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CANADA

OUR HOME

HOME AND YOUTH

50 CENTS

JULY
1897

PER YEAR

A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO CANADA

CALVES WORTH HAVING



At Tweed, Ont., on May 30th, 1894, Mr. R. Robinson said: "Mr. Samuel Coulter, to whom I furnished Herbageum, fed it to a Holstein calf until within a day or two of six months old, when it was exhibited at the Tweed Agricultural Show, and there turned the scale at a little over 800 pounds." One of our travellers, on June 20th, 1896, mentioned the above to Jas. McBride, Esq., of Kinglake, Ont. He replied, "I can easily believe that report, for I fed Herbageum to two Durham calves, one of them a heifer. When within one day of six months old she weighed 748 lbs.; the other was eleven days younger and weighed 730 lbs."

Another example is from Messrs. McCarron Bros., grocers, of Wallaceburg, Ont., and who also raise thoroughbred cattle. Under date of August 20th, 1896, they say, "We fed Herbageum to a Durham calf until it was three months old, when it weighed 476 lbs." And Mr. C. E. Wilkinson, of Essex Centre, Ont., on August 10th, 1896, said, "A customer of mine, Mr. Wm. Sisson, fed a calf with skim milk, a little chop and Herbageum; at five months old he sold it for \$20."

Mr. J. N. Murray, of Glen Allan, Ont., on October 10th, 1895, said, "I fed a calf from three days old with skim milk and Herbageum, and at six weeks old it was readily saleable for six dollars, and at an outlay of only 25c. for Herbageum."

Under date of June 16th, 1894, Mr. W. S. Bond, P. M. of Lloydtown, Ont., says, "I raised a very small calf, which I fed Herbageum. When six weeks old two butchers estimated that it would not dress over 100 lbs. of veal, but it dressed 120 lbs., and the butcher who killed it said that he had never seen a calf of the size turn out so much meat. And what is worth noting is that it was sold with the understanding that I should have six cents a pound for all it dressed over 100 lbs." This shows that calves fed Herbageum should be sold by weight.

Last spring we used Herbageum with our calves with skim milk, a teaspoonful to a gallon of the milk, and they are equally fine as if they had had the pure new milk.

CYRUS SHAW.

New Perth, P. E. I., July 20, 1895.

NOTE.—There are 63 heaped teaspoonfuls in one pound of Herbageum, which is sufficient for 63 gallons of skim milk. At 8 lbs. to the gallon = 504 lbs. of skim made equal to new milk for calves at a cost of 12½ cents, which is 2½ cents per hundred weight; while, according to a statement some time since in *The Country Gentleman*, it takes 5 7-10 lbs. of pure flax-seed to do it, which at 4c. per lb. means 23c. for flax-seed, as against 2 1-2 cents for Herbageum. Flax-seed is additional food value. Herbageum is not a food value, but prevents waste of ordinary food by ensuring perfect digestion, and is economical for general use with all classes of stock.

Where fully tested, Herbageum has proven satisfactory with horses, calves and pigs. Among others who speak well of it is Mr. John A. Gillies, who assures me that with Herbageum, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to three gallons of skim milk, he last season had better results with calves than any previous year.

DANIEL McLAREN.

Belle Creek, P. E. I., July 30, 1895.

Among customers who have had good results with Herbageum is Mr. David Douglass. He was raising two calves, one of which would not drink milk. He gave it Herbageum in water, and it did better than the one which got skim milk without Herbageum.

ANDREW DOUGLASS.

Stanley, N. B., Sept 6th, 1895.

Mr. Roseller, who tested Herbageum for calves, says it is splendid; much better, more economical, and far less trouble than linseed.

BROWN & SEBERT.

Crediton, Ont., Oct. 4, 1893.

One of my customers, Mr. Brownlee, tells me that Herbageum excels anything he has ever known for calves troubled with scours.

H. HEITMAN.

Feversham, Ont., May 30, 1894.

We have used Herbageum several years and find it a great benefit in raising young stock, and also in keeping old animals in good condition.

C. & E. WOOD.

Freeman, Ont., June 26th, 1897.

HOME AND YOUTH

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE POINT OF THE PEN

THE CITY OF THE JUBILEE.

There is no doubt that the great celebration in London has made a wonderful impression, not only upon the people of the British Empire, but on outsiders as well. Many Americans were present, and they seem to be of one mind in their appreciation of the event. Chauncey M. Depew referred to it as the greatest gathering of human beings the world has ever seen, and the correspondents of the New York daily papers seem to agree with him. No doubt the representatives of the different European nations were equally impressed with the greatness of the British Empire, and it is quite probable that the effect upon them may tend to preserve the peace of Europe. But after all there was nothing so very wonderful in the procession itself.

Although nearly all parts of the Empire were represented, there were very few from any one place. The great Dominion of Canada, with nearly forty thousand volunteers, was only allowed to send two hundred soldiers to join in the procession, although it would gladly have sent more. So far as numbers were concerned there was nothing very remarkable about the procession. There have probably been bigger processions before. What was it, then, that so impressed all the visitors? It was the multitude of onlookers. The celebration took place in the greatest city of the world, where within a few square miles are concentrated as many people as we have in the whole of Canada's vast Dominion, and nearly the whole population of the city was in the streets

on the great day of the Jubilee. An immense number of visitors from other parts of England and from abroad were present, but it was London's own population that made the greatest showing.

In the year 1869 a commission was appointed to consider the best means of increasing the water supply of London. This commission expressed the conviction that the time was very remote when the population of London would be 4,500,000. Twenty-three years afterward, when the population dependent upon the London waterworks was nearly six millions, a committee of the London County Council was appointed to again consider the question of water supply. This committee reported that if London maintained the same rate of growth during the next fifty years as it did between 1881 and 1891, then the population dependent upon the waterworks in 1941 would be 17,527,645. They estimated that even if there were no accessions of population from outside and the growth of the city depended entirely upon the natural increase by the excess of births over deaths, the population would be 10,836,989 in 1941, and said that if they disregarded all ratios of increase and simply added for each decade the precise number of persons added in the ten years preceding 1891, they would obtain 9,966,687 as the population of 1941.

After weighing all considerations the committee determined that the population in 1941 would be not less than 12,500,000, and decided to recommend that the scale of the new waterworks should be adjusted to this com-

putation. The London "Spectator," commenting on the report at the time, expressed the opinion that long before fifty years had passed the new water-works would be found altogether inadequate for the population. It said there was no reason to believe that the rate of growth would decrease in the future. On the contrary it considered that an increase in the rate of growth was more probable, as past experience had shown that the rate of growth increased instead of diminished as the city grew greater.

In contemplating the probable future of this wonderful city the water supply is not the only thing that should be taken into account. Where are all these seventeen millions of people to get their food and how will they earn money to pay for it? If London were the only city in Great Britain the problem would not be so serious, but it is only one of a number of large and rapidly growing cities.

Yet the British Empire is so vast and its resources so great that even if Great Britain should eventually become one great city girt about by the sea, it would probably be practicable to supply all its millions with food produced within the Empire if they should have the money to pay for it. The great problem would be to find profitable employment for all these people so that they could afford to pay for the necessities of life brought to them by ships from all quarters of the world.

ANGELS ON EARTH.

What though no more in human guise,
 On radiant pinions borne,
 Are angels seen of mortal eyes—
 Earth is not left forlorn,
 Some bird that sings in hopeless hours
 God's messenger may be;
 And I have seen in primrose flowers
 God's angels smile on me.

ANCIENT CITIES OF VAST SIZE.

There are antiquarians who doubt the correctness of the popular impression that London at its present stage of development is the most populous city that has ever existed. The city of Nineveh at one time covered nearly a hundred English square miles, and Rome under Trajan seems to have boasted a population of more than 2,000,000 free citizens without counting the multitude of slaves, the military garrison, the foreign residents and transient visitors. Ælius Aristides, a Greek historian, who flourished in the time of Antoninus, describes the "capital of the civilized universe" as follows: "As oftentimes we see a man of great strength exhibit his power by surmounting himself with a pyramid of other men, so also this city stretching forth her foundations over areas so vast, yet rearing another of corresponding proportions, and upon that another, pile resting upon pile, houses overlaying houses, in aerial succession—contemplating which one comes so convinced that if these series of strata were to be decomposed and planted upon the ground side by side, the whole vacant area of Italy would be filled with these dismantled stories, and we should be presented with the spectacle of one continuous city stretching from the sea of Tuscany to the shores of the Adriatic." Lipsius estimates that the Rome of the second century contained one-fifth the population of the Italian peninsula, as modern London does of England, and including slaves and soldiers, harbored a total of 7,000,000 inhabitants—after all only one-third more than the British Babel. Casaubon estimated the total of 4,500,600, and De Quincey at 5,000,000 to 6,000,000, including slaves and foreign mercenaries.

TEMPERANCE AND HYGIENE EXAMINATIONS

The presentation of medals by the Canadian Temperance League to the successful pupils in the temperance and hygiene examinations at the public schools is now looked forward to with great interest by the citizens, and particularly the school children, of Toronto. Although this step on the part of the League was somewhat of an innovation, the success attained is most gratifying to the friends of temperance.

The Canadian Temperance League was organized in Toronto on the 22nd of November, 1889, and on April 28th, 1890, became an incorporated body. The charter members were twenty-three in number. Mr. J. S. Robertson, who for the past four years has been president, may justly be said to have been the founder of the League, and upon him devolved the duties of drafting the constitution and taking other initial steps. Though among the younger of the societies of the country, it is now widely known throughout the Dominion, its promoters being active and aggressive workers. The Sunday meetings held in the Horticultural pavilion for six months of the year have been made one of the principal features of the organization.

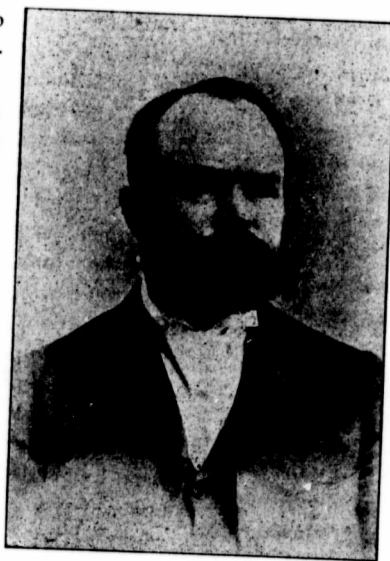
The encouragement of the study of

temperance in the public schools has been another object of the League. It is now four years since permission was secured from the Board of School Trustees to present a medal each year to the pupil who should pass the most successful examination in temperance and hygiene. We need scarcely mention that these subjects now form part

of the public school curriculum. According to the statement of Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools, these examinations extend over some 5,000 pupils in the fourth and fifth book classes, whilst over 20,000 pupils attending the public schools of Toronto receive instruction in temperance.

The presentation of the League medal each year resulted in three other medals being presented at the examinations in

Toronto this mid-summer. A second prize of a silver medal for the examination in temperance was given by Trustee Davis, while Dr. Noble, also a trustee, offered a gold medal to the boy who would write the best essay on the evil uses of tobacco. Both boys and girls, however, wrote on this subject, Inspector Hughes presenting a supplementary medal to the girl writing the best essay. As a part of the temperance and hygiene



MR. J. S. ROBERTSON,
President Canadian Temperance League.

examination paper, each pupil was requested to write a short essay on "The Dangers Attending the Use of Alcohol as a Beverage."

The work of preparing the examination papers and examining the same has fallen upon the Canadian Temperance League during these four years, both as regards the examination in temperance and also in tobacco.

and Inspector Hughes' medal to Miss Birdie Buffey, of the Dufferin school. The presentations took place at the closing exercises of the respective schools on Wednesday, June 30th. At Dufferin school the chair was occupied by Dr. Noble, and besides the pupils and teachers present, there were a number of visiting trustees and a considerable contingent of members of the



MR. JAMES L. HUGHES,
Inspector of Public Schools for Toronto.

The gold medal of the Canadian Temperance League was won this year by Miss Mary Wight, a pupil of the Dufferin school, while the second prize went to a boy, Master C. G. Frazer, of Gladstone avenue school. These papers we publish below in full, together with portraits of the winners.

Dr. Noble's gold medal for the essay on tobacco was awarded to Master G. R. M. Wells, of Huron street school,

Canadian Temperance League. The presentation to Miss Wight was made on behalf of the League by its president, Mr. J. S. Robertson.

QUESTIONS SUBMITTED.

Following are the questions submitted in the temperance examination:

1. Why is alcohol said to be an irritant, narcotic poison?
2. Account for the disfigured nose of the wine or brandy drinker.
3. Distinguish between venous and

arterial blood, and give the effect of alcohol on each.

4. Name the three classes of nerves, and state how alcohol acts on them.
5. In the fourth stage of intoxication which nerve centres remain true?
6. What do you understand by "alcoholism" and "dipsomania"?
7. Is alcohol more mischevious in high or low temperature, and why?
8. Alcoholic drinks not only arrest, but reverse the work of digestion in the stomach. How is this?
9. What are the uses of water in the system, and why cannot alcohol be substituted for it?
10. Why is the brain the organ most affected by strong drink?
11. Write an essay of not less than 200 words on the dangers attending the use of alcohol as a beverage.



MISS MARY WIGHT.

Miss Mary Wight, the winner of the gold medal, is the second daughter of Mr. Geo. Wight, of Sherbourne street. She was born on June 16th, near Bowmanville, Ont., in the county of Durham, and is now in her seventeenth year. Her early education was obtained in that vicinity, but for the past four years she has been attending Dufferin school, Berkeley street, and is at present in the Senior Fifth Class. She is a very diligent student, and highly spoken of by the principal of the school.

MISS WIGHT'S ANSWERS.

1. When alcohol is introduced into the blood it is soon passed to all parts of the body. The absorption of it in the blood tends to produce disease of all the tissues and organs of the body. Its effect on the brain is to deaden the powers of will and judgment, and for this reason it is called a narcotic. The general effects on the body is to tear down, and not build up the tissues and muscles.
2. The water contained in the blood is absorbed by the alcohol and the blood corpuscles consequently adhere closely together, and as this is not the normal condition of the blood the parts affected are productive of disease. The united and clotted blood corpuscles cause the blood to flow irregularly through the veins, and in the very fine veins and capillaries the flow is sometimes checked for a certain time, hence the disfigured nose and hands. Another cause of disfiguration is because the fibrine in the blood is so diluted that it no longer can stop up the very fine pores in the thin membrane which separates the blood from the flesh, and as a result the blood flows into the flesh and is seen most plainly in the face and hands.
3. Venous blood is that which has passed through the body and collected all the refuse from the skin, flesh, etc., and flows back again to be purified in the lungs. Arterial blood is that which has been made pure in the lungs and passes through the arteries to the many parts of the body, for the purpose of purifying the body. It is of a bright color, while the venous blood is darker. As alcohol causes the corpuscles to adhere they do not flow freely over and around the body, and as a consequence the blood does not get a chance to purify the different organs, which it is intended to do, and so returns to the lungs with less carbonic acid to be given off by the breath than it should have. The arterial blood which was intended to have been purified in the lungs cannot be purified perfectly if alcohol, in however small a quantity, is in the

system. The reason of this is the clotted blood cannot present a regular surface to the pure air which is taken into the lungs and so passes out from the lungs again still charged with the impurities with which it entered.

4. The three classes of nerves are : Voluntary nerves ; Involuntary nerves ; Muscular nerves. The action of alcohol on the nerves produces a general inability for proper action. The person loses control of the muscles and unsteady walking results. The nerves of the eye, ear, taste, etc., are lessened in power to communicate sense to the brain.

5. In the fourth stage of intoxication the nerves which control the heart and lungs remain true.

6. When a person finds he is obliged to take an increased quantity of alcohol day by day to satisfy the thirst for it, he is completely under its influence and is said to have the disease alcoholism. When such a person feels the bad effects of the first glass he invariably takes another, until he is a permanent and steadfast drinker.

7. As far as atmospheric temperature is concerned alcoholic drinks are more dangerous in cold weather. The reason of this is that the muscles of the skin and flesh have become weak and flabby and the skin injured so the slightest cold has effect. When the same cold air is inhaled the lungs are not prepared to receive it because they are over-loaded with blood, and the result is perhaps a severe cold, consumption or congestion of the affected organs.

8. The pepsin which is so useful in the digestive work acts improperly. The lining of the stomach becomes ulcerated, and when these ulcers eat their way through the coats of the stomach immediate death is result.

9. Water is contained in the body in great quantities. It is made up of the substances which are very useful to the functions of the different organs. It dilutes the blood and makes it flow regularly through the body. Water cools the blood when taken into the

system. Being a natural drink it satisfies the thirst. Alcohol cannot be substituted for it, because alcohol does not satisfy the thirst because it is an artificial drink. Alcohol burns the mouth because it absorbs the water from the lining of the mouth. Alcohol increases the beating of the heart. It also causes the blood to flow irregularly through the body and causes congestion of many of the different organs.

10. As all the nerves are centered in the brain this organ is most affected. Narcotics have a tendency to paralyze the nerve centres and the result is that the nerves lose the power to communicate to the body.

ESSAY.

As a person indulges in alcohol an increased quantity is required day by day to satisfy the thirst which is created for itself. Such drinking is injurious to the mental and physical condition of the body. It is not only the drinker who suffers, but his family and the society with which he indulges as well. There is the wife waiting for the return of her husband and pale and frightened when she hears the heavy footfall at the door which tells too well that her husband is under the influence of alcohol. Her home is poor and shabby when it should and would be neat and clean if her husband was not a slave to drink. Her life once so happy is now dark and joyless.

Many men are thrown out of labor and the reason they give is that there is an over-production of merchandise, and they will tell you of the store houses filled with goods which the owners are unable to sell. A few doors from such a place is a home where new and decent articles are needed but which cannot be obtained. Why? Ah! because the workingman of that home is a drunkard. Under-consumption and not over-production is the cause of scarcity of labor. Under-consumption has its tap-root in the expenditure of the masses for intoxicants. People indulge in alcoholic drinks as a beverage because they believe that alcohol

produces warmth and strength, but the opposite result is the case. Alcohol is a decided foe mistakenly clung to as a friend.

Saloon days are the darkest days of the national annals. The incentives to the pit of destruction are: Alleviation from sorrow; jolly friends and many other evil recreations. And yet this pit is made respectable by law. If by law it lives, by law it must die. The temperance cause started out alone and with many obstacles in its path but it is assisted in its march, for now the magnificent army of women help, and power is on the field and the worker's prayer is "May temperance win." And not until women have a voice in the tumult which decides prohibition or intemperance for our country can we hope to triumph.

It is estimated that by the laboring man in Canada at least \$39,000,000 of money is paid out for intoxicants. The total amount is \$143,000,000 and over, while the total loss to the Dominion Government is \$134,785,000. The consumers pay out hard earned money and receive nothing in return except, perhaps, a ruined system, degraded character and general moral and physical loss.

The greatest obstacle to missionary work to-day is the liquor traffic. Kegs of liquor and the gospel bearers are taken to the heathen lands on the same vessels. Satan's messengers generally arrive in a foreign country before missionaries. The missionaries not only have to convert the heathen, but also battle with the infernal instruments of Satan in the form of alcoholic liquors.

MASTER FRASER'S ANSWERS.

1. Alcohol is said to be an irritant because it inflames and irritates all the organs of the body. Alcohol is said to be a narcotic because it puts the sensory nerves to sleep and soothes the pain. Alcohol is called a poison because it does not go to build up any organ or tissue, or to make blood, but instead of this, it poisons and in one way or another harms all the parts and organs of the body.

2. When alcohol reaches the little blood-vessels called capillaries, it paralyzes the nerves which control them and they at once dilate. As soon as they dilate the blood that goes through them has no resistance, and this accounts for the red nose of the wine drinker. As the blood rushes through the capillaries in great quantities it shows red through the skin and makes his nose look red.

3. Venous blood is of a dark color



MASTER CHARLES G. FRASER.

Chas. G. Fraser, jr., the winner of the silver medal offered by Trustee R. R. Davis, is a pupil of Gladstone Avenue School. He was born in North Easthope, Perth County, and is eleven years old. The foundation of his education was laid in the Berlin Central School. The work seems to have been well done, and he certainly reflects credit on the excellent staff of teachers of whom Berlin people are so justly proud. In May, 1896, he came to Toronto, a pupil of the Senior Third Class. In June he passed creditably to the Fourth Class Junior. The following December he was promoted to the Fourth Class Senior, taking an honor standing, and he has just passed to the Fifth Class, taking 79% of the marks possible. If life and health are spared him we may expect to hear of him often in his educational course, and if "the boy is father to the man," Charlie Fraser will become an active, intelligent, honest and useful man.

and carries waste matter from worn out tissues. It also carries carbonic acid gas. Arterial blood is the pure

blood that flows in the arteries. It carries oxygen and all the nutriment needed for the tissues, bones and the organs. Alcohol shrivels up the corpuscles and deprives them of their oxygen, and it poisons the blood by itself. When alcohol comes to the venous blood, it clogs the blood vessels and in this way causes many diseases.

