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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

THE JOURNAL OF

W. J. Lippincott, Des. & Engrs.

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Always Mine.

You say the joy that has just come to me
To crown my life with glory and with grace
Will perish, leaving but the agony
Of loss in its dear place.

And that 'twere better to forego the bliss,
And so be spared the loss. I tell you nay :
Because the night is coming must I miss
The brightness of the day ?

But yesterday the flowers and birds were here,
To-day I watch the whirling, drifting snows ;
Nor am I saddened, thinking of the dear
Departed bird and rose.

Give me the gorgeous skies, the sweet perfume
Of flowers, ay, all the royal Summer's charms,
Though I must see her, robbed of all her bloom,
Die in the Winter's arms.

I would not take your little negative
Delights ; I have no petty fear of death ;
Life is not worth the living, if to live
Means just to draw the breath.

No doubt my feet shall tread the valley's ways,
My eyes shall dwell on lesser, lower sights ;
But, ah ! they cannot rob me—those drear days—
Of this day on the heights.

—Lippincott's Mag.

Carlotta Perry.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

THE LAST REQUEST.

By J. F. L.

CHAPTER II.

As we may well imagine, the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister was one of too great interest to Robert to permit him to rest long without investigating it. And in deference to the supreme regard of his sister-in-law for the authority of the Bible, as well as his own sense of moral rectitude, he resolved to settle the question of moral principle involved by an appeal to the sacred writ. But this he found not so easy a task as he had anticipated ; not because so much was said upon the question, but because so little could be found bearing directly upon the question. At length, however, he satisfied himself that the little reference made to the question in the Scriptures was rather favorable to his wishes than otherwise, and he not unnaturally came to the conclusion that a question of so much consequence would not have been passed over in silence if the Divine being had intended a prohibition of such marriages ; and he argued with himself that the absence from the Bible, (and

especially from the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus, where a list of unlawful connections is given) of anything prohibitive, constitutes at least a permissive sanction to such alliances.

Having satisfied himself that, so far as the Bible is concerned, there was nothing to warrant a prohibitive enactment preventing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he next considered the question in its prudential aspects, for, he acknowledged to himself, a thing might not be prohibited by any Scripture, direct or implied, and yet there possibly might be such strong prudential reasons in the interests of society as to warrant interference with individual freedom for the public good. But the more he investigated the matter the more he became convinced that such prudential reasons did not exist. He weighed the arguments, pro and con, which had been advanced in the British House of Commons and in the Canadian Parliament on the question, and while he admitted that in isolated individual cases freedom of action in this matter might lead to unhappy results, yet it would not do so in nearly so many instances as thousands of other matters in which our legislators did not exercise or even admit the right to interfere with the freedom of individual action, and that in view of all the facts involved it was not within the province of human law to interfere with the right of individual choice to contract matrimonial alliance with a deceased wife's sister, and that therefore the law prohibiting such marriages was itself, in the higher sense of moral obligation, *illegal*.

When Robert arrived at this conclusion, he resolved to embrace the first opportunity to ascertain the sentiments of Anna toward himself, and, if favorable, when a suitable time should arrive, to state his views regarding the matrimonial relation and the arguments by which his views were substantiated.

An opportunity soon occurred. It was on Easter Sunday ; the services of the day had been unusually impressive ; the peace and good will which constituted the burden of the discourse, and which rang out in the sweet voices of the choristers and in rich deep tones of the organ, left its impress upon all hearts, and not least upon the heart of Anna, and now after the services and duties of the day had terminated and the children had gone to their snowy couch, she sat with her elbow upon the centre table, and her head resting upon her hand in deep thought. The past, the present, and the future passed like a panoramic view before her ;—the past, with her sister as the central figure, and she saw her as, upon the couch from which she should rise no more, she calmly and peacefully awaited her change, her face radiant with the anticipations of Christian hope and faith and no cloud upon her brow except a slight shade of anxiety, as she asked her the second and last time to be a mother to her children ;—the present, with the two children as the central figure, her heart yearning over them with no less than maternal solicitude. They were her charge, and could she now give them up ; resign them to the chances of failure through possible want of thoughtfulness and care after she had done what she could to guide their young footsteps into the path leading to a noble and honorable manhood, and a grand immortality.

I want, she had said to herself, to so imbue them with the principles of true nobility and piety, that when they join their mother in the better country she will say I have kept the charge committed to me well. And now her engagement with her brother-in-law was soon to terminate, and what would become of the children's training? And a silent prayer went up to Heaven that God would order the unknown events of the future in his wisdom for the best;—the future, with its impenetrable shadows, alternated with undefined gleams of light, terminating in brilliant sunset tints, and outlined by the measureless radiance of a glorious immortality. Then she thought again of the evening service; the words of peace by justification and hope through the resurrection; the grand swelling and receding of the anthem tones, while the skilful changes on the organ seemed to introduce new voices, faint at first, as if the angel choirs caught up the melody and drawing nearer and nearer blended their sweet voices in the joyous song.

All this time Robert sat watching her, and gressing the subject of her reverie, at length reluctantly interrupted the current of her thoughts.

"Anna," said he, "do you recollect one year ago to-day? Lena was with us then; she had the inspiration of the song we heard to-night; she has joined the choir above. You know the hymn which says:

"They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below."

"Do you think she was in her right mind then?"

"Do I think she was in her right mind? Certainly," she replied, a little startled by the question. "Why do you ask; do you not think so?"

"Yes, I think she was; but this is why I ask: on the evening of that day, when you were not in the room, she called me to her side and said: "Robert, you have been a faithful and true husband to me, and ours has been a happy wedded life; now I am about to leave you, but I leave you not as I found you. Here are our children; they are dearer to me than my own life; you have them to train and provide for; you can hardly do it alone. I shall be happy, unspeakably happy in my home above; I want you to be happy after I am gone. And now, Robert, I know you always had a strong regard for my sister Anna; she loves the children and she will learn to love you. If you marry again, as I hope you will, I want you to marry Anna."

Here he faltered for a few moments, unable to proceed, while Anna blushed deeply and remained silent. At length Robert proceeded: "I said to her, 'Lena darling, it would be unseemly for me to talk of such matters now, leave the future in the hands of God.'" "So I will," she said, "but why not talk of them now? Who should feel as solicitous for your future welfare and the welfare of the children as I, and who so personally disinterested as myself; just on the threshold of heaven? No one will make you a better, truer wife than Anna, and I am sure you can make her life happy, as you have done mine. And now, Anna, I need only say that my attachment for you has ever been of the deepest and tenderest character consistent with my position and relationships. May I hope to win your love and some day call you my wife?"

During this speech Anna sat suffused with blushes and deeply agitated, only once raising her eyes for a moment to his face.

"Robert," she replied, "I am quite overwhelmed with your declaration and know not what to answer. There are many questions involved which it will be necessary to consider before replying."

"May I not help you in the consideration of them," said Robert, "possibly I may have already given those very questions some attention."

"You know, Robert, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is contrary to law."

"But suppose the law is at best a dead letter, and contrary to Divine law?"

"That is the chief question, but I had always been led to believe that the law itself was founded on the Divine law."

"It might surprise you then to know that the very passage pointed to in defence of the law is an agreement against it, is the 13th verse of chapter xviii. of Leviticus

where if it prohibits marriage with a wife's sister at all, it says, 'during her lifetime,' implying that it may take place after her death.

"Then again there is the parallel relationship of a deceased husband's brother. It was distinctly enjoined in certain cases that a woman be married to a deceased husband's brother, Deut. xxv. 5, and when the fact was stated by the Sadducees, in their objecting to the doctrine of the resurrection, Christ did not question the existence of the law, nor condemn its provisions, and inasmuch as such marriages have at least the implied sanction of the highest authority, there need be no conscientious scruples against them on moral grounds."

"And are you quite, sure," Anna replied, "that there is no other passage in the Bible more directly opposed to such marriages than the one you have quoted? If so I believe a great many persons take it for granted, as I myself did, without investigation, that the Bible condemns such marriages, just because the law of the land pronounces against it. I do wonder how such a law came to be enacted."

"I am satisfied," said Robert, "that there is no passage in the Bible prohibiting marriage with a deceased wife's sister, after his wife's death, and, as you say, no doubt very many persons accept the prohibition view, simply because the law, which is supposed to be formed on the precepts of the Divine law is prohibitory. How the law came to be enacted at first I have not become informed, but I presume it was through a misinterpretation of the meaning of the passage in Deut. xviii. to which I referred, or possibly through jumping at the conclusion that the marital restrictions of the Divine law regarding degrees of consanguinity apply equally to degrees of affinity."

"I am satisfied, Robert, from what you have said, that in marriage with a deceased wife's sister, or with a deceased husband's brother there is no moral delinquency, but the fact remains that the law is against it, declaring it invalid, raising doubts regarding the entailment of property, and giving rise to questions of caste, which, if possible, it were better to avoid."

"What you say, Anna, is true, and yet in Canada and I think in Great Britain too, the great majority are opposed to the law, which is only continued on the statute books in deference to the prejudices of those who, like the Pharisees of old, hold to the tradition of the elders. And, in fact, the law as it stands is inoperative, marriages with a sister-in-law do frequently take place, and I am not aware that the unpleasant results you would naturally expect actually follow, and, indeed, while the law forbids, the church allows; for in the Roman Catholic church, dispensations permitting such marriages are frequently given, showing that it is considered rather as a question of expediency than one involving moral principles, and from all I can learn, public sentiment in all countries vastly preponderates in favor of entire freedom in regard to all marriages except those prohibited in the moral code. There are questions of expediency which have arisen, some contending that such marriages give occasion for scandal to arise; but in my opinion the prohibition of such alliances is a more fruitful source of scandal, and this view you appear to have anticipated when you stipulated that your position as my housekeeper should not be protracted beyond a year."

"True," said Anna, "though I went through no process of reasoning in the matter, I perhaps instinctively felt that lest scandal should arise I ought to make my stay with you as brief as possible; and now, I must confess, as the time approaches for severing my present connexions, I have felt no little trouble of mind as to the future care and training of the children, and, Robert, I must confess society has been very pleasant to me, but I have not dared to think of anything other than a sisterly regard; and now that you have brought the question up in a different light, I feel that it would hardly be reasonable for you to ask me to decide, nor prudent for me to do so without due deliberation. Give me a few days to consider the matter and you shall have an answer."

