MAD LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Spencer Curtis, as I remember him, was a hollow-cheeked, bright-eyed, excitable young fellow, with soft brown hair, a lock of which was continually falling down over his broad forehead. He could not talk long on any subject without becoming excited; and when he was excited he coughed, and his eager face flushed: he was supposed to have a tendency to consumption. In character he was viewy, enthusiastic, and unpractical, but subject to fits of profound depression; and his enthusiasm was easily discouraged. There was a slender vein of genius in the man, and he occasionally said strangely brilliant things, without seeming to be aware of it. He was given to philosophical speculations, and had written a very eccentric book, treating *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which had been made fun of by most of the reviews, but which contained promise of powers that might have achieved something really new and valuable. But, somehow, we never regarded Curtis as a man who was likely to live long, and perhaps this led us to humour him more than we should otherwise have done. Still, he was a winning and lovable fellow; and some women were very much attracted by him. He himself, however, was extremely shy of female society; and since he had only about three thousand pounds in the world, besides what he could make by his pen, nobody ever dreamed of such a thing as hearing that he was going to be married.

Consequently, I was nothing less than amazed when he burst into my rooms one day, and, seizing me by both arms, looked for a moment in my face, and said,

"Kate Masters has promised to be my wife!"

"Kate Masters! What are you thinking of?" I exclaimed. "Not the heiress?"

Spencer's eyes darkened and his face flushed: he let go my arms.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone.

"But you took my breath away; besides—"

"Do you suppose I care for her money?"

"My dear fellow, of course not! I only feared the news was too good to be true. I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"Her money is the only thing that troubles me," continued Spencer, dropping moodily into a chair. "I wish she had no more than I have—or nothing at all. Now that I know she cares for me, I am able to make a living for both of us, whatever you may think. And you are the oldest friend I have!"

"You have none that believes more in your ability and honour," I said, for I was sincerely sorry that I had hurt his feelings. "Come, shake hands, old boy, and let us hear all about it."

He finally consented to be appeased, and told me his story—not that there was really very much more to tell. He had been invited out to Colonel Masters' country-seat, and of course Kate had been there. They had (as I already knew) met each other a good many times before, and she had once or twice spoken to me of her admiration for Spencer; while he, for his part, had seemed more at ease in her company than in that of most women. But I should as soon of thought of his marrying her as of her marrying the Shah of Persia. However, they were together at her uncle's, and in the course of the week they became engaged. Wonders will never cease, especially when there is a woman in the case; and probably this did not seem to Spencer so very wonderful, though of course he regarded himself as the most blessed of mankind.

"It was in the little châlet that it happened," he said, drawing his breath after a sharp fit of coughing. (He had been tramping up and down the room, shoving the chairs about, and talking rapidly). "You know the châlet?—in that clump of trees at the further end of the lawn, about a quarter of a mile from the house. I had been rambling about the grounds, and came in there quite by chance, supposing it to be empty. But she was there, sitting at the western window, with a book in her lap. She looked round; and when she saw it was I, an expression came into her eyes that—it made me feel the time had come! I had hardly realised how it was with me before; but then, everything explained itself! I began by remarking what a pretty little house it was, and how happy one might be to live in it; and so one thing led to another. At last— Oh, she was so heavenly sweet! She said the world might laugh at us, but that I was worth a thousand worlds to her. We walked home with her arm resting on the sash; and the new moon was just above the tops of the trees."

"What did the Colonel say to it?" I inquired.

"Oh, he behaved just as might have been expected," answered Spencer, throwing back his hair from his forehead. "At first he took me to task very severely, and talked about my having abused his confidence, and all that. But I would not allow him to hold that tone with me, and, after a while, we got to talking more reasonably. He said he was Kate's guardian as long as she was under age, and that he could not conscientiously let her marry me until she was beyond his control. Of course that won't be till a year from now. I was prepared to wait, and that I desired all the property should be settled on her. Then he wanted me to promise not to see or correspond with her while the period of probation lasted; but neither Kate nor I would agree to that; and at last it was arranged that there was to be no letters, but that we are to meet once every month. In the end he and I parted very politely. I fancy, though, that he calculates on Kate's changing her mind. If so, he is making a great mistake. I trust in her constancy as I trust in Heaven!"

