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Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE WAYSIDE INN.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending—
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his choicest sweetest fruit
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing.
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath this shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him and departed.

A Night in New Orleans.

There were two of us chatting and smoking cigarettes at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets in that quaint and strange old city, New Orleans—a city of never ending charms and queer phases of life and mysteries without number; a miniature Paris, with its *bijou* theatres in the French quarter and the English language is a foreign tongue, and where the men wear their hats and the ladies sip absinthe and puff dainty rings of cigarette smoke from pretty mouths!

"Where shall we go to-night?" Morlan asked me.

"Grand Opera-House," I suggested.

"Aren't you tired of Janauschek's diamonds yet?"

"Well, say the Varieties."

"Nothing there but frescoing in the lobby."

"Academy."

"Bah!"

We smoked awhile in silence, and finally decided to see Mlle. Mathilde at Le Petit Theatre Francaise, away down on Chartres stree'. "If Golson is in the crowd," said Morlan, "we'll appropriate him. Aha! there he is now. Golson, come hither!"

A number of the young men had crossed Canal street, and were passing up St. Charles toward Common, others continuing their way along Canal to Baronne. A handsome, small, delicate student emerged from the crowd. He had hands as white and small as a woman's, long black hair, a pale, thoughtful face, and large, calm, expressive eyes. I was introduced to him, and he grasped my hand warmly and firmly.

"Have you anything to do to-night, Golson?"

"Anything to do? Oh, yes, some infernal thesis, I believe; but hang the thesis—and by George! the dissection too. Where are you going?"

"To La Petit Francaise, we were thinking."

"What! the absinthe and the headache? Come with me to the college. My little girl will do the tight-rope from the roof, and I'll introduce you."

We turn up St. Charles street to Common, down Common to Baronne and the college. Crowds were beginning to gather at this point. We threaded our way through the throng that pressed against the railing around the college yard, and entered a small door at the side. We climbed four flights of dark, dismal stairs, and stumbled at the turnings. We felt our way along a hall, prevaded by a stifling blackness and a musty smell, from the dessecting rooms. The light from the street below streamed meagerly through a window, and showed us the dim outline of a perpendicular ladder near the extremity of the hall. We climbed the ladder and crawled through a hole in the ceiling. Here the darkness was intense. We found another close at hand, and by feeling for the rungs, gained the top and emerged upon a steep roof covered with slate. We looked around. New Orleans lay at our feet in all the glory of a starry night. On the south we could trace the river winding in a crescent form around the city, and reflecting the colored lights from the shipping. Away to the northeast could be seen the dark, flat surface of the lake. To the southeast lay the French Quarter, with its tall, old-fashioned houses and its narrow streets. To the westward Upper Town stretched its wealth and grandeur over a large area. Under our feet was the glare from Canal, St. Charles, Camp, Common, Carondelet, Tchoupitoulas and Baronne streets.

A parapet about twelve inches high was all that could have preserved us from the morgue, if the treacherous slate had broken, or the foot slipped an inch. Three persons were standing in the gutter against the parapet. Of these, two were rough looking men; the third was a woman in tights and short skirts, and covered with spangles and stars and gold lace. The men were engaged with certain pulleys and cords in drawing to a greater tension the wire cable that stretched from the parapet of the college to the building opposite. The woman was standing in the shade of the parapet, and looking down abstractedly upon the thousands of human beings who packed the street, and whose upturned faces, expressive of anticipation, she seemed to be studying attentively.

"Already here, Zoe?" asked Golson, in his soft, smooth voice.

The woman started and turned quickly, an expression of intense happiness lighting up her face.

"I was looking for you below," she said. "I was afraid, but I am strong now. You don't think I'll fall do you?"

"Certainly not. You are very foolish to ask such a question."

He introduced us as his friends, and she shook our hands pleasantly. She had a rather agreeable face, though we could not see distinctly, the only light being that of the stars and the faint glow from the lamps and torches below. In any event she had a pleasant voice, and that was sufficient. She also was small, and delicate and young. A shawl was thrown over her bare shoulders and arms, but her little hands were cold and she shivered in the night air.

"I was thinking, Goldy," she said "that if I should fall," and a more decided shivering shook her delicate frame—"I wonder what they would think, and how they would feel down there?"

"Nonsense, little Zoe!"

She laughed softly and put her arm through Golson's, and looked up into his face with a touching tenderness and reliance. She again scanned the crowd, and was thinking.

"Well, but suppose I should. Do you think they would care? Or would they say she was a little fool, and it served her right?"

