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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT AND CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 10.

We Parted in Silence.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and wo parted forever!
The night-bird sung—and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence,—we parted in tears
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

—Mrs. Crawford.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

By JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

But I was mistaken.

Instead of the miller I discovered the intruder to be no other than Werbletree, the employee whom Sweetman had that morning discharged because of his having found out that the wretched being, who now lay helplessly on the bed, had once lived with a Mrs. Drammel, whom he had called mother.

I was not surprised at this man's interest, now that the miller had given him so much cause for vague yet interesting suspicions; but I paused to reflect what motive Sweetman might have had for acting thus. Surely the shrewd Charles Sweetman would not have done so impolitic a thing as to encourage a man in working out his ruin. Might not it be more plausible to think that he was leading him on to vanquish him in at last letting him discover for himself the utter worthlessness of his project.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's—
And the fountains of feeling will flow—
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate flowing wild.
Oh! there nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

—[CHARLES DICKINSON.]

Richard Werbletree was a man of resolute will, and from the fact of his having determined to unearth the mystery existing in the miller's relation to Arthur Drammel, I felt certain that he would sooner or later succeed. That Sweetman's severe conduct was not the outgrowth of natural causes I was satisfied, and I was equally satisfied that it was prompted by a Jesire for revenge. And why revenge? Surely that noble and innocent looking boy could not have been the cause of any wrong to any earthly being. Nay, more. I had proof from his own conduct of his determination to do what he believed to be his duty. Then he must have been the innocent cause of wrong, and feeling this to be the case, my heart bled in sympathy for his wretched plight.

Werbletree and I did nothing the night on which we so strangely met in the miller's house. The poor boy was unable to give us any further information, and from his weakness he seemed inclined to sleep. And so we left him.

The next day Sweetman returned, and I endeavored in vain to get into conversation with him. He answered my questions abruptly, and seemed uneasy when I spoke to him.

The days that followed nothing happened of importance save that the little enchantress, Jessie, as already stated, crept more and more into my affections. On the afternoon of the day before my departure I started off into the woods, and Jessie followed and caught up with me. I felt pleased with her company, though mentally engaged with other matters. When I sat down on a log in the warm spring sunshine she tripped about me like a forest fairy gathering flowers, and I began to regret that I was so soon going to leave her. I wondered as I sat there if she felt any remorse that I was going, when, as if in answer to my thoughts she asked, "How I would come back again."

"I don't know," I replied, a little sadly.

She had stopped hopping about me and now came and sat on the leaves at my feet, resting her arm, without ceremony on my knees, as she tastily sorted her flowers in a beautiful bouquet.

"Won't you ever come back?" and there was a pleading tenderness in her voice that woke me up to a knowledge of her feelings.

Could I answer no? I felt that I was going from her to return no more. But I might come back. I could if I liked; and why should I not?

My conscience answered why? All the power of my higher moral nature rebelled against my encouraging the girl in the hope of my return; and yet I sat silently looking upon her. I was happy in the knowledge of her affection; for while I regretted it I felt flattered.

I looked at the pretty face with its bright hazel eyes up-

turned, and I involuntarily passed my hand over her head, admiring the glossy tresses that gently fell from my grasp over her drooping shoulders. Her accustomed full expression of mirthfulness was no more visible, and the pitiable tenderness of her tones was mirrored in her beautiful countenance.

Was it any wonder I forgot Nellie Elson?

Who could blame me for tenderly caressing the girl's burning cheeks as she sadly laid her head upon my knee?

"Poor child," I mused, for she seemed like a helpless infant as she rested thus a picture of beauty and innocence.

My resolution gave way, and I impulsively promised to return.

And thus on the following day I left her, and as I imagined, as already hinted from the young teacher's conduct, that he was not over pleased with the manner in which the innocent girl manifested her feelings, undefined in her own mind as they were.

I never fulfilled my promise of returning to Shulton to see Jessie Harle; but unexpected chance threw me again into her society in the city, whither, for diplomatic reasons of her aunt Delby, she went before another year had passed.

"Yes; thus I went away from Shulton. Thus ended that never-to-be-forgotten visit—a visit which affected my after life more than any other period of a dozen times its duration.

And as the stage coach rattled along, bearing me away on that bright May morning, my heart was filled with sympathy for the welfare of the little beauty I was leaving. I pitied her because I could so readily imagine her being led astray by a less honorable being than myself. She seemed so weak, so tender, so yielding. But I didn't go far enough to question myself, Was it sympathy I felt? Was it pity? or was it love?

CHAPTER V.

If a woman will she will,
You may depend on't,
And if she won't she won't,
And there's an end on't.

The wonderful wiles of a woman to gain an object has many a time been beyond my comprehension. Such little schemes that man would never think about, it is often her's to plan and carry out. I have already hinted at the manner of Nellie Elson's mother toward me, and while I have so often felt the keenness of her diplomatic conduct I dare not attempt to particularize those actions. Mrs. Delby, too, was diplomatic in her way, though a very different woman from Mrs. Elson. However, I don't mean by speaking thus to depreciate the fair sex in general. If I included all in this, my own fair oyster-half would not be excepted; and though I would not be afraid of having my ears pulled in such a case, I can honestly commend her qualities, and furthermore believe her to be a model of the model sex she represents. But to continue.

More than a year had passed since my visit to Shulton, when I once more encountered my friend Walter Marston, and soon afterwards Jessie Harle, too. The young teacher had come to the city to study law, and through Mrs. Delby's management Jessie had come to live with another aunt. And now I found out definitely Walter's feelings. I saw it all now, and as my passion had cooled in a year's time, though Jessie was more beautiful now than ever, I hoped he'd win and marry her.

But there was more than a year's absence to account for my change of feeling. I had been almost constantly with Nellie Elson, and our association had led us into closer intimacy than before. Besides, I knew she was, from the average suitor's standpoint, more my equal. She was educated and refined, and belonged to a family of mental superiority; as well as—yes, I'll admit it—as well as of fortune. Because I had money myself was no reason that I should marry one without any.

There was no wild, romantic passion in my love for Nellie, but I conscientiously believed I did love her with the love that was not the passing fancy of a boy.

But fate, alas! threw me into Jessie's society again and again, and I felt flattered to see her preference for my company.

Walter Marston and I met often, and I felt guilty when with him for being held higher in the estimation of his adored one than he. But I was engaged to Nellie Elson, and

that, I meditated, was sufficient reason for its not being urgent that I should deprive myself of the sweet innocent Jessie's company at times.

But a change came, an unlooked-for circumstance marred the serenity of my enjoyment.

One beautiful Autumn evening I met Jessie in the street, and not having any means of passing pleasantly the next hour or two, I requested her to accompany me for a walk to the river.

She consented with the greatest readiness. In fact, she was delighted at the prospect, and we leisurely strolled along beneath the maple shade trees that lined the avenue upon our way; and while yet the bright red western sun of evening was throwing its warm rays on the gravelly shore, we sat upon the river's bank together, and talked of our first meeting and of subsequent meetings, of other conversations and of many a pleasing incident that had crossed our paths since first we met.

Foolishly, I thought I regarded the girl as a sister, a near friend and nothing more. But now my conscience began to rebuke me, for she, for the first time in the course of our companionship, spoke in words what I had so long felt was a burden upon me.

She loved me!

How conceited must a person feel to speak as I do in making that assertion, to know one is loved by a person of the opposite sex with all that such an expression implies. To think that there exists a genial spirit who has chosen one—the only being to be a future life-partner. If I loved her because of my certain knowledge of her preference for me—yes, of her love for me—will any one blame me, no matter what my circumstances were with regard to another.

"But don't you like Walter Marston?" I asked.

"Yes; I think I do, a little."

"And he loves you, I'm sure."

"Perhaps he does," and her lashes drooped over those lovely eyes, and a bright crimson spreading over her cheeks made her look more lovely than before.

"But don't you like me?" and her pleading eyes spoke volumes of the feeling with which she uttered the query.

"Yes; I think I like you," I replied with a humorous smile; "but—," I paused, the humor of the situation faded and I meditatively sat in silence.

Our conversation in the wood, before I left Shulton, came vividly before me now, for again Jessie rested on my knee and looked up in my face as then, and again, as before, I let my hand rest over her shoulder, and my fingers involuntarily played with her tresses.

But suddenly I aroused myself. I would—yes, I was in duty bound to tell her that I was not free to be more than a friend to her.

But how could I ruin the happiness of this sensitive maiden. My pity made me shrink from the task.

"It will hurt Walter Marston to find out that you love me," I began.

"But what difference if you love me?" she said archly, and the brightness of hope gleamed from her innocent eyes.

"But I am in honor bound to be Nellie Elson's husband."

The sentence which I had been revolving so long in my mind had been uttered at last and the words frightened me as they fell like the ghost of a dead thought from my lips.

The poor girl the next minute was senseless in my arms, and, strange to say, at that very moment Walter Marston was looking on us, *and* at the sight which met his gaze, he turned away and soon disappeared around a corner not far distant.

Matters had reached a climax.

I paused not to meditate on the strangeness of the circumstances.

We never do in like cases.

I pitied him—I pitied her, and I heartily condemned my own conduct.

But despite this, I had not the courage to tell her of the circumstance after; and some slight efforts on my part to meet Walter Marston and explain to him, were unsuccessful.

I, however, have since found out the events that subsequently transpired.

CHAPTER VI.

"Fare thee well and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."—BYRON.

The night was cloudy, and a chilly wind was beginning to shudder among the maples as Walter Marston, with his usual upright carriage and firm step, made his way towards Mrs. Harle's dwelling. The jealousy which had so long consumed his every thought was almost gone, and he felt he could now speak out his mind and tell this maiden how he despised her conduct without a fear of the love he had once felt toward her preventing or rebuking his reproaches. For the last three days he had debated with himself upon the matter, and in his meditations he would sometimes surprise himself to find that he was speaking aloud, yet all alone—sometimes addressing her in words of tenderness, in gentle reproof for what he felt she had done wrongly, though in perfect innocence, and at other times tragically exclaiming to her that he was above feeling hurt from any conduct of one who could hold her honor so lightly. Then his breast would protrude, and he would cry out that she was unworthy of his love. It was no one's fault but her own, he reasoned, if a girl betrothed to another was possessed of so little dignity that she would allow him to caress her. No. He would bear no malice toward me. He would only pity my weakness, and let me pass out of his mind. There was nothing likely to cause anything like business transactions to be a matter of necessity between us, and in all probability we would never meet again, so there was no need of a quarrel; but the case of Jessie Harle was different. He had felt himself in honor bound to marry her, and in his most ambitious glances at and painting of the future, he had always seen and colored this pretty, bright-eyed Jessie, this lively, innocent Jessie, as being with himself in the foreground. But she was to be obliterated from the scene and her place not supplied. That was impossible. No one could fill that blank as Jessie had filled it—nay, the whole picture was ruined without her there. His own person must fall from it too, and there could be no picture—no future. All behind him was a saddening dream, and all before a blank. Sometimes, too, would Walter feel that the tie that bound them had not entirely snapped, and a ray of hope would decoy him into the belief that Jessie might have had some hidden motive for her conduct. And then, in a still more extraordinary manner for the studious, sober, philosophical young teacher, he would throw himself at full length on his bed, all alone in his snug little chamber, and moan in absolute despair.

