A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of Diverce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning Mr. Everett was jubilant. He had enjoyed a profound sleep, and was ready for any proposition that suggested open air, and the society of the Minturns. He was surprised to hear that Larry had breakfasted alone, and had left the hotel at seven o'clock punctually.

"The boy is thoroughly in earnest," he remarked to his wife, who waited rather impatiently for the wagon that was to take them to Mr Minturn's house. Mrs. Everett was feverish with annoyance, anxiety and disappointment. Her husband's state of mind added to her irritability. That he should find rest and satisfaction under the circumstances was most provoking.

"Did Larry speak of Miss Minturn last night? You said you met him and had a long talk with him."

"Her name was never mentioned, I assure you."

"Really! I wish I could get rid of this impression."

"He seems engrossed by his studies—determined to succeed in his undertaking."

"I hope you are right."

Mrs. Everett used her eyes carefully upon reaching her destination, but there was nothing to discover that could assist her curiosity. Miss Minturn was clipping blossoms into a basket from some of her choice garden plants, and came forward, with basket, scissors, apron and shade hat, to welcome her guests. She looked at Mr. Everett with an interest that attracted and pleased him. Her grandmother's recollections had excited her sympathy in his favor. This handsome, formal man, with his reputation as a leader in the world of wealth and power, had once like herself been under the influence of her grandmother's care and affection. This fact bridged the distance between them. Underneath the calm exterior,—beneath the proud, strong head—there beat the honest, loving heart that her grandmother had known and sounded. She gave him a gentle, confidential smile that made his heart bound within him, and led the way to the shaded seats on the broad porch.

"The breeze is cool here, and perhaps you would prefer it to being indoors. Grandma was here a moment ago."

"And where are you going?" asked Mr. Everett.

"To get more flowers and then into the dining-room to arrange them."

"May I assist?"

"Can you stand the sun in the garden?"

"Anything that you can put up with will suit me."

Rose laughed merrily.

"You shall have a big hat."

He followed her to the hall and found a very becoming one.

"That belongs to your son."

He laughed with her, and they wandered about the garden, taking their time in selecting pretty blossoms. The party on the porch had been reenforced by Mr. Minturn and young Everett, and the gayety became general. The girls, during the day, urged upon Rose the charms of the Newport sojourn; but she laughingly resisted all their appeals to enjoy them.

Larry found an opportunity to consult his mother regarding a country house in the vicinity and a mode of living that would enable his father to withdraw from active business. Mrs. Everett was accustomed to listening to her son. She respected his ideas even when she did not assent to them. His earnestness surprised and impressed her.

"You are mistaken if you suppose that your father would consent to give up his work now. He is only fifty. New York men stay in the swim, as they express it, until they are seventy or more. Why, he would be miserable, buried alive in a place like this."

"But he should stop for his health's sake."

"Nonsense! He looks remarkably well."

He complains of his head."

"He stays up too late at those interminable clubs."

"Exactly. If you had a nice place here, he could invite friends to stay with him; but the strain would be done away with, I know he could be induced to turn country gentleman, and leave the struggle to those who must fight for daily bread. He has enough money for all sensible needs."

"Oh, Larry, you are looking at things in a new light. You are influenced by the surroundings of this place. They wouldn't suit you. Your sister has to be considered. Mollie must marry well."

"Her admirers can come here."

"She is ambitious. Ever since her friend married that French nobleman she has felt like meeting these titled people and marrying among them."

"But how silly! You should be able to show her the mistake she is making."

"I have tried to reason with her. She can see only the worldly side of it. She argues that she is rich enough, and these men are abroad seeking American fortunes."

"She doesn't know what she is risking."

"No, she is dazzled by the externals. Why, Larry, that man who married Jessie Sanford was fifty, and she was under twenty. He was all made up, wore artificial teeth and wig, and could hardly raise his eyelids. I thought it was simply disgusting! The idea of a young, bright American girl accepting such a future. I thought of her own honest young countrymen, who would have given her something in return for her youth and beauty."

