

The Family Circle

WE ALL KNOW IT

Of all the sad surprises
There is nothing that compares
With that one gets on thinking
That

hc's
got
down
stairs—
When he hasn't!

A CHAPLAIN'S COURAGE

There are many varieties of physical courage. Men brave as the bravest in the ordinary dangers of life, fearless as heroes amid the deadly perils of the battlefield, will suddenly display the timidity of children in circumstances that warrant no anxiety whatever.

During the Crimean war Herhillon's division of the French army suffered considerably from the ravages of the cholera. When the sickness was at its height and the death rate daily growing, the whole body of soldiery grew greatly disturbed, and conversation on all sides became very gloomy. What troubled the men most was the conviction that the pest was actively contagious,—that the mere touching of a cholera patient or victim communicated the dreadful disease. Accordingly, the camp impressed them as a region of terror; and, strong as was their sense of duty, their continual anguish threatened to demoralize them completely.

The French General had employed every available means of restoring the spirits of his battalions, and with the majority had been successful. The troops had shaken off their unreasoning fears in all parts of the camp save one. In that particular quarter the epidemic raged with especial severity and the soldiers were still dominated by terror.

'What in the world shall we do, Father?' said the General one evening to Father Parabere. 'Those fellows appear to me to be actually afraid, to have succumbed to fear.'

'Oh, then, Fear must be shown that we are Frenchmen and Christians. Leave the matter to me, General.'

The chaplain made his way to the quarter indicated. A poor soldier was just at his last gasp. Father Parabere knelt down by him, consoled him, gave him absolution, and finally when death came closed his eyes. Then he called the dead man's comrades near the body, and endeavored to persuade them that the disease was not contagious,—that there was not the least danger. Some of the men shaking their heads incredulously, he continued:

'Eh! You still seem to doubt. You don't believe me to-night? Well, we'll see whether you won't take my word for it to-morrow.'

Without more ado, the chaplain quietly lay down alongside the dead body, and disposed himself to pass the whole night with this novel bed-fellow.

Father Parabere remained at his post for a good many hours, leaving it only when called to assist another dying man. The next morning the incident was related all over the camp; and the soldiers, after ejaculating, 'Our chaplain's not afraid, anyway,' concluded that they might very sensibly throw aside their own fears.—'Ave Maria.'

BOARDING-HOUSE EUCLID

1. All boarding-houses in the same square are equal to one another.
2. A boarding-house keeper is equal to anything.
3. No other rooms being unlet at a given time, a bed-room may include a sitting-room.
4. A bed-room included in a sitting-room may be charged for as two rooms.
5. Extras have magnitude, and no limits.
6. In any dispute concerning a bill, that which is said on the one side can never be equal to that which is said on the other.
7. On the same bill and on the same side of it two charges may always be made for the same item, provided they are expressed in different terms.
8. Two bills in two weeks for the same set of rooms cannot be equal. If they are, one bill may be less than it ought to be. Which is absurd.
9. A boarder's home-made birthday cake cannot be produced more than three times, but a leg of mutton supplied by the landlady can be produced indefinitely.

KEEPING FRIENDS

Don't flatter yourself (said Oliver W. Holmes) that friendship authorises you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good breeding never forgets that amour propre is universal.

ONLY AN ORDINARY HOOF

Sir Charles Russell when he was practising at the Bar was a noted cross-examiner, and it was a shrewd witness that could circumvent him.

On one occasion at least, however, the laugh was turned on him by an innocently intended answer. He was cross-examining a witness in regard to certain hoof prints left by a horse in sandy soil.

'How large were the prints?' asked the learned counsel. 'Were they as large as my hand?'—holding up his hand for the witness to see.

'Oh, no,' said the witness honestly, 'it was just an ordinary hoof.'

The examination was temporarily suspended till order could be secured in the court room.

FOR OUR GIRL READERS

Here are a few words of advice for our girls:—To be attractive a girl must cultivate repose of countenance and manner; appear bright and interested in what other people are saying; avoid making unkind remarks about persons who are absent; avoid loud talking, especially in public places; never use slang, and dress in accordance with her means. And, above all, cultivate a spirit of contentment. This will enable her to look on the bright side of things and will make her light hearted and attractive.

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hands. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the end of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman, passing by, asked: 'Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?' All three denied her, but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman, and then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. 'Beautiful, indeed,' said she, when she saw them; but when they asked her which was the most beautiful she said: 'It is not the hand which is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand which is tipped with red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but the hand which gives to the poor that is the most beautiful.' As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide the question in dispute, and that decision has stood the test of all time.

ODDS AND ENDS

Why is it folks sit this way in
The tram we miss,
While in the tram we catch at last
We're jammed like this?

Lord Leighton, the celebrated Academician, while walking through a Scottish village, came upon a local painter painting the signboard of an inn. He looked on with interest for a while, and then remarked:

'I am afraid,' said the renowned artist, 'that figure you are drawing is a little bit out of proportion.'

'D'ye think sae?' asked the painter anxiously. 'Is't owre big or owre wee?'

'Too large, I am afraid,' replied the President of the Royal Academy with a smile.

'An' hoo am I goun to pit it richt?' asked the village painter, in puzzled tones.

'Oh, if you will come down from the ladder I'll soon put it right for you,' replied Lord Leighton.

His Lordship accordingly mounted the ladder, and first painted out the original figure, and then painted in a new one, which, needless to say, was very much better done. The sign-painter watched him admiringly.

'Man, ye're a grand penter,' he said. 'What might yer name be na?'

'Oh, my name is Leighton,' was the reply.

'Aweel, mine is Tam Johnston, and I'll be gled to gie ye a job ony time ye're needin' ane.'