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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

NO. 12

VOL. VII. LONDON EAST, ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883. NO. 12.

Nutting Time.

The month was October, the frosts had come down,
 The woodlands were scarlet and yellow and brown,
 The harvests were gathered, the nights had grown chill,
 But warm was the day on the south of the hill.
 'T was there with our bags and our baskets we went,
 And searching the dry leaves we busily bent,
 The chestnuts were big and the beechnuts were small,
 But both sorts are welcome to boys in the Fall.
 And when, in the ashes beneath the bright flame,
 On eves of November, with laughter and game,
 The sweetmeats are roasted, we recollect still
 How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

—St. Nicholas for November.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.
 CHAPTER X.

JACK, look here! Let us make this agreement," she said, face and voice growing serious all at once. He, too, became grave, and almost stern looking. In the last few minutes he had almost forgotten the cause which necessitated this parting from Judith. But now he remembered the dying father—the anxious, sorrowing mother, and he felt a keen pang of self-reproach at the thought of how easily a girl's fair face had come between him and them.

"Let us make this agreement," Judith said, "I will write to you as often as I feel inclined and whenever I have anything particular to say to you, or when there is anything in your letters requiring an immediate answer. You may trust me, Jack, not to let very long intervals elapse between my letters, only do not bind me by any promise to write at stated times or I might find it irksome. Perhaps this will appear selfish to you, but believe me Jack if I feel that I am free to write to you whenever I choose, just the same as to any other friend, I shall have far more pleasure in writing to you and getting your letters than I would if I felt bound to write you a long letter every week whether I am inclined or not. Perhaps if you let me have my own way in this, I shall feel inclined to write to you oftener than I would if you made me promise to write every week," she added naively.

"Very well, child, let it be as you wish, only remember, I shall feel very much hurt indeed if you neglect to write to

me at least once every two weeks," answered Jack, smarting under the chilliness of her words, impressing upon him, as they did, the unwelcome fact that, while she entertained for him a sincere, friendly liking, he was really no nearer or dearer than a friend; or if he was she had not yet awakened to the truth.

"Now you are angry with me," she said sadly, honestly pained at the thought of having vexed him now when he was going away. And she felt also a twinge of something like regret for her selfish refusal to write every week, making a resolution on the spot that she would write to him every week whether she wanted to or not. A resolution which she did not keep after the first two months of Jack's absence.

"No, child, not angry, only grieved that you could even imagine it irksome to write to me. Angry with you? What right have I to be angry? God knows you have been frank with me from the first; you never pretended to love me, so why should I be angry because you do not care to write to me as often as I wish? But I swore to win your love, and I will. You shall love me!"

He bent his head so that he could look into the girl's downcast face. She trembled beneath the passion and power of that glance, and thrilled at his resolute words as though they contained a prophecy which, at that moment, her soul dared not gainsay.

"And dearest," he said, putting his arm around her, his handsome face softening into a great tenderness as he stroked her soft brown hair, "if at any time during my absence you should be conscious of a warmer feeling in your heart for me than you have there at present—no matter how slight the change is—write to me more frequently—two or three times a week if you will—and then I shall know that the dearest hope of my life is about to be fulfilled. Let this be a sign between us. Will you?"

"I will promise if you wish; but—"

"Hush! do not say anything cruel just now. Darling, I will pray that when I return at the end of a year my welcome will be the love-light in your eyes." The eyes he spoke of were downcast at this moment, but he pressed his lips to the white lids several times. She submitted passively to his caresses, but not once by word or look or gesture did she evince for him the slightest spark of affection, or regret, that he was about to leave her for a whole year. And yet—her heart was curiously heavy as she went to tell Mrs. Laurie to say good-bye to the young man, for he had very little time to spare before his train left Eastville.

When he had bidden good-bye to the old lady and to faithful Susannah, whose heart had long been won by Jack's handsome face and sunny smile, Judith walked with him to the gate at the end of the lane, that ran the length of the orchard, from which it was divided by a hedge of lilac and guelder roses.

"If I have any time to spare in Montreal would you like me to go and see your sister?"

"See Dorothy! Oh Jack! would you? She would be so delighted; it was very good of you to think of it."

"Not at all; I shall be glad to meet your sister. And now, little one, what messages do you want to send to her; be quick, dear, I have not much time."

So Judy charged him with all sorts of loving messages to her sister, all of which he promised faithfully to deliver—though if he did, he must have been an unusually conscientious young man.

Then there was a last, lingering good-bye; when even cold-hearted Judith melted a little, and putting her arms around her lover's neck, said almost falteringly.

"Good-bye, dear Jack!"

And two or three days later a tall young man stood bare-headed on the deck of the good ship *Circassian*, straining his blue eyes to get a last look at the land in which he was leaving the girl he loved so dearly.

"God guard and bless you, my dear one!" when at last he turned away, and replaced his hat on his head.

Meantime, in rural Eastville, Judith Brown sang blithely as she fitted about the old farm house, trying hard to convince herself that she was ever so much happier, free from Jack's loving attentions.

CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS.

IT was in September that Jack Littleworth bade farewell to his betrothed and departed for England. It was now the month of March, and a dismal month it was this year. Old Sol suddenly hid his face behind masses of ugly gray clouds, and the wind moaned and howled dismally as it swept about the old farm house.

"Deary me! you are not going out this afternoon, Judy, are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Laurie, as she crouched, shivering over the fire, casting, as she spoke, a doubtful glance at the window, where the heavy rain drops were falling with a splash against the glass.

"Yes, I am going to the village," answered Judith, as she buttoned her glove.

"But it is raining."

"So I see," laughed the girl, lightly. "Don't you think I am well prepared for the weather?" she asked. "See, rubbers, mackintosh and umbrella; I cannot possibly get wet, you see."

"Where are you going?" asked the old lady.

"To the post-office; " a slow blush crept over the fair face; but Mrs. Lawrie was not quick to observe signs.

"Did you not get a letter from Dorothy this morning, and one from your brother yesterday? What more do you want? I suppose it is that young man in England," said she irritably; the cold did not agree with her, and the sight of Judy deliberately preparing to go out into the raw weather, made her feel unreasonably cross.

"Well, I do not exactly expect to find Mr. Littleworth at the post-office; but there may be a letter from him," answered the girl, with a demure smile. Then she drew the old lady's shawl closer around her, kissed her, and with a blithe "good-bye!" went out.

The past winter had seemed intolerably long and dreary to Judith. If few visitors came to the farm in summer, fewer still came in winter. To make matters worse, the Graham girls were away, and they were really the only friends Judy had in Eastville. It is true, one or two of her admirers from the village came occasionally, nothing daunted by the knowledge of her engagement to Mr. Littleworth; but they were not brilliant youths, and as Judy was no flirt she derived slight enjoyment from their visits or their clumsy attentions. Jack wrote to her regularly every week, and gradually she came to depend on these letters for her chief enjoyment and to look eagerly for them; though she carefully strove to convince herself that it was only because they were

such clever, amusing letters that she cared for them at all. The Squire, who had, after all, recovered from that severe illness in the autumn, was wintering in the south of France, accompanied by his wife and son. Jack spent most of his time paying flying visits to various parts of the country, returning at intervals to where his parents were staying. In his letters to Judith he described to her the scenery of the country and the habits of the people, and many were the anecdotes he told her of the French peasantry. They were certainly clever and amusing letters; and yet every line breathed the tenderest love for the girl to whom they were written.

And she? Was she still untouched by his devotion? Or had absence made her heart grow more tender toward the young lover, who, in that far away foreign country penned those loving letters to her? Had time healed that old wound? If the answer to all these questions is "yes," she never admitted as much to herself. Yet one fact remained. After the first month of Jack's absence she wrote not oftener than once a fortnight; but latterly—within the last six or seven weeks—there had been despatched from the little post-office at Eastville once a week, a dainty-looking little letter addressed to "J. Littleworth, Esq.," and bearing the name of a small town in the south of France.

"Letter for you, Miss Brown? Let me see. Ah! Yes—two. Disagreeable weather, very! Good afternoon."

Judith looked hastily at her letters as she turned away. One was edged deeply with black and was in Jack's handwriting.

"The Squire is dead. Poor Jack!" thought she, as she put the letter into her pocket to be read in the privacy of her own room at home. The other letter was directed in a clerly handwriting, which she guessed to be Clarence Thorpe's, though why he should write to her Judith could not imagine. On opening the letter, which she did before leaving the shelter of the post-office, she found that her surmise was correct. It was a brief note, and ran as follows:

Toronto, March 7th, 188—

Dear Miss Judith: Will you grant me the favor of a private interview at Bonny Dale on Friday afternoon next. I have an important communication to make to you concerning your sister, Miss Dorothy Brown.