Now, although I would not for the world have had Spencer suspect it, I must admit that I was a good deal of the Colonel's way of thinking as regarded Miss Masters. I knew something of her. She was a fine, handsome, wholesome girl, with an aristocratic nose, and a complexion like a warm rose-leaf; her white teeth sparkled when she laughed, and she had more hair growing on her head than she well knew what to do with. Her voice was pleasant, though rather loud; she rode dashingly to hounds, and was a champion lawn-tennis player. But she was not, so far as I was aware, a student of any kind of literature, and the only philosophy that concerned her was how to get the most fun out of the passing moment. I could imagine her enjoying a bit of romance, and playing her part in it very well; but that she should make an imprudent match and stick to it did not seem so likely. Her father and mother, whose only child she was, had been dead some years, and she inherited the whole of that large property, her uncle being her guardian during her minority. It was in her power to make the most brilliant match of the season; and I knew it for a fact that Captain the Honourable Arthur Taverney had made her an offer not three months before. She must have refused him, for he went off to the Ashantee war in despair. But that was no reason why she should fall in love with a man like poor Spencer Curtis; and I had serious doubts whether she intended anything more than a vacation pastime.

My misgivings were not relieved by the discovery that the engagement was, for the present, to be kept a secret. Spencer had stipulated with the Colonel to be allowed to tell me, because I had known him when he was a boy, and was his most intimate friend; but the rest of the world was to remain uninformed until the day for the wedding was fixed. Miss Masters herself did not seem to have objected to this arrangement; and as for Spencer, he declared that he preferred it. If all the world had been as ingenuous as Spencer, no harm would have been done; but, as it was, some miscarriage was at least conceivable. However, I held my peace and hoped for the best; and when Spencer left me, he was in very good spirits.

For a couple of months all went well; but with the advent of winter Spencer's cough grew worse, and his physician told him that he had better go to Madeira, if he meant to live. After some hesitation he decided to go. He was to be allowed to write to Kate once a month, and to receive letters from her, since they would not meet until his return.

"It won't be for long, after all," he remarked to me, trying to put a brave face upon the matter; "and this will be our last separation. If I have to go to Madeira next year, she will go with me."

He made me promise to keep him informed of Kate's doings and condition while he was away; and so finally off he went, I bidding him farewell on the deck of the steamer with a heavy heart.

Poor Spencer! It was not long before I discovered that the promise I had given him would be no agreeable matter to keep. Miss Masters was admirably constant to him for a time, and spoke to me of her devotion to him in terms that I was glad to hear; and I began to repent of the suspicions I had entertained of her. I wrote to Spencer that all was going on well, and that I felt disposed to fall in love with his Kate myself. But one day, while I was chatting with her at an after-dinner reception at Lady Loraley's, she gave a sudden start and an exclamation; and there, behind my shoulder, stood Captain the Honourable Arthur Taverney, pale and handsome, with his arm in a sling. He had just been invalided home from Africa, and was a great hero. He spoke to Miss Masters, who received him cordially; and there was nothing for me but to make my bow and move off. They were together the rest of the evening; but I was determined to have one more word with her. So just before I took my departure I made my way up to her. She was standing shoulder to shoulder with Captain Taverney, listening to the last bars of a song from Madame Semaroff.

When it was over, she turned to exchange an admiring exclamation with the Captain, and I took the opportunity to say, "I am come to bid you good-evening, Miss Masters."

"Oh, good-evening," she answered, not offering me her hand.

"I am sending a letter to-morrow to our friend in Madeira," I continued. "Have you any message?"

She replied coldly, "I think not, thank you;" but in a moment she added, her cheeks reddening, "Tell him not to be away too long!"