"Why, mother, it is disgraceful—positively shocking! It is to me somewhat ludicrous to watch the men amassing wealth for these foreign idlers who take it, with sneers for the manner in which it is made. Could there be a greater burlesque on republican principles? But the transportation of American fortunes is the least of the evils. These girls accept men who are utterly incapable of understanding or appreciating them. And this is a misfortune that these men are not responsible for. It is the result of their whole education. I want you to explain this to Mollie; you can talk to her more explicitly than I can. I want to tell you what I know from observation, from reading, and from conversation. These foreigners impress us with their manners. Well, mother, they acquire manners as laboriously as we learn to spell. It is superficial. The human brute is always there stronger than we Americans can conceive of it. Now, I'll tell you why. You know exactly how to judge of the average American. We may be brusque or sauve according to temperament, talkative or reserved according to our company. We may be highly educated or have but a smattering of book knowledge. We may be rich, moderately well off or poor. These are variable quantities, not vital, not essential to true happiness. I'll show you what we have that is the secret of all that makes life beautiful, that creates peace and joy—we believe in the chastity of woman."

"Why, Larry!"

"I knew I would give you a shock. Let me finish and then you will see the necessity of making Mollie realize the importance of this subject. We Americans are born with faith in our mothers, in our sisters, in all the nice women we meet as we grow to boyhood and manhood. We love those who are about us; we respect them; we are taught to reverence innocence, modesty, purity. We are reared in an atmosphere that makes us the champions and protectors of women the world over. We live in view of a home with love on its altar; but the cornerstone is purity. When we first go abroad and learn that there are in the world unhappy women who have lost their claim to respect, we are hurt, shocked at the revelation. We try to find excuses for them, and seek the causes of their condition in the pressure of circumstances which they cannot control. A lost woman is a pitiable sight."

"Larry, you astonish one! The idea of expressing sympathy for such a creature!"

"Mother, this creature that you despise is to be found in all classes of the community. But to get at the main point—these foreign noblemen begin at the other end and never reach the holy ground that we stand upon. You have only to recall what you saw and heard abroad. The infant boy is suckled by a stranger, and left to servants until old enough to enter school. He is never under the influence of pure women. His sister and his possible wife are in convents. His marriage is a contract; he takes his bride as a mere business matter. This man's experience makes it impossible for him to conceive of an innocent, good woman. It establishes his position toward all women. He does not except his wife. She must be watched. He is a jealous, suspicious husband from the first. Now, imagine our typical American girl—petted, admired, strong in her own belief in herself and in her motives, accustomed to respect, and on friendly terms with scores of pleasant men, whose theories of life are in harmony with her own. Suppose she marries this foreigner. After the little excitement is over, and they are left to themselves and each other, what have they in common? A title and a fortune don't include happiness."

"You take the most practical view of the subject, Larry."

"Why not? Take up a history; the French are described as brilliant, superficial, vain, and fickle. They have eliminated belief in God and faith in women's purity. The individual makes the nation. I wish Mollie could see an American marquise that I met in Florence. Her eyes had but one expression; that of a frightened, hunted animal—misery incarnate. Yet she had all the things for which she sold herself. I used to want to wring that brute's neck when I met him alone. The devil lurked in his eyes; his mouth was tigerish. Poor girl! He wouldn't let her speak English. He had a mistress within a few squares, whom he supported with his wife's money. Fortunately, the property is trusteed — he can only waste her income. She is young and she has one child. I have heard that he struck her when infuriated!"

"Why does she stay with him?"

"I don't know. They were married with three services. If she left him she could not have her child. You see, mother, I would rather put Mollie in her coffin than let her marry one of these ruffians with their fine veneer of manners."