"What is the matter, pet?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing whatever," and she laughed again musically, "I was simply thinking. I remember that a long time ago, when I was a child, and my father was letting me stand on his head while he rode two horses bareback around the ring—and I was terribly frightened once when the horses became wild with fear or something, I don't remember what—and he caught me strong and close in his arms as I was falling, and kissed my lips, my cheeks, and eyes, and forehead, and held me in his arms quite a while, and called me his dear, precious baby. What was I going to tell you? Oh, yes; about the man who fell from the tight-rope. That was terrible! One end of the rope was passed over the roof of a house, carried down the side, and made fast to a wooden block underneath. It had so happened that the block had rotted off next the ground, and there was no weight upon it whatever. Well, anyhow, they tied the rope around the block, and the professor was half-way across the street when he began to give an exhibition of jumping. Suddenly we saw that the rope was giving away. The jerking had pulled the block from under the house, and was dragging it up the side. The professor turned quite pale, and stood and waited. He came down slowly with the rope. It seemed as if it would never stop slipping over the roof like a long ugly snake. It soon became slack, and it was, of course, much harder to balance on it; but he never lost his presence of mind, and stood perfectly calm and straight. When the block had nearly reached the roof—it was a two-story house—the rope slipped off, I heard the block drop to the ground. I hid my face and crouched down against a wall, and I heard him strike the ground like something dead. Oh, it was so horrible!" She peered around into the darkness and shuddered. "Poor fellow! he fell flat on his face. It was the cruelest thing that ever happened."

She sighed, and still gazed at the crowd below.

"Did it kill him?"

"No, not quite, but he was delirious for everal weeks. When they picked him up the blood gushed from his nose, and eyes, and ears, and a bloody froth came from his mouth. I was a little child then and I dreamed of him every night for two or three years. I dreamed of him again last night for the first time in a great while. I thought I went to pick him up, and could feel his poor broken bones grating against each other, and his poor bloodshot eyes stared wide and cold at me."

"You are not well to-night, Zoe," said the man of science, examining her pulse attentively. He became thoughtful. "I don't think you ought to risk it," he said.

"Oh, I am not afraid now that you are here," she replied in her charming way.

"I think you had better wait."

"Now, don't get naughty. I *must* go, I *want* to go. Why, there's two hundred dollars in that crown, and my manager would be crazy if I didn't walk. Beside, I contracted to do one street walk every two weeks in addition to the lofty centre-pole walk every day. Why, I've done the lofty five hundred times and never lost my head, and why is there danger now?"

"But it's more difficult to see the rope at night."

"I never look at my feet, anyhow, when I walk."

"You are feverish and nervous."

"It will make me all the more careful."

"Well, walk then," said Golson, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Now, Goldy, don't look that way."

He became cheerful and beaming in a moment. The manager appeared on the opposite roof and beckoned the girl to proceed. The attendants at both ends examined the fastenings of the rope to see that they were properly secured. They produced trays in which to burn colored fires, and heaped lumps of the combustible material upon the parapet. Zoe mounted the parapet with an elastic step, and threw kisses at the shouting crowd below as the fires brought out her frail form. She looked very charming and pretty, standing, smiling, in the intense red glare of the light.

"Give me the pole," she demanded, smilingly, of Golson, holding out a small hand and dimpled arm.

He picked up the cumbersome balancing pole and placed it in her hands. She found the centre, shook hands with Golson, threw us a smile, rained a shower of kisses upon the crowd and stepped firmly upon the rope. She soon found a safe *pose*, took a few steps, and halted. She glanced back at the attendants, and regarded the pile of fire.

"You are burning it too fast," she said. "Good-bye, Goldy," and she picked her way over the narrow bridge that spanned the yawning chasm beneath. She was graceful and walked with considerable ease apparently, stopping occasionally to shift the pole and steady herself.

"She is walking slow and shaky to-night,' said one of the men.

"She is not walking as well as usual?" said Golson, hurriedly, and looking at her steadily. His glances never left her a moment.

"No; she can beat that. I think she's in the sulks."

Golson paid no attention to the insult, and watched her with fascinated gaze. His face was somewhat paler that usual, in spite of the red glare. He did not move a single muscle. Zoe had passed the middle of the street—the most dangerous place—and continued her walk toward the other end. She toiled up the incline, the rope depressing under her tiny, nimble feet, and at last jumped safe and sound upon the opposite roof. A tremendous deafening shout arose from the mob, and the plucky girl threw a bunch of kisses at Golson. The color had returned to his face with unnatural intensity, and the look of absorbing anxiety had passed away. His chest was broader and his eyes brighter. He simply smiled at Zoe, and did not even applaud her.