I decided not to send my letter to Spencer the next day, but to wait for further developments. Kate was evidently wavering; she wished to be true, but distrusted herself; and with a woman like her, such distrust is the prelude to surrender. Captain Taverney was very fascinating, and he was on the ground; I knew, also, that the Colonel would favour his suit. To tell the truth, I myself considered him a much better match than Spencer for the girl; but things having gone so far as they had, that was neither here nor there. Meanwhile the aspect of affairs became less and less encouraging; but there was still nothing tangible; these constant visits of Captain Taverney might be merely friendly, and mean nothing: moreover, since Kate's engagement to Spencer was kept secret, the Captain was not to blame. But Kate and the Colonel were to blame; and after some deliberation, and with great reluctance, I resolved to speak openly to the former. This was about six weeks subsequent to our interview at Loraley's. I was at the Opera, and seeing Miss Masters in her box, I presented myself there at the end of the first act.

"I knew I should find you here to-night," I remarked, after she had asked me to sit down beside her.

"Why to-night, particularly?"

"Because it is *La Favorita*—Spencer's favourite opera. By this time next year he will be sitting here beside you. You expect him back in May, don't you?"

"I suppose so," she said distraitly, leaning away from me and rippling her fan.

"It is a long time for him to have been exiled from you," continued I; "but I hope," I went on, looking at her, "that he will not have been away too long!"

At first I thought she was going to ignore my allusion; evidently she was not thankful to me for making it. But presently she seemed to take a resolution; she closed her fan and turned to me, breathing more quickly, and rather pale.

"I suppose Spencer authorized you to act as his representative during his absence—to see that I behaved myself, I mean, and did not forget him?"

"He had no misgivings of that sort, Miss Masters; he told me before he went away that he trusted you as he trusted Heaven. He asked me, as his friend, to keep him informed of your health and happiness; and that I have done."

"If you have told him that I was happy, you misled him. I have been very unhappy."

"You have not been without distractions—more than he has had, poor fellow."

"I do not need your sarcasm," she said hotly. "I have been more sarcastic to myself than you would dare to be; but it is no use. I made a terrible mistake. I don't know how I came to make it. I always knew that Spencer was above me, intellectually and in other ways; but I thought I could grow up to him. I thought more highly of myself than I deserved. Since he has been away, I have come back to my own level."

While she was thus confirming my worst fears, I leaned on my elbow on the edge of the box, looking out across the theatre. A young man was standing up in the stalls directing his opera-glass towards us. I recognized Captain Taverney.

"A very attractive and fashionable level, unquestionably," I observed, with a slight indicative movement of the head.

She looked across and saw him, and the colour swept into her face, whether it came from anger or some other passion, I could not tell.

"It is my own level, at all events," she said, with a dignity which commanded some respect; "and the only one in which I could give happiness or feel it."

"I doubt whether beauty has any level, whatever may be the case with its possessor," I said, getting up; "hence many sorrows and misunderstandings. Have you no regrets?"

"None—to speak of," she replied; and upon that ambiguous answer I bowed and took my departure, passing Captain Taverney in the lobby.

It only remained for me to perform one of the most unwelcome duties that ever fell to my lot—to write the news to Spencer Curtis. I sent him a long letter; I said everything that I could; but in the course of it the reluctant words had to be spoken: Kate Masters renounced her engagement. I did not think it necessary to mention the name of Captain Taverney. I also despatched a curt note to Miss Kate, telling her what I had done. I received no reply to it; but the next thing I heard about her was that a marriage had been arranged between her and Captain Taverney. In due course the wedding invitations were distributed; and finally the wedding, at which I did not care to be present, took place. All this time I had heard nothing from Spencer, and his silence began seriously to disquiet me.

By the end of another month, however, two pieces of intelligence reached me. Captain Taverney had been unexpectedly ordered abroad with his regiment, and Spencer Curtis had come back to England raving mad.

