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A LITTLE CHAIR.

Oh! the children, happy children,
Smiling everywhere I go;
Some are brown as autumn berries,
Some as fair as winter snow.

Some with eyes as blue as morning,
Some with eyes as dark as night;
Some with faces strangely thoughtful,
Some with faces strangely bright.

And the while I gayly greet them,
Back my heart returned where
In my room, amongst my flowers,
Stands a baby's little chair.

But alas! the laughing darling
That in precious by-gone days
Sat there, never more will cheer me
With his pretty naughty ways.

Cunning feet placed on the table
When his noontide meal was o'er,
Cup of milk poured on the sugar,
Spoon and fork dropped on the floor.

Then when 'mother's' face grew cloudy
Little arms around me thrown,
Little hands my cheeks caressing,
Sweet lips pressed upon my own.

Oh! the children, happy children,
Yes, I meet them everywhere;
But at home, amongst my flowers,
Stands a baby's empty chair.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—Strive to be the greatest man in your country and you may be disappointed; strive to be the best and you may succeed.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul lends the tongue vows.

It is by what we have done, and not what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages.

The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like the people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for without finding it.

A man to be a success must not be a pure idealism, but he must have ideas. He does not want to be sun-dazzled or sun-blind, but he must have glimmer enough to keep him from knocking his head against the wall.

This world is not merely a rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foothold on life—to toil for daily bread; but a bright member of the starry brotherhood that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a region of still waters and cooling shades, and birds, and blessed things for the comfort of God's weary children. This world is a poem written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

THE USE AND NECESSITY OF AFFLICTION.—When Mr. Cecil was walking in the Botanical Gardens of Oxford, his attention was arrested by a fine pomegranate tree, cut almost through the stem near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves; I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." The reply afforded this inquisitive student a general practical lesson, which was of considerable use to him in after life, when severely exercised by personal and domestic afflictions. Alas! in many cases, it is not enough that the useless branches of the tree be lopped off, but the stock itself must be cut—and cut nearly through—before it can become extensively fruitful. And sometimes the finer the tree, and the more luxuriant its growth, the deeper must be the incision.—*J. A. James.*

LIGHT.—Light is the most immediate outward agent and minister of God's love, the most powerful and rapid diffuser of His blessings through the whole universe of His creation. It blesses the earth, and makes her bring forth herbs and plants. It blesses the herbs and plants, and makes them bring forth their grain and their fruit. It blesses every living creature, and enables all to support and enjoy their existence. Above all, it blesses man in his goings out and his comings in; in his body and in his soul, in his senses and in his imagination, and in his affections; in his social intercourse with his brother, and in his solitary communion with his Maker. Merely blot out the light from the earth, and joy will pass away from it, and health will pass away from it, and life will pass away from it, and it will sink back into a confused, turmoiling chaos.—*Archeadon Hare.*

THE following notice is posted verbatim by a Frenchman in Peacham, Vt., as a warning to persons inclined to trespass on his premises:

One mans come on my place, fish;
One mans come on my place, trap;
One mans come on my place, hunt;
Ten dollars lose for him.

ELIZABETH ALLEN, in a poem, asks, "Oh, willow, why forever weep?" Elizabeth is a little mistaken as to the facts—It is not the willow that weeps; it is the boy who dances under the limber end of it.—*Hawkeye.*

"I HOPE this is not counterfeit?" said a lover as he toyed with his sweetheart's hand. "The best way to find out is to ring it!" was the quick reply.

HIS CHIEF CREDITOR.

A ROMANCE OF BOULOGNE.

The custon which fashionable Englishmen have of flying to the coast of France, when debts and the like mishaps render their own country somewhat too hot to hold them comfortably, causes Boulogne and other towns forming the chief places of rendezvous on such occasions to present for the most part a strangely assorted society, and to witness at times very curious scenes.

Sir George Tindal was a young baronet of good English family, who went to Boulogne some years ago under rather peculiar circumstances. He had been left very young with command of a good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race-horse could carry it.