Walter Marston had been a young man of ambition, and his future had ever been a plain, open and industrious successful life. No ordinary sanguine castle-building of a careless life and genuine social ease and comfort had it been his nature to look forward to. He had reasoned well and deeply, counting on his own strong muscle and steady mental application to carry him onward to his success, and he knew, too, that the energy with which he felt himself inspired was derived, in a great measure, from the beautiful and light-hearted girl, whom he had ever pictured as his future wife. But nothing now remained of all that well-built castle, and much as he had prided himself upon the practical sense which had prompted his hopes, and upon his philosophical treatment of future sorrows, whereby they should be to him only minor circumstances bending before his powerful will to the great objects of his life, he felt the weakness of the proposition of man and the might of the Omnipotent power to dispose.

Poor Walter Marston! Never before had such a blight come upon him. He had really in his short career never before known any real sorrow, and only now was he aware of the extreme sensitiveness of his nature, which had always been shrouded by a philosophical cloak. This blow fell upon him with all the force of a first great grief, which alone can reveal to the strong, powerful and ambitious youth his weakness. He had been swiftly hurled from childhood's Arcadian fields to a raging ocean of troubles; from the romantic scenery of youth to the rocky reality of existence.

Thank God most of us have escaped so sudden a transition; but during our early manhood we have all felt and learned the bitter lesson, and so our fathers and grandfathers before

us. Those who are schoolboys now and the children—the painless, jovial little ones that prattle in the innocent doorway or about the mirthful hearth, and their children and grandchildren will some day have to feel and learn it too.

The days that followed that eventful night passed slowly by, or rather dragged their weary length along, and now, when he felt the tediousness of time, Walter had been seized with a desire to see Jessie again and indignantly demand an explanation, which meeting he had resolved would positively be their last.

The night, as we have stated, was dark and chilly on which the sorrowing young man with steady, upright bearing sought Mrs. Harle's dwelling, but the gusty eddies of the sand he saw not as he passed along, nor heeded he the searching winds that chilled the ordinary pedestrian through and through.

There was nothing wonderful in the fact that Jessie was alone. He had often found her thus, but this time he had not hoped for such good fortune, and as she held out her hand which he mechanically shook, and led him silently into the parlor, he felt a sort of confused dizziness, for which in a passive state of mind he neither tried to account nor analyze.

"Why, Walter," she exclaimed, as he took a seat provided for him, and she still stood before him, "you look pale to-night. What's the matter?"

"I don't feel quite as well as usual," he replied, his face assuming that same old rigid expression which she had known it to wear when he was about to administer severe rebuke or punish a pupil in his school and cared not to exhibit his real feelings; "in fact, I've been ill for a few days."

"But, Walter, you talk so differently to-night and look so cross. Have I offended you?"

"Do you think you have?"

"I know you think so. But, come, tell me what I've done, and I'll be sorry."

She playfully approached him and in her thoughtless, girlish manner placed her hand loosely upon his shoulder and smilingly looked into his pale face.

"Jessie," he said, sternly, "I am not to be humored thus. You see and know that a breach has occurred to divide us; and I sincerely hope that you may never regret it. I came to-night only to say good-bye to you and let you know that your conduct will no longer begalling to me. The breach between us will widen with time, and you are free to enjoy whose company you wish. You have not valued my affection as it deserved, and you may some time be sorry for it."

Jessie trembled and grew pale. When he paused she sank in a seat, and he arose, drawing himself up with a courtly dignity that she was compelled even amid her resentment to admire.

For a few seconds he stood thus with his back upon her, and his eyes glancing with an apparent scrutiny over the volumes in the book case before him.

"Jessie," he said at length, without turning around till he had finished, "as I don't expect to see you again for some time, I came to say good-bye."

"Are you going away?" she asked, with a little start, and the faintest indications of surprise sweeping over her face.

"Well, yes, I think I shall go away."

He spoke slowly and calmly, and surprised himself with the firm coolness with which he was proceeding.

"Walter!" she exclaimed, with but a faint effort to suppress the quivering of her voice, "you are not like yourself to-night. Do tell me why you act so."

But his icy manner made her ashamed of herself the next minute, and she drew herself up indignantly as if her speech had been unbecoming, but in thought instead of blaming herself for uttering it, she, with true weak womanly imagination, was ready to protest she had not spoken as she had.

Walter was in no mood to question her thoughts or pry into what she might think. He was too much pre-occupied with his own thoughts for that, and a debate was then going on within his bosom as to whether he should coldly leave her without more ado or unburden himself by laying before her the thoughts that were loading him down by reason of their being unuttered. He had already felt too much the weight of a burdened mind and leaden heart, and the debate could not last long. He had felt, too, and pondered upon the

extent to which he would have to compromise his dignity, and if he could then have known that he would marry in the future, if he could then have pictured another as being his wife, he would have left unsaid for the sake of that imaginary personage what he went on to say to that thoughtless but repentant little bright-eyed Jessie.

There is no need to repeat here all he said. It is sufficient to state that with distinct and well-remembered exactness he calmly recounted their earlier meetings and relations with regard to friendship or love; and in firm logical tones he showed how every action which he recalled to her poorer memory was a proof of his affection. "I had hoped," he continued, "that when you had reached the age at which you would be capable of returning my affections that no other person could enter into your mind as a suitor. I felt that I was just, in expecting this much from you. I gave every thought to you, and left you out of no plans for my own enjoyment or comfort. All this I gave, and had I not a right to expect something in return?"

He turned and looked into her eyes as he finished, and no wonder his heart melted when he saw the expression of her face as she restrained with the greatest difficulty the tears which were in spite of her filling her bright eyes. No dew drop's sparkle could remind him of such brilliant beauty, no diamond could compare with the radiance that shone from those bright orbs.

For a moment he stood irresolute before her. Then it might have been a heavy sigh or the force of an energetic purpose within him that caused him to straighten his muscular shoulders and project his chest.

Jessie looked up at him in his dignified attitude, and no wonder, if her eyes drank in a knowledge to her very heart that she loved him. For the first time in her life she admitted it to herself that he was the only one who ever could fully fill the position of the hero of her future.

Till that moment she had felt indifferent to his conduct, but now she relented, and with all the force of her impulsive nature, felt like exclaiming that she loved him. But a sense of propriety prevented her.

"Has Joe Lawnbrook been speaking with you?" she asked.

"I have neither seen you nor Joe Lawnbrook since you were together on the river's bank; and this pretence of innocence on your part is too transparent to deceive me. It has long enough been continued. I must bid you farewell. From the bottom of my heart I hope you may never regret your conduct toward me."

And thus he went from her, out into the world alone, knowing no comfort from other human voice; and when he was gone, in an instant it came to her, that her affection for me was a guilty passion unworthy of her, and there was the noble Walter Marston, the perfection of manhood, gone from her, never to return.

She sank helplessly down on the sofa and cried.

CHAPTER VII

"Their anger fierce and fiercer waxed.
"Nor for a moment was relaxed."

—[Van Veldon.

On the same night that Walter Marston bade farewell to Jessie Harle I went again to the spot where he had seen me last, under circumstances before described; and here again, after he had left her to walk by himself, he had wandered.

The night was cloudy and we came face to face before either was aware of the other's presence.

I started back; and he, still excited by the passions that had welled up within him an hour previous indignantly stood fast and faced me.

For several seconds we stood thus in silence.

"Good evening Walter," I said at length.

"You're a coward," he exclaimed in answer.

And his stature increased as he fiercely glared at me.

Could I explain the circumstances he saw, it would have only made matters worse. I would have narrated a fabrication, but I knew not what he'd learned from Jessie.

"'Tis you Lawnbrook I have to blame for this," he hissed and 'tis you who shall pay the penalty.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

Three-Card Monte Men Out West.

The reason why I urge upon every one, however smart, not to put too much confidence in his own smartness, will be seen further on.

Yesterday I had to wait several hours at Monmouth, Ill., a station on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. Monmouth has been frequented by three-card monte men for years. I have always known it, have often seen them there, and have often written about them.

Well, yesterday they were there again. One of them, with a Canada-Bill dialect, wanted to show me some strange "keerds" that he got up in Chicago.

"What were you doing up there?" I asked, knowing that he was a three-card monte man and feeling an interest in his modes.

"Me and pap," he said, "took up some hogs. We took up a pile on 'em, an' made a heap; but pap he got swindled by a three-card monte man. Got near ruined. But I grabbed the keerds, and I'll show you how they done it."

"Never mind, boys," I said. "I know all about it. I know the whole racket. Now I'll keep quiet, mind my own business, and let you try your monte-game business on some one a little more fresh."

The monte boy saw at once that I was posted, and soon turned his attention to a good-looking, jolly, young and innocent clergyman in the depot. In a few moments I saw that the innocent clergyman had become deeply interested. His interest grew as he watched the cards. There were three ordinary business cards.

"I believe I can tell which card has Willoughby & Hill on it," said the innocent clergyman.

"All right—try it" said the monte-man flopping them about.

"There, that one," said the clergyman smiling.

Sure enough he was right.

"I don't see how your poor father could lose all his money at such a simple game as that," said the clergyman. "Why your eyes can see the cards all the time."

"Suppose you bet \$5 that you can tell," suggested the monte man.

"All right; I'll risk it" said the clergyman, "though I don't like to win money that way."

The cards were turned, and of course the poor, unsuspecting clergyman lost. Again he tried it hoping to get his \$5 back, but lost again. Then he put his last dollar and lost that. Then, seeming to realize his situation, he put his hand to his head and walked out of the depot.

"To think," he said, "that I, a clergyman, should get caught at this game. Why, I might have known it was three-card monte. I've no respect for myself; and he wiped his eyes like a man who felt the most acute condemnation.

"Why don't you complain of the scoundrel?" I said.

"I would, but I'm a clergyman, and if they should hear of my sin and foolishness in Peoria, I would be relieved. My poor family would suffer for my sins."

"Then I'd keep quiet about it," I said; "but let it be a lesson to you never to think you know more than other people."

"But they've got my last dollar, and I want to go to Peoria. I must be there to preach on Sunday," said the innocent, suffering man.