Mrs. Taverney did not accompany her husband to India; the regiment was not expected to remain abroad long, and the work it had to do was not consistent with the presence of ladies. She took up her abode with her uncle in the interval. Whether or not she knew of the calamity which had happened to Spencer, I cannot say; but I fancy the facts had been concealed, or, at any rate, softened to her. She believed him to be ill, and nothing more. I saw the poor fellow once or twice, but he never recognized me. He had every comfort that his condition admitted and that money could procure (for, singularly enough, a relative of his had bequeathed him £18,000, just about the time he lost his love and his reason); but he was dangerously mad, and had more than once attempted to kill his attendant. I asked the physician whether there were any hope of his being cured; upon which that prudent gentleman smiled, and remarked that he had seen as bad cases as that come round.

The ensuing autumn I went on the Continent for a change and recreation; for I missed Spencer more than I should have anticipated—more perhaps than if he had been dead. I renewed my acquaintance with Naples and Venice, with Constantinople and Madrid; at last, one spring day, I found myself in Paris. Sitting in a *café* on the boulevard, I took up a copy of *Galignani*, and read in it that Captain the Honourable Arthur Taverney had died of fever in Bombay. The paragraph added that he left a widow and an infant daughter in England.

I returned to London in June. My heart softened towards Mrs. Taverney, and I wished to renew my acquaintance with her, and to make that of the little child whom its father had never seen. I found her living alone in a small house in Hampstead. It was a lovely spot at that time of year; and London, with its busy season, might have been a hundred miles away for all that could be seen or heard of it. I found Mrs. Taverney looking very handsome in her widow's dress, and the baby was a healthy and energetic little creature, with its mother's eyes and hair. Our talk was friendly and quiet, and mostly kept clear of the things that lay nearest to heart with both of us; but the two men whom we did not name waited behind our words, and spoke in our silences. Yet I was pained to believe that I detected something in her tone occasionally indicating that she held poor Spencer to be in some way the origin of her grief. "If he had never crossed my path, all would have gone well," seemed to be the gist of her feelings. Nothing more unreasonable or unjust could have been imagined; but there is no logic in a woman's suffering. I was confirmed by this in my previous conclusion—that she could never have heard of Spencer's insanity; indeed, it was known to very few persons. I was half minded to tell her of it, then; but on second thoughts it seemed to me best not to assume the responsibility of the revelation: it should come to her from some other source, if at all.

I met Colonel Masters several times in London, and he seemed inclined to renew the cordial relations which had subsisted between us previous to the recent events. At length he invited me to come down with him to his country seat for a couple of days; there were to be "a few friends, and plenty of quiet and fresh air: nothing elaborate." After some hesitation, I agreed to go. A party of us went out by special train, and we found the house and grounds at their loveliest; but in the afternoon some heavy showers came on, compelling us to take shelter indoors. Here we amused ourselves as best we might; but it began to be rather dull, and we looked forward to the time when dinner should be ready. At length, just before the dressing-bell rang, I saw, from the window at which I happened to be standing, a carriage drive up to the door. A lady, dressed in black, got out of it; following her, a maid with a baby in her arms. It was Mrs. Taverney. She had come in complete ignorance of there being any company in the house; and as she had not faced society since her loss, and there were no ladies among the Colonel's guests, the situation promised to be rather awkward.

She accommodated herself to it very gracefully. She greeted us all with courtesy and composure, and was prevailed upon to preside at the dinner-table. After dinner she announced her intention of retiring to the little châlet in the park, where a bedroom had been fitted up. One and all of us were ready to give up our rooms to her, but she refused all offers. She had often before slept in the châlet, and preferred it to the house. Finding her resolute, the Colonel and I accompanied her over there, the maid bringing the child. The clouds had cleared away, and it was now bright moonlight.

The interior arrangement of the châlet was very simple. There were two rooms, each about fifteen feet square, opening into each other. The first of these was the bedroom, and had one large window on the right as you entered. The other room was used as a parlour; it had books and a writing-table, and a sofa in the bay-window. Adjoining it was a small chamber, at that time used for lumber. The only entrance to the building was by the front-door, which was of solid wood, and could be securely fastened. But the neighbourhood was a very quiet one, and such a thing as a burglary had not been heard of for years. After having seen Mrs. Taverney safely into her little hermitage, therefore, we left her there without any apprehensions. The maid went back with us. We locked the door on the outside, it being arranged that the maid was to go over early in the morning to attend to washing and dressing the baby. Mrs. Taverney stood at the open window, and waved her hand in adieu to us as we set off on our homeward journey. Then she closed the window and fastened it.