The shouting below continued. The men made no preparations to remove the rope, but Golson started for the ladder.

"She's comin' back," said one of the men.

Golson stopped as if he had been shot through the brain. The hard, anxious look returned, and the deathly pallor came back all in an instant.

"I didn't know that," he said, calmly and resignedly. He resumed his old position, and watched the girl with intense interest—with a gaze in which were concentrated his soul and her heart and mind and strength—a look in which was expressed the profoundest feelings of a strong nature.

Zoe rested a moment, and again stepped upon the rope. She had proceeded about ten feet, when one of the men remarked:

"She's scared."

Golson noticed it; we all saw it. Her teeth was so tightly compressed that in the dazzling light we could see ridges in her cheeks. Her nostrils were expanded, and she stared fixedly ahead of the rope. Her breathing was short, and a tremor appeared in her arms and knees. Instead of her usually erect carriage, there was a perceptible leaning forward. When she had made but a dozen steps she stopped and appeared to be in doubt. She then apparently made an effort to walk backward, but was evidently afraid to undertake it. She stopped again, mustered her courage, threw a quick glance at Golson, and recommenced her dangerous journey. The rope trembled and swayed under her feet, and in this way caught a swinging motion that tries the nerve of the most experienced balancers. When she had reached the middle it was impossible to proceed. She might have crossed safely, but the fire on our side was exhausted. She had walked more slowly than usually, and the fire was consumed too soon. She could not see the rope distinctly enough. She stood still for several seconds. The light behind her continued to burn, but it was of no assistance to her and immediately afterward it was also exhausted. We could distinctly see the poor frightened girl by the light from below, but her face was obscured. The crowd sent up hisses and groans. The rope-walker attempted to take another step. She succeeded. She tried a second and failed. Her foot suddenly slipped, but she was active and alert, and caught upon her knee. Her fright increased, and in the terrible excitement of the moment she dropped the pole. It struck the rope, balanced a moment, and slipped off upon the ground below. There was a great scattering, and the crowd realized that the young girl was falling. Every sound was hushed. The child steadied herself wildly and instinctively a moment with her arms as she knelt on the rope, and then fell.

Golson's appearance was painful and pitiable. Great cords stood out upon his face, which was overspread by an agony of ghastly pallors. His muscles swelled with ridges and knots, and his hands assumed the appearance of an eagle's claws. He gazed at the the rope where the girl had a moment ago stood. She had caught by the right hand, and hung suspended over the cobbles. In another moment she grasped the rope with the other hand, and hung perfectly still. Golson waited but a few seconds, when he saw that the fright had taken the strength from her arms, and that she could not climb upon the rope. He dashed off his hat, and grasped the rope with both hands, and threw one leg across it. He crawled along carefully, that the shaking might not cause the girl to lose her hold. The crowd watched him in breathless silence. The rope swung lower under the double weight, and the fastenings creaked and groaned.

"Hold fast, my child," we could hear him say to the fainting girl. "Hold on, for God's sake, and I will save you!"

She raised her head and looked at him for a moment, and then dropped it again between her arms. He approached her slowly and painfully, for he was a stranger to the situation, and was afraid of shaking her off. At length he reached her. He whispered something to her, and she looked him full in the face. He allowed his right knee to remain across the rope, threw his right arm over it at the elbow, and twisted the right hand around underneath to secure a firm hold, and passed his left arm around the girl's waist. The strength of six men was in those supply limbs and clean-cut muscles. He drew her toward him. She released her hold, her head dropped, and she fainted.

"Pay out the at the college end!" he shouted.

His feet were in that direction. It required four of us to let it out. It slipped over the parapet slowly, and the suspended pair began to be lowered.

"Pay it out!" he shouted again.

We let it go more rapidly, and he and his swooning charge were against the building across the street. He let himself slide gradually down until he reached the sidewalk, where he was met by the manager. The latter took the girl to her home.

The crowd gathered around him with wild shouts, but he slipped away, and met us at the door of the college.

"Where is that scoundrel who said she was sulking?" he demanded, with an angry look.

We pointed him out.

Golson walked up to him, explained his business and gave him a stinging blow in the face that sent him rolling in the gutter.