I remain, yours truly,

CLARENCE THORPE.

What did it mean? She stared blankly at the sheet of note paper in her hand. What could Clarence Thorpe know about Dorothy? What could there possibly be to know? If there were anything wrong would not Reginald be more likely to know of it first, and be the one to tell her? Besides, had she not that very week received a bright, almost merry letter from her sister, saying that she expected to be in Toronto early in April or perhaps sooner, and would run up to Eastville and see Judy. So what could Mr. Thorpe mean? If it were that Dolly was ill, he surely would not be so mysterious about it. Judith puzzled herself with one conjecture and another as she trudged along that mile of wet road from the village to Bonnydale. Before leaving the post-office she had written and posted a card to Mr. Thorpe, saying that she would see him at the appointed time. Although she was not quite sure that he would get it, if he came on Friday, as he said, for this was Thursday.

So anxious and perturbed had Mr. Thorpe's letter rendered her, that it was not for some time after she reached home that she recollected Jack's letter lying neglected in the pocket of her waterproof. With a feeling of compunction she took it out and opened it. It was a very short letter, and a very sad one; for the Squire's death had occurred very suddenly, while Jack was away on one of his frequent excursions. He had been telegraphed for but arrived too late. The Squire had died with the name of his beloved son upon his lips; and poor Jack's grief was augmented by the keenest self-reproach for having left his father merely to gratify his own restless craving for action and change.

"As my mother is greatly broken down in health by her constant attendance upon my poor father, I cannot think of leaving her until I see her restored to something like her old self again. So my dear one, it will, in all probability be late in the autumn before I can be with you. But I am the more reconciled to this delay, since your precious letters, coming as they do now, every week, bid me hope, not only

by their greater frequency, but by the altered tone that I fancy breathes in every line of them, that when I do return to Canada it will be to claim, at last, the most precious treasure life has to offer me—my darling's love!"

So Jack, seated in the comfortable old library of his beautiful English home, wrote to his little Canadian sweetheart in her humble home in a quiet Canadian village.

And she—reading his words by the fading light of that wild March afternoon, kneeling by the low casement in her own pretty bedroom—blushed crimson, and pushed the letter away with an impatient movement, like a child that has been offered a gift it does not want. After all, did Judith know her own heart? Perhaps not just at that moment.

Presently there came a low tap at her door.

"Come in," she cried, rising from her kneeling posture.

"Miss Judy," said Susanuah, entering, Mr. Thorpe is downstairs and would like to see you, private. I hope Miss, there's nothin' wrong with Miss Augusta, leastwise Mrs. Thorpe?"

"I do not think so, or we would have heard," answered the girl, scarce knowing what she said, as she left the room with a sinking heart. What was she going to hear about Dorothy?

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Thorpe, contrary to his usual habit, lounged into his house about four o'clock in the afternoon, and hearing voices in the drawing-room and not wishing to be bothered by his wife's fine lady visitors, turned into a small apartment which Augusta had fitted up exclusively for her own use, and in which she wrote her letters, looked after her household accounts, and usually sat in when alone. Here Clarence very seldom intruded, as his wife refused him permission to smoke there, and the couple were not on those terms which render a tete-a-tete in a small apartment at all pleasant or desirable.

I cannot afford space in which to give a detailed description of the room, save to say that it was tastefully, and even luxuriously furnished, and contained everything a fine lady could desire, or that could conduce to her comfort and pleasure in leisure hours.

In a shallow niche near the window stood a handsome writing desk. Generally, Augusta kept this locked when she was absent from the room. But to-day as Mr. Thorpe lounged in, the first thing he noticed was the desk wide open and strewn with letters and papers. A careless oversight, Mrs. Thorpe! One which is likely to prove your undoing!

As may be surmised, Mr. Thorpe was not possessed of any very delicate scruples with regard to other people's letters, least of all his wife's. So having nothing better to engage his attention, he seated himself in Augusta's leather writing chair and proceeded to carelessly turn over the mass of old letters which littered the top of the desk. For Augusta had that unfortunate habit of keeping letters, which had so much better have been destroyed. Surely it is a senseless thing to hoard those scraps of writing, good, bad and indifferent which our friends may see fit to send us, and which are really of no use nor interest after having been received and read, to either writer or recipient. He only is safe who reads and destroys, for then there is nothing for prying eyes to discover.

When he had carelessly scanned the contents of several letters that seemed of any interest, Mr. Thorpe pulled open a small drawer in the inner part of the desk, it having also been left unlocked. There were several letters lying at the bottom of this drawer, all in the same bold handwriting, which he knew to be Donald Standfield's. He gave a low whistle as he took them out and read the superscriptions one by one. There were five letters in all; four of them were addressed to "Miss A. Laurie, Bonny Dale." The fifth—and a gleam of malice and triumph shot into Clarence's shifty eyes as he read—was addressed to "Miss Dorothy Brown, Bonny Dale."

He read the contents of those addressed to his wife. They were all merely brief acknowledgments of presents which Augusta had made and sent to the writer on various occasions. How mortified she would have been could she but have witnessed the grim amusement with which the recipient of these favors regarded them. That he ever wore the elaborate smoking cap, and slippers over which the lady's fingers had lingered so fondly, were extremely doubtful.

"Now for Miss Brown's letter," murmured Clarence, as he drew it from the envelope. It was, as he had suspected, the letter which poor Dorothy had waited and watched for so vainly, nearly ten years ago. The letter which Donald Standfield, in the passion and fervor of his young manhood had written to the girl he loved—the girl whose lips he had so passionately kissed that day in Bonny Woods. On the pity of it! Even Clarence Thorpe, coarse though he was, felt some faint compassion for the suffering his wife's treachery must have caused to these two hearts. For that she had intercepted this letter Clarence felt positive; and his legal mind, sharpened by long contact with human nature in its many garbs, in his dealings with crime and petty treachery (for his steps had trodden only the lower paths of his profession) quickly penetrated the motives which had prompted Augusta to do this thing, and the means she had used to accomplish her object—the separation of Donald and Dorothy. Of course, Clarence had heard the story of Mr. Standfield's supposed faithlessness to the girl he had made violent love to for a whole summer; he had often heard his wife speak of it, calling Donald a jilt and Dorothy a senseless little dupe. As he sat there thinking of all this, his bitter dislike for Augusta deepened into disgust. Yet withal, there was a certain triumph for him in this discovery of her treachery. She had by virtue of her wealth, ridden over her husband with a high hand. Exulting with all the puny force of an ignoble mind, in the superiority her money gave her over the man she had sworn to honor and obey. Obey! She laughed to scorn his attempts to enforce her obedience on certain points in which he undoubtedly had reason on his side. Honor him! She despised him; because, in very truth, he was as ignoble as she.

So now with the intercepted letter in his hand and a malicious gleam in his eyes he promised himself revenge. It was then he wrote that letter to Judith, which the reader has seen. Sitting there in his wife's room, at her desk, with her very pen in his hand, he agreed to expose her treachery to another. Not, it must be borne in mind, from any desire to amend a wrong done but out of downright hatred and malice toward the woman he had married only half a year before. The letter writt, he enclosed it in an envelope and placed it in an inner pocket of his coat, and presently lounged into the next room from the window of which he watched the departure of the visitor who had engrossed his wife's attention for the last half hour. His face darkened ominously as he saw the dashing, vulgar-looking woman step into her carriage and drive away.

[To be Continued.]

We Should be Laughed at.

THE gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."

"Has he?"

"Who is it?"

"I cannot tell. I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look?"

"I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucet superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers, there is no occasion for us to imitate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity?"

"Not any; I exhausted it some time ago."

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy that makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building had selected her regard just as Selina had advised her of it

If she had not been asked to look toward her left, she would probably have done so; as it was, she resolutely avoided any movements in that direction.

The play finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and as she stood up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowledged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness or the recognition was not softened by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married, and her destiny apparently settled.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that lace and satin, come to my room; I have something to say to you."

Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affairs of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary nor charitable her time went heavily onward. A little bit of romance—nothing wrong, of course, but just a little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold and proper Lady Talbot—would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing-gown she sought my lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dream-like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls, and said, "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that, of course."

"Of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."

"Ah! who is he? He seemed to know you."

"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"Kate!"

"It is true."

"I thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or somewhere at the end of the world."

"He is now in England, it seems. I suppose he has just arrived. I have not seen him before."

