winter to carry out her long-cherished plan of going to school. It was a disagreeable experience to go through, but Jennie will always date whatever success she has in the world from that night at the Barrington toll-gate.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

That you may be beloved, be amiable.—*Ovid*.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. A man's conversation is a sure index to his mental capacity.

The truer we become, the more unerringly we know the ring of truth.

False modesty is the last refinement of vanity. It is a lie.—*Bruyere*.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—*Voltaire*.

Whenever we pass judgment upon ourselves, the prisoner is sure to be defended.

Good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.—*Addison*.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—*Montaigne*.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Dickens*.

A boy can pull four times more weight in boys on a sled than he can in coal from the back yard.

Humanity is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—*John Selden*.

What is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent than our unconscious farewells!—*George Eliot*.

If Ever a blind man feels happy over his affliction it is when a sight draft is presented to him for payment.

The modest young woman "who turned all colors" has given up the business owing to the multiplicity of new shades.

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their place.—*Shenstone*.

A debating society will tackle the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle, or a woman try to drive a nail?"

To the young, love is what the sunlight is to the flowers, they may live without it, but they will not thrive nor bloom into beauty and sturdy health.—*Edith Paterson*.

"I never complained or my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met with a man *without feet*, and I became content."

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*George D. Boardman*.

Great thoughts are always hopeful. They give a noble tone to the spirit, exalt the mind, and stimulate to worthy deeds. Those who cultivate such thoughts arrive at the best experience, and achieve the happiest lives.

It not unfrequently happens, in this world of mistakes and thoughtlessness, that a man, even the best of men, may once or twice during a long otherwise faultless life, kiss his hired girl by mistake for his wife. But no man, of ages past or of to-day, was ever known to kiss his wife under the erroneous impression that she was the hired girl.

The jealous wife of a Cincinnati shoe-maker admitted that it was necessary for him to put on women the new shoes that they bought, but she objected to his performing that service in the case of old and consequently easy shoes. A young woman went into his shop to have her shoes mended while she waited. When it was finished she placed her foot in his lap to have it put on and buttoned. While he was absorbed in this his wife came to the door, and the scene aroused her jealousy. She went out and got a clothes line, doubled it to convenient length came back and remarked that she had been married to him fifteen years, and he had never offered to put on her shoes. She gave him a lashing with the rope in the presence of the innocent customer.

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the friends—Authors."

A manuscript quarto containing Tuscan folk-lore, and illuminated in the most artistic manner, the work of a young American lady, Miss Alexander, has been bought for \$3,000 by Ruskin. It is to be placed in the Sheffield museum.

A curious story has appeared in Paris, called "Ignis" apparently modeled after Jules Verne, and said to surpass that writer's odd tales in amusing qualities. It relates the adventures and success of a company for deriving fire and heat from the central fire of the earth.

Whittier says that the Carlyle letters have so affected him "that I have set to work and destroyed the major part of my correspondence, covering a period of over fifty years, lest it should be published after my death and bring suffering to any. I wish that all of the letters that I have written could be treated by my friends in the same manner."

"Mrs. Carlyle's letters," says *The Saturday Review*, "have really nullified the sage's thirty-seven volumes. How many promising young men will be converted into hopeless unbelievers by those letters no one can say. We have only now to hear that King David of Israel used to cudgel Bathsheba and our last shred of reverence for prophets will be gone."

There are still two descendants of Americo Vespucci living in Italy. Seven years ago the last male descendant died. He also was named Americo. The last two descendants are two unmarried ladies, lingering out life in great poverty. They have just petitioned the Government for the pension of ten dollars a month, which the Florentine Republic decreed the family in 1690.

"There died in Paris a fortnight ago," says an exchange, "a truly versatile genius in the person of M. Michel Masson, whose age was eighty-three, and who had been successively a dramatic author, a dancer, a journalist, a journeyman lapidary, and a novelist. He began to write at twenty-nine, and some of his later plays have had success. He married, at the age of seventy-three, a cousin of the step-sister of the actress Mlle. Harding, and about the same time he became greatly interested in Chinese. Among his manuscripts he leaves a voluminous Franco-Chinese Dictionary."

The New York Correspondence, to the *Philadelphia Record* says: "I saw the original manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography! There it lay, quietly reposing under a glass case on a table in Mr. John Bigelow's house. Mr. Bigelow got it when he was a Minister to France. He found it in the possession of a man at Amiens, to whom he paid a fabulous sum for it, together with a pastel portrait of Franklin, made from life by Duplessis. To think of owning such treasures I pored over the open page that lay under the glass case. How carefully it was written, and with what a wide margin for notes and corrections. The pages were yellow with age and the ink pretty brown, but comparing this manuscript with the first editions of the autobiography, Mr. Bigelow found that changes had been made by the editor, who possibly thought he was improving it."

The Halo of Heroes.

A clever writer recently said "There is a certain halo of romance about a successful man of letters and a genial illusion among the inexperienced that an author must, in his person, represent those qualities which are admired in his works—that a poet's appearance and conversation should be redolent of a graceful melancholy; that wits should be always witty, and orators fiery and eloquent. Hence it is something of a shock to a hero-worshipper to hear his favorite poet discourse upon the weather or his wife's rheumatism; to find his brilliant satirist a young man with red hair and sleepy eyes, or his impassioned orator in private life a dullard."

Mrs. Hannah More, after her first season among the big-wigs of London, remarked that "wits when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people."

Miss Mitford found that "most writers were mere good-humored chattering, neither very wise nor very witty, but nine times out of ten unaffected and pleasant, and quite removing, by their conversation, any awe that might have been excited by their works."

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Timber covers about two-thirds of North Carolina; Mississippi has some twenty million acres of it; Louisiana, fifteen million; Texas, a great amount.

Recent excavations in Pompeii have established the fact that the city was built on the site of two other towns which, had each flourished and fallen to ruins in turn. The first was inhabited in the sixth century B. C. and was merely a collection of family dwellings inside of a walled enclosure for mutual protection. The second town was built two centuries later and inhabited by a people of considerable culture as the ruins of their buildings testify.

On the 10th of April, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, a remarkable mirage was seen at Olsta, in the parish of Salia, Sweden. There was a distinct representation of a town built in Oriental style, situated by the sea, with well shaped minarets and complete temples. On the left appeared a forest of fine cypress. In the foreground was a train in motion. Presently a body of soldiers marched by with fixed bayonets, from which the sun was reflected. This vision lasted about an hour.

The bee has been a type of the industrious worker, but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. Some patient apiarian enthusiast, who has watched their movements, concludes that the proboscis of the bee must, therefore, be inserted into 500 clover tubs before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubs sucked by bees.

A Marriage Stone.