A week passed pleasantly and quickly away, for though the subject of greatest interest to Robert and doubtless to Anna too was not mentioned, the desire to please each other manifested itself in a thousand little courtesies and acts of kindness, which, though not so very unusual, seemed to be performed

with a grace begotten of a different inspiration. What a force love is in the social world. It is like the genial sunshine coming in through the windows of the soul melting the shadows into light, and filling with peace and gladness. It is like the magnetic current flowing in a circle between two souls with suitable affinities, but intercepted sometimes as by the law of prohibition of marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister. But the love-light in the eyes of Anna showed that in her case the barrier had been bridged over, and so when one evening Robert came home and stated that he had been asked to sign a petition for the abrogation of the law prohibiting marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and had done so, and Anna asked him if he intended to wait for her reply till the law should be changed, he replied: "No; legal reforms travel too slowly. I fear if I should wait till then we should both be 'where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.' Anna, dear, I would like an answer now. Will you accept my love, and be my own dear wife?"

As he said this he gently drew her to his side; she looked up lovingly to his face and imprinted a kiss upon his lips. "Dear Robert," she said, "I am satisfied that however men may regard it Heaven will look with approval upon our marriage, with this, and the love and confidence of such a husband, no matter what the world may say, I am content."

SELECTED.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs,
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,
If our hours were few!
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should bind our weary and wanton wills
To the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one—
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun.
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Ex.

THE LOST KEY.

BY W. J. LACEY.

I.

Edgar Arnton had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled him. He was a surgeon, and was given to examining hearts. For a full hour, in the gathering summer twilight of the Park Avenue, he had applied his sternest faculties to the testing, in another sense, of his own. The decision to which, very unwilling, he came, was that his dim suspicions of the past three months were well-founded—he was in love.

The thrill which had gone through him as he clasped Kate Gerrow's hand on leaving her uncle's gates that very evening pointed in that direction. The expansion of soul and the exhilaration of mind which he continually experienced in her presence, the longing that often seized him in his moments of professional disgust and weariness to feast

his eyes, if only for an instant, on Kate's bonny face, all drove home the unwelcome conviction.

In the course of his final turn along the broad path between the whispering poplars, Edgar formed a resolution. Entering Brixby, he encountered the very friend he had desired to consult. Mr. Trent was a solicitor, many years the young medical man's senior, and his only confidant in all the countryside.

"If you are disengaged for ten minutes or so, Mr. Trent," said Edgar, "I should like to have a talk with you about Mr. Gerrow's niece."

"I am perfectly at your service, *mon ami*. You are smitten by a great appreciation of Miss Gerrow's charms. I have seen it coming a long time."

Edgar smiled a little sardonically in the dimness.

"It is a lawyer's business to be far-sighted," he said; "I have found it out now—the fact of which you speak—and, I am afraid, only just in time."

A harshness was in his tones which surprised the listener. "I do not understand," said Mr. Trent.

"Why, I mean that had the disease gone further I might have proved unable to overcome it—as I mean to do now."

"You astonish me more and more. Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth, and well educated. She is an heiress into the bargain; and if she cares for you, and her uncle consents, what possible object can intervene?"

"You have said," returned Edgar, moodily; "she is an heiress."

The lawyer bit his lip to keep from a loud explosion of misplaced merriment. "The very thing that, whether she were pretty or plain, would make Miss Gerrow an attraction to most suitors."

"I am aware of it. But I am not like the majority; I am poor, my prospects are barren enough; all the world would say I was fortune-hunting—marrying for money, if it came to a marriage. She might learn to think so, too, and that I could not bear. I have seen plenty of this already—in my own family."

The concentrated pathos of the last sentence, and the involuntary sigh which concluded it, touched the solicitor. His meditated words of bantering remonstrance were not uttered.

"What shall you do, then?" he asked.

"Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away, as in other circumstances I might be minded to do; my living lies in Brixby. But you can help me considerably in the struggle, if you will."

"I!—How?"

"When you see me running any risk of a *tete-a-tete* with Miss Gerrow, and you can possibly interfere, do so?"

"And make you hate me for it; I will not promise."

"I shall not hate you; I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently, at the houses of mutual friends. You will often be able to make me your debtor in the way I say."

The route the pair had taken brought them at this point within the *cordons* of habitations again. With a few more words of less special interest, they parted for the night. As Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared amongst the mingling shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there has been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself; "and he is by no means sure of his own power to withstand in this matter, or he would not appeal to any friend."

II.

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent firmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kate Gerrow's company even more constantly and more intimately than before. Mr. Gerrow was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Edgar had to attend him and to labor hard to ward off an attack of probably fatal apoplexy.

They were a lonely couple, the wealthy, eccentric old owner of Brixby Lodge, and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress. Kate was an only child and an orphan. Neither she nor her uncle had any kinsfolk in the neighborhood. Cousins, Kate believed she had somewhere in the North; but there had been an estrangement in the family, and these she had never seen.

"Is it any thing dangerous, Mr. Arnton? My uncle will recover, will he not?" Kate asked, when, after a careful examination of his patient, Edgar stood for a minute or two in the wide, old-fashioned hall.

Very charming looked the questioner, and there was no wonder that Arnton was once more magnetized.

"I sincerely trust so, Miss Gerrow," he replied; "of course I dare not disguise from you that there is risk—grave risk—that is inseparable from such cases; but I see not the least reason for despair. Pray do not worry yourself unnecessarily."

"My uncle is the only relative I have living in the whole west of England," she said. "You will not conceal his real condition from me at any time, I beg, Mr. Arnton?" she subjoined.

"No, Miss Gerrow, I will be quite frank; although it is a medical privilege to be discreet, you know. But you will need a trained nurse; the work will be too delicate for ordinary servants and too wearying by far for you. May I send one from the Holstead Infirmary?"

"If you think that will be the best course to take. But I shall certainly wait on uncle principally myself."

And so Kate did. And day by day in his visits Edgar Arnton met her, and fell more deeply, more indubitably in love. Not that he abandoned in any degree his determination to refrain from becoming Kate's suitor. That resolve was as firm as ever. He simply elected to drift with the tide.

The patient gradually recovered, and bore grateful testimony to Edgar's professional skill.

The mend was not for long, though; a message in the dead of night some few weeks after took Edgar hurriedly away to Brixby Lodge, to find that another and a severer seizure had proved immediately fatal.

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have seemed strangely cold and distant in the dark days before the funeral, for he was compelled to keep down his sympathy with an iron hand, and to breathe condolence in the most conventional of phrases. But for so doing he felt morally sure that his vow of personal silence would have been irretrievably broken; and he meant to conquer yet.

But in the course of time an odd rumor reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not an heiress, after all. With a chaos of conflicting emotions surging within his breast, Edgar called on Mr. Trent and learned the truth.

"The document is dated ten years back—before Miss Gerrow came to live with her uncle," said the solicitor; "there is no doubt as to its genuineness. Every one thought he had made a later one—I did myself—but none can be found beside this. I suppose he put the business off, as so many people do, until it was too late. The property all goes to a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer."

"How does Kate—Miss Gerrow take it?"

"As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by the disappointment, but not she. You had better go up and see her; she is not an heiress now. Indeed, she'll have barely enough to live upon, unless this cousin does something for her—which is doubtful."

Edgar took the advice, and went up to the desolate great house the same afternoon. Some commonplaces passed, and then that old, old story burst forth, which somehow always seems to me far too sacred to be written out in detail on any author's scribbling-paper. Edgar made a full confession, and not in vain.

"The saddest experiences of my youth," he said, "came through a marriage for money and through misplaced confidence. Very early I vowed that that mistake should in no shape ever be mine; that nobody should ever throw fortune-hunting of that kind in my teeth. And yet"—with a smile of infinite content—"I am not certain, Kate, after all, whether love would not have beaten me in the end."

"I hope so," the maiden answered shyly.

III.

There was a sale at Brixby Lodge, and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

Edgar Arnton had arranged that Kate Gerrow should

reside in London with his sisters, until such an interval had passed as etiquette prescribed. At the sale he was a large purchaser, and, poor as, by comparison, he had once styled himself, the house he furnished was one of the best in the village.

Wedding and honeymoon were both over. Edgar had just come in from his day's round of visits, and was standing with his wife at the window, gazing out at the fast-falling snow-flakes that foreboded a white Christmastide. Suddenly there was a crash behind that caused both to look round. A Persian kitten, gambolling mischievously on the top of an escritoire, had knocked down the plaster figure of an antique cup-bearer. The fragile article of vertu was broken into a dozen fragments, amidst which a tiny silver key revealed itself.

"That is where the key of uncle's Japanese cabinet went to, then," said Kate; "the hand and arm of the image must have been hollow, and the key, once put into the cup, slipped through into the interior."

"Odd, certainly," answered Edgar; "let us try if it is the one."

He went out, and from the next room fetched a small inlaid cabinet of exquisite workmanship. The key fitted at once.

"I was sure it would. I knew it again at first sight," said the lady. "It is fortunate we waited and did not trouble to force the box open; that would inevitably have spoilt it. I don't suppose there is any thing in the casket, though."

"O, but there is!" ejaculated Edgar, as at that instant he poised up the delicate lid, and caught sight of a tight little roll of paper. Kate watched in silent surprise; Edgar slowly undid the bundle, a shrewd suspicion of what he had found flashing upon him, and making his ordinarily firm, white fingers hot and bungling.

"It is your uncle's real will, his last and legal will, I should say, rather," Edgar said, with a gasp; found just where he might have been expected to have placed it, and where searchers might equally have been expected to miss it. Quite a wonder I bought the cabinet!" And then he read slowly, till the full moment of the discovery had been realized by both brains.—how land and houses and money, snugly invested in consols, had all been devised, without either reservation or qualification, to Mr. Gerrow's beloved niece, Kate, "the companion of his old age and the faithful guardian of his interests."

Husband and wife gave each a long, earnest look, which ended in a mutual smile and a caress.

"Despite all precautions you have married an heiress, then, Edgar," said Kate, merrily; "the pity of it is, it's quite too late in the day to disown her now."

"As if I could possibly wish to!"

Mr. Trent laughed likewise. "All's well that ends well," he said. He was speedily put in possession of the recovered document, acquainted Mr. Mudbury with the circumstances, and convinced the manufacturer how futile it would be to contest his cousin's claim. In a very brief space the Lancashire gentleman returned in disgust to his own district. Brixby Lodge became the residence of the Arntons and their children.

Both husband and wife treasure the once lost key above its weight in gold. But for its opportune disappearance, two loving souls might have remained apart. To it Kate says she owes her husband, and by it Edgar thinks truly that he has both kept his vow (in the spirit) and won a wife with a fortune.