"Suppose you have a talk with her. She doesn't know anything about what you are concerned with. She might be influenced, as she has a great idea of your ability. She is contemplating social position, pretty gowns for all occasions, having a coronet worked, and stamped on all her belongings. She thinks, if she thinks at all, that men are all alike, and judges these foreigners by her experience of her own countrymen."

"How is the introduction to be had?"

"That is the easiest part of it. There are several of these ornamental specimens coming to Newport this month, and it is simple enough to get acquainted with them. You see, your project of a rural life is out of the question. Your father is devoted to stocks, Mollie has her mind made up to buy rank, and I am depending upon you to make me happy."

"Come, come, mother; I'll do what I can to please you; but I'll have a tussle with the stocks and the nobleman."

"Oh, well, Larry, you are young and strong, and men are naturally combative and like something to fight. I believe it was a mistake for us to come here. You had enough to occupy your mind, and now you are worried about your father and excited over Mollie. People fancy that the rich have no troubles."

"Mother, we are manufacturing our own about as rapidly as possible. Where is Mollie?"

"I left her packing her trunk. I suppose we won't see you until your fate is decided."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Impossible! I shall have all I can do now to feel prepared for the examination. Still, I am glad that you sent me here, and delighted that you came to see me. If there are clouds in the family sky, I ought to know about them. I am no longer a boy, and a man may be dull in mathematics but sharp enough in other branches of knowledge. I am going to sound Mollie on the matrimonial question. I don't suppose I have any rights in the matter, but it would be jolly to have a brother-in-law that one could respect and like for himself.

"Mollie may expect a return confidence,"

"When I have anything to confide she will be welcome to it."

Larry found his sister stuffing small articles into the corners of her trunk.

"Can you come for a walk?"

"Yes; you are very good to think of it. Shall I call Daphne?"

"I want to speak to you, Mollie. I may not have another opportunity."

They left the hotel and wandered along the shaded road.

"I am sorry we are going, Larry. It is so nice and restful here; but we must bore you dreadfully, and I suppose we've turned the Minturn family upside down."

"If you'll change your mind, and stay here, I'll promise you to avoid being bored, and to prove beyond a doubt that the Minturns have not even been shaken on their pedestal. See here Mollie, that is the proper thing for you to do. Father will not go to Newport with you, but I think we could coax him to stop here and take a rest from business."

"Miss Minturn might persuade him, I fancy. But, Larry, Miss Van Ness expects to go to Newport; the arrangements are all made; and I, too, have agreed to be there. You are very good to want us here, I am sure."

"It makes it homelike, for me, Mollie. I can't see much of you again until the Thanksgiving holidays. That is why I want to talk to you. You see, Mollie, the Everett family is ridiculously small. You and I compose it. The way in which we live now tends to keep us apart, and from present appearances the distance may increase. Now, if we could put our heads together and work for a jolly, comfortable home—say here, for instance—we might induce father to retire from business and take comfort in the real pleasures and blessings of this life. I'll guarantee to introduce a lot of nice fellows, so that you and your friends will not lack companionship; and perhaps the happiness that we hear so much about and seldom experience may take up its abode with us."

Miss Everett watched her brother's face, then looked ahead of her, and preserved silence.

"Come, Mollie; out with it—say what you think."

"I was thinking that you have reached the land of pleasant dreams. You live in a paradise that imagination pictures. Oh, well, it is very sweet while it lasts."

"Molly, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. A few years ago I would have accepted this offer with enthusiasm. It is too late. I have had my little dream, and it is over."

"Why, Mollie! I never knew——"

"I know that. How could you? Why should you?"

"But I am your brother—older than you. If you had confided in me——"

"Oh, you were in Europe."

"One can write——"

"Larry, I never thought of you. It was all so sudden—so soon over!"

"And this is why you have concocted a plan to marry for rank?"

"Precisely! What's the use of having a heart if you're forced to break it?"

"Nothing can wound your heart so much as to be false to its promptings. If you feel for one man as you evidently do, how could you dare marry another?"

"Oh, pshaw! I'll marry some one who only wants my money—who lays no claim to my heart."