"Where is he staying, then?"

"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I notice there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there."

"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this is one."

"You were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of the whole position. I thought as you were staying here this week, and might probably see or meet my lord, it was better to make all clear to you. People are so apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand."

"To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could only do anything

toward a reconciliation, I should be so happy, you know."

"No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago."

"But it is not four years since you married?"

"Just four years—yesterday."

"And my lord has been away—"

"Three years, eight months and eighteen days, so far as I know."

"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very, very sad, I must say."

"It might easily have been much sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolable."

"My dear Kate, I would not name it for the world."

"Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely seventeen years old, my father sent for me to come to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must mention this also, for it partly explains my conduct that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented itself to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his lifelong friend, the late Lord Talbot, and the present lord, my husband; I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard and I should marry, that Richard had consented, and that I must meet a few friends in our private chapel at seven o'clock in the morning a week later. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objection."

"And what did Lord Richard say?"

"I glanced up at him. He stood near a window, looking out over our fine old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Esher waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure,' exclaimed Lord Talbot; and he kissed me, and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom."

"Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had not Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his easy conquest. As for me, I suffered in that weakness and suspense of a timid school-girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming childish toilets, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me, and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side; and on Richard's, his father and his three maiden sisters."

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot Castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of this house, and politely placed at my disposal all

the remaining apartments. I considered this an intimation that I was not to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks that we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate!"

"Not quite that, Selina. One day I saw a paragraph in the *Times* saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and make one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least, of one whom I could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meeting, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was, he found me in an unbecoming dishabille, and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I felt mortified at a prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner, instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold, unprepossessing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he had made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me.

"I pointed to the paragraph, and asked if it was true.

"Yes, Lady Talbot," he said, a little sadly and proudly; "I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended Writwell to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort."

"I could make no answer. I had thought of many good things to say, but now in his presence I was almost fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost with pity, and said, in a low voice, 'Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust that and all else to you without doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my position, I shall be grateful; perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me, this lesson may not be so hard.'

"And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now Kate that you have become the most brilliant woman in England, what do you intend to do?"

"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature; I always do the thing I do not want to do."

Certainly it seemed like it; for in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent the next morning to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement, but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lips angrily, but nevertheless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The centre of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and composure that would have indicated to a stranger the most

usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said, smilingly "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other; we need not undeceive it."

He was dreadfully piqued, and the pique kept the cause of it constantly in his mind. Indeed, unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings which were constant aggravations. My lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her wit, her splendid toilets, her fine manners, were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never been so brilliant and so bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on his influence over her.

In the meantime he kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he approached any nearer his beautiful but long neglected wife, he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reason against it had dwindled down to one; but this was a formidable one. It was his valet. This man had known all his master's matrimonial troubles, and in his own way sympathized with them. He was bitterly averse to Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock.

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, "go and ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me?"

My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume, and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewildering moods. It was with great reluctance he left her after a two-hour's visit. The next night he stayed still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to be present at the Marquis of Stairs's wine party.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of flowers and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say that she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning-gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons's peculiar face, and, with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in pale blue satin and cashmere and white lace.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. "It is well," she said that "no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love."

"And if we are married, Kate, why not make love, dear? We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Everyone now says our conduct is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when only a shy, awkward country girl; but now, my lord, we should be laughed at."

"Then, Kate, let us be laughed at. I for one am longing for it—dying for it. If time shall run back and fetch the age of gold, why not love? Let us go back four whole years and a-half. Will you Kate?—dearest, sweetest, Kate."

"We should have to run away to the country, Richard, and now I think of it I have not been to Escher since we were—married—love."

When such a conversation as this was prolonged for five hours, it was little wonder that my lord's valet and my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, or that next day Esher Hall was in a happy tumult of preparation.

Love comes better late than never, and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been so happy in those sweet, old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as it is possible for human love to be; for, greatly to the amazement of the fashionable world, they not only spent the whole summer alone in their country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear, in the very height of the season, in the same box at the opera.


"Really, Kate," said Miss Selina, "I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left—"

"Is always at my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposite again."

"How delightful!"

"For us? Oh, yes. Charming."

Courtship.

 COURTSHIP, like most other matters relating to love and matrimony, may be said to present abundant scope for eccentric and original development. It is a course of proceeding which is regulated by no fixed principles or general formulae. The symptoms are as variable as the weather; neither precepts nor examples are of much avail, because the policy which may in one case prove eminently successful, may in another result in the most lamentable failure. There is no definitive rule, even on such a fundamental point as whether the initiative and active negotiations shall devolve upon the lady or the gentleman. There are fortunate individuals of both sexes whose fate, we confess, fills us with envy.

According to popular tradition, it is the special prerogative of the fair sex to be wooed and won; but this is not by any means an invariable rule. It has many exceptions and some who profess to speak from personal experience as well as extensive observation, go so far as to declare that in the majority of instances it is really the ladies who do the courting, though the initiative and other formal steps may ostensibly lie with the enamored swain. A good deal might no doubt be said in support of this theory. Women have far more tact in the management of such affairs than men, who invariably evince a remarkable propensity for "putting their foot in it." The subject, moreover, is one in which the ladies are supposed to be more nearly concerned. As Byron says:

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

While a man may have a hundred different objects and ambitions in life, and may leave his matrimonial fate in great part to chance, there is seldom any object which bulks so largely in a girl's prospects as that of being well matched, and, as the phrase goes, "comfortably settled" as partner in a good matrimonial firm. It need, therefore be no matter of surprise that our fair sisters should so often be found angling in the waters of the social world for what their luck may bring them in the shape of a husband; and there is considerable common sense, as well as piquant humor, in what the heroine of a popular new comedy has to say to her girl-friend as to the responsibility which devolves on a dutiful young

lady of paving the way and "leading up" to a declaration and proposal.

We remember listening to a remarkable address on this subject by an oratorical Quakeress, who seemed strongly disposed to assign to man the place of the wooed, rather than that of the wooer. "My friends," she observed, "there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs and brickbats into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would run after them."

Notwithstanding this lucid train of reasoning, it is to be hoped young men will not do anything so ungallant and ungentlemanly as to stay at home and neglect what has all along been their peculiar privilege. A man may be so highly favored by fortune that his rank, wealth, genius, or personal qualities enable him to outshine all rivals, and to regard wooing and winning as for him almost synonymous terms; but to allow any such considerations to influence his conduct in a matter of this kind, would not only be an evidence of the worst possible taste, but would be a flagrant outrage on all the laws of chivalry. On the other hand, a man may be so bashful and awkward in the matter as to require so much encouragement, that all the courting may very fairly be said to come from the other side. But in both cases—apart from psychological subtleties and too-curious matter-of-fact observations—the man's proper and natural place, in our view at all events, is that of a humble and respectful suppliant at the shrine of beauty, grace and virtue.

The pleasures of courtship are very great, but they will become as ashes to the palate if they end in final rejection. As a trans-Atlantic poet pathetically remarks:

'Tis sweet to love; but, ah! how bitter
To love a gal, and then not git her!

It is often extremely difficult to know exactly how to achieve success in love. We cannot all be great, or beautiful, or even supremely good; but next to realizing all these conditions in one's self, it is important to believe, or, at all events, to make the young lady believe not only that she herself is beautiful and good, but that she possesses those qualities in sufficient plenitude to make up for your manifold deficiencies. Even in this direction, however, there is danger; and the lover will do well to bear in mind the experience of an abandoned suitor, who, when asked why he had been rejected, replied: "Alas, I flattered her till she became too proud to speak to me."

Touching this same subject of flattery, a lady was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied, that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "In this way," answered the lady; "the plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it." There have been cases, however, in which the situation presented here has been reversed, and plain, even ugly, men, have succeeded in making themselves so agreeable to young ladies as to become their accepted

suitors. Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Oglo, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Oglo, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting, she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterwards, he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her; and, in his usual miraculous way, he found the money.

Those who have read George Eliot's "Felix Holt" will remember how Felix, though himself a rough unpolished workingman, gained the love of a refined and delicately reared young lady, not by flattering, or even attempting to please and gratify her, but by chiding, depreciating, and almost despising her because she read Byron, and knew nothing of the heavy mental pabulum on which he himself was wont to feed. She at first was dreadfully vexed and offended; but by and by she came to believe that Felix had a grand moral ideal, beside which her own was frivolous and insignificant; and striving to emulate his exalted motives and views of life, she made him her beau ideal, with, of course, the usual result. In theory, or in a novel, this is no doubt all very fine; but in every-day life the mode of procedure adopted by Felix Holt would be, to say the least, decidedly risky, and would very probably end disastrously. It is always safer to risk a little flattery.