I met the dear old fellow on California street the other day, and his little wife was with him, charming and pretty as ever. She laughingly remarked that she liked to see the circus as much as ever, but that she always felt a horror for rope-walking. I almost believe that her dimples are as pretty as on the night she threw kisses to a great crowd in the street.

—It is estimated that 25,000 people in Europe are engaged in sea fisheries.

The Fiend and His Lawn-Mower.

"Whirr-r-r-r-r-r!"
Blast him!
"Z-z-z-z-z-z!"
Blast him again!
"Rr-rr-rr-rr!"

Turn over in bed and vow that you will shoot his hens, poison his dog and leave fish bones where his cat will find them and choke to death:

Why?

Why, that triple-plated, bomb proof, iron-coated and hard-hearted next-door man who went to bed at sundown for no other purpose than to get up at 5 o'clock a. m. and gallop his own lawn-mower around!

"Rattle! Whirr! Bang! Br-rr-rr."

Oh! he's there! He simply stopped for a moment to spit on his hands and get ready for a new twist. Just 5 by the bells, and some fool of a doctor has told him that the morning air is good for him! He knows that he is disturbing every man, woman and child within a block of him; but what does he care?

"Clickety-te clickety-click-click!"

There he goes! He's got his coat off, his pants in his boot-legs, and he's thinking how nice it must be to live in the country and canter around over the dew-wet sward. Country be hanged! Lawn-mowers and next-door neighbors be hanged. The man who sold him that lawn-mover warranted it to be noiseless. Just remember that when you get to shooting. Noiseless, oh, yes!

"M-m-m-m! Bur-r-r-r-r! Z-z-z-z!"

The baby wakes up with a howl. Why shouldn't he? Can a baby stand more than a horse? Everybody wakes up. If you think people can sleep on and dream of the gates of heaven while a man is pounding sheet iron with a hammer you have lived in vain.

"G-u-r-r——"

Good. His old machine has struck a stone. Hope the contact has wrenched off every wheel twisted every spring out of place, and flung the villain head over heels against the fence! Nobody but a villain would have a lawn to mow in the first place, and nobody but a mutton-head would go slashing around on an empty stomach in this malarious climate. His health? What is his health compared to the peace of his neighbors? Who cares whether he gets fat and lives on, or grows lean and dies? He ought——!

"Clickety-te-click-click-click-click!"

There he goes, the old machine making more noise than ever! Hit him with a brick? No, don't do it. Such a man as that couldn't appreciate a decent clip on the ear with a missile made by human hands. Draw a bead on him with a shot gun? Never! Keep your ammunition for fowls. Owls have sense enough to stick by the roost until seven o'clock. Argue with him? Not much! You couldn't convince such a man that he ought to be run over by a drove of Texas steers any more than you could make a Turk believe that he ought to pay 100 cents on the dollar.

"Gur-g-g-g! Z-z-z-z! Bang! Rattle-r-r-rip!"

Let him alone! There is a Providence, and that Providence sometimes gives a villain rope to play with, just to see him squirm when he is brought up with a sharp turn. That mower may explode. If not, the morning air will bring on sore throat, toothache, neuralgia and chills. May he have them all jump in on him at once and stand by him like an Indian's memory, and may every neighbor whom he has disturbed by his villainous noise grow fat and sleek, and rich, and live to beat him for the only office he ever cared for!

The Moor in Portugal.

To any one who has been in the Eastern countries, the impression of Orientalism in many of the customs and habits of the people of Portugal is very perceptible. A hundred little circumstances in daily life, insignificant in themselves, are constantly reminding the traveler how much the people around him must have learned from the singular race who were their masters for so many centuries, and with what tenacity these lessons have been retained. The "socco" or wooden slipper, worn by both men and women—by a woman only on gala days—is precisely the foot covering to be seen in the bazaars of Cairo and Damascus; and the Portugese will shuffle off these slippers in token of respect, as they enter a house or a church, just as an Oriental will leave his at the entrance of his mosque. If the gold ornaments worn by the women, are closely examined, their admirable form and pattern will be found to be of pure Arabic type and origin. The crescent and the circle are the prevailing 'motives' of the work, combined and entwined with all the elaborate intricacy of Eastern artifice. The patterns never change; and the ornaments are repaired, but never recast. The priest at a place near Barcellos, said the ornaments which covered a Madonna in his church dated from the time of the Moors. They had every appearance of great antiquity, even if they were not quite as old as the priest believed; nevertheless, except that the work was a little more delicate than that of the present day, these ornaments were identical in design with those now worn. Although the jewelry is delicately worked, yet considering the absolute indestructability of gold except by actual violence, and considering also the occasions on which they were worn, we see no improbability in some of the ornaments worn by the Portuguese women at this day, having been actually the work of Moslem artificers. Another instance of the prevalence and enduring character of Moorish art-forms is found in the "cangas" or yokes of the oxen. While the ox cart itself is purely Roman in shape and appearance, without having undergone the smallest change in its construction during fourteen centuries, the yoke is Oriental. It is, in shape, a single board set edgewise upon the necks of the oxen and is ornamented on each face, sometimes profusely and very beautifully, with characteristic Moorish incised designs. The common earthenware vessels, the cooking pots and water jars, might many of them have been turned on a potter's wheel in Morocca or Algiers; so, likewise, the whole economy of the kitchen, in a peasant household, is conducted on simple Eeastern principles.