"Can't you borrow of some one?" I asked.

"No one knows me, and I don't like to tell my name here after this occurrence," said the poor man, half crying.

"Very well," I said, "hand me your card, and I will let you have \$5, and you can send it to me at the Palmer House, Chicago, when you get to Peoria," and I handed the poor man the money.

A moment afterward I spoke to the agent at the depot about the wickedness of these monte men, and told him how I had to lend the poor clergyman \$5 to get home.

"And you lent him \$5?"

"Yes. I lent the poor man the money."

"Well, by the great guns!" and then he swung his hat and yelled to the operator.

"Bill, you know that ministerial-looking man around here!"

"You mean the capper for the three-card monte man, don't you? Bill Keyes—Missouri Bill."

"Yes."

"Well, by the great guns, he's the best man in the whole gang; he's just stuck old Eli Perkins for \$5. It does beat me what blankety-blankety fools them darned newspaper fellows are!"

Yours tearfully,
—Chicago Tribune.

ELI PERKINS.

The other day I stood within the composing-room of a great daily newspaper. There was nothing to delight the eye—no pictures, statues, or sumptuous furniture. Serious looking men were standing before their cases so fixedly that nothing less than the falling of the roof would have distracted their attention. Scarcely a sound was audible but the faint click of type falling into place. I never before realized so forcibly the cause why newspaper printers are, it is said, naturally cynical. To-day they set up the type that tells the world of rejoicings and festivity; to-morrow the same type is made to proclaim disaster and mourning; the same type which carries to 10,000 homes the inaugural message of the ruler of 50,000,000 of people has not time to lose its sharpness by use before it is employed to report the funeral oration in the Capitol in memory of the same man. The momentary contraction of the forefinger of a despicable wretch levels exalted hopes and robs the whole civilized world in sable. If there is a spot on earth where the instability of human affairs is epitomized hourly, it is in the composing room of a daily newspaper.—*Ex.*

Had Sense to See It.

In a certain city a laboring man, leaving a saloon, saw a costly carriage and a pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away, he said to the dealer: "Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," said the dealer complacently; "it cost \$4,000; my wife and daughter cannot do without it." The mechanic bowed his head a moment, in deep thought, and looked sad; with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, he said:

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold-mounted harnesses, for silks and laces and jewelry for your family. The money I earned that I should have given to my wife and children, I have spent at your bar. My wages, and those of others like me, have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter, my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and cure for it."

Who else will "see it," and work for themselves and their loved ones, instead of toiling to buy silk for rumsellers' wives and carriages for rumsellers' families?

When to Go.

It is hard work for a bashful man to leave company even after he is all ready to go. An exchange tells how it should be done:

Not all have learned the art of leaving in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no delaying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go.

Wanted, Men and Women.

(Earnest Gilmore, in Christian Weekly).

We take up the papers daily, and casting our glances down the long columns, we see many persons asked for after the word "Wanted." Cooks and chambermaids, coachmen and butlers, clerks and porters, are needed here, and there, and everywhere.

And yet the greatest want of this nineteenth century we do not see advertised, and if we did, I think all that could conscientiously apply would find room for employment, and still there would be acres, at least, of unoccupied space.

Men wanted. Men who are honest and pure. Men who are wholesome and truthful. Men who will not be bribed. Men who are like fair, refreshing fruit, sound to the heart's core.

Men wanted. Men who are unwilling to eat the bread of idleness. Men who will scorn to wear what they have not honestly paid for. Men who know what ought to be done and will do it. Men who are not egotistic, but rather have the courage given by the Spirit to do and to dare. Men who will give counsel, who will set a good example for emulation, who will sympathize with the grieving, and succor the distressed. Men who know how to obey before they undertake to command. Men who do more than they talk. Men who do good to their friends to keep them, to their enemies to gain them. Men whose hearts compare favorably with full pocket-books—who believe in systematic giving, and advocate it. Men whose hearts are moved by the sadness of others, who are touched by a little hungry face and cold, bare feet.

Men wanted. Men who are brave and tender, men who are not ashamed to wipe tears away. Men whose acts will bring smiles to wan faces. Men who hush lamentations, and are rewarded with sweet songs of thanksgiving.

Women wanted. Women who know their own business better than their neighbors'. Women who are true and pure from centre to circumference. Women who will not weary in well-doing, who will neither flag nor flinch. Women who will not take the rear from choice. Women who know their mission and do not pursue the will-o'-the-wisp. Women who will daily do loving service, gentle little kindnesses, and do them unostentatiously. Women who will see that bare pantries are supplied, and that the shelterless find homes.

Women wanted. Women who will not drift with the tide, but who will courageously stem the current, trusting to the Omnipotent arm to support. Women who will not allow their noble impulses to be crushed by the hand of society.

Women wanted. Women who know how much power there is in a hopeful prophecy. Women who will sow their loving acts broadcast, believing that kind words never die. Women who will extend a helping hand all along life's pathway. Women with clear understanding, quick perception, and good judgment. Women of patience, who do not explode at the slightest friction. Women of forethought (yes, and afterthought), of discrimination, and great generosity. Women who will keep their eyes fixed upon the loving Master, and will not listen to the murmuring crowd. Women who brave the scorn of this world to be crowned of God.

The Training of Children.

Inducing children to will right is the great educational art. All, to be well governed, must be a *law unto themselves*. Teach Conscience to live and do right, and then train the will to obey it. Influence them to will right, but let them have their will. Show them the effects of this course and that, why this is good and that bad, that this will make them happy but that miserable, and you enlist their very self-interest in behalf of the right.—*Prof. O. S. Fowler.*

The following story is told of a distinguished Edinburgh professor. Desiring to go to church one wet Sunday he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say: "Twa shillin', sir." The professor, fixing his eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman dryly answered: "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir."

Mr. Tennyson's Drinking Chorus.

The Post-Laureate has produced a national song which, we are told, "must please amateurs all over the country from the simplicity of its words and melody, and the patriotic character of its sentiments." The chorus comes in thus:

Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound!
To the great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

This is, however, a very poor sort of advice. A national song should not be offensive to one of the most loyal and orderly sections of the nation. And if it be necessary or advisable to condemn the politics of traitors in a kind of table-rapping solemnity, all present joining hands and forming a circle as in a dark *seance*, at least it cannot be wise or needful to summon the evil spirit of alcohol to aid in the mystic incantation. Suppose that the "hands all round" must be "under control" of some sort, yet let the control be that of some harmless inspiration, and not of so tricky a spirit as the spirit of wine.

To the great name of Freedom drink, my friends, is an exhortation taking in vain the great name of freedom, by linking it with a habit which more than all others befetters and enslaves. "Freedom and whisky gang together," as poor Robert Burns found out, though in an opposite sense to that in which he wrote the words. Nothing lowers and diminishes "the great name of England" more than the national slavery to drink, with all its attendant evils. They who can do nothing better for the great cause of freedom than to drink to it will find "the great name of England" going "round and round" in the vertigo of vinous delirium, and their very wine turning a traitor to "the great cause of freedom." That traitor, we pray earnestly, "God confound!"—*Alliance News*.

A Poor Drunkard's Testimony.

I have heard my dear mother say that when I was a little baby, she thought me her finest child. I was the pet of the family; I was caressed and pampered by my fond but too indulgent parents. Before I could well walk, I was treated with the "sweet" from the bottom of my father's glass. When I was a little older, I was fond of sitting on his knee, and he would frequently give me a little of the liquor from his glass, in a spoon. My dear mother would gently chide him with, "Don't John it will do him harm." To this he would smilingly reply, "This little sup won't hurt him—bless him!" When I became a schoolboy, I was at times unwell, and my affectionate mother would pour for me a glass of wine from the decanter. At first I did not like it, but as I was told it would make me "strong" I got to like it. When I left school and home, to go out as an apprentice, my pious mother wept over me, and amongst other good advice, urged me "never to go to the public house or theatre." For a long time I could not be prevailed upon to act contrary to her wishes, but, alas! the love for liquor had been implanted within me! Some of my shopmates at length overcame my scruples, and I crossed the fatal threshold. I reasoned thus: "My parents taught me that these drinks were good; I cannot get them here except at the public-house; surely it cannot be wrong then to go and purchase them." From the public-house to the theatre was an early passage. Step by step I fell. Little did my fond mother think, when she rocked me in my little cot, that her child would find a home in a prison cell. Little did my indulgent father dream, when he placed the first drop of sweetened poison to my childish lips, that he was sowing the seeds of my ruin! My days are now nearly ended; my wicked career is almost closed. I have grown up to manhood; but by a course of intemperance, have added sin to sin. Hope for the future I have not. I shall soon die—a poor drunkard.

The Education of Women.

In his Sunday lecture on woman, Prof. Adler said:—The arguments used to establish the mental inferiority of woman are all in various ways untenable. It has been said that the brain of woman is smaller than that of man, but the relation of the size of the brain to the capacity of the mind is by no means settled. It has been said that experience proves that neither in art nor in science has woman ever gained the highest eminence. But it is idle to appeal to an experience

which men themselves have made what it is. It is idle to speak of what woman cannot do until we have given her the chance to show what she can do. This chance has always been denied her. She has never had the same educational facilities that men have had, and our chief universities even at this present day still close their portals against woman. What we demand for women is "a free field and no favor." We ask that she have free access to all the professions—to the medical, to the legal and to that of the teacher of religion.

But we need higher culture as well for these women who do not enter the professions. Our system of educating girls as a rule is radically false. There are notable exceptions, but the rule is the following, that the object sought to be gained in accomplishments rather than solid knowledge. Women are taught to play the piano, and to use the French language. They get a smattering of many subjects, an intellectual grip on hardly any. Even knowledge is given them as an accomplishment—that is, not for its own sake, but to make them appear pleasing. To be blunt, women are educated so they may please men. The fault is less with the teachers than with the parents who create the demand and obtain the supply in our fashionable schools. All this ought not to be. Our education of girls should be more practical more solidly useful than it is. Every woman, whether she needs to enter a profession or not, should be so trained that she can enter one, or at least perform some useful service for which society will remunerate her. Every girl should know that she can support herself if she desires to do so. If this were the case women would have greater independence and freedom in choosing their husbands than they now have, and the knowledge that there is an alternative open to them would cause them to enter married life on a footing of greater equality than is now accorded to them. There would then be fewer of those unhappy marriages into which young women allow themselves to be hurried for fear of falling a burden upon their fathers or their brothers: few of those cases in which a woman says "Yes" at the altar when her whole soul means "No."

