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Let Wife Do It.

"Yes, a lawn is too much work."

"I like a house with a garden, don't you?"

Good House for Workers.

In England modest houses all of [illegible] houses of workmen of small means.

ISSUE No. 33—'26.

Unanimities.

Nature has taken more care than the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the ditcher in the meadow than the lady in the bower. When I walk in the woods, I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the lichen on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragrant features, as slight wreaths of vapor, dewlines, feathery sprays, which suggest a high refinement, a noble . . . breeding, as it were. . . . Bring a spray from the wood, or a crystal from the brook, and place it on your mantel, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its nobler fashion and bearing. It will wave superior there, as if used to a more refined and polished circle. It has a salute and a response to all your enthusiasm and heroism.—Thoreau.

Henri Heinekem.

He was born at Lubeck, in 1781. When he was ten months of age, he could speak perfectly. When twelve months, he could repeat the five books of Moses. At fourteen months, he had read both the Old and the New Testament. At two years of age, he had read many of the best and most learned writers of the day. Ancient history and geography he was particularly fond of, and few adults even surpassed him in these brances. He spoke Latin, and was also acquainted with some of the modern languages. He died in the fourth year of his age.

Nature now and then produces a prodigy, and here, certainly, was one. I do not know of one quite the equal of this. Pascal was a genius at ten years of age, but this boy at as many months. Johanes Secundus wrote Latein verses at fifteen years of age, but Henri Heinekem, before he was four, conversed in Latin.

It is far better, however, to have a well-balanced mind than a mind developed all on one side. The average boy, of the average mind, if he cultivates it, is far more likely to be useful, and happier, too.

No Doubt.

Monk—"I'm going into the shoe-shining business."

Snake—"More monkey-shines, eh?"

Good Morning.

"Good morning!" said in accents cheerful,
Starts the day off with a zest!
Makes the whole world seem less drearful—
Warms the heart in ev'ry breast;
Makes the sunshine seem lots brighter,
And the mists to fade away;
Makes the hardest tasks seem lighter,
Lifts the burdens of the day!

Something magic in the greeting
That just seems to brighten things!
Trouble clouds are swift retreating—
Joy comes in on angel's wings!
It's a certain gloom dispeller;
Makes the whole world seem less drear;
May God bless the sunshine feller—
Whose "Good Morning!" rings with cheer!

—James Edward Hungerford.

Walking-Stick Farm.

Of the many curious farms that have been established in the English countryside, surely a walking-stick farm is the most novel.

As a matter of fact, however, there is at least one such establishment, a flourishing concern to be found in the depths of Surrey. Instead of the cornfields, pasture land and root-crops usually expected on a farm, the walking-stick acres present the appearance of long, neat rows of tiny sapling trees, some four years old, others younger.

Quite a forest of walking-sticks may be produced in four years; but the handle occasions some delay. To obtain a right-angled handle, the growth is pegged down along the ground, and from this the sappling shoots upwards vertically.

Minard's Liniment for Insect bites.

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt. Mary is very happy in her new home. David asks Mary if she believes in ghosts. He tells her Red Grange is haunted.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The gong boomed through the house.

David rushed off to "tidy," as he laughingly said. He had given up dressing for dinner since Mary came, for Miss Varney had been quite right when she said she was sure the girl had not an evening frock, and something in Mary's manner, some little reserve and pride, had kept her as yet from offering any such presents.

"There is plenty of time," she told David gently, when he urged her to see that Mary got all she wanted. "We don't want to frighten her, David, and I think she would resent any such overtures just at present."

But, to David's masculine ignorance, no woman had ever looked half so charming as Mary when he watched her across the dinner table.

The old room, with its oak-paneled walls and hanging armor, made a perfect background for her slight figure and dainty head; the light of the red shaded lamps lent the touch of color to her pale cheeks that made her almost beautiful. He did not realize how often his eyes turned to her.

When Mary and Miss Varney rose from the table, he joined them immediately.

"I'm not going to sit and smoke in state tonight," he said, half shamefacedly, meeting his aunt's surprised gaze. "I want to take Mary over the house before the moonlight has gone. Will you come, too, Aunt Florence?"

"My dear boy! In all those draughty corridors? You know I should be positively ill tomorrow. No, you can do the honors yourself; you're more closely related to the family ghost than I am."

She dismissed them laughingly.

Mary followed David upstairs. She did not know if she were glad or sorry that Miss Varney had refused to accompany them; she looked at David, walking a little in front of her, and then back down the long stairs behind them.

Should she go on? She wondered what it was that made her hesitate, what it was that momentarily stayed her steps.

"Don't you want to come with me? I believe you are afraid."