4. The three classes of nerves are: sensory nerves, motor nerves, and sympathetic nerves. Alcohol deadens or puts to sleep the sensory nerves and causes them to carry wrong messages to the brain, or else not send any messages at all. Alcohol hardens the brain and makes it so that it cannot send messages, or sometimes it does send messages but they are wrong ones.

5. In the fourth state of intoxication, the nerves that control the involuntary muscles, or the nerves that control the lungs and the heart, remain true.

6. Alcohol and dipsomania are the names of the condition of man when he is under the influence of alcoholic drinks.

8. Alcoholic drinks reverse the work of digestion by preventing putrefaction and decomposition of the food.

9. The uses of water in the system are: It forms the greater part of our blood; it contains mineral matter for different organs; it oils the joints and forms a cushion for the brain. Alcohol cannot substitute water because it is not a food, and it has none of the good qualities of water; besides it is a terrible poison and destroyer of life.

10. The brain is the most affected by strong drink because the greater share of blood goes to the brain. Alcohol mixes with the blood, and so a great amount reaches the brain. The brain is a very tender and sensitive organ and so alcohol does most damage to it (the brain.)

11. Alcohol is more mischievous in a hot temperature because it makes the body hotter than ever and causes fever. Generally, the people of a hot climate are not so healthy as those of a colder

one, and so a disease or a poison easier kills those of a hotter climate.

ESSAY.

Alcohol is a substance obtained from fruits, grains and wood by fermentation and distillation. In many ways alcohol is very useful, such as preparing medicines and preventing putrefaction and decomposition in museum specimens; but like many other valuable and useful things, it may be and is misused. Men have prepared drinks containing alcohol, and although alcohol is useful otherwise, it is a poison when taken into the system. It destroys every organ of the body and thus hinders them from performing their duties or functions. In the first place, it hinders digestion by preventing decomposition of the food. It absorbs moisture from the tissues and juices; it inflames the mucous membrane. The blood vessels are caused to dilate; it hardens and thickens the tissues. By its action the heart is caused to beat faster and with more force. It hinders the power of assimilation or absorption. It is particularly harmful when a person is growing, as it hinders growth and destroys strength. It particularly affects the stomach, the brain, the nerves, the muscles, the liver, and the heart. In all of these it does great harm. Next to the brain, it hinders and does most harm to the liver. It changes the color of the bile from yellow to green, and even to black in some cases. Besides this it shrivels up the liver, leaving ugly lumps. This is called a "hob-nailed" liver.

A CENSUS OF THE BLIND.

It is stated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1,500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in Great Britain, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of fewer than five years, 166 for each million; between five and fifteen, 288; between twenty and twenty-five, 422; between forty-five and sixty, 1625, and above sixty-five years 7,000 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of the total population.

MABEL'S ADVENTURE

CHAPTER I.

In thinking over my own girlhood, and of all that happened to me then, of course my school life with all its consequent trials and joys stands out more distinctly than the more ordinary home life.

It is the fashion nowadays to describe a child of nervous active disposition, as being "full of character." Rightly or wrongly, this did describe a little school-mate of mine, many years younger than myself, but always remembered by me with affection and interest.

We both lived in the same town, and went to the same boarding school, and in the same year; Mabel Arnton to enter the intermediate class, and I the senior. The differences in our ages and classes prevented our being much together; nevertheless, the pranks of the younger pupils were a never-ending source of secret amusement to the seniors. Mabel Arnton amply satisfied us, and I think that some of us were quite disappointed if a term went by without anything particularly exciting happening among the juniors.

The Arntons and ourselves were very old friends, and so in Mabel's spare moments she often came to me with her confidences, and though I was inclined to be indulgently patronizing, we were, on the whole, very fast friends. I am sorry to say that the determination to send Mabel to school was the outcome of her many pranks at home, so her long suffering parents sent her in the hopes that in due time she would be tamed.

There is always a leading spirit in a school. Mabel's companions soon discovered that she was a born one, where mischief and fun were concerned, so she soon had her train of admirers. This school was kept by a Miss Marler, a somewhat firm and elderly lady, who, of course, had her staff of assistants.

It really was a school of good moral tone, and everything was done methodically and in good order. There was one room in this house dubbed by the girls as "The Lion's Den." It was on the second flat, a little room at the end of the hall, one used by Miss Marler for various purposes, half office and half study, or more often, the girls said, it was used to receive them in order to lecture them upon their various misdemeanors.

Mabel knew this room off by heart. Her first visit rather awed her, but, alas, her second, and third, and fourth, and fifth, and I don't know how many more visits, produced no such effect at all. She knew by this time exactly what Miss Marler would say. Miss Marler always ended her lecture pathetically, and, overcome by her own eloquence, her face would wax pinker and pinker, a spotless hemstitched handkerchief be produced, and then slow tears began to fall. Mabel had learned to note these signs, and generally stood before the worthy lady deaf to all she said, but occupying her mind more agreeably; admiring Miss Marler's crepe lisse frill; counting the buttons down the front of her bodice, first down, then up, then zig-zag, as there were rows of them. This pastime over, Mabel wondered how Miss Marler managed to get such beautiful flat crimps; just five exactly on each side of her part. Finally she wondered if Miss Marler could really ever have been a little girl. Mabel would have doubted it entirely, but there was a picture in the drawing room, on one side of the mantel shelf, of Miss Marler when she was ten years old. It was that of a little girl, with large staring blue eyes, very red lips and five exact wooden looking curls on either side of the face. One hand gingerly rested on a table, the other hung straight down her side, pantellets reached a pair of small neat feet that were turned rigidly out.

Mabel tried to get her feet like that, but it hurt dreadfully.

Mabel on the whole thought the picture a very pretty little girl, and made up her mind, when she went home, to ask her mother to get her just such a little blue dress, and have it made low-necked and short sleeves; her own hair was a regular glory of tangled golden curls, and Mabel sighed mournfully as she realized the fact that no amount of brushing, and combing, and parting would ever reduce her hair to ten orderly curls.

One day came a climax. Mabel's latest prank had been the last proverbial straw. Miss Marler told her, this time without tears, and sternly, that the order and discipline of her school must be maintained; therefore, she deemed it her very painful duty to have to write to Mabel's parents to remove her from the school.

Mabel stood dumbfounded. To do the poor little soul justice, her first thought was of her father's and mother's grief; then, what in the world was to become of her! She had heard of children when their parents could do nothing with them being sent to a reformatory. Could they, would they, send her there? Surely they would not do that. Mabel was so overcome with these awful visions that her face this time grew pinker and pinker, and she burst into tears. She begged Miss Marler to give her one more chance, and she would, indeed she would, try to do better. In fact, in her deep woe, she was ready to promise anything, and felt at that moment as if she and happiness were very far apart indeed. Miss Marler, moved by these unusual signs of penitence, told her that she would think it over and let her know the next day. This uncertainty, to my mind, must have been punishment enough. However, the following day Miss Marler informed her that she was to have one more chance, but positively the last. Mabel did improve. She went about amongst her schoolmates with her proud little head well up and a responsible look on her face.

Whenever she felt inclined to break loose and go back to those lovely old times, visions of disappointed parents and the reformatory loomed up with a sense of disagreeable reality; but oh! it was hard! What a beautiful chance she had had only the night before of tacking old Martha the cook's slippers to the floor. Harry had told her of this trick, but the opportunity, I am thankful to say, for old Martha's sake, was not taken advantage of, and Mabel walked bravely away from the tempting slippers.

So long this good fit lasted that Miss Marler thought herself quite justified in writing to Mrs. Job to tell her of the most marked improvement in her daughter. Mabel's next letter from her mother contained the following: "Just lately, a little bird whispered in my ear that my little daughter Mabel was doing so well, both in her lessons and conduct."

Mabel's little heart swelled within her upon reading this, and she wondered who the bird could be. Not Amy Stevens, who had been home on sick leave. A few days before Amy went home she and Mabel, I regret to say, had quarreled about the professions of their respective papas. Mabel informed Amy that it was a most awful thing for her father to be a lawyer. Harry had told her that lawyers told fibs. Amy retorted that anyway her father did not have to "saw bones." (Mr. Job was a doctor.) So you see, after this most stupendous quarrel, it could not have been possible for Amy to have told Mrs. Job about Mabel's good behaviour. No. It must have been Miss Marler; she had been looking at Mabel lately, with little approving nods of encouragement. Also Miss Follet, the music teacher, had put her arm around Mabel at her last music lesson, a thing she had never done before, and Mabel felt highly honored, and began to think that she must be getting very good indeed. The little girl really tried at this time to do well, but alas, there are little people, as well as big people, in this world who manage, some way or

other, to be the scapegoats for the sins and follies of others. Mabel was one of them, but, on the other hand, what followed was, I am afraid, a case of "Give a dog a bad name."

CHAPTER II.

In Miss Marler's school the children received religious instruction for an hour every Sunday afternoon. One Sunday Miss Marler, who taught them, was called out of the room to see a visitor. The big girls were told that they could go to their rooms and read, while the younger ones were to remain and look over the Commandments. For some time they were models of good behaviour; then one closed her book, another yawned. Someone wondered why Miss Marler was so long in coming back, and soon they were all whispering busily. One girl ran to the window, thinking she heard someone coming, ran back, caught her foot in the rug, and fell full length. This produced a storm of suppressed giggles, and the sense of suppression and stricture made the more mischievously inclined on the alert for something to happen.

"I wish we had some maple sugar," said Mollie Wilson. "Or some cake with raisins," suggested another.

"I have an idea!" exclaimed one of the girls suddenly.

"What is it, Annie Fraser?" demanded Muriel Smith. "Just think of it, girls, Annie has an idea. Out with it, Ann, before it goes!"

"You can do without it now," said Annie in a huff.

"Never mind her, Ann," said Susie Hamilton, coaxingly. "Do let us have it."

"Well," said Annie, her words coming out with a rush, "Let's go down in the dumbwaiter and ask Rose for something to eat. Who will go?"

She looked round in a challenging manner. For a minute this brilliant plan nearly took their little breaths away.

"Then I'll go," said Mollie Wilson.

"It really is a beautiful plan, Ann. It

will be just like going down the elevator at Morgan's."

"I'll go" and "I'll go," volunteered nearly all the girls at once—all but the fearful ones, thinking it jolly fun all the same.

"Supposing Miss Marler comes back again in the middle of it," said a cautious one.

"No fear," said Annie. "We will hear her say good-bye to whoever it is with her in the drawing-room, and then you girls will give us warning, and up we will come."

"Now, I will choose the girls who are to come with me," went on Annie, feeling herself for once a heroine in the sight of her companions. "You Mabel, and you Mollie, and Muriel and myself."

"I won't go," said Mabel.

"Of course you will go, Mabel," said Muriel. "What is the matter with you? You are not half the fun you used to be, and lately you are giving yourself great airs." Now, this was hard. The girls had cooled off, and it was almost more than Mabel could stand. And oh, the dumbwaiter idea was too fascinating and exciting. Just like escaping from prison in time of war; or like the story of a princess who escaped in a basket let down a wall; and other thrilling adventures like this one rushed through her excited little brain. It was too much for her.

"Yes, I will go, girls. We will pretend that we are robbers putting hidden treasures down in our cave, and old Rose will be one of us waiting down below, and the kitchen will be the cave."

"Come on, girls, come on," she exclaimed.

Father's, mother's, Miss Marler's approval, and last, but not by any means least, fears of the reformatory, were completely vanquished by this delightful adventure. Mabel was once more in her element, and quite took upon herself the role of leader. She never did anything by halves.

The four volunteers approached the dumbwaiter and opened the door in the wall. I forgot to say that Sunday

school was always held in the dining-room over the kitchen.

"Mabel, you get in first," said Annie, now getting a little bit nervous.

"Supposing it breaks," she suggested.

"Oh bother! Get in," said Muriel.

"Get in yourself," said Ann.

Mabel was already in, so Annie got in beside her. It was rather a tight fit, so the waiter was gingerly lowered to let the remaining two get on the upper shelf. This left Mabel and Annie somewhat in the dark, and the rest of Ann's courage oozed completely out.

"Let me out, oh let me out girls! I'm dying, I'm smothering," wailed the poor heroine.

"Don't let her out. Get in Mollie," and Muriel almost shoved her in and jumped in after her. The remaining girls gave the ropes a tug and down the dumbwaiter went, and crack went something!

Screams were heard from somewhere in the wall between the dining-room and the kitchen.

"Are you down?" said one of the girls from above.

"No!" said a sepulchral voice, "it is not." "Something is the matter. Something is broken. Oh, girls, pull us up! oh, pull us up!" said voices of agony.

"Pull? we are pulling, and we can't get the thing to move," said the now thoroughly frightened girls as they began to realize the position they and their captive mates now found themselves in.

Mabel's sister, Blanche, began to cry. "Will they have to stay there till they die?" she sobbed.

"No! you little goose, of course they will be got up," was the response.

By this time there was a perfect babel of sound. Sobs and smothered screams from the depths; sobs and great excitement above. Old Rose, the cook, who by this time had found out what had happened, was looking up her end of the dumbwaiter, exclaiming "Mon Dieu" and wringing her hands, and succeeding innocently enough in

adding to the fright of the dumbwaiter's passengers.

In the middle of the tumult in walked Miss Marler. All powerful as she was in the sight of the children, she was unable to get that dumbwaiter up or down.

In the meantime all the governesses and pupils from upstairs had poured down and the excitement increased. They added their efforts to Miss Marler's. In vain—the thing refused to budge.

In the end they had to send for a carpenter, who had to go away again for further help. Finally, at the end of an hour, four cramped up miserable girls walked or rather tumbled out of the waiter. Annie Fraser indeed fainted, which was not a bad idea considering she was the would-be ringleader.

The other three were of more robust constitutions, and much as they would have liked to have followed Annie's example, could do nothing but look exceedingly sheepish and go limping out of the room.

"Mabel Arnton, go to your room and do not leave it," said Miss Marler severely, which spoke volumes.

"Miss Marler thinks I was the leader," bitterly thought Mabel. "Anyway I took part and that is just as bad, and anyway I suppose I am done for now," with which pleasant reflections she went up to her room, threw herself on the bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning at breakfast Miss Marler said, "Mabel Arnton, Annie Fraser, Muriel Smith and Mollie Wilson, please go to your rooms after breakfast and remain there till sent for."

The four culprits walked out amidst the silence and pity of their companions.

"Poor little things," said one of the big girls, "I wonder if we could get up a petition to Miss Marler to let them off just this time. I'm sure they are punished enough."

The speaker paused a moment, and then went off into peals of laughter.

"Every time I think of the expression on those children's faces, as they stepped out of the dumbwaiter, I nearly take a fit," she said.

"I wonder whether Miss Marler will be severe and expel them; I'm afraid that she will, Mabel."

* * *

The petition was contrived some way or other during the morning and sent round for signatures between classes. It was handed to Miss Marler just before luncheon. All this time the four culprits were still in their rooms. Annie Fraser and Muriel Smith were on the same flat. Annie was sitting near the window and dismally looking out when hearing a slight rustle behind her; she turned and beheld Muriel cautiously closing the door behind her.

"Annie," she said.

"Well, what is it?" from Annie crossly.

"Mabel is going to get the worst of it."

"Why?" asked Annie, with a conscious look on her face.

"Because Miss Marler thinks Mabel was the one to propose the whole affair. She was told to remain in her room last night, but we three were told we could go into one of the class rooms."

"I know all that," said Annie.

"Well, Annie?" said Muriel.

Both girls looked at each other. "Very well, Muriel," said Annie quietly, but with a very pale face, "I'll tell Miss Marler that it was I who proposed it, and Mabel did not want to join us at first at all."

"All right, dear old Ann, and I'll go with you and help you out."

As it happened, Miss Marler sent for the girls separately. Muriel, Annie, Mollie, and lastly Mabel.

Mabel went into the den utterly hopeless and fully prepared to receive her conge', but with a child's quick perception she became aware that Miss Marlers' expression was not so very severe. They had a long talk. Annie and the others had entirely exculpated her from

the blame of having been the ringleader of the escapade.

This certainly placed matters in a new light to Miss Marler, who with former pranks of Mabel's in her mind's eye had been prepared to deal severely with the little girl.

"All the same, Mabel," she said, "You took part in it, and I was deeply disappointed, as it did seem as if you had been trying lately to improve."

The result of this talk was that there was a much better understanding between teacher and pupil.

Mabel remained at the school for five years, and I may add, for the benefit of those who are curious on the subject, that she is now at the head of a naughty little family of her own.

MARY C. OAKES.

Point Claire, Montreal.

OUR GIRLIE.

The following lines, written on a postal card, passed through the mail:

I thought I would tell
You the baby is well,
And just in front of me sitting;
With tiny bronze shoes
And little short clothes,
A-watching her grandmother knitting.

With forehead so fair,
And dark brown hair,
And lips like the roses of morning,
With eyes so bright
With love-lit light,
And cheeks that hint of the dawning.

Her slender hand
Doth hold like a band
The heart of her gray old daddy;
But by-and-by
I fear, on the sly,
'Twill fall to some other laddie.

From the tip of her nose
To her wee, small toes,
So shapely, soft and pearly,
She can only seem
Like an angel's dream
Embodied in our little girlie.

Her cooing words,
Like the warble of birds,
Are wondrous, soft and winning;
Her beautiful smile
I think would beguile
A demon back from sinning.

Her ears like shells
From ocean's wells,
Just border the silken tresses;
Such is our baby,
The winsome baby,
The sweetest of all sweet Bessies.

God asks, indeed, the birds to fly,
Yet none of these, but birds of wing
Expects not sight from blinded eye,
Nor ever asks a crow to sing.

DISTINGUISHED YOUNG CANADIANS.

I.

It is the purpose of the publishers of HOME AND YOUTH to present from time to time under the above heading, portraits and particulars of the life of young Canadians of both sexes who may gain honorable distinction in any field of effort. It is hoped that by this means a stimulus will be given to youthful ambition which will result beneficially to the rising and future generations of Canadians.

As the subject of the first of these sketches, we have chosen Master John J. Heal, of Bedford Road, Toronto, who on the 1st of May, 1897, rescued from drowning a comrade named J. Y. Greenwood, who accidentally fell into the old pumping basin at the High Level Pumping Station. The scene of the accident was only a few feet distant from the pumping station of which John's father is the superintendent.

Many a lad's first impulse under the circumstances would have been to run or call for assistance. Instead of so doing, however, Master Heal plunged without hesitation into the water and succeeded in bringing the drowning boy to a place of safety.

In fitting recognition of so brave an act, the parents of the rescued boy presented Master Heal with a handsome watch bearing a suitable inscription. At a later date, in the presence of his fellow-pupils of the Huron Street public school and a number of trustees and citizens, he was also presented by Mr. H. P. Dwight, Chairman of the Investigating Governors, with the medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Association.

The subject of this sketch is but thirteen years old, having been born on the 19th of December, 1883. He is the fourth son of Mr. Chas. Heal, Superintendent of the High Level Pumping Station in connection with the City Waterworks. While naturally very proud of his medal and watch, he wears his honors with becoming modesty.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in

seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We all are wearied with combating with the stern

realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large troubles, finds a haven of rest in its mother's breast, and so one might go on with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

He, who in dubious circumstances, aids in deeds when deeds are necessary, is the true friend.—Plautus.

Courage! Let us consecrate ourselves. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking. Truth, honesty, the instructing of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue, conscience, are not things to disdain.—Victor Hugo.



MASTER JOHN J. HEAL.

SUBSTITUTES FOR GLASS.

An interesting account of glass substitutes is given in a recent copy of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*. Tectorium, which is used in Germany as a substitute for glass, is a sheet of tough insoluble gum—said to be bichromated gelatin—about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, overlying on both sides a web of galvanized iron or steelwire, the meshes of which are generally about one-eighth of an inch square. It feels and smells similar to the oiled silk that is used in the surgery. It is lighter than glass, tough, pliant and practically indestructible by exposure to rain, wind, hail, or any shock or blow which does not pierce or break the wire web. It may be bent into any desired form, and when punctured can be easily repaired. Its translucency is about the same as that of opal glass with a greenish amber color, which fades gradually to white on exposure to the sun; so that, while arresting the direct rays of sunshine, it transmits a soft, modulated light, which is said to be well adapted to hothouses and conservatories. It is a poor conductor of heat and cold. Its surface is well-adapted for printing in oil colors, and is thus valuable for decorative purposes. The objections against it are that it is inflammable, and is apt to soften in warm weather. For hotbeds or forcinghouses the Germans have another substitute glass called Fensterpappe, which is a tough, strong Manilla paper which is soaked in boiled linseed oil until it becomes translucent and impervious to water. This paper costs wholesale in Germany about 19s. 6d. per roll one hundred metres in length by one metre in width. It admits sufficient light for growing plants, does not require to be shaded in hot sunshine, is light, durable, and practically secure against breakage, and is said to be a hundred times cheaper than glass. There is a new product recently patented and placed on the German market called Hornglas. It is very much similar to Tectorium in appearance and properties, the two advantages claimed for it being greater transparency and

less liability of softening under a hot sun.