Moreover, how consoling would it be both for husband and wife if the wife knew that she could support herself come what might. For is not instability of fortune characteristic of our age? And how many a wealthy wife of yesterday is a penniless widow to-day? Do we not all know some of these miserable beings who stand utterly helpless, unable to realize that they, the born ladies, should not be preferred to others in the struggle for existence—who cannot perceive that all their charms and graces count for nothing at such times, because they cannot render one really needful service for which society is willing to pay? Lastly, we need not only a more perfect and solid course of instruction in the school age, but the question arises, How shall women continue their mental culture after the school age? In many cases it is but too true that they do not continue it. A girl is supposed to "finish" her education at seventeen or eighteen—that is to say, she has then gained that outward polish which is sufficient for Vanity Fair. What we require is a series of adult classes for the advanced scientific education of woman similar to those introduced in England. What English women can do cannot American women do as well? Are there not thousands of women who are tired—tired of insane conversation, of insipid afternoon calls; who feel that they have a soul which requires to be adorned, an intellectual life which requires to be cultivated?

TRUTH—There is a tendency of men in life, through the inquisitiveness of some, and through the morbid curiosity of others, to make a bad use of the truth. In the battle of life, in its rivalries, in its conflicts, men do not think it safe to let other people know many things that they know, and it may not be safe. It does not follow, because you are to be truthful, that you must tell everything that you know. There are thousands of things that you have a right to keep to yourself—there are thousands of things that it is every man's duty to conceal; but so far as there is overtness in the matter of speaking, it should be according to the law of truth. It sometimes may be unpleasant, and may produce disturbance, but in the long run it is the safest. It makes a nobler character, wins more confidence, and prepares the future for better achievements than a resort to indirections or equivocations.

Lizzie Deane's Baby.

BY M. K. H. EVERETT.

A cry of horror went up one day,
When the ground with snow was white,
For Lizzie Deane's baby had frozen and starved
On its mother's breast at night,
And not in the dreary western wilds,
And not on the bleak east shore,
But here in our proudest city's street,
And close to the rich man's door.

Poor Lizzie Deane's baby was clasped all night
To its mother's empty breast,
And folded close in her faded rags
By her thin cold arms was pressed.
All night, in her bitter grief she saw
The red lamps glare through the gray,
But the pitying stars she could not see,
For the clouds shut Heaven away.

And long, when the happy children play
By the cozy fire at night,
And the mother rocks her own little babe,
All robed in its dainty white,
By many a hearth shall the tale be told,
With a long and dreary sigh,
How Lizzie Deane's husband, crazed with drink,
Turned his babe in the street to die.

A Faithful Workman.

None come so near being "independent" as those who make their own fortunes. None are so heavy a burden to the world as those who wait for luck to make them rich, or complain that they were born so.

The contrast between the high-minded and low-minded way of living and doing is shown in the following story from the *New York Ledger*:

Several years ago a large number of men were employed not far from Boston, to fill some unsightly salt water flats and raise them above tide water.

One day—it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon—the contractor went out to where a separate gang were at work building a sea-wall, and when he reached the spot he found a solitary man busy on the face of the wall. He had a bucket of cement, and a trowel, and was engaged in "pointing" the said wall—that is, neatly filling in the seams and interstices with bits of stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman. But why was this man here alone?

"Where are the rest of the workmen?"

"It's eleven o'clock, and they've gone to old Cafferty's after their beer."

"Don't you ever go with them?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want the beer; I'm better off without it. And in the next place, I can't make it seem quite right to take time that is not mine."

"You are right young man, perfectly right." And then the contractor looked the workman over more critically. He was young—not more than two or three and twenty; a strong, well-knit, handsome youth, with an intelligent face, and an eye as bright as a sapphire.

"Tell me, my friend," the contractor pursued, after his survey, "if you have fixed upon this course from any principle, that is, if you have a reason for it."

The workman looked, for a few moments, a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But presently his face brightened, and he seemed to grow taller as he answered:

"Ah, I see. You mean to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?"

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on:

"Why, no, sir—I can't say it's exactly that. I do right anyhow, simply because it is right; but I do this, because I want, one of these days, to be somebody—to succeed in business—to do something better than working on a level with a gang of navvies."

"Yes, yes," nodded the contractor, "I think we now understand one another. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think I once hired the man that hired you. However—you know where your contractor's office—where the paymaster's office—is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my man, do you call there this evening, half an hour after you have quit work here."

At the appointed time our young workman presented himself at the office, where he found, first, that it was his employer who had spoken with him that forenoon; and second, he found that said employer, or contractor, was in want of a trusty agent into whose hands he could consign the entire charge of overlooking the workmen and the work. In less than a year the young man owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years from that day he was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

Coming to the Point.

Comment is often made on the curiosity of people in the agricultural districts, but it is only right and proper that an honest farmer who is addressed by a perfect stranger should weigh the subject well before giving away valuable information. The other day a Detroitier who was engineering a horse and buggy over a muddy highway in the western part of this county met a farmer and called out:

"Do you folks fly when you go to town?"

The farmer put down the rail he was lifting up, took a chew of "shorts" and advancing nearer, he calmly inquired:

"Want to sell that hoss?"

"No."

"Want to buy a mate to him?"

"No."

"Want to trade that buggy for a waggon?"

"No."

"Buying butter to ship?"

"No."

"Speculating in 'taters any?"

"No."

"Anything new in Detroit?"

"Haven't heard of anything."

"Travelled very far to-day?"

"About twelve miles."

"Going to the city to-night?"

"Yes, if I can get there. Now, then, do you folks out here along the line of this infernal river of mud fly when you go to town?"

The man looked around, heaved a sigh, and broke off a twig to pick his teeth before answering:

"Stranger, what kind of a flying machine are you peddling, and what's your very lowest figure for cash?"

A Testimonial.

Some of these "testimonial" to the value of patent medicines, says *Hawkeye Lurdette*, are funny things. It chanced that one day last summer we sailed over to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and one evening while there we picked up a Halifax paper and read a glowing tribute to the efficacy of somebody's "Infallible Lung and Liver Balsam." It was dated at Yarmouth, and the subscriber, who signed his name in full, said that after suffering unheard-of tortures for many years, he heard of this "Infallible Lung Balsam," and was completely, entirely and permanently cured with two bottles. We read the testimonial, and said, "Why, here's a Yarmouth man in print." A friend took the paper, read the article to which we pointed, and laughed and read again and laughed some more. "Is it a real name?" we asked, for we had never yet been able to find a real name to a patent medicine testimonial. "Is it a real name?" "Oh, yes," said the citizen, laughing still more. "It's all right; it's straight as a string; he's a Yarmouth man, sure enough, but he's been dead and buried a year and a half!" But we were glad, anyhow, to find a real name to a medicine testimonial.

Conduct is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does tells us what he is.—[*F. D. Huntington.*]

How many people are there in the world who would like to find out practically whether riches add to one's happiness or not?

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

Since the publication of the March number we have been continually receiving letters containing unbounded praise of its attraction as a magazine of interest, instruction and amusement. Our subscribers in all parts are helping us, for which we wish to tender our sincere thanks. Hundreds of new names come in weekly, many of which accompany renewals from old subscribers.

From subscribers letters we quote the following.

Mrs. E., Toronto.—"I have always liked THE FAMILY CIRCLE, but think the March number the best issue yet."

W. M., Palmyra.—"The choice of literature shows a decided improvement in every particular."

Mrs. H., London.—"The Circle is improving. The March number displays more life and interest than any previous number. I like its literary turn."

Miss M., Woodstock.—"I could never be without THE FAMILY CIRCLE."

The above is a sample of the sentiment from hundreds of friends, and while lack of space forbids us noticing each separately, we sincerely thank all our subscribers who wish us prosperity, and feel ten thousand times grateful to those who are tangibly securing success to us.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, giving their former as well as their new address; as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "Removed," "not found," "vacant house," "not called for," &c. We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and do all in our power to enable them to do so, by mailing correctly to the address given us.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

Mrs. J. H.—Thanks for your kind letter. We regret not having space to publish it. The FAMILY CIRCLE will henceforth be published, as stated, on the 15th of every month.

Mrs. G. E. W.—We are grateful for your paragraph, which you will see in "Parlor and Kitchen." Sent cook book.

W. C.—Such articles as you send us cannot be published in the FAMILY CIRCLE.

J. R. L.—The error has been corrected.

MARY B.—You should not keep the secret you speak of, but frankly confess your error. It is not serious, and with reasons will be overlooked.

Mrs. A. A.—You will find the recipe in the FAMILY CIRCLE for December, 1881.

Miss W. J.—Systematic exercise is the best remedy. We have known persons become straight when very much stooped by taking a pail partly filled with stones and putting a stick like a broom handle through the handle, and raising it over their head slowly, having their arms fully extended, and then back. This should be repeated every morning, and more stones added as judgment prompts.

W. J. B.—We have back numbers from July, 1881

Mrs. A. T.—Sent Gems of Fancy Cookery.

KATE F. J.—We have agents devoting their whole time to canvassing for us, who are making from ten to fifteen dollars a week. Ladies seem to succeed better than men.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Tobacco as a Remedy for Asthma.

How often we find people who have been cured of one malady by means of a drug which has produced a disease equally bad or worse! A lady has sick-headache, takes a cup of tea to cure it, and becomes a tea-toper. Another has neuralgia, takes morphia as a remedy, and becomes an opium-eater. A man has general debility, or a supposed tendency to consumption, takes whisky, by the recommendation of his physician, and dies a drunkard. A contributor to a contemporary journal thus describes the effect of tobacco used as a remedy for asthma,—a very common use of the filthy weed.—

"I tried many times, when young, to use tobacco through the persuasion of other boys, to make myself appear manly, but it was so nauseating to me it seemed impossible to continue the use of it. My father never could use it, but my mother used it for her phthisic 71 of her 83 years of life. Still I never could until I was nearly 32 years old. I commenced initiating myself with small specks of it, which relieved me much from my spasms of phthisic, or asthma. I kept on using it in small particles when I had my attacks, and omitting it in my more comfortable moments for several years. But finally, after murdering a portion of my nerves of taste, I got into the filthy habit of enjoying the poison. Arriving at the usual age of failing eye-sight, say about 45, I commenced to put on glasses, and about the same time I discovered I could not button nor unbutton the small buttons on my shirt. I laid it all to the natural decay of life, never once supposing I was poisoning myself to death with tobacco. But so matters jogged on till I was 62, when I had become so badly paralyzed that I had to use crutches. About June or July, 1875, I took the notion, for some reason, that my excessive use of tobacco might be the cause of my apparent deathly malady. I left it off at once, and discovered a decided improvement in twenty-four hours. So I went on slowly improving until this day, thank God! Last February I discovered I could button and unbutton my shirts. That I had been unable to do for over twenty-four years.