Cream Globules.

The best of the cream globules rise soonest to the surface, because they are the largest, and flavoring oils rise with them because they are the most volatile; hence it is that the finest butter made from cream that is skimmed before all of it that it will rise to the surface, while that which rises afterwards but tends to reduce the quality. Cream is a singular product; all of it will not rise—would not rise for a month, even if the milk could be kept sweet during that period, and some of the globules actually sink instead of rise, whilst others remain in suspension, neither going up nor down. Thus the specific gravity of the globules varies, not on account of composition; but, in any case, the cream which, under ordinary condition, rises in the first twelve hours, will make the finest butter.

Borrowing Neighbors.

"Did I ever live next to a borrowing neighbor?" I had that pleasure once and am not liable to forget it. I want to tell every woman in America (who does not borrow) how I fared and how I defended myself.

A new family had moved into our neighborhood in a small country village, and the first notice we had of their existence was in the shape of a small tow-headed boy with a tea cup and a pitcher.

"Mother wants to borrow a drawing of tea and a pitcher of milk." That was the beginning, but alas! not the end. There was something less than a dozen children, and they put in their solid time in running about the neighborhood from house to house collecting supplies. This was not from necessity, for they were in as good circumstances as their neighbors, but apparently from sheer force of habit. They borrowed molasses, and thread, and black pepper and shoe blacking, and clothes lines, and Johnny's Sunday suit to get their Johnny's picture taken, and my black shawl to wear to a funeral, and the good man's fine shirt for the other good man to wear because he had to 'go on jury' and hisen wasn't ironed; not of us only but of 'all the region roundabout.' And finally as I am a sinner! they *borrowed a house*—moved into it without the owner's consent, and the blessed laws of Michigan could not route them short of a six month's legal process.

Well! I stood this sort of thing for four weeks and then made up my mind to break it up or move out of town. I had by that time become sufficiently familiar with their circuit so that I could guess pretty well what they would be after next and about when to expect them. I resolved on a *counter irritant*. So next dinner time I sent Johnny with a plate and a pitcher and a teacup with instructions to ask for a plate of butter, a teacup of molasses and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Poor child! he opened his honest little eyes, and looked at me in a way that made me feel terribly small when he asked, "Are we poor, mother?" But I persevered, and at tea time sent Susy to borrow a loaf of bread and the chopping knife (I knew they had none!) Next morning I sent for a cup of raisins and two sewing machine needles. By this time my sixteen-year-old Jim took in the situation, and half bursting with fun, went himself to borrow a rake, a currycomb, and a wheelbarrow. And so for ten days I never let a meal pass that I did not ask them for something. I very seldom got what I asked for. All the better, I did not have to return it. By that time the borrowing nuisance was quiet perceptibly abated. So then I checked up until it began again. Then I began. I borrowed their clothes-horse, and their dishes, the children's shoes, and the good man's Sunday coat, to cut a pattern by! I borrowed the almanac, tried to borrow writing paper; got the scissors and forgot to return them; and early Monday morning, before they got started out, I sent to them for blueing, soap and starch. I got neither one of the three, but of course, after sending for them, they would not send to me for the same article on the same day.

After that for a whole week there was peace. I nether had occasion to borrow nor lend. But on Sunday morning there were faint signs of a renewal of hostilities in the shape of a modest request for the loan of three five cent pieces to carry to Sunday school 'because father forgot to get his money changed last night!' True to my policy I had my revenge before I slept. Just before evening service I sent a polite note to Mr.——, our neighbor, and 'would he be so kind as to lend me his Choral hymn book for the evening, as mine had been mislaid' (I knew he sang in the choir, and was extravagantly vain of his voice, and the choir was short of books).

A French Country Home.