He spoke jokingly, but there was a curious note in his voice.

Mary laughed.

"Of course I am not afraid." She ran up the few stairs dividing them, and joined him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Ghost.

"I am thinking of giving up part of the house to wounded soldiers," David said presently. "More than half of it is always shut up, and the authorities have been asking for additional convalescent homes and hospitals; these rooms would do splendidly for wards."

"Yes."

Mary's voice sounded wistful; her thoughts had flown to Nigel, the son of this great house, who had given his life for England.

He would never come here any more; the beautiful rooms would never again echo to the sound of his cheery laugh or voice.

She stifled a sigh. David looked down at her quickly.

"What are you thinking?"

She answered him quite simply:

"I was thinking of Nigel."

He was silent for a moment.

"You are always thinking of him," he said.

"No, not always."

They had reached the wide landing now, and David turned to the right and pushed open a heavy, nail-studded door.

"This is the passage to the old part of the house," he said. He held it back for her to pass; she noticed that it fell again into its place with hardly a sound.

A long, unlit passage lay ahead of them; it was dark save for the moonlight streaming through the high mullioned windows.

There was something eerie in its great beauty; instinctively she drew nearer to David.

"I was right about the moonlight, you see," he said.

They stood for a moment, looking out at the garden; it looked almost like fairyland, Mary thought, and it filled her with a sense of awe, almost of fear. She would have liked to put her hand into David's, very much as a child in the dark gropes for its mother's hand.

"And is this where the ghost walks?" she asked presently.

He shook his head.

"No—much further along." He looked down at her. "Are you afraid?" he asked.

"Of course not!" There was indignation in her voice.

They went on to the end of the passage; there was another door there, much wider than the first.

"Has Miss Fisher ever been here?" asked Mary suddenly.

A quick frown crossed David's face.

"I really do not know. Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking how all this lovely oak and paneling and polished floors would suit her. She is so beautiful—like some princess in a fairy story."

"You are very kind." His voice was rather dry. "I thought women never admired one another."

"That is only a man's idea," she told him with dignity.

David laughed.

He pushed open the second door, but barred her way with his arm when she would have passed him.

"You have to wish when your feet touch new ground," he said. "Shut your eyes, and wish for the thing you want most in all the world."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For Happiness.

Mary obeyed unquestionably; she shut her eyes tightly and wondered what she ought to wish.

For love? But that had already passed her by! For riches? It was so unlikely that she would ever have them! For what, then, could she wish? Happiness? It almost seemed as if someone put the thought into her head as she stood there by David Bretherton's side, with the moonlight barring the polished floor at their feet.

She gave a little sigh.

"I wish for happiness, then," she said.

Bretherton laughed.

"You ought not to have told me; you must never speak your wish to anybody." He pushed open the door, and then entered.

There was a faint, musty smell of disused rooms; a sort of chilly dampness made Mary shiver as she followed David into the darkness.

They had entered a sort of wide corridor, at one end of which the tall, painted pipes of an organ rose to the very ceiling.

"This used to be the old music-gallery," Bretherton said; "and it is chiefly here, too, that the ghost lady is supposed to walk."

"Oh!" said Mary softly. She looked round her with wide eyes.

There was something depressing to her in the darkness and silence; she began to think of the men and women

"AND THIS IS WHERE THE GHOST WALKS?" SHE ASKED.

—dead long since—who had walked the oaken floors and made the old place echo with the sound of their voices.

It seemed strange that none of them would ever come there again; strange, too, to think that some day she and David would be dead, even as they and others would be taking their place in the world, and perhaps standing where they stood now.

She fancied that she could even see a phantom figure in the organ seat; hear the soft pure strains of music issuing from those painted pipes.

"Doesn't—doesn't anyone ever use it now?" she asked.

Unconsciously she spoke in a whisper; David shook his head.

"It hasn't been touched for years. There are other rooms further on. Shall we go?"

His steps echoed hollowly as he led the way; there was so little furniture, and no curtains at all at the high windows.

Here and there the outline of an old high-back chair stood out of a corner; or the ghost-shape of a folded card-table, with quaintly clubbed feet and slender legs.

"If this were my house," said Mary suddenly, "I should live in this part of it—it's much more beautiful than the other wing. It only wants the windows open, and big fires, and—" She broke off, conscious of his eyes bent upon her. "I ought not to have said that," she added, in confusion.

"You do live here, don't you?" said David, smiling.

A low archway led to a smaller, narrower room.

"We ought to have a light to see the carving here properly," he added in a mere matter-of-fact voice. "Will you wait a moment while I find one? There used to be candles kept in the organ-loft."

He walked away without waiting for her to speak.