SPOILED MARRIAGES:

Some Hitches at the Altar.

The question how near a couple can come to being married without actually becoming husband and wife was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyons in France. All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the civil marriage—which, under the law of the Republic, is the binding one—in the morning, and for the blessing of the priests at the cathedral altar in the afternoon. The parties were before the Mayor, and what a Chicago lawyer, addressing a divorce jury, called "the fatal question" had

been asked of each, and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had tendered his personal as well as official congratulations, and placed before them the attesting document which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife. At this critical moment the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger. The couple paused, pens in hand; the witness stared in surprise, and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he handed the message to the bride's father. The telegram ran as follows:

"Monsieur — (the bridegroom) has already been married in Germany, and his wife lives. Vouchers are on their way to you by post."

The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the Civil Code when a warning comes, postponed the authentication for a week. The week passed, but no vouchers came. Every body agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some revengeful rival—every body excepting the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of every one, believed it. She sent back the diamond ring, the silver candlestick, the gold-mounted *prie-dieu*, the breviary of the lady who was almost her mother-in-law, and annulled the settlement. The *Jude de Paix* of Lyons and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the notary, and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English peasantry put it, were still a couple, and not a pair. All inquiries instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless, the only information ever obtained being that it was paid for by a "veiled woman in black."

A still more recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled in one of the churches there to witness the nuptials of the niece of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered, at the last moment, that the Registrar, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed for a short time, while one of the party went in search of the errant Registrar. His office was the first place visited; but he had gone out, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Thence the messengers repaired in hot haste to his residence, which happened to be some distance out of town; and meanwhile the party at the chapel becoming impatient, other scouts were dispatched in various directions. At length it was ascertained that the worthy Registrar had left town by an early train, and as it was impossible that he could return in time, the wedding had to be postponed till the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had occurred through the Registrar having received no intimation of the day and hour of the intended marriage.

One morning, in the depth of last winter, a young lady reached Inverness, Scotland, from the south, in one of the morning trains, intending to proceed to Wick in the 9:40 A. M. train. During the night, however, there had been a heavy snowfall, and it was found that the line to Wick was blocked. On being told that she could not proceed, the young lady appeared to be greatly disconcerted, and immediately inquired for the station master.

"Is there no possibility of getting to Wick to-night?" she asked.

"None," was the answer.

"Not by coach?"

"No; not even by coach."

"Nor by boat?"

"No; nor by boat."

"Nor by —"

"No; it is impossible; you cannot get there this week."

"Well," said the lady, "this is awkward."

"I'm sorry," said the official. "Will you be greatly inconvenienced?"

"Inconvenienced! Yes. I was to have been married in Wick to-night."

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent flash of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town, one evening, there were so many marriages that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed, and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell, it was approaching midnight.

A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window up stairs, demanding to know who was there. The situation was briefly explained, but the voice—that of the Rev. Mr. W., minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church—proved inexorable.

"I can't help it," was the ultimatum received. "You must go home, and come back to-morrow."

"O, Mr. W., ye ken we canna gang hame without bein' married," struck in a female voice.

"But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"

"Could ye no dae't ower the window, sir?"

"Nonsense. It is impossible."

"O, ye micht, sir. Ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr. B.'s."

This final stroke of policy proved irresistible, for between Mr. W. and Mr. B., minister of the second charge of the same church, there subsisted a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnized.

A Keen-Eyed Boy.

A poor lad living near Philadelphia was invited a couple of years ago, by a wealthy friend in town, to dine with him. Among the dishes new to him on the table, he noticed that one which he particularly relished was set down on the menu as "*Filet de bœuf aux champignons*."

A sharp scrutiny showed him that the "champignons" were only mushrooms, such as he had gathered on the sheep walks. These, however, as his friend explained to him, were of finer quality, and had been cultivated and canned in France. They sold at retail, his friend explained to him, readily, at sixty cents a can.

Strolling through the market the next day the boy saw one or two quart baskets of native mushrooms marked at that price.

"Is there much demand for these things?" he asked. "We do not think much of them in the country."

"They are considered a rare delicacy," said the man. "But only epicures can afford to buy them."

The lad passed on with a new thought in his brain. Why could he not grow mushrooms? He was poor, to be sure, and had little time to spare from his regular work, and had no land. Here was a crop which he had been told could be raised in a cellar; one for which there was already a demand which could easily be increased and no supply.

He went home and during the next few weeks read every book he could find on mushrooms, laid out beds in a back cellar, manufactured his spawn with a few old mushrooms and the manure heap, and last fall filled the market with his boxes of tiny silvery buttons; blushing, delicate pink.

They were of precisely the same quality as the French canned champignons, only they were dewy, fresh, and sold at twenty cents. Epicures eagerly filled their baskets, and others who never had tasted them, in the prevailing high prices of all kinds of food, tried the new cheap vegetable and came again and again.

The crop fairly took the market, and the boy has already laid up a snug sum toward going to college. How many boys would have munched champignons and while eating have thought only of the taste!

The Lion's Pet.

The late Henry Moorhouse was fond of relating an incident that beautifully illustrates a previous truth. When he was a boy there came to his native city of Manchester a circus with its accompanying menagerie. In the motley crowd which always gathers about such low exhibitions there was a man whose little dog had just been in a fight with another dog. The man, in a fit of senseless rage, seized the bleeding and suffering brute, and, hurrying into the circus tent, roughly thrust him through the bars of the lion's cage, expecting of course to see him devoured in a moment.

The dog also seemed to know his danger, and crouched upon the floor in manifest terror. The lion fixed his gaze upon him, but did not stir; and at last the dog, gathering hope, crawled slowly toward "the monarch of the forest," and looked up into his face as if with mute supplication for

mercy. To the surprise of the spectators, the king of beasts, who could have crushed him with a single stroke, gently drew the helpless creature to his side, and then raised his lordly head and neck above him like a wall of protection. Meanwhile, the owner of the dog recovered from his silly anger, and demanded his property. "You put him in; go to the cage and get him," was the quiet reply of the keeper.

The man drew near and called the dog, but there was no response; for the once obedient servant acted as if he had found a better master, and was satisfied with the change. The old master called again and again, and whistled and coaxed in vain, and at length began to scold and threaten; but the ominous growl of the lion, and the flush of his flaming eyes, sent back the human brute in fright and haste, amid the laughter of all who witnessed his discomfiture; and the two friends were left in peace and mutual love.

Be Cheerful.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just, as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you, and brighten your moments of thought.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says: "When you give, give with joy and smiling."

Smiles are little things, cheap articles, to be fraught with so many blessings both to the giver and receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch as we stand on the shore of every-day life. They are our higher, better nature's responses to the emotions of the soul.

Let the children have the benefit of them; these little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them.

Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fullness of life.—*Household.*

Home.

Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sun, the imperial moon, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it?"

"I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

The Boy of the Period.

The boy of the day is not receiving the proper home culture. Children slip away from parental care. This is due to the rigorous old time home culture. Education must be inculcated by the mother. In Wales, England, the character of the mother is inquired for as a recommendation for the son. The average boy, noisy, impetuous, detesting home work, bankrupt in education, and a dodger of churches and other pious places, yet has a fathomless tenderness for his mother, but he wants no spectator. He is characterized by a passionate loyalty to whatever he espouses, and a high sense of honor to which appeal can safely be made in most cases. One thing in his teaching is imperative,—moral purity. Let the mother inculcate with loving care, putting aside false notions of modesty and all prudishness. Let us have done

with the belief in the saying, "Wild oats must sometime be sowed." He who thus sows, inevitably reaps a similar harvest. Every boy should be trained to respect womanhood. Nothing so much adorns American manhood as his respect for woman. The boy should be trained in politeness. This has a commercial value now-a-days. He makes his way in the world more easily for a pleasing address. There is no reason why the boy of to-day should not be taught the ordinary rules of etiquette. Good manners are to a man what beauty is to a woman. But best of all, train boys in honor, in integrity, and in trustworthiness. Every boy should have an industrial occupation, and this should be in harmony with his tastes. So with girls. To sum it all up, train the boy into manliness, that combines the strongest virtue with the gentlest weakness. Let him be like a hand of iron in a glove of velvet. There is nothing higher or nobler than this.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

How Cheaply One Can Live.

Bread, after all, says the American Miller, is the cheapest diet one can live on, and also the best. A story is told that shows just how cheap a man can live, when he gets "down to mush," figuratively and literally speaking. Colonel Fitzgibbon was, many years ago, colonial agent at London for the Canadian Government, and was wholly dependent upon remittances from Canada for his support. On one occasion these remittances failed to arrive, and as there was no cable in those days, he was compelled to write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the delay. Meanwhile he had just one sovereign to live upon. He found that he could live upon sixpence per day, or about twelve and a half cents of our money—four pennyworths of bread, one pennyworth of milk, and one pennyworth of sugar. He made pudding of some of the bread and sugar, which served for breakfast, dinner and supper, the milk being reserved for the last meal.

When his remittances arrived, about a month afterward, he had five shillings remaining of his sovereign, and he liked his frugal diet so well that he kept it up for over two years, possibly longer. Twelve cents a day is certainly a small amount to expend for food; but a man in Minnesota, about three years ago, worried through a whole year on ten dollars. He lived on "Johnny cake."

We know of a theological student in an Ohio college, who, sustained by grace, rice and corn bread, lived thirteen weeks on seven dollars; but there were several good apple orchards near the college, and the farmers kept no dogs.

It is not the necessities of life that cost much, but the luxuries; and it is with the major part of mankind as it is with the Frenchman, who said that if he had the luxuries of life he could dispense with the necessities. Mere living is cheap, but as the hymnologist says, "It is not all of life to live."

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

Of the many incidents of equine sagacity and attachment and especially with Arab horses, I know of nothing more touching than the following, which I find in Lamartine's *Travels in the East*. I will not alter a word, but will give it, as he gave it who knew whereof he spoke:

An Arab chief, with his tribe, had attacked at night a caravan of Damascus and plundered it. When loaded with their spoils, however, the robbers were overtaken on their return by some horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who killed several, and bound the remainder with cords. In this state of bondage they brought one of the prisoners named Abou el Marck to Acre, and laid him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the entrance of the tent, as they slept during the night.

Kept awake by the pain of his wounds, the Arab heard and quickly recognized the neigh of his horse at a little distance; and being desirous to caress for the last time the loved companion of his adventurous life, he dragged himself up, bound as he was, to his horse, which was picketed not far away.