"NO TIME."

Housewives are always complaining about having "no time" for this or that pleasure or recreation. They have no time for reading, no time for visiting, no time to play with the children; in fact, no time for anything but the same old drudgery day in and day out. Why should a woman be nothing but a domestic drudge? It is not necessary, nor does it follow as a consequence that she must be dull, dowdy, and old-fashioned. It never was intended that she should spend her entire life in caring only for bodily wants, utterly neglecting the needs of the higher nature. To keep in touch with the world by reading good papers, to get better thoughts and purer purposes by reading good books, to keep up the old acquaintances, both by visiting and letter writing, and, best of all, to keep herself looking well, should be the duty as well as the pleasure of every housewife.

If the work could be so arranged that an hour a day at least could be secured for reading, for a walk or drive, the used-up energies would be recruited, and both body and spirit benefitted. There is no gain in this constant work, work, all the time. A woman ages soon enough without that aid. It is not a waste of time to stop for a while. To shut herself up from all society and to make a slave of herself on the plea of "no time" is a sacrifice that few women are called on to make for their families. Much of the drudgery is due to their weak indulgence of children in idleness. They will slave that their children may have pleasures and advantages they never had. Let mothers teach the young to share her work, and let her take time to enjoy something of God's good world.

A man who loves only himself and his pleasures is vain, presumptuous and wicked even from principle.—Vauvenargues.

THE GLORIES OF CANADA.

The grand old woods of Canada !
 How cool and dim below
 The shade of their sweet rustling leaves !
 Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
 Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada !
 Dark pine and birch drooped low ;
 The stately elm, the maple tall,
 The sturdy beech, I love them all
 And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada !
 The choppers' blows resound
 Thro' the crisp air, while cold and still
 The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill,
 Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada !
 That 'neath cold shadows pass,
 That wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
 Thro' verdant meadows, ankle-deep
 In clover bloom and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada !
 Deep in whose murmuring tide,
 From pebbly caverns, dimly seen
 'Neath leafy shades of living green,
 Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beauteous lakes of Canada !
 With lovely eyes I see
 Their waters, stretched in endless chain
 By fair St. Lawrence to the main,
 As ocean, wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake,
 Or fade with dying day,
 Fond memories in my heart awake,
 Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
 Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada !
 Where sun sinks to the earth,
 In setting, whispering warm good-night
 To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
 Will hail the morrow's birth.

The prairie wealth of Canada !
 Whose dark, abundant soil,
 Unfurrowed yet, awaits the plow :
 Who sows shall have true promise now
 Of rich reward for toil.

What tho' the winter wind blows keen
 When daylight darkly wanes !
 A strong, true heart is hard to chill ;
 When seen afar, the home light still,
 Shines bright across the pines.

The robust life of Canada
 In cheery homes I see !
 Tho' gold nor jewels fill the hand,
 'Tis Nature's self has blessed the land,
 Abundant, fair and free.



QUAINT DOLLY LAND.

What a quaint region is Puppenland ! Perhaps not everybody knows where Puppenland is. The best way to find this famous land is to take a map of Germany and cast the eye squarely on the centre, where is situated a little mountainous province surrounded and bounded by nearly all the other States of the Empire. This is Thuringia, or Puppenland, thus named because most of the best dollies—or puppen, as the Germans call them—of Europe, and some that emigrate to America, are born here. So dolly land is not like other fairy lands, located in the moon and inhabited by enchanting fays, but it lies in the heart of Europe, and here in the beautiful Thuringenwald it is filled with picturesque villages where almost all the inhabitants, men, women and children, labor incessantly.

Flanders, the Netherlands, and some of the old Rhine towns, were noted in mediæval times as exporters of the best dolls, but the great grandfathers of the villagers of Thuringia assert that from the most remote times their ancestors were engaged in this branch of manufacture, wherewith they supplied the great Kirmesses of Germany and other countries of Europe. The capitals of Puppenland in Thuringia are two overgrown villages. Which of them is the largest—that is, with re-

spect to their doll productions—it is difficult to determine. Both are surrounded by a group of smaller villages which are in a measure tributary to them. Under every roof in this locality can be seen grandfathers, parents and children busily employed in basting, sewing, cutting, pressing or painting on some constituent parts of the doll's anatomy.

Both Sonneberg and Walterhausen manufacture the most expensive as well as the cheapest dolls of all sizes and of every imaginable color and complexion. Walterhausen, however, lays more stress on the quality of its work, while Sonneberg strives to excel in the great quantity of its shipments.

It is a great mistake to imagine that through the efforts of any one family complete dolls are produced. Whole households are engaged in the making of the trunks only, while others spend the entire day in tinting the various parts. Every family contracts to finish certain parts only, which are delivered to a large, centrally located factory, where they are joined together, boxed and stored to await the orders of customers.

One can never get a true conception of the immense variety of the dolly folk until one inspects the many hundred species and subordinate species representing all the nations of the earth, which are exhibited here on the shelves of the spacious storerooms. Here are all sizes, from the little two-inch water nymph and the cheap wooden dolls with porcelain heads, to the largest wax, papier-mache and leather dolls. Then there is a large quantity having a wonderful mechanism in their interior arrangement, some that can say "papa" and "mamma," others that articulate a first-class scream or sound a miniature laugh, and others again that can whistle and perform on the flute, drum, violin and other musical instruments.

It is difficult to conjecture what becomes of the unaccountable legions of jumping-jacks, puppies, boobies, porcelain babies and black dollies that are

annually manufactured here. The most interesting of all is the making of the automation or "gelenkpuppe," as the Thuringians call it. It is the pearl of all dolls, and is even appreciated by the boys, as it can be made to imitate all the movements of the circus clown.

How often has not some poor mother attempted to unravel the mysteries of the labyrinthian inside of some automatic dolly reduced to a catalepsy by the inquisitive handling of her hopeful who was bent on a summary analysis? It is, indeed, an intricate system of hooks and elastics that connects arms and legs, hands and feet. The uninitiated person finds it impossible to effect successful repairs, but a recent invention by a villager of Walterhausen will cause the introduction of a simpler device, so that unskilled parents will be able to restore the vital forces of their children's pets. Some of the larger automatic dolls are composed of twenty or more parts, mostly made of wood from the Thuringenwald.

The Thuringians cut the wooden members in accordance with certain patterns, while they have machines wherewith to round the little wooden balls which serve as joint-caps. All the various parts must pass through the hands of the painter families before they are delivered to the factory. There are whole families who do nothing else but paint heads. The latter are also made of wood, porcelain, papier-mache and wax.

The tinting of the heads is the most delicate work of all. There is a small village not far from Sonneberg called Lauscha, where it is said that three-fourths of all the doll's eyes in the world are made.

After the heads have been tinted it requires families of dexterous mechanics to bore eye-sockets and to adjust the ovals. Doll's eyes can be made to wink or close through the attachment of small suspended weights to the corners of the lids. This reveals the mystery which has gladdened hundreds of thousands of little ones since the contrivance was first introduced here.

Only in the case of the most expensive dolls is real human hair applied. The bulk of the hair used for dolls is extracted from goats and kindred animals, and after being washed in some chemical mixture assumes its soft and glossy appearance.

The hair-dressers are important persons, and they must thoroughly understand their business, for doll coiffures change as often as the mode de Paris. The common dolls all wear hair wigs pasted on the mucilage, but the more aristocratic wax dolls insist on having every hair sewed separately in their craniums.

There are not only wood carvers, head-makers, leg and arm makers, dolls' eye-makers, portrait artists, hair-dressers, doll-sewers and doll-stuffers, but there is also employed a small army of fashionable dressmakers and milliners who make the cheapest calico Mother Hubbards, as well as the most stylish garments for dolls.

BESSIE'S NEW GAME.

When an afternoon full of games has left the nursery in great disorder, Bessie and Gertrude have one very last game to play, called "Helpfulness."

Bessie invented it.

On separate slips of paper are written the names of the principal things in the room—floor, chairs, rugs, book-case, bureau, closet, sofa, corners, tables, window-sills and desk—the slips of paper shuffled about, backs up.

Each person "playing" draws one in turn till all are taken, putting in order that part of the room or piece of furniture named, and when the game is done, behold the room neat and fresh again.

THE GOAT'S KICK.

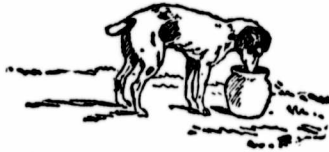
Several little girls were returning home from the park one afternoon when they were overtaken by a goat that wanted the whole street. They, of course, ran for dear life, the foremost one shouting to her companions, "Run! run! girls; he will kick with his head."

HOW THE THIEF WAS CAUGHT.

Leo was a little spotted dog always in mischief. He could creep through the smallest hole, and would run up to the kitchen stove, when nobody saw him, and snatch anything he could eat.

He received many blows and hard words, but went on stealing, until one day he was caught in a trap that cured him.

Some fish and meat had been left in a stone jar outside of the house door.



A box had been turned over the top to keep them safe.

Leo came running up to look for something to eat, and sniffed around the jar. He quickly upset the box that covered it, and then rolling the stone jar over, put his head inside. There were only two or three fish quite at the bottom, so Leo had to push his head far down. He even squeezed his



shoulders through the round open mouth of the jar.

He could now neither get in nor out, and struggled and moaned in vain. No one heard him, for the stone prison muffled his cries. As he could not see

where he was going, he dragged the jar far into the bushes, quite out of sight of the house.

It was a log cabin, and when the woman who lived there came home at night from her work, she went to look for her jar with the fish and meat. It was nowhere to be seen, and she called her son to ask if he had moved it. He had been away too, and they sat down outside the door, and wondered who could have been the thief.

Presently they heard low moans in



the bushes near the house; but they were afraid of snakes at night, and agreed to wait for morning. When it was day the boy went down into the thicket, and there found poor Leo almost dead with struggling, with the stone jar still fastened on his head.

Dick took an axe and broke the jar in pieces, and the dog, delighted to be free, rushed off with the stone rim still around his neck. He never tried to steal again.

M. T. H.

THE CAT'S WHISKERS.

Writing for an English paper, R. S. Wilburn says: "The cat's whiskers are the animal's organ of touch." They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of the long hairs are connected with the nerve of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. Let our young friends remember this, and never torture poor puss by pulling its whiskers.

A SOFT ANSWER.

Said the wise man, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A lady who believed in this precept said to her four-year-old Nellie, who is somewhat quick-tempered, "If one of your playmates speaks rudely to you, return a soft answer."

"Soft?"

"Yes. Now run along and play; mamma is busy."

The child went out on the lawn, where a neighbor's boy was mending a kite. She accidently broke the kite still more, whereby the boy was made angry.

"I don't like you; you're a horrid thing!" he said.

Little Nellie's eyes flashed, and she was about to reply with a very unkind remark, when suddenly recalling her mother's advice about a soft answer, she looked the boy right in the eye and said meekly and slowly, "Mush."

HER THIMBLE.

She hunted in the closet,
She hunted on the stair,
She hunted 'round the door-step,
She hunted everywhere.
She hunted thro' the twilight,
But, when the dark had come,
She paused to wipe her tears away—
And found it on her thumb.

MR. TURNIP'S COMPLAINT.

Mr. Turnip sat sighing
And this was his moan:
"Those tiresome young rabbits
Won't leave me alone.
They nibble and nibble
On this side and that—
They think I've no feeling
Because I am fat."
So sighed the poor turnip,
With tears in his eyes—
"Oh, would that those rabbits
Were made into pies!"

PEANUT CANDY.

Some gloomy day when young folk yawn
And wish the weary hours were gone,
Go to your storeroom and there get
Brown sugar, heavy, almost wet;
Send some one to the peanut stand,
A quart fresh roasted you'll demand.
Set all the children shelling these,
And make them whistle, if you please,
When these are shelled, chop, not too fine;
Butter some pie pans set in line;
Then take a round of sugar, turn
Into a pan and melt, not burn;
But add no water. When 'tis done,
And like thick syrup, quickly run;
Your chopped up peanuts lightly salt
And turn them in. If there's no fault,
Stir just a minute, pour in tins.
And cool, and then the fun begins.



A QUEER PLANT—



OF THE CAT-TAIL VARIETY.

PEOPLE OF THE PAST

When Napoleon Bonaparte was at Arcola he hesitated to storm the bridge in the face of a hot and steady fire from the Austrians on the opposite side of the river. A young bugler named Andre—a mere boy—leaped into the water, swam to the other bank, rushed into the enemy's ranks and began blowing his bugle. The Austrians were so astonished and excited that for a moment they believed themselves surrounded, and, taking instant advantage of their situation, Napoleon stormed the bridge and captured it. The intrepid bugler lived to be a veteran soldier, and although he never was rewarded in anyway during his lifetime long years afterward the people of Paris erected a monument to his memory.

John Abel, an English musician of the time of Charles II., gifted with a tenor voice of the most remarkable beauty and strength, was one of the chief singers of the choir of the royal chapel. In 1688 he was exiled from England on account of his religion. Wollkown Capelmeister asserts that Abel was in possession of a secret by which he was enabled to preserve in all their integrity, the fine qualities of his voice to an extreme old age. He was also a very skillful and graceful performer on the lute or guitar. Being of a wild and improvident disposition he was at length so reduced in circumstances as to be obliged to travel through several countries of the continent on foot with his guitar slung across his back. In his wanderings he arrived at Warsaw and was sent for by the King of Poland, who wished to hear him sing. Abel excused himself under pretence of a severe cold. On this answer being made known to his Majesty, a peremptory order was dispatched to the unwilling musician to repair instantly to the court. As soon as he appeared he was led into a vast hall,

round which ran a gallery, in which was the king and a numerous company of courtiers and ladies. Abel was placed in an arm chair, which by means of ropes and pulleys was drawn up several feet from the ground to the great astonishment of the singer; but this astonishment was quickly changed to terror when he saw a monstrous and savage bear let loose into the hall. The choice was then given him either to be let down upon the floor to try conclusions with the shaggy intruder or to gratify the king and the royal suite by the exertion of his vocal powers. Without hesitation he chose the latter alternative, and he was never known to sing with a stronger vibration of tone or a voice more perfectly clear and free from all symptoms of cold or hoarseness.

Bonnet, in his *Historic de la Musique*, gives the following extraordinary account of a mathematician, mechanic, and musician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Alix, after many years' study and labour, succeeded in constructing an automaton figure, having the shape of a human skeleton, which, by means of a concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. The artist, after having tuned in perfect unison two guitars, placed one of them in the hands of the skeleton, in the position proper for playing, and on a calm summer evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton with the guitar in its hands in a position where it could be seen from the street. He, then, taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar held by the skeleton, at the same

time that the movement of its wooden fingers, as if really executing the music, completed the illusion.

This strange musical feat drew crowds around the house of Alix, and created the greatest astonishment; but alas! for the ill-fated artist, this sentiment was soon changed in the minds of the ignorant multitude into the most superstitious dread. A rumor arose that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with the devil. He was arrested by order of the parliament of Provence, and sent before their criminal court La Chambre de la Tournelle, to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft.

In vain the ingenious but unfortunate artist sought to convince his judges, that the only means used to give apparent vitality to the fingers of the skeleton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other equally unmagical contrivances, and that the marvellous result produced was nothing more criminal than the solution of a problem in mathematics. His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician.

This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

Honourous, Emperor of the West, cherished a profound tenderness for a hen which he called Rome—an attachment which we must fear was not repaid in kind. He was at Ravenna, having taken the precaution to place between himself and the Goths the lagoons of the Adriatic. when, after the taking of the city of Rome Alaric in 410, the slave who had charge of the

imperial hen-house came to announce to him that the capital of Italy and of the West was lost. "How!" cried the emperor in dismay—"Rome lost! Why she was eating out of my hand only a moment ago!" It was towards his favorite hen, which had the same name as the imperial city, that all the thoughts and anxieties of the monarch tended; hence great was his relief when he learned that it was not his fowl but the capital of his kingdom to which his slave had alluded. "Oh," said he, drawing a deep breath, "I thought it had been my hen!"

Among the number of learned men whom Holland has produced, one of the most eminent was Hugh Grotius, who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, and obtained a wide reputation for his deep and extensive scholarship as well as for his sufferings in the cause of religious and civil liberty.

Grotius was a native of the town of Delft, where he was born in the year 1583. While yet a child, he acquired fame for his extraordinary attainments. At eight years of age, he composed Latin elegiac verses, at fourteen, he maintained public thesis or dissertations in mathematics, law and philosophy. In 1598, he accompanied Barneveldt, the ambassador, from the Dutch States, to Paris, where he gained the approbation of the reigning French monarch, the celebrated Henri Quatre, or Henry IV., by his genius and demeanor, and was everywhere admired as a prodigy. After his return to Holland, he adopted the profession of a lawyer, and while no more than seventeen years of age, pleaded his first cause at the bar in a manner that gave him prodigious reputation. Some time afterwards he was appointed advocate-general. In the year 1608, Grotius married Mary Reigersberg, whose father had been burgomaster of Veer. The wife was worthy of the husband, and her value was duly appreciated. Through many changes of fortune they

lived together in the utmost harmony and mutual confidence. It will be immediately seen how the devoted affection of the wife was tried in endeavors to soothe the misfortunes of the persecuted husband. Grotius lived in an evil time, when society was unhappily distracted by furious religious and political disputes. Mankind were mad with theological controversy, and Christian charity, amidst the tumult of parties, was entirely forgotten. Grotius was an Armenian and a republican; and his professional pursuits soon involved him in a strife which it was next to impossible to avoid. Barneveldt, his early patron, who possessed similar sentiments, was seized and brought to trial, and Grotius supported him by his pen and his influence. But his efforts were useless. In 1619, Barneveldt, on the charge of rebellion, was brought to the scaffold and beheaded, and his friend Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Louvestein, in South Holland. After this very rigorous and unfair proceeding, his estates were confiscated. Previously to his trial, he had a dangerous sickness, during which his anxious wife could not by any means obtain access to him; but after he was sentenced, she presented a petition, earnestly entreating to be his fellow-prisoner; and her prayer was granted. In one of his Latin poems, he speaks of her with deep feeling, and compares her presence to a sunbeam amid the gloom of his prison. The States offered to do something for his support, but, with becoming pride, she answered that she could maintain him out of her own fortune. She indulged in no useless regrets, but employed all her energies to make him happy. Literature added its powerful charm to these domestic consolations; and he who has a good wife, and is surrounded by good books, may defy the world. Accordingly, we find Grotius pursuing his studies with cheerful contentment, in the fortress where he was condemned to remain during life. But his faithful wife was resolved to procure his freedom. Those who trusted her with him must have had small knowledge of the ingenuity and activity of woman's affection. Her mind never for a moment lost sight of this favorite project, and every circumstance that might favor it was watched with intense interest. Grotius had been permitted to borrow books of his friends in a neighboring town, and when they had been perused, they were sent back in a chest which conveyed his clothes to the washerwoman. At first, his guards had been very particular to search the chest; but never finding anything suspicious, they grew careless. Upon this negligence, Mrs. Grotius founded hopes of having her husband conveyed away in the chest. Holes were bored in it to admit the air, and she persuaded him to try how long he could remain in such a cramped and confined situation. The commandant of the fortress was absent when she took occasion to inform his wife that she wished to send away a large load of books because the prisoner was destroying his health by too much study. At the appointed time Grotius entered the chest, and was with difficulty carried down a ladder by two soldiers. Finding it very heavy one of them said jestingly: "There must be an Armenian in it." She answered very coolly, that there were indeed some Armenian books in it. The soldier thought proper to inform the commandant's wife of the extraordinary weight of the chest; but she replied that it was filled with a load of books, which Mrs. Grotius had asked her permission to send away, on account of the health of her husband. A maid, who was in the secret, accompanied the chest to the house of one of her master's friends. Grotius came out uninjured, and, dressed like a mason, with trowel in hand, he proceeded through the market-place to a boat, which conveyed him to Brabant, whence he took a carriage to Antwerp. This fortunate escape was effected in March 1621. His courageous partner managed to keep up a belief that he was very ill in his bed, until she was

convinced that he was entirely beyond the power of his enemies. When she acknowledged what she had done, the commandant was in a furious passion. He detained her in close custody, and treated her very rigorously, until a petition which she addressed to the States-general procured her liberation. Some dastardly spirits voted for her perpetual imprisonment; but the better feelings of human nature prevailed, and the wife was universally applauded for her ingenuity, fortitude and constant affection.