In the masonry of the College of Sacra Monte in Grenada, is a stone which tradition credits with the power of insuring the marriage within a year of any one who touches it. On April 3, 1882, two young ladies paid a visit to the old Moorish capital and were shown over the college with unusual deference by one of the resident clergy. When they came to the "marriage stone" the Padre smilingly explained the peculiar powers which popular superstition ascribed to it. "Touch it," said one of the ladies to her sister, who complied with special unction, touching the stone not once but repeatedly. The young ladies were the Spanish Infantas Donna Isabella and Dona Paz, and it was the latter who put the old tradition to the test. She was married to Prince Louis of Bavaria, on April 2, 1883, and the people of Grenada are more than ever convinced that the "marriage stone" is a priceless treasure.

Work in the British Royal Mint.

For the first time for more than two years the process of gold coinage at the Royal Mint was recently resumed. It was even remarked that the strong man who pours the molten stream from crucible to mould, and who holds that post because of his especial skill in directing the metal into narrow apertures without spilling or waste, showed on this momentous occasion some little sign of nervousness and agitation. For gold coinage on Tuesday, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was successfully resumed in reconstructed premises with new and improved machinery, and it will probably be long indeed before there is such another interruption of the coinage as has been now happily brought to a conclusion.

The reconstructed mint can now turn out sovereigns at the rate of a million a week without stopping the coinage of silver and copper, whereas previously it could only deal with one metal at a time, and that to a much smaller extent. The beautiful instruments employed for weighing the coin are now manufactured within the precincts of the mint, and are, as is well known, a miracle of minute and ingenious automatic machinery. Out of every hundred sovereigns that pass over the balance, the fastidious little instruments reject, as either too heavy or too light—but most frequently the latter—a number varying from five to twenty.—*Scientific American*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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Electra, a new *belles lettres* monthly for young people has made a brilliant commencement. It is a neat, handsome magazine of forty-eight pages, contains the very choicest literature, and cannot be too highly commended to the lovers of the best class of reading. Not the least interesting fact in connection with this new periodical is that it is conducted solely by ladies. Its editors are Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Luyburn. Terms, \$2 per year. Address, Isabella M. Luyburn, publisher, Louisville, Ky., U. S.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

K. J.—A good and simple remedy for bad breath is unsweetened coffee.

STUDENT.—The title of "Thanos" was abolished in England at the conquest.

W. K.—Don't try to please both parties; you need have little to do with the old folks.

H. P.—1. Ink stains can be removed with salt if applied immediately. 2. When the chimney is on fire, put some powdered brimstone in the fire and shut the stove all up.

Mrs. F.—Though it is customary to mention the quantity of flour used in recipes, it is sometimes omitted, particularly in cases where the amount is varied by judgment as to the thickness of the mixture.

B. F.—Your conduct cannot be excused. Tell the lady in question the plain facts, and endeavor, by being more honest and straight-forward, to live down, in her opinion, the character she must judge you to possess.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The "Dominion Novelty Agency" until lately a sound business, we understand, no longer exists. Its manager having got into financial difficulties has lately left the country. At least, upon enquiry we are led to believe such is the case.

AN INQUIRER.—After the dust has been thoroughly beaten out of carpets and they are tacked down again they can be brightened very much by scattering corn meal mixed with coarse salt over them, and then sweeping it all off. Mix the salt and meal in equal proportions.

J. H.—Several others of our readers and friends have urged us to publish the FAMILY CIRCLE weekly, and from the favor that the magazine is everywhere meeting with, the publishers feel somewhat reassured. They will consider the matter and publish their decision next month.

D. W. M.—A strong decoction of sassafras, drank frequently, will reduce the flesh as rapidly as any remedy known. A strong infusion is made at the rate of an ounce of sassafras to a quart of water. Boil it half an hour very slowly, and let it stand till cold, heating again if desired. Keep it from the air.

Mrs. D.—Birds may be preserved in a fresh state for some time, by removing the intestines, wiping the inside quite dry with a towel and then flouring them. A piece of blotting paper, on which one or two drops of *Creosote* have been placed, is now to be put inside them and a similarly prepared piece of paper tied around them. They should then be hung up in a cool dry place, and will be found to keep much longer than without undergoing this process. To keep them for a longer time, some have been successful in canning and also in pickling them.

P. A.—(1) According to etiquette at the present time it is expected of a gentleman to make a bridal present, when invited, whether he attends the wedding or not. (2) Though not usually done, when only both families and near relations are invited, it is more proper to send printed than written invitations for a wedding. (3) In case a young lady, engaged to be married, postpones the wedding day two or three times—three or four months between each—against her intended's wish, the gentleman should endeavor calmly to discover the cause. Perhaps her affections have never been won, in which case a minute observance of her conduct when in his presence would disclose the fact, perhaps her mother, deeming her too young, influences her against the step; or it may be a dread of marriage which is not uncommon among young women. In any case if the gentleman loves her sufficiently to make her his wife and she has proved herself in every other matter worthy to be relied upon and he believes that she is not merely trifling with him, he should be as patient as he possibly can under the circumstances. He should, however, exhibit no weakness or cringing spirit; for he will surely lose her love if he fails to maintain his independence and dignity.

Answers crowded in this month will appear in our next number.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Dr. Searles, of Warsaw, Wis., says in the *Chicago Medical Examiner*: "I have come to prefer tea leaves above all other remedies in the first stage of burns and scalds. I think it must recommend itself to the profession, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but also by reason of its great convenience, being so readily obtained."

The New Haven doctors have recently shown such partiality for lemon juice in prescriptions that the large drug stores now buy lemons by the box. In one prescription, weighing eight ounces, prepared a day or two ago, there were six ounces of lemon juice.

Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body; and, therefore, all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fitness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the diseases we have to treat; and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel."

An excellent authority in medicine recommends a little common sugar as a remedy for a dry, hacking cough, and gives scientific reasons for it. If troubled at night or on first waking in the morning, have a little cup on a stand close by the bed, and take half a teaspoonful, this will be of benefit when cough syrups fail.

The *New-York Medical Journal* publishes an account of the treatment of one hundred and fifty cases of acute dysentery by a Dr. Owen, who employed only a very weak solution of aconite, of which he administered about one drop an hour. This treatment was substituted for the regulation treatment, with ipecac. The Doctor commends the treatment very highly, and says that patients like it very much better than the nauseating doses of ipecac.

Vegetarianism.

A physician who has been living a year on the vegetarianism plan gives the results as follows: At first the vegetables seemed insipid, and required sauces and pickles to get them down. Soon all condiments were put aside except a little salt. The desire for tobacco and alcohol disappeared spontaneously. Then the digestive functions became regular, and he was wholly free from headaches and bilious attacks. After three months a troublesome rheumatism left him, and at the end of a year he had gained eight pounds in weight. He believes he can do more mental labor than before, and that all his senses are more acute. For breakfast he has brown-bread, apples and coffee; dinner consists of two vegetables, brown-bread, and pie or pudding, for tea he rejoices in bread and jam, with milk and water, and for supper bread and onions. Eggs, milk, butter and cheese are used only in very small quantities. The dietist is a doctor and his statement is drawing out many similar ones from medical men.

How to Treat a Sprain.