Everett drew his sister's arm in his and spoke gently.

"Let me understand this thing thoroughly. Had you a quarrel? Is pique at the bottom of it?"

"No—what mother calls common sense. We met on the steamer going over and——"

"Yes, I know. Go on."

"It was all settled between us; but when he came to see me, after we got home, mother sent him word that I was out. She had reasoned that he was not rich and had no social position. He called several times; then he wrote telling me that he was always informed that I was out or engaged. I didn't answer his letter, so he took offence and that ended it."

"Why, you made no fight whatever."

"I didn't know how. You were away; father seemed farther off than you. I was a fool, I suppose. If I had it all to do now, I should act differently. It was my first experience, and I lost the battle."

"What has become of him?"

"I don't know."

"You care, though. See here, Mollie, tell me his name, and let me find out something about him. Keep these foreigners at arm's-length, and perhaps you can return to the place of pleasant dreams with me."

"No. I have put it all away from me. He couldn't feel any respect for me. I treated him so shamefully. Don't mention it to anybody. You see, mother didn't credit me with really loving him. She thought it was a flirtation carried too far, and she was determined to get me clear of the matter. She said she would never consent to the marriage, that I had nothing to live upon, and that he was not in a position to marry. These were facts."

"True, but they are successfully dealt with every day. I am glad you told me of this affair. I never suspected that my demure little sister was suffering with what the French call an 'affair of the heart,' because with them it is an unusual thing. I shall regard you with very different feelings after this."

"I am sorry you brought up this matter. You have excited emotions and recalled associations that I must put away from me. It would be misery to live them over periodically."

"It should be delight."

"Oh, well, Larry, that is out of the question now."

"Mollie, it cannot be possible that you would marry from worldly motives. The man who would exchange his title for your money would always be contemptible in your estimation."

"No more so than I should be in his."

"I can hardly contemplate the idea of a girl of twenty coolly making for herself a future of such a nature. Where is your sense of moral rectitude? How can you say to ourself that you will relinquish all the holy and lovely joys of existence? Why, my girl, you are cultivating a morbid condition of mind that unfits you for taking a sensible, healthy view of the situation. A loveless marriage won't cure your trouble. Just possess your soul in patience for a bit until I have time to devote to your interests. You can count upon me to help forward whatever is square and calculated to make you really happy. Go back to dreamland; it is at least a sweeter atmosphere for a girl of your age. Better nurse illusions and think of ideals than contemplate marriage on a worldly plan. At forty, such a theory might be excusable in a woman."

"Why, Larry, you, too, have views and ideas about the subject."

"Naturally. Otherwise I couldn't have so much to say to you.'"

"Perhaps I am practical—more so than you."

"Practicalness is all very well; but you don't want to carry it to the realms of insanity."

"Oh, don't get beside yourself. That doesn't help conviction. You've said quite as much as is necessary. You see, you think as I did a few years ago. Wait until you indulge in 'love's young dream,' and then find out that your family objects to your plans, and that you haven't the money to act independently. Larry, young people are not worldly; they are not even practical. The parents interfere, and scatter their hopes, and sneer at their feelings, and ridicule what was sacred to them. When you experience all this you can sympathize with me and understand me. I am going to avoid future suffering. The way is this: enjoy the bright things, occupy myself with light interests, and keep my heart to myself. I see people doing this. They don't allow themselves to feel. They pursue pleasure, they find entertainment, they don't care for others, and they don't want others to care for them."

"A pretty philosophy for an American girl of twenty with a father inviting insanity in his efforts to give her all that she desires!"