Happy is the wooing
That is not long a-doing,

says the old couplet; but a modern counsellor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice: "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days, and at a picnic." In this, as in other matters, it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. Marrying in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship; though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether, and prevent what might have been a happy union. It may always be concluded there is a screw loose somewhere if Matilda is overheard to say to her Theodore, as they steam up the river with the excursion: "Don't sit so far from me, dear, and turn your back on me so; people will think we're married."

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?" "Well, replied Mr. Hall, "I can hardly say—I never lived with her!" Here Mr. Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions and when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amidst the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Social Science.—"We're going to have a mild winter, Mrs. Varley; everybody says so;" remarked Mrs. Seaton. Mrs. Varley merely acknowledged the information with an "Ah!" but when Mrs. Seaton had gone she turned to her companion and said: "You know what that remark means, don't you? Her husband's too stingy to buy her a new set of furs."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

Two for assent—The groom and bride.

First love is a sacred childhood thrown across our days of sorrow and toil.

The dog has queer taste in the matter of dress. He wears his pants in his mouth.

A weak man will say more than he does, a strong man will do more than he says.

It is about time for the turkey to wonder how it happens that he is getting so much to eat.

Believers and unbelievers speak two different languages and can never understand each other.

Keep good company or none. If your mind cannot be usefully employed, cultivate your mind.

A Kalamazoo, Michigan, mule struck quicksand in a cellar, and sank out of sight before the workmen could prevent it. He was pulled out.

Lord Chesterfield, noticing a very grave and awkward couple dancing, a minute, said they looked as if they were doing it for money, and were doubtful about getting paid.

If the oldest inhabitant could be bound in calf and kept on a shelf until wanted, he might be useful; but he can never be found when his facts are required, and so he goes for nothing.—*Norristown Herald*.]

Wife—The flour's out. Husband—So is my money. Wife—The coal is gone. Husband—So is my credit. Wife—Well, we can't starve. Husband—Can't we? That's good. I was afraid we would.—*Puck*.

The New York hangman is charged with drugging his prisoners so that the gallows has no terrors for them. A man should know when he is hanged or it won't do him much good.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Where our storms come from," read Mr. Brougne, in a scientific paper. "Well, I know where a good many of them come from," he mentally ejaculated, looking up and glancing at his wife.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

There is an old proverb which says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put in it." This is a mistake. A man can get all that was put into the bottle and in addition to this can get ten dollars or thirty days.

There is a man here whose conscience is annoying him on account of his possession of money stolen from the government. He would give it up, but he fears that would hurt him worse than his conscience does.—*Exchange*.

"So you are married?" remarked Mrs. Smith; "when do you receive?" "Oh!" replied the newly wedded one, that will depend on our friends. We shall be ready to receive as fast as the presents are sent in.—*Boston Transcript*.

In ancient times Diogenes wandered around with a lantern looking for an honest man, but didn't find one; and in these degenerate days the gasman wanders around with a lantern looking for an honest gas meter with pretty much the same success.—*Merchant Traveller*.

"I don't take much stock in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft-quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friend that is not in need."

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CIRCLE CHAT.

CLIMBING THE LADDER.

The first step towards the right is to regret the wrong, the foundation of knowledge is a due appreciation of the deficiency, and no individual or social advancement can be attained without the individual or community becoming first imbued with a knowledge of the necessity thereof.

It has been said, with some degree of truth, that advice should never be given, because if the one advised is wise he does not require it and if he be unwise he will not follow it.

But there are persons who, becoming aware of a fault, at once set to work to remedy it, and many, through discrimination, offset a lacking in one faculty by another. To "know thyself," then, is of the greatest importance, if you would improve and strive to achieve the honors that only the fullest development can bring. The tendency is to ignore that in which we are deficient, but attentive study is always rewarded by one's becoming fond of his subject.

In cases, then, where persons are anxious to become better, we would like to call their attention to two very powerful influences at work on their characters. We refer to the choice of friends and the choice of books. As to the former, much more depends upon ourselves than upon our circumstances, for there are desirable companions among the poor as well as the rich, but judgment must be exercised in the matter. With regard to the choice of reading the following list, given by a contemporary, will not come amiss:

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalists, Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible.

CURIOUS NOTIONS.

The notion of a child to have revenge upon a toy or any article that may have been the means of causing injury to it, is not more absurd than many actions of a similar nature by older people, which have from time to time come before our notice. Perhaps we have all known men who, if some stray tool would be left in the way, through their own carelessness, and was the means of injuring one of their little ones, would break the said tool to pieces. It may be that they would regret their conduct afterwards, but would nevertheless repeat the principle under similar circumstances.

But apart from such strange displays of temper it is often surprising to observe the conduct of some in the matter of little superstitions and eccentricities that will ever cling to them, and it is even more a matter of surprise to see such eccentricities infect a whole community; but such occurrences are not uncommon. In fact, the different habits and customs of separate communities testify to the truth of this theory. We often laugh at the actions of foreigners, never suspecting the absurdity of our own.

Anent this subject an American paper relates the following:

There is in the possession of William Ellery, of Providence, R. I., a grandson of the William Ellery who signed the Declaration of Independence, a silk bed-spread under which no one but a President of the United States has ever slept. It was made to cover the bed of Washington when he visited Rhode Island, and ever since when a President stays over night in that State it is sent to perform a similar service.

A NOVEL MOVEMENT.

The discovery of a society known as the "Shut Ins" is announced. It is composed of persons who are confined to their homes by chronic diseases, but who are not incapacitated from writing and reading. The "Shut Ins" are introduced to each other by letter, and many pleasant friendships are thus formed, and many a weary hour whiled away by the writing and reading of letters.

There is no class of beings who should appreciate each other's circumstances more acutely than those enduring physical pain, and letters from friends similarly afflicted may do much to brighten their lives.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

STUDENT.—1. Gray's "How Plants Grow" is the book you want. It can be procured at any book store. 2. Anthony Trollope's Autobiography can also be obtained from any book-seller.

KATE T.—The case is one in which you should use your own discretion. We do not care to judge the character of the young man from what you have written concerning him, but if you have any reason to suspect his motives, you cannot be too cautious.

KIRBY.—The following recipe for chocolate caramels will suit you, we think: Two cups of molasses, one cupful of grated chocolate, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract, one tablespoonful of butter. Boil about twenty-five minutes, then set to cool in a buttered pan. Mark in squares.

P. E. I.—To prevent the skin from discoloring after a blow or fall, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, and merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air on the skin. However it may be applied some hours after with effect.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Hot Water for Inflamed Mucous Surfaces.

Dr. George R. Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., says in the *Medical Record*: I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years, having been led to do so from seeing its beneficial effects in gynecology. In acute pharyngitis and tonsillitis, if properly used at the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies being frequently promptly curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (a half pint or pint) at a time, and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted and can commend the method with great confidence. I believed it may be taken as an established fact, that in the treatment of inflammations generally, and those of the mucous membranes in particular, moist heat is of service, and in most cases hot water is preferable to steam. All are familiar with its use in ophthalmia and conjunctivitis, as also in inflammation of the external and middle ear, and I feel confident that those who employ it for that most annoying of slight troubles to prescribe for, viz., a cold in the head, or acute coryza, will seldom think of using the irritating drugs mentioned in the books, nor of inducing complete anaesthesia with chloroform in preference to the hot water douche.

Effect of Metallic Poison on the Spinal Cord.

The affections of the nervous system produced by contamination with certain metals, as lead and mercury, have been studied more extensively clinically than pathologically, and even yet it may be held to be undetermined whether the action of the poison is upon the peripheral or the central apparatus. Dr. Popow has recently put on record the results of an anatomical investigation upon animals (chiefly dogs) poisoned by arsenic, lead and mercury, respectively (*Virchow's Archiv*, 93, Heft 2), and in most cases he was careful to administer the poisons in varying quantities, so as to contrast the effects of acute and chronic poisoning.

