

Poetry.

JUST A FEW WORDS.

Just a few words; but they blined
The brightness all out of a day;
Just a few words, but they lifted
The shadow and cast them away.

Oh! the pain of the wounds,
The harder 'till the word's stung;
Oh! the pain and the brightness
That kind ones will bring.

Only a frown, but it dampen'd
The cheer of a day's bright heart;
Only a smile, but it rectify'd
Check'd tears that were ready to start.

Sullen frowns—how they chill,
Happy smiles, how they lure;
One to smile, one to raise
One to kill, one to cure.

Oh! that the rules of our living!
Much, oh! to the golden would be;
Much, oh! to much more of sunshine
Would go out from you and from me.

Less profession, more truth,
In our every-day life,
More justice, then surely,
Lighter hearts and less strife.

For better and kinder we all mean to be,
But there's lack in the thinking of both you and me.

—G. N., in Boston Transcript.

The Fireside.

AUNT CYNTHIA UPON CRACKED LIVES.

BY MARTHA NEAL.

Tim had just been reading in the evening paper
an account of an unfortunate affair. A man
had committed suicide, leaving a written explana-
tion that it was owing to hard times, and his
being completely discouraged and tired of living.

"A broken life," said Tim.

"Yes," said Aunt Cynthia, as she energetically
snapped off a long needleful of yarn from the blue
ball she was holding; "but there are cracked ones
enough left. I wonder why parents do not bring
up their children to expect disappointments, to
overcome difficulties, and to know that success is
always hardy, and never easy won."

Aunt Cynthia, running her hand up inside of the
stocking she was preparing to mend, calmly
proceeded:

"The sooner young people understand their
true position in the school-room of life, as scholars
who will not all win prizes, or as soldiers who
cannot all be promoted, the fewer instances we
shall have of this giving way to discouragement.
Poor victims of a pernicious education—either
dying by their own hands, or living lives of
stunted infirmity and half-developed vitality!"

"I know of men," said Tim, "of whom people
say, 'Had good prospects as any one
could, but met with a disappointment; couldn't
get over it—love-cracked, you know,' and they
laugh as if it were no serious subject."

"Yes," said Aunt Cynthia, as she looks severely
over her spectacles; "but it should have just the
opposite effect. We can all go forward with
everything in our favor, but it is a strong man
and a strong spirit that is not swayed from their
course for a storm. How much more worthy of
admiration than one who, struck by some blast of
fortune, bows his head wearily, and is thereafter
content to walk backward like a crab through life.

It does me good to think of Squire Hutton, for it
was the making of him."

"What was?" asked the girls, getting out their
work for the evening, while Henry who had been
looking out of the window, now came forward
and put more wood on the fire, and then turned,
like the others, an attentive face to his aunt.

Taking another stocking she commenced: "Years
ago, when I was about your age, Harry Hutton
was clerk for Simpson & Co. He was a gay, well-
looking fellow, not at all particular as to whether
his salary was sufficient for his many expenses, for
he was bound to have a good time at any rate.

He was engaged to the only daughter of one of
the substantial families of that day, who did not
approve of his habits and mode of life, and who
finally succeeded in influencing Lucy, much
against her will, to dismiss him. I have heard
him say that as he went home that night, the
preliminary scene of his dismissal, and that in his
chambers he went to the glass and talked to himself
like this: 'Harry, are you going down at last? I
think you are going down, do they? But you
are bound to go up, my boy! Remember that!'
He became one of the closest and most constant
of clerks, strictly attentive to business, and
saved his money, and wisely invested it. In
time he rose to be head clerk, and on the evening
of the same day he was admitted junior partner,
he married rich old Mr. Simpson's youngest
daughter—and a lovely and accomplished wife
she made him."

"There wasn't anything cracked about him,"
said Tim.

"No, indeed," said Aunt Cynthia with animation.
"He made a great deal of his own progress. That
is the way one who is every inch a man will
deal with disappointment—control it for his own
good."