"Poor friend!" said he, "what will you do among the Turks? You will be ignobly shut up under a close roof with the poor beasts of a pacha or an aga! No longer will the woman and the children bring you food and drink in the hollows of their loving hands; no more will you

gallop, free as the wind, over the arid plain; no more shall your bosom cleave the waters of the Jordan—those pure and cooling waters—where the foam from your lips was drank up, and your fevered flanks gratefully bathed. If I must be a slave, O! let me set you free! Go! return to your tent, to which Marck will return no more—go, and put your head within the folds of your tent, and lick once more the hands of my children!"

Thus speaking, he undid with his teeth the fetters which held the courser bound—for his hands were tied so that he could not use them—and set him at liberty; but the noble animal, on receiving his freedom, instead of bounding at once away, bent his head over his master and seemed to study the situation. At length he gathered a quantity of the clothing about the loins between his teeth, closed his mouth firmly, then raised the form of his master from the ground, balanced the burden gently and tenderly, and then set off at the top of his speed toward home. Without thought of rest—seeming to think only of pursuit, and of home before him—he made straight for the distant tent so well known in the mountain pass of Arabia. He arrived there safely, and laid his master alive and unharmed down at the feet of his wife and children; then cast one longing, loving look upon the group—and dropped dead from utter exhaustion. The whole tribe mourned him; and the memory of the horse of Abou el Marck is still cherished fondly and gratefully by the Arabs of Jericho.

Powers of Pleasing.

Womens chief business is to please says Dr. Holmes. A woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even manner, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to.

Womanly woman are very kindly critics of men. The less there is of sex about a woman the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment,—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that makes an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy; her subtility of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature, as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns.

In the hospitable soul of woman man forgets that he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

A Faithful Shepherd & Dog.

One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring Ranch, showed us a yory pretty shepherd dog that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about with their hands in their breeches pockets, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom or Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was urged by the assistants that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted off toward the forest. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head or wag her tail even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering them the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching.—*Colorado Letter.*

A POLAR PARADISE.

In view of the interest taken at the present day, in Polar expeditions and explorations, it might not be unacceptable to our readers, to call attention to some of the facts and theories upon which that interest is based.

It may not be known to all our readers that the theory has been advocated that not only is the earth flattened at the poles, but that it is actually depressed so as to form a vast cup or funnel-shaped opening into the earth; yet such a theory was advanced before the faculty and students of Union College by Captain John C. Symmes so long ago as in the winter of 1826-7. And while his theory as a whole might be considered visionary and unsupportable, there are facts which justify the theory that a warm climate exists in the immediate vicinity of the poles. It is stated among other things that according to the accounts of travelers, Indians in the latitude of 60° north are in the regular habit of migrating north or northwest on the approach of winter to seek a more genial climate and more comfortable winter quarters, and it is said the inhabitants of the far north, commonly speak of the South as being colder, and the north warmer. Captain Ross speaks of the Arctic sea as calm and clear of ice in high latitudes while all the south was a wide belt of ice, and that currents of air from the north were warm and melted the ice. Captain Parry makes frequent mention of warm currents of air coming from the north and northeast. Dr. Kane also claims that in the far north the climate is warmer. All Arctic explorers state that beyond 68 or 70 deg. north latitude there is a milder climate, and that at and beyond that latitude large herds of deer, foxes, bears and other animals, as well as birds, are in the habit of migrating north on the approach of winter. Dr. Kane, who wintered in latitude 82°, states that at the approach of winter wild geese were seen flying north, and in the spring were seen to return with their young, and looking sleek and fat. Some of Dr. Kane's crew in his Arctic explorations traveled in dog sledges to a very high latitude, and discovered an open sea full of birds and feathered creatures. The water was warm and the waves came rolling in as if they came a long distance, and over an extensive sea.

On the north side of the island of Spitzbergen there are lodged vast quantities of drift-wood, of different species from any known to naturalists; and many plants are found drifted there that are entirely unknown to botanists; they are of tropical growth, but could not have floated from equatorial regions, as the distance is too great and the gravity of the plants would not have allowed them to drift so far, besides the currents of the ocean there are from the north, and consequently the drift could have come from nowhere else.

Who knows but that in the *terra incognita* of the polar regions there may be a land of grand distances, genial climate, noble rivers, and vast resources, and peopled perhaps with an intelligent and cultured race of beings, even superior to us in the arts, industries and refinements, which most contribute to human happiness—who knows? Will De Long solve the question?

The German proverb, "If I rest I rust," applies to many things besides the key. If water rests, it stagnates. If the tree rests, it dies—for its winter-state is only a *half-rest*. If the eye rests, it grows dim and blind. If the arm rests, it weakens. If the lungs rest, we cease to breathe. If the heart rests, we die! What is true living but loving? And what is loving but growth in the likeness of God?

Tobacco was named in honor of its discoverer, O. C. Cabot, a brother of Sebastian Cabot. They just spelled his name backward.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

SMALL-POX.

"Poc" is an old English word, meaning a pouch, pocket, or bag. "Pocs" means more than one, is its plural, and for convenience is spelled Pox, from the many little pits or pouches made in the skin by this disease. The Latin name is "variola," which means a pimple. A person who had the small-pox milked a cow, and the pox appeared on her teats; this cow was milked by a girl, when the pox appeared on her hands, but she did not seem to mind it. A good many milkers had the same appearances, but all went about their business as if nothing was the matter with them.

Nearly a hundred years ago a young man was in a drug store near Bristol, England, when a dairy-maid called for some advice. Small-pox was prevailing at the time, and she was asked by the young clerk if she was not afraid of catching it. She replied: "I can't take it, because I've had the cow-pox." In an instant the thought flitted across the mind of the youth, if small-pox was communicated to a cow by man, and the cow could in turn communicate it back to a man, but with the difference that when thus recommunicated it was not only divested of its horrors, but fortified the person against taking the small-pox, as seemed to have been an impression which had grown up among the milkmaids, then it might be the case that cow-pox could be given to a man artificially, by taking matter from the poc of a cow and introducing it into the system of a man, just as small-pox was given to man artificially, by matter from a poc on a man.

This idea was at first vague and unfixed in words, but when, in the practice of years, young Jenner (for this was the apothecary's boy) observed that he always failed to give small-pox by inoculation to the milkmaids who had taken the cow-pox, he determined to try the experiment of vaccination; that is, giving cow-pox to a man by the matter from a cow, and thus rendering him insusceptible of the terrible small-pox from any amount of exposure. This experiment was successfully made on his eldest son, in November, 1789. But it was not until May, 1796, that a decisive experiment was made to ascertain if the matter from a person having cow-pox would give cow-pox to a human being. James Phipps, aged eight

years, was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of Sarah Nelmes. He passed through the disorder in a manner perfectly satisfactory, and in July following all efforts made to give him small-pox by inoculation with small-pox matter failed to take effect. So that in 1796 vaccination as a preventive of small-pox was demonstrated; and at a very opportune time, too; for three-quarters of a million of persons were perishing with small-pox every year. In Prussia, alone, forty thousand persons died of small-pox annually. After vaccination was introduced only three thousand small-pox deaths took place in one year; while Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, where vaccination was systematically performed on the whole population, remained absolutely free from small-pox for twenty years, when, the people having grown remiss in the performance of vaccination, scattering cases of small-pox began to appear again. So great was the boon to the world considered, that the British Parliament, in 1802, gave Jenner fifty thousand dollars, and in 1807 voted him a hundred thousand dollars more. Jenner died at his native place, in great honor, in 1823, in his seventy-fifth year.

The matter of small-pox impregnates the air immediately around the person or bedding of the patient; and any unvaccinated individual, or one who has not had the small-pox, who comes within ten feet of such person or the bedding, is very sure to be attacked with small-pox, and to have the pimples appear within a fortnight.

In some cases vaccination wears out, and ceases to be a protection against small-pox, and exposure to it gives varioloid.

The longer a person remains free from small-pox after vaccination, the more severe the attack will be, if it is taken at all.

Those vaccinated in infancy are most liable to have varioloid between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. This being so, a most important practical inference is to be drawn, that the occurrence of puberty in some way diminishes the power of vaccination against infection; hence it becomes the imperative duty of every parent to have the child vaccinated on entering the fifteenth year. If it does not take, no harm has been done; if it does take, the chances of an odious and fearful disease have been with great certainty removed. This revaccination should be repeated at twenty-five, most especially if that at fifteen did not take.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Weak Lungs.

Every one knows that physical exercise invigorates the muscular system; that the constant action within limits, or any muscle, enlarges and strengthens that muscle. It is the working of the same law that gives fullness and vigor to the blacksmith's arm. This law is physiologically universal, and therefore applies to the lungs.

The one work of the lungs is to inhale and exhale air; and this depends on the alternate expansion and contraction of the chest. Now some persons are born with thin, narrow chests. The lungs of these persons are generally weak, and easily become diseased, because seldom brought into full, vigorous action.

The employments of other people—students, tailors, seamstresses, shoemakers, etc.—are such as do not call out the full action of the lungs. In some cases they interfere with it. If such persons are troubled with general weakness, have difficulty of breathing after exercise, and dull pains in the sides, the lungs should be looked after, although there may still be no organic disease.

What is needed is to strengthen them—not by medicine—but by their own proper action. The Medical and Surgical Reporter gives an account of a young student whose pulmonary symptoms of weakness were wholly overcome. It was done by his simply breathing through a small tube the size of a quill a dozen times every three or four hours each day.

Every third respiration he withdrew the tube, when the lungs were thoroughly filled, and held his breath as long as he could without distress. Keeping this up during his student life, he acquired the ability to enlarge his chest five inches by an inspiration, and to hold his breath without distress a full minute.

It is our belief that the same thing may be accomplished by breathing as above through a single nostril, closing the other with the finger.—*Youth's Companion.*

Living Cheaply and Healthfully.

Mr. J. B. Rumford, of Bakersfield, Kern Co., Cal., in a recent letter to the *San Francisco Bulletin*, states that a man can earn enough in fifteen days of "ordinary labor" to supply him with the most wholesome food for one year. The following is his statement of the amount of food consumed by his family:—

"I find that three of us, a growing boy of seventeen years, my wife, and myself, do not together use on an average more than one and one-half pounds of wheat or other grain per day, being supplied with Seckel, Winter Nellis, and other pears, peaches, apples, Muscat grapes, and other fruit,—not more than eight pounds of fruit per day—thus making a total expense of 2½ cents for grain and 16 cents for fruit per day. So we have a total of 18½ cents per day, or \$66.60 per year, or \$22.20 for each person. As wages here for ordinary work are \$1.50 per day (if you board yourself), it would take less than fifteen days' labor to provision each one a year on a full supply of the best grain and choicest fruits, giving the best health and gustatory pleasure; and as in the experiment we used them all uncooked, the only work of preparation necessary to be performed was a few minutes' time each day preparing the grain in a steel hand-mill, not equal to more than five minutes for each person."