Grotius found an asylum in France, where he was reunited to his family. A residence in Paris is expensive; and for some time he struggled with pecuniary embarrassment. The King of France at last settled a pension upon him. He continued to write, and his glory spread throughout Europe. Cardinal Richelieu wished to engage him wholly in the interests of France; and not being able to obtain an abject compliance with all his schemes, he made him feel the full bitterness of dependence. Thus situated, he was extremely anxious to return to his native country; and in 1627 his wife went into Holland to consult with his friends on the expediency of such a step. He was unable to obtain any public permission to return; but relying on a recent change in the government, he, by his wife's advice, boldly appeared at Rotterdam. His enemies were still on the alert; they could not forgive the man who refused to apologize, and whose able vindication of himself had thrown disgrace upon them. Many private persons interested themselves for him; but the magistrates offered rewards to whoever would apprehend him. Such was the treatment this illustrious scholar met with from a country which owes one of its proudest distinctions to his fame!

He left Holland and resided in Hamburg two years; at which place he was induced to enter the service of Christina, queen of Sweden, who appointed him her ambassador to the court of

France. After a residence of ten years, during which he continued to increase his reputation as an author, he grew tired of a situation which circumstances rendered difficult and embarrassing. At his request, he was recalled. He visited Holland on his way to Sweden, and at last met with distinguished honor from his ungrateful country. After delivering his papers to Christina, he prepared to return to Lübeck. He was driven back by a storm; and being impatient, set out in an open wagon, exposed to wind and rain. This imprudence occasioned his death. He was compelled to stop at Rostock, where he died suddenly, August 28, 1645, in the sixty-third year of his age. His beloved wife and four out of six of his children survived him. Grotius was the author of a number of works in different departments of learning, and his writings are believed to have had a decisive influence in the diffusion of an enlightened and liberal manner of thinking in affairs of science. Much of his learning being merely philological, or referring to a knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, is now justly held to have been of little value, and his productions in the belles-lettres are therefore in a great measure forgotten. His fame in modern time rests principally on his great work on natural and national law, written in Latin, and entitled *De Jure Belli et Pacis*—the Law of War and Peace—by which the science of jurisprudence has been ably promoted.

THE WATER MIRROR.

Under the blue and tranquil skies,
Still as a dream, pellucid clear,
The silent water mirror lies
Reflecting beauty far and near;
The delicate grasses at the brink,
The dragon flies on sapphire wings,
The bending ferns that dip and drink,
The whole wide world of lovely things,
Green leaf for leaf, bright spray for spray,
Soft cloud for cloud, fair day for day,
When crash! in bits the mirror goes,
Its fragrances everywhere seem strewn;
Into the charm of its repose
Some idle hand has cast a stone.
Madeline S. Bridges.

SOME CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

The nest of the tailor-bird is one of the most interesting objects in the whole realm of nature. It is usually built at the end of a very slender twig. If one leaf is sufficiently large, the edges are drawn together so as to form a pouch; but if one leaf is not large enough for this purpose, another one is stitched on to it. In constructing its nest, the bird

how to avoid its enemy, by placing its nest at the very end of a fine twig, along which the snake is unable to creep.

Another curious nest is that of the African weaver-bird. These nests are always suspended from the twigs of trees overhanging water. Each nest consists of a hollow globe at the top, which is approached by a tube about



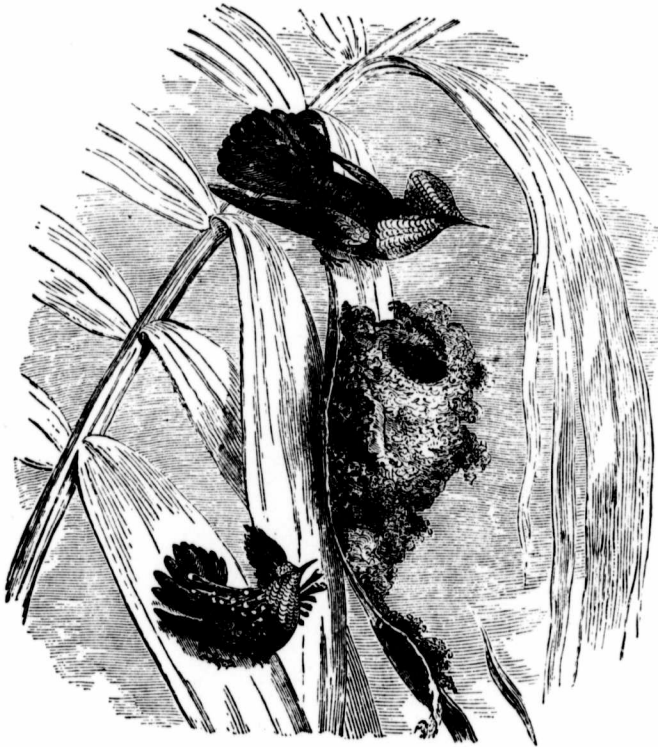
THE TAILOR BIRD AND ITS NEST.

uses its beak and feet to bore the holes through the edges of the leaf, and to pass the thread-like fibres through them. This it accomplishes with the dexterity of a tailor. The inside of the nest is then carefully lined with soft down and feathers. The greatest enemy of this clever little tailor-bird is the tree-snake, which infests the forests of India. But instinct teaches the bird

twelve or fifteen inches in length, made of the same material as the nest, which is usually formed of dry grasses beautifully interwoven into a compact and strong case. One end of the tube opens into the hollow globe which forms the nest proper; the other goes down to within two or three inches of the water, allowing just sufficient room to admit the bird upon its return to its nest.

The tiny but beautiful humming-birds of America construct their miniature nests at the ends of leaves. The nests are composed of down, cotton, and any other soft material the birds can collect, and are sometimes covered on the outside with mosses. One naturalist says that instinct teaches one species, which builds its nest on the slender branches which overhang the rivers, to make a rim round the mouth of the nest, turned

roof. When a number of birds agree in forming a habitation or colony, the first thing to be made is the roof of their curious house. A tree having been selected, the birds, numbering several hundreds, commence building operations. Before long the tree begins to resemble a huge, open umbrella; and as soon as the roof is completed each individual pair of birds construct their own nest under the shelter thus



HUMMING BIRDS AND NEST.

inwards, so as to prevent the eggs from rolling out. The trees on the rivers' banks are particularly exposed to violent gusts of wind, and were the nests not protected in this simple manner the eggs would probably be shaken out of the nests into the water.

The sociable grosbeak is found in South Africa. As its name implies, it is fond of company, and great numbers always nest together under one large

provided. In due course the whole under-surface of the roof is covered with the circular openings leading into the curious habitation. Each of these openings or entrances forms a regular street, with nests on both sides at about two inches from each other.

The oven-bird of America builds its nest in the form of an oven. The nest is composed of earth, and, though it is of considerable size, it is often com-

HOME AND YOUTH

pleted in two days, the male and female birds both engaging in the task, each carrying a ball of mortar about the size of a filbert nut. The nest is six inches and a half in diameter, and its walls an

inch in thickness. The opening of this curious little habitation is twice as high as it is wide, and the interior is divided by a partition into two chambers.



NEST OF THE SOCIABLE GROSBEEKS.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Anyone who knows how to take a holiday has mastered one of the most important lessons in the science of human happiness. A summer holiday, even if it be a short one may be a source of health and pleasure throughout the year, or it may be merely a means of getting rid of money that one has worked hard to save. In making holiday arrangements the first consideration should be to secure a change of scene and way of living that will relieve the monotony of life. Much of course depends on time and money and no set rules can be laid down.

Generally, it is not wise to spend the holidays year after year in exactly the same way; a little variety gives zest to the pleasure. But many people grow attached to certain localities and delight to visit them every year. It pleases them to walk through well remembered paths and meet the same pleasant faces during a few weeks of each year. Those who have the means and are able to spend the whole summer away from home can select some favored spot for a summer residence and secure variety by going elsewhere for a few weeks of each year. But the majority of people are limited both as to time and money. It is usually a mistake to go to a fashionable summer resort. It is very expensive and often very tiresome. A holiday should be a time of rest, and there is very little rest at a fashionable resort. The cost of a holiday at such a place cannot be measured by the hotel bills. An extra expenditure for dress is usually necessary, and the work and worry of getting ready often offset all the benefits of the holiday, which results in a depleted purse. But even in this regard no universal rule can be laid down for the guidance of everyone. When one has plenty of money to spare the experience of a visit to a fashionable resort may be of value, but to spend all one's holidays in such places seems to be a waste of time no matter how wealthy one may be.

A well spent summer holiday will

not only be a means of recuperation and enable one to do better work during the remainder of the year, but it will broaden the mind, enlarge the sympathies and furnish subjects for conversation for many months afterwards.

Residents of cities naturally seek rest in the country, and at first thought it would seem that country people should spend their holidays in the city, but it is not always wise for them to do so. Certainly, farmers and villagers should visit the cities and become acquainted with them; but sometimes a holiday visit to a relative or friend on another farm at a distance affords the necessary rest and change of scene just as a resident of one city will be refreshed by a visit to another city. Everyone, whether living in the city or the country, should endeavor at sometime to pay a visit to the seashore. To see the ocean and feel the breezes blowing from it will not only be a temporary pleasure, but will make a little breeze in the memory for many years afterward. Yet among the many thousands of readers of HOME AND YOUTH, both in cities and country places, there are many who live so far inland that they can scarcely hope to ever see the sea. These people must comfort themselves with the thought that they have certain advantages which those who reside near the sea do not possess. Fortunately there are great lakes in all the inland provinces of Canada which are fresh water seas, and no one is so far away from one of these that he cannot some time see what a vast body of water is like.

In connection with the question of holidays for young people, a correspondent of a Paris paper made an interesting suggestion a few years ago. This correspondent remarked that the prizes given after examination at the end of a school term are for the most part books, costly in their binding and not very exhilarating in their contents. These books, he said, are standard historical, biographical, instructive, admirable for the bookshelf, and—likely to remain there. The true reward, he thought, should be something to

amuse and improve the boy. He made the following suggestion: "Let the schoolmasters in concert arrange for a tour that shall start from Rouen, go down the Seine, take boat to Cherbourg, Portsmouth, London Bridge, and back by Boulogne or Dieppe and Havre to Rouen again. The steamer chartered should be a special one; there should be some two or three tutors in charge; the trip should take some seven or eight days, and a ticket for the trip be the reward for the boys who would otherwise have got prize books. Parents of children should be allowed to accompany them at reduced fares. The seven days' trip being completed, the steamer should start another similar excursion with a new lot of prize schoolboys."

Whether a similar scheme could be advantageously carried out in Canada or the United States may be left for schoolmasters to decide.

HE WAS AFRAID OF IT.

A writer in "The British Friend" says: "A young man, a spirit merchant, built a large house in the country and was retiring from business. When he first told me of his intention, I remarked to him: 'Surely, the spirit traffic is a paying business when you are able to retire from it so soon.' 'No,' he answered, 'it is not that; I have retired from it through fear,' and then he went on to tell me that he was a wholesale merchant and sold to many retail dealers. He kept a diary in which he entered all the names and ages of his customers, and when and how they died; and he said: 'I watched with deep regret many of those who came into this business gradually slipping downwards. When I called on some before 11 in the morning they were so stupefied by drink that they were scarcely able to conduct their business. One morning, on looking through my diary, I was struck by the number of names I had entered there as having died suddenly through the effect of strong drink. From that moment I shut the book and resolved

that I would be done with the demon that was bringing so many promising young men suddenly and early to fill a drunkard's grave."

A FAITHFUL DOG.

During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the Northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic and sent to Paris to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him; but on arriving in the capital was refused admission to the prison of his master. The distress was mutual; the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter of the prison, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of the master on seeing the dog was not less. It was difficult to separate them, but the jailer fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master, and looking in his face whined his delight.

After a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal, and to the surprise of the court there also was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and clung to him as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle of so much affection would have moved the judges and induced them to be merciful in view of the fact that the prisoner had committed no crime. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed and men acted in the spirit of maniacs

or demons. The prisoner accused only of being an aristocrat was doomed to be guillotined, and in pronouncing sentence the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him. The condemned man was conducted back to prison with his faithful companion. The dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy. Morning dawned, the hour of execution arrived, and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the axe fell and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. The dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered but he would not eat. Day by day his frame became more attenuated, his eye more glassy. Occasionally he uttered low moaning sounds. One morning he was found stretched lifeless on the earth.

LIVED THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

A vase closely sealed was found in a mummy pit in Egypt by the English traveller Wilkinson, who sent it to the British museum. In it were discovered a few peas, old, wrinkled, and hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass on July 4, 1844, and at the end of thirty days they sprang into life, after having lain sleeping in the dust of a tomb for almost three thousand years.

THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

William Leitch, the Scottish landscape-painter, who was well-known as a drawing master, gave some lessons to the Queen many years ago. The story goes that one day, in the course of a lesson, the Queen let her pencil fall to the ground. Both master and pupil stooped to pick it up; and, to the horror of Leitch, there was a collision—the master's head struck that of his

royal pupil; but, before he could stammer an apology, the Queen said, smiling, "Well, Mr. Leitch, if we bring our heads together in this way, I ought to improve rapidly."

THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

If there is any subject that people in general think they are specially familiar with, that subject is their own sense of touch or skin feeling. Yet how few will not be surprised to learn that the points of a pair of compasses held two and two-fifths inches apart against the middle of one's own back feel like but one point? If opened out to two and a half inches, they feel like two. This was discovered by Weber in a series of experiments to which Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately called attention.

Weber found the tips of the forefingers could feel the two points when they were one-twelfth of an inch apart, but not when closer together. Between this fine sensitiveness and the coarse sensitiveness of the middle of the back all the outer parts of the body vary.

For instance, the inner surfaces of the second joints of the forefinger can distinguish the two compass points one-sixth of an inch apart. The innermost points have less sensitiveness of this sort, but rank in it equal with the tip of the nose. The end of the toe, the palm of the hand, and the cheek have alike one-fifth of the perceptiveness of the tip of the forefinger, and the lower part of the forehead has one-half that of the cheek.

The back of the head and crown of the head are nearly alike in having fourteen times less sensitiveness of this sort than the tip of the forefinger. The points of the compass must be an inch and one-half apart before the breast ceases to feel them as one.

Mr. Herbert Spencer accounts for these differences on the ground of greater practice of some parts of the body in feeling various objects. For instance, the finger tips are educated and their qualities transmitted by inheritance to successive generations. The tongue, always feeling the teeth, and often feel-

ing particles of food, is still better educated. Its tip can distinguish between compass points one twenty-fourth of an inch apart, and is the most sensitive member of the body.

Mr. Spencer's theory agrees with some well-known facts. For example, he showed what was pretty well known long before he was born—that the finger tips of the blind are more sensitive than those of persons who can see, and who therefore do not practice their sense of touch so much. He also found that skilled type-setters were more sensitive than the blind on whom he experimented, for the type-setters could distinguish both compass points when one-seventeenth of an inch apart. It may be suggested that many facts could be adduced to show that parts of the body do not become more but less sensitive by continual touching of things. The fingers of a seamstress are often "calloused" by needle pricks or pressures, and yet she is always as much seeking to avoid the pricking as the type-setter is to seize but one type.

But in such scientific matters theories are plenty and easily made. The facts themselves are the interesting things, as are all pieces of novel information about the wonderful human body.

HOW EYEGLASSES ARE MADE.

The pieces of glass which are to be made into lenses for spectacles, for microscopes, small telescopes and the like, are first ground into shape, roughly, by being held against a cast iron tool like a grindstone. This, of course, is curved to give the lense the concavity or convexity desired. From this tool the glass passes to a "fine tool," so-called, of similar construction, but made of brass and covered with fine powder of sulphate of iron, calcined and ground. Jewelers call it rouge. Then a third tool, like the second, but covered with cloth which is thoroughly powdered with rouge, is used for polishing. After both sides have been treated thus the lense is cut to the required shape, oval

or round, with a diamond glass cutter and steel pincers, and the edges are ground smooth on metal wheels.

TAKING THE HUSBAND'S NAME.

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, it is said, originated from a Roman custom, and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of."

Against this view it may be mentioned that during the sixteenth and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always read of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stuart (not Seymour.) It was decided in the case of Bon vs. Smith, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband.

A DREADFUL FATE.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duellist had ever met.

"How was it?" asked everybody.

"I was at an hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing master.

"One or the other of us," he declared, in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!'"

"So let it be!" I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"

Facetious Passenger—How often, conductor, does your trolley-car kill a man? Conductor (tartly)—Only once? —New York Commercial Advertiser.

ITALIAN NOVELETTES

No. VI.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF
LAZZARO.

BY ANTON-FRANCESCO GRAZZINI.

Maestro Bosilie da Milane, a successful physician of Pisa, having acquired great wealth by the practice of his profession, married a young lady of good family who afterwards presented him with three sons and a daughter. As the children grew up they were a source of pride to their parents excepting the second son, who was of an extremely dull and obstinate disposition with a great aversion for learning and every species of improvement; morose, abstracted and unamiable, when his negative was once pronounced it was as unalterable as his own nature. The doctor at last finding he could mould him into nothing, to get rid of him, sent him into the country, where he had purchased at least half a dozen different estates, and where he was fondly retiring to escape the continued noise and turbulence of the city.

About ten years after he had despatched his son Lazzaro—for this was the fool's name—into this retreat, there arose a dreadful malady in Pisa, which carried off numbers of people in a violent fever, which subsiding into a deep lethargy, they awakened no more, and it was moreover as infectious as the plague. The doctor, desirous of showing his skill, and taking the lead of the other physicians on this occasion, exposed himself so fearlessly for his fees that he took the infection, which soon set at defiance every application of his most esteemed syrups and recipes, and in a few hours he retired from the profession forever. Nor was this all, for he communicated the disease to his family, and one after another they all died, until there was only an old nurse left alive in the house.

It was now that Lazzaro succeeded to all the property left by his deceased relations, though he merely added a domestic to the reduced establishment of his father, consisting only of the old servant. His farms and the receipt of the rents were left in the care of an agent, as he bestowed no attention on business.

Many families, notwithstanding, appeared very anxious for the honor of his alliance by marriage without making the slightest objection to his rusticity and folly; but the only answer he uniformly returned to these proposals was, that he had made up his mind to wait at least for four years, and that he afterwards might perhaps be induced to think of it. As he was known never to change his mind, no one ever importuned him further on the subject. Though he was fond of amusements in his own way, he admitted no one into his confidence and started on beholding a card of invitation like a guilty spirit at the sign of the cross.

Opposite to his house there resided a man of the name of Gabriello with his wife and two children, a boy about five years and a little girl, who he supported as well as he was able by his skill in bird-catching and fishing. Though his abode was humble, his nets and cages were of the very best construction, and he managed them so judiciously, that with the assistance of his wife Santa, who had the reputation of an excellent sempstress, he made a very pretty livelihood.

It happened that Gabriello was an exact counterpart in voice, countenance and appearance of our foolish friend Lazzaro; their very complexion and their beards were of the same cut and quality. If they were not twin brothers they ought to have been so, for they were not only of the same age and stature, but in their tastes and manners they greatly resembled each other. It would have been impossible even for the fisherman's wife to have recognized Lazzaro disguised in the dress of her husband; the only distinction that could be made was that one was dressed as a laborer and the other like a gentleman. Pleased with the happy resemblance which he could not help but acknowledge between himself and the fisherman, and fancying it laid him under a sort of obligation for which he felt grateful, he began to solicit his acquaintance. This he did in the pleasantest manner possible, frequently sending him good things from his table and a bottle of old wine. The fisherman's gratitude was so pleasing that he soon also sent for him to dine and sup with

him, passing the evenings in the most agreeable conversation imaginable; the adventures of the good fisherman and the prodigious lies he told, being a never-failing source of admiration and delight to Lazzaro. For the fisherman's skill extended far beyond his art, and the rogue contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of his patron, until the latter was hardly ever easy out of his company.

Thus having one day treated his rustic friend to a noble feast, they began to talk over their wine of the various modes of fishing, all of which was explained to the satisfaction of the host. None, however, seemed to take his fancy so much as the description of the diving net, on which the fisherman dwelt with uncommon enthusiasm, as the most useful and delightful invention in the world. It inspired Lazzaro of immediately witnessing a specimen of this part of the piscatory art, in which great fish can be caught, not with the nets and lines merely but with the very mouth, a drag-net hanging round the neck of the diving fisherman!

"Oh, let us go now! Let us go now!" exclaimed the happy Lazzaro, while, the guest, as usual, expressed himself ready to attend his patron. As it happened to be the middle of summer, nothing could be better; and finishing their dessert, Gabriello took his drag-nets and they went out together.