"It seems rather a lonely place to leave her in," I remarked to the Colonel, as we strolled along over the damp turf, smoking our cigars.

"Bless you, her baby is all the company a mother wants," replied my gallant companion. "As for safety, she couldn't be safer if she was in our house in town. Not but what I wish the poor girl had some better protector than a baby, too!" The Colonel said this with a sigh; and no further words passed between us till our arrival at the house.

I went to my chamber that night about midnight. It was quite warm, and after partly undressing, I sat down at my open window to finish my smoke and enjoy the moon. While thus comfortably engaged, a sound reached my ears that made me start. It was very faint; but was it not a scream? I listened again for a long time, for my thoughts had immediately gone to the distant châlet, from the direction in which the sound had seemed to come. But it was not repeated; and at last I persuaded myself I must have been mistaken, and sought my bed.

Meanwhile, this was what occurred at the châlet.

After putting her baby to sleep, Mrs. Taverney threw off her dress and put on a loose *négligée*; and, for additional ease, she unfastened her hair and suffered it to fall over her shoulders and below her waist. She was not sleepy, and purposed reading awhile before going to bed. There were no books in the bedroom, so she went into the other room to get one. She did not take her candle with her, for the moonlight was so bright that no other light was needed. The book she selected was Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre." After taking it from the bookshelf, she paused a minute or two by the sofa in the bow-window, gazing out across the silent landscape. Her thoughts went back to the time, two years ago, when she sat there with Spencer Curtis at her feet, and he had told her his love. Her bosom heaved with a sigh, and a deeper look came into her eyes. Poor Spencer! After all, no one had spoken to her of love as he had spoken of it. Where was he now? Was he thinking of her? Had he forgotten her? The place seemed full of him. There was the very spot where he had knelt.

A slight sound, which Mrs. Taverney supposed to come from the baby, interrupted her reverie at this point, and she hastened back to the bedside. No; the child slept peacefully, lying on its back, with its little white arms above its head. The mother bent over it lovingly, but feared to kiss it, lest it should wake. She sat down in a chair by the bedside, drew up the small table which held the candle, and was soon deep in the mysteries of Mr. Rochester's establishment. As she sat, she faced the door of the inner room; it stood wide open, and by raising her eyes, she could see through to the bay-window. But she presently became so absorbed in her book that she had eyes for nothing else.

She had been reading for perhaps half an hour, when an unmistakable noise from the inner room again put her on the alert. It was a slow pushing sound, and was followed by a faint creak—the door of the little lumber-closet was being opened. The door lay out of the range of her vision, unless she moved, and for the moment, bold-hearted woman though she was, she was powerless to move. The creaking ceased; but, as she listened intently, she fancied she could detect a long irregular breathing. Then a shadow fell across the moonlight that rested on the floor of the inner room.

Mrs. Taverney turned, and extinguished the candle by putting her finger on the wick. It was the thought of her baby that made her do this. She hoped that, whatever might happen to her, the baby might not be noticed. The candle being out, she silently arose, and drew the coverlet over the baby's face. Meanwhile, she kept her eyes directed towards the open doorway.

A face was now visible in the other room, its features strongly lighted and blackly shadowed by the moon. It was a man's face, wild and ghastly. A thin and ragged beard and tangled hair, emaciated cheeks and appalling eyes, glittering and restless. In hue and cadaverousness it resembled the face of a dead person; but it was alive, though with no ordinary life. The figure moved so silently that at first Mrs. Taverney thought it was a spectre; and the idea was strengthened by the shadow of resemblance it bore to some one whom she had known well, and had met in that very spot. The figure moved towards the bay-window, and knelt down there, grasping in its arms one of the cushions of the sofa. It pressed the cushion to its breast, and seemed to kiss it passionately. Then, all at once, it broke out into a hurried murmur of strange disjointed words—expressions of love, despair, and entreaty, and her own name incessantly repeated. A horrible oppression made Mrs. Taverney's heart shudder and pause. This was no spectre, but a living man—a madman—and her discarded lover.

