

a few idle words about a ribbon, and I told him in my silly anger I would have no more to say to him while the stars shone. And now they do not shine for him, for he is blind—blind. O mother, I cannot live, I cannot bear it!"

"Yes, you will live, child," the widow answered quickly. "We can bear anything, we women. Your father was brought in to me dead—killed in these mines when you were scarce three years old, my Meg, and I am alive yet."

"But this is worse than death," she cried passionately. "Mother, do you hear? He who was my plighted husband is blind, in a far, strange country. I must go and bring him home, home to Rysdyk."

She had risen from her mother's arms and stood before her in the moonlight, pale, resolute, with her hands clasped rigidly. "Give me my dowry, mother, and let me go," she said. "Do not deny me this thing. I am well and strong, and, if I do say it, I am quick-witted; I can make my way. I shall come back safely. Let me go, mother!"

"It is not your place, Meg. Let some one else go."

"Who? Tell me that! Has he father or brother or uncle? Who is there to go?"

"But—it's not right maidenly to go off after a lover, Meg. What will the folks say? And—would you marry a blind man?"

"Maidenly! It is maidenly to do right," said Meg sturdily, her brown cheek flushing. "What do I care for the folks! I'm not a young girl to drop my eyes and be shame-faced because folks will talk. They always talk. And as for marriage—it is not of marriage I am thinking now; it is of bringing Matt Erickson—he whom I drove away with my ill-doings—back safe to his own country."

She hesitated a moment and then went on: "But I'll not play false with you, mother. He'll not ask me to marry him. But I shall know. If he wants me, after all that's past, he shall have me, and I'll take care of him till I die."

Their talk lasted far into the night. But with it we have no more to do, nor the details by which a little money was made to go a great way. For, after many tears, the widow consented that Meg should take her dowry and spend it as she choose. If they had been more worldly-wise they would have known how to accomplish their purpose through the agency of others. As it was, they saw no other way than for Meg to do herself the thing she wanted done.

Oh, that weary, weary journey! Why was the world so wide, the way so long! Meg kept up a brave heart until the boisterous ocean was crossed, and she had made her way as far as Buffalo, where she had been told to take the steamer for Marquette. It seemed to her that she had travelled the width of the whole wide earth already, since her foot first fell upon the soil of the strange new world.

"Is this Lake Superior, sir?" she asked of a policeman, as she left the cars and saw the water of Lake Erie stretching away in the distance. And can you tell me are we near Ishpeming?"

"Oh, no, my girl, this is Erie. Lake Superior is away up north, hundreds of miles from here—Ishpeming? Never heard of such a place. But here's your steamer if you're going up that way."

Her heart sank like lead. Would she ever reach the end? All day, and day after day, she sat silently in the bow of the boat, gazing steadily forward. On, on, till Erie was passed—on through lovely St. Clair with its softly-rounded shores and fairy islands—then up through Lake Huron, still struggling up, as it were, past towering, frowning heights, past stretches of interminable forest, past rocky headlands, past sandy beaches, through tortuous channels and devious ways, into the wild rapids of Sault Ste. Marie. Then at last Superior! grand, weird, majestic in its awful silences, sweeping on between its mighty, far-stretching shores, dark as the grave.

Where was she going? Would she ever find Matt? Sailing on and on—penetrating nature's secret places, where the foot of man had never trodden. So it seemed to her. Could human kind live in these vast, wild wildernesses?

It was like a new birth when, after many days, the steamer entered the beautiful bay of Marquette, and the fair young city rose before her astonished eyes, its white cliffs gleaming in the sun, its green shores sweeping downward to the water's edge. She was near her goal at last.

For Ishpeming was about twenty miles away up the railroad, and thither she went by the first train. How rough and wild it all was! And how the charred and blackened pine trees towered aloft like grim giants, and pointed their ghastly fingers at her as she swept through their solitude!

"Can you tell me where to find a man called Matthew Erickson?" she asked of the depot-master, trembling from head to foot.

"Erickson? Erickson? Blown up in the mines a year or so ago, wasn't he? He stays at Sam Ayres', the Englishman's, I believe. Just yer go round that corner, ma'am, then turn to the right and go up the hill—or stay! Let me look up and I'll go with you. Ever been in Ishpeming before? No? I thought you looked like a stranger in these parts."

He left her at Sam Ayres' gate, having opened it gallantly when he saw that her cold fingers were unfit to do her bidding. A kindly-faced woman came to the door and bade her welcome. Meg's story was soon told.

"And you have come all this long way to take Erickson home again!" her eyes filling. "God bless you, dear, for I'm sure He sent you. We've done the best we could for him, but you are his sister?"

"No, I'm a friend—a neighbour. There was no one else," she said simply.

"What's your name? I'll tell him."

"No matter about the name; say a friend from the old country."

The woman came back presently.

"Be careful," she said, "he's weak yet. But I want to tell you something just to keep your heart up, for he looks like a ghost. There was a great doctor from New York up here last week to look at his poor eyes, and he told Sam there was a chance for him yet—just one chance in a hundred."