He had still good expectations, however. A maternal relative—a merchant, and one of the richest in the metropolis—was likely, in the due course of things, to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond of the young man, but had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while meditating on this subject that an idea struck the nearly ruined baronet.

'How successful,' thought he, 'my uncle has been by his speculations in the funds! Might not I have a chance that way also? Might not I cast my poor remnant of means into the great lottery and pull out a prize? I may as well try it; all that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try at least.

Poor Sir George. He forgot that, though some seas may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there is a chance of getting deeper. He did venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once, and even twice.

Getting inspired by his good fortune, he thought he had but to venture further and win more! Alas! he was a novice merely in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculate in these matters got him into their hands, and where they lay, they led him on by a nibble or two, until, by a serious of rouses, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all of his uncle's means would with difficulty lighten.

Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited coolly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim also within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town, for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During the time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortunes.

The young baronet was naturally possessed of good sense; he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good and his intentions fair toward all men under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life and the associations he had formed had relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had his bonds; "but then," said the other internal arguers, 'they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article *experience* was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came no penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies I shall be beggared.'

The end of the whole was, that the uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost after being put in possession of his fortune—which was the portable one of an old moneyed hoarder—the young baronet was on his way with it to Boulogne. The creditors stormed and vowed revenge; but at first they knew not whither he might fly—and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the Continent in any case.

Sir George fixed himself in a small country house near Boulogne. He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency for permanent maintenance—above twenty thousand pounds—nearly the amount of his funded embarrassments, after what he called 'fair debts' were privately settled.

He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he then met was not of a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment.

So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time—always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honor—until love, the universal busy-body, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's repose.

A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of the Baroness d'Estival. Report said that she was an Englishwoman by birth, and the widow of a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich.

Ere long such attractions brought all the danglers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the baroness, and among the rest our baronet saw and admired the lady. For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any marked advances on his part.

An accident brought round an *eclaircissement*. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the *caleche* of the baroness was nearly overturned near St. George's door.

The young baronet sprang out, and the lady appearing faint and terrified, he entreated her to alight for a few moments. She complied. It was the hour of lunch—and they lunched together. Sir George begged her to view his garden—and they walked together.

When the lady was at last about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant and escort her home in person.

The result of all was, that the baronet became an established visitant of the baroness; and having declared his passion, received an answer which left him much to hope, while at the same time it promised nothing positive.

Sir George could not be long acquainted with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste; she was distractedly fond of angling—a perfect female Walton.

She had hired for the season a large yawl—somewhat between a fishing-boat and a yacht—and every morning, when the weather was good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself off the coast with a rod.

'I cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation,' said Sir George to her one day.

'It is a charming recreation!' answered she, gayly; 'and besides, my physicians have recommended to me to take as much air and exercise at sea as possible. I acquired the taste through this cause. It is sometimes dull to be sure—for the sailors and my servants are no company.—But I have been pressed by a certain gallant major and a certain warlike colonel to permit them to bear me company, and I think I must really consent come day.

How could a lover forbear to entreat permission to occupy the place of the rival suitors? Sir George could not. He begged and sued, and the fair lady gave her consent that he should accompany her next morning on one of her odd excursions to sea.

The day proved beautiful, and the pair went aboard at sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea and along the coast, ere any desire for fishing was shown by the lady. The water was not favorable, she said, at one place, and then she declared that she had no fancy on this morning for the exercise.

Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination—which was owing, he flattered himself, to her being absorbed by his own conversation; and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourse.

Here the pair sat, hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length he pulled out his watch and started up.

'What!' cried he; 'the day has advanced, and I don't think they have put about!'

The wind, too, was blowing nearly direct from the coast.

'Come, madame, if you fish at all today, it is surely time to begin.'

The answer returned startled the poor baronet.

'I *have* angled,' said she, quietly; 'and what is more, I have caught my fish!'

'What mean you?' cried Sir George.

'What fish have you caught?'