"During the thirty years I used the filthy stuff, I am sure I was not twenty consecutive days without a sour stomach, and for over five years since I stopped the use of the poison I have had none of it, have gained nearly fifty pounds, and a healthier man at the stomach does n't live on this green earth."

Food Adulterations.

Mr. G. F. Needham, of Washington, sends a brief report of a recent meeting of the Potomac Fruit Growers, at which Mr. Geo. T. Angell, of Boston, spoke on the subject of "Food Adulteration" as follows:—

"Bread is adulterated with alum and sulphate of copper, Yeast with alum. Baking powder with alum, terra alba, plaster of Paris, whiting, and koolin. Milk with water, chalk, and a variety of substances. Cheese with potatoes, beans, oleomargarine, vermilion, red chalk, sulphate of copper, arsenic, and corrosive sublimate. Lard with starch, alum, and quick-lime. Confectionery with chromate of lead, vermilion, red lead, Prussian blue, copper, and arsenic. Pickles with sulphuric acid and verdigris. Mustard with yellow ochre and chromate of lead. Vinegar with sulphuric acid, arsenic, and corrosive sublimate. Coffee with acorns, spent tan bark, logwood, sawdust, and the burnt livers of horses. Tea with Prussian blue, chromate of lead, leaves of other shrubs, etc., etc. The brands of teas sold in America are unknown in China—*Chinese Minister at Washington.*

"*Drugs.*—The adulterations of these are perfectly abominable, and often the medicine has only a quarter of the strength it should have.—*A Boston Chemist.*

"*Wall-Papers.*—Thirty-three per cent of wall-paper is poisonous.—*Chemists of Harvard University.*

"*Tin Ware and Tin Cans* are so much adulterated by lead (mixed with the tin in manufacturing) that if all the chemists in the country where each paid a fee of \$10,000 to keep dark and say nothing, the makers would still have a surplus of \$4,000,000 profit per annum. Don't use anything put up in tin cans.

"*Glucose* is made by millions of tons; and even southern

planters, who can buy glucose for three cents a pound, find it profitable to mix it with their sugar. It is true that glucose, pure and simple, is grape-sugar; but is made at these establishments it contains a percentage of sulphuric acid, and is therefore a poison.

"*Oleomargarine* is a twin giant to glucose. Some 100,000,000 pounds were made in this country during 1880. It is made of the fat of animals, and not infrequently from animals that have died from disease; and in its manufacture is not subjected to heat sufficient to kill the living organisms which refuse fat is liable to contain."—*Dollinger, the English Microscopist.*

The reporter adds. "Any work on chemistry will contain information how to test any of the poisons in articles of food, etc.; and the curious can decide for themselves as to the purity of the food they purchase."

There is no doubt as to the existence of many of the evils mentioned by Mr. Angell, and he has done a good work in awakening public attention on the subject of food adulteration; but we have reasons for believing that some of the above statements could be qualified a little without in any way damaging the facts.

Bread is probably sometimes adulterated with alum, but rarely with sulphate of copper or blue vitriol. Poor flour is the chief adulterant of bread. Chalk is rarely used in the adulteration of milk in this country; but bad water is often employed for the purpose. Arsenic and corrosive sublimate are not common adulterants of vinegar, but sulphuric acid vinegar is very common. Tan bark, logwood, sawdust and horses' livers are not often used in adulterating coffee, as there are so many other cheap articles which may be used for the purpose. It is well known that ground coffee rarely contains a grain of real coffee.

Drugs are very greatly adulterated, but it is doubtful whether the health of the people suffer much in consequence, as the adulterants have the advantage of being at least harmless, while the drugs are not.

The extent to which wall-paper is adulterated is certainly overstated. We recently examined several hundred samples from a leading paper manufacturer without finding a single specimen of arsenical paper.

We have also been assured by a gentleman who is in a position to know the facts and whose veracity we can rely upon, that the extent of the adulteration of tin has been overstated. It is claimed that the kind of tin employed for canned fruits does not contain lead. We have tested many tin cans to ascertain the truth on this point, and have found only one which contained lead. However, we consider it a safe rule to follow to discard all food products put up in tin, unless the cans are each tested for the presence of lead before the contents are used.

It is true that glucose made from corn by the aid of sulphuric acid answers to the chemical test for grape-sugar, but it is, nevertheless, a very different thing from the sugar of the grape, and it yet remains to be shown that it is in any sense a food.

Too much attention cannot well be given to securing the purity of food and drink. The body—bones, muscles, nerves, brain—is made of what we eat, and hence partakes of the properties of the substance taken into the stomach in a greater or less degree.

We differ from the reporter in the idea that anybody can decide respecting the purity of food by the aid of the information given in "any work on chemistry." The analysis of foods is by no means a simple matter, in many cases, and our popular chemistries rarely mention anything about this important subject. There are a few simple tests for some of the most common impurities which any intelligent person can employ, but the subject of food adulteration is one which demands the attention of an expert chemist.—*Good Health.*

The Remedies of Nature.

Good, kindly dame Nature has her remedies for the ills of her human children. Her chief and best medicines for our bodily infirmities are sunshine, pure air, and clean water. The first is the most perfect of nervines; the second is the only true blood-purifier, and the third is the sovereignest medicine yet discovered to keep in health, the skin, stomach and bowels. The first two should be taken together, under

open sky, in large and frequent doses, and with ample exercise. Let the water be used when needed, both externally and internally. Its sweet, clear drops have a world of purifying tonic power in them.

Better than all the nostrums of doctors and druggists, and all the pills, plasters, and bottled preparations of patent medicine men, are these three God-given medicaments for man's diseases. They are both preventives and cures. It needs no physician to prescribe them, no medicine chest to preserve them. Mingled and refined in the great laboratories of nature, poured around us afresh every morning, we need only to partake of their abundance at our will.

In the oceans of air and water are hidden more curative virtues than the boldest of quacks ever claimed for his compounds; but it is in the warm, bright, life-bearing sunshine that the noblest healing power resides. We have all noted how the sun works the annual miracle of resurrection of dead vegetation, and from the bursting seed to the mighty growths of forest and field, the sunshine shows its vivifying forces. Tree, plant, flower, and fruit are children of the sun. Man, also like the Incas of Peru, is the child of the floods, with fire, the crimson current of his life. It penetrates to the marrow of his bones, and transforms itself into its mysterious correlative, the quick nerve force and brain power, which the mind employs in the wondrous laboratory of thought and will. Secluded from its health-giving beams, we grow pale, weak, nervous, and diseased in almost every organ and function. Muscle and brain lose energy and power. To shut the sunshine from our houses, is to shut out the fire of health from the blood, and the light of thought from the brain. In the shadow, the whole soul pales, and the heart loses something of its buoyancy and joy. French physicians prescribe baths of sunshine for nervous patients, and chemistry tells us there is subtle chemic power in the noontide rays.—*Western Educational Journal.*

Gossip About Salt.

Nothing that we eat is more valuable than salt, nor could anything except bread be more missed. Animals, in fact, will travel distances and brave great dangers to obtain it. On the coast of Sierra Leone brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children, for salt. In the district of Accra, on the gold coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing upon earth, after gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Salt with the Bambers is such a luxury that to say of a man, "He flavors his food with salt," is to imply that he is rich. No stronger mark of affection can be shown in Muscovy than the sending of salt from the tables of the rich to their poor friends. Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonard de Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper," to indicate Judas Iscariot by the salt-cellar knocked over accidentally by his arm. When we say of a lazy fellow that "he does not earn his salt" we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt, wherewith to save the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt—and in this view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

KEEP YOUR FEET WARM.—To keep these extremities warm is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes, when they fit closely, press against the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the foot too tightly, the blood gets fair play, and the space left between the leather and the stockings is filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined, that unless they are positively wet, it is not necessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, but on taking off the shoe and warming it, it will appear quite dry.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Ecarta cloth is a novelty.
 Ecru tints remain popular.
 Spring jackets are very plain.
 Dressmakers decry aesthetic dressing.
 Dull jet is not confined to mourning.
 Pearl buttons are stylish on wool dresses.
 Rosebud crowns are on new lace bonnets.
 Lace frills are used inside of poke bonnets.
 Piping folds and cords of satin are revived.
 Red straw hats will be popular next season.
 Geometrical designs are on new dress goods.
 Sunflowers are embroidered on new parasols.
 Cows and cats are printed on English fabrics.
 New bonnet pins have hammered gold heads.
 Shirred basques will be seen on summer dresses.
 Aesthetic penwipers represent a lily or a sunflower.
 Japanese sleeves are on the new silk and satin wraps.
 Black flannel suits are worn both in and out of mourning.
 Jersey gloves, of silk or thread, will be worn in the summer.
 India shawls are cheaper now than they have been for years.

Sashes are so wide and long that no other skirt drapery is needed.

The stylish blue shades are electric, porcelain, soldier and sapphire blue. Peacock blue is discarded.

Among the wool goods, *drap de Figaro* is in great demand. It is soft, drapes beautifully, and is reasonable in price.

Trains seem to be coming fashionably to the front again, not for evening, but carriage and reception toilets; and, in contra-distinction to this, street dresses are to be shorter than ever. The latter, however, is probably only a whim for the muddy present; for, as pretty a fashion as the walking-skirt may be, there is such a thing as having it too short.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO COOK PORK AND BEANS.—Before putting the pork with beans, pour boiling water over it. This is necessary to remove all traces of the brine; rinsing in cold water is not sufficient.

TOMATO SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—*Materials.*—One large can or twelve fresh tomatoes, one quart of boiling water, two small onions, a small carrot, half a small turnip, two or three sprigs of parsley or a stalk of celery, all cut fine and boiled one hour. As the water boils away add more, so that the quantity may remain the same. Season with one even tablespoonful of salt and sugar and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cream a tablespoonful of butter with two heaping ones of flour, and add hot soup until it will pour easily. Pour into the soup; boil all together for five minutes, then strain into the turcen through a sieve, and serve with toasted crackers.

BATTER PUNING.—One large cup sweet milk, small piece butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Stir quite thick; pour over sliced apples.

BISCUITS, No. 1.—One quart sweet milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoons soda, 4 teaspoons cream tartar. Mix soft. **No. 2.**—One quart of sour milk, butter size of an egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar.

ROLY POLY PUDDING.—Two cups sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream tartar. Roll twice as thick as pie crust and spread with preserves. Roll in a cloth and steam well two and a half hours.

FARMER'S FRUIT CAKE.—Soak three cups of dried apples over night in warm water. Chop slightly in the morning and simmer two hours in two cups of molasses. Add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one dessert spoonful of soda, flour enough to make rather a stiff batter. Flavor with nutmeg and cinnamon to the taste. Bake in a quick oven.

FRIBD CAKES.—Two cups buttermilk or sour milk, 1 cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar.

PUFF CAKES.—Two eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar.