The treatment should be applied immediately after the accident occurs, or as soon thereafter as possible, the sooner the better. The neglect of this precaution has frequently resulted in the loss of the use of a limb for months or years, and in several instances which have come under our observation, has disabled the person for a lifetime. If taken in hand promptly, nothing is easier than the cure of a simple sprain. Hot water is a panacea for sprains and bruises. This fact has been long known to hydropathists, but is recently announced as a new discovery by an eminent Philadelphia physician, who directs that the injured limb be placed in hot water, and boiling water slowly added until the highest endurable temperature is reached. The limb is to be retained in the water a quarter of an hour, when the pain will have gradually disappeared.

How to Avoid Infection.

The best way is, of course, to keep away from its source; but as this cannot always be done, it is useful to know what precautions may be taken to avoid contracting such dangerous maladies as small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhus

fever, and similar diseases. The popular notion that medical men possess some sort of charm by means of which they are protected from the contraction of disease, has long prevailed among the ignorant classes, but is, of course, without foundation. Medical men are as liable as others to contract contagious diseases, and not infrequently fall at their post while attending patients suffering with this class of maladies.

An English physician who has had a large experience especially with typhus fever, a most infectious malady, offers the following useful rules to be observed by physicians. With one or two exceptions, they may also be observed to advantage by nurses in attendance upon patients suffering with contagious diseases, although so far as possible nurses for such patients should be selected from those who are protected from the disease by having had it previously.

1. Always have the window open before entering the patient's room or ward.
2. Never stand between the patient and the fire, but always between him and the open window.
3. If possible, change your coat before entering the room.
4. Do not go in for any unnecessary auscultation or other physical examination.
5. Stay as short a time as possible in the room.
6. Never, while in the room, swallow any saliva.
7. After leaving the sick-room, wash the hands with water containing an antiseptic.
8. Rinse out the mouth with diluted 'toilet Sanitas' or Condy's fluid, also gargle the throat with it, and bathe the eyes, mouth, and nostrils.
9. Expectorate and blow the nose immediately on leaving the sick-room.
10. Keep up the general health by good food, exercise, and temperance.
11. In addition to the above recommendations, which are all pretty generally known, I would suggest another, which is, in my opinion, the most important of all. This is to filter all the air you breathe while in the sick-room or ward through an antiseptic medium."

A convenient method of filtering the air is to tie a pocket handkerchief over the mouth and nose. The same thing may also be accomplished, though not quite so effectually by placing tufts of cotton in the nostrils, and taking care to breathe through the nose, and removing the cotton immediately after leaving the room. These methods are not so effective as though the regular inhaler were employed, as the latter provides a receptacle into which can be placed cotton saturated with carbolic acid or some other strongly antiseptic substance.

How Colds are Taken.

A person in good health, with fair play, says the *Lancet*, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach, or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or it may be jaundice. Of all causes of "cold," probably fatigue is the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily "doing the season," young children overfed and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "cold." Luxury is favorable to chill-taking; very hot rooms, soft chairs, feather beds, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds" happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing, and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fag end of day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their heated sitting-rooms or overheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is done always instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits, affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Flowers are worn to excess on bonnets.

New parasols are very showy and large.

Black silk hosiery is excessively fashionable.

Black straws are more worn than colored ones.

Oriental colors in brocades are much sought for.

The simplest forms of making up summer dresses please most.

Flowers and lace enter more and more into the decorations of evening dresses.

Young girls will dress their hair close in braids or turrets looped up in the back.

Shoulder knots and trimmings are revived, but they are becoming to slender figures only.

Brides' dresses are demi-trained, high in the neck, and with half or three-quarters long sleeves.

The gable brim bonnet is very becoming when lace, flowers, or ribbon fills in the peak above the forehead.

Cockade bows in correct form must be of several colors of ribbon, many loops, and a few ends cut into cocks' combs.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, or one teaspoonful each of cassia and ginger, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of milk, with flour to make about the consistency of pancakes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD WITH NUTS.—One full cup of butter, two cups white sugar, worked together; one cup of good molasses, one cup of sweet milk, five cups of sifted flour, lightly measured, with one tablespoonful of ginger and two of cinnamon, both powdered. When all is well beaten together, add the kernels from a pound of English walnuts, and bake in a flat pan.

LEMON CAKE.—Four eggs (reserve whites for frosting), three-quarters cup sweet milk, one cup sugar, one and one-half cups flour, tablespoonful of butter; stir sugar, butter and eggs to a cream; one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; grate lemon and squeeze juice together. Then add one-half cup sugar, white of one egg to that; then resume white of one egg and one-half cup sugar, and sprinkle caraway comfits. *Chocolate.*—Grate one-half cup chocolate, add two tablespoonfuls milk; steam until dissolved; add white of one egg, thoroughly beaten.—*Mrs. Sharp.*

TEA CAKES.—A delicious tea cake is made by beating half a pound of butter to a cream; to this add an equal quantity of sugar; beat this with the butter until they are well mixed; five well beaten eggs should then be stirred in; a liberal allowance of flavoring extract, and three-quarters of a pound of flour, with a cup and a-half of well-washed currants. Put enough of this mixture in the tins, so that when done the cakes will be about two inches thick. They must be eaten while fresh to be enjoyed. A good flavoring for these cakes is made by putting the peel of Messina oranges in a little pure alcohol and letting it stand for a week or longer.

VARIETY CAKE.—Make a paste as for soda biscuit or hot rolls, divide into three parts, roll them out to the size of a breakfast plate and about half an inch thick, bake in a quick oven; when cool enough to handle, split and butter each piece slightly and spread with jelly, jam, marmalade, apple-sauce or preserves of any kind; pile them up on a plate. Cut like a pie and eat warm. Nice for dessert or tea.

JENNIE'S CREAM CAKE.—Break two eggs into a cup and fill it up with sweet cream; beat, and add one cup of sugar, one and a-half cups flour, salt, one teaspoonful soda and one-half teaspoonful cream tartar.

NICE OMELET.—One-half cup boiling milk, one tablespoon butter melted in it; pour this in one cup bread crumbs; then add salt, pepper, yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and lastly, add the three whites, beaten to a stiff froth; when light, fry with butter; when done on one side, roll up together.—*Mrs. Sharp.*

CORNSTARCH PUDDING.—Boil one quart of milk; then beat the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a little milk; let it boil up once, then turn into a pudding dish; then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add four tablespoonfuls of white powdered sugar; cover the pudding with the mixture, and set in the oven and brown lightly. Favor with vanilla or lemon. The frosting is improved by adding a flavor to it.

CONSERVE OF STRAWBERRIES.—Prepare the fruit as for preserving, allowing half a pound of loaf sugar to one pound of fruit; sprinkle the sugar over the fruit at night, in the morning put on the fire in a kettle, and boil until the berries are clear. Spread on dishes, and put in the sun until dry; after which roll in sugar and preserve in jars.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To every quart of ripe raspberries allow a pound of loaf sugar; put sugar and berries into a pan, and let them stand two or three hours; then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully; when no more scum rises mash them and boil them to a smooth marmalade; when cold put in tumblers. Blackberry and strawberry jam can be made in the same way.