'Twenty thousand pounds!' answered the lady, with coolness.

Sir George grew pale, and stepped hurriedly on deck.

'Distraction!' cried he, as soon as he had looked around.

'Put about instantly, pilot! This is Margate—we are off for England!'

'Exactly so, Sir George,' said the lady at his back.

He turned round and looked at her.

'Your purpose, then, is to take me—'

'To London, Sir George,' said the lady, interrupting him with calmness, though a gratified flush was on her cheek. Sir George turned to the sailors.

'My purse!' said he; 'twenty-five louis for you, if you put about for Boulogne!'

'Twenty-five louis!' said the lady, disdainfully; 'when twenty thousand pounds are in the other scale!'

'Barbarous, treacherous woman!' cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked round with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in an instant his arms were pinned to his side by two pair of brawny arms.

The baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and he was only saved from the ignominy of being bound by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin.

It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but to submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor.—She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him, but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion.

'Betrayed by you!' said the captive, 'you whom I loved so much.'

'You love me?'

'Yes; well you know it,' answered Sir George. 'Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?'

The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George also held a scornful silence from that moment until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors, and conducted to a hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape.

It was night when this landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, moaning over that fate which his conscience told him was not unmerited.

In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visitor was announced. It was his betrayer, the baroness.

'Wretched woman! what seek you?' said he, sternly. 'Is not *your* task done? I have to do with others.'

'With none but me,' said the lady, in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment.

'What do you mean, madam?' said Sir George.

'I am your sole creditor!' said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement.

'You had a cousin once, Sir George?' said the lady, with her eyes on the floor.

'I had—Annie Fulton,' said Sir George; we were 'playmates in childhood.'

'She went abroad when a mere child with her family?' continued the lady.

'She did,' said the baronet, 'and I have heard, was married to a very wealthy planter in the island where they settled. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each other even when infants.'

'She wedded against her will,' continued the lady, 'for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow.'

A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind. He started hastily forward and took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her feet.

'You are—'

'I am your cousin Annie!' said the lady.

* * * * * * *

The lady had returned to England a rich widow; had learned the situation and embarrassments of her well-remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had contrived to overturn at his door, and make his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing scheme through a spice of romance in her temperament, and that she might get him to England, where she might have his debts paid.

They wedded and lived happy—and we wish all love-tales were as true.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.—We all of us, in a great measure, create our own happiness, which is not half so much dependent upon scenes and circumstances as most people are apt to imagine; and so it is with beauty. Nature does little more than furnish us with the material of both, leaving us to work them out for ourselves. "Stars and flowers, and hills, and woods, and streams, are letters, and words, and voices, vehicles, and missionaries," but they need to be interpreted in the right spirit. We must read, and listen for them, and endeavor to understand and profit by them. And when we look around us upon earth, we must not forget to look forward to Heaven.—"Those who can see God in everything," writes a popular author, "are sure to see good in everything." We may add with truth, that they are also sure to see beauty in everything and everywhere. When we are at peace with ourselves and the world, it is as though we gazed upon outward things through a golden tinted glass, and saw a glory resting upon them all. We know that it cannot be long thus; sin and sorrow, and blinding tears, will dim the mirror of our inmost thought; but we must pray and look again, and by-and-by the cloud will pass away.—There is beauty everywhere, but it requires to be sought, and the seeker after it is sure to find it;—it may be in some out-of-the-way place, where no one else would think of looking. Beauty is a fairy; sometimes, she hides herself in a flower-cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide and seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright young face. Sometimes, she takes the form of a bright cloud, and goes dancing over the green fields, or the deep, blue sea, where her misty form, marked out in momentary darkness, looks like the passing shadow of an angel's wing. Beauty is a coquette, and weaves herself a robe of various hues, according to the season, and it is hard to say which is the most becoming.