If it had not been for her baby she would have dropped fainting where she stood; but as it was, she dared not faint. The thing was as unexpected and inconceivable as it was real and terrible. She was shut up, alone and beyond the reach of help, with the mad lover whom her own inconstancy had driven to madness. To escape was hopeless; and to remain might be death—not to her only! Her least movement might reveal her presence to him; or any moment he might turn and see her. Yet to stand there inactive was most intolerable of all. Something she must do, or the suspense would drive her also mad. If she could only reach unobserved the door between the two rooms, and manage to close it! She believed there was a key in the lock; at all events, it would be better than nothing. She did not wait for the idea to cool, but instantly stepped towards the door. Unfortunately, it opened away from her, towards the inner room. Yet she almost had her hand upon it, when the madman rose from his knees and faced her. Then, without wavering, she did a thing which showed a valiant heart. She walked quickly forwards into the room, and closed the door behind her. She had the madman to herself; but the baby—for the time at least—was safe.

She never knew how long she was closeted there with him, in that fearful companionship; nor did she ever tell what passed between them, save in disconnected hints. Whatever it were, the traces which it left upon her remained permanently. There is reason to suppose that the madman who had been Spencer Curtis did not show uncontrollable violence; but there is reason to believe that, with the hideous unconsciousness of insanity, he made her drink to the last dregs the bitterness of the wrong that she had done him. Perhaps there have been others besides Kate Taverney who have held in their memory the consciousness of an hour which no one else besides their Creator will ever know anything about. I am thought to be of a speculative turn of mind; but I do not care to speculate further in this matter.

But this night was not to pass without a further incident. At about twelve o'clock, according to my reckoning, Kate heard a sound which she had heard many times before with little emotion, but which now severed her heart like a sword. It was the crying of her baby in the next room. She was sitting on the sofa in the window at the time, and she had succeeded in soothing her companion so far, that he was crouching beside her, with his head in her lap. He heard it too, and immediately leaped to his feet with a madman's suspicious alertness. She tried to restrain him, but horror made her powerless; he broke away from her, opened the door of the bedroom, and went in, she following with stiffened limbs. The child continued its cries: he went to the bed, turned back the coverlet, and caught the infant up in his arms. Then Kate fell down on her knees, and uttered that scream which reached my ears as I sat smoking at my chamber window.

The next morning, when the maid went at the appointed hour to waken her mistress, she found her kneeling on the floor in front of a haggard-looking creature, who sat in a chair with the baby in his arms. It was sleeping quietly; he was crooning over it, and mumbling loving words to it in a hushing tone. As the amazed woman drew near, Mrs. Taverney turned upon her a face that seemed wrinkled and aged, and said huskily, "Do not disturb them. He thinks the baby is his. He has been very gentle to her. Let them be!" And then, in a moment, she dropped sideways, insensible.

From that night Spencer partially recovered from his madness, insomuch that it was not found necessary to send him back to the asylum from which he escaped: but he always persisted in believing the baby to be his own. Mrs. Taverney made arrangements to take charge of him, and they have in a manner lived together ever since. She seems to feel that he belongs to her; and when I visited them the other day, her manner towards him struck me as being exquisitely tender. The little girl was smiling between them.

MONEY EARNING WIVES.

A Very Pertinent Clipping from an Exchange.