The general results of his enquiry goes to show that

marked changes of an inflammatory character occur in the spinal cord, both in the gray and white matter, under all these conditions. In acute arsenical poisoning the spinal cord was softened, the gray matter especially being reddened and swollen; there was proliferation of the nuclei of the blood vessels, and an exudation of a peculiar hyaloid substance. The nerve cells were swollen, their processes dwindled, and their protoplasm granular or vacuolated, while in the white columns the axis cylinders showed irregular thickenings. In chronic poisoning it was difficult to discriminate between the two portions of the cord, the divided surface having a yellowish-red color throughout; the walls of the vessels were thickened, and hyaline masses abounded; the nerve cells vacuolated, or shrunken and pigmented; while free pigment masses, representing traces of hemorrhage, occurred throughout the sections. In other words, there is, in poisoning by arsenic, a central myelitis at first, and later a diffuse myelitis. Very similar changes were found in the spinal cord after poisoning by lead—namely, exudation from blood vessels; a general affection of the nerve cells, beginning as cloudy swelling, and passing into atrophy and pigmentation; and inflammatory swelling of the axis cylinders.

In mercurial poisoning, the early changes consist of hyperæmia of membranes and of the cord, followed by hemorrhages, inflammatory exudation, and changes in the nerve substance hardly differing from those seen in the other two cases. In each instance the peripheral nerves and the nerve roots showed no alteration; so that the conclusion is that the paralysis, spasms, etc., characteristic of the toxic-effects of these metals, depend upon a central rather than a peripheral disturbance, all the degenerative changes described as occurring in nerves and muscles being strictly deuteropathic. —*Lancet*.

The Poison of Tobacco.

Everybody knows tobacco will kill snakes and vermin, but every one does not know that the nicotine contained in a single pound of tobacco is sufficient to kill three hundred men, if taken in such a way as to secure its full effect. A single cigar contains poison enough to extinguish two human lives, if taken at once.

The essential oil has been used for homicidal purposes. Nearly thirty years ago it was employed by Count Bocarme to murder his brother-in-law for the purpose of securing his property.

The Hottentots use the oil of tobacco to kill snakes, a single minute drop causing death as quickly as a lightning stroke. It is much used by gardeners and keepers of green-houses to destroy grubs and noxious insects.

A number of instances are recorded in which instant death has been produced by applying a little of the oil from the stem or bowl of an old pipe to a sore upon the head or face of a small child.—*Good Health*.

No Use for a Thermometer.

Too many babies are subjected to the kind of torture hinted at in the following paragraph:

"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse. 'What am dat?' 'It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold. I kin tell dat ar without any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold; and ef hit turns red, den I know dat de water am too hot."

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

The newest wool dresses have tucked skirts.

Changeable silk is still used in combination dresses.

Draperies cannot be put on too irregularly; even paniers are put on one-sided.

Some of the new lace pins are in designs of three or four leaved clovers.

The cloth dress, plain skirt, open basque and vest of contrasting color will be universally in favor.

Handsome silk dresses have pointed velvet yokes, while the dress has Vandyke pointed trimmings.

Never wear white kids, not even to wear out old ones. Undressed kid of the natural color for every costume.

Very high-necked bands are fashionable; black velvet bands, clasped in front with three small and precious clasps, are very chic.

The choice ruching for the neck and wrists is a bias lisse puff; this is very becoming and is preferred by fashionable women to lace.

Hair is worn very high, but the fashion prophets predict the low chignon, and even more than that—the revival of the waterfall of curls.

Furs will be the ornamentation of all kinds of apparel, even to ball dresses. It seems here as if all the countries had vowed to exhaust the market of furs.

For street wear there is no more stylish and genteel garment than the long, straight redingote or polynaise. Of course, its elegance depends entirely upon the perfect fitting of it, but when this is attained the various parts of an elaborate costume are supplied. These, when made of cloth, are suitable for all ordinary occasions, and when made of the heavy brocades are as dressy as any garment worn.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TO FRY OYSTERS.—Use the largest and best oysters; lay them in rows upon a clean cloth and press another upon them, to absorb the moisture; have ready several beaten eggs; and in another dish some finely-crushed crackers; in the frying pan heat enough butter to entirely cover the oysters; dip the oysters first into the eggs, then into the crackers, rolling it or them over that they may become well incrustated; drop into the frying pan and fry quickly to a light brown. Serve dry and let the dish be warm.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—One egg beaten very light, one cup of Graham flour, one cup of wheat flour, a little salt, sweet milk enough to thin them like griddled cakes. To be baked in irons heated hot before putting them in. This will make just one dozen. You must be particular and beat the eggs very light. They are to be baked in breakfast irons, so you can eat them hot.

DOUGHNUTS.—One and a-half cups of sugar, half cup sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, little nutmeg, four eggs, flour enough to roll out.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE.—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sweet milk, one pound currants, half pound citron.

MARBLE CAKE—Light Part.—One and a-half cups white sugar, half cup butter, half cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful

cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, whites of four eggs, two and a-half cups of flour. *Dark Part.*—One cup of brown sugar, half cup each molasses, butter and sour milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, two and a-half cups flour, yolks of four eggs, half teaspoonful of cloves, all-spice and cinnamon.

LEMON PUFFS.—Beat and sift one pound of refined sugar; put into a bowl, with the juice of two lemons, and mix them together; beat the white of an egg to a high froth; put it into the bowl; put in three eggs with two rinds of lemon grated; mix it well up, and throw sugar on the buttered papers; drop on the puffs in small drops, and bake them in a moderately-heated oven.

APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, core and quarter half-a-dozen good-sized apples, and throw them into cold water to preserve their whiteness. Boil them in a saucepan till they are soft enough to mash—it is impossible to specify any particular time, as some apples cook much more speedily than others. When done, bruise them to a pulp, put in a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg, and sweeten them to taste. Put into the saucepan only sufficient water to prevent their burning. Some persons put the apples in a stone jar placed in boiling water; there is then no danger of their catching.

SUGGESTIONS IN MAKING CAKE.—It is very desirable that the materials be of the finest quality. Sweet, fresh butter, eggs, and good flour are the first essentials. The process of putting together is also quite an important feature, and where other methods are not given in this work by contributors, it would be well for the young housekeeper to observe the following directions: Never allow the butter to oil, but soften it by putting in a moderately warm place before you commence other preparations for your cake; then put it into an earthen dish—tin, if not new, will discolor your cake as you stir it—and add your sugar; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, then the milk, and lastly the beaten whites of the eggs and flour. Spices and liquors may be added after the yolks of the eggs are put in, and fruit should be put in with the flour. The oven should be pretty hot for small cakes, and moderate for larger. To ascertain if a large cake is sufficiently baked, pierce it with a broom-straw through the centre; if done, the straw will come out free from dough; if not done, dough will adhere to the straw. Take it out of the tin about fifteen minutes after it is taken from the oven, but not sooner, and do not turn it over on the top to cool.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

GINGER BEER.—Five gallons of water, one-half pound of ginger root, boiled, four pounds of sugar, one-eighth pound of cream of tartar, one bottle of essence of lemon, one ounce of tartaric acid, one quart of yeast.

TO TAKE INK SPOTS FROM LINEN.—Take a piece of mould candle of the finest kind, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow. Then throw the linen into the wash.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.—Two tablespoonfuls of lime water mixed with enough sweet oil to make it as thick as lard. Rub the chilblains with the mixture and dry it in, then wrap up in linen.

HAIR RESTORATIVE.—The oil of mace one-half ounce mixed with a pint of deodorized alcohol, is a powerful stimulant for the hair.

SELECTED.

—*—
 "Sipping only what is sweet ;
 Laying the chaff and taking the wheat."

The Old Homestead.

Ah, here it is, the dear old place,
 Unchanged through all these years ;
 How like some sweet, familiar face
 My childhood's home appears !
 'The grand old trees behind the door
 Still spread their branches wide ;
 The river wanders as of yore,
 With sweetly running tide ;
 'The distant hills look green and gay,
 The flowers are blooming wild ;
 And everything looks glad to-day,
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown ;
 Half wonderingly I stand ;
 I catch no fond, endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand ;
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's feet
 Come bounding through the hall ;
 But silence all around me reigns,
 A chill creeps through my heart ;
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Shed their fragrance on the air
 Within life's golden hours ;
 The loving ones that cluster here
 These walls may not restore ;
 Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more,
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face
 And leave it with the dead.

A Romantic Story.