They bent their way through the Parta a Mere directly towards the Arno, along the fence of poles, above the great bank crowned with alder trees, spreading a most delicious shade. There the fisherman begged his patron to sit down and refresh himself while he observed the manner in which he should proceed.

Having just stripped himself, he bound the nets round his arms and neck, and then, boldly plunging into the river, down he went. But being a complete adept at his business, he rose again very shortly to the surface, bringing up with him at one drag, eight or ten great fish, all of the best kind. This was a real miracle in the eyes of Lazzaro, who could not divine how he could possibly see to catch them under water, and he resolved to ascertain the manner in which it was done. With this view, being a hot summer day, and thinking that a cold bath might refresh him, he prepared, with Gabriello's assistance, to step in.

He was conducted by Gabriello to a shallow part, and when about up to his knees Gabriello left him to his own discretion, only warning him that though the bottom shelved down very gradually, he had better go no further than where a certain post rose above the rest; and pointing it out to him once more, he pursued his business. Lazzaro felt singular pleasure in being thus left to himself, and splashing about, performed all sorts of antics in the water. His eyes were often fixed in admiration upon his friend Gabriello, who every now and then rose from the bottom with a fish in his mouth the better to please his patron, who at this sight could no longer restrain his applause.

"It is very plain now," he cried, "that it must be light under the water, or he could never have seen how to catch that fish in his mouth, besides all the fish in his net. I wish I knew how."

So saying, the next time that he saw Gabriello dive, he imitated the motion by ducking his head, and at the same time losing his footing, slipped gently down, till he not only reached the post, but passed it with his head still under water.

When he fairly got out of his depth, still trying whether he could see it appeared a strange thing to him; for he could no longer get his breath, and he endeavored in vain to fight his way up again, the water pouring in at his mouth and ears, at his nose and eyes, in such a way that he could see nothing. In short, the current catching him, bore him away in perfect amazement, and he was too far gone to cry for help.

Gabriello was in the meantime employed in diving down into a hole he had discovered near the stakes, full of fish, which he was handing into his net with the greatest alacrity while his poor friend and patron was already more than half dead, having now come up and gone down again for the third time, and at the fourth he rose no more.

Just at this moment, Gabriello, with a prodigious draught, again appeared, and turning round with a joyous face to look at Lazzaro, what was his surprise and terror when he found that his master was gone!

Gazing around with the hope of perceiving him somewhere, he only found his clothes, just as he had left them. In the utmost alarm he ran again to the water, and in a short time

discovered his body thrown by the current on the opposite bank. He swam to the place, and on perceiving that his good patron was quite cold and lifeless, he stood for some moments like a statue, overpowered with grief and terror without knowing how to act.

In the first place he was afraid, if he published the tidings of his death of being accused of having drowned him to plunder him of his money, an idea which threw him into such alarm, that covering his face with his hands he stood buried in profound grief and reflection.

At length he suddenly uttered an exclamation of joy, as the thought rushed into his mind, "I am safe! I am safe! There are no witnesses to the accident, and I know what I will do; it is the hour when, luckily, everyone is asleep."

With these words he thrust the nets and the fish into his great basket, and taking the dead body of Lazzaro on his shoulders, heavy as it was, he placed it by some wet reeds hard by the shore. He then bound the nets around his poor friend's arms, and again bearing him into the water, he contrived to fasten the strings in such a way around one of the deepest stakes, that they could with difficulty be withdrawn, giving the body the appearance of having been thus entangled while fishing.

He then assumed his patron's attire, and got even into his very shoes, and sat down quietly on the bank, resolved to try what fortune would do for him.

His strong resemblance to his deceased friend might not only save his life, but make it hereafter most comfortable and happy, he thought.

As the hour seemed now arrived with equal skill and courage he entered upon the dangerous experiment and began to call out lustily for help in the person of poor Lazzaro,—

"Help! help, good people," he cried, "or the poor fisherman will be drowned! Oh, he comes up no more!"

The miller was the first man that reached the spot, but numbers of people were gathered on all sides to learn what could possibly cause such an insufferable noise, for he was roaring most tremendously.

Gabriello continued to bellow for some time after they arrived, the better to counterfeit his patron, weeping the whole time as he told his tale—how the poor fisherman had dipped

and brought up fish so often, but the last time he had stopped nearly an hour under water, and having waited for him in vain, he began to be afraid he was coming up no more.

The people enquiring, with a smile at his simplicity, whereabouts it was, he pointed out the spot, on which the miller, who was a great friend of Gabriello, began to strip, and plunged into the river. And there, sure enough, as he believed, he found his friend Gabriello caught in his own net and entangled fast by his neck and heels to the unlucky stake.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the miller. "Here he is, poor Gabriello, poor Gabriello! quite drowned in his own entangled net;" using at the same time his utmost efforts to loosen it from around about the stake.

Such were the lamentations of Gabriello's friends on hearing this, he could scarcely refrain from betraying himself. Two more threw themselves into the water to assist the miller, and at length, with some difficulty they fished the body out. The arms and legs were all entangled in the net, and his relations in their indignation, tore the unlucky cords to tatters. The tidings of his death being spread abroad a priest immediately attended, and the body was borne on a bier to the nearest church, where it was laid out in order to be recognized by Gabriello's friends.

His disconsolate widow, accompanied by other relations bewailing him and her children, now hastened to the spot. Believing the body to be his, a scene of tender affliction ensued. After beating her breast and tearing her hair, she sat down and wept with her little children, while everyone around, and above all the real Gabriello, could not restrain their tears.

So overpowered indeed was Gabriello by his feelings, that pulling his poor patron's hat over his brows and hiding his face in his pocket-handkerchief, he addressed his wife before all the people in a hoarse and piteous voice:—

"Come, good woman, do not despair, do not cry so. I will provide for you, and take care of both you and your children. The poor man lost his life in trying to amuse me, and I shall not forget it. He was a clever fisherman; but leave off crying—I tell you I will provide for you. So go home, and go in

peace, for you shall want for nothing while I live, and when I die I will leave you what is handsome."

He ended with a kind of a growl, intended to express his concern both for her and the deceased fisherman. For these words he was highly applauded by the people present, while the imaginary widow, somewhat consoled by these promises, was conveyed back by her relations to her own dwelling.

But Gabriello in his new character immediately marched and took possession of Lazzaro's house, walking in exactly as he had often observed his poor friend was wont to do, without noticing anyone.

He went into a richly furnished chamber overlooking some gardens, and taking the keys out of his deceased patron's pockets, he began to search the trunks and boxes, where he found other lesser keys, which admitted him to all the treasures and valuables in the place.

It was a storehouse of wealth indeed, for it not only contained the fortunes of the deceased doctor and other relations of Lazzaro, to the amount of several thousand florins of gold, but was equally rich in jewels and plate.

At the sight of these Gabriello repressed with difficulty loud exclamations of rapture and surprise, and he sat down to devise fresh means of supporting his title to Lazzaro's estates. With this view, being perfectly well acquainted with his late friend's character, he went down about supper-time uttering the most strange and wild exclamations of grief. The two servants of the house, who had heard of the fatal accident and the cause of it, ran hastily to his relief.

But instead of listening to their consolation he directly ordered six loaves and a portion of the supper, with two flasks of wine, to be carried to the disconsolate widow across the way.

On the return of the domestic with the poor widow's grateful thanks, Gabriello partook of a light supper spread out in the handsomest style, and, without saying a word to anyone, shut himself up in his chamber and went to bed. There he remained until the hour of nine the next morning, the better to indulge his reflections and his grief.

Though the difference between his voice and language and those of his former master was perceptible to his domestics, they attri-

buted it entirely to his violent sorrow for his deceased friend.

The next day Gabriello began to rise at his old friend's usual hour, and though he had a variety of cares on his hands he never permitted the poor widow Santa to want for anything.

He imitated his old patron's way of life very exactly, for he really seemed to have succeeded to his indolence, which he adopted without an effort. He was still, however, extremely concerned to hear that his wife's grief for his death continued unabated, though he felt flattered by it, and began to think in what way he could console her, and how he could contrive means to marry her again.

Feeling not a little puzzled on the subject, he resolved to go to her house, where he found her, accompanied by one of her cousins, it not being long since the time of his supposed death.

Having informed her that he wished to speak to her upon an affair of importance, her kind relation immediately took his leave, aware of the numerous obligations which her rich neighbor had so charitably conferred upon her.

When he had left them, Gabriello closed the door with the same air of familiarity as formerly, at which the poor woman could not help testifying some surprise, fearful lest he might presume too far on the services he had rendered her.

When Gabriello advanced, taking her little boy by the hand, she drew back timidly, at which action he could not help expressing his admiration of his wife's propriety in an audible voice and a grin of delight. Then taking her by the hand, he spoke to her in his accustomed manner, and she gazed for a moment doubtfully in his face, while Gabriello, taking his little boy in his arms tenderly caressed him, saying, "What, boy, is your mother weeping at our good fortune?" and shaking some money in her hand with a triumphant air, he gave it to him, and went on playing with him as usual.

But perceiving that his wife was overpowered with a variety of emotions she could not control, unable to disguise the truth any longer, he first fastened the door, and fearful lest anyone should hear the strange story he had to reveal, he drew her into an inner chamber, and there related the whole affair just as it had passed. It is impossible to convey an

idea of surprise and joy as she hung weeping upon his neck. But they were delicious tears and her husband kissed them away with far greater rapture than he had ever before felt, and they sank overpowered with emotion in each other's arms.

It was necessary, however, to use the utmost precaution in retaining the fortune they had so strangely won; after explaining the plans he had in view, and engaging his wife's promise to keep it secret, he returned to his new house. His wife, still affecting to retain her grief for his loss, frequently took care before all her neighbors to recommend her poor children to the notice of the gentleman, who uniformly treated them with kindness.

One morning, having at length resolved upon a play, he rose early, and bent his way to the church of Santa Calterina, where he knew a venerable and devout monk, named Fra Anselmo, almost worshipped by the people of Pisa.

He here announced a very important piece of business, respecting which he wished to consult the conscience of the learned friar. The good father conducted him into his cell, where Gabriello introduced himself as Lazzaro di Maestro Basilio, relating at the same time his whole family genealogy, and how he had remained sole heir to the whole property through the plague.

He at last came to the story of poor Gabriello, the fisherman, laying the whole blame of the accident upon himself in persuading the wretched man to accompany him in a fishing excursion along the Arno. He then proceeded to relate the deplorable circumstances in which he had left his family. He said, taking into consideration the cause of the calamity, he felt it weigh so heavily upon his conscience that he was resolved at all risks to make every reparation in his power. But what reparation could be made to a woman, who, however lowly her condition, had fondly loved her husband, except by consoling her for her loss by directing her affections towards another object.

"And the truth is," he continued, "I am willing to marry her and become a father to her children; and then perhaps God will forgive me for the great sin I have committed in taking him out fishing with me."

Though the pious father here smiled, it appeared so conscientious a proposal that he did not venture to oppose it, saying that he would

not fail in this way to obtain the mercy of Heaven upon many of his past sins. Hearing this comfortable doctrine, Gabriello opened his purse-strings and presented the friar with thirty pieces, observing that he wished the mass of San Gregorio to be sung for three Mondays together to ensure peace to the soul of the deceased fisherman. The venerable monk's eyes brightened at the sight and the promised mass should be sung the very next Monday.

With respect to the projected alliance, he observed to Gabriello that he rather praised him for his regard to wealth and nobility in the proposed union. "Make no account of it," he continued, "you will be rich enough in the grace of Heaven; we all belong to the same father and the same mother, and virtue is the only nobility. I know both her and her parents: you could not do better, for she is born of a good family. So go home, my good senior, and I will attend you when you please."

"Well, to-day, to-day, then!" cried Gabriello as he prepared to depart.

"Oh! leave it to me," returned the friar, "and take my blessing with you, my son, and bring the ring in the meantime."

Gabriello hastened home, and purchased the ring accordingly, persuading himself there could be no harm in making sure everything was quite correct in the difficult circumstances under which he labored.

So, with the consent of all the lady's friends and relations, the marriage was celebrated a second time.

Gabriello, in the person of Lazzaro, then conducted his wife to her new house, where a splendid feast was prepared, and all their friends met to receive them.

Soon after, Gabriello gradually assuming the manners of a gentleman, dismissed the old maid and man-servant with liberal gratuities, and set up a handsome equipage and noble establishment.

He astonished all Leonardo's friends with the striking improvement that had taken place in the simpleton's manners, while his wife, Santa, became exceedingly genteel in all her actions. The twice-married pair spent together a happy and tranquil life, and had two sons subsequently born, who, assuming a new family surname, called themselves De Fortunati, and from their children sprung a race of men renowned both in letters and in arms.

THE DINNER MAKERS

SARDINE SANDWICHES.

Take boneless sardines and mix with oil, a little mustard and lemon juice; spread on thin crackers.

POCKET OF VEAL WITH SPANISH DRESSING.

Get a rib piece of veal weighing about three pounds and have a pocket cut in one side; fill this with Spanish dressing and roast for two hours.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.

Take what quantity you please of red ripe gooseberries; take half the quantity of lump sugar, break them well, and boil together for half an hour or a little longer. Put in pots and cover with paper.

A GOOD WAY TO COOK STEAK.

Broil the steak without salting. Salt draws the juice in cooking. It is desirable to keep this in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter. Salt and pepper to taste.

SCRAMBLED MUTTON.

Three cups of cold boiled mutton chopped fine, three tablespoonfuls of hot water, one-fourth of a cup of butter; put on the stove, and when hot break in four eggs and stir constantly until thick. Season with pepper and salt.

SPANISH DRESSING.

Remove the crust from a one-pound loaf of bread, crumb it up and moisten with a pint of canned tomatoes. Then season with three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, two good dashes of cayenne pepper and one tablespoonful each of chopped onion and celery.

SAGO BLANC-MANGE.

Soak five ounces of sago in a pint of cold water for four hours, boil a pint and a half of milk with two bay or laurel leaves till flavored, take them out. Stir the sago into the milk, add three ounces of caster sugar, boil for a quarter of an hour, then pour into an oiled mould, and when cold turn it out and serve with preserved or stewed fruit.

PEA-NUT SANDWICHES.

Shell a pint of roasted pea-nuts, chop up fine and mix up with mayonnaise dressing; spread on thin slices of home-made bread.

LETTUCE SANDWICHES.

Take the blanched leaves from the heart of a head of lettuce, spread thickly with rich mayonnaise dressing and lay between thin slices of bread; trim the leaves evenly with scissors.

SPICED CURRANTS.

Make a syrup of three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add six pounds of currants, and boil half an hour.

STRAWBERRY WATER.

To every pound of strawberries take one pound of sugar; place in an earthen dish; stir occasionally until well dissolved; strain, bottle and cork well; this keeps many years, and makes a good drink for warm weather.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.

This cordial is not only pleasant to the taste, but possesses medicinal qualities. A pound of sugar to a quart of fruit is the regulation allowance; add a teaspoonful of cloves, the same of cinnamon, and a whole nutmeg. Boil and skim carefully until the liquid is a rich syrup.

POTATOES AND BEEF.

To boiled and mashed potatoes add some milk, butter and a well-beaten egg. Place a layer of the potatoes on a buttered pudding-dish, then a layer of minced lean beef (cooked), sprinkle with pepper and salt, and repeat the layers till dish is full, leaving a layer of potato on top dotted with bits of butter. Bake till top is a light brown.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

To four quarts of raspberries add enough vinegar to cover; let stand twenty-four hours, scald and strain; add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil twenty minutes; bottle in

fruit jars or in any kind of glass bottles; seal with paper dipped in white of egg. A large tablespoonful of the above in a tumbler of cold water makes a pleasant drink on a hot day.

CURRENT JELLY.

Jam and strain; for each pint of juice allow one pound of white sugar; boil the juice without the sugar for twenty minutes, skin off all scum, weigh the sugar, put it in shallow tins in the oven, turning frequently with a spoon, that it may be hot all through, yet not browned. At the end of twenty minutes add the hot sugar to the boiling juice, stir gently until the sugar is dissolved, pour at once into jelly glasses. If properly prepared it will gill almost before it can be put into glasses.

SUGAR WEIGHTS FOR FRUITS.

The amount of sugar necessary for each quart of fruit is as follows:

For Cherries.....	8 ounces.
" Raspberries.....	6 "
" Strawberries.....	10 "
" Whortleberries.....	6 "
" Quinces.....	12 "
" Small Sour Pears (whole).....	10 "
" Peaches.....	6 "
" Bartlett pears.....	8 "
" Pineapples.....	8 "
" Siberian or Crab Apples.....	10 "
" Plums.....	10 "
" Ripe Currants.....	10 "

GOOSEBERRY JELLY.

The green gooseberry is one of those good fruits that one cannot make too much of, and yet the cooking of it in most households is exceedingly monotonous. Stew a pint of green gooseberries in a quart of water with sugar, and allow them to get cold, and then heat again, for this will make the fruit a nice pink color. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in water, add to it quarter of a pound of sugar, and place it in the juice of the fruit, which should be carefully strained and cleared; add sufficient water to make one and a half pints in all, pour in a wetted mould, and when cold serve with whipped cream or custard.

TWO WONDERFUL TOYS.

Many years ago a large toy trumpeter was exhibited in Vienna. When it was set in motion it played most of the cavalry "calls" in use in the Austrian army, then a march and

other music. The trumpeter then withdrew, but quickly reappeared, dressed in the uniform of a French soldier, and played some of the French army marches.

Tippoo Saib, an Indian prince, once possessed a toy tiger which is now in the Indian Museum at South Kensington, England. It represents a tiger trampling on a man who has fallen to the ground. By a very clever arrangement when a handle is turned the tiger is made to growl fiercely and the man to cry out in terror. This curious toy is life-size, and was made specially for Tippoo's amusement.

ROADSIDE ORCHARDS.

The experiment of planting fruit-trees along the sides of public highways has been tried with satisfactory results in several German states and in Austria, and the products of the plantations have been the means of adding considerably to the revenues of the governments thereof. In Saxony the profit derived by the state from that source during fourteen years is estimated at about four hundred thousand dollars. Planting of forest trees by the sides of the road has been abandoned in Wurtemberg, and the plantation and care of fruit trees are regulated by law. The trees are placed in the care of the abutting proprietor, under the supervision of the highway inspector. In Bavaria and the Palatinate each road man is duplicated by a horticulturist, for whose qualification special instruction is provided, and who has to pass a competitive examination. In some regions the lines of the railroads are also planted, and in others the minor roads and even private roads. The system has made the most rapid progress and reached the highest development in the grand duchy of Luxemburg, where special classes are held every year, under a professor in the agricultural school, for teaching the inspectors and road hands the theoretical and practical elements of the orchardist's art.

THE DRESS AND THE MAN.

Does the dress make the man? A German beggar thought it doubtful. "Here I am," he said, as he looked at himself in a pocket mirror; "here I am, wearing the boots of a bank manager, the trousers of a landed proprietor, a baron's coat and vest, and a count's hat, and in spite of it all, I look like a tramp."

CARAVAN TALES

No. IV.

THE FORTUNES OF SAID.

CHAPTER IV.

Said had seized the mast and when the vessel went to pieces clung to it with the energy of despair. The waves tossed him hither and thither, but he managed to keep himself above the surface. He swam for half a mile at the momentary peril of his life, when the pipe attached to the golden chain again fell from his girdle, and the thought occurred to him to try once more its magic virtues. Holding fast with one hand, with the other he set it in his mouth. The instant he blew, a clear, pure note rang out and in a moment the storm began to go down and the waves subsided as if oil had been poured upon them. He look about him with a lighter heart, and as the mist cleared away he saw that land was not far distant. The water seemed now more buoyant than usual and with the aid of the mast he had no difficulty in making his way to shore. As he drew near the land he noticed a small boat coming towards him and was surprised to see it was empty. He abandoned the mast and climbed into the boat. Then he noticed it was at the mouth of a wide river which flowed into the sea at this point, and he guessed that the boat must have been carried down this river to the sea. He had been accustomed to rowing as a boy but it seemed to him now that he had never rowed so easily or so swiftly before, and he concluded that his fairy godmother was giving strength to his arms.

The sun was about setting when in the dim distance Said caught a glimpse of a large city whose minarets seemed to bear a strong resemblance to those of Bagdad. The thought of returning to Bagdad was far from pleasant, but his confidence in the benevolent fairy was so great that he felt convinced that she would never again suffer him to fall into the hands of the infamous Kalum Beg.

When he was about a mile from the city he saw a magnificent country-seat. On the roof of the villa stood several richly-dressed gentlemen, and a crowd of servants were gathered on the shore, all gazing at him and clapping their hands.

Said drew in his oars as he reached a flight

of steps leading from the water to the terraces. At the same moment several servants hurried down, and, offering him dry clothes, invited him, in the name of their master, to come up. He dressed himself rapidly and followed the servants to the roof, where he found three gentlemen, the tallest of whom came towards him courteously, saying,

"Who art thou, mysterious youth, who come rowing so swiftly up the river? Never before did man row as you do."