"Does he know it?" asked Meg, tremulously, her colour coming and going. She was but a woman after all. Only blindness would have brought her there.

"No, and you must not tell him. The doctor said so most particularly. Will you go up now?"

He had been sitting in the sun by the window all day brooding. They had been very kind to him, these people, but kindness wears itself out after awhile. What was to become of him? The wages he had laid up were wasting away. The early northern winter would soon set in. He shivered as he thought of the fierce winds, the pitiless, drifting snows. There was nothing a blind man could do here! If he were only home in Rysdyk! Would Meg be sorry for him, he considered, if she knew how desolate he was, how lonely in this strange land? If he were at home he could learn to weave baskets like old Timothy. Here he was just a dead weight.

"Some one to see him from the old country?"

He turned his sightless eyes towards the door where Meg was entering noiseless as a spirit, and his face kindled eagerly. Noiselessly she closed the door behind her. He was so changed, so white and worn, that her own heart stopped its pulsations for a moment. She feared any sudden shock might overcome him. She dared not speak lest he should know her voice. Strange that she had not thought of this before!

He put out his hand vaguely, feeling the presence that he could not see.

"You are very welcome," he said. "But I do not know who it is. Who are you?"

He thought it was some kindly Englishman, who having heard of his misfortunes had come to speak a word of cheer and comfort.

She gave him her hand, still silently. A woman's hand! A swift thrill shot through his frame and his face flushed. Holding herself still with a mighty effort, Meg knelt by his side, laying her head on his knee.

His hand touched her hair, her forehead his lips. She gave a low cry, trembling like a leaf.

"Speak to me, quick," he whispered hoarsely.

"Matt!"

"O, Meg, my Meg!"

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE lady with a new bonnet never likes to hear a clergyman pray for rain.

THE young girl who graduates in four languages and sixteen flounces will soon be heard from.

MRS. JONES says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulated.

KENTUCKY has a father of thirty-seven children. He once lived in Rhode Island, but had to move out of the State.

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in many parts of Europe of planting a tree upon the birth of every child. It saves wear and tear of slippers.

WHEN a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.

GRANDMA—"Yes, children, when I was young as you are I used to walk in my sleep." Tommy (eagerly)—"Say, grandma, what time did you make?"

A MOBILE paper describes a young lady with hair "as black as a raven's." The ravens weren't wearing any hair to speak of last summer, but we suppose the style has changed this year.

SEVERAL notable happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a picnic.

It is a fact generally observed, says the *Troy Times*, that the man who denounces the institution of marriage is generally the person who thought he was getting a rich widow and didn't.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red-striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

If any languishing maiden feels that she is "called" to write poetry, let her hunt up a word to rhyme with scrubbing-brush or darning stockings.

"How do you tie a love-not?" asked Laura, eyeing with a bit of blue ribbon. "Oh, any way," growled Tom, behind his newspaper, "just so it will pull out easy."

"WHAT constitutes the chief happiness of our life?" asked a serious Sunday-school

teacher. She blushed, and then replied, "It is that John has at last fixed the day."

"No girl gets along well without a mother," says a moral exchange. This may be true; but hereabouts girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to get mothers.

A MEMBER of a fashionable up-town congregation called at a music store and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon'?" adding: "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

A KANSAS farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend the house in case of his absence. After the bullet had been dug out of his leg and the cow buried, he said he guessed that she'd better shoot with an axe.

A MICHIGAN lady writes: "Now that the columns of the press are open to women and the advancement of her interests, let the readers see that there is something else in the female brain besides jelly cake and fancy work."

"How happy you must be, Mrs. Smith, now that you are free from the care and worry of house-keeping," Mrs. S.—"Yes, I am, in a measure; but all this month I have been longing for an old-fashioned campaign of house-cleaning; I need the tonic effect of it in the spring."

THE girl of the period who loves not wisely is she who rejects the hand of the silver-haired widower at the head of the firm, who has an assured income of \$50,000 per annum, and weds one of the junior clerks of the establishment, who is in the full enjoyment of an uncertain salary of \$500 a year.

A RUSTIC bridegroom was complimented by one of his acquaintances on the charming appearance of his bride. "She has the most lovely colour I have ever seen," remarked the friend. "Yes, it ought to be good," pensively replied the groom; "she paid a dollar for just a little bit of it in a saucer."

IN the opinion of the *New Haven Register* you might as well undertake to put a barn door in your vest pocket as to try to convince a woman that she looks just as well in last summer's suit as she will in something new, fashionable, and altogether "lovely."

It has been proven that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a \$1,000 mortgage out of sight.

A STRIKING window ornament is made as follows: Take one woman weighing about two hundred pounds, with a neck like a stove-pipe and hair uncombed, and let her throw up the sash, look up and down, and call out: "Reuben, you come in here, or I'll take your hide off!"