PRESERVED CHERRIES.—Pick and stone the cherries; put them in layers with powdered sugar, in a deep earthen dish, allowing half a pound of sugar to each pound of cherries; let them stand in a cool place for three days; then boil all together in a copper preserving kettle, drawing the kettle from the fire, or stirring it down every time it boils, until it has boiled up six times; then pour all into an earthen dish and let them cool; when cool take up the cherries from the syrup; drain them; lay them in thin layers, on hair sieves in a warm oven, to dry; turn them out on clean sieves every six hours until they are quite dry; they may then be packed in boxes between layers of paper.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

CURE FOR FELON.—Take fly blister plaster and put a little on the sore spot. When it draws a blister keep it open.

CURE FOR LUMBAGO.—Take a piece of oilskin cloth, such as we use to cover tables, but of a soft, pliant kind, sufficiently large to cover the loins; place it over the flannel shirt, and bandage yourself with a flannel bandage; profuse perspiration will ensue on the loins, and you are quickly rid of this wearisome complaint.

CAMPHOR ICE.—One-half cup lard, one-half ounce camphor, thoroughly pulverized, one-half ounce chloroform. Keep air-tight. For colds, croup, consumption, etc.—*Mrs. Sharp.*

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirits of nutmeg, one drachm. This preparation, taken twice a day, acts as a tonic and a stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. Six months cures the worst of cases. *P. P. M.*

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM WHITE COTTON GOODS.—For mildew, rub in salt and some buttermilk, and expose it to the influence of a hot sun. Chalk and soap or lemon juice and salt are also good. As fast as the spots become dry, more should be rubbed on, and the garment should be kept in the sun until the spots disappear. Some one of the preceding things will extract most kinds of stains, but a hot sun is necessary to render any one of them effectual.

TO RESTORE COLORS IN CLOTH.—When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common but that of chloroform is but little known.

TO CURE WARTS.—If the wart is small, it may be cured by touching it with the end of a stick which has been dipped in strong acetic acid. The application should be made several times a day until it is destroyed. If large and old, apply nitric acid in the same way. Lunar caustic and caustic potash may be also used.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

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

Genius and Short Lives.

A LIST of the men and women of genius who have died at or about the early age of 37, and secured for themselves an undisputed place in the ranks of the immortals, would occupy not the least brilliant portion of the record of the illustrious dead. It is astonishing how many men, whose names are a household possession in every civilized country, have done all their best work after 37, and who would never have been heard of, or at best would have shone only as the smaller lights of literature, if they had been carried off at the age at which Byron, Shelly, Burns, and Raphael closed their careers. And when we come to look at what Milton did after 37, what Goethe and a thousand others did after the same age, and how little they had done before it, we cannot estimate how much richer the world might have been had those bright intellects which were cut off in their earliest prime been permitted to give thirty or forty years of additional work to the world. It is certain that thirty or forty more years would have cooled the blood of Byron and carried him out of what we all know, and what literary history has stigmatized, as Byronism; but it is impossible to forecast what would have been the result as to predict from Werther the development that ended in "Faust." Who can foresee what Shelly would have done, in the full ripeness of his splendid power, during another quarter of a century, and if he had died, say, at the age of Shakespeare? Burns, too, we know, dreamed of great works, and when he died there were literary movements in the air which might have turned his labors and his life into a new channel. And was Raphael's genius exhausted when the grave closed over him at 37? No more than Michael Angelo's would have been, and some of the sublimest work of the great Tuscan was done in the late evening of his life.

A consideration of this kind should entirely modify our comparative estimate and criticism of distinguished men. Nothing is commoner, for example, among Germans, and among cultivated Englishmen as well, than to ascribe to Goethe a genius far transcending Schiller's. The comparison is made between the whole body of Goethe's literary work, extending over upward of eighty years of exceptional healthy activity, and the product of poor Schiller's mutilated existence, stretching to scarcely more than one-half that term, with a large portion of it belonging to the period of childhood and youth. But, had Goethe died at the same age as Schiller, he would have had a poorer result to show than Schiller has. He would have had a great deal less than Byron in pure poetical work, incomparably less also than Shelly, and, in respect of genuine poetry expressing the simple feelings of the heart and an apprehension of the beauty of nature, he would have stood an immeasurable distance behind even the unlettered Burns. There is no doubt that Schiller, when he died, at 46, had reached a loftier height of dramatic art than Goethe had at the same age—we might say than Goethe had reached at 84. Schiller had left behind him a long roll of immortal dramas, some of them lit up with the radiance of a fine poetry, and many of which will keep the stage as long as the stage exists; but at the same age Goethe had only produced one or two dramas of any pretension. As for Byron, there is nothing that Goethe did up to 38—Byron's age at his death—that will bear comparison with the marvelous philosophical insight of "Manfred," nothing to equal the astonishing satirical power of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (and Goethe frequently did try his hand at satire); nor anything that deserves even to be named in the same breath as "Don Juan."

Miss Austen and Charlotte Bronte were rather more than 37 when they died, but they died at an age at which George Eliot had not written a single novel. One or two translations, an essay or two in the Westminster Review, and the "Scenes of Clerical Life" were all that came from the hand of the subsequent author of "Adam Bede" and "Daniel Deronda." Carlyle moralizes on what might have been the

consequences to English history if a stray bullet had struck down Oliver Cromwell. Perhaps they would not have been so great as he imagined, and might have proved to be nothing more than an earlier Restoration. But given a fatal chill or a fever at 37, and the long series of works with which George Eliot has enriched English literature would have had no existence; in other words, there would have been no George Eliot. Miss Austen's observant eye had not grown dim, nor her facile pen been robbed of its cunning, when her life terminated; and the world knows not how many more photographs of simple English character and manners it has thus lost. We might instance Keats also, and Kirk White and Chatterton, but one died in his boyhood, and the others before they were much more than boys, and a broken column is the fittest and most suggestive memorial over their graves. The mysterious "might-have-been," in the cases of Keats and Chatterton, if they had lived till a ripe manhood, would have given to English literature many a noble poem it does not now possess. For it has seldom happened that a poet or a novelist has exhausted himself in a single work. Philip James Bailey did so in "Festus," and Alexander Smith and Sidney Dobell may be said to have thoroughly drained their intellects in one or two efforts. No length of life would have enabled any of them to add greatly to their fame, though they might have lived on, fanning the embers of their early reputation. Spontaneity, energy, native force were wanting in them more almost than any English poet above mediocrity. So, likewise, Pollok, attempting to follow in the footsteps of Milton, had probably attained the highest pinnacle of his possibilities in "The Course of Time," when his shattered constitution gave way and he sank to his early grave.—Standard.

An Old Story of Dickens Retold.

Reminiscence of old Major Throckmorton, who for years kept the Galt House in Louisville, are always in order. It was the Major, who said that the turkey was a very inconvenient bird—too large for one and not large enough for two.