French country hospitality differs in many respects from English. More is made of each guest, and he or she is allowed greater personal liberty. Nobody is bound to come down to an early breakfast. The host and hostess are not expected to show themselves before the bell rings at eleven or half past eleven for dejeuner. If you see a lady muffled up walking in the grounds you are not to get in her way unless she come towards you; and in walking with her you are not to offer your arm. The reason she is to be avoided until she shows herself sociably disposed is based upon the supposition that she is not made up for the day, and has, while the femme de chamber is preparing the war paint and arranging the artificial tresses, run out with capeline thrown on her head to enjoy the dewy freshness of the morning. In France there is a well bred fiction which is acted upon by millionaires who invite you to their country seats. It is that in accepting the invitation you do him the greatest honor. You may be poor as Job, and known to be so, without in the slightest degree ceasing to benefit by this fiction. French society, when seen at its best, practices equality. We all rise early here; the mornings are very fine and there are delightful walks and drives in all directions. We have a private omnibus with seats at the top, and seven of the chars-a-banc, in which the Emperor Napoleon's guests used to drive to the Compegne meets. These vehicles were bought at civil list sale, with many other hunting "properties" of the Third Empire. Over-night excursions are projected and debated. In the wild freshness of the morning they are carried out, and back we come with a keen relish for the dejeuner, which is served at little oval tables in a great dining-room. When there are from thirty to forty persons to be served, this is more sociable and jolly than ample board. Talk can be brisk and lively without becoming noisy. At those little tables birds of a feather do flock together. There is the same concert pitch; and where there is opposition it does not induce discord. The pheasant shooting in low copses, in which the birds are bred and fattened is followed by gay dinners. It takes nothing out of the sportsmen who blaze away at the birds which keepers drive before their guns. Partridge shooting is execrated by the ladies, who dislike the fatiguing tramping through turnip-fields and stubble. A sportsman who returns home with a bag of this game is also such bad company His hunger appeased, bed is all he thinks of, and at dinner he has not a word to cast at a fair neighbor, though in the morning he was at one of the little tables her admiring and devoted slave.

The "Front Yard."

The old style front yard, with its immensely, high fence, and its sweet briar, southern-wood and morning glories, served a good purpose in its day. But we want to see a clearing up of these old front yards; we want the high fences removed, the ground graded, and neat walks laid out across the little lawn that will be thus formed. Love the old-time shrubs, and peonies and roses to be sure, but add also some small attempts at modern ornamental gardening, and see if the front yard does not afford you far greater satisfaction than it has ever done. But this single instance is by no means, a representative of all the farm homes in the land. In how many, many cases, even among those who are styled independent farmers, are the door yards exposed to the highway, often filled with wood, lumber, tools, farm implements, weeds, hens and sand. Not a thought is ever given them, not an effort ever put forth to keep them neat, much less to embellish or adorn them with flowers, shrubs, climbing vines and the like. It is so much a cause for surprise that the boys and girls leave these homes; that there is no improvement, and little sociability in such a neighborhood? It is a very correct observation, that the front yard is an index of the home and the home life. It may not be so completely an index of the style of farming which the owner practices, because the hard work of the farm is one thing, and the beauty of the home surroundings is another. A man may be an excellent farmer, have good cattle, keep his fields in trim condition, and yet have no particular idea of neatness about the front yard. The spirit which manifests itself in beautifying the grass plot at the front door, setting out a few rose bushes, and sowing a few papers o flower seeds, usually resides within the house, but it must be reciprocated from that without, or little can be accomplished. Some hard work must be done, which the wife and daughter cannot do; there is dressing to be provided, spading to be done, and some cleaning up about the premises, which is of too heavy a nature for the "women folks" to perform. This must be done by the strong arms of the men. An hour or two after supper, for a few days, will work wonders at this garden preparation, and with the heavy work out of the way that of planting out, sowing seeds, and after care can be almost wholly attended to by fairer hands. Do not put this off as of no consequence. It is the one thing about the farm that is sure to pay. There is an actual money value to a neat yard, a little lawn, to climbers, to roses, to a bed of verbenas, to geraniums. You may not eat them yourself, they may not help feed your cattle, but they will feed the soul, and the mind and heart under their refining influence will be improved, elevated, and made better. A single front yard neatly kept, and holding a few beds of pansies, phlox, carnations and gladiolus, is a good missionary station for an entire neighborhood; and sociability, gentleness, refinement and love will flow out from such a home and such a garden, as naturally as warmth from a heated stove. It will be the centre of attraction and good influence all through the summer, and the home itself will be happier, and the inmates better for the pure influences of plants and flowers. Don't neglect to trim up the front yard, provide a few flower beds, and keep the home surroundings in neat condition all the time. One of these days, you will find yourself loving and caring for flowers, and a better farmer for it all.