On this simple fare, the whole family improved in health, especially the writer, who further states as follows:—

"I was, in two weeks, completely cured of dyspepsia, which had troubled me from boyhood until nearly fifty years of age, and my spectacles, which had become constant companions, were nearly put aside, and with them came an increase of mental if not of physical ability. Any one, from one acre well cultivated in fruits and grains, with one hour's work each day, can be supplied with a most wholesome and delightful diet of the finest fruits, and continue in good health; and one hour more, well applied, will furnish good, comfortable clothing. Why need it longer be said that man is subject to the curse of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow?"

And yet there are those who will maintain that man can not live without a liberal supply of flesh food. We have tried the experiment of a fruit and grain diet for more than fifteen years, and have gained in health during the time very greatly, notwithstanding hard work. And we know of scores who have done the same, with like result.—*Good Health.*

Drawing-room Malaria.

Says the London Globe: We live in an age in which health seems to be assailed by more subtle enemies than our ancestors had to fear, and thus to need more and more cunning disciples of Æsculapius to keep pace with the growing numbers of our foes. Medical science has done much to protect us, and cleanliness still more. We no longer have much cause to fear the "black deaths" and "sweating sickness" which decimated whole towns or provinces in the Middle Ages; but then, on the other hand, we have surrounded ourselves with dangers unknown in a less civilized community. One of these is an insidious disease lately made known to physicians, and best described as drawing-room malaria. The atmosphere of a hot room in which many living plants are kept has quite recently been found to be impregnated with a moist vapor arising from the earth in which these plants are rooted. The soil from which they derive their sustenance is generally rich in organic matter, which is drawn out of it by the heat, and diffuses itself into the close air imprisoned in the apartment. That a sort of low fever might be generated in this way, is a theory which was enunciated in 1879 by the learned Professors Klebs and Crudefi, but it is only more lately that their view has been confirmed by positive experience.

The required proof has come from that part of the world which might be expected to furnish it; that is to say, from Russia, where the sitting-rooms in winter are kept habitually at a very high temperature with little ventilation. Professor von Eichwald was consulted as to the health of a lady, who, though living in a healthy spot, exhibited all the symptoms observable in those who inhabit marshy places. The usual remedies, consisting chiefly of quinine, were applied with success; but as often as the lady, after recovering from an

attack, ventured into her drawing-room the same symptoms persistently appeared. It was then that the doctor, remembering the new theory, ordered the removal of the numerous ferns and plants which filled the drawing-room, and the complaint which had been so obstinate was found to disappear at once. It is possible that a good many headaches and indispositions in London might be traced to a similar cause, operating with more or less violence, in proportion to the number of the flowers or plants kept and the heat of the room in which they grow.

Cesspool Fever.

This is the fever that wrought so much mischief in one of the Washington hotels a few years ago. It is said by good medical authorities to be fatal to many persons every year in New York. The fever is not severe. There is but little headache and no pain or tenderness in the abdomen, as in the case of typhoid fever. Still the tongue is covered with a white fur, and the appetite is bad. Its chief characteristic is diarrhoea, acute in some cases, but more generally chronic and lasting months, or even years. The patient, if he does not recover, dies of simple exhaustion.

The disease is found wherever the contents of cesspools and out-houses find their way into the drinking water, or their emanations into the air of sleeping rooms. It is quite apt to prevail at our summer health-resorts, the ignorance of proprietors more than neutralizing the abundant hygienic provisions of nature.

Cases occur even among the White Mountains and at our most famous watering-places. At Martha's Vineyard, last year, a friend stopped at one of the most acceptable houses on the island. He states that two of the guests were suddenly seized with summer sickness soon after their arrival. It was found on examination that the privy and the well were only twenty feet apart, and the well was quite a deep one. The contaminated water was probably the cause of the sickness.

The son of a physician was taken with the disease in a virulent form at a boarding-school, and died on the third day after his father was summoned. The young man's room was large and high, and every thing about it seemed favorable to health. But it was found that one of the windows opened into the vestibule of a water-closet, used by from seventy to one hundred persons, its only ventilation being through a pipe about six inches in diameter, which emptied into the chimney of the young man's room. He was undoubtedly poisoned and killed by the foul air.—*Youth's Companion.*

Cure For Drinking.

Dr. Jurie, a prominent physician of Vienna, tells of two complete cures of dipsomania effected by him in an extraordinary manner. One of the cases was that of an habitual drunkard who was picked out of the gutter by the police, and was handed over to the doctor's treatment, in the "Correction Ho-pital," for a period of fourteen days. The doctor at once ordered that every article of food or drink given him should receive a liberal addition of whiskey of a not over-refined quality. Water, milk, meat, soup, and vegetables were all treated in this way, and whiskey was even infused into the air that he breathed through saturation of the walls, floors, and bedding. At first the man proclaimed himself highly satisfied with his treatment, and said he would always like to have such a sensible physician. The second day, however, he began to feel nausea; the third day he vomited immediately after eating, and thereafter not a meal was taken that was not followed by vomiting. From day to day he experienced increasing torment, and finally begged piteously for relief. The result was that at the end of two weeks, though much reduced in flesh, he was filled with such repugnance for strong drink that he was never afterward able to indulge in it again. The other case mentioned by Dr. Jurie was of a similar character, and was treated by him in the same way and with equal success.

The London *Lancet* urges upon the public the importance of breathing through the nose in damp, cold, or foggy weather. It is Nature's respirator and protection to the delicate.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

LEMON PUDDING.—One-half pound of bread crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon, chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours in a buttered mould. Serve with or without wine sauce.

BAKED INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—Three pints milk, ten tablespoonfuls of corn meal, three gills of molasses, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a large cup of raisins, and a little salt. If not sweet enough put in more molasses. Scald the milk, and pour over the meal after it is sifted; stir in the melted butter, molasses, and raisins, and bake slowly until done brown. Suet can be used instead of butter if preferred.

CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up the chickens, and stew until tender. Then take them from the gravy, and spread on a flat dish to cool, having first well seasoned them with butter, pepper, and salt. Make a batter of one quart of milk, three cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, a little salt. Butter a pudding-dish, and put a layer of the chicken at the bottom and then a cupful of the batter over it. Proceed till the dish is full. The batter must form the crust. Bake an hour, and serve the thickened gravy in a gravy-boat.

NEW ENGLAND BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk, three-quarters cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls ginger, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, a bit of salt. Stir these thoroughly together, and let come to a boil. Have ready three dessert-spoonfuls of Indian meal wet in a little cold milk; put it into the hot milk, and after stirring thoroughly let it boil five minutes. This should be made early in the morning, and set away to cool. When needed for dinner, take two eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, half a teacup cold milk; stir this into the first mixture, and let it bake two hours.—*G. H. H.*

PET POUND CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter and one pound of sugar to a cream, whisk ten eggs to a high froth, and add one and a half pounds of flour, one wineglassful of brandy, half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of vanilla; beat all until light and creamy. Put into a tin pan with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven one and a half hours.

CRACKER GRIDDLE CAKES.—One pint of cracker dust; the yolks of two eggs; thin with milk, and when it swells add more milk until of the right consistency; salt, and when ready to bake add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—One quart scalded milk and poured on Indian meal, one pint flour, four eggs, and a little salt.

MINNIE'S WHITE MUFFINS.—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, one and one-half cups of flour, the whites of three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; bake in muffin-pans.

CHICAGO GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One pint of graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; wet with water to make it soft as gingerbread.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Delicious little cream biscuits for afternoon tea are made by mixing self-rising flour with cream, which roll into a thin, smooth paste; prick, cut and bake immediately. They should be kept dry in a close tin box. If the flour is not self-raising, salt it lightly, and mix with it a dessert spoonful of baking powder.

SPRINGFIELD SODA BISCUIT.—One quart flour, one pint milk, piece butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar sifted in flour, with salt.

A NICE BISCUIT.—One pint of scalded milk cooled, two quarts of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, one teacupful of yeast, and a little salt.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two cups New Orleans molasses, one cup lard, one-half cup sugar, one heaping teaspoonful soda dissolved in three-quarters cup warm water, one teaspoonful ginger, one large teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves. Mix with enough flour to keep them from sticking to the board, and bake a nice brown color. I consider them just as good as the bakers' cookies.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of butter, two of molasses, four of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda in one cup of boiling water, one full teaspoonful of ginger, one-half nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon.

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST DISH.—For a family of six take three cups of mashed potatoes, one half a cup of flour, and half a teacup of sweet milk, two well-beaten eggs, a little salt; mix well together, shape them small, and drop into hot lard, or roll them into little balls, and fry them in a wire basket in boiling lard.

RINGED POTATOES.—Peel large potatoes, cut them round and round in shavings as you peel an apple. Fry with clean, sweet lard in a frying-pan till brown, stirring so as to brown all alike; drain on a sieve, sprinkle fine salt over them, and serve.

ROAST BEEF A LA FRANCAISE.—Take a rib of beef entirely boned; season the inside, and tie it up with some slices of fat pork. To be sure that it is properly cooked, place a raw potato, peeled, at each end, as soon as they yield to the finger the beef is cooked a la Francaise. If you wish it a l'Anglaise, thirty-five minutes will roast it sufficiently. Reduce a little broth without salt and throw it over. Garnish with water-cresses.

BAKED FISH.—For a fish weighing about five pounds, three large or five small crackers, one tablespoonful chopped salt pork, one-half tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one-eighth spoonful of pepper. Put in the body of the fish and skewer together; cut gashes across the fish; cut the remainder of one-fourth pound of salt pork into strips, and put these into the gashes; put the fish into a baking-powder, and dredge with salt, pepper, and flour; cover the bottom of the pan with hot water, and put into a rather hot oven; bake one hour, basting often with the gravy in the pan, dredging each time with salt, pepper, and flour. When cooked, lift from the pan on to a tin sheet and slide on to the dish on which it is to be served.

ADULTERATED BUTTER.—An easy method for showing whether butter is adulterated with beef fat has been submitted by Hager. He saturates a cotton wick with a suspected sample, which is first melted. He then lights the wick, and permits it to burn for about two minutes. At the end of that time, when the wick is extinguished, an odor like that given off by a tallow candle, when its flame is blown out, is readily perceived if the butter is artificial.

DESIGNS FOR WALL-PAPER.—Any pattern or design which shows prominently any set pattern, or spots which suggest a sum in multiplication, or which, in the half light of day or early morning, might be likely to fix themselves upon the tired brain, suggesting all kinds of weird forms, are especially to be avoided. The design should be of such a description that, saving as regards colors, it should offer no specially marked pattern. I have seen various designs for papers of high artistic character, but in which flights of birds or rows of conventional flowers stood out in bold relief, suggesting ideas of counting, or dreaming thoughts, or restlessness, which, to an over-tired or restless brain, soon bring utter wakefulness.—*Decoration and Furniture—R. W. Edis.*

TRY IT.—It is said that a piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapors produced carrying off soot by chemical decomposition. The above may be of use to those who burn wood and are fearful of chimney fires. It is simple, and worth a trial at least.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

SPECULATIVE.

Monday I dabbled in future operations;
 Tuesday I owed millions by all calculations;
 Wednesday my avenue palace began;
 Thursday I drove out a spanking bay span;
 Friday I gave a magnificent ball;
 And Saturday busted with nothing at all.

An anonymous article—A baby before it is christened.

It is a very remarkable fact that men with very long memories often forget short loans.

Tommy asked his mother if the school-teacher's ferule was a piece of the board of education.

Another bust up in a banking-house. It was one of Franklin, put on the top of a book-case.

"You took a lode off my mind," as the seller of a worthless mine said to the speculative purchaser.

Physical heat is only motion. Mental heat is only emotion. The two combined make commotion.

A weekly list of business embarrassments might with propriety be called "Review of the weak."—*Yawcob Strauss.*

An exchange says the difference between a hungry man and a glutton is, "One longs to eat, and the other eats too long."

It is a Chinese custom to pay one's debts on New Year's day. There is no danger of the adoption of such a heathenish custom in this country.

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

Head of the Establishment—David, you are a fool! *David*—Well, sir, I can't help it. When you engaged me, you told me to imitate you, and I've done the best I could.

"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" said a pupil (putting on the gloves) to a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the significant reply.

An Illinois paper, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out."

A little girl had been scolded by her grandmother. She picked up her kitten, and caressing it said, "I wish one of us three was dead; and it ain't you, Kitty, and it ain't me."

An Illinois deacon while visiting in Philadelphia was asked if he had purchased any Christmas cards, and replied, with some surprise, "Why should I? My old pack is good enough!"

The remark of an exchange that "many of our successful lawyers began life as preachers" is gracefully corrected by one of the legal gentlemen referred to, who begs leave to state that he began life as an infant.

He came home the other night in the drizzling rain, soaked inside as well as out. "What excuse have you to offer," said his better-half, "for coming home in such a beery condition?" "None, my dear," was his answer, "cept 'twas a very muggy day."

MISUNDERSTOOD.—*Miss Argent* (anxious to discover the opinion of the new curate on her favorite costume)—I hope you don't disapprove of jerseys, Mr. Bullock? *Rev. Mr. Bullock* (on his hobby)—Well, no, not exactly, although my experience leads me to prefer short horns.

"I know," said a little girl to her eldest sister's young man at the supper-table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks." Then there was a silence, and the Limburger cheese might have been heard scrambling round in its tin box on the cupboard-shelf.

A lady riding in a cab with her maid and her poodle was singing the latter's praises very loudly. "It's such a sweet creature; worth a world of human beings to me!" The driver charged three fares. "No, no!" expostulated the lady, "there are only myself and my maid." "And the dog, ma'am. I've acted verry fair, an' on'y set it down as ekal to one human."

In the stone floor of the Grafton (West Virginia) court-house vestibule is the word "Justice" in large letters. An old resident who had just lost a suit was walking out of the building sadly and with eyes cast down. Seeing the letters in the floor, he halted, uncovered his head, and spoke: "Justice, I knew you were dead, but I did not know where you were buried until now."

"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

"Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

"O, what rapture!" remarked Adolphus, as he clasped his fair one in his arms. "O, what rapped yer?" a friend inquired, shortly afterward as he observed Adolphus trying to get his head and a large-sized bump into his hat at the same time; and 'Dolphy said he didn't exactly know, but thought it must have been the old gentleman's gold-headed cane.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

Two gentlemen were seated upon the steps of the house of one of them, on a mild evening, last summer, when a very large woman, with rustle of voluminous silks and roll of voluminous person, entered the next dwelling. "Who is that?" asked the visitor. "That," answered the master of the house, "is my neighbor Webster's wife." "O, I see," was the ready rejoinder; "Webster's Unabridged."

A great many curious and funny stories are told of good good Mather Byles, who could not repress his comicalities, and who was jocosely, in spite of his Puritanism. One cold winter day he was nailing a list on his door. A parishioner said, "Doctor, don't you know that the wind bloweth where it listeth?" "Yes," was the quick reply, "and I know also that every man of common sense listeth wheresoever the wind bloweth."

THE TEACHER AHEAD.—When an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning, a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend:

"Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.

A SAVING WOMAN.—"You may talk about your mean men," said one rustic to another on the ferry-boat, the other day, "but we've got a woman over there in Alameda who takes a pie."

"Kinder close—is she?"

"Close? Why, last month her husband died—fourth husband, mind—and I'm blamed if she didn't take the door-plate off the front door, had his age added, and then nailed on to his coffin. Said she guessed likely she'd be wanting a new name on the door soon, any way."—*San Francisco Post.*

It is not what you see that makes you popular among your friends; it is what you don't tell.

POOR MAN.—The N. Y. Mercury says: At the funeral of an esteemed lady of this city the bereaved widower, who was sobbing during the services on a black-bordered handkerchief, suddenly arose and approached a friend who was leaning bowed on the marble mantel. The officiating clergyman stopped in the middle of the address, supposing the bereaved one was overcome with sorrow. Friends looked up in deep sympathy as he whispered, in a grief-stricken voice, audible to all present:

"James, don't lean so hard on the mantel! It cost me a mint of money, and won't stand a heavy strain."

Then he resumed his weeping, and the services proceeded.

At a meeting of some colored brethren it was decided to make a collection. The president concluded to pass the hat himself, and, in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten-cent piece. After the collection, during which every hand had been in the hat, the president approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes with astonishment and exclaimed, "Fo' goodness, but I'ze eben lost de ten cents I started wid!" Then there was consternation on the faces of the assembly. Who was the lucky man? That was the question. He could not blush, or turn pale, for all were as black as night. It was evidently a hopeless case, and was summed up by one brother, who rose in his seat and said, solemnly, "Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson round 'eah somewhat."

AFRAID TO LET HER SING.—Mrs. Trulryrural has been in the city with her daughter to arrange for the vocal instruction of the young lady. She has not yet engaged a teacher, and is now in a terrible state of perplexity. "The first professor said," she explained to Mr. Trulryrural on her return, "that Almira sings too much with her borax. If she keeps on she will get digestion on the lungs. He said she ought to try the abominable breathing and practise solfugery. Then the next teacher told me that she ought to sing more from her diagram and not smother her voice in the sarcophagus. Then the next, he poked a looking-glass down her throat, and said that the phalanx was too small, and the typhoid bone and polyglottis were in a bad way; and I never knew Almira had so many things down her throat, and I'm afraid to let her sing any more for fear it'll kill the poor girl." And that was the end of "voice building" in the Trulryrural family.—*Musical Herald.*

No Doubt Whatever.

"Is there any doubt about Pingrey paying me?" asked Brown. "He wants to borrow a hundred."

"No," replied Fogg, "I don't think there is a particle of doubt about it."

A month later Brown met Fogg again. "What did you mean," said he, "by allowing me to loan Pingrey that money?" "I've asked him for it a dozen times, and that's all the good it does me."

"I didn't suppose he'd pay you," replied Fogg, quite coolly.

"Didn't suppose he'd pay me!" yelled Brown. "What did you let me lend it to him for?"

"I?" said Fogg. "I had nothing to do with it. You asked me if there was any doubt about his paying you, and I said 'No.' I knew he wouldn't pay you. There was no doubt about it."

Brown went off mumbling to himself about some folks thinking themselves mighty smart, while Fogg turned to his paper with a serenity that was most engaging.

THE WHISTLING LABORER.—A mason was in the habit of whistling to his laborer whenever he wanted a fresh supply of lime, and, as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner noticing Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with the load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle

came from. He had not waited long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and sputtered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mess; and in the midst of this confusion heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle, my bhoj, when you want some more mortar."

IRISH HONOR, hard knocks as it has received, is not dead yet. A friend of mine, a major in the county militia, and chairman of petty sessions in the province of Leinster, lately sentenced an old lady, who had given the police a good deal of trouble through drunken and disorderly conduct, to two months' imprisonment. Perceiving she was rather astonished at the action of the bench, the major asked her if she had anything to say against it, when, advancing to the front of the dock, she thus delivered herself: "I have this to say—I have been divorced by two husbands; my youngest sister has been unfortunate; my eldest has been indicted for keeping a disorderly house; but—and here the old lady drew herself up—I'm proud to say that *I have no relashuns in the militia.*"—*London World.*

Absent-Minded.

It is an awkward thing to be absent-minded, says Progress. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman who discovered this at his cost. It so happened, the other day, that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absent-minded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man. "Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Well, never mind; take him his bill, and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated a moment, and then, appreciating the situation, went over to Mr. A. and handed his bill. "What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow. "For your dinner, sir." "My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter, in all innocence. "Dear me, I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake!" And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

Smith was Out.

A Griswold-street lawyer was sitting in his office, the other week, when a stranger appeared at the door and said:

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"

"Yes, sir—next door."

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer, he observed:

"Smith seems to be out?"

"Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place, I should have answered it by telling you so."

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer:

"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"

"O, about five dollars."

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away, when the lawyer said:

"My fee, please."

"I haven't a cent to pay you!"

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place, I should have answered by telling you so. Good-morning, sir."—*Free Press.*

Girls, don't throw your life away by marrying a man for the purpose of reforming him. It is the worst use you can put yourselves to. The proverb says: "The fox may grow gray, but he never grows good."

Used to be a Boy Himself.

The other day a show came to Little Rock, and was shamefully imposed upon by uncle Isom. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low-spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

"Does yer youngsters want to go to de show?" he asked.

The boys responded in noisy chorus. "Well come on, den. I ust'er be a chile myself, an' unlike de most of men, I hain't forgot it. Count dese boys," he added, to the doorkeeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in Isom was walking around, talking to acquaintances from the plantations.

"Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets?"

"What for? Does yer think me a lottery agent?"

"You passed in twenty boys, and I want tickets or the money."

"I doan' owe yerno tickets and I doan' owe yer no money. I didn't tell yer ter pass de boys in. I said count 'em. I'se always heard dat showmen is good on 'rithmatic, an' I wanted ter satisfy myself. Yer say dat thar was twenty boys. I doan't spute yer word, case I ain't no matertician. Sposen I take a lot ob boys ter de cashier ob a bank, and axe: him ter count 'em, does dat signify dat the cashier is gwine ter pass 'em in de money row? No sah. Go back to yer tent; I sees a crowd goin' in."

The showman, remembering that he left the entrance unguarded, turned and Isom walked away.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A Big Farm Story.

The size of western farms surprises eastern people, and the newspaper reporters have at last got hold of the subject. The *Brooklyn Eagle* reports a man who said he owned a farm in Dakota. This was the interview:

"We own some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owns one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I give you my word, the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded on the other. You see, it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

"The worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief; women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp trunk packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time yet," replied the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows and their children bring home the milk. We don't count by acres; we count by townships and counties. My yield was \$68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I am thinking of breaking up eighty to one hundred more counties this season."

Not A Minister:

AN AMUSING ADVENTURE OF A DRUMMER.

An Arkansas paper tells a story on John A. Meeks, a traveling man for Weil & Brother, of St. Louis. He had just stepped off a train at a small town in the southern part of the State, when he was accosted by a countryman, who asked, deferentially, "What is your name, please?"

"Meeks."

"Well, Brother Meeks, I am here with a spring-wagon, and am at your service. Are you ready to go now? Where is your baggage?"

Meeks did not question the man who had addressed him, supposing him to be a merchant of the village not far distant. He had been wondering if any means of transportation would be within reach, and considered himself fortunate in securing a spring-wagon. The trip to the village was mainly characterized by silence. The driver made one or two allusions to religious matters, which Meeks answered laconically. When the spring-wagon arrived at the village Meeks was driven to the residence of a prominent citizen, Mr. George Young, where an excellent supper was waiting. Mr. Young

and his family were delighted to see the young man. Young laughingly alluded to the large trunks of his guest, remarking that the old saddle-bag days were over. Meeks smiled over a chicken bone, and affably agreed with his host.

After supper the party repaired to the parlor, where miscellaneous conversation, tempered by a religious tone, was engaged in. Finally Mr. Young, handing Meeks a Bible, requested him to read a certain chapter, which the young man did. Then Young, clearing his throat at one of his children, and nodding to another, remarked:

"Brother Meggs, lead us in prayer."

"Meggs, the deuse!" exclaimed Meeks. "My name is not Meggs. What in thunder does all this mean, any way? I am a St. Louis drummer—"

"What!" exclaimed Young. "Are you not the man who was sent here to preach for us to-morrow?"

"I am sent here to sell you goods, but hanged if I'll preach for any body."

A rap at the door interrupted the conversation. A young man, fatigued and muddled, entered and introduced himself as Preacher Meggs. The mistake was then explained. The driver of the spring-wagon had taken the wrong man. Poor Meggs "hoofed" it seven miles.

A Bargain with Satan.

There is an old fable that says an Irish minister was riding along one day when he met Satan, who wanted to make a bargain with him for his soul, and promised he would do any three things the minister required as part of the agreement, if the minister would surrender. They came to terms, so the fable goes, and Satan asked, "What is the first thing?"

"I want you to make a road through that bog. I have to travel around it, and it is very disagreeable."

At the end of a month Satan reported that the first condition was fulfilled, and a road made through the hitherto impassable bog.

"Now," said the minister, "I want you to make a road through that high and steep mountain. I have to drive over it, and it is very hard travelling."

The fable says that Satan made the road and came and told the minister, and asked him what was now the third thing to be done.

"I want you," said the minister, "to find me a respectable, quiet, good Christian man that keeps a liquor-saloon."

"You've got me there, old fellow!" said Satan. "That is something I can't do. There never was such a thing."

So Satan was defeated, and the minister got the best of the bargain.—*Rev. Richard Newton, D. D.*

Occasionally, yes, very often, a woman is more than a match for a man. A farmer living in the outskirts of — was in a hurry to get his farm work along, and went out into the field with his boys and hired man, entirely overlooking the fact that the last stick of wood in the woodpile had been burned to get breakfast. Raging hungry the force came in at noon. The good wife had 'e table set with all the taste of which she was mistress, and it really looked inviting, but there was no dinner upon it. "Sarah, where's the dinner?" inquired the farmer, somewhat anxiously. "I don't know whether it is done or not. There was no wood for a fire, so I hung it in the warmest place I could. It's on the ladder at the south end of the house." The whole force was detailed at chopping wood that afternoon."

"Who is Lucifer?" asked a teacher of a class of little folks. "I know," spoke up Katie, aged five years. "I'll tell me, Katie," said the teacher. "Why, Lucy's for Mr. Spriggs, who has a funny little moustache, and he comes to our house to see Lucy every evnin', and—" "That will do, Katie," said the teacher—"that will do."

They are bragging a good deal about the locomotive in New Jersey that goes one hundred miles an hour; but a Third street youth who went serenading, the other evening, returned home at the rate of one hundred and three miles an hour, and had a spotted dog hung to his trousers at that.

L'Enfant Terrible.

It was in the cars. The ladies were sitting together, busily engaged in conversation. On the seat facing them sat a little five year-old boy. He had been looking out of the window, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the moving panorama of the outside world. Suddenly he turned from the window; he began searching about the car, exclaiming, in a high, piping voice, "Mamma, which man is it that looks so funny?" "Sh!" cautioned his mother. But the boy was not to be hushed. "I don't see the man with the bald head, mamma, and the funny red nose." "The "Sh!" was repeated.

By this time the car was in a titter, save and excepting an elderly gentleman with a very bald head and a very red nose. His eyes were riveted upon his paper with a fixedness that was quite frightful. Again the boy: "O, now I see him! He! what a bright nose! What makes it so red, mamma?" "Georgie!" shouted his mother, in a stage whisper. But George was not to be stopped. "Mamma," he continued, "what made you say he had a light-house on his face? I don't see any light-house." Again: "Georgie!" and this time with a slight shake. Once more the piping voice, the bald-headed passenger gazing at his paper more fiercely than ever, and growing redder every moment: "Mamma, I don't think his head looks like the State-house dome. It's shiny like it, but it isn't so yaller."

While the titter went around again, George's mother whispered rapidly to the boy, and gave her hopeful a box on each ear, which seemed to partly divert his attention from the bald-headed passenger, but not entirely. He cried once more, through his tears, "You said his nose was red as a beet, mamma; I didn't say nothing." Strange to say, the bald-headed passenger didn't take part in the suppressed laughter that followed, but he put on his hat, and hid his nose in the paper, over which he glared at the boy as though he wanted to eat him. And yet wherein was the boy to blame?

The Girl for Him.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry-goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the lah-de-lah young man of the day he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in Detroit. He managed, by not paying his washerwoman and tailor, to go to operas and theatres, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her, and save the expense of boarding. By some process of reasoning known to the genus, he declared that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith he concluded to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men away, so he had no fears of a trial. When the time came, and he found himself in the company of Laura, in her papa's comfortable parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her little dimpled hand, used only to tickle the piano with, and said, in a bronze voice, "Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed, grandiloquently, "I want a dear little girl, about your size, with a great big heart, just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Madison Avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No, dearest; but what are localities to hearts that love? Darling, do you know of such an one?"

Laura, faintly, "Yes, O, yes, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some other man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, who would rise early, and sit up late for my sake?"

"O, how beautiful!" murmured Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificing man!"

"Do you know such an one, my angel?"

"Yes, I do," responded Laura, fervently; "but you must not call her your angel, for she might not like it; she's in the kitchen now, washing the dishes, and she told mother this morning she'd just as lieve get married this winter as live out, if she felt able to support a husband. She's just the girl you want, and she'll love you within an inch of your life."

But Augustus Smythe has fled into the outer darkness; the too-muchness of the occasion overcame him like a summer-cloud.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Solo.

I gaze on the blazoned windows,
The columns ashy and cold,
The fretted groings and arches,
The ceiling of azure and gold.

The organ shudders and mutters,
Like a monster dying in pain;
The chorus has wailed its parting,
Lamenting, repenting in vain.

Then out of the sadness rises
An angel whose wings are furled:
You lift your voice in the solo,
And I fly from a stricken world.

I traverse the shining oceans
Where melody rims the skies,
And I pass the islands of glory,
And the headland of Paradise.

You hear me, I care not whither,
So long as I hear you sing,
For toil and grief are forgotten,
And life is a heavenly thing.

The music ends, and I shiver,
For my soul is returned to earth,
And the silence falls like a sorrow
Which blanches the face of mirth.

—Harper's Mag.

W. De Forest.

A Curious Legend.

This curious Hessian legend is recorded by the Brothers Grimm: A man kills his brother while they are out hunting, and buries the corpse under the arch of a bridge. Years pass. One day a shepherd, crossing the bridge with his flock, sees below a little white bone, shining like ivory. He goes down, picks it up, and carves it into a mouth-piece for his bagpipes. When he began to play the mouth-piece, to his horror, began to sing of its own accord:

"O, my dear shepherd! you are playing on one of my bones; my brother assassinated me and buried me under the bridge."

The shepherd, terrified, took his bagpipes to the king, who put the mouth-piece to his lips, when straightway the refrain began:

"O, my dear king you are playing on one of my bones; my brother assassinated me and buried me under the bridge."

The king ordered all his subjects to try in turn the bagpipes. From mouth to mouth the instrument passed to that of the fratricide, and then it sang:

"O, my dear brother! you are playing on one of my bones; it was you who assassinated me!"

And the king ordered the murderer to be executed.

Shaving in Old Times.

Shaving, in the olden days, was a lengthy operation, and English barbers devised various methods of amusing their customers while awaiting their turn. They generally provided some musical instrument, such as a guitar or zither. In old pictures the shaving basin fitted into the chin; until a recent period barbers were wont to bleed a patient, and even extract teeth. In London the familiar barber's pole, with its red spiral coil of color, is a reminiscence of the staff the surgeon gave his customer to grasp while he was being bled. The tape, or bandage, was twisted round the pole, which, when not in use, was placed outside the door. This staff was by order left outside a surgeon's door, as a sign of his profession, and for convenience the painted pole was substituted as a sign, and the right to use it was extended to barbers about the year 1790.

In 1818 Joseph Walker, of Hopkinton, Mass., invented shoe-pegs. Nothing but sewed work had been used previous to this invention.

The Harvest Mouse.

The harvest mouse, says *Chamber's Journal*, is one of those little creatures which, though spread over the greater part of Europe, very few persons may have seen. This is partly accounted for by its shy habits, its smallness of body, and quickness of movement. This elegant little creature is light orange brown on the upper parts, and white underneath, and is chiefly peculiar for the character of the nests which it builds, of which it has two kinds, one for summer and one for winter.

The summer nest, in which it rears its young, is generally found suspended at some height from the ground between stalks of corn or reeds three or four of the stalks being utilized as supports, and held in their places by the intertwining of their pedicles or stalk-leaves. The nest, when finished, is about the size of a cricket-ball, very neat and compact, the frame-work being formed of wheat leaves or such like, and described by Gilbert White as "most artificially platted." The interstices are comfortably filled in with moss; while a small round opening, only large enough to admit one's little finger, is left on the top to give access to the interior of the nest.

Within the circumscribed space thus inclosed as many as eight and nine young ones have been found at one time, and these so closely packed together that the rolling of a nest across a table could not dislodge them. There is little or no room for the mother inside; and how she manages to get so many little mouths filled from time to time is a wonder, as it seems impossible she can administer a teat to each. Here in this "pendant bed and procreant cradle," swaying to and fro as the summer wind stirs among the wheat, the little creatures guard and nourish their tiny offspring till they are ready to go forth and forage for themselves. So much for the summer nest; the winter nest in some important respects differs from this. The cutting down of the corn in autumn leading to the destruction of their summer residences, and giving the little inmates immediate notice to quit, they look about for a place where they may build a winter nest, to which in the cold season they may retreat. Professor H. Schlegel has just described these winter nests as he found them in a locality near Leyden in 1868. Here there was a ditch some quarter of a mile in length, and six paces in width, part of the border of which was grown over with reeds.

A careful examination showed that these reeds actually contained about fifty nests of the harvest mouse. These winter nests he found to be composed of various mosses. They were attached to and between several stems of reeds, exactly like the nests of the reed warbler, but more tapered in form, of from six inches to a foot in height, and from three to four inches in diameter. They showed no inlet, and were placed at the height of a foot over the water's level. The little creature, when entering, had to remove the upper part of the covering, which was less densely interwoven, and was concealed between the moss. It would seem evident that the building of these nests was a just calculation of being safe against the danger of drowning.

A Gypsies Cave.

The latest suggestion as to the whereabouts of all the diamonds recently stolen in England is full of romance. For more than one generation it has been known that the gypsies possess somewhere in the New Forest a cache, as the red Indians call the place where they conceal their store of winter food; but this cache is said to be far more than a mere hole for hiding baggage. It is a long subterranean passage leading to the sea. The entrance is known only to the members of one single tribe, many of whom reside entirely within its recesses. The place is regarded as a sanctuary, to which access may be obtained for any gypsy under the ban of the law, and if a gypsy can once reach the place he may tarry until "nothing further is heard" concerning it. He is generally assisted to escape to the sea shore, when he goes abroad for a time, to return again and commence anew. It is believed by some of the shrewdest of the police authorities that this cache is a sanctuary for stolen goods, in which the produce of many of the recent diamond robberies has been secreted, and from thence put on board vessels for America, Russia or Holland.

Boy Inventors.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam-engine was made by a boy. Watts left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever; the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move off with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around and found the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he soon saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watts then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form, and made the steam-engine a perfect automatic-working machine.

Bloodhounds in the Russian Army.

The Russians have strengthened their army by the novel addition to each company of a pack of powerful and carefully-trained dogs. These watchful animals are sent out with the sentinels on picket duty, where their sharp ears and still keener scent will prove an impregnable barrier to the lurking spies of the enemy. The dogs used are a species of bloodhound from the Ural Mountains. The dog is selected because of its habitual silence. It grows, but never barks, a matter of the first importance to soldiers near an enemy's camp. The Ural hound is gifted with an exceedingly fine sense of smell, keen ears, and is ever alert. Most comfortable of all to the lonely picket, the dog is said to be especially courageous in defending his master. It is curious that, with the example of the King Charles spaniels before us, no one thought before of using these intelligent animals as sentinels. The value of the plan is self-evident. The Muscovites have gone further, and are training swift hounds, as well as these same Ural dogs, to act as dispatch bearers—much as the carrier pigeons were employed in 1871. They certainly would be hard messengers to catch, when sent stealing through the woods at night.

AN INTELLIGENT APE.—A man of strict veracity relates these two facts, of which he was an eye-witness. He had a very intelligent ape, to whom he amused himself by giving walnuts, of which the animal was extremely fond. One day he placed them at such a distance from the ape that the animal, restrained by his chain, could not reach them. After many useless efforts to indulge himself in his favorite delicacy, he happened to see a servant pass by with a napkin under his arm. He immediately seized hold of it, whisked it out beyond his arm to beat the nuts within his reach, and so obtained possession of them. His mode of breaking the walnuts was a fresh proof of his inventive powers. He placed the walnut upon the ground, let a great stone fall on it, and so got at its contents. One day the ground on which he had placed the walnut was so much softer than usual that, instead of breaking the walnut, the ape only drove it into the earth. What does the animal do? He takes up a piece of tile, places the walnut upon it and then lets the stone fall while the walnut is in that position.

PROHIBITION IN MADAGASCAR.—The government of Madagascar not only forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks, but also prohibits the planting of the poppy for the production of opium, under a penalty of \$100 fine, or imprisonment. The use of hashish is also prohibited. The heathen are getting ahead of Christian civilization.

PRAIRIE STOVES.—In the Far West it is said stoves are used that burn hay. The hay is first packed in sheet iron cylinders, by which it is introduced into the stove. Several of these cylinders are kept on hand, so as to have a supply always ready. It is said to be more economical than burning wood.

Phenomena of Death:

SOME PECULIAR INSTANCES.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and time to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defence, was impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought.

But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath.

Some of these cases are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound, till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a cooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having receded a dozen yards in this way to the rear fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself told the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."

Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corupna, has singled out, from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal.

"Indeed, I feared so," he responded, with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer if it were possible."

He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sank dead upon the turf."

A remarkable use is being made of potatoes. The cleaned and peeled tubers are macerated in dilute sulphuric acid. The result is dried between sheets of blotting paper, and then pressed. Of this all manner of small articles are made, from combs to collars, and even billiard balls, for which the brilliantly white and hard material is well fitted.

To show that the idea of the Telephone Church is not wholly impracticable, we note the following item: "Recently, two gentlemen, one living at Elizabeth, N. J., and the other at Yonkers, N. Y., both twenty miles from Brooklyn, had a temporary sounding board placed over the platform of Mr. Beecher's church. To this they had wires attached, stretching to their respective homes. By means of the telephone they were able to hear Mr. Beecher's sermon, and services. They could even hear Mr. Beecher's steps as he walked upon the platform."

Letters have lately been received from points in the far East perforated by a sharp instrument. On investigation it has been learned that the perforation was performed at an Italian port of debarkation, in obedience to sanitary regulations requiring the fumigation of all mail matter received from the Eastern countries.

Power of the Microscope.

The magnifying power of the microscope has been brought by modern improvements to about one hundred thousand diameters. There is a difficulty in determining the exact degree of magnifying power exerted, the only method of comparison, as stated by one of the speakers, being "the apparently barbarous one of placing one eye to the instrument and looking at a finely graduated plate of known dimensions, and looking with the other eye at a common foot-rule at a proper distance for ordinary sight, and with practice bringing the objects together in the field of view."

It has been found that in microscopic observations the use of the electric light makes it possible to illumine at least 500 times stronger than with gas, and that in other important respects the new light is far superior to the old. By what is known as Cleavelier's method, the light is separated by its difference in refrangibility so that the heat rays are nearly excluded, and only the luminous rays thrown on the objects to be examined.

Bold as the attempt may seem, microscopists have undertaken, by means of the extremely minute observations they are now able to make, to estimate the size of the ultimate elemental particles or atoms of which all matter is composed. This measurement has not as yet, it is true, been made with exactness; but it is claimed to be well ascertained that these ultimate particles cannot be over one twenty-millionth of an inch in diameter. The startling belief is expressed that the common house-fly is able to see and distinctly recognize these inconceivably minute particles, its eye having been found equipped with a peculiar circular muscle, unknown to early entomologists, which enables it to so change its focus and apply its lenses as to attain this incredible visual power.

The most skillful microscopists, with their most effective instruments, are able to examine the forms, colors, and nature of monads one hundred-thousandth of an inch in diameter, which is a long way off from the delicate precision above indicated, but still can hardly be called a coarse or clumsy way of investigating material phenomena. The best of human eyes, without artificial aid, can see no objects much smaller than one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter.—*Mechanical News.*

Spontaneous Combustion.

A French scientist has lately experimented with greasy rags, to ascertain the degree of their inflammability under certain conditions. He took for this purpose a quantity of cotton rags, saturated them with boiled linseed oil, wrung them out, and placed them, together with dry cotton, in a box about eighteen inches long, eight inches wide, and two feet high, in which he put a thermometer in order to watch the increase of temperature. The room in which the experiment was made, kept under a temperature of 170° Fahrenheit. The mercury soon began to rise, and showed within an hour and a quarter 340°; smoke commenced to come through the fissures, and as soon as air was let in, the flames burst out. In another experiment, made under the same temperature, cotton, saturated with linseed oil, ignited within five or six hours. Rapeseed oil caused ignition after ten hours. In another room, where the temperature was left at 120° Fahrenheit, cotton, mixed with a little olive oil, and put in a paper, burnt after six hours; castor oil required more than twenty-four hours; whale oil only four hours, and fish oil two hours. Spermaceti oil, free of glycerine, did not ignite at all, neither did heavy tar, coal-tar or slate oils. These experiments show very clearly the necessity for a scrupulous watching of oily rags, which are often too carelessly left around, after cleaning machinery.

LIQUOR DRINKING IN ENGLAND.—The quantity of French wine consumed in England was in 1859 659,000 gallons, while in 1880 the consumption amounted to 6,986,000 gallons. England is still in the main inhabited by a population of beer and spirit drinker. Eleven hundred and ten million gallons of beer and 40,000,000 of spirits are annually consumed in the United Kingdom, while simultaneously the yearly consumption of wines of every kind hardly exceeds 16,000,000 gallons. The annual consumption of beer in England is twenty-five gallons per head of the population.