"My lord," continued Said, "if you accord me permission, I will relate to you the misery I have been through during the last two years."

He then began and told the three men his history from the moment when he left his father's house in Balsora to his wonderful rescue from a watery death. He was frequently interrupted by exclamations of astonishment; and, as soon as he had ended, the master of the house said:

"I believe your story, Said. But you tell us that you won a chain in the tournament, and that the caliph gave you a ring; can you show these!"

"Here in my bosom I have preserved them both," said the youth in reply, "and would have parted with them only with my life; for I look on it as the most glorious and splendid action of my life to have rescued the great caliph from the hands of his murderers." At the same time he drew forth the ring and chain and handed them to his questioner.

"By the beard of the Prophet it is my ring!" exclaimed the handsome nobleman, "Grand vizier, let us embrace our preserver."

Said thought himself dreaming when the two noblemen embraced him, but, recovering his presence of mind, he threw himself to the ground and said:

"Pardon, pardon, Commander of the Faithful, that I spoke thus freely in your presence for you can be none other than Haroun al Raschild, the great Caliph of Bagdad."

"He I am," answered Haroun, "and your friend. From this moment your misery shall cease. Follow me to Bagdad, remain near me, and be one of my trusted friends; for truly you showed on that night of peril that Haroun

was not indifferent to you; and it is not every one of my most faithful servants that I should be willing to subject to the same test."

Said thanked the caliph and promised to remain forever in his service, if he could be permitted first to make a journey to his father, who must needs be in great anxiety regarding his fate. This condition the caliph considered reasonable; and, all mounting their horses soon after, they reached Bagdad before sunset. The caliph gave Said a suite of richly furnished apartments in his own palace, and promised to build soon a handsome house for his exclusive use.

On the earliest information of this event, Said's companions in arms, the caliph's brother and the grand vizier's son, hastened to pay their respects. They embraced him as their benefactor, and begged the favor of his friendship. But they were bewildered with surprise when he answered: "I have been your friend a long while;" and, drawing forth the chain which he had won as the prize of victory, reminded them of various circumstances to prove his identity. They had never seen him otherwise than with a dark brown complexion and a long beard; and it was only after he had told the reasons of his disguise, and, calling for blunted weapons, proved by his dexterity that he was no other than Almanzor, that they embraced him a second time with redoubled pleasure, and congratulated themselves on the acquisition of such a friend.

On the following day, as Said was sitting near Haroun with the grand vizier, Messour, the head chamberlain, entered the room and said:

"Commander of the Faithful, might I, if it be your pleasure to listen, crave a favor of your majesty!"

"I will hear you," answered Haroun.

"My dear cousin, Kalum Beg, a famous merchant of the bazaar, stands without, may it please your majesty," said the chamberlain, "and he has a singular controversy with a man from Balsora, whose son was at one time in Kalum's service. The youth subsequently stole some of his master's property, ran away to avoid punishment, and has not been seen since. The father seeks now to reclaim his son from my cousin, although he has him not. The latter therefore begs that, by the force of your majesty's great wisdom and penetration,

you will decide between this man from Balsora and himself."

"I will decide," answered the caliph. "Let your excellent cousin come to the hall of justice with his adversary in half an hour."

After Messour had expressed his thanks and taken his departure, Haroun said: "This must be your father, Said; and, since fortunately I know already the facts in the case, my judgment shall equal Solomon's for wisdom. You, Said, hide yourself behind the curtain of my throne till I call you, and you, grand vizier, have the wicked police judge instantly summoned. I shall need him for the investigation."

Both did as he commanded. Said's heart beat loudly when he saw his father, pale and feeble, enter the hall with tottering step; and the soft, confident laugh with which Kalum Beg whispered something to his cousin the head chamberlain, made him so angry that he longed to rush out from his place of concealment, and fall upon him then and there, for he had the scoundrel alone to thank for all his suffering and his misery. The hall was thronged with men who had come to hear the caliph give judgment. The grand vizier, after the Commander of the Faithful had taken his seat upon the throne, commanded silence, and asked who appeared as a complainant before his lord the caliph.

Kalum Beg stepped forward with a brazen front, and said, "Several days ago I was standing before the door of my shop in the bazaar, when a crier, with a purse of gold in his hand, and this man following, came through the market, shouting, 'A purse of gold to him that can give information concerning Said of Balsora.' This Said had been in my service, and I, of course, called out, 'Here, this way, friend. I can earn that purse.' Thereupon, this man, who is now so embittered against me, approached, and inquired what I knew. I answered: 'Perhaps you are his father, Benazar?' and, on his assenting, I told him how I had found the young man in the desert, saved and taken care of him, and brought him to Bagdad. In the joy of his heart he presented me with the purse. But when the crazy fellow hears that his son had been in my employ, that he played me a knavish trick, and afterwards disappeared, he refuses to believe what I say, torments my life out for several days past, and demands

back his money and his son, neither of which will I give him, for the money belongs to me for the information I gave him, and his rascally son I have never been able to find."

It was now Benezar's turn. He described how virtuous his son had always been, and declared that he could never have been so wicked as to steal; and he called upon the caliph to investigate the matter to the bottom.

"I hope," said Haroun, "that you did your duty, and denounced the theft, Kalum Beg?"

"Certainly, your majesty," cried Kalum with a laugh. "I immediately carried him before the police judge—"

"Summon the police judge," the caliph commanded.

To the astonishment of all the judge instantly appeared. The caliph demanded whether he had any recollection of the affair, and he replied that he had.

"Did you examine the young man? Did he confess the theft?" asked Haroun.

"No, your majesty; he was so obdurate as to confess to no one but your majesty," answered the judge.

"I do not remember to have seen him," said the caliph.

"Of course, your majesty, why should you? I could send you a crowd of such rascals every day, all anxious to speak with your majesty."

"You know that my ear is open to every man," answered Haroun; "but probably the proofs of the theft were so clear that it was unnecessary to bring the young man before me. You had, of course, witnesses to prove that the gold stolen from you was your property, Kalum?"

"Witnesses?" said the merchant, turning pale. "No, I had no witnesses, and you are aware Commander of the Faithful, that one gold piece is just like another. Where could I get witnesses to show that these particular gold pieces were taken from my coffers?"

"And how did you know, then, that exactly that amount belonged to you?" asked the caliph.

"By the purse in which they were," answered Kalum.

"Have you the purse with you?" demanded Haroun.

"Here it is," said the merchant, drawing out the purse and handing it to the grand vizier to pass to the caliph.

No sooner had the vizier taken it than he exclaimed with well feigned astonishment: "By the beard of the Prophet! Do you say this purse is yours, you dog? The purse belongs to me, and I gave it with a hundred pieces of gold to a brave young man who rescued me from a great peril."

"Can you swear to this?" inquired the caliph.

"As surely as that I shall hereafter get to paradise," said the vizier, "for my daughter made it with her own hands."

"Indeed!" cried Haroun, "and did you judge falsely, police justice? Why did you believe that the purse belonged to this merchant?"

"He swore it," answered the judge timidly.

"So you swore falsely?" thundered the caliph to Kalum, who stood pale and trembling before him.

"Allah! Allah!" cried he. "I have nothing to allege against the grand vizier, for he is a reliable, honest man. But, ah! the purse was mine, notwithstanding, and the good-for-nothing Said stole it from me. I would give a thousand toman if he were on the spot."

"What did you do with this Said?" asked the caliph. "Inform us whither you sent him."

"I sent him to a desolate island," replied the police judge.

"O, Said! my son, my son!" cried the unfortunate father, weeping.

"Then he confessed the crime?" asked Haroun.

The judge turned pale. He rolled his eyes in every direction, and stammered at last:

"If I recollect rightly—he did."

"Then you are not certain?" continued the caliph in a terrible voice. "We will learn from his own lips. Said, come forth; and, Kalum Beg, pay down a thousand pieces of gold instantly, for he is here on the spot."

Kalum and the police justice thought they saw a ghost, and fell upon their knees, crying, "Mercy! Mercy!"

Benezar, half-fainting with joy, rushed into the embrace of his long-lost son.

The caliph continued with iron severity, "Police judge, here stands Said. Did he confess his crime?"

"No, no!" howled the judge. "I listened only to Kalum's testimony, because I knew he was a man of standing."

"Have I appointed you a judge over all my

subjects, that you should listen only to men of standing?" cried Haroun al Raschid, with noble indignation. "I banish you to a desolate island for ten years; there you can reflect on justice. And you, miserable wretch, who revive the dying, not to save, but to reduce them to slavery, you shall pay, as I have already said, a thousand romans, according to your offer if Said would appear to testify."

Kalum congratulated himself at escaping from the difficulty so cheaply, and was beginning to thank the lenient caliph. But the latter went on: "For the false cath concerning the hundred pieces of gold, you shall receive a hundred blows on the soles of your feet. For the rest, Said himself shall choose whether he will take your whole shop as his property, and you as his porter, or will be contented with ten pieces of gold for every day which he spent in your service."

"Let the scoundrel go, your majesty!" cried the youth. "I will have nothing that belongs to him."

"No," replied Haroun, "it is my will that you be recompensed. I decide in your stead for the ten gold pieces, and you shall reckon how many days you were in his claws. And now, away with these wretches."

They were borne off, and the caliph led Benezar and Said into another hall. There he described to the happy father his wonderful rescue through Said's courageous interference, interrupted occasionally by the howls of Kalum Beg, who was receiving his hundred blows on the soles of his feet in the court-yard of the palace.

The caliph invited Benezar to live with Said in Bagdad under his protection. He accepted the offer, returning once more to collect together his possessions.

Said lived like a prince in the palace which the grateful caliph caused to be built for him. The caliph's brother and the son of the grand vizier were his most intimate friends, and, "O, that I might be as valiant and as fortunate as Said, the son of Benezar!" grew to be a by-word among the people of Bagdad.

[THE END.]

The turaco-bird of South America has feathers out of which the crimson color is washed by a heavy shower. This color is derived from the copper consumed in the plantains and bananas on which these birds feed.

MIRRORS AND LENSES.

When a ray of light passes, let us say from the less dense ether into the denser air, or from air to glass, its vibrations are diverted by the particles of matter in its path, and so the path of the ray of light is bent or refracted; just as the ripples of the sea passing among a number of half-covered stones have their onward motion changed in direction by each stone diverting the ripples slightly from their course. The glass of a looking-glass does not reflect light in sufficient quantity to send back neat and well-defined images; this is done by a layer of metal at the back of the glass. This layer is a mixture of tin and mercury. The glass has the effect of giving the metal the necessary polish, and preserving it from getting tarnished. So we see our faces in a looking-glass, because rays of light leave all parts of our faces, and hitting on the metal behind the glass, are reflected back by this substance to the eyes. Lenses are used in optics, and are always spherical. They are generally made of common glass, which is free from lead, or flint glass, which contains lead, and is more reflective than the common glass. These lenses are thick in the centre, and thin at the ends, and are made up of infinitesimal numbers of small surfaces, all of which are inclined towards the central part, and therefore, on leaving the lens, are bent towards each other, and consequently meet at a little distance from the lens at a point called the focus, at which point their strength is concentrated. Microscopes, telescopes, spectacles, in fact all optical instruments, are made with lenses of different shapes and sizes, sometimes combined with a mirror. The slightest difference in shape will change the focus.

PERFUMES FOR HORSES.

There are some perfumes that are very grateful to horses, however little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent. Horse-trainers are aware of the fact, and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and intractable animals. Many trainers have favorite perfumes, the composition of which they keep a secret, and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's aesthetic sense that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

HYGIENE OF THE BATH.

A fundamental rule in all sorts of bathing is to allow of from two to three hours' rest between the meal and the bath; this should especially be the case in salt water bathing. The sudden shock of the cold water retards the digestion, and the consequences may be serious. While salt water baths are strengthening and hygienic, provided certain rules are observed, they are injurious if indulged in carelessly by those not in good health. From twenty minutes to half an hour is sufficiently long to remain in the water; to stay in a greater length of time is weakening. On coming out, the body should be well rubbed down and a glow produced, in order to prevent taking cold. Only all-wool goods should be made up into bathing suits, as one is apt to be seized with a chill when the wet clothes are brought in contact with the air; if a chill should ensue after the bath, it is best to take a stimulant and wrap up warmly; should a reaction not take place in a few minutes you may rest assured that the open-air bath does not agree with you. In that case it is wise to consult a physician.

VACCINATION.

Much of the prejudice against vaccination which still exists in the minds of many people is fed by the occurrence now and then of unpleasant or even dangerous inflammation apparently caused directly by the operation, says a medical writer in the *Youth's Companion*. This inflammation may often be prevented, however, by the exercise of a little care, or it can be robbed of any serious consequences by intelligent treatment.

The danger of the inoculation of certain constitutional diseases, which was once urged with some reason against vaccination, is now done away with by the almost universal custom of taking the virus from a healthy calf instead of from the arm of a vaccinated child.

Sometimes a wide extent of surface on the arm surrounding the point of vaccination, becomes hot, red, swollen, itching, and perhaps even painful. This inflammation, beyond the discomfort it causes, is seldom serious, and requires only the application of some

smooth baby powder or of a cold lotion, round, but not over, the vaccination sore. In some cases the inflammation persists and spreads in spite of these simple measures, and then, especially if the whole arm becomes involved, or the glands under the arm become swollen and tender, a physician should be consulted without delay.

Better than treatment, however, is the prevention of the causes of this inflammation. Sometimes it is due to friction by the clothing or to scratching by the child, which breaks the skin over the little blisters, or tears off the scab and irritates the raw place so produced. To prevent this a vaccination shield should be worn, or better yet, the part may be covered by a wide, thick layer of cotton fastened to the arm by adhesive plaster.

Other causes of a sore arm after vaccination are dirt, catching cold, indigestion from improper diet, and constitutional weakness. With some children every scratch is followed by inflammation which takes a long time to get well. Such children will almost surely have a sore arm after vaccination, and if possible the operation should be deferred until they have been built up by tonics and fresh air. During the entire vaccination period the diet should be simple, meat and all "heating" foods being very sparingly indulged in.

RESTFUL SLEEP.

Sound, regular, and uninterrupted sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," is an essential condition of long life. Without sufficient sleep long life is not possible; for constant labour can only end in exhaustion. In sleep the body recuperates itself, and to do this thoroughly the sleep must be sound, regular, of sufficient length and free from dreams.

After a long fast it is difficult to get sound sleep. Some light food is requisite under such circumstances, and nothing is more helpful than a cup of hot beef-tea, thickened with crumbs of bread, or a cup of hot cocoa or arrowroot, which satisfies the demands of the stomach, and serves as a healthy stimulant. Hot drinks of any kind also dilate the blood vessels and diminish the supply of blood to the brain. Some such light food will also

be found useful for the aged when wakeful at three or four o'clock in the morning.

STIMULANTS.

Giving wine and such stimulants to the sick and weak is decidedly injurious. Hot milk and soda-water, a little broth, a cup of warm tea, a hot bottle, or mustard and water for the feet are all safe and efficacious, and do not cause any subsequent depressing reaction.

WOMAN'S NEED OF SLEEP.

The crying need of women, says a physician whose speciality of the nervous diseases brings him in contact with many nervous women, is sleep. Over and over I tell my women patients, "Sleep all you can, nine, ten hours every night, and no matter how much at night, sleep surely one hour of daylight." Many of them reply, "I don't have time to sleep during the day." "Take time," say I; "you'll get it back, good measure pressed down, running over." Then they say they can't sleep in the day time. That is nonsense. They may not be able to the first few days, but very soon, after persistently making the effort every day at a certain time, the habit will be formed."

TARTARIC ACID.

Tartaric acid is a very familiar substance, which is best known, perhaps, as an ingredient in various effervescing drinks. It is prepared from cream of tartar (which is the acid tartrate of potassium), and occurs in the form of crystals, of colourless and transparent character. The taste is of a sour character, and the crystals are very soluble in water. This acid, like citric acid, is of a mild nature, and is often prescribed in cases of fever, to diminish thirst, when it is combined with bicarbonate of soda, to produce effervescence. The dose is from ten to thirty grains, dissolved in water, and with the addition of a little sugar.

MILK AS A COSMETIC.

Those old natural cosmetics, new milk, skimmed milk, and butter-milk, have lost none of their efficacy, although they have been so completely superseded by the prepared cosmetics of the chemists. The action of new milk on the skin is emollient, and its use renders the skin soft, smooth, and white, and preserves it from the disastrous effects of dry-

ing winds, cold, bright sun, and so forth. Skimmed milk is used either simple or medicated, for the same purpose, while butter milk ranks high as a cure for freckles and acne, and has the property of relieving the irritation of the skin. New milk, or butter milk, in which sulphur has been steeped, was formerly much used for freckles, discolorations, and slight eruptions.

A FEVERISH CHILD.

When a child appears feverish and fretful, a dose of fluid magnesia is often sufficient to set all right; but, if on testing with a clinical thermometer, which should form part of the furniture of every nursery, the child's temperature is found to remain for some hours above one hundred degrees Fahr., a medical man should be sent for.

FOR DRY HEAT.

A sandbag is a useful household article. Its virtues are equal, if not superior, to the hot-water bag, and the cost is considerably less. The sand should be fine and clean, and should be thoroughly cleaned out before being bagged. It is better to cover the flannel bag which holds the sand with a cotton one, as it prevents the sand from sifting out.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

An exceedingly nervous person who cannot sleep may often be quieted and put to sleep by being rubbed with a towel wrung out of hot salted water. Frequently a change from a warm bed to a cool one will tend to quiet a nervous person and make him drowsy.

BRIEF HINTS.

A mustard plaster with the white of egg will not leave a blister.

In critical cases the nurse ought to note the exact amount of sleep and its character.

Alcoholic stimulants should not be given by a nurse unless under direct instructions from the medical man.

If one cannot stand the fatigue of a bath in the sea, hot salt-water baths in the house are quite as beneficial.

To one teacupful of hot water add one spoonful of sweet cream and drink half an hour before breakfast. It aids digestion and makes one plump.

TRACY WALKINGHAM'S PEEPING

CHAPTER I.

"What do you pay for peeping?" said a baker's boy with a tray on his shoulder to a young man in a drab-colored greatcoat, and with a cockade in his hat, who on a cold December night was standing with his face close to the parlor window of a mean house, in a suburb of one of the largest seaport towns in the south of England.

Tracy Walkingham, the peeper, might have answered that he paid dear enough; for in proportion as he indulged himself with these surreptitious glances, he found his heart stealing away from him, till he literally had not a corner of it left that he could call his own.

Tracy was a soldier, but being in the service of one of his officers, named D'Arcy, was relieved from wearing his uniform. At sixteen years of age he had run away from a harsh schoolmaster, and enlisted in an infantry regiment; and about three weeks previous to the period at which our story opens, being sent on an early errand to his master's laundress, his attention had been arrested by a young girl, who, coming hastily out of an apothecary's shop with a phial in her hand, was rushing across the street, unmindful of the London coach and its four horses, which were close upon her, and by which she would assuredly have been knocked down, had not Tracy seized her by the arm and snatched her from the danger.

"You'll be killed if you don't look sharper," said he carelessly; but as he spoke, she turned her face towards him.

"I hope my roughness has not hurt you," he continued in a very different tone: "I'm afraid I gripped your arm too hard."

"I'm very much obliged to you," she said. "You did not hurt me at all. Thank you."

Now, Tracy Walkingham should have walked on at once and paid no further attention to the girl to whom he had rendered this slight service, but he was unaccountably embarrassed, and awkwardly walked at her side. She did not even look at him, but with her eyes bent on the sidewalk proceeded on her way. In a few moments she stopped at the door of a house which she opened with a key, but before entering she turned and said, "Thank you very much. Perhaps I owe my life to you."

The door closed, and she was gone ere Tracy could find words to detain her; but if ever there was a case of love at first sight this was one.

Short as had been the interview, she carried his heart with her.

For some minutes he stood staring at the house, too much surprised and absorbed in his own feelings to be aware that, as is always the case if a man stops to look at anything in the street, he was beginning to collect a little knot of people about him, who all stand in the same direction too, and were asking each other what was the matter. Warned by this discovery, the young soldier proceeded on his way; but so engrossed and absent was he, that he had strode nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the laundress' cottage before he discovered his error.

On his return he contrived to walk twice past the house; but he saw nothing of the girl. He had a mind to go into the apothecary's and make some inquiry about her; but that consciousness which so often arrests such inquiries arrested him, and he went home knowing no more than his eyes and ears had told him—namely, that this young damsel had the loveliest face and the sweetest voice that fortune had yet made him acquainted with, and, moreover, that the possessor of these charms was apparently a person in a condition of life not superior to his own.