FAT SPARTANS.—The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cattle breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too soft or too fat for military exercise and the service of Sparta were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Nauclia, the son of Polydius, the offender was brought before the Ephori and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of a son of Lacedæmon.—*Bruce's Historic Portraits.*

"Two heads are better than one," said the thief, as he crawled out of the cabbage patch.—*Derrick.*

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

This illustrious maiden exposed her life for her king and country at the memorable siege of Saragossa, in 1808. The French General Lefevre had been despatched by Bonaparte, in the June of that year, to reduce Saragossa, where the royal standard of the Bourbons had been unfurled. This city was not fortified. It was surrounded with an ill-constructed wall twelve feet high by three broad, intersected by houses; these houses, the neighboring churches and convents, were in so dilapidated a state that, from the roof to the foundation, were to be seen, in each immense breaches, apertures begun by time and increased by neglect. A large bill, called Il Torero, commanded the town at a distance of a mile, and offered a strong situation for the most destructive bombardment. Among the sixty thousand inhabitants there were but two hundred and twenty regular troops, and the artillery consisted of ten old cannon.

The French began the siege in a rather slothful style; they deemed much exertion unnecessary; Saragossa, they said, was only inhabited by monks and cowards. But their opinion and their efforts were destined to an entire revolution. Very seldom in the annals of war has greater heroism, greater bravery, greater horror and misery been concentrated than during the two months that these desperate patriots repelled their invaders. No sacrifices were too great to be offered, no extremities too oppressive to be endured by the besieged; but, as it often occurs among the noblest bodies of men, that one sordid soul may be open to the far-reaching hand of corruption, such a wretch happened to be entrusted with a powder magazine on the night of the 2d of June To describe the horrors that ensued would be impossible.

The French, to whom the noise of the explosion had been a signal, advanced their troops to the gates. The population, shocked, amazed, hardly knowing what had occurred, entirely ignorant of the cause, bewildered by conflagration, ruins, and the noise of the enemy's artillery unexpectedly thundering in their ears, were paralyzed, powerless; the overthrow, the slaughter of those who stood at the ramparts, seemed more like a massacre than a battle; in a short time the trenches presented nothing but a heap of dead bodies. There was no longer a combatant to be seen; nobody felt the courage to stand to the defense.

At this desperate moment an unknown maiden issued from the Chruch of Nostra Donna del Prilas, habited in white raiment, a cross suspended from her neck, her dark hair disheveled, and her eyes sparkling with supernatural lustre. She traversed the city with a firm and bold step; she passed to the ramparts, to the very spot where the enemy was pouring on to the assault; she mounted to the breach, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying soldier, and fired the pieces of cannon he had failed to manage; then kissing her cross, she cried, with the accents of inspiration, "Death or victory!" and reloaded her cannon.

Such a cry, such a vision, could not fail of calling up enthusiasm; it seemed that heaven had brought aid to the just cause; her cry was answered, "Long live Agostina!"

"Forward, forward, we will conquer!" resounded on every side. Nerved by such emotions, the force of every man was doubled, and the French were repulsed on all sides.

Gen. Lefevre, mortified at the unexpected result, determined to reduce the place by famine, as well as distress it by bombardment from Il Torrero. The horrors that followed his measures would be too painful to detail, but they afforded Agostina an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity. She threw herself in the most perilous positions to rescue the unhappy beings wounded by the bombs or by the falling timbers. She went from house to house, visiting the wounded, binding up their hurts, or supplying aid to the sick and starving. The French, by their indomitable perseverance, from step to step, rendered themselves masters of nearly half the city. Lefevre thought his hour of triumph had now certainly arrived—he sent to the commandant, General Palafox, to demand a capitulation. Palafox received this in public. He turned to Agnostina, who stood near him, completely armed:

"What shall I answer?"

The girl indignantly replied:

"War to the knife!"

Her exclamation was echoed by the populace, and Palafox made her words his reply to Lefevre.