"That's just it. My one desire was to marry for love. That was denied me. If I had been allowed to follow my feelings no doubt my best nature would have expanded. I would have had interests and duties to develop love and all the emotions that we read so much about in books. I might have had a little child to make me good and wise. But I was scoffed at. Why, I should like to know? Grandma was married when she was eighteen, and father was born before she was nineteen. She was a happy, honorable wife and mother at twenty, with proper ideas and affections. I'm a cynical, disappointed woman, not because I am heartless, but because my good impulses have been crushed! What you would like me to be I never can be. The incentive is gone, Larry. I know lots of girls situated just as I am. You see, parents are very inconsistent. Let me show you how. They really force us as regards education. You know that we American girls are taught everything. Of course, it is only a smattering; still, we gain breadth if not depth. We go everywhere, hear and see and read for ourselves. Necessarily we are precocious; we are developed too rapidly, perhaps; but are we to blame? Now, then, when the natural result takes place, and we say that we love, that we want to marry, why, we are told that we know nothing—that we are too young to judge of our own feelings, too ignorant to decide for ourselves! Is not this all wrong? If you put a flower under glass and it opens, can you shut it again?'

To Be Continued.

ODD SEWING MACHINES.

Some of the More Curious of the Uses to Which They Are Put.

The buttonhole sewing machine is familiar, but it is probable that the button-sewing machine is less so. Such machines, however, have been used for years. The same button-sewing machine might serve to sew on buttons, of a dozen styles and sizes, but they would all be buttons with the eyes at the same distances apart. There are many buttons of various sizes as to diameter whose eyes are punched alike. Button-sewing machines are most commonly used to sew on buttons that are placed close down to the fabric, as on underwear, and many other things, They are not used to sew on buttons as they are often sewed on clothing, where, after sewing on the button, the thread is drawn with a few tight turns around between the button and the cloth, thus raising the button upon a little column.

Ordinarily in the use of sewing machines, the material is fed to the machine. In sewing carpets the machine travels along the carpet. The carpet with the edges to be sewed together is stretched and held between the supports of a frame. The carpet-sewing machine is placed on the double edge of the carpet, along which it travels, as it is operated, sewing as it goes. There are carpet-sewing machines that are operated by hand, and also machines that are operated by power.

Sewing machines have long been used for a great variety of leather work, Some of the machines used for such purposes, as, for example, sewing machines used for stitching leather or rubber belting, are powerful machines that stitch through such materials half or three-quarters of an inch or more in thickness. Besides machines used for stitching leather there are also made sewing machines that are used for stitching paper in blank books and others.

GIVING THE BATH.

Many a mother has a most trying time when giving some of her children their bath. The little ones commence to scream, and complain at the sight of soap and water and it seems that no amount of threatening or correction helps the matter any. Naturally the mother loses temper and, of course, the child becomes very cross. It is a good plan to engross the little one's attention by telling some story—something which would be of interest to him. He will forget how disagreeable the water is, and, lo! before he knows, he is washed, and that without any struggle on either his part or his mother's. This plan has been tried and is successful.

GOBBLING UP THE GLOBE.

LITTLE GROUND LEFT FOR THE HUNGRY NATIONS TO DEVOUR.

Ten-Elevenths of Africa Sliced Up Among the Powers—South Sea Islands in a Grab-bag—Arctic Ice Gardens.

The change in ownership in several large slices of land on the globe, as a result of the Spanish war, makes it interesting to take a birdseye squint at the earth and see what a precious small fraction of it is not covered by somebody's mortgage. By long odds the most stupendous acquisition, at one fell swoop, came when the discoveries of Columbus vested the title deeds to the new world in Spain. Gradually, by writs of ejectment, based on revolution, all this superb domain has passed out of her hands, till, at the end of four centuries, Spain now finds herself driven, bag and baggage, from her venerable possessions in America.

Next in point of magnitude was the English conquest of India, Australia, New Zealand and British North America. Good government in all these vast regions has tended to quiet title so far that John Bull may be looked upon as their permanent landlord. Russia's absorption of Siberia, the Dutch acquisitions in the East Indies and the territorial seizures of Germany and France left but little of the earth's surface in the open market.