Her dress and the house in which she lived both denoted humble circumstances, if not absolute poverty, although he felt that her countenance and speech indicated a degree of refinement somewhat inconsistent with this last conjecture. She might be a reduced gentlewoman. Tracy hoped not, for if so, poor as she was, she would look down upon him; she might, on the contrary, be one of those natural aristocrats, born graces, that nature sometimes pleases herself with sending into the world; as in her humorous moments she not unfrequently does the reverse, bestowing on a princess the figure and port of a market-woman. Whichever it was, the desire uppermost in his mind was to see her again; and accordingly after his master was dressed and gone to dinner, he directed his steps to the same quarter.

It was now evening, and he had an opportunity of more conveniently surveying the house and its neighbourhood without exciting observation himself. For this purpose he crossed over to the apothecary's door and looked around him. It was a mean street, evidently inhabited by poor people, chiefly small retail dealers; almost every house in it being used as a shop, as appeared from

the lights and merchandise in the windows, except the one inhabited by the unknown beauty. They were all low buildings of only two storeys; and that particular house was dark from top to bottom, with the exception of a faint stripe of light which gleamed from one of the lower windows, apparently from a rent or seam in the shutter, which was closed within.

On crossing over to take a nearer survey, Tracy perceived that just above a green curtain, which guarded the lower half of the window from the intrusions of curiosity, the shutters were divided into upper and lower, and that there was a sufficient separation between them to enable a person, who was tall enough to place his eye on a level with the opening, to see into the room. Few people, however, were tall enough to do this, had they thought it worth their while to try; but Tracey, who was not far from six feet high, found he could accomplish the feat quite easily.

So after looking round to make sure nobody was watching him, he ventured on a peep; and there indeed he saw the object of all this interest sitting on one side of a table, whilst a man, apparently old enough to be her father, sat on the other.

He was reading and she was working, with the rich curls of her dark-brown hair tucked carelessly behind her small ears, disclosing the whole of her young and lovely face, which was turned towards the window. The features of the man he could not see, but his head was bald, and his figure lank; and Tracey fancied there was something in his attitude that indicated ill health.

Sometimes she looked up and spoke to her companion, but when she did so, it was always with a serious, anxious expression of countenance, which seemed to imply that her communications were on no very cheerful subject.

The room was lighted by a single tallow candle, and its whole aspect denoted poverty and privation, while the young girl's quick and eager fingers led the spectator to conclude she was working for her bread.

It must not be supposed that all these discoveries were the result of one enterprise. Tracy could only venture on a peep now and then when nobody was near; and many a time he had his walk for nothing. Sometimes, too, his sense of propriety revolted, and he forebore from a consciousness that it was a delicate proceeding thus to spy into the interior of this poor family at moments when they thought no human eye was upon them: but his impulse was too powerful to be always thus resisted, and fortifying himself with the consideration that his purpose was not evil, he

generally rewarded one instance of self-denial by two or three of self-indulgence.

And yet the scene which met his view was so little varied, that it might have been supposed to afford but a poor compensation for so much perseverance. The actors and their occupation continued always the same; and the only novelty offered was, that Tracey sometimes caught a glimpse of the man's features, which, though they betrayed evidence of sickness and suffering, bore a strong resemblance to those of the girl.

All this, however, was but scanty fare for a lover; nor was Tracey at all disposed to content himself with such cold comfort. He tried what walking through the street by day would do, but the door was always closed, and the tall green curtain presented an effectual obstacle to those casual glances on which alone he could venture by sunlight.

Once only he had the good fortune again to meet her out of doors, and that was one morning about eight o'clock, when he had been again sent on an early embassy to the laundress. She appeared to have been out marketing, for she was hastening home with a basket on her arm.

Tracey had formed a hundred different plans for addressing her—one, in short, suited to every possible contingency—whenever the fortunate opportunity should present itself; but as is usual in similar cases, now that it did come, she flashed upon him so suddenly, that in his surprise and agitation he missed the occasion altogether. The fact was, that she stepped out of a shop just as he was passing it; and her attention being directed so some small change which she held in her hand, and which she appeared to be anxiously counting, she never even saw him, and had re-entered her own door before he could make up his mind what to do.

Of course he did not neglect inquiry; but the result afforded little encouragement to his hopes of obtaining the young girl's acquaintance. All that was known of the family was, that they had lately taken the house, that their name was Lane, that they lived quite alone, and were supposed to be very poor. Where they came from, and what their condition in life might be, nobody knew or seemed desirous to know, since they lived so quietly that they had hitherto awakened no curiosity in the neighbourhood.

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since Tracy's first meeting with the girl, when one evening he thought he perceived symptoms of more than ordinary trouble in this humble home.

Just as he placed his eye to the window, he saw

the daughter entering the room with an old blanket, which she wrapped round her father, whilst she threw her arms about his neck and tenderly caressed him ; at the same time he remarked that there was no fire in the grate, and that she frequently applied her apron to her eyes.

As these symptoms denoted an unusual extremity of distress, Tracy felt the strongest desire to administer some relief to the sufferers ; but by what stratagem to accomplish his purpose it was not easy to discover. He thought of making the apothecary or the grocer his agent, requesting them not to name who had employed them ; but he shrank from the attention and curiosity such a proceeding would awaken, and the evil interpretation that might be put upon it. Then he thought of the ribald jests and jeers to which he might subject the object of his admiration, and he resolved to employ no one else, but to find some means of conveying his bounty himself ; and having with this view enclosed a sovereign in half a sheet of paper, he set out upon his nightly expedition.

He was rather later than usual, and the neighboring church clock struck nine just as he turned into the street where the house was situated. He was almost afraid the light would be extinguished, and the father and daughter retired to their chambers, as had been the case on some previous evenings ; but it was, not so : a faint gleam showed that some one was still there, and after waiting some minutes for a clear coast, Tracy approached the window—but the scene within was strangely changed.

The father was alone—at least except himself there was no living being in the room—but there lay a corpse on the floor ; at the table stood the man with a large black pocket-book in his hand out of which he was taking what appeared to the spectator to be bank notes.

To see this was the work of an instant ; to conclude that a crime had been committed was as sudden ; and under the impulse of fear and horror that seized him, Tracy turned to fly, but in his haste and confusion, less cautious than usual, he struck the window with his elbow. The sound must have been heard within ; and he could not resist the temptation of flinging an instantaneous glance into the room to observe what effect it had produced.

It was exactly such as might have been expected : like one interrupted in a crime, the man stood transfixed, his pale face glaring at the window and his hands, from which the bank notes had dropped, suspended in the attitude in which they

had been surprised ; with an involuntary exclamation of grief and terror, Tracey Walkingham turned again and fled.

But he had scarcely gone two hundred yards when he met the girl walking calmly along the street with her basket on her arm. She did not observe him, but he recognized her ; and urged by love and curiosity he could not forbear turning back and following her.

On reaching the door she put her key in the lock, but it would not open as usual ; it was evidently fastened on the inside. She lifted the knocker and let it fall once, just loud enough to be heard within ; there was a little delay and then the door was opened—but only wide enough to allow her to pass in—and immediately closed.

Tracy felt an eager desire to pursue this strange drama farther, and was standing still, hesitating whether to venture a glance into the room, when the door was again opened, and the girl rushed out, leaving it unclosed, and ran across the street into the apothecary's shop.

"She is fetching a doctor to the murdered man," thought Tracey. And so it appeared, for a minute had scarcely elapsed, when she returned, accompanied by the apothecary and his assistant. All three entered the house, and upon the impulse of the moment, without pausing to reflect on the impropriety of the intrusion, the young soldier followed them in.

(To be Continued.)

THE WHITENESS OF FOAM.

The question as to why all foam is white is not an easy one to understand, but the fact is that foam is always white, whatever may be the color of the beverage itself. The froth produced on a bottle of the blackest ink is white, and would be perfectly so were it not tinged, to a certain extent, by particles of the beverage which the bubbles hold in mechanical-suspension. As to the cause of this whiteness, it is sufficient to say that it is due to the large number of reflecting surfaces formed by the foam, for it is these surfaces which, by reflecting the light, produce upon our eyes the reflection of white.

THE BABY'S REPLY.

My neighbor's baby I descry
 Scowling at all the passers-by ;
 Thinking to win him from himself
 (The naughty, pouting, little elf).
 "Come Baby! Come, go home with me,
 I say with coaxing smile ; but he
 With curling lip and darkening brow
 Replies with scorn : "I am home now?"
 Emma C. Hewitt.

THINGS YOUNG WIVES SHOULD KNOW

To wash soiled wicker chairs use strong brine.

Washing in rain water is one of the best recipes for keeping the skin soft and clear.

To prevent milk turning sour add to it just a little bicarbonate of soda. This is perfectly harmless and very effectual.

Do not wash oil cloths or linoleum in hot soap suds. Wash them with tepid water and wipe with a cloth dampened in equal parts of cold milk and water.

The hot plate of the kitchen stove may be cracked when very hot by cold water being upset on it when a heavy boiling pan is being placed on the stove.

To preserve ferns or grass in their natural colors place them between sheets of blotting-paper, and leave them under a heavy weight for forty-eight hours.

When stewing fruit or tomatoes never use a metal spoon. A wooden spoon is best, and those with short handles are preferable for stirring thick substances.

An occasional coat of varnish over the ferule end of an umbrella will save it from looking shabby, as the stick will get marred there. Clean a black umbrella when spotted with mud with ammonia and water.

For wind burned faces a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and vaseline proves a healing remedy. Soft linen clothes dipped in water in which baking soda has been dissolved, and laid upon the cheeks and forehead, will give prompt relief.

To make pastry successful, it is important that it should not be much handled, and that the hands should be cool. It is, in fact, acknowledged that persons with cold hands make lighter cakes, etc., than others, generally speaking. For this reason a china rolling pin is preferable to one of wood.

Have a regular day for cleaning kitchen closets, and see to it that all articles, such as meal, spices, crackers, coffees, teas, in fact, everything that is apt to be carelessly placed in the closet, is first put in a tightly closed tin box or canister. If this plan is carefully followed you will not be overrun with roaches and silver fish.

If you heat your knife slightly you can cut hot bread as smoothly as cold.

To drive away fleas sprinkle ten drops of oil of lavender about the bed, and the fleas will soon depart.

Figured demins are more popular this season than ever before, and are much used for couch, chair and cushion covers as well as draperies.

White corsets, when they become soiled, may be cleaned by being brushed over with a stout nail brush dipped in a mixture of soapy water and ammonia.

To soften water put a lump of pipeclay into it, and let it dissolve. This saves soap in washing clothes, and improves rather than injures their color.

A simple and generally successful way of extracting a needle or any piece of steel or iron broken off in the flesh is to apply an ordinary pocket magnet.

For sealing jellies there is nothing so good as white paper wet with white of an egg. It pastes onto the jar tightly and is air-tight, being as tight as the proverbial drum.

To take grease out of silk get some French chalk, scrape it fine, and mix it with water to the thickness of mustard. Put it on the spot, and rub it lightly with your fingers and lay a sheet of blotting paper on it. Repeat till out.

Carpets that are badly infested with moths should be taken up and thoroughly beaten. Before relaying it scrub the floor with hot water and soap, especially at all the seams and crevices; let it dry, and then, with a feather or small brush, smear paraffin under the skirting boards and in all cracks and crevices. Place all round the edges a strip of tarred paper, or of heavy paper soaked in melted tallow, either of which will prevent the insects from getting underneath the edges, where the destruction generally begins. If their ravages are just beginning, and the carpet does not otherwise need taking up, put a wet cloth over the spots infested, and press heavily with a very hot iron. The steam thus driven through the carpet will destroy all eggs and larvæ.

THE MAN-EATING ELEPHANT OF MUNDLA

Most persons who have had occasion to visit the prettily wooded station of Nagpur, the seat of the administration of the central provinces of India, and who have been inside the little English museum there, must have observed a trophy in the shape of the skull and tusks of an elephant occupying a prominent place among the other curiosities. These, and the awful reputation for blood-thirstiness which he left behind him, are all that remain to us of the once notorious "man-eating" elephant of Mundla. Hardly anybody who has ever resided in India can have failed to hear of the enormities committed by this extraordinary animal, whose history would read like a monstrous fable were it not corroborated in every particular by the official records.

About the year 1851, when the estate of the Nawab of Ellichpur escheated to the Nizam's government, this elephant escaped, and made its way into the jungles of Chindwara, in the central provinces. The Rajah of Nagpur, hearing of it, offered a reward for its capture, and sent out two detachments of sowars (troopers) after it. Hunted about the Chindwara district, it descended the ghats, and, passing close to the city of Nagpur, turned northward and took to the hills at the north of the Hatta Pergannah of the Balaghat District. For several years it roamed the Dhansna Hills, and then went away north of Bhimlat to the Bhaisanghat range, where it remained without doing much damage to man or property until the beginning of the year 1871, when it signalized itself by killing, without any sort of provocation, twenty-one persons in the Mundla District, catching them with its trunk and pounding them to death. It then passed on once more to the Balaghat District, and the history of its atrocities while there, the measures taken for its destruction, and the result of those measures, are detailed and perfectly clear. The following account is extracted from the official report, the substance of which is here given, with only a few omissions and some slight alteration in the language of the report.

On the evening of the 30th of October, 1871, a report reached the deputy commissioner at his headquarters at Balaghat that the elephant

had killed and partially devoured a Gond (Aborigine) near Behir, in the north-east corner of the district. Owing to press of work, the deputy commissioner was unable to take any action until the 1st of November, when he moved off by the most direct route towards Behir, with the object of meeting there with the district superintendent of police, with whom it had been previously arranged to hunt the animal. On the 3rd of November he got to a place near Behir, where he came across the superintendent of the Mundla District who had followed up the elephant. Here they were informed that the creature had been seen on the night of the 27th of October by a Gond, who was watching his fields with his father on a machan, or rude wooden platform, erected for that purpose. The former had jumped off the platform, and, shouting to alarm his father, had bolted to the nearest village for safety. The latter, however, was not so fortunate, and his body, smashed almost to pieces, was discovered in a field on the following morning. Again, on the night of the 29th of October, a Gond and his wife were sleeping on a machan in a field to the north of the village of Jatta. The woman was awakened by hearing strange noises, and catching sight of the elephant she roused her husband and ran to alarm her two children who were sleeping in a neighboring field. She then, with the children, ran off to the village. Her husband, who did not at first believe her, took his time in coming down, was caught by the elephant and killed. His body was found in a fearfully mangled condition. The elephant had then passed round to the south of the village, and had given chase to a decrepit old Gond whom he had spied among the grass. According to the account given by the old man, the elephant came up with him and planted his tusks into the ground on either side of his prostrate body.

"Thinking my last moment had come," he said, "I placed my hands on the elephant's tusks and called on the god Ganesh to save me; and the elephant immediately turned round and went away!"

The animal would then seem to have passed southwards to Bhanderi. On the way, he de-

stroyed several huts, lifting the thatch and knocking down part of the gable ends, and feeling inside with his trunk for the large grain-jars which he expected to find there. The inhabitants, it is needless to say, fled on his approach.

After listening to these several accounts, the deputy commissioner and the superintendent of police determined to take action. The elephant had been last seen still going southwards, and might be lying concealed in the jungles near by. No positive evidence of his whereabouts could, however, be obtained. In this emergency, a party of Bygas, or wild hillmen, were dispatched southwards to take up the track; a party of Gonds were sent eastwards to inquire if he had shown himself thereabouts; a constable was sent north-east to Bhimlat to put some well-known shikaries there on the qui vive; and a party of men were sent south-west to warn the Gonds of the neighboring villages to be on the lookout. The west was closed in by the Lipaghar and Khandapur Hills, over which there was little fear of the elephant passing. Before the day was far advanced, news was brought from the Bygas going south that the elephant had passed a village nine miles from Jatta; while next day there was another report that he had been seen at a village fourteen miles farther on. A march after the animal was immediately ordered, and the farther they went, the thicker and faster came the reports of his depredations. He had destroyed a number of houses and attacked several people. At the village of Jagla, after various attempts to discover grain, he had walked up to an open space in the bright moonlight, where he stood some little time, observed by all the inhabitants, who had huddled up together in a dark corner, from where they watched him. To use their own words, they "uttered not a sound" during this time of suspense, and "ceasing to breathe, their bodies dried up." The fierce beast had then gone on to another village, and seeing three Gonds who had been asleep in the village square, gave chase to them. Here, however, the people had turned out with their drums, and had made such a clamor that the elephant was frightened, and turned off into the jungle. The elephant was next seen at a place called Karapuri by some Gonds, who had with them a large jar of grain. Instantly setting this

down they had scudded into the long grass, where they succeeded in concealing themselves. The elephant came up to the jar, broke it, ate most of its contents, and scattered the remainder about.

On the morning of the 5th of November the deputy commissioner's party had struck their tents, and accomplished a march of twenty-three miles to the Hatta Pergannah, eighteen miles of their journey being made through thick jungle and over rough, stony hills. Here they were told that the elephant had been seen at the village of Goderi, where he had pursued and succeeded in catching a girl about six years old, whom he had literally broken to pieces. She was found next morning a mass of pulp.

On leaving Goderi, the elephant went on to the Dro River. Here a party of eight travelers and five boatmen were asleep on the sands, when they were aroused by cries of Bagh! (Tiger) from a boy who was with them. The moon was just up rising at the time; but as they happened to be on the western slope of some high hills, the place where they were was almost in complete darkness. On the alarm being raised, the elephant was observed standing about ten paces off, whereupon there was an immediate stampede. All the party succeeded in gaining the shelter of the bamboos and rocks on the side of the hill except one of them, who first ran for about four hundred yards along the bed of the river, and then ensconced himself under the bank in the midst of a thick bush. The elephant, after failing to get at any of the party of the party on the hill, followed the fugitive down the river. From the tracks it appeared that the animal, after diligently searching for the man, had found him, and pulling him from his hiding-place, had smashed him to pieces.

The news next obtained of the elephant was that he had killed several persons hard by, among them a man named Pandu, whom he had surprised in company with some other men and had singled out and chased. A man named Dekal was asleep in his machan outside the village of Mate, when he heard Pandu crying out, "Sidd Ganesh, Sidd Ganesh!" and a sound of heavy blows.

"I thought," he subsequently told the deputy commissioner, "that some one had come to steal the rice, and was beating the man, so I

called out 'Who is ill-treating him? Look out! I am coming.'

At the same moment he heard the rush of a heavy body through the grass, and had just caught sight of the elephant when he seized the machan with his trunk and heaved it over. On recovering from his fall, he took to his heels and escaped. The villagers on hearing this story were in a woeful plight. They sat up all the night in companies, and the everyday work of the village was neglected, men and women fearing to go outside it. The elephant then seems to have continued his wanderings; shaking people out of machans and killing them whenever he could. He heaved a man named Moti and his servant out of their machan. They got on their legs and ran towards the village with the elephant in pursuit. He came up with them before they had gone very far, and, seizing the servant, pounded him to a pulp, his master continuing to fly for his life with the poor fellow's despairing shrieks ringing in his ears. After this the elephant went westward to the village of Kesa, where he surprised a man and his wife in their machan. They had barely time enough to get down and run for the village. The man, who was ahead, had just arrived at his house, when he heard shrieks from his wife, and turning about, saw the elephant inside the inclosure with the woman in his trunk. He was lifting her up above his back and smashing her on the ground. On seeing the man the elephant dropped the woman and made for him; but he escaped into the village.

During the whole of the 4th of November, the elephant was in the scrub jungle situated between the village of Sale and the left bank of the Dro River. Hundreds of people from the high bank on either side looked on from a distance at the animal as he alternately fed on the bamboos in the ravines and rolled himself in the water of the river. About three o'clock in the afternoon some thirteen or fourteen people from Mate, armed with two guns and some swords, resolved to cross the river and go to the Dhyde bazaar. They had just arrived at a place where the bank was high and precipitous and the water deep, and seeing no signs of the elephant, were wondering where he had gone to, when one of their number who had lagged behind called to them to run as the elephant was upon them. They faced around, and seeing the savage beast coming

at them with his ears back, they jumped into the water close under the bank and held on to the long grass overhanging the edge of the stream, to keep their heads above the water. The elephant came up and stretched his trunk over the water, as if in search of his victims, when one of the party struck out into the stream, and began to swim across. Immediately the elephant saw him, he moved quickly down stream to a place where the bank was sloping, and sliding into the water, started in pursuit. The man got across the stream into a dry watercourse, in which, a few paces from the water, there was a perpendicular ascent of about five feet. Up this he scrambled, and had just managed to get a few feet up a tree when the elephant came up, and breasting the perpendicular bank, stretched out his trunk to lay hold of the man.