Mary stood there in the darkness, listening to the sound of his footsteps. She was conscious of a sort of timidity all at once now she knew herself to be alone. She wished he had not left her; she felt almost inclined to call out to him, but bit her lip to check the desire.

His steps had quite died away now, and there was a momentary silence, followed by the hollow banging of a distant door.

Mary startled violently; she took a step forward, then stopped.

How absurd to be nervous! He would be back in a moment! Of course, he had not left her for more than a moment. But she counted each second by her racing heart-beats.

The patch of moonlight coming through the archway leading to the long music-room seemed to fill the whole place with shadows. She remembered that David had said it was here that the ghost lady walked. Her tongue felt dry in her mouth.

(To be continued).

"Lacrosse" at Windsor.

Windsor Castle, 26th June, 1876.—At five, after having tea, drove with Beatrice and Janie E., below the South Terrace, very near the summer-house, where Christian and his children, the Household and others, stood, and I watched a game of "lacrosse" played by a team of fourteen Canadians and thirteen Iroquois Indians. They were first presented to me by J. Lowther, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and their captain, Dr. Beer, said some words, to which I replied. Then the Indians, who had most curious names, came up, headed by their chief, a very tall man, and read a long address in the Iroquois language, with much emphasis, having first placed his tomahawk on the ground before me, in sign of submission. They were strangely painted, and some were very dark. They wore colored feathers on their heads, and sorts of tricots like acrobats. I gave to both Canadians and Indians, each, one of my signed photographs. The latter begged to offer a basket of their manufacture to "our good mother," as they call me. They reminded me of Longfellow's Hiawatha. The game was very pretty to watch.—From "The Letters of Queen Victoria," edited by George Earle Buckle.

Furry Bear.

If I were a bear,
And a big bear, too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or snew,
I shouldn't much mind
If it snowed or friz—
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!
For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

—A. A. Milne.

Home.

"The true pleasures of home are not without, but within."

Home is where character forms. Home is where we learn to live. Here we find liberty and freedom that does not come to us when we are abroad. Home is solitude from the society of the world, it is also society from the solitude of the world.

Home is the root, trunk and branch of character formation. It is where individuality forms. . . . In the heart of home lie all the traditions, grave and gay, of a family—a history handed down through years, perhaps through generations. — Thomas Tapper, in "Chats With Music Students."

Quotations.

Pope is the fullest of all English poets, Shakespeare only excepted, of "quotations"—lines or phrases which have become part of our common speech and incorporated in the structure of our common thought. This is itself high praise; but it is not the praise of poetry, which is a subtler thing. The whole of Paradise Lost has contributed only some half-dozen such. Young, a poet only of the second or third rank and now almost forgotten, comes, I think, next after Pope in their abundance.—J. W. Mackail, in 'Studies of English Poets."

Opposites Attract.

Hubby—There's no doubt that opposites attract."

Wife—"Aren't we examples of it, you boob?"

Didn't Matter.

Fritz was on a visit to his grandfather's farm in the country. One day his grandfather entered the house, saying:

"Who has taken all the eggs from my sitting hen?"

"I did," said Fritz.

"But," continued his grandfather, "don't you know that we shall have no little chickens now?"

"Why, dranpa," replied Fritz, "the old hen is so 'tupid her will never know the difference."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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Put into the wash water—

Put in the clothes.

Soak two hours, or more.

Rinse—

And that's all.

Hours of time saved—

Gloriously clean, white clothes.

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Meadow Silk.

Across a weft of tender green
Is shot a woof of blue,
With threads of gold and bronze between,
Woven the whole piece through.

'Broidered with sprigs of sorrel red
And starred with daisy-bloom;
The waving silken tissue spread
Upon a meadow loom.

Stitched o'er with many a glist'ning bead,
Prismed by rainbow light;
What magic in the shuttle hid
To weave a silk so bright!

—Florence Buck.

Foolish Talk.

"Your misfortunes come from your raising the devil all your life."

"How foolishly you talk. The devil was grown up long before I came on the scene."

Disowned.

Aunt Mary had been introduced to all the friends of the family while visiting her brother. Now, womanlike, she was trying to discover if her niece favored any young man especially.

"That young Mr. Smarts who comes here seems a clever sort of man, Maude," she began.

"Yes," replied Maude, "he is clever."

"What is he by profession?"

"A bit of a lawyer and a bit of a musician."

"But what is he really?" asked Aunt Mary, puzzled.

"Well," explained the girl, "the lawyers says he is a musician, and the musicians say he is a lawyer."

What's the Difference?

"Where's the glass of water I ordered, waiter?"

"Why—er—you have a glass of milk right before you, sir."