When Charles Dickens visited this country in 1846, he meant to stay a day or two in Louisville, and of course, put up at the Galt House. He had been settled in his room on the second story only an hour or two when the Major, a bosom friend of Henry Clay, and on terms of more or less intimacy with every notable man in the South, sent in his name to the novelist, and followed in, a moment after in person. "Mr Dickens," he began, extending his hand, "we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and will reckon it a privilege to be allowed to extend to you the hospitalities of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your especial host, I beg that you will command me for any service in my power to render." Mr. Dickens received this with a frigid stare. "When I need you, landlord," he said, pointing to the door, "I will ring." The Major was, for an instant paralyzed. Then he rushed at his patron, caught him by one leg and shoulder, and had him half way out of the window before another visitor in the room could interfere and save the Englishman's life. Mr. Dickens left town the same day and the only mention that he made in his "American Notes" was to refer to a casual pig that he saw rooting in the street as he was on his way to take the river steamer.—Hotel Mail

[Written for the Family Circle.]

A Lament.

All that I fain would sing or say,
Some abler tongue has sung or said;
And nothing worthy will remain
To speak of me when I am dead.
The thoughts that gladly I'd express,
I meet with in some poet's line;
I feel their grace and nobleness,
But can I claim, that they are Mine.
And things I find, too, I have felt,
Vaguely and in a far-off way;
And sadly tender strains that melt
Like wreaths of mist, unreal, away.
O could I find a realm unknown
That ne'er had owned a sovereign sway;
I'd claim and make it all my own
By right of first discovery.

—Mrs. Cross.

SELECTED.

—◆—
 "Sipping only what is sweet;
 Leave the chaff to take the wheat."

A Home in the Heart.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
 Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
 Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
 And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
 Where love, once awakened, will never depart;
 Turn, turn to the breast like a dove to its nest,
 And you'll find there's no home like the home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
 That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
 Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
 And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.

Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,
 The cheek-searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start;
 But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
 Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

Eliza Cook.

Training the Young Idea.

Many parents who undertake to superintend the education of their own children, are tormented by an over-anxiety which but evinces their sad want of judgment, whilst it is a hindrance to that real mental progress they so ardently desire to see going on in their offspring. This over anxiety is a feeling completely at variance with that quiet solicitude whose distinguishing feature is calm hopefulness, accompanied by a cautious, persevering spirit, far removed from that near-sighted, fussy feeling displayed by egotists, who take the whole burden and responsibility upon themselves.

The feelings of children are so inconceivably delicate and just, that we should respect their natural development, gradually and almost as imperceptibly, as the unfolding of a rose-bud.

Yet how many adults commence "educating" with a vague notion that children are ill-organized beings, whom it is their business in some way to remodel; and whilst denouncing the Chinese custom of flattening the heads of their infants, between boards, in order to produce that oval shape so much admired in the Celestial Empire, these people set to work to perform a similar operation upon the minds of their own helpless charges.

Primary education should be considered rather as a developing than an engraving system.

Behold with what state and circumstance, and armed to the teeth, well-meaning people march to meet the newly-born! with what self satisfaction they stoop to gaze upon it, whilst a confused idea is floating through their brain of some great beam to be removed, which, instead of in their own, they seek in the child's honest eyes.

We should remember that the little one has, at starting, one great advantage over us, it stands upon the threshold of life without one prejudice, it owes the world no grudge, nor any human being therein.

How loving and how trusting is a child! Unless perverted, trusting and loving it remains.

Let us not lightly pass over this elemental love—this first fact so beautiful and blessed; here are we brought at once into contact with the fundamental and most ennobling affection that stirs and expands the soul; here we encounter a pure breeze fresh from Paradise. This is the sacred fire whose flame should be jealously guarded; this is the pure leaven; this is the lever with which we may lift the world; its fulcrum is in the strong will and sound judgment of man.

How vitally active and inquisitive is a child, running hither and thither on the threshold of its new life—see how it enjoys the precious gift.

Listen to its original prattle; and since we cannot reply to all its queries, we will ponder them in our hearts, world-worn, weary men; for the time being the child shall be our tutor.

We must go cautiously, lest we inadvertently maim or wound his spirit, and there be war between us, and thenceforth every link in the social chain should grate.

Again, observe you sunny child, with the beaming smile and clear open eye, fearlessly expressing his young ideas, wherefore is he so joyous whilst his little companion is pale and shy, and silent? or uncloseth his dewy lips but to utter falsehoods! Mark, the candor and the moral courage of this little one have been destroyed, and he is left timid, trembling and afraid.

Of what?

Rebuke or stripes, perchance, no matter of what, since afraid he is.

His opening faculties have been shaded from the sun, and fall back drooping to the earth.

Frightful perversion! when a child's aspirations are neutralized by fear—fear, the root of deceit, whose tendrils run downward, instead of upward.

Away with every system of intimidation which but gives the spirit back to chaos.

It has been well said, "Never depart from the rules of courtesy and good breeding with children; there is no more necessity of doing so with them than with grown men and women."

Lastly, hearts are to be won, not forced. Reason and affection are the golden links of humanity.

Let them go, let them love.

Let the light, the breeze, and the dews from heaven freely visit the plants of earth. Allow them to open their own blossoms to the sun. Would you destroy, because it is not the bud you expected, the flower for which you looked, or the fruit for which you toiled.

Let all share those genial influences that make life pleasant, and instead of wild wastes and barren shrubs, the earth will bear more palm-trees and golden shrubs, the men and women shall walk erect in the presence of one another, feeling that they are made perfect men and women.

Discouraged.

"I'm so discouraged!" It was a tired, worn little mother who said it. Day after day, and week after week, had she worried through the endless details of household duties without change or rest. It was ever the same round of cares and anxieties, over and over again. The morning brought the many necessities of household duties. The noon came with its responsibilities, and the evening with its unfinished work.

How tired and worn that mother! As she looks over the work of the day she sees mainly the imperfections and failures. How vain her efforts to realize a high ideal of true motherhood! but instead of this the fragments of cherished hopes are her only consolation. True, she has tried to make her hands so skillful that nothing should be left undone; but in her varied efforts the poor body was wearied, and she felt that a mother's cares and duties could never be done, nor her ideal ever be realized. No wonder she was discouraged!

O, the duties of motherhood, strong as life and lasting as time! What other architect moulds and builds so patiently as she? From the recesses of her nature and the promptings of her heart come the giant that rules the earth. Yet at every step of her endeavors she meets difficulties that overshadow the greatness of her work, and leave her little more than the "shreds and patches" of an existence from which to weave the warp and woof of a life dearer than her own.

A Gambler's Daughter.

The *New York Tribune* says that the old mistress of William M. Tweed is living in a villa near Cos Cob, on the shore of the sound. Her sister has a family by another celebrated city politician. Their father was the chief gambler in N. Y. city thirty years ago, and they were considered the finest women in the Broadway promenade. Both married and took to pleasure, and it is charged that Mr. Tweed's friend not only obtained a million from him but caused his imprisonment and death by refusing to accompany him abroad and he was too fascinated with her to fly alone. Like Jack Sheppard, he clung to the city for the sake of Edgeworth Bess.