Uncle William.

A year ago there was a quiet funeral on Wilkens street, Detroit, and when it was over an old man called "Uncle William," was left without home or any friends, and with no means to help himself. Strangers said he would have to go the poorhouse, but when the trembling and half blind old man wiped the tears from his eyes, a neighbor said:

"I will take him to my house and care for him for a month, anyhow."

"And then I will take him," added another.

"And then my roof shall shelter him," said a third.

So the old man found friends. One took him and then another, and he was well used. They were far from being rich. Their tables were lean and their beds cold, and sometimes the little that Uncle William ate was missed by the hungry children, but no one ever spoke unkindly to him nor hinted that he was a burden.

One night last week, after the old man had sought his bed and the children were asleep, as husband and wife sat down to say to each other that work was scarce, the rent behind, the fuel nearly gone, and—

Here they looked at each other in a shy way, as if ashamed of their thoughts. The cold wind whistled around the cottage as if hungering to nip little toes, and the wife shivered and said:

"He's so old and feeble—let us wait a few days longer."

"I haven't a dollar left," mused the man as he glanced at the cupboard.

"But he eats only a very little," protested the wife.

"We have only a small house."

"But he sits in a corner."

They looked at each other a long time without speaking. A vision of a poor old man batting with the fierce winter gale came to either and stood between them with hands crossed in supplication.

"He shall stay!" they whispered together as they rose up and made ready for the night, and the gale banged at the door as if cheated of its prey.

Morning came with its meagre old breakfast. There was not enough for four, but it must do for seven, and the father forced a smile to his face as he opened the old man's door and called:

"Come, Uncle William, you shall have the warmest place and the biggest dish."

There was no response, and when they bent over the old man they found that no man would ever again find him a burden.

"See!" said the wife, "he may have heard our whispers, for there is a tear on his cheek!"

"But he knew the resolve of our hearts, for he died with a smile on his face," added the husband.

"Oh! he's dead—poor old grandpa is dead!" cried the children. "How glad we are that God will let him have a big warm corner and lots of everything to eat!"

"If we could have done more for him," sighed the wife as her tears fell, and yet their charity was greater than his who had subscribed his thousands.

Do You Want to Marry Her?

One of those timid young men who can never work up sufficient courage to even hint marriage to a girl, had for months paid his addresses to a beautiful damsel in the suburbs of Quincy. The object of his adoration expected the momentous proposal at each visit, and had thoroughly rehearsed her part, but visit after visit went by and the proposal came not. As the two sat in sparkable proximity on a recent Saturday night, the side door opened and the girl's father marched in, clad just as he was when he slid out of bed a moment before. The girl hid her face in her hands and said: "Why, father!" and the lover turned pale and began to look for his hat. Giving his hair a twang the old man said:

"Tom, do you want to marry her?"

"Why, sir, I—indeed, sir——"

"None o'that, confound you—yes or no!" roared the parent.

"Well, sir—ye-ye-yes, I do!"

Turning to the girl the old man said:

"Martha, do you want him?"

"Yes, pa!"

"Thar, now! I've done in just half a minute w'at it'd took you silly fools a month to git at! Now snuggle up agin' an' go to talkin' about housekeepin'!"

And the old man went back to bed, and was soon dreaming of a future son-in-law.

Queen Caroline.