But there was one cry, generally of the early morning, that was full of mournful suggestion to every kind heart. This was "Sweep! sweep!" for it meant that some miserable "climbing boy" was ready to perform his painful and often dangerous task. I remember such poor boys very well, but always as thin, half-starved creatures, with only some slight sooty raiment; and I think it was with bare feet they always climbed. They were obliged to prove that they mounted to the top of the chimney by thrusting their brush out of the chimney-pot, the master sweep going into the street to watch for the sign of achievement. Often and often these poor little creatures came down the chimney bleeding at knees and elbows, and nearly always, I think, in tears. The poor little sweep was held up as an object of compassion to happier children, who, I hope, sometimes saved a bit of cake or a penny to give him.*

Since machines have happily superseded climbing-boys, a class of people certainly superior to the old chimney-sweepers have taken up the business, and as a consequence the mummeries of the London sweeps on the first of every May have

very much abated. But these mummeries were said to have had their origin in a romantic story, whether literally true or not, was very characteristic, and quite believed in by a multitude of people when I was a child.

It was said that about the middle of the eighteenth century a little boy of noble birth was lost by his nurse in London streets, probably stolen for the sake of the rich clothing he wore. The child was of tender age—only about three or four years old—and, though every effort was made to recover him, time passed on without any tidings of the boy reaching the bereaved parents. One first of May, however, a fine London house was undergoing the process known as spring cleaning, when, of course, chimneys must be swept, and a miserable little climbing-boy of eight or nine years old was introduced into the drawing room for the purpose of executing his allotted task. We can imagine that, accompanied by his master, he had no time to look around the room before entering the dark chimney; but it would appear that he descended a little sooner than was expected, and found himself alone in the spacious apartment. When he was discovered the child was in a flood of tears, yet gazing through them on the portrait of a lady which hung on the wall. On being interrogated he exclaimed, "I know that picture—it is my mother!"

"Perhaps the child remembered other things which served to convince his parents of his identity; or perhaps there was a family likeness which persuaded them. However this might be, they were satisfied that they had recovered their lost darling and rescued him at once from his bondage. So the tale runs; though I never heard what account the master-sweeper gave of his acquaintance with the poor child. But kidnapping was a not uncommon crime in those days; and it is to be feared, when a little boy was brought to a master-sweeper to be apprenticed, few questions were asked.

It is said to be in commemoration of the rescue of this child from his cruel servitude that for very many years the first of May was kept as a festival by London chimney-sweepers. The Mrs. Montague, of Blue-stocking celebrity, used annually to entertain all the little chimney-sweepers in London, inviting them to her own mansion and garden, wishing them, as she said, to enjoy one happy day in the year. But sooner or later an end generally comes to such observances, and when the Montague hospitality ceased, the May-day merry-making of the sooty fraternity seemed mainly to consist in the Jack-in-the-green mummeries, tambour-beating, and grotesque finery of the groups who paraded the streets, begging for pence with as little shame as a few days previously they had begged at houses for cast-off feathers and flowers and ribbons, or in fact, any sort of articles which could be utilized for tawdry display. Playing at Jack-in-the-green and dancing about London streets for many hours must have been pretty nearly as hard work as sweeping chimneys; but I fancy the sweepers picked up a good deal of money by their May-day frolics, and for once in the year they were seen with washed faces. It was generally a woman bedizened with trumpery finery who went about to the by-standers, extending a great ladle to collect coppers.

A New York paper says there is a beggar in Washington who stammers so much that it takes him several minutes to ask for a c-c-c-c-c-cent. As it may take several hours to get one, he is a fool to waste so much time asking for a cent, when he could ask for a d-d-d-d-dollar just as quickly.

The Mother's Home Life.

The Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, of New York City, preached a sermon in the Church of our Saviour on "The Mother's Part in the Home Life." What, he asked, are a woman's duties as wife and mother, and in society? As a wife she should, first of all, have affection. From mercenary matches no good could come. Marriages of convenience were destructive of home life. Her husband should be the first in whom the wife should confide. Only after the wife has been repulsed by her husband should she confide in any one else. Chastity was also necessary. The married flirt was an abomination. Veracity was another requisite. Untruthfulness was often the wedge which gradually destroyed the home life.

There was a fourth requisite, obedience. Where conscience and filial duty were in question the wife should acknowledge no power but her own. These two things aside, who was to give in to the other, man or wife? Well, the best-hearted and wisest would do so. In matters concerning the home or training of children the wife was best skilled. In other things the husband was given the superiority, or perhaps it would be better to say the priority. To keep up her power woman should not, after marriage, lose all taste in dress or abandon the practice of her many little accomplishments, which before marriage attracted the attention and pleased the fancy of her husband. Moreover, she should practice frankness; not the frankness of some women, who say right out everything that is in their head, and more beside, but the frankness which leads the wife, when the husband has done something to wound her, to go to him and in a kind, gentle way tell him of it. Better that than to let the injury rankle in her breast and grow by nursing to such proportions as to be beyond all righting.

One of the most beautiful sights was that of a young man, who, as he grew stronger and stouter, became more and more the protector of his mother. There was a tendency among American mothers to limit the number of their offspring, and to turn them over to the care of servants or hirelings. This had the effect of making the husband more selfish. On woman in the social part of her home life, the preacher said, there was not time to dwell at any length. He would only say that she should throw open the doors of her home and invite her friends to share with her the beauties and delights of her life.

"I" and "It."

It is one of Ruskin's pithy sayings that "the obstinacy of the mean man is in the pronunciation of "I," and the obstinacy of the great man in the pronunciation of "It." This difference may be said to divide all energetic men and women into two general classes, those who are bent upon establishing themselves, and those who are bent upon establishing something which they hold more important than themselves. Each of these characters may be seen in every station in life, and in every occupation. Two men are performing the same manual labor with equal industry; one is calculating how much labor he need expend in order to satisfy his employer and keep his situation; the other, while fully conscious that he is earning an honest livelihood, is also interested in the outcome of his work, and is anxious to see it well done.

Two men are deeply engaged in politics: one puts forth all his force and ingenuity to secure for himself some coveted position; the other is equally energetic in pushing forward a needed reform, or in securing the best man for an important post, that the welfare of his country may be promoted. Two scientists are both earnest in maintaining a recent theory, or

in diffusing a recent discovery; one because he hopes thus to lift himself into notice in the scientific world and be looked up to as an authority; the other because he firmly believes in it and desires that mankind shall benefit by it. Two artists are putting forth every power; one for the sake of fame, the other for the sake of embodying his conceptions and giving them to the world. Two women are capable teachers, one is planning solely to secure her own promotion, the other is incited by the idea of elevating and enriching the young minds intrusted to her care. Two others are diligently engaged in works of charity, one in the hope of being called Lady Bountiful, the other desiring nothing so much as to lift some of the heavy burdens of the poor, and to let in a ray of sunshine upon the afflicted. In every case the one is absorbed with the thought of "I," the other by the thought of "It." Though working apparently for the same purpose, and using perhaps the same methods, their aims and aspirations point in opposite directions, their hopes and fears are centered around different objects, and the success of either one alone would appear like failure to the other.

It may seem at first sight that, if the energy of each of these characters is equally expended in the same direction, the difference of their secret motives cannot concern anyone but themselves. If their work is done, and done well, what more has society to ask? It will be found, however, that only to a certain point can any work be performed well when the aim is wholly selfish. There comes a time to each man and to each woman when his or her own interest and the excellence of the work seem at least to clash.

Perhaps a larger view would show that there really is no such conflict, that eventually the good of the worker and the good of his work will be identical. But at present, at least, we are not always able to take this larger view, and, whenever they seem to us to come into collision, one or the other must give way. The self-seeker has no hesitation. His own interest is uppermost in his mind, and if he imagines that he is to be promoted by slacking his efforts or adulterating his goods, or giving short weight or measure, or catering to what he knows to be a corrupt taste, or sacrificing some public benefit, the die is cast, and society is by so much impoverished and injured. He who, on the other hand, keeps his eye fixed on excellence as the chief good, can stoop to suffer, for he has higher hopes and nobler aspirations that he will not sacrifice. Whatever stands in the way of his best accomplishment must yield, and thus it is in every case the man who emphasizes "It," not he who emphasizes "I," who is of the highest value to the world. Every employer knows how to prize a conscientious subordinate who makes the employer's interest his own, and society will be dull indeed, if it does not prize its conscientious servants, who in every walk of life make its best welfare and happiness their first and main concern.

This interest in our work, for its own sake, is a cultivatable quality. We all possess it in some degree, and we may all increase it if we will. Children may be accustomed at a very early age to take pleasure in the success of their own efforts, quite apart from any personal good they may derive from it. The careful observer of child nature will notice that this is a natural delight, and is only deadened and diminished by the growth of selfish considerations. If care is taken to make work as congenial as possible, to prevent its being excessive and exhausting, and to sympathize and encourage the natural joy of success, there is no reason why it should ever decrease.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Cheerful Spirit.