Home Beauty.

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
 One of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,
 Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
 And the buds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
 And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
 Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
 And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
 And do naught in the world (but Work) by halves,
 From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
 To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the household! Men may prate
 Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,—
 They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
 To the "au dela" and the dim remote,—
 Till the last sun sink in the last lit West,
 'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
 To the end of Time 'twill be the same,
 For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

Austin Dobson.

A Mistaken Idea.

As soon as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; and after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider. "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debts to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised and wonders why the world does not give him his due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, sailor, light-house keeper and school master.

From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads canals, towns, navies, and armies cost you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boy he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world did at last owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.—*St. Nicholas.*

Wives, not Slaves.

Husbands, don't think when you have won a wife that you have also a slave. Don't think that your wife has less feeling than when she was your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature. Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life towards her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still. Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by

giving grudgingly. What she needs, give cheerfully as if it were pleasure to do so. She will feel better, and so will you. Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employes.

Wants to Know.

Says Alexander Dumas:—"When you see a child spoil and destroy immediately and deliberately the playthings that have been given it, pull off the petals of the flowers it has gathered, and even the wings of insects which it has caught, you say: 'Children are destructive; childhood is merciless.' It is a mistake. The child is not destructive; it is not cruel. It is curious. It does not want to destroy, it wants to know." But with the very first appearance of this desire for knowledge, with the first utterance of the often embarrassing but inexorable questions "how?" "why?" the gravest responsibilities fall on the parent, and these responsibilities he either shrinks or seeks to delegate to others, "There may," continues Dumas, "be children, who, owing to physical causes, are imbecile. But there is no such thing as a stupid child. A child may have more or less prompt intelligence. It may develop special aptitudes or antipathies. But you will never hear it say a silly thing as long as you have not told it a lie." There can be no doubt that of all the humbug practised in the world there is none which on the whole is attended with more ruinous consequences than the deceptions to which parents constantly have recourse, and that with a perfectly easy conscience, to evade the troublesome curiosity of children. "I am convinced," says M. Dumas, "that the greatest revolutionaries in the world of ideas, those who have most horrified mankind, who have caused the most shedding of blood and the most tears, have been children to whose first questions men have not replied as they ought to have replied."

Take Comfort.

It is well enough to provide for a rainy day, but that man is very foolish who saves his umbrella for a future storm while he is allowing himself to be drenched with the rain. We do not take pleasure and enjoy contentment as we should do. We live too much in the future and too little in the present. We live poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy; and when we are quite ready, infirmity or disease steps in, and the chance to take comfort in this life is gone. If we could only be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside, and often within, our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of our lives. Too many of us often scorn pleasures that are cheap and near and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly and remote. But if we would only magnify the little things that make life pleasant as we do those that make it unpleasant, the cup of our joys would continually overflow. Be content to take life as it comes, and always make the best of the present, and let future sorrows be future, and let them not intrude upon the present by unnecessary apprehensions and forebodings.—*Collegian.*

The Secret of Mental Health.

Commenting on a lecture by Dr. Edward G. Janeway, recently delivered on the "Hygiene of the Nervous System" the *Christian Advocate* says:—

The reports show that he attaches due importance to some things which are not as frequently or as forcibly presented as their essential relation to healthy mental action demands. He says: "To be satisfied, or at all events reconciled, with our occupation, whatever it may be, is the first essential to mental health." The importance of the condition cannot be exaggerated. Those who are about to choose a profession seldom duly consider it. Those who are satisfied work easily; work is stimulus and support; the brain seldom knows weariness, and day by day grows stronger. But it is possible to be reconciled, if not satisfied. The imagination can be made the friend as well as the foe of any pursuit. We have seen those who have the power to see only or chiefly the advantages of any position. This power can be cultivated, and with it the mind works easily; without it friction, rust, or disease will soon cause it to deteriorate.

Again he says: *Let a man so school and discipline himself that when misfortune or disaster comes it shall find him with enough reserved force, with enough mental or nervous stamina to make the best of what remains, and not to be overcome by an unlooked-for and unexpected stroke of misfortune.*" This means a great deal. He who works up to the full measure of his mental and nervous strength—and those words are practically synonymous—may drop at any time from the breaking of the internal spring, and must fall before a sudden or powerful blast. The teacher, the editor, the minister, the physician, the merchant, have each and all illustrated this. No man should habitually do so much as to feel that he could not, if necessary, without injury, do a little more. It is sometimes the fact that excited men who are burning the candle of life at both ends fancy that they are working easily, and therefore healthfully, when they are rapidly advancing towards nervous bankruptcy, and even hurrying on to mania itself. Reserve force should be maintained, though the pressure be never so great.

"The habit of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well," is also laid down by Dr. Janeway as a vital maxim. We regard it as essential to easy mental action that a man should be "a whole man at every thing." To do several things at once habitually is incompatible with perfection of work or healthfulness of action.

It is our conviction that mental work properly performed tends to mental health, to physical soundness, and to longevity and that the thanks of brain workers are due to Dr. Janeway and all others who reveal sublime simplicity of the laws of mental health.—*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

What is Work?

I may perhaps be allowed to put the opening question, What is Work? The common reply is, "Any pursuit by which a man earns or attempts to earn a livelihood and accumulate wealth." This definition is more to be regretted because it cherishes, or rather begets, the vulgar error that all persons who do not aim at the accumulation of wealth are "idlers." In point of fact such men may be doing far greater services to the world than the most diligent and successful votary of a trade or profession. Darwin having a competency, was therewith content. To him, and to others of kindred minds, the opportunity of devoting his whole life to the search after scientific truth was a boon immeasurably higher than any conceivable amount of wealth. Shall we call him an idler? Nor is science the only field which opens splendid prospects to men of independent means. Art, literature, philanthropy, have all their departments, unremunerative in all the commercial points of view, or at least not directly remunerative, and for all those cultivators are wanted. Therefore, reversing the advice given by routine moralists, I would say to young men of ability: "Do not take up any trade, business, or profession, but do some of the world's unpaid work. Leave money-making to those who have no other option, and be searchers for truth and beauty." Every one who follows this advice will contribute something to show the world that the race for wealth is not the only pursuit worthy of a rational being. I should define work as the conscious systematic application of mind or body to any definite purpose.

Amasa Stone's Fortune.

