

and hail alternated with each other. Wally's clothes were frequently wet for days, and she lived for weeks in an impenetrable chaos of clouds, where there was no more light than before the first day of creation.

The great chaos was reflected in miniature in the girl's breast, gray tint for gray. The whole world was a dim, sorrowful dream, like the mist around her, and no God came to say, "Let there be light!"

But one morning, after endless weeks of gloom, the mighty word of creation was once more spoken, the first ray of light again shot through the clouds, and gradually from out the chaos a beautiful, well ordered world, with mountains and valleys, fields, woods, and lakes, suddenly lay outstretched before Wally, who felt as if she had just awaked to life, like the Mother of Mankind, and rejoiced in the world which God had made so beautiful, and He would not permit Himself to possess it alone, but created human beings to enjoy it with Him.

Could there really be no happiness in this beautiful world? And why had God placed this poor Eve up here in the wilderness, that he for whom she was born could not find her? "Oh! I must go down, down, I've been up here long enough!" a voice suddenly cried out in her heart, and the longing to live, to love, and to enjoy, suddenly burst forth so wildly, that she stretched out her arms toward the sunny, laughing world below with a gesture of piteous yearning.

"Wally, you're to come at once; your father is dead!" The shepherd boy stood before her. Wally stared at him as if in a dream.

Was it a spectre of her own heart, which had just cried out so rebelliously for happiness? She seized the lad by the shoulders as if she wished to feel whether he was something real, no illusion.

He repeated the message. "His foot had grown constantly worse. Inflammation set in, and he died that morning. Now you are mistress of the Hochstet, and Klettenmaier sends you a greeting."

So it was really true. The deliverer, the messenger of peace and freedom, stood in bodily form before her. That was why God had shown her the beautiful world, as if to say: "Look, this is now yours. Come down, and take what is given you."

She walked silently into the hut, shut the door, and kneeling, thanked God, and prayed—prayed fervently for the first time for months, while burning tears welled from her relieved, reconciled heart, for the father who had died without even permitting her to give him the love of a child.

Then she went down to the house, which had at last once more become her home, where her feet trod on her own soil. Klettenmaier was standing before the door, waving his cap exultantly. The maid servant, who had treated Wally so insolently two years before, submissively brought her the keys, and Vincenz met her at the chamber door.

"Wally," he began, "you have treated me badly, but—"

Wally quietly but sternly interrupted him. "Vincenz, if I have wronged you, may God punish me for it as He thinks best. I can neither repent nor atone, and don't even ask you to forgive me. Now you know my opinion, and I beg you to leave me alone."

Without vouchsafing him another glance, she entered her father's death chamber, closed the door, and stood there tearlessly. She had been able to weep for the transfigured father, who had stripped off his earthly husk, but in the presence of the earthly husk, which had crushed her and her life with its rude hand, beaten and trampled upon her, Wally shed no tear; she seemed turned to stone.

She quietly repeated a *paternoster*, but did not kneel. As she had stood motionless and calm before the living father, she now stood before the lifeless body; only she felt no anger; she was reconciled by death.

Then she went into the kitchen to prepare food, if the neighbors came to pray and keep watch through the night. The task employed the hands of all, and at midnight the room was so full that Wally could scarcely provide enough for them to eat and drink; for the richer the peasant is, the more neighbors come to watch and pray.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A girl in Charleston has dark blue hair.

The latest novelty in Paris is "perfumed hats."

The new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she's too young to show much reflection.

Two things that go off in a hurry,—an arrow dismissed by a bow, and a beau dismissed by a belle.

"Dips't she return your love?" asked a sympathizing friend of a disconsolate swain.—"Yes, she did; she said she didn't want it. That's what's killin' me."

THERE are plenty of good but weak women in every community who'll work, and starve, and scrimp, in order to furnish their parlours, and then won't sit in 'em for fear of injuring the furniture.

"It is very difficult to live," said a widow with seven girls, all in genteel poverty.—"You must husband your time," said a sage friend.—"I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

MOTHER (to her little son eight years old): "How do you like your new governess, my dear?"—*Little Son*: "Oh, she's capital! She sits and works worsted all the time, and don't care whether we learn our lessons or not!"