"How will one who is every inch a woman bear
it?" asked one of the girls. "Do you know of an
instance?"

"I had a dear friend in a country village who
discarded for one more brilliant and showy ap-
pearance, yet without her unaffected goodness of
heart and disposition. The gentleman acknowledged
his error afterwards in the most graceful and
convincing manner by placing his daughters in
my friend's family to be educated and brought up,
their mother being only too glad to be relieved of
all care of them until they should arrive at an age
to share her own round of fully earned disappoin-
ment."

"And was your friend happy in this calling?"
other people's children?" asked one of the young
ladies.

"One of the happiest I have ever known. She
was continually bringing comfort and happiness to
other people."

"How different from Miss Stoughton at 'The
Pines'! Yet people say she was both lovely and
beloved once."

"Yes, but she brooded over, fostered and dwelt
upon her disappointment until it grew to mammoth
proportions, darkening her whole life, and like
Aaron's serpent seeming to swallow up everything
else. Whatever you expect, my children, in life,
be sure and look for difficulties, but learn to over-
come and rise superior to them. We are human
creatures, and as such—God's time pieces—and care,
troubles, vexations, and obstacles are the weights
to keep our moral and physical, intellectual and
spiritual machinery in regular motion, in order to
accomplish the highest good and aim of our being."

"But why are some so much more heavily
wounded than others?" asked Tim.

"Life, if one is inclined to speculate, is a per-
petual query. Discipline is like medicine. Some
need more, and some less, of it. It is bitter to
take, but few escape the need of it sometimes.
There are many whys and wherefores no scientist
can solve, or philosopher answer. Let us do the
best we can. This is it that will comfort us
when the infinite hand shall cease to press the
spring of our being, when the wheels of life
run down to stop forever, and the soul sees, and
knows the body's limitations from view, the arc of our
little lives complete. Then we shall not sorrow-
fully have to say, 'Ah! I had but known.'"

Aunt Cynthia was looking steadily into the
glowing coals, and her nephews and nieces were
looking steadily at her, but no more was said.

SEA ANEMONES.

I have studied much about these curious plants
or creatures—which shall I call them? I believe
the best anatomists and botanists are divided in
their opinion. I cannot quite decide for myself
unless it be that they devour meat, which certainly
looks carnivorous.

From a child I have gone to the woods with
each return of spring, and dug from its winter
shelter of leaves its lovely namesake, sometimes as
early as March, finding it in full bloom in sheltered
places, the little dainty flower at the top of a long
slender stem with its base of green leaves, touching
on with its moist loveliness, yet I had never seen
its sea-sister. Nearing New York City last month,
a card was thrown into my lap. On one side was
a picture of a mammoth building, in long and
broad, with flags at each corner flying from
its dome. Among the attractions offered on the
other side was a rare collection of sea anemones—
this was what caught me. I wondered
if I should be humbugged and disappointed.

Let me add I was not. I wish every child and
adult student could enjoy the rare treat that met
my eyes. I felt I was looking into mysterious
caverns of the sea, where the coral lived, died,
leaving its artistic funeral pile, where the clinging
moss and frondly sea-weed seemed to pulsate none,
strong statuary, every touch and cunning
smiles acted as scavengers on the sea-garden. The
salt water, fresh from old ocean, drops constantly
like molten silver. Here live and blossom the
most beautiful sea-chrysantheums, dailies, and
roses, crimson, pink, purple and orange in every
shade, the whole of which, illuminated by the
skillfully arranged lights of the aquarium presents
one of the most weird, strange, fairy-like pictures I
ever saw. When at rest, or closed, the anemone
looks like a damp clump of jelly with a ruff at its
base. One would never suspect it contained such
magnificent beauty in its heart, any more than the
rough exterior of a geode promises the bright
crystals within. There is a slight depression at
the top of the closed anemone, which if you watch,
you may see gradually open, and minute-petal like
tentacles expand until you have before you as per-
fect a blossom as ever came from the heart of a
rose, resting upon a column sometimes several
inches in height. Naturalists have thought the
anemone did not move, but since they have been
in the aquarium, it has been clearly seen that
they do, very slowly, by contracting and expand-
ing the base. They have climbed the sides of the
glass tanks at the rate of from three to six inches
in twenty-four hours. It is thought they sometimes
detach themselves from the rocks, and are carried
by the current to a new home. If a small piece of
the parent anemone is left on the rock, it will in
three weeks' time become a perfect actress; or
pieces may be cut from the base and laid upon a
rock or shell, and it will develop into a perfect
anemone in a short time. Their eyes seem covered
with little feelers by which they swim until they
find a resting place. They increase very fast.