Gath writes to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* as follows: The great wealth of Amasa Stone, who committed suicide in Cleveland, Ohio, now falls into the hands, in part at least, of a young man who was bred on a farm in Illinois, of poor, plain parents. Possessing a sympathetic nature, good sense and talents, he fell into the way of Abraham Lincoln, who gave him a Secretary's place. He remained with Mr. Lincoln during his whole term of the Presidency, and was then sent to various positions in foreign countries, acquitting himself well at all of them. He was our Minister virtually in France, Spain, and, I think, Austria. Finally he concluded to give up these honors that he had worn so well, and plunged into the hard life of the press. For a time he edited a newspaper at Springfield, Ill. I frequently received notes from him in those days, commenting upon or encouraging publications of mine in the *Chicago Tribune*. At another time he returned from Europe and began to write on the *New York Tribune*, making his column or two every day, and

lecturing a little meanwhile. Here his eyes began to fail. In this discouraged condition he met the wife of A. B. Stone, brother of the late Amasa Stone. Mrs. Stone, though her husband was reputed to be worth a million or two, admired men of mind and career. She had a blooming niece, whom she introduced to him. The young lady was delighted with him, as women have been in every land. When they married he took his bride out to see his parents on the Illinois farm. Persons have described to me his anxiety as to how his wife, reared in the lap of millions, would appreciate the plain homestead where he had been nested. Without any hesitation she called them father and mother, and gave them a daughter's kiss. Had she looked back but a single generation she would have seen that her own father began life as poor Joseph, the carpenter. Col. Hay settled down opposite his father-in-law and became a favored son. Children were born to him. Even he, in the midst of youth, felt that money is not the whole of life; and at times he has had to lay down his little portion of the heavy load that Amasa Stone carried of inevitable, inexorable business. He was on one of these journeys to recruit his health when his father-in-law passed away.

Only a Tramp.

"Only a tramp, sir," the flagman said,
"Struck at the forks by the night express.
Body sent on to Jamestown. Dead?
Well, he won't steal no more rides, I guess."

"Only a tramp" flushed across the wire;
Killed in the night, as the papers say;
But the news kept flashing by house and spire
Till it fell on a hearthstone far away.

Children and wife there were to weep
And gnash their teeth for the absent one;
Cruel their agony, strong and deep,
Cruel the work the cold wheels had done!

Only a tramp, poor devil! "He
Could get no work," the widow raves,
"To keep these little ones." So think we
The place for such is in their graves!

Thus does humanity care for its slave,
As much as the spider for the fly.
Done with your work, then into your grave
You're only a tramp, poor devil, die!

Not to be Snubbed.

A story is told of a French artist, Vereschajin, and the Czar of all the Russias, which shows that the painter is not wanting in self-respect, even if a monarch does patronize him: Some time ago Vereschajin received from the Czar, Alexander III., an order for a picture. He at once set to work, and in due time forwarded to the Emperor one of the finest canvases, in which he had managed to paint nothing that could be construed as flattery. He called his picture "Our Prisoners." It showed the troop of Turkish prisoners of war, who were falling to the ground under the brutal blows of their escort, some robust Russian soldiers.

The Czar was little pleased. He had expected flattery and received—the truth. He nevertheless expressed the wish of making the acquaintance of the painter. The day for the audience was fixed, and Vereschajin left Paris for St. Petersburg. When they appeared in the place he was told that the Czar had now no time to see him, and that he must wait until he was called.

As soon as he had received this answer Vereschajin returned to Paris. On the following day a chamberlain of the Emperor called at the hotel where Vereschajin had been staying while in St. Petersburg, and asked for the artist.

He has left here," he was told. "What," exclaimed the horrified courtier, "he is gone, and the Czar waiting to-day to receive him! Did he leave no message?"

"Oh, yes," the proprietor of the hotel replied; "he left word if any one called for him, he had no time to wait."

A young lover in Iowa paid forty dollars for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bull-dog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.

Kittie and I.

Over the lawn romped Kittie and I,—
Kittie with eyes of velvety sheen,
With her pearly teeth and her winsome ways,
The prettiest ever seen:
There was none like her, in the wide, wide world,—
Kittie, my love, my queen!

But Kittie's a matron now, my boy,
And I am a bachelor lone;
For she run away with Tom, you know,
And the days and nights have flown
Since I saw her last in the moon light place,—
Kittie, my pearl, my own!

How did it happen? Don't ask me how:
It is useless, mind you, to tease;
And I couldn't tell you the reason why
If you beg me on your knees;
But I was a wilful, wayward boy,
And Kittie—a pure maltese!

Thurlow Weed's First Shilling.

My father was a hard-working man, with a kind heart, and an earnest desire to do the best he could for his children. He was withal a strictly honest man. But he was doomed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, in its most literal sense. He was bred a farmer, but in 1799 removed from Cairo to Catskill, and became a carman. But everything went wrong with him. Constant and hard labor failed to better his condition. If at times he succeeded in getting a little ahead, those for whom he worked would fail to pay him, or his horse would get lame, or fall sick, or back off the dock into the river. This, however, was the misfortune rather than the fault of my parents; for they were always struggling to promote the welfare of their children. They were very anxious that I should enjoy the advantages of education. I cannot ascertain how much schooling I got at Catskill, probably less than a year, certainly less than a year and a-half, and this when I was not more than five or six years old.

I felt the necessity, at an early age, of trying to do something for my own support.

My first employment, when about eight years old, was in blowing a blacksmith's bellows for a Mr. Reeves, who gave me six cents per day, which contributed so much towards the support of the family. I stood on a box to reach the handle of the bellows. My next service was in the capacity of boy of all work, at a tavern in the village of Jefferson, two miles from Catskill, kept by a Captain Baker, who had, I remember, made a great mistake in exchanging the command of a ship for a tavern. After the sheriff took possession of Captain Baker's wrecked hotel, I got a situation as cabin boy on board the sloop Ranger, Captain Grant. This gratified a desire I had to see the city of New York. I was then (1806) in my ninth year. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, after carrying the small hair trunk of a passenger from Coenties Slip to Broad street, finding myself in possession of the first shilling that I could call my own. I remember, too, how joyfully I purchased with that shilling three two-penny cakes, and three oranges for my brother and sister, how carefully I watched them on the passage back, and how much happiness they conferred.—From the "Autobiography of Thurlow Weed."

A Knowing Boot-black.

A boot-black, who had strayed away from his native city, was on his return, having a seat with a benevolent old man. Of course Shiner put up the window as soon as he sat down. The wind blew in at the rate of forty miles an hour, and the old man presently said:

"Why do you keep the window up?"

"Don't I want some way to jump out if the cars fall into the river?" replied the boy.

Then he stuck his head and shoulders out, and the old man asked:

"Boy, why do you lean out of the window so far?"

"Don't I want to see if there are any cattle on the track?" replied Shiner.

"Let me tell you a story," continued the man, as he hauled the boy in. "There was once a boy thirteen years old, named Henry."

"Didn't they call him Hank?" enquired the boy.

"There was a boy named Henry. One day he took a journey by rail to a city about twenty miles from his home."

"Didn't beat the conductor out of his fare, did he?"

"This boy had been warned," continued the old man, "not to throw up the window. An open window is dangerous on account of the draughts, and many a person has been blinded by the flying sparks and cinders."

"But he shoved up the window, didn't he?"

"Yes. He thought he knew more than anyone else, and up it went. Not satisfied with that he put his head and shoulders out."

"Bound to see the country, wasn't he?"