It is said that a young widow in Nevada has a "silver claim" on which pounds of the precious metal are mined every day, but she doesn't mind it, as she has fixed her mind on mining a little minor, the only son of the departed miner.

"False hair," says a Parisian authority, "will be a drug in the market when the frost comes. Short curls and natural hair, such as the pictures of Mme. Recamier and Queen Hortense have made familiar to everybody, will be all the fashion."

"ARE you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's back yard. "Yes, darling," was the reply: "jump right over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of her mother, a broom-stick, and a policeman.

A YOUNG man visiting his sweetheart, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was? "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty!"

A wedding was delayed in Wisconsin lately on account of the bridegroom suddenly remembering that he had not fed his horse. The ceremony waited till the animal was cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found easily, but thirteen girls were willing to be married to him.

HE COULD—"Can I induce you to invest in a lock?" smilingly inquired a travelling agent for an improved door-fastening, of a plain-looking old maid whom he encountered sweeping off her front step. "You might, sir," she replied, with a ghastly smile, eyeing him carefully for a moment from head to foot, "in wedlock."

MR. who have stood where thousands fell, who have gazed unmoved upon the horrors of the battlefield and the wrecks of the storm, cannot, without emotion, behold the devastation and mangled ruin which marks the progress of a woman with a scythe. Nature shudders when it sees a woman throw a stone, but when it sees a woman swinging a scythe, it just tries to cover up its head and keep out of sight until the rain is complete.

A PRETTY widow, whose husband has been dead several years, received a beautiful bouquet the other day. The man that sent it had been flying around her with an earnestness worthy of a dry goods clerk, and it was with extra delight he saw her pass his store that evening with the bouquet of flowers in hand.

"Am so pleased to see you with them," said he, and a thousand little cupids dimpled in his eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "it was very kind in you; I always knew you liked him; I am taking them to his grave."

SUCH A DUCK.

Once, Venus, deeming Love too hot,
Stopped all his rich ambrosial dishes,
Dooming the boy to live on chat,
To sup on songs, and dine on wishes.
Love, lean and lank, flew off to prowls—
The starveling now to beauty boasted—
He could have mimicked Minerva's owl,
Or Juno's peacock, loathed or roasted.

At last, half famished, almost dead,
He shot his mother's doves for dinner:
Young Lilla, passing, shook her head:
Cried Love, "A shot at you, you sinner!"
"Oh, not at me!" she urged her flight—
"I'm neither dove, nor lark, nor starting!"
"No," fainting Cupid cried, "not quite;
But then—you're such a duck, my darling!"

AT HER FEET.

Take me, darling, as I am,
With all my faults, nor few, nor small—
Thou' thy sweet eyes should hide and chide,
I would not seek my sins to hide.
Oh, darling, take me as I am!
And trust me all in all.

Take me, darling, as I am!
A suppliant at thy feet I fall.
What words have I wherein to tell
How much I love thee, dear—how well!
Oh, take me, darling, as I am,
And trust me all in all.

Darling, take me as I am—
For life, for death, what'er befall.
Place thou thy loving hand in mine,
And let me take it as a sign—
That thou dost take me as I am—
Dost trust me all in all.

THEY were very fond of each other, and had been engaged. But they quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. He called afterwards at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business of course. She was at the door. Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe? Is your father in?" "No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes," was his bluff response, feeling that she was yielding—"on very particular personal business;" and he proudly turned to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again.

A school for ladies has been opened in Berlin on a plan decidedly novel, but very practical. The building contains lodging rooms for forty girls, school rooms, working rooms, an immense kitchen and a permanent bazaar. In the school rooms every branch that will fit the girls for situations in banking, commercial, or mercantile establishments is taught. Various trades that ladies can follow are exemplified by skilled

operatives. The kitchen is, perhaps, the chief school room, for all the work there is done by the girls under the supervision of one of the best cooks in the city. This feature has become so popular, from the large number of betrothed maidens who flock thither to obtain good domestic educations, that the managers have begun to charge for instruction in cookery, and the receipts generally pay the expenses of the other departments.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CIVILITY.—Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a man or woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favour than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

ECONOMY.—If a wife values her own and her husband's ease, she should let her expenses and desires be ever within the reach of her circumstances; for if poverty should follow she must share the evil. Let her be very careful never to give him any cause of jealousy. She should not let many days pass without a serious examination into her conduct as a wife, and if, on recollection, she finds herself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is to be more careful in future.