CUSTARD FOR JELLY CAKE.—White of one egg, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons corn starch. Pour on boiling water till thick, lemon essence.

CORN STARCH CUSTARD.—Two eggs, 1 quart milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons starch, 3 tablespoons sugar.

LEMON MURR.—One grated apple, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 grated lemon. Boil ten minutes; spread in jelly cake.

CREAM PIE.—Yolks of two eggs, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons corn starch, 3 tablespoons sugar. Frost with the whites.

Water of every kind, except rain-water will speedily cover the inside of a tea-kettle with an unpleasant crust. This may be prevented by placing a clean shill in the tea-kettle.

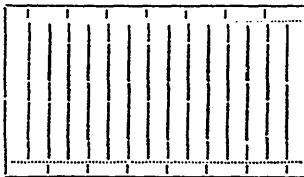
MRS. M.

TO MEND EARTHENWARE.—It is a fact that little perceptible cracks in earthenware will disappear, and the dish look as good as new, if boiled in milk. This has been tried on a small majolica pitcher with success.

Why does the marbled appearance of fat in meat indicate that it is young and tender? Because in young animals fat is dispersed through the muscles, but in old animals it is laid in masses on the outside of the flesh.

MRS. M.

CARPET RAGS.—A small piece of rag may frequently be cut into a long strip, and a great many seams with a needle, and much time saved, by the following method:—



Run seams along the dotted lines in illustration; then cut along the interior plain lines, the border line representing the size of rag to be cut. The corners must then be rounded.

ANNA.

FRENCH POLISHING.—Dissolve shellac in spirits of wine, with the aid of heat, till it is about as thick as cream. Make a ball of cotton wool, with a bit of soft rag over it. On this pour a few drops of polish; cover with another bit of soft linen rag, on which put one drop of raw linseed oil; hold this against the work as it revolves in the lathe until dry, moving it to and fro all the time; repeat the process till the work shows a polish; then, with a rag on which is just a drop or two of spirits of wine, or with the same rubber, on which is a drop or two of spirits, go over it again till it is all bright, with no smears. If not lathe work, you will have to rub round and round in circles over the surface, never stopping, but take up the rubber *en route* generally; the best way is, with the last circling motion, to sweep it clear of the work. It is a laborious job if on a large surface, especially as the polish will at first sink in, and when you next inspect it you will find it terribly fallen off from its pristine beauty. You should let it then get dry and hard, and, with the very finest No. 00 sandpaper, rub it down to a general smooth, but, of course, wholly unpolished face. Then go at it again. Do not use much oil, only enough to prevent the rag sticking in its course. For the last coat use the finish thinner. The object of the rub with the spirits only is to get rid of dull spots caused by the oil, and to insure a very thin coat of polish. Some oil the work first, and let this soak in for some days till dry, then polish. It will be found that the less oil the better.

TO CLEAN CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIRS.—Turn up the chair bottom, &c., and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work well so that it may become completely soaked. If very dirty you must add soap. Let it dry in the open air if possible or in a place where there is a thorough draught, and it will become as tight and firm as new, provided it has not been broken.

MRS. M.

SIMPLE RECIPE FOR COUGH, HOARSENESS AND THROAT IRRITATION.—Put a lemon into boiling water. Boil it for a quarter of an hour. Then press out the pulp into a jar, removing the pips, and mix it very thoroughly with a quart of a pound of honey. Take a teaspoonful when required.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

[Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.]

LONGFELLOW.

BY J. HOUSTON, M. A.

"There in that silent room below
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
'Forever—never!
Never—forever!'"

Still stands the old clock on the stair, while the ear that could catch in its ticking the voice of eternity, as it could catch the sound of song in the whisperings of the "forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," and "accents disconsolate in the sound of the deep voiced ocean," now hears no more, and the world mourns over a lost friend; for of Longfellow, as of Ibycus of old, it may be said that "every heart has lost him."

One of the greatest of the many poets of our age, his death leaves but few belonging to the same class as he, and they too are on the verge of the tomb. Men are led to ask who are to be the great poets of the present generation when the few who belong in time, if not in spirit, to the last generation shall have passed over to the silent majority. The old harpers are dropping off apace, and there seems to be no worthy successor to tune anew the silent strings.

In the case of Longfellow the loss of the man is felt almost as keenly as the loss of the poet. This cannot be said of all the poets, nor indeed of many of them. The blameless, active, useful life he led, his genial and sensitive nature, his kind and tender heart, and his want of selfishness, made him a teacher, companion and friend not soon to be forgotten by those with whom he came in contact. Lacking that jealousy so unfortunately common among literary men that are to some extent rivals, he has always kindly words to speak of his great contemporaries—Tennyson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Sumner, Whittier, and the rest. He even willingly acknowledges superiority where it exists.

As a poet, Longfellow is among the best known and most universally liked. His simple style, picturesqueness, graceful language and musical verse are calculated to give pleasure to the majority; the great variety of his subjects—for he left nothing untouched—gives something suited to the taste of each; and his thoughts strike an answering chord in the hearts of all. He is said by some to be a poet without strong emotions and almost without power. If emotion means the excitement of inward feelings such as sympathy for those in trouble or sorrow, pity, awe, and the like; and if by power is meant the ability to stir up these feelings of the heart and soul, or to soothe them—then his poetry is emotional and he is by no means, without power. Although he is not a poet of the greatest power, that quality is certainly present in his ballads, especially "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Both of these show, too, his power of imagination, for "no Saga taught him:"

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armed hand
Saw we old Hildebrand
With twenty horsemen.

Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!

Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel:
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water."

It is hardly necessary to quote from "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which is so familiar to all. Other poems might be alluded to as showing the poet's power; it will be sufficient to mention "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." He must indeed have the heart of a stoic who can without emotion, even to tears, follow the wandering of the despairing, heart-broken exiles

"From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
Father of Waters,
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the
Ocean,"

or go with Evangeline urged by that restless longing to see her lover again, and refusing the hand of another suitor, through churchyards, by nameless graves, over the great west, till, after many disappointments and years of waiting fidelity, she at length finds her Gabriel, as

"Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit exhausted,
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
darkness."

Nor need we pass the same poem to find the verbal expression of the strong, true, pure love of woman:

"And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion,
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands and laid her head on his shoulder, and
whispered;

'Gabriel, be of good cheer; for if we love one another,
Nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mischances may
happen.'"

And again, in grief and disappointment, the voice of the true heart cries out of the depths:

"O! Gabriel! O, my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice cannot reach
me!"

Was ever truer picture of pure and constant love drawn by poet's hand? It may be that Longfellow had not the power of a Byron, but he had a power bearing a much closer resemblance to the calm power that could say to the stormy waves of the Lake of Galilee, "Peace be still." That calm influence which has made its way to the hearts of the masses is particularly felt in his odes. It is true that there is little humor or satire in his poetry, but these, too, are found in his dramas. That these are not the elements most pleasing to the majority is proved by the fact that comparatively few read his dramas. In power of description Longfellow is not deficient. It is necessary to mention only "Hiawatha" as an example. In this poem his characteristic phrases and epithets are almost Homeric. As we read his verses we can see the curling smoke of wigwags and peace pipes "ever rising, rising, rising;" we can hear the "rushing of great rivers with their frequent repetitions and their wild reverberations, as of thunder in the mountains;" our ear catches the sound of "singing pine trees, green in summer, white in winter, ever sighing, ever singing." He brings around us gentlest whispers, softest music, sweetest odors, smiles of sunshine, hissing snowflakes, wailing winds, icy breaths, snow besprinkled tresses, forest wild-flowers, prairie lilies, flitting fire-flies, rippling streams, until we feel that we are verily in fairyland, and that the hand of Gitche Manito, the mighty, is near us.

It is probable that Longfellow's immortality will rest, not so much on his dramas, although they are not without power and interest, nor on his translations of northern legends and southern odes and epics—although that of Dante is the best ever produced—as upon his two original epics, "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and upon his odes, many of which have become household words. While life shall last men shall sing his "Psalm of Life" to stir themselves and others up to noble action. While man shall "eat bread in the sweat of his face" the sons of toil will be happier and better for the poet's cheering words in the "Village Blacksmith." The maiden, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet," is encouraged to go on and "send the dew of youth into wounds that cannot heal," and the "smile of truth, like

sunshine, into many a sunless heart." The youth is stirred up to new effort as he hears the echo from the heights, "Excelsior!" The heart, hot and restless, is soothed by the voice from the calm river, brightened by the moon's broken reflection. And the mother looking at the pale face of her dead, or at the empty cot or vacant chair, is helped to bear her burden by the thought that,

"Not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away."

Although Longfellow "has studied the principles of verbal melody and made himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression," still he is in word painting inferior to Tennyson, Shelly, and Shakespeare. In his best examples, such as "Cadenabbia," there is nothing to equal Tennyson's "Where Claribel low lieth," or "The Brook." But Longfellow, too, can play tricks with words, rhythms, and rhymes. The different metres and arrangements of rhymes he uses give a pleasing variety to his poems. The application of classic heroic measure to English verse is as peculiar to him as the short trochaic lines of "Hiawatha." The former is seen in "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and one or two other pieces. That it is not a complete success is not surprising, seeing that in English verse the basis of the rhythm is not quantity but accent. Such a thing as a spondee scarcely exists, and certainly never in one word. The metre is not, however, unpleasant when the reader becomes accustomed to the long lines. The trochaic measure, on the other hand, is admirably adapted to the weird, fanciful, airy picture of "Hiawatha."

Although Longfellow is exceedingly popular in England, perhaps not less so than Tennyson himself, yet he is a national poet. The nearest approaches to great national epics on this Continent are "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." He is American in a much wider sense than Yankee, although he has given us the "New England Tragedies" and "Miles Standish,"—American even in a wider sense than "United Statesian," for we Canadians claim him too as our national epic poet. Was it not

"In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas,"
in the

"Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them," that Evangeline and Gabriel passed their happy youth before "another race with other customs and language" came to disturb their quiet life? The poet has immortalized our land, even if he had to condemn our cruelty. In a still wider sense is he American, for the red man of the forest can claim him as his epic poet. He has sung the joys and sorrows, labors and loves of the ancient arrow-makers, crystallizing in verse the features of the race before it has disappeared forever before the Pale Face from the land of Wabun.

Longfellow is emphatically the poet of children, and that his love is reciprocated is shown by the hearty manner in which his birthday has of late years been celebrated in the schools of the United States and Canada. The innocent gladness of children is a favorite theme with the kind-hearted poet:

"Come to me, O, ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Oh! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

And perhaps the most perfect picture of a father with his children ever drawn is given in his "Children's Hour." The closing stanzas are of doubly solemn interest now that the kindly heart that prompted the words is mouldering away, and that the hand that wrote them is forever still:

"I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart;
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away."