The man or woman who always reveals a cheerful spirit will succeed in life. The pleasant face will carry its possessor safely through life in spite of every opposing power. Smiles will banish the darkness that gathers above every life-path, and the sunlight will fall upon life's pathway, wherever a cheerful spirit exists. The sunbeams will melt the iceberg and dispel the darkest night that ever brooded over the world, and so a sunny spirit will scatter the coldness and darkness of humanity, and bring brightness and blessing to those about it.

If there is anything repulsive about a human being it is a fretful spirit and a sorrowful face. If there is anything utterly repelling and disgusting, it is the sour-visaged one who cannot smile or wear a cheerful look, but who continually broods over his misfortunes, and so keeps on the shadowy side of everything. God's sunshine is nothing to him, any more than the sunlight of Heaven is to the poisonous nettle-weed under the shadow of the slimy rock, or dense shrubbery. His dwarfed and selfish spirit is as nearly like the nettleweed as it can be, or like anything else that grows in gloom and darkness.

A cheerful spirit is one of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon humanity by a kind Creator. It is the sweetest and most fragrant flower of the spirit—that constantly sends out its beauty and fragrance, and blesses everything within its reach. It will sustain the soul in the darkest and most dreary places of this world. It will hold in check the demons of despair, and stifle the power of discouragement and hopelessness. It is the brightest star that ever cast its radiance over the darkened soul, and one that seldom sets in the gloom of morbid fancies and foreboding imaginations.

Cultivate, then, a cheerful spirit, and cherish it as something sacred. Obey the command, "Rejoice evermore," and its light and blessedness will ever fall upon thy pathway.

A Quaker Wedding.

The marriage procession started from a second floor sitting room and wended its way silently down into the parlor. The ushers were first, then the bride and groom, then the families of each of the contracting parties, and lastly the guests and committee from the Race street meeting, who were present to see that everything was done in proper form. The bride and groom took chairs which had been specially placed for them at the head of the parlor. After they had been seated all the company sat down, and for a few minutes there was silence. Then the bride and groom arose, and the groom, taking the bride's hand, declared that "in the presence of the Lord and this assembly" he took the lady to be his wife, and promised, "with the Divine assistance," to be unto her a "faithful and loving husband" until death should part them. The bride responded in kind, and everybody sat down again. A religious silence of three or four minutes was broken by the voice of Dilwyn Parish, the head of the Friend's Committee, reading the marriage certificate. After some more silence the groom signed his name to the paper in a strong hand, then the bride appended her signature, then all the rest of the company signed their names. There was just a little more silence and then the new-made husband and wife received the good wishes of their families and friends.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Valuable for Tea Drinkers.

It is well known that the green tea affects the nerves much more than the black tea, which is believed to arise from the different mode of preparation. For making green tea the leaves are put over the fire and partially dried directly after they are picked, but with black tea the leaves are put into a basket and then exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for twenty or thirty hours, during which time a slight fermentation takes place, and the color of the leaf changes from green to brown or charcoal hue (this is easily seen by the infusion of the dried leaf of black and green tea; the leaf after infusion will show the different colors named); they are then put over the fire and finished. In England about 215,000,000 pounds are delivered yearly, of which about 40,000,000 are exported, but the proportions are about 207,000,000 of black and 7,000,000 of green, oolong and Japan. While in America the black tea imported is about 5,250,000 the green tea, including oolong and uncolored Japan tea, which possesses nearly the same properties of green, amounts to 58,000,000. Would not this excessive use of green account for the opinion of the American doctors as to the effect of tea on the nervous system? I doubt very much if a pound of black tea, boiled down in the same way as the young hyson mentioned, would poison either rabbits or cats with the same dose. There is no doubt the fermentation of the leaves of black tea reduces the amount of the active principle "theine" that you find in green.

Another thing: In preparing tea for the table, boiling water is put on the leaf and an infusion made which is at once partaken of. But whoever would think of boiling tea to drink? By so doing you extract from the stalk and woody fiber of the leaf an acrid decoction that no one would find pleasure in taking, and from which woody part would be most likely extracted poisonous qualities mentioned. In tea drinking European countries, as Germany, Russia, etc., scarcely any green is used, and doubtless the great increase in England arises from the almost universal use of black tea, green being only used in mixing it to impart a flavor, and, while of late years the consumption of black tea has largely increased, that of green has remained stationary, which clearly shows the taste of England is entirely different from that of America.

What an Egg Will Do.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and always being at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than sweet oil and cotton, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and anything that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be applied. The egg is considered one of the best of remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar and swallowed at a gulp it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs to enable nature to resume healthful sway over a diseased body. Two or three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases, and since eggs are not merely medicine but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept the more certain and rapid is the recovery. *Kansas Traveller*.

Work and Hurry.

Mr. Herbert Spencer thought that the most valuable piece of advice he could leave us in departing from our shores was to be less restless—to work less and play more. Overwork was the besetting sin of Americans, according to that English philosopher, who spoke with the more feeling and the stronger emphasis on the subject because he himself was a victim of the very excess against which he warned us. He had come to the United States, in truth, with the hope of restoring tone to his nervous system, so shattered by indiscreet application to study that he was unable to sleep soundly.

Sensible people here, however, knew very well that working too hard was not an American vice. It is rare to find an American whose tendency to sin takes that direction. The men who complain most of overwork are usually those who are unfitting themselves for exertion by bad habits of self-indulgence. They could do their work without undue strain if they did not otherwise overtax their nerves.

But there is another very frequent cause of nervous prostration. It is hasty and unmethodical labor, the habit of hurrying. But that cause, it seems, is commonly active in London no less than in New York.

The London *Lancet* warns the "city men," that is the business men, that they are wearing themselves out with unnecessary hurry and bustle. It also tells physicians that they would do far more to prevent the spread of nervous disease if they undertook to cure this vicious mental habit, than they can hope to do by dealing only with the particular ills which come from it.

One of the chief characteristics of business life, the *Lancet* says, is to be always in a hurry. The moment a lad enters a business house he begins to make believe to others, and too quickly to himself, that he is overwhelmed with work. The result is the formation of a "mental habit" of hurrying, which before long becomes the key-note and motive of the whole life. It is the custom to write and speak as though commercial men were really as much pressed for time as they pretended to be. Now, the simple fact is that all their haste and turmoil, prejudicial and often ruinous as it is, is artificial.

The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker, and accomplishes comparatively little in a day. Too much of this steam power is expended in kicking up a dust. The habit of hurrying and of feeling in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a man can get through with. The friction is too great. So little of practical value is accomplished, despite all the superfluous expenditure of energy, that he cannot go home at night with the sweet consciousness of duty done, of a day's work completed. He has left too many stitches to be taken up.

The men who accomplish the most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. Everybody must have observed that. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, clear, orderly, and methodical fashion, finishing each job properly, and not wasting their nervous force on trifles or expending it in bustle. They never complain of overwork. They are more likely to be hunting up new work to do, in order to give their faculties more varied employment and to exercise some which are not sufficiently used.

Too much work to do! The highest pleasure and greatest satisfaction are found in work only, and the more work a man has to do, if it is work to which he is adapted, the better he likes it. The men to pity are those who can get nothing to

do, and those whose only business is to hunt for pleasure for itself—the fellows who have no other occupation than that of killing time. But we are also sorry for the men, whose manner, as described in the *Lancet*, suggests a boiler worked up to the highest pressure and only saved from bursting by frequent letting off of steam.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Negro Aphorisms.

"Old times was too good to be true."

"When all de half-bushels gits de same size you may look out for de millenicum."

"Folks ought to talk about deir neighbors like de tomb-stones does."

"De old cow dat jumps de drawbars too much, is practer-sin' for de tan-yard."

"Lots o' hens los' deir eigs by braggin' on 'em too loud."

"A man's raisin' (bringing up) will show itself in the dark."

"Some folks medger distance by deir own roomatiz."

"Eben a mud-turkle kin clam a pine tree, arter de tree done fell on de groun'."

"De safety o' de turnup-patch depends mo' on de size of de turnups dan on de tallness ob de fence."

"Better keep de rockin'-cheer in de cabin lof-tell Sunday."

"You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong way 'round de corn-stalk."

"Sat'day night help de roomatiz pow'ful."

"Smart rabbit go home fo' de snow done fallin'."

"A dead limb on de tree show itsef when de buds come out."

"De new groun's de bes' yard-stick to medjer a strange nigger by."—*Century*.

Old Mrs. Grimes.

[Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead."]

Old Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!

We ne'er shall see her more.