A CLEVELAND lady who has passed a few weeks in Paris always refers to her kitchen girl as her "fille de cuisine." Her son will insist on referring to the worthy domestic as our "pot rasser," much to his mother's horror—but he hasn't had the benefit of a fortnight in "Parree."

If the young man who went to call on a girl on Fourth street last Sunday night, but who suddenly left the front door and shot out of the yard with a dog attached to the dome of his trousers, will return the dog, a reward of \$5 will be paid by the girl's father, and no questions asked.

A FASHION item says "charming caps for breakfast are of muslin, have mob crowns bordered with scant ruffles that are neatly scalloped." It doesn't tell how they are cooked, and we don't believe we could eat 'em, no matter how they were served up. Scalloped muslin caps for breakfast can never take the place of scalloped oysters.

"WHAT made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new-comer. "I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the response. "Well," said the other, "I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife." "And I," added a bystander, "came here because I got into trouble simply by promising to marry one."

AN impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours past a thousand millinery stores displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets.

A hysterical creature, Deborah, Sat admiring the crimson Aurora; When a mouse in distress, Ran under her dress, She fainted and fell on the floor-ah.

A RURAL bride of considerable beauty went to Indianapolis on the honeymoon tour. Her husband was manifestly proud of her good looks. While they were going about the city she was struck in the face by a falling signboard, and her nose broken. The attending surgeon said that she was badly disfigured for life. "Just my darned luck," the husband exclaimed, "property always goes to ruin in my hands."

CONJUGAL affection depends largely upon mutual confidence. "I make it a rule," said a wiseacre to his friend, "to tell my wife everything that happens. In this way we manage to avoid any misunderstanding." Not to be outdone in generosity the friend replied: "Well, sir, you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a great many things that never happen."

"THEODORE," observed a solicitous young mother to her husband, "I think I will not let little Georgie attend Sunday-school any more."

I find the poor boy is quite feverish to-night and his feet are all blistered." Upon hearing which George inwardly groans for next Sunday; they were to meet for the last time to settle the number of quarter miles walked, and he knows now that a chance for any share in the twenty-five cents gate money is gone forever.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BE EASY of address and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealings with you.

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

THE woman who works in some honourable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity nor refinement of true womanhood, and is much more an ornament to her sex than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and indulgence.

ALL human hearts have at some time a desire to love and be loved. A loveless life is a starved life. Love warms human nature; it sets on fire. The affections can receive their highest developments only in marriage. The loves between friends are poor and transient; but the love between a man and woman in a perfect marriage is something divine—heavenly.

THERE are many kinds of pride. About the most unnatural kind is the pride of humanity, which is a compound of pretentious meanness and affectation. Humanity is a good thing when it is genuine—that is, when it is real humanity, and not a self-sufficient consciousness of one own's superior humbleness. The pride of humanity is very severe on all other kinds of pride. It will not tolerate them in the least. It tolerates nothing but itself.

BACKACHE.—Most women have at times—and dwellers in towns more than those who live in the country—a distressing feeling of back-ache caused by weakness of the muscles of the back, especially of those attached to the spine. This is due to a variety of causes. Among them are the want of vigorous daily exercise in the open air, the languid movements which are often encouraged in girls as being more graceful than quicker, more decided muscular action, and the injurious practice of encasing in steel ribs backs and chests which nature has sufficiently supported with ribs and plates of bone.

AN IMPORTANT QUALITY.—Of all the qualities that come to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The world itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are nevertheless reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance.

AGE AND YOUTH.—There is a dignity in age which should command respect. The inspired Book says, "The hoary head is a crown of glory," and yet old age is often spoken of slightly, and treated disrespectfully. This is greatly to be deplored, both because the younger folk lose so much of the benefit which they might receive from the varied experiences of those who have preceded them in the painful and dangerous journey of life, and because the elder ones are deprived of the sweet companionship of those who could, if they would, do so much to brighten their waning years. There is no more harmonious helpful friendship than when the old and young walk together in loving confidence. True, the younger must be patient with the infirmities and conservatism of age, as it, in turn, needs to be tolerant with the impetuosity and enthusiasm of youth.

LITERARY.

A LONDON bookseller offers for sale several important relics of the great Irish poet, Tom Moore. These consist of MSS. in Moore's handwriting. There are two of "Lalla Rookh," a copy of his "Juvenile Poems," which he made for his mother; his "Eidolon," many of his political squibs, the first draught of his "Life of Lord Byron," and about forty other manuscripts of less importance. The "Byron" contains the passages which were omitted, and has been cancelled. It is written partly in pencil and partly in ink, and is offered for \$375. The rough draught of "Lalla Rookh" is a thick quarto of 100 leaves, and contained four tales not incorporated in the published work. The writing is in a small hand, on both sides of the paper, and has been laboriously revised. The price put on it is \$250. The other manuscript of "Lalla Rookh," which is a copy of the complete poem entirely in the handwriting of the author, with interlineations and corrections, is a small quarto of 187 leaves, and is offered for \$400.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.