A very curious species are those that go into
partnership with the hermit crab, thereby securing
an easy transportation and giving in return their
company if nothing more. The anemone attaches
itself to the shell of the crab and lives upon the
food captured by it. They seem to be on the best
of terms, the crab evidently likes his companion,
for when he changes his shell he carefully picks up
the anemone from the old, and transfers to the new
shell.

The age of the anemone is unknown. There
was one taken from the sea forty-eight years ago
by Sir John Graham Dalziel, and is still living, show-
ing that they thrive well in captivity.

I had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing one
of these curious creatures close. A shred of meat
floated near a beautiful scintilla dianthus, at least
three inches in diameter, which the hungry blos-
som caught with its delicate petals. Coming then
graciously around it, it drew it into its stomach,
and looked the dull lump of jelly spoken of. All
these wonderful processes may be witnessed any
time at the aquarium, corner of Broad and Thirty-
fifth streets, New York, if the student will only
take time. We have only dwelt upon one curiosity.
There are thousands of others that will repay a
visit to this institution, which I hope will be
permanent. There are endless fish from the
Mammoth Cave, and allied kind from the bell-
blinders, which are rightly named, dreadful look-
ing, but curious; living sponges, skate-fish, bon-
nards, and many others. Go and see.—Letter in
Interior.

THE HUNTER'S STORY.

My guide was an old trapper, who had spent
years in the forest, sometimes six months at a
time without seeing a human face. I was sitting
down, leaning against a tree, just at sunset, and
the old hunter came and sat down near me.

"In the course of your being in the woods so
long," said I, "you must have met with some
strange things. What one do you now think of as
among the strangest?"

"Why I hardly know, I have had many narrow
escapes, and have, as you say, seen some strange
things. I can now recall one. It took place many
years ago, when I was younger than I am now. I
had been out all winter alone trapping for furs. It
was in March, when I was hunting beaver, just as
the ice began to break up, and on one of the
farthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated
there could be no human being nearer than one
hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe through
the loose ice, one cold day, when just around a
point that projected into the lake I heard some-
thing walking through the ice. It made me start
and stopped so regularly that I felt sure it was
a moose. I got my rifle ready, and held it
cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with
the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point,
when, what was my astonishment to see, not a
moose, but a man wading in the water—the ice
water! He had nothing on his hands or feet, and
his clothes were torn almost from his limbs. He
was walking, gasping and talking to himself.

He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton.

"With great difficulty I got him into my canoe,
when he landed and made up a fire, and got him
some hot tea and food. He had a bone of some
animal in his bosom, which he had gnawed almost
to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quivered
down and soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an
infant. With great difficulty, and in a round-
about way, I found out the name of the town from
which he came. Slowly and carefully I got him
along, around falls and over portages, keeping
a resolute watch on him, lest he should escape
from me into the forest. At length, after nearly a
week's travel, I reached the village where I sup-
posed he lived. I found the whole community
under deep excitement, and more than a hundred
men were scattered in the woods and on the moun-
tains seeking for my crazy companion, for they had
learned that he had wandered into the woods. It
had been agreed upon that if he was found, the
bells should be immediately rung and guns fired;
and as soon as I landed a shout was raised, his
friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud
notes, and guns were fired, and their reports re-
sounded again and again in forest and on mountain,
till every seer knew that the lost one was found."