About a generation ago, after a series of discoveries in Afrca, the powers opened their eyes to the wisdom of slicing up the Dark Continent. Within a single generation, and chiefly within the past decade, that vast area has been practically gobbled. Nearly the whole of South Africa and a huge part of North Africa have witnessed a rapidity of conquest comparable only to that of the Spanish captains after the discovery of the new world, but it has not, like the latter, been attended by blood-shed, rapine and widespread ruin. It was a commercial garb, pure and simple, with the philanthropic annex, called the destruction of the slave trade, that oldest and direst plague spot on the continent.

PARTITION OF AFRICA.

It had, perforce, to be conducted on very different principles from the Spanish seizures in America, because there were too many strong powers who wanted a piece of the African pork, and no single ogre would be allowed to swallow it all. So they resorted to diplomacy. All the powers were called to the inquest, and each had his surgeon on hand with his knife. The autopsy was managed on business principles by the conventions entered into by Great Britain with France, Germany, Italy and Portugal during the year 1890-4. They called it "delimiting the present and future spheres of action," and the results were reasonably final. Extent of the territories assigned to each of the contracting powers was definitely settled by those important international treaties. Of course, the natives had no vote. It was division without representation.

There was one snag, however, and they've not got it out of the channel yet. The Germans introduced a diplomatic novelty called "Hinterland." It means blacklands, or the regions extending inland from any strip of occupied seaboard, much like the commonlaw claim that a man who owns property, owns to the sky—"usque ad coetum." The first clash under this theory came when Portugal ran her claims inland till they butted into a choice reservation of John Bull. This was actually settled by a compromise, but there has been continual friction ever since over the Hinterland principle between England, France and Germany in the Central Sudan and the South African dominion. It may lead yet to a warlike matinee.

In this way, Africa, which, fifty years ago, was largely the property of confiding black cannibals, without wardrobes, is now actually occupied or administered by the powers, or claimed as under their protection, or within their respective spheres of influence. Large sections of the protected lands are really "administered" by trading companies which enjoy almost sovereign rights and are responsible to the home governments. Other regions, such as the Cape and Natal, constitute self-governing colonies, in the enjoyment of representative institutions, while others are crown colonies. The vast Kongo basin has hitherto been administered under international guarantees by the king of the Belgians.

DARK CONTINENT GOBBLED.

So the African autopsy now stands as follows, according to the latest authorities. The total area of the continent is 11,980,000 square miles, and here is the result of the dissection in square miles up to date:

Great Britain	2,818,000
France	3,074,000
Portugal	834,000
Germany	823,000
Italy	596,000
Spain	263,000
Turkey	1,672,000
Kongo Free State	900,000
Total European African possessions	10,980,000

This leaves the black gentleman and ladies in the proud position to call their own just one million square miles of their original homestead claim. This bagatelle of earth is put down in the diplomatic column as "independent and unappropriated," and lies chiefly in the extreme south of Morocco, in Wadai and in regions around the Dar-Banda, or core of the continent, where the industrious ivory peddler is still an unknown quantity.

A few changes must be made in the above figures, which are taken from Stanford's "Compendium," date of 1895. For instance, with characteristic British modesty, Stanford claims for the queen the two Dutch territories of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, "because, while nominally autonomous, they practically form a part of the British South African system, with which their destinies are inseparably linked."

Again, it will be remembered that King Menelek, since that date, has shaken the Italians out of Abyssinia and stands prepared to shake out anything else that comes along. Still, these are only matters of detail. A mere transfer of title cuts no figure when we are searching for unclaimed lands. At the same time it may be said that, in recent years, Britain has made some nominal encroachments on the Dutch possessions in Borneo and Sumatra, but these little matters don't effect general results.

PACIFIC ISLANDS SEIZED.

In this year of grace 1898, every inch of habitable Asia, Europe and America, all of Australia and ten-elevenths of Africa are claimed or occupied lands. Nothing is left for the nations to gamble for now, except the winsome ice gardens at the poles, the alluring acreage of Patagonia and a few petty islets in the South Pacific, where, in the immortal words of Sunset Cox, "the men don't have no politics and the women don't wear no clothes."