No wonder that the children love the poet. Indeed, we all love him, and we shall sing his songs and read his sagas till our turn shall come to go down, like him, to "the field and acre of our God, where human harvests grow."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

Mr. Whittier says that his father's library consisted of only twenty volumes.

Mr. Swinburne has written a nine-book poem on Tristram and Ysult.

Mrs. Mulock-Craik has collected a volume of miscellaneous essays, called "Plain Speaking."

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue Mr. Froude's biography of Carlyle simultaneously with the English edition.

The *Boston Advertiser* says that J. R. Osgood & Co. are to be the publishers of the new "Poole's Index to Periodical Literature," and that the printing will be begun in April. The *Advertiser* notices that "under the heading 'Women' there are references to nearly two thousand articles," and that "apparently no other subject has been so prominent in the periodical writing of the last half century."

"Love and Death," a poem by Edwin Arnold, is to appear in Harper's for May.

A new uniform edition of the miscellaneous works of John Stuart Mill will soon appear.

William M. Rossetti is about to publish a volume supplementary to his "Life and Works of Shelley." It is to be made up of such poems of Shelley's as have an autobiographical significance.

Mr. Bronson Alcott attributes his strength of body and freshness of mind to the simplicity of his habits and the strictness with which he has kept the Ten Commandments.

The Old Crow's Lament.

An old crow sat, one winter's morn,
High up on a sapless limb;
There was no refuge from the storm
That worried and pelted him.

His eye was dim with unbidden tears
And chattered his beak with cold;
His plumage was torn by the wear of years
His talons were weak and old.

In low sad notes he made his plaint
To the howling of the blast;
He scarce was heard—his voice was faint—
By the rude winds whirling past.

They lifted his plumage to the sleet
And shrieked with demoniac glee,
Pressed him to leave his cheerless seat—
Oh, wretched and sad was he!

"I merit," he said, "a better fate.
I've kept the creed of my kind;
Have ever provoked the farmer's hate,
And strewn his hopes to the wind;

I pluck his corn that springs from earth;
I gather the wheat he sows;
Have pestered him from my very birth—
And that's the religion of crows."

—Harper's Weekly.

GOLDEN GEMS.

The drying of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.—*Byron.*

Wouldst thou be a happy liver?
Let the past be past forever!
Fret not when prigs and pedants bore you;
Enjoy the good that's set before you;
But chiefly hate no man; the rest
Leave thou to God, who knows what's best.

[GÖTHE.]

Oh! what a glory does this world put on,
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well-performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his last resting-place without a tear.

[Longfellow.]

We love the evil we do until we suffer for it.
The purest water flows from the hardest rock.
Great truths are often said in the fewest words.
He who falls in love with himself is safe from rivals.
He who lives wholly for himself lives for a mean man.
He who is the slowest to make promises is generally the first to fulfil them.

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry;
nor nobly, which is done in pride.—[*Ruskin.*]

If in your domestic life you would be supremely happy
you must not forget the old adage, "the husband must not
see and the wife must be blind."

The laws of Nature are just, but terrible. There is no
weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable
and inevitable.—*Longfellow in Kavanagh.*

People are made up so many contradictory feelings, that
when a person's conduct surprises us we forget how much
circumstances have to do with the outward aspect of life.

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners,
who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the
heavenly signs for their guidance.

Love all things, not because it is your duty to do so, but
because all things are worthy of your love. Hate nothing.
Fear nothing. Have absolute faith. He who will do this is
wise.—He is more than wise. He is happy.—*Dr. Bucke.*

Let our boys forego the cost of tobacco and catch inspiration
from the best books. Let them turn their backs on the
tempting glass, and spend their money in stimulating the
mind. Even fashion 'parties' and pleasure may be put in
the background, that the time and thought required for them
may be given to getting that mental habit and furniture that
will make its possessor a helper to his race, and a capable
servant of that Creator—the "Father of Light," who has
given us brain and heart, with capabilities, that we may be
lights, benefactors, and conquerors, on fields where no life is
lost, and the vanquished are gainers.—*Dr. John Hall.*

There are few greater mistakes than the prevailing disposition
among people in middling life to bring up their
daughters fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy
accomplishments. "The notions," it has been justly observed,
"which girls thus educated acquire of their own importance
is in an inverse ratio to their own value. With just enough
of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duties
of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a
higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing,
but to keep like wax figures in a glass case. Woe to the man
that is linked to one of them! If half the time, and money
wasted on the music, the dancing and embroidery, were
employed in teaching them the useful arts of making shirts
and mending stockings and managing household affairs,
their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be
increased four-fold.

GEMS IN JEST.

A Pair of Æsthetes.

BY D. C. TULLOCK.

In a sage-green gown she wanders about,
Languid and fashioned so illy,
While he, with long hair, and a long, buttoned coat,
Bears in his long hand a lily.

They gaze at old china with looks intense,
Affect quite classical poses,
And go into raptures, without any sense,
O'er teapots without any noses.

"'T would be heaven to me," one day he said,
In a voice like a dove's coo-coo,
"To live at your feet! Oh, let us be wed,
For you are supremely too-too!"

Her heart, 'neath her lank, medieval robe,
Gave a cultured flop and flutter,
"Your words," she filtered, "my inmost strings probe,
You are so utterly utter!"

And now they are wedded, these yearning souls,
To them their is naught diviner
'Than to strive their best, as onward time rolls,
To live up to their old blue china.

Best thing to do when you go shopping with ladies.—
Take notes.

A husband who promised to come right back was cautioned
to come back right, also.

The young lady who banged her hair at a looking-glass—
did not break the glass.

Why is the coffee-bean like the site of a public house?
Because it is *ground* for drinking purposes.

When the landlord presents a bill for extras, he claims
that it is not only fare, but above board.

If a man forges a note, he is sent to the penitentiary; if
he coins his own words, he is sent to the dictionary.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man. One is
because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

Patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for
patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.—*New
Orleans Picayune.*

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—The present king of Sweden is
Oscar Two; the leader of the Æsthetes is Oscar "too-too"
too.—[*Funny Folks.*]

ARABELLA—"Oh! I do love a big dog!" George (with a
tinge of sarcasm)—"Oh! don't I wish I was a big dog!"
Arabella—"Don't worry—you'll grow."

"Save One Little Kiss for Papa," is the title of the latest
song. If this remark is aimed at a girl with four steady
beaux the old man's chances are pretty slim.

Poor writing is an indication of genius. It's about the
only indication of genius that a great many men possess.—
[*Burlington Hawkeye.*]

A gentleman who took to medicine late in life said to
a friend, "You know the old proverb—at forty a man must be
a fool or a physician?" "Yes," was the reply; "but,
doctor, don't you think he can be both?"

"I say, my boy," said a gentleman to a youth, whom he
observed fishing away at a favorite stream, "that must be a
fine stream for trout." "Faith and sure it must be that same;
for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one
of 'em will stir out of it."

Fond parent, almost bursting into tears: "Angelina, my
love, I have bad news for you. Heaven knows, my child, I
would spare you the sorrow if I could, but Edwin ——" Daughter.
"Speak quick! My love, my promised husband ——" Fond parent: "Is a gambler?" Daughter: "Oh,
pa, is he lucky?"

Justice.

That boy, do ye mind, isn't yet seventeen;
Ye'd imagine in tricks of the world he wur green;
He'd always such gentle and innocent ways,
He made me believe him as good as you plaze.
And now I find out that for three months at last,
That boy's been indulgin' his love-makin' taste.
It's a Norah McCarty, the daughter of Tim,
Who seems to possess an attraction for him.
The two are about the same age an' size;
She's a decent young thing, wid a pair o' black eyes,
That twinkle and seem to be laughing when sure
The rest of her face looks extremely demure.
Though she's elegant teeth to be shown by a smile,
An' her hair it is banged in American style,
An' in truth, altogether, she looks mighty fine,
For to be makin' love wid that Johnny of mine.
Sure I'd niver have found out the secret from him,
But I learned it by goin' to call upon Tim;
The night was dark, t'was a little past eight
An' as quietly walkin', I came to his gate
I heard first a whisper, an' afther a sound
Like a foot comin' out o' the mud. I looked round
An' beheld the young lovers in heavenly bliss;
He'd his arm round her waist an' was takin' a kiss.
Wull, I seized the young rogue by the ear an' says I,
"Now what are yez doing?" He tried to reply.
I hollered. "Hi! Not a word from yer head;
Ye jest travel home an' go to yer bed.
An' for you, miss," I said—I was thryin' to look
An' speak very sternly, by way of rebuke—
"You know that your father and mother'd be wild
If they were to learn of this thrick of their child."
And thin Nora spoke, and I thought I could hear
A sound in her voice that was much like a tear.
"Oh, plaze Mr. Murphy, forgive us ye might,
It's my fault, not Johnny's." Bedad she was right.
But I tried to be stern, an' said: "It is sad
That two children like you should be actin' so bad,
An' I never must hear of such actions again!
Now, you, Johnny run home, and you, Nora, run in."
They ran. I should rightly have taken a stick
An' have bate the young devil to pay for the thrick,
But, indade, I can't blame him for kissin' the elf,
Be the love of old Ireland, I'd do it meself.

The Marquis of Lorne claims that his ancestors sat around King Arthur's round table Nobody in this country will think anything the less of Lorne because of his folks having no table of their own and having to get their meals at somebody else's table, provided they did not leave between daylight and dark without paying their board.—*Texas Siftings.*

A little boy accosted his papa thus:

"Papa, are you still growing?"

"No, dear; what makes you think so?"

"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

The poor man is getting bald.

"Have you seen our friend B. lately?"

"Yes."

"Then you must have noticed that he dyes his hair in front, but forgets to dye the back of it."

"Well, it only proves this, that if he is willing to deceive himself, he is not willing to deceive others."

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time you got married, and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that was the way I did when I was young. How do you ever suppose I got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal."

Conjugal amenities—"Do you know what month in the year my wife talks the least?"

"Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice."

"Not at all. It is in February."

"Why is that?"

"Because February has the fewest days."

A man went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose; and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist, and threatened to punch his head. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife t'at's got the headache."

A MISCONCEPTION.—A clergyman says: On passing out of church, one evening, I said to a young man who frequently came to my church, "Glad to see you out to-night; come often, and bring your 'Dulcinea' with you." A few days after, I was interviewed by him, when he very grossly asked me what I meant by calling his betrothed a "Dull Sinner," and informed me that she had been a member of the church, in good standing, for some time, and would like to know my reasons for calling her a sinner.