The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was married in 1795, much against his will, to Caroline of Brunswick, his cousin. Jealousies and recriminations and inveterate dislike ensued, and in 1797, after the birth of their daughter, the princess petitioned for a separation on the ground of brutality. At this time the Lord Chancellor, who was appointed with others to conduct the negotiations, wrote: "The princess is flattered with the prospects of living apart from the prince and having the disposal of a large income. The prince, on his part, would give his right hand for a decent excuse to force matters to a separation." The controversy between this royal pair continued to bring disgrace upon the nation for a quarter of a century. Caroline took up her residence at Blackheath, and scandal was rife concerning her life there. In 1808 the half insane King George III., who was friendly towards her, allowed an inquiry to be instituted into her conduct, which investigation resulted in acquitting her of any positive dereliction, but it brought to light many improprieties. In 1814 she left England, visited Germany, Italy and the Holy land, and during her sojourn in these places, says Lord Campbell, "she certainly conducted herself in a most unbecoming manner, although it could not be safely determined to what extent." Her conduct and deportment with Bergami, the Italian master of her household, caused much animadversion. The court at Vienna refused to receive her. When George IV. ascended the throne a pension of £50,000 was offered her, provided she would not return to England, but the offer was rejected. Until the death of George III. she had been prayed for in the litany as Princess of Wales, but upon the ascension of her husband it was ordered that she should not be noticed in the litany, and that she should have no royal rank. On June 5, Caroline reached England and entered London, where she exhibited herself to a large concourse of people, "all queen's folk," writes Lord Eldon to his daughter. Her case was brought before the House of Lords. Her offences could not be construed into high treason, as they had been committed beyond seas, but a bill of pains and penalties was introduced intended to apply to her case. Popular sympathy caused the bill to be withdrawn, although the votes of condemnation remained upon the journals. The trial made the fortunes of the lawyers engaged in her behalf. One of the Lords did not hesitate to say that "if it had not been for the ill usage she had experienced in the early part of her married life, there would have been no hesitation in coming to an unfavorable conclusion upon the evidence produced." After the session of Parliament was over, the coronation of George IV. took place. Caroline claimed to be crowned, but a committee of the privy council decided against her. She appeared at the abbey, but was refused admittance. There was a vast mob and shouts of "The queen forever," mingled with others of "Shame, go to Bergami," "Go to Italy." Her health soon broke down after this discomfiture, and in less than a year her death ensued.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Morning light revealed to us the metropolis of the Northwest. We saw a broad main street bordered with high wooden sidewalks, and rows of shops of every shape and size. Some were rude wooden shanties; others were fine buildings of yellow brick. High over all towered the handsome spire of the Knox Church. Several saw and grist mills sent up incessant puffs of white steam into the clear air. The street was full of bustle and life. There were wagons of all descriptions standing before the stores. Long lines of Red River carts were loading with freight for the interior. The sidewalks were filled with a miscellaneous crowd of people: German peasants, the women in dark blue gowns head kerchiefs, the men marked by their little flat caps; French half-breeds, with jaunty buckskin jacket, many-colored scarfs around their waists, and their black hair shining with oil; Indians, dark, solemn, gaunt, stalking along in blanket and moccassins; Scotch and English people, looking as they do all the world over, but here, perhaps, a little quicker and more energetic. The middle of the street, though there had been but a single night of rain, was a vast expanse of mud—mud so tenacious that the wheels of the wagons driving through it were almost as large as millwheels; and when we dared to cross it, we came out on the other side with much difficulty, and feet of elephantine proportion. The city of Winnipeg, which eight years ago was nothing more than a cluster of houses about the Hudson Bay Company's fort, now contains over seven thousand inhabitants. It is the distributing centre for a large region, a place of great business activity, and so situated in relation to the back country and the facilities for the transportation that it is sometimes called 'the Bleeder's Paradise.' It is built on a clay bank at the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River. The nature of the soil is such that it is difficult to find a good foundation for a house, and many of the larger buildings have settled and cracked.

Sea Sick All Night.

A timid-looking individual was among the passengers on the Boston steamer one evening recently, and while he was sitting by the steam radiator imbibing its warmth, a tall passenger with a mysterious air approached, and after glancing carefully about the saloon, said in a subdued tone:

"Are you a stranger?"

The timid-looking man was considerably flustrated by the mysterious person's strange manner, and without stopping to consider the singularity of his question, he replied that he was. He didn't just understand what or whom he was a stranger to, but he knew he was a stranger, anyway, and so he said so.

"Because," continued the man with the mysterious air, leaning forward, nearly to the timid-looking party's knee, and gazing cautiously about, "because I have a question to ask you."

"Wha—what is it?" stammered the timid-looking passenger, in considerable confusion.

"It is this," replied the man with the mysterious air, leaning forward, greatly to the timid man's perturbation, and sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper: "Why is this steamer like the noise made by a person with a bad cold?"

The timid-looking man drew a breath of relief. He feared the question related to a desired loan of money.

"I don't know," he faltered.

"Because," explained the man with the mysterious air, placing his hand impressively on the timid party's shoulder, and speaking in a low and earnest voice that left no doubt of the sincerity of his conviction, "because it is the catarrhdin."

The timid-looking man staggered to his berth and was seasick all night.

The joke lies in the name of the boat "Cataradin."

"MAMMA," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church 'We'll dine no more,' and then go right home and dine?"