Nothing in the history of war has ever been recorded to resemble the consequences of this refusal to capitulate. One row of houses in a street would be occupied by the Spanish, the opposite by the French. A continual tempest of balls passed through the air; the town was a volcano; the most revolting slaughter was carried on for eleven days and eleven nights. Every street, every house, was disputed with musket and poignard. Agostina ran from rank to rank, everywhere taking the most active part. The French were gradually driven back, and the dawn of the 17th of August saw them relinquish the long-disputed prey, and take the road to Pampeluna. The triumph of the patriots—their joy was unspeakable. Palafox rendered due honors to the brave men who had perished, and endeavored to remunerate the few intrepid warriors who survived—among them was Agostina. But what could be offered commensurate with the services of one who had saved the city? Palafox told her to select what honors she pleased. She modestly begged to retain the rank of engineer, and to wear the arms of Saragossa. The rest of her life was passed in honorable poverty until she died, in 1826—

"By all her country's wishes blest."

DIFFERENCE IN BEDS.—Every nation has its own opinions and customs concerning beds, and their fitness for the comfortable repose or the occupant's idea of what constitutes comfort. A Persian ambassador was once shown into a bedroom where a grand canopied state bed had been prepared for him. He supposed it was a throne in his audience chamber, received his visitors seated on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in the corner of the room, in accordance with the Eastern custom. In taking a furnished house in Russia, on inquiring for the servant's bed rooms and beds, it comes out that the Russian servants are in the habit of lying anywhere—in the passages, on the floors, on the mats at the room doors, or even on the carpets in the sitting room—generally as near as possible to the stoves in the winter season. Beds have been stuffed with all sorts of commodities—feathers, wool, horsehair, what is called flock, which is an omnium gatherum of all sorts of productions, shavings, hay, straw—and in the South of Europe with the soft and elastic dried leaves of maize; dried sea weed has also been used, but it is apt to become moist with use, and is therefore not desirable. In one of the seasons when hops were abundant in England it is related of a farmer that he sold the feathers from all the beds in his house and replaced them with hops. In another year or two, when the hops failed and the price became very high, the same hops were disinterred from their bed, and fetched a considerable sum, far more than sufficient to replace the former feathers.

HE WANTED TO DIE.—Timothy Holden suddenly made his appearauce at a dye shop and wanted to know if he could have his share of the sky, colored pea-green.

The proprietor refused to take the job, and Timothy departed, to return after a few minutes and pose himself in the door and say:

'At last
The dye
Is cast.
Oh! death, where is your sting!
I cannot dye in spring!'

He was ordered out, but he returned and wanted his left ear dyed red, and his thumbs dyed sky-blue.

He was chased out this time, and he was arrested while trying to hire a boy to paint his eye-balls the color of a green-gage plum.

'Timothy, you must always wash fabrics before dyeing,' said his Honor after hearing the story.

'Yes'r.'

'I'll have you washed and hung on the line, and the grease-spots taken out, and then if you want to be dyed, I'll paint you up like a bird of paradise.'

'Then I'm set up, I s'pose?'

'Exactly.'

'And a million dollars couldn't buy me off.'

'No, nor twice that.'

'Then load up the corpse!'

'The 'corpse' hadn't been seated on the nail keg over a minute before it was heard singing:

"I'll die my hair a red,
I'll paint my ears a blue,
I'll varnish my nose, also my toes,
And my chin it shall shine like the dew.'

NO SHOW AT ALL.—"Say, Mister," said a small boy to one of the assistants at a public library, "I can't find the books I want to git into these here catalogs; I wish yer'd find 'em for me."

"What work do you wish to draw?" paternally inquired the official.

"Hev you got Mulligan the Masher, or the Gory Galoot of the Galtees?"

The man shook his head.

"Well, I'd like Red-headed Ralph, the Ranger of the Roaring Rialto."

"We don't have any of that kind of trash, my boy."

"Wot sort of a libery is this, any way?" retorted the gamin; "wy, it's just like everything else in this country—run for the rich, an' the poor workingman gets no show at all"

AN old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages. 'She will be near me,' he replied, 'to close my een.' 'Weel,' remarked another of the party, 'I've had twa wives, and they opened my een!'