SCHOOL-LIFE.—Early school-life should do much to guard against the rudeness and coarseness which turn domestic life into bitterness, and prepare the way for outbreaks of violence. A constant stream of refining influence should flow through the minds of the pupils. Everything favourable in the reading-book, in history, or in the incidents of the school-room should be utilised for this end. By all means at our command let us seek to refine and elevate. Our aim must be to give a softening tinge to the character, like the mellow bloom on the dark rich clusters of the vine.

SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine; it stimulates better than champagne; it is the best plaster for a wound. The Good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board of all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a phial full, not a cupful, not a decaiter full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for falling fortunes, for melancholy. Perhaps heaven itself is only more sunshine.

ABOUT SPEAKING AND LISTENING.—Grant that the power of vivacious talk is denied you, that of sympathetic listening is not. You may not have the combination of ready wit, serviceable memory, striking delivery, and that amount of histrionic faculty which makes a sparkling anecdote, a good story-teller, a brilliant fencer at repartee; but you have, it is to be supposed, intelligence enough to listen with clear comprehension of what is said to you, and vivacity enough to show that you understand. And a good listener stands high in the scale of agreeable people by those who are, in their turn, agreeable because of their brilliant talk. Indeed that quality of intelligent sympathy which makes a good listener is one that makes a man agreeable all through: for to be really agreeable one must think more of one's companions than of oneself, and hold the duty of giving higher than the right of receiving.

BODY AND MIND.—Science and medicine are demonstrating that the body and the mind are so intimately related to each other that we are driven to believe in physical health as a most desirable, if not always necessary, condition of moral and religious health. We ought to cultivate health of body in every direction; we ought to cultivate and restrain the passions; we ought to carefully observe the hygienic and sanitary laws; we ought to give our children a good birth, and we ought to cultivate moral goodness, love, truth, faith and religious confidence, as being, each and every one in its own way, conducive to health, happiness and righteousness. If we need the Holy Ghost within, we need frequent bathings without: if godliness is to be sought after, so is cleanliness: if faith is necessary to salvation, so is purity of body; sin is not worse than filth; devil means dirtiness; total depravity is being badly born; grace has its counterpart in physical vigor.

TAKE COUNSEL WITH YOURSELF.—Young men cannot estimate too highly the advice of parents and friends. It affords them the benefit of experience, and is given from sincere solicitude for their welfare. It should be remembered and weighed and acted upon. But, after all, every man has his own individual existence; he has his own life to live, for which he alone is accountable. He should derive all the benefit he can from the counsel of those older and wiser than himself. Then he should sit down and meditate by himself, and make up his own mind as to the course he wishes to pursue in the world. Having done this he should enter upon the execution of his plans with a determination to accomplish what he undertakes without reference to the opinions of others. No man is of any real account in the world unless he is something in and of himself. No man possesses real strength if he cannot, after having heard all

that others have to say, resolve, and resolve firmly, what to do, and carry his resolution into effect. Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom; but, above all, take counsel with yourself; make up your own mind what to do in this world—do it!

LITERARY.

THE venerable Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith is passing the winter at Hollywood, N. C.

Of all the stories he has ever written Mr. William Black is best pleased with his "Madcap Vio" let.

MR. WM. MORRIS is understood to have completed for the press an epic poem, whose object is the same as that of Wagner's great work. Mr. Morris follows the Eddaic version of the Nibelungen legend.

Commander Cameron has nearly completed his forthcoming book, "Across Africa." It will be profusely illustrated, and embellished with a map taken from Commander Cameron's own notes.

Count Osovaf of Russia is preparing a great work for publication in Moscow, on the "Stone Age in Russia," a subject for which a vast amount of material has accumulated of late years which has never yet been utilized.

A POET has died, leaving property enough to bequeath a handsome sum to a university for scholarships. The poet was Ananias Grin, the money was 30,000 gulden, and he had earned it all by his literary labors. He has bequeathed to the same purpose, also, the future income from his works.