She was the wife of good old Grimes,

Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,

Since she gave up her breath;

Her head was white with frosts of time,

She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet

E'er walked where duty led;

And never wore a pair of shoes,

Except when out of bed.

Busy she was, from morn till night,

In spite of old Time's advances;

Although her husband left her here

In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,

She'll rest through endless ages;

The sun has set, her work is done,

She's gone to claim her wages.

—*The Century*.

Lost!

THE TERRIBLE FATE OF A SMALL BODY OF MEN AND THE FUTURE HANGING OVER MANY OTHERS.

The keeper of the Eddystone light house recently discovered a bottle containing the following pathetic sentences, the last expressions of a small band of ship-wrecked men:

"We have been living upon a raft for ten days and for more than half of the time without water. We have hoped against hope and now are ready and waiting for death. Anything is better than this agony. We cannot endure it more than a few hours longer. Yesterday we saw a vessel and thought we were safe but it passed on without seeing us. Today we have abandoned hope. Such a death away from friends and in such agony, is terrible. To look into a cannon's mouth requires bravery, but to face death coming slowly but surely needs only despair. There is no hope."

The only difference between the experience of these men and thousands of others on land to-day is that the ship-wrecked ones realized their fate while the others do not. They are in just as certain danger but are wholly unconscious of it. They are aware that their heads pain them frequently; that their appetite is fickle; that they are losing flesh or possibly bloating; that their skin is often hot or feverish alternating with distressing chills; that at times breathing is difficult; that the ambition is gone and despondency frequently occurs. People notice these things but think they are caused by some cold or indigestion, and hence give them no further thought. Any one of the above symptoms recurring at intervals indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys which is certain to result in Bright's disease if permitted to go on unchecked. What the terrors of this terrible disease are can never be described, but it has carried off some of the finest men and most noble women America has ever produced. "About one-third its victims," says Dr. Roberts, the highest authority on the subject, "through neglect to take the disease promptly in hand on its first appearance, die of uremic poisoning (in convulsions or by diarrhoea). Many die from watery suffocation, from gangrenous erysipelas in the legs, thighs and genitals, pneumonia, heart disease, apoplexy, intestinal, ulcerations, paralysis, etc., all of which troubles are the result of Bright's disease."

Another high authority says: "Diabetes and Bright's disease of the kidneys always terminate in death if discovered too late, but yield readily to treatment if taken in time. Thousands of people who pass thick, yellow matter with brick dust sediment and complain of a slight backache, headache, dizziness, imperfect vision, cold back, hands and feet, general debility, etc., etc., are victims of this deadly disease (unknown to themselves) and when, at last, overcome by its exhausting influence they present themselves to their medical attendant, who, in nine times out of ten, will write out a prescription for malarial poison or, discovering their terrible condition inform them that they have come too late."

To permit the kidneys to rot away or to suffer limestone deposits to accumulate in the bladder is criminal carelessness, especially when it can be entirely avoided by care and the use of the proper means. For this purpose, however, there is but one known remedy and that is Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is true there are many preparations that claim to cure or relieve these troubles,

but no remedy has ever been found that absolutely does this except the one above mentioned. It is, actually, the only proprietary medicine which has ever received the unqualified endorsement of the medical profession. Among the number of physicians who have written at length regarding its wonderful properties, are the well-known Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. A. Gunn, President of the United States Medical College of New York, and Dr. Frank Gallagher, of New Haven. These men are men of science and will not endorse anything they do not know to be valuable in the highest degree. But the thousands of men, women and children in every nook and corner of America, who have been kept from disease and saved from death by means of Warner's Safe Cure, speak more truly for its value than could all the endorsements of every physician in the land. They do not speak of its chemical ingredients, but of its healing power. They know the value of the remedy, for it has restored them to health. The above facts all show that it is an absolute duty you owe yourself and your friends to not only carefully observe and reflect upon these things, but to attend to them in time.

Profound Grief.

"Don't you think those are pretty nice looking remains?" asked a bereaved husband, of a reporter who had stepped in to put the funeral into an item.

"She looks very well indeed," replied the reporter in a subdued tone.

"How do you like the casket and the fixings? To my notion these flowers are a little something out of the general run. I didn't get many, because they come high, but I think they look pretty well, neat and not gaudy, as the devil said, when he painted his tail sea green. Don't you think so?"

"Assuredly," returned the reporter.

"I went in for the whole business," continued the mourner, wiping his eyes. "We had an autopsy and they finished her off with the prettiest stitches you ever looked at. Talk about a tailor! Why, they ain't a patch on these doctors! My idea was to have her wear a low dress to show them stitches, but the children kicked and I let 'em have their way. I don't see any use of going to all such expense if you are going to get no credit for it, do you?"

"Where do you bury her?" asked the reporter evading the delicate question.

"Oh, we'll bury her all right," replied the bereaved. "I'm going to do the fair thing right through. I have bought a grave in Greenwood, but we will put her in the vault for a few days. I say, can't you go to the cemetery with us? I'm going to make the cussedest row you ever heard! A good many people think I have no emotion, but I'm going to make those people so sick at the house and again at the grave that they won't dare have a funeral when any of their people die, you want to be round here when I tune up, and if I don't make you think the deceased left a fortune I'll give you one! I say, just stay till it's all over, so as to see what the people think of me, and let me know what they say, will you? I don't mind five dollars on an occasion like this."

"Would like to," said the reporter, edging away; "but I'm too busy."

"Well, you do it up in good shape and I'll drop down after the funeral and see you. I've got some business down town, and we'll talk it over. Don't forget to say that such grief was never witnessed before, and you might wind off with the statement that the poor husband refuses to be reconciled, and there is a reason to fear that he will soon follow his wife to the silent tomb. That is worth a glass of beer, if you ring it in right, and I just want to harrow up the neighbors. Will you do it?"

And the reporter promised, and the mourner went off satisfied that he was going to get from a newspaper the justice denied him by his neighbors, and for which he was willing to go as high as five dollars and a glass of beer.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

A new story by Mr. Howells will soon begin in the *Century*.

An edition of "Oliver 'Twist" is sold in London for one penny.

The sale of Miss Phelps's "Beyond the Gates" is extraordinary.

The first two volumes of the biography of Bulwer are occupied with the history of the composition of his novels.

Mr. G. J. Romanes's "Mental Evolution in Animals," a sequel to "Animal Intelligence," will soon be published.

The little manual "Don't" has a remarkable sale. A new and revised edition with a chapter specially devoted to ladies, has been published.

Victor Hugo has sent Queen Victoria a copy of his new book "L'Archipel de la Manche," as a token of gratitude for the hospitality he enjoyed on British soil during his exile.

"On a Mexican Mustang" has been copyrighted in England. It has also been translated into German and published at Jena.

The Marquis of Lorne has written an article on "Canadian Home Rule" for the *Contemporary Review*, in which he declares that should a provincial feeling be developed stronger than the feeling of loyalty to the General Government, there would be danger that the American civil war might be repeated in Canada.

Books of special interest announced for immediate issue by English publishers are Lord Lor...e's "Memories of Canada and Scotland: Speeches and Verses;" two novels by George Meredith, entitled "Saxon versus Celt," and "An Amazing Marriage;" and still another novel from the pen of F. Marion Crawford, author of "Mr. Isaacs."

The criticism on Mrs. Burnett's "Esmeralda" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by Mr. Henry James, is severe, and perhaps unjust; but the petty critics who declare that Mr. James's severity was due to the fact that Mr. James's own play was rejected by the managers who so successfully produced "Esmeralda," are not only unjust, but almost scurrilous.

An exchange gives the following figures about the prices received by some novelists: "Trollope received \$240 for his first production and \$35,000 for one of his last. Captain Marryat received \$100,000 for one of his works, and Lord Lytton \$150,000 for the copyright of the cheap edition of his works by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, in addition to the large amount paid at the time of their publication, while it is well known that Messrs. Longman paid Lord Beaconsfield \$50,000 for "Endymion."

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

	PAGE
A Novel Movement	168
A Romantic Story	171
A Cheerful Spirit	173
Bonny Woods	161
Courtship	166
Climbing the Ladder	168
Curious Notions	168
Health and Disease	169
"I" and "It"	172
Negro Aphorisms	174
Our Gem Casket	167
Poetry—Old Mrs. Grimes	174
" Nutting Time	161
" The Old Homestead	171
Responses to Readers	169
The Mother's Home Life	172
The Parlor and Kitchen	170
Valuable for Tea Drinkers	173
What an Egg Will Do	173
Work and Hurry	174
We Should be Laughed at	163