It is frequently a subject for thought and conversation as to why professional women—actresses, milliners, dressmakers, and principals of young ladies' academies, etc.—have so much trouble with their husbands; and it is also frequently observed that the husbands of money-earning ladies are idle or lazy, or both, or dissipated, or else shrink into quiet nonentities who are apparently endured because of the feminine belief that it is good to have a man about the house anyhow. It is certainly true that the husbands of money-earning women are generally the quietest and most unassuming of their sex—in their domestic life. To some this condition may appear a cause for merriment and ridicule, but in reality, it involves the serious question as to whether it is good for a man to marry a woman who desires or will be forced to earn her share of their income in actual hard cash, and not by staying at home minding the house and economizing in groceries, dry-goods, gas, and fuel. A man who marries with this contingency staring him in the face risks a good deal concerning his domestic happiness. A woman who can contribute a share of money earned by her own labour to the common household fund is naturally prouder of it than a man would be, and, womanlike, she wants to crow over it a bit, and it frequently happens that this crowing becomes irksome and embarrassing to the man. His responsibilities as a man, a husband, and a father, are lessened, and with the burden that is lifted from his back goes something of his self-esteem, something of his self-respect and sturdy independence. His pride in himself and his self-assurance receive a blow. We know there are many worthless shirks whose unmanly selfishness and lack of pluck have thrown the heavy burden of providing for the home upon the slender shoulders of their brave and patient wives. We know, too, how nobly a woman assumes such duties when they arise before her, and we know of her marvellous self-sacrifices and endurances, but these are not the money-earning wives we refer to. These generally marry with all the pretty dreams and hopes of wifehood that are natural to young wives, and then, when it is too late, they discover that it is the woman who must be strong and the wife who must provide.

Our original proposition is that a rightly proud man will do any sort of labour rather than have his wife work for him. If his wife has the time and the fancy to employ either her brains or her fingers in tasks that will bring remuneration, this money is hers, and not his, and when he begins to look forward to her earnings as a part of his income, he also begins to lose his pride in being the breadwinner and protector of his family. Another and very strong moral reason why women whose husbands can and do support them, should not seek "paid work," is that they may be taking work away from some woman who really needs it.

There is nothing like making school children comfortable. One of the Kingston school trustees suggested the other day that croquet lawns should for the future form part of the educational apparatus. Croquet may yet be added to the list of subjects in which candidates for teachers' certificates are examined. A knowledge of the game is very useful to girls when they are courting, but surely it can be acquired when school is not in session.

TWICE RESURRECTED.

A Lady Buried Twice and Finally Brought to Life.

New York News.

A woman in Snicarte, Mason county, Ill., to all appearances, died. But a few weeks previous to this she had given birth to a child, and was apparently well, with the exception of a nursing sore mouth, from the effects of which she had become quite weak; so much so, that her husband thought it was necessary to call in a physician, but she objected, insisting upon waiting a few days longer, thinking she could manage the affection without the aid of a physician. She soon afterward very suddenly sank away, and to all appearances gave up the ghost. The body was kept till the next day about 2 p.m., when it was inclosed in a coffin and taken to the grave-yard, followed by a great many mournful friends.

In laying her out her arms were tied together above the elbows with a strip of cloth, so that her hands would retain a natural position across her breast. At the grave some of her friends wished to view her remains, and the coffin was opened that they might do so. On removing the lid over the glass they could not see through the moisture on it, and it was then seen that one of her hands had been torn loose from the band and was lying by her side, and her arms were as limber as one alive. The circumstances bore upon the minds of several present, but still they could not entertain any notion but that she was dead. Her hands were again placed in position across her breast, and re-tied with the same strip of cloth, and she was buried.

After returning to their homes several of the parties who had noticed the singular appearance of the corpse commenced to talk it over, and they soon raised a doubt in their minds that she was dead. About five o'clock the same evening several went to the grave and took the body up. On opening the coffin they found fresh moisture on the glass of the coffin-lid, and her hands were again broken from the strip of cloth that bound them, and they were both lying by her side, and instead of her limbs being the least rigid they and her fingers were flexible. Notwithstanding all this, they could not convince themselves but she was dead, and she was reburied.

The matter was generally discussed in the neighbourhood, and by the following Sunday the excitement had grown so intense that it was decided to re-exhume her the following day. The next day, Monday, after she had slept beneath the sod for four days and nights, she was again resurrected, and taken to her home, where she has been slowly but gradually improving. Her friends entertain the strongest hopes of her recovery, which, if she does, will be a remarkable occurrence, long to be remembered by the people of Snicarte. The way in which this affair was managed was, to say the least, very singular.

134 Years Old and Still Vigorous.

From the Natchitoches Vindicator.