For centuries the nations of Europe have been singing the "Gobble Song" all over those tropical island groups of the South Pacific. These are divided into Polynesia and Micronesia. The first name is applied to all the islands, north and south of the Equator, lying between the Philippines, Papua, or New Guinea, New Britain, and the neighboring islands, Solomon Islands, New Hebrides and New Zealand, and the meridian of 100 degrees west. The principal of these are the Hawaiian, Marquesas, Paumoti, Society, Samoan, Friendly, New Caledonia, Fiji, Caroline, Ladrone, Marshall and Gilbert groups. These are all very much alike in tropical products, and morals tougher than a boarding house steak.

But they are all gobbled up either in whole or on a copartnership basis. Uncle Sam has Hawaii, France has New Caledonia, the Society, Marquesas and New Hebrides; Great Britain has New Zealand, the Gilberts and the Fijis; Germany has the Marshalls; Spain, for the time at least, has the Carolines and Ladrones; the Dutch, English and German have sliced up New Guinea; Germany and England have divided the Solomons, while the beautiful and fertile Paumotu is under the nominal rule of France as part of the Low Archipelago. Samoa has autonomy under a native king, guaranteed by the United States, England and Germany, but there are plenty of loose joints in this armor, and Samoa may be counted as among the possible geese to be plucked.

MOTHER EARTH AS NIOBE.

By way of illustrating the splendors of these Pacific possessions and the ease of government, as it were, the Carolines contain 652 islands and the Pelew group 200. Another group, part of the Caroline Chain, goes by the name of Ruk. Within a lagoon 130 miles in circumference lie seventy islets, chiefly coral reefs, and each has its own breech-cloth rajah or chief. Nearly all these islets are big enough to accomodate a game of gold. The "blackbird" schooner man who trades in these regions gets a wife for a case of gin or a bolt of calico print, while the divorce courts would make Chicago blush with jealous rage. There may be a few of these delectable vest-pocket islets left for somebody to walk up and "govern," but it takes so many of them to make a decent bite, and their morals are so incurably loose, that the game isn't worth the candle. Mother Earth, so the territorial wolves say, is welcome to hug these remaining chocolate bantlings to her breast, like Niobe, for all the rest of her brood has been kidnaped and devoured.

CARE OF THE EYES.

This is a day when the delusions to which one has held for years are gradually being swept away by those "who know." One such delusion in which we all once believed was that to read while in a recumbent position was injurious to the eyes. Oculists now tell us that if the light be good and the type of the printed page clear we may safely indulge in the luxury of lying down and reading at the same time. But while our oculist tells us this, he also warns us that we may not use our eyes before breakfast, as the strain on the optic nerve will seriously affect the sight. So she who would read before she rises in the morning must have her cup of coffee and a roll or slice of toast brought to her bedside.

Unless one has unusually strong eyes one must not read when one is extremely weary. Exhaustion and fatigue affect all the nerves of the body, and the optic nerve is so sensitive that it should receive particular consideration. Nor should one ever be guilty of the carelessness of reading or writing facing a window. This, too, is a cruel strain on the sight.

Washing the eyes morning and night in water as hot as it can be borne is a wonderful tonic for those useful servants which are so easily injured. When we consider how we neglect their welfare by using them by fading daylight and insufficient artificial light by forcing them to do work when they are weary, and by denying them the rest for which they long, we have cause to wonder not that they sometimes become mutinous and refuse to fulfil our demands, but that they are ever faithful in our service. They will, as a rule, be as good to us as we are to them.

USELESS FORBODINGS.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when will we learn the sweetest trust in God that our children teach us—we, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and He who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?

HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

I didn't write letters when I was in love.

You were sensible.

Not much. I wish I had the money I spent on telegrams.

ARCHIVES
TORONTO