"The train sped onward," sighed the old man, "and by and-by it came to a signal-post. The boy was leaning out, and all of a sud—"

"Hold on, old man!" interrupted Shiner, as he wheeled around. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that the boy struck his chin, and knocked about three feet of the top off, and tore up a-half a mile of track, and was put in State Prison for life; but I want you to understand that I'm no sunfish! I'm going to look out of this window all I want to, and if this railroad company don't haul in its posts, they must look out for splinters!"

Forgot a Parcel.

Of all the ills to which flesh is heir, forgetfulness is the one that furnishes the greatest number of laughable episodes; and while many of them are very annoying, the mirthful feature that is their almost invariable companion affords a certain degree of compensation.

Near one of our Atlantic seaports there resides an old whaling captain commonly known as Uncle Gurdon. To keep from getting rusty, he made his home on the river bank, where he could keep a boat, and fish or paddle about as he liked. The place was about five miles from the city, and, as occasion required, Uncle Gurdon and his wife would journey townward for the purpose of shopping. Reaching the city, the horse and wagon would be left at the water trough on the Parade, and each would go in different directions, carrying their bundles to this common receptacle, the first through waiting for the other. On one of these shopping excursions Uncle Gurdon made several trips to the wagon, finding each time that additions had been made to the store of bundles—a sign that his wife was busy. Having completed his purchases, he unhitched his horse, and the ferryboat having arrived, climbed into the wagon and drove on board. While crossing the river one of his acquaintances stepped up and asked how was he getting on.

"Well, I'm getting on nicely, but I'm bothered just now."

"Why is anything going wrong?"

"No, nothing special; but I came down to do some shopping, and I've forgot a parcel I was to get," and the old gentleman scratched his head in a perplexed manner.

"Well, I wouldn't worry. You will think of it next time" said the neighbor; and the boat having reached the landing, Uncle Gurdon drove ashore, and went on towards home.

When nearly half-way there he was met by another friend, who stopped to have a chat.

"How do you do to-day, Uncle Gurdon?" he asked.

"Oh, nicely, nicely; though I'm a bit worried just now."

"Worried? What about?"

"Well, you see, I've been to town shopping, and there's a parcel of some kind I've forgotten. I can't think what it is, and it bothers me."

"Oh, never mind it! You will recollect what it is before you go again. By the way, Uncle Gurdon, how is your wife?"

"Jerusalem!" cried Uncle Gurdon, slapping his knee with great energy. "It's my wife that I've forgotten! She went to town with me to do some shopping, and I was to wait for her."

And Uncle Gurdon turned around, and went back to the ferry for the parcel that he had left behind.—Harper.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

The Baby.

O, this is the way the baby came :
 Out of the night as comes the dawn ;
 Out of the embers as the flame ;
 Out of the bud the blossom on
 The apple-bough that blooms the same
 As in glad summers dead and gone—
 With a grace and beauty none could name.
 O this is the way the baby came.

And this is the way the baby 'woke :
 As when in deepest drops of dew
 The shine and shadows sink and soak,
 The sweet eyes glimmered through and through,
 And eddyings and dimples broke
 About the lips, and no one knew
 Or could divine the words they spoke
 And this is the way the baby 'woke.

And this is the way the baby slept ;
 A mist of tresses backward thrown
 By quivering sighs where kisses crept
 With yearnings she had never known.
 The little hands were closely kept
 About a lily newly blown—
 And God was with her. And we wept—
 And this is the way the baby slept.

Force of Character.

A St. Louis gentleman said the other day: "Joseph Pulitzer, the editor of the *St. Louis Dispatch*, is as remarkable for his ability as a writer as a financier. He is only thirty-five and is the principal owner of the paper that clears over a \$1,000 a week. Then just think how great the success is. Pulitzer came to the country a green lad when he was fifteen. He was first a stoker on a Mississippi River steamboat. While learning our language and acquiring a foothold he did nearly everything. Once when he was penniless in St. Louis during the great cholera year he obtained the job of digging the graves and burying the dead cholera patients. It was difficult to obtain men with courage enough for such a dreadful task. Pulitzer worked all through that terrible season and cholera passed him by. He did not fear it and so he escaped. Then, again, by another strange turn he wore the livery of a coachman, and drove the carriage of a man who still lives in St. Louis. This all illustrates the force of character and ability of the man who has in a few short years accomplished so much. He is so much too lively and vigorous for sleepy old St. Louis."

The Novel-Reading Disease.

Physicians are familiar with a complaint which, although sufficiently specific, has yet no name of its own. The patient suffers from an alarming and morbid thirst, and consumes a perfectly fabulous amount of fluid, almost always of an unwholesome nature. Tea, in a highly diluted shape, raspberry vinegar and water, soda-water, or some other abominable mess, is taken by the gallon, and the unnatural craving is stimulated by indulgence. Wholesome food is refused; no exercise is taken; and the patient finally sinks into a flabby and sickly condition, which nothing but severe and determined treatment will shake off. This dropsical habit or body finds its analogue in the species of mental dropsy which is produced by over-indulgence in three-volumed novels. This terrible complaint is one of the worst evils which modern civilization has brought with it. Its progress is gradual, very insidious, and often almost imperceptible. At first all that is noticed is that the sufferer is apt to be found bent over a novel at unusual hours. Soon, however, the disease becomes more pronounced, and in its worst stage novels are read through at the rate of three or four, or even five, a week, or, at an average, in a severe and chronic case, of some two hundred and fifty, or three hundred a year.—*Good Health*.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

Our young friends who take an interest in the puzzle column, are sending fewer letters since we have begun to make the puzzles a little more difficult. This month very few have answered them all. The prize has been awarded to Ruth Jane Stevens, Kirkdale, Que.

Correct answers have also been received from Annie Bailey, Windsor; Rowena T. Bull, Amherstburg; Josie Abel, Windsor; Clara Williams, Windsor; Mary Wilson, Toronto; Bertie, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George H., Toronto; and Walter James, Sarnia.

A similar prize of a handsomely bound story book, will be given to the one sending the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number before July 5th.

JUNE PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

Public Report.
 A man of ancient times.
 Masculine.
 An Ostrich.

2.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant.
 A brightness.
 The musical scale.
 A sort of bed.
 A clump of trees.
 Congealed water.
 A consonant.

3.

HIDDEN TOWNS

He whom you dub Link, you should call Lincoln.
 He will imagine you very good, if you act so.
 Give me high art for delight of the best kind.
 You should not quit old friends so abruptly.

4.

CHARADE.

Three syllables compose my whole,
 Which find you easily can,
 If you will take a word which means
 To have gone past a man.
 And add to this an article,
 Which used by all will be,
 And follow it by the first part,
 Of everything you see.
 My whole when you have rightly placed,
 Together with some care,
 A form in rhetoric you'll have,
 Both common and most rare.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

1. Square word:—D R A G
 R O V E
 A Y O N
 G E N T
2. Diamond puzzle:—R
 B E D
 L E A R N
 R E A D I N G
 B R I N E
 O N E
 G
3. Double Acrostic:—D R U M
 O H I O
 M O R N
 I N S T
 N E A R
 I D L E
 O M E G A
 N U L L
4. Enigma:—Cuckoo.