Luckily, he was out of reach, and he lost no time in getting up higher. Being unable to either reach the man or to get up the steep bank, the elephant walked a short distance down the stream, and getting up the river's bank in another place, came up to the south side of the tree. Stretching out his trunk and failing to get hold of the man, he tore down some branches; and making another circuit, came up to the tree on the east side. Again the fierce animal failed to reach the man, and again he made a circuit in the jungle, and came up to the tree from the north side, where again failing in his purpose, he broke down some branches, and after standing about for a short time, moved slowly away into the jungle. It was dark before the man ventured to descend the tree. In the meantime the remainder of the people hiding under the bank had climbed up and run off to the village, leaving one gun and some swords at the bottom of the river. About the time the elephant had attacked the man, a rumor reached the bazaar at Dhyde that the elephant was coming. The effect was instantaneous and magical. A regular stampede commenced, the people there assembled on the weekly market day, scampering off in every direction, some leaving their property behind, others leaving theirs and taking that belonging to their neighbors, and few taking both their own and that of their neighbors. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as something never to be forgotten.

On the the forenoon of the 6th of November

the deputy commissioner, with his party, which had been now augmented by the arrival of the superintendent of police of the Balaghat District, arrived at a place called Kosmara, where the elephant had been last seen. They were now hot on his tracks, and the chase became exciting. It was decided that the best plan was to surprise the animal at mid-day, when he would be either asleep or in the water. They halted outside the jungle, and dismounting, sent back all their superfluous men, keeping only their spare gun-carriers, the party of Bygas, the two men armed with police muskets, two men leading five dogs, and a she-elephant belonging to the zemindar (landholder) of Hatta. Then they moved off in perfect silence, two of the Bygas following up the trail in front, while the remainder staved with the main body, and expecting to hear the "trumpet" of the savage beast and the crash of his unwieldy bulk through the brushwood. After they had proceeded for about a mile in this fashion, the Bygas in front suddenly stopped short on the bank of a dry stream, and pointing to the front with their spears, exclaimed in a whisper, "There he is!" And there he was sure enough, lying at a distance of about thirty-five yards in front of them, asleep in the long grass, over which they could see the immense arch of his left ribs and a small portion of the spine. Not being able to get a good shot from where they stood, they moved a few paces to their left. The slight noise made in doing so aroused the animal, and he raised himself, as if to listen, showing above the grass the top of his head as far as the ear and just above the eye. They immediately raised their rifles and fired, and the creature disappeared for a second, but was seen the next moment, and saluted with another shot as he went up the opposite bank of the nullah. He then disappeared in the jungle, but was found two hundred yards further on, standing under a mohwa tree. Two more shots started him off again, and there was a hot chase after him for about fifteen hundred yards, a brisk, independent fire being opened upon him whenever he showed himself. At last, just as they went down into a nullah, the elephant turned half round, exposing the whole of his right side. Two shots were immediately fired into his right ear; and with a shrill trumpet, the huge beast fell, burying his right tusk deep in the earth, while at the same

moment the Bygas rushed forward with a yell of triumph and hurled their spears into the carcass. He was found to be a full-grown male, measuring twenty-six feet from the tip of his trunk to the end of his tail. His height was nine feet, five inches, and length of his tusks two feet, five inches. He was in splendid condition, being covered with a thick layer of fat. His skin had been perforated by six bullets. So ended the career of this extraordinarily blood-thirsty animal. He had killed forty-one persons—twenty in the Balaghat District—and wounded several. So great was the fear he inspired, that whole families became accustomed to pass the night on platforms erected on high trees rather than in their huts. Balaghat is still a very wild district, and man-eating tigers are not infrequently to be met with there; but such intense and wide-spread terror has perhaps never been felt before or since the time of the notorious "man-eating" elephant of Mundla.

JUDGING OTHERS AS THEMSELVES.

A good man's estimates of his fellow-men are kinder and juster than a bad man's. He who strives to do well is inclined to think that others are striving in the same direction. On the other hand,

'The rascal, thinking from his point of view,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too.'

If men realized that they are disclosing themselves by what they say about others, they would, perhaps, be more cautious and charitable in their expressed judgments of those about them.

A KIND SMILE.

Perhaps you have a great mind; perhaps you have an eloquent tongue; it may be you have a large purse and can glorify God and bless mankind with that; but perhaps you have nothing in the world but a kind, sweet smile; then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smile in it. Remember that a dewdrop glistening in the sun is just as beautiful as a rainbow.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

"Of all queer children," says a newspaper wit, "the one that asks questions is the queerist."

THE LITTLE WORD OF THANKS.

We all acknowledge, in a general sort of a way, that the sum total of all earthly happiness is made up of little things. Yet few of us realize this in our daily life and action. It is the little act of recognition, the thought for the small comforts of those around us which endear our friends and bind our servants. How few mistresses take a personal care to supervise the needs of their servants and make them feel that they are friends, upon whom they can depend for timely advice and aid in time of trouble.

As a matter of fact, the christianity of most women stops at their kitchen doors. Charitable and tender though they may be to the street waifs who call for their help through the charitable societies to which they belong, they are apt to forget the poor who are always with them. It is a kindly word of encouragement, the thoughtful expression of commendation, that do more toward lifting the burden from the tired shoulders of the toiler than aught else. It is strange that so many otherwise kindly women are so thoughtless in regard to their servants. They may fear that their care may be construed into that familiarity which breeds contempt. But this is utterly foolish. The most considerate mistresses are those that inspire the greatest respect.

Not only with our servants, but with those we love the tenderest, are we thoughtless about little things. We often fail to render the thanks due to those we love best, foolishly believing that they will be understood. Yet from no one is the word of thanks so grateful as from those who are nearest and dearest to us. How many a wife and many a mother misses the sweetness of this daily recognition, which should be hers, and goes over to the silent majority a household drudge, her thoughtfulness and daily care only recalled by her absence.

The oldest sister of the family is quite as often the drudge as the mother—the one on whom the burden of the family housekeeping falls. She is supposed to know where Tom's hat is, where little Teddy left his top, and, in short, attend to all the multifarious duties of her position and all the petty details of each one's interest. Now, a little thought on the part of each member of the family may save her from

many vexations and reduce considerably the sum of her daily toil. It is these little things, each trifling in itself, but all great in bulk which go far to make up her happiness.

It is, in this same connection, a curious phase that almost without exception the father of the family is uniformly shown all these little considerations. When he comes home tired, or, for that matter, not tired, all vie in showing him the kindly affection of which the others find so little display. He is welcomed with cries of joy, his hat and his cane are taken, his seat is put forward, his slippers and his easy robe are ready for him, and he is at once shown how he is loved. But the pretty, little, vexatious omissions towards the mother and the elder sister, and towards the servant, all continue. This can be only the result of lack of consideration, and it can be easily remedied, and it should be remedied wherever it prevails.

"THY BURDEN,"

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown,
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form and weight and size;
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed his voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair,
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands and lay it at His feet:
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Upon the darkest day.

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

Oh, righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for his sake,
Miss that whereto they tend,
While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasures by the way.—French.

THE BLACK GONDOLA

CHAPTER IX.

While Francesca raved deliriously in the Avarenza palace Leonardo lay at the point of death in the house of Stephen Dandolo. No Doctor could have saved him, but a woman's love conquered. Yet love alone could not have done it. Love aided by knowledge and skill gained the victory, for Tessa Tornabelli was the daughter of a great physician and her father had taught her all he knew. She was only nominally a prisoner, for a large suite of rooms close to that occupied by Leonardo was placed at her disposal, and she was told that so long as she did not try to go beyond these limits she would not even be watched. Servants were detailed to carry out her instructions, but these servants were under the direction and careful supervision of Maso. No one but herself was allowed to go near the wounded count.

She did not spend much time away from him. Sadly but compassionately she listened while he talked of Francesca in his delirium. At last there came a turn for the better, and one morning as she watched him with love and hope shining in her glorious eyes, he opened his eyes and looked into hers with full consciousness of their wondrous beauty and the love that dwelt in them. A strange thrill went through his heart and he felt very guilty as he closed his eyes again.

Tessa's face burned, her heart throbbed fiercely and she had to leave the room to control her emotion. But when she returned her face was as quiet as that of any trained nurse with only a professional interest in her patient.

He watched her curiously after that, but saw only friendly interest in her eyes, until one morning when he thought he was strong enough to sit up and asked her to raise him. As she did so her hair came unfastened, and the wealth of it fell about him and her, while the sun shone through the window, lighting up its golden splendor. In her confusion she forgot herself, and as he looked quickly into her eyes he surprised the love light there. Francesca's image was completely obliterated from his mind for the moment; he forgot all

about his weakness and clasped his arms firmly about her as he passionately kissed her lips.

She sprang away from him in a moment, swiftly yet so lightly that there was nothing to jar him, for even in her agitation her first thought was to protect her patient.

"I fear we are doing wrong," she said gently. She did not try to lay the blame on him, although he had taken her unawares.

"Why?" he said, although in his guilty heart he knew why.

"I do not know," she said, "but who is this Francesca of whom you talked so much in your illness?"

"Francesca?" he faltered.

"Yes," she said, "you must tell me about her."

"I cannot think of her now," he said, "I can think of nothing but your hair, your eyes, your face and your voice."

"Oh, I fear we have done a very great wrong," she said, and her voice was very sorrowful.

"I could not help it," said Leonardo. "I never felt so before. It is not my fault."

"It is my fault," she said sadly. "I did not intend to let you know."

"It is not your fault," he said. "It is our fate. She has married another man and why should I be bound to her now when I love you."

"She is married then," cried Tessa Tornabelli. "It was she who broke faith and you have done no wrong."

The tone of her voice was now as glad and triumphant as it had before been sorrowful. Leonardo's heart smote him, for he knew that he had given her a false impression and he dreaded to note the change in her tone when he told her the whole truth. He felt that he could not longer deceive her. He must tell her everything.

She sat at a distance from him and listened gravely while he told her all about his boyish fondness for Francesca, and how when he grew to manhood he won her love in spite of Stephen Dandolo. He was warm in his praises of Francesca, and Tessa's eyes ex-

pressed strong sympathy as she listened to the story of her rival's misfortunes. When he finished she said:

"It must not end in this way. I will not steal her lover and you must not desert her."

"It is fate," he said firmly. "Why was Francesca allowed to marry the Prince? Why were we thrown together in this way? Not of our own choice, certainly. It is the will of God. It is fate; and why should we struggle against it."

"Things may be tossed about by fate;" she said rising to her feet, "a woman may yield to it, but a man never. I could not love a man who would break faith. You must be true to her."

"But would it be right for me to marry a woman I do not love? Would you yourself marry a man you do not love?"

"No," she said, "but I would not break faith. If I could not marry the one to whom I was pledged in all honor I would not marry anyone else. You will be well enough in a few days for me to go away. Then you will never see me any more. Your love for me is but the aftermath of fever. It is like a scorching fire, and will pass away as you recover complete health, when I am out of sight. Then your love for Francesca, which is like a spring of pure water dried up by some fierce and unaccustomed heat, will well up in your heart again to refresh you all your life. I would not speak so if her husband were a young man, but you say the prince is over eighty."

"And what about yourself, Tessa? What about your deep love for me? I know you do love me."

"I—oh, I will get over it. I will take the place of the good physician, Dr. Tornabelli. My father's patients need me. Do not trouble about me."

She tried to laugh gaily, but her voice faltered.

There came to their ears the sound of voices approaching. They paused to listen and in a few moments Stephen Dandolo and the Prince di Papoli, with Francesca leaning on his arm, entered the room. The old man was as impatient to inform Leonardo of the mock marriage as he had been to tell Francesca. "I was afraid I might die before I found you," he said in concluding his story.

"But it is too late to be of interest to the

Count," said Stephen Dandolo. "He has fallen deeply in love with Tessa Tornabelli. He no longer loves Francesca, and while I am truly glad it is so, yet it is not my fault. The count, as I have told you, was mortally wounded by some one in no way connected with my house, and when he was brought here in a dying condition I could not turn him away from my doors. Perhaps I should have sent him back to prison, but he never would have reached it alive. I did the best I could for him, placing him under the care of the most skilful physician in Venice, and although she is a woman, and would be scorned by the profession, she cured him. It is not my fault that Leonardo fell madly in love with his physician and has completely forgotten Francesca."

Francesca looked first at the pale face of the silent and conscience-stricken count and then at the glowing one of her rival.

"It is not true, madam," cried Tessa Tornabelli, addressing Francesca. "He has not forgotten you. It is true he loves his nurse as he has reason to do, for she saved his life when no one else could. It is true he admires her face as any man must do, but it is you he loves most deeply from the bottom of his heart. He loved you as a boy; he loves you still. You should have heard him rave about you in the delirium of his fever. You should have heard him praise you to me, my dear, as he told me the story of your troubles and his a little while ago. I will not deny that he was carried away for a moment by some queer fascination that my face has for men. But my face will only have a place in the picture gallery of his brain—an honored place I hope—while yours will be forever engraved upon his heart. He will tell you all some day when he is well and strong. Meanwhile be assured by me, dear friend, that he truly loves you. I will go before the Council with the noble Prince di Papoli and explain how baseless was the charge of treachery against your lover, and then I will go away, probably never to see you or him again, but think of me kindly, madam, for I have saved his life for you."

She ceased speaking, and then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, held out her arms towards Francesca, who rushed into them, and the two women wept as they embraced each other.

Stephen Dandolo told Maso afterward that this sentimental climax was arranged by

Tessa Tornabelli simply to hide her own emotion when she was at the point of breaking down and sobbing with her face in her hands before them all. "By thus embracing Francesca," he said, "she was able to have a good cry, without losing her dignity."

[THE END.]

WITHOUT NOISE.

There are great multitudes of lowly lives lived on the earth which have no name among men, whose work no pen ever records, but which are well known and unspeakably dear to God. They make no noise in the world, but it needs no noise to make a life beautiful and noble. Many of God's most potent ministers are noiseless. How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, cheer and life they diffuse. How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns of worlds! How silently God's angels work, stepping with noiseless tread through our homes, and performing ever their blessed ministries about us! Who hears the flutter of their wings or the faintest whisper of their tongues? And yet we know they hover round us and move about us continually. So Christ has many lowly earthly servants, who work so quietly that they are never known among men, as workers, whom he writes down among his noblest ministers. They do no great things; but they are blessings, oftentimes perhaps unconsciously, wherever they go.

MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY EVERY DAY.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you

send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. If you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time."

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time

When I have time kind words and loving smiles
I'll give to those whose pathway runs through tears,
Who see no joy in all their coming years;
In many ways their weary lives I'll cheer—
When I have time

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time

When you have time! the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content—
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear—
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

FORBEARANCE IN WEDDED LIFE.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defects as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,
Why need we ask? Who dreams
Without the thorns, the roses?
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark disclose?
For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

A RECEIPT FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of cold water
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air.
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.
But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

—Windsor Salt, purest and best.

GUIDED.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
 With unknown thresholds on each hand ;
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go ;
 That doors are opened, ways are made ;
 Burdens are lifted, or are laid
 By some great law, unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfil.
 Not as I will.—Helen Hunt.

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 Perfectly dry and white, and no lime
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IT PAYS TO USE IT

I WOULDN'T be so headstrong as
 offered in a friendly spirit . . . to refuse advice when
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Not show better judgment by investi-
 gating? If right, follow it. It **WILL**
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Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth, you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—Use **Odoroma**. You want them preserved and any tendency to decay checked—Use **Odoroma**. You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—Use **Odoroma**.

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G. H. MORTIMER, Publisher

Branch Office :
New York Life Building, MONTREAL

Confederation Life Building, TORONTO

WOMAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand is still showing the way in the emancipation of woman. The mail just received announces that "Miss Ethel Rebecca Benjamin, L.L.B., has just been admitted by Mr. Justice Williams as a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand." So that, on the heels of a lady mayor, the female voter, etc., comes the lady lawyer. In New Zealand the ordinary branches of the legal profession are amalgamated, which accounts for the phraseology of the foregoing announcement. Lady doctors have become fairly numerous in Great Britain during recent years, but Miss Benjamin is, we believe, the first lady duly admitted to practice in our colonial courts. What would happen if she were instructed by a client to proceed to London and prosecute an appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council? Would their lordships in Whitehall listen to the arguments of a modern Portia?—Chronicle.

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MONTREAL April 23rd, 1897
 TO THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION,
 180 St. James St., Montreal.

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

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

TORONTO, May 4th, 1897.
 The Colonial Mutual Life Association, Montreal, P. Q.
 DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the prompt payment in full of Policy No. 317, on the life of my late brother by The Colonial Mutual Life Association, which policy has been assigned to me.

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

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 (Signed,) JOHN A. CUMMINGS.

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The healthy, hale and strong, that bear up during the hottest weather, and that are blessed with clean, pure blood and steady nerves, are the people that make use of

Paine's Celery Compound, the only remedy that revitalizes the blood, that fortifies the nervous system, that gives perfect digestive power, sound sleep, and a new lease of life to those advanced in years.

Paine's Celery Compound is truly the great modern elixir of life, and no wonder that doctors approve of it and strongly recommend it.

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... THE ...

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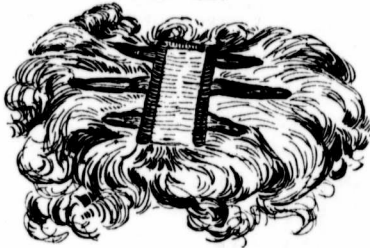
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[This magazine was published in Montreal for five years previous to July, 1897, under the name of OUR HOME.]

Price, 50 Cents Per Year, in advance.

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New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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

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

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

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

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

Address all communications to

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1897.

TO OUR READERS.

The announcement was printed in the June number that a change had been made in the ownership, name and place of publication of this magazine. The name, OUR HOME, under which the magazine was published for five years, has given place to the present title, HOME AND YOUTH, which is believed to be more expressive of the character of the periodical. The ownership of the magazine is now vested in the Home and Youth Publishing Co., Toronto,

and the office of publication is in the Confederation Life Building. Subscribers and other persons having business relations with the magazine are requested to note the change, and in future address all communications to the Home and Youth Publishing Co., Toronto.

In the previous announcement it was stated that the magazine had been increased in size from 48 to 60 pages. We are pleased to announce that in future each number of HOME AND YOUTH will consist of 68 pages. Besides this addition of 20 pages to the size of the magazine, our readers will observe by the present number that a better quality of paper, type and illustrations is being employed. Other improvements will be made from time to time as experience may dictate. The purpose of the present publishers is to maintain the present low subscription price, and at the same time to increase the value of the magazine to the greatest possible extent. By this means it is hoped that the present large list of subscribers can be retained and many thousands of new ones added.

Present subscribers, many of whom have expressed their appreciation of the magazine, are urged to kindly make its merits known, and endeavor to induce their friends to subscribe.

HOME AND YOUTH PUBLISHING CO.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Notwithstanding the widespread circulation of HOME AND YOUTH as shown by the sworn declaration printed in this number, the publishers are desirous of greatly increasing the number of its subscribers. To this end they offer liberal rewards to persons, young or old,

male or female, who will procure new subscribers to the magazine.

Young people possessing energy and ambition can, with advantage, devote themselves to this work in their own locality during the present vacation season. Indeed, it is quite possible in almost any locality to earn sufficient money in a fortnight to pay the expense of a pleasure trip. We shall be pleased to send to any address on application full particulars regarding the work, terms of remuneration, etc.

CIRCULATION OF THIS MAGAZINE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WATSON GRIFFIN

[L.S.]

COINCIDENCE OR FORESIGHT?

Psychical phenomenon, or what pass for such, are attracting more attention than ever in Paris at the present moment, as well as the proceedings of the society which has been formed for the express purpose of examining and discussing them. The case of the Soeur Marie Madeleine, who perished in the bazaar catastrophe, is now occupying the particular attention of the members, owing to the fact that she had expressed her conviction that she would be burned to death at no distant date. The communication submitted to the society at the meeting which has just been held is certainly curious and interesting. Soeur Marie Madeleine was 44 years of age. It was in 1877 that Mlle. Julie Garivet, for such was her name, took the veil. She was in the enjoyment of excellent health, was active, of a very cheerful disposition, and therefore was entirely free from any tendency to contemplation of a melancholy or morbid character. Yet she had a presentiment of her approaching end. Two months ago she told one of her aunts, who complained of feeling ill, that she, her niece, would die before her, and a fortnight before the catastrophe she remarked to a female patient that she would not be there when she was again ill, as she would have been brought back to the house a charred corpse. As she was leaving, on Monday May 3, the eve of the fatal day, for the bazaar, another nun wished her good luck with her sale, whereupon she exclaimed, "My poor sister, what would you think if I were carried back, burned, to the house?" It was noticed that evening that Soeur Marie Madeleine was in very low spirits, and as she was starting on the following day, never to return alive, she asked the chaplain to give her a blessing and left with an agonized cry. Due note was taken of this strange communication, but no explanation of the alleged phenomenon was volunteered by the members of the Society of Psychical Science.

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