There resides in this parish, about seven miles from Natchitoches, an old negro named Friday Atkins. He claims that he was born in 1747 in the State of North Carolina, thus making his age 134 years. He lived in North Carolina twenty-three years. He was then carried to Alabama, where he resided sixty-seven years. From Alabama he was taken to De Soto parish, La., living there twenty-four years. He was then moved into this parish, where he has resided for the past twenty years. He is not at all feeble, but makes his own living now. Last year he raised two bales of cotton weighing 500 pounds each, and nearly enough corn to supply his wants. He complains that his eyesight is failing him, but says last year he shot bluebirds out of the martins' nests, seldom missing them, but he cannot do it now. A number of persons know Friday Atkins, and can testify to his being a very old man. Probably he is the oldest person living in this State, and is undoubtedly a remarkable instance of longevity of years in this rapid age of fast living and short existence.

Snake Stories.

To avoid rattlesnakes supply yourself when going into the hills with a piece of mountain ash. A gentleman of veracity unquestioned says that while crossing a field last summer he saw a very large snake sunning himself. He poked the old fellow under the nose with his ash stick and it apparently died. A short time after the removal of the stick the snake returned to life and began vigorously to rattle, spurt, and hiss. Another dose of the ash straightened it out apparently lifeless as before.

A cat belonging to a Mr. Willis, of Oldham county, Ky., remained away from home several hours at a time daily, and upon search being made it was seen sitting in a kind of recess under a rock in the woods. It would sit still for a time, then walk over to some object near it in the hole, and rub its head against it, purring most contentedly. This object was found to be a large black snake. It was curled up in a ring, and when the cat would approach it the snake would thrust up its head to receive the cat's caresses. This continued for about half an hour, when the cat evidently grew weary, and, after turning around several times to insure a comfortable position, lay down beside the snake and was soon fast asleep. The next day Mr. Willis took a couple of friends with him to witness the strange spectacle. The manœuvres were repeated. At length they resolved to kill the snake, and did so. This seemed to completely overwhelm the cat with grief, and it used to visit the rock daily, as usual, for several days, without, however, finding out what had become of its companion.

The driver of the Virginia and Bodie stage coach, George Finney, tells some very clever snake stories, but the following, of his experience last season, must be taken with some degree of allowance. He says that hoops and rattlers are so plentiful along the route that it is dangerous to leave the coach, and he thinks it a wonder that he has not lost his team before this. In coming in one day last summer, he drove into a lot of snakes that literally covered the centre of the road for about five hundred yards. He could not turn out, so he sent the silk into the horses and dashed through on a dead run. How the team escaped injury puzzled him. One big hoop snake, about ten feet long, that was lying in the road, as soon as it heard the coach coming, uncoiled itself just as the team was passing over it, and made a vicious strike with its spiked, bony tail at the body of the nigh wheeler, but missed him and struck the pole. The force of the blow was so sudden that the tail was driven into the hard wood some three inches. The snake, being unable to withdraw it, was dragged along for about 100 yards, when it was killed by one of the wheelers stepping on it and breaking off the spike. The venomous reptile gave a frightful yell, denoting pain mingled with rage, as it expired, and before reaching the next station the waggon pole was swollen up as big as an ordinary saw log, while poison was dripping out from under the irons at each end like green sap from a freshly-cut sapling.

That problematical reptile, the sea serpent, is responsible for the insanity of George Drevor, a captain in the English merchant marine. At his recent trial for having sent threatening letters to a wreck commissioner, the captain exhibited a specimen of the sea serpent, which he had preserved in a bottle of spirits. In one of his letters he wrote: "I sincerely believe that God, for some wise purpose, has been pleased to reveal this greatest wonder of animated nature to me."

About a mile and a half south-east of town, on Williams Creek, there is a noted rendezvous for snakes, and people living thereabouts are very careful how they approach the spot. Of the hundreds of snakes which have their home at this den, one has always been a terror to the neighbourhood. It has been known that an enormous serpent had for several years infested the place, but no one wanted to tackle him, and he was left alone. His snakeship is