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I
never saw people so crazy with joy; for the man
was of the first and best families, and they hoped
his insanity would be but temporary, as I after-
ward learned it was. How they feasted me, and
when I came away, loaded my canoe with provisions
and clothing, and everything for my comfort! It
was a time and place of wonderful joy. They
seemed to forget everything else, and think only of
the poor man whose life they brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and said, "Don't this
make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke,
where the man who had lost one sheep left all the
rest and sought it, and brought it home, rejoicing;
and of the teaching of our Saviour, that there is

joy in heaven over one repenting, returning sin-
ner?"

"Oh yes; I have often compared the two and
thought I don't suppose that they ring bells, or fire
guns in that world, yet I have no doubt they have
some way of making their joy known."—Rev. John
Todd, D. D.

WOMEN AND THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.

And the temptation to overlook, both for men
and for women, grows stronger and stronger day
by day. So much more is required of us than was
required of our grandmothers! It is not orthodox
to say so, I know; but it is true, nevertheless. We
do not spin and weave. We will admit that.
Yet it is as much work (or perhaps even more) to
clothe a family in modern circumstances now as it
was when a good silk dress lasted a life-time, and
was handed down as an heir-loom to the next
generation. Cloth was cloth in those days; and
garments were made, not for a season, but for a
decade. Philip would think his little wife sadly
deficient in taste and dexterity, if he should array
his boy in the simple, easily made and easily
frayed "slips," with a draw-string to adapt them
to the neck, which were considered elegant enough
for the wearing of old Philip when he was yet in
petticoats. Philip would think his table lacking
in an actual necessity, if the snowy napkin, neatly
folded within his silver, did not lie beside his
plate. Philip's father had heard of such a thing;
much less had he dared to regard it as an article
of daily need. A very small matter, truly. What
is the washing and ironing of a dozen nap-
kins?

But the same thread runs through the entire
"warp and woof" of the household life of to-day.
Human nature has acquired, fortunately or un-
fortunately as you may please to consider it, a
host of needs of necessities, that were unknown
fifty years ago. And the satisfying of these needs
brings work. Our houses are larger, more elegant,
and more commodious, but they must be kept in
order. If the parlor, rather than the kitchen, is
the common gathering room of the family, then
the parlor as well as the kitchen, demands daily
renovation. Doubtless it is more comfortable, to
say nothing of considerations of delicacy, for the
family abominations to be performed in the seclusion
of its private chambers. But doubtless, also, it
gave less trouble to matron and house-maid when
the whole family was packed in the kitchen, or
sink, or when "the boys," if it wasn't too cold,
took the basin and the towel and ran out to the
pump.—Household.

MOTHER'S CALLER.

Mr. Allen was making a call on his friend Mrs.
Swift one afternoon, and both ladies were engaged
in pleasant conversation when Miss Alice, a young
lady of eleven, came sauntering into the parlor.
Mrs. Swift had just made a remark, when her little
girl broke in with the query:

"Who was it said so, mother?"

Her mother was mortified, but replied as quietly
as possible, hoping by that means to avoid further
interruption. But Alice was persevering, and
determined to know all the particulars, so she pro-
ceeded to ask further questions. The conversation
thus broken up was difficult to resume. Both
ladies were much annoyed, and her mother tried
to invent some inclined plane on which to slide off
her troublesome child, but without success. She
knew Miss Alice too well to risk a serious out-
break, or a persistent siege of teasing to stay. So
she did not positively require her to go to the
nursery.

Presently she arose and walked to the window.
The next remark was:

"Miss Alice is riding out, mother, in her little
phaeton, and she has little Harry French with her.
I wish she would ask me."

Then she walked about the two parlors, keep-
ing both ladies in a nervous worry by her ill-timed
observations. Once it was:

"Mother that new girl has not dusted the mus-
tard at all."