STANTON, the Norwich *Bulletin* humorist, began his career on that paper by writing a facetious letter to the editor in defence of himself and others who were involved in a local difficulty at Stonington, his boyhood home. That was about six years ago. To-day the *Bulletin* local is one of the three best paragraphs in the country.

It is stated that the Emperor of Brazil is about to publish an account of his travels in the Old and New World. The first volume is complete, and contains an account of the Emperor's travels in the United States. The book will be printed in Paris, and the proofs are to be sent to Constantinople. The Emperor has written his story in Portuguese, but it has already been translated into English, French and German, and is to be published in the four languages about the close of the present year.

Mr. George Henry Lewes, the husband of "George Eliot," is a man of rather small stature, whose face gives no clear indication of the mental power he unquestionably possesses. His health is infirm, and he looks older than he is. He has always been a hard student, and a resident of London or other large capitals. His manner differs markedly from that of most Englishmen. In his own set he abounds in geniality and bonhomie. He is fond of epigram and paradox, and, being a close observer, his narration of men and things is extremely entertaining. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists in London, though, like most clever talkers, he is prone to monopoly and monologue. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes live in a suburb of London, and their home is represented as being one of the happiest, the similarity of their pursuits and their ambitions being an additional bond of unity.

THE Princess of Thule of William Black is said to be a real person. A tourist in the Hebrides was lately directed to a hotel belonging to the King of Borva, which was kept by his royal daughter. It appears that his Majesty, known in common life as Mr. Hunter, keeps an inn and farm at a place called Gave-na-hius, on the west side of the Lewis, where tourists and people in search of a holiday go to spend some weeks at a time to fish. He has also taken a hotel in Stonaway, where he may be seen, the tourist says, in gray clothes, with an imposing full-moon face, well-combed, grizzled beard, pompous, dignified, and commonplace. His principal characteristics, or rather qualities, for characteristics is too angular a word to be applied to him, being, as far as I could judge, utter insignificance and boundless sense of his own importance. Makes a awful chatter as she sits at the table. Her English carries her as far as "yes" and "no." She looks mortally insulted if any one addresses a long sentence to her in English. As for the Princess Sheila herself, she flitted around on the evening of our arrival, evidently the presiding genius of everything, taking care that we had no opportunity of staring at her. She is very ladylike, more like an ordinary English girl than anything more peccol; not pretty, but sweet, refined, and thoughtful.

HYGIENIC.

THE APPLE CURE.—The apple cure is the use of apples for food, on the same principle that grapes are used. The cure by apples might be equally popular if introduced. Who has an orchard where it can be tried? The scenery and surroundings should be good. A writer in the *Lancet of Life*, for June, states that after being troubled with heartburn, wakefulness, indigestion, etc., he adopted the practice of eating apples, with each meal, daily. The wakefulness and heartburn are gone. He is cured. When he began he weighed 130 pounds. Two months later he had increased to 160 pounds, his strength being similarly increased. Instead of "bitters for the stomach, cathartics for the bowels, iron for the blood," all of which weaken the vital organs and give a relief that is only temporary, apples are a natural stimulant. Apples, like medicine, induce a sustained healthy action of all the organs. Apples are, besides, very nutritive, and rightly termed the "bread of fruit."

HEALTH MAXIMS.—The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose.

Whatever promotes a comfortable and harmless state of mind promotes health.

Men consume too much food and too little pure air: they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

Very many diseases are laid at the door of "the weather." It is the want of weather which brings multitudes in our large towns to untimely graves.

In small quantities, and occasionally, many things may be eaten with advantage, which, if eaten continuously for weeks and months or in inordinate amounts, would occasion serious results.

Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitutions. By moderate and daily exercise men may become strong in limb and muscle.

Fads and supporters are all pernicious, and worse than useless, because they teach the system to rely on them, and cannot support one part of the body without causing an unnatural strain on some other part, and to that extent tend to disorganize that part.

To all young persons, to the student, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life; without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning: it is a barbarity. Let them awake of themselves. Relative to the changing the clothing, we consider it hazardous to lessen its amount after dressing in the morning, unless active exercise is taken immediately. No undergarments should be changed for lighter ones during the day ordinarily. The best, safest, and most convenient time for lessening the clothing is in the morning, when we first dress for the day.