A boy furnishes half the entertainment and takes two-thirds of the scolding of the family circle.

THE latest thing in hose—the feet.

THE SOWERS.

'*All seed is in the sower's hands.*'—Rosetti.

Ten thousand sowers through the land
Passed heedless on their way;
Ten thousand seeds in every hand,
Of every sort had they.
They cast seed here, they cast seed there,
They cast seed everywhere.

The land a forest straightway grew,
With plants of every kind;
And kindly fruits, and poisonous, too,
In that wood could you find.
For trees grew here, and trees grew there,
And trees grew everywhere.

Anon, as many a year went by,
Those sowers came once more;
And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky,
And wondered at the store.
For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
And fruit hung everywhere.

Then plucked they many a berry bright,
None could their right deny;
And some ate to their long delight,
And some ate but to die.
While some plucked here, and some plucked there,
And some plucked everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
The trees that were their own;
Yet as they plucked as each one should,
Each plucked what he had sown.
So do men here, so do men there,
So do men everywhere.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TART PASTE.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound of flour; add the yolk of an egg, a little lump of sugar and enough milk to mix it properly.

BAKER'S GRAHAM BREAD—Make a sponge as for white bread with wheat flour, say one square of compressed yeast to two quarts of water; when light, make up the dough with Graham flour and one half a teacupful of molasses; let stand to rise again; then make up the loaves with the hands, and when light bake.

ORANGE JELLY CAKE.—Juice and rind of two oranges, thickened with powdered sugar; stir in one packet of dessicated cocoanut, leaving enough to sprinkle on top layer; four eggs, half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of water, and flour enough to make the batter bake as for jelly cake, spreading the dry cocoanut on top layer.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Two small arteries branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it five minutes and the bleeding will cease.

WHOOPING COUGH REMEDY.—1 pint crushed sunflower seeds, put them in 1 quart of water and simmer to a pint, add 1 pound loaf sugar and ½ pint of brandy; dose from a few drops to 1 teaspoonful according to age. This remedy will so alleviate the rigors of the disease that the weakest constitutions are able to bear it with little discomfort. I wish I could impress you with the value of this remedy as it might be the means of saving hundreds of precious lives.

STEWED BEEFSTEAK.—Peel and chop two onions, cut into small parts four pickled walnuts, and put them at the bottom of the stewpan. See that the rump steak be cut of a proper thickness, about three quarters of an inch, and beat it flat with a rolling pin. Place the meat on top of the onions; let it stew for an hour and a half, turning it over every 20 minutes. Ten minutes before serving up throw in a dozen oysters, with their liquor strained through a fine seive.

SNOW FLAKE PUDDING.—Half a box of gelatine, the whites of three eggs, sugar and vanilla to the taste. Soak the gelatine in enough cold water to cover it for an hour; then add a teacupful of boiling water. After it is dissolved, add enough cold water to make a pint of it altogether. Strain this on a platter, put the whites of three eggs in it, and beat it until it is a stiff foam. When half beaten, sweeten with white sugar, add the vanilla to this, and finish beating; then put it in cups. When moulded in the cups, turn them out and eat with cream.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Take equal parts of the fruit and sugar; put the former into a deep dish and sprinkle half of the sugar over it; give the dish a shake that the sugar may touch the under side of the berries; do this in the evening. Next morning drain off the juice, add the rest of the sugar, and put in the preserving kettle. Boil and skim until no skum arises; drop in the berries a few at a time and boil a short time, say two or three minutes; skim out into jars; boil the syrup until sufficiently thick; pour over the berries and seal while hot.

BOYS.—One of the best things in the world is to be a boy.

Boys have always been so plenty that they are not half appreciated.

A boy is willing to do any amount of work if called play.

The feeling of boys toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered.

It is impossible to say at what age a boy becomes conscious that his trousers legs are too short and is anxious about the part of his hair.

In fact, a boy is a hard subject to get a moral from.

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