And shortly after she remarked:

"There is a scratch right across the top of it,
mother. I believe Jane did that."

Mr. Allen said that her visit could not longer be
enjoyed, so she soon arose to take her leave.
Alice was on hand to receive her share of the leav-
ing-taking and invitations, and then went humming
about among her music books.

The visitor did not leave with any pleasant
impression of her friend's little girl. If you are al-
lowed to come in the parlor to see your mother's
company, take your seat quietly, and speak only
when addressed. Reply promptly and pleasantly,
and in an intelligent, easy manner, not simply say-
ing, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to whatever
asked, as some children do, making it very hard
to converse with them. No matter how sharp
your curiosity to know just what the subject is on
which they are speaking, never be so impolite as to
interrupt them by your questions. Gather what
you please by their conversation, but do not show
your curiosity by your words. Good breeding is
always beautiful in a child, and if you are so un-
fortunate as not to have had instruction on the
subject, pick up information wherever you can,
with most unobtrusive diligence.—Presbyterian.

DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla.

FOR THE BLOOD.

CURES A RHEUMATISM CONCENTRATED.

SYNOPSIS. RED JAMAICA.

SCORFULA. SARSAPARILLA.

SALT-RHEUM. DOUBLE RHEUM.

ALL SKIN-DISEASES.

TUMORS.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND SPLEEN.

RHEUMATISM.

AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS.

CLAUDER.

URINARY ORGANS.

LEUCORRHEA.

CATARH.

AND ALL DISEASES RESULTING FROM A DEPRAVED AND IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

KEEPISTERS IN ORDER.—Many persons are
more anxious to obtain a piano than they are
to practice habitually on it, or even to keep it in
good order. A musical journal says:—A piano
should at least be tuned four times in the year by
an experienced tuner. If you allow it to go too
long without tuning, it usually becomes flat,
and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at tuning pitch,
especially in the country. Never place the instru-
ment against an outside wall or in the cold, damp
room, particularly in a country house. There is no
greater enemy to a piano than damp. Close the
instrument immediately after you have played, and
leaving it open, dust axes on the damp board, and
corrodes the movements, and if in a damp room
the strings soon rust. Should the piano stand near
or opposite a window, guard if possible against its
being opened, especially on a wet or damp day;
and when the put is on the window draw the blind
down about putting metallic or other articles on
it in the piano; such things frequently cause un-
pleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the
instrument. The more equal the temperature of
the room the better the instrument will remain in
tune.

A great many people have got very little sense
about bringing up children. If we know mothers
to punish their children by making them read the
Bible. Do not be guilty of such a thing. If you
want children not to hate that Bible do not punish
them by making them read it. It is the most at-
tractive book in the world. But that is the way to
spoil its attractiveness, and make them hate it
with a perfect hatred.—L. L. Moody.

To STOP A CRACK IN AN IRON KETTLE.—Make a
thick paste of air slacked lime and the white of an
egg; pour your kettle dry; in fifteen minutes it is
ready for use. Have used for years.

SOOTY SOOTS ON CARPETS.—Soot falling on the
carpet from open chimneys, if covered thickly with
salt, can be brushed up without damage to the carpet.

CHLORINE CARPETS.—Spirits of ammonia diluted
with water, if applied with a sponge of flannel
cloth to discolored spots in carpets or garments
will often restore the color.

How TO WASH BLACK CALICOES.—Put the calicoes
in a boiler with enough cold water to cover them
well, and let them come to a boil. Then take out
into clean water, and soap and rub any
part of the white (if there is any) which still looks
soiled, after which (if true, as it is) dry as possible,
and dry quickly. Salt thrown into the water will
set the color of black calico.

THE BRITISH AMERICA Insurance Company,
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General Agent, Broker, and Notary Public.
1071

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FITS!

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons suffering from this distressing malady
of St. John, N. B., and elsewhere, are invited to
attend the lectures of the late Dr. J. C. Gilman,
who has been successful in curing it. The lec-
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