A countryman climbed out of a wagon on Austin avenue, entered a music store and said he wanted to buy a piece of music for his son. "If your son is not very far advanced, perhaps this would do," said the clerk, handing over a piece of sheet music. "how much does it cost?" "Fifty cents." "Well, that's too easy for him. The last piece I bought for him cost seventy-five cents. I reckon he knows enough of music to play a piece worth a dollar and a quarter at least. A fifty cent piece is too low, I want a high piece." The clerk accidentally found an operatic piece that was difficult enough, and the proud father shelled out the cash.—*Texas Siftings.*

Is this boy a hero? Let us see. He lies stretched across the master's knee, and whimpers not. Every second the cruel rattan rises and falls; every second there is a dull sound as if somebody were thrashing mud. The dust flies, but the victim utters no sound. The perspiration stands out on the master's brow, and he begins to wonder if that boy's busement is constructed of sheet-iron. Nothing of the sort; it is a wild, foolish conjecture. The lad's life has been passed in the full blaze of the nineteenth century civilization. He is no fool. He knows that nobody knows what a day may bring forth. He doesn't venture across the dark gulf between the Now and the Maybe unprovided against contingencies. The lantern that guides his footsteps is the light of experience.

There is a great future reserved for this boy. The rattan goes up, and the rattan comes down; who cares for rattans? When he left home in the morning he took his father's last remaining liver-pad with him. It's the right liver-pad in the wrong place. Yes, this boy is a hero.—[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

The True Life of William Tell.

He was the captain of an archery club, and a right good captain, too. He was also the best shot with the bow and arrow in all Switzerland. The country was then under the rule of the tyrant, Gesler. One day Gesler set his plug hat on a pole for men to salute, and ordered that every man in Altorf should make obeisance to it or die. And they did, every man of them. Even the trees around made their best bows. Finally, Bill Tell came along with his little boy. He told the men of Altorf that before he would bow to Gesler's hat he would 'Altorf and stamp on it. 'That was the kind of a bow an' arrow he was. Gesler arrested him on the spot, being master of the village as well as tyrant, thus drawing a salary from two offices, contrary to the constitution. Gesler, as a punishment for his audacity, ordered him to shoot an apple off the head of his boy. This he did, although it was a narrow escape for the young Tell. The apple fell, pierced to the core—no encore being allowed, owing to the extreme length of the performance. As Tell rushed forward to embrace his boy, another arrow dropped out of his vest.

"Ah!" cried the tyrant, "wherefore concealest thou that arrow?"

Replied Tell, pointing to Gesler's head-gear on top of the pole:

"To shoot that hat!"

The joke was so good that Gesler released him and gave him a twenty-dollar gold piece.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The boys and girls are taking a great deal of interest in our puzzle department, and we have received a large number of letters containing answers to the March puzzles. The prize for the best set of answers was won by Laura Trethway, Stratford.

For the best set of answers to the puzzles in this number we will give another beautiful chromo.

Good original puzzles accompanied by answers will be published.

Correct answers have been received from George H. Woodstock; "Bertie," Toronto; Lillie Edmison, Rothsay; W. H. Groat, Port Huron; Wm. Cunningham, London East; Henry Wells, Toronto; James Edmunds, Montreal, and Jennie Paterson, Ingersoll.

APRIL PUZZLES.

1.

SQUARE WORD.

My first's the gate of closing day,
And second sure will be always,
My third to burn means, or to fade,
And last is nature's choicest shade.

2.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel.
An animal.
A month.
A falsehood.
A consonant.

3.

LETTER CHARADE.

My first's in leaf, but not in limb,
My next's in Sam, but not Tim,
My third's in man, but not in boy,
My fourth's in grief, but not in joy,
My fifth's in slight, but not in firm,
My sixth's in type, but not in term,
My seventh's in lack, but not in load,
My eighth's in mice, but not in toad,
My ninth's in March, but not in May,
My tenth's in stick, but not in stay,
My eleventh's in low, and also tall,
My twelfth's in end, but not in all.
My whole's a name with magic fraught,
By many a weary wanderer sought.

4.

DECAPITATION.

At first I mean to just begin,
And when of head bereft,
Both sharp and acid taste will be
The meaning of what's left.

And if you once again behead,
Cleverness to attain,
Will surely be in letters three,
All that will then remain.

5.

CHARADE.

Tho' four legs surely has my first;
I am no quadruped:
And tho' my next no carpet is,
It's very often spread,
My whole upon my first you may,
When e'er you will, proceed to lay.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

1. Charades: I. Ire-land. II. Tennyson.
2. Buried Towns—Stafford, Bath.
3. Chair, hair, air.
4. Double Acrostic:—

C rea M
OrchestraJ
U ppe R
R oa R
T o Y

5. Square Word:— B A L E
A R I D
L I N E
E D E N

Riddle:—VI-O-LI-N.

Little Things.

BY KATE GLYDE.

One small stone upon the other,
And the highest wall is laid;
One wee stitch, and then another,
And the largest garment's made.
Many tiny drops of water
Make the mighty rivers flow;
One short second, then another,
And the ages come and go.

Place one bit of useful knowledge
On another tiny mite,
Keep on adding, time will make them
Shine with wisdom's burning light.
Each small act of perseverance
Nerves you to some greater deed;
From one little grain of forethought
Often grand results proceed.

If you want to be a hero
On the battle-field of life,
Do not scorn the humblest vict'ry,
For 'twill aid you in the strife.
Little acts of care and patience
Grow to giants in the fight;
They will nerve your soul to conquer,
And will win you laurels bright.

Why He Did It.

At the age of seventy-two years, Mr. P. T. Barnum is as active as a young man, and carries on a peculiarly difficult business, involving an expenditure of a million dollars per annum.

Thirty-five years ago he was in danger of dying prematurely and shamefully. He was a hard drinker. Not that he became intoxicated. He merely drank, as other men drank, a great deal of strong liquor every day.

He told an interviewer lately that he had probably used as a beverage more intoxicating liquor in his life-time than any other man now living in Bridgeport, although for the past twenty years he has been a strict teetotaler.

About the year 1847, when his show business had become large, and he had opportunity to observe a good deal of human nature, he began first to observe the curious effect of alcoholic drink upon the judgment of persons who used it. He saw business men commit ruinous mistakes when only slightly under its influence.

He noticed that one glass of liquor often made men say Yes, when they could only escape failure by saying No. Alcohol in the brain can make a prudent man sanguine, and a confident man timid. No brain can be trusted when it is under its influence.

The acute Yankee saw this, and he was well aware that in the show business, a single mistake might bring ruin upon the best enterprise. He began to check his propensity, and after some time stopped drinking altogether.

SINGULAR PLURALS.

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of geese is not geeses nor geeses;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice and not mouses,
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But the plural of house should be houses, not hices;
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

BAD WATER.—An editorial in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* about "Boston water," attributes its unpleasant "fishy, cucumber taste and smell" to a diseased condition of fish which become coated with a slimy membrane when the water supply becomes diminished by drought, this slime sloughing off when a fresh supply of water is afforded them. A mere flake of this slime will contaminate a barrel of water.

A Russian has taken out a patent for solidifying petroleum into a substance like wax. In this form, it is claimed, all the danger and difficulty attending transportation is avoided.

WHAT MAKES CORN POP?—Chemists who have examined Indian corn, find that it contains all the way from 6 to 11 parts in a hundred (by weight) of fat. By proper means this fat can be separated from the grain, and it is then a thick pale oil. When oils are heated sufficiently in closed vessels, so that the air can not get to them, they are turned into gas, which occupies many times the bulk that the oil did. When pop-corn is gradually heated and made so hot that the oil inside of the kernels turns to gas, this gas can not escape through the hull of the kernels, but when the interior pressure gets strong enough, it bursts the grain, and the explosion is so violent that it scatters it in the most curious manner. The starch in the grain becomes cooked and takes up a great deal more space than it did before.—*Agriculturist*.

"DOMESTIC ECONOMY."—Miss Sedgwick has asserted that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of morals, philosophy and human happiness, the more importance she will attach to her station and to the name of a "good housekeeper." It is only those who have been superficially educated, or instructed in showy accomplishments, who despise the ordinary duties of life as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient clearness of reason to see that "domestic economy" includes everything which is calculated to make people love home and be happy there.

AS MAD AS A HATTER.—The most striking (in two senses) thing in the hatter's art, in the old time when felt hats were made by hand, was the beating up of the felt. Dipping the mass of wool and hair from which his fabric was to be formed, frequently into hot water, the hatter was then wont to fly at it, as if in a passion, and give it a violent beating with two sticks, one held in each hand till it was matted together into the felt, which in time, after numerous combings and dressings and dressings and shearings, became the stylish beaver worn by the men of fifty years ago. The hatter seemed to be very mad at this object of his labor, and "mad as a hatter" needed no explanation in those days.

Bullet Holes in Windows.

Dr. Balch, in his review of the medical evidence given on the second trial of Jesse Billings, Jr., says that a ball fired from a rifle through a window pane will make a hole one-third smaller than the ball itself. He has proved this by repeated experiments. He dwells on this at some length; but after all it was a fact that was fully known and discussed as long ago as the time when Jesse Strang shot Mr. Whipple through a window in the old house at Cherry Hill.—*Albany Evening Times*.

The Human Figure.

The height of the human figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest part of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair, be divided in three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance between the extremities of the fingers when the arms are extended,

The Science of Childhood.

It is not enough to study the science of childhood in theory. It has its most practical applications. Children are like flowers, and as every one likes flowers, so every one likes children. But it is one thing to love flowers in a general way and another thing to love them with the instructed and yet tender love of the gardener, who knows all that is harmful, all that is helpful, to his plants, and what will foster their growth and what will hinder it. So should mothers love their children. In the first three years a child should be almost exclusively in the care of its mother. From the third to the sixth—the kindergarten age—the child should be mainly in charge of its mother. Mothers are the best kindergartners, and a knowledge of the kindergarten system should be included as a part of every young girl's education. And even later on the intellectual sympathy between the mother and her children should not be broken, and noble mothers are those who go on studying with their sons and daughters, to be their helpers in this as in all things. And so we appeal to women to educate themselves, for their own sakes, for the sake of society, which they will thus refine and educate, and for the sake of their children, whose educators they, the mothers, are to be. But how can they truly educate these unless they themselves are truly educated.—*Prof. Adler*.

Unconscious Effort.

The March number of the *Young Scientist* contains an interesting article on Unconscious Effort, in which the following letter from Sir David Brewster to Sir Walter Scott is given:

"One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice under the direction of an officer of the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given, for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left, as it were, behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed the part both of the load and of the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearers strengthened by the prescribed process. At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the forefingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation."

Unpleasant odor from the arm-pits can be removed by washing well with a teaspoonful of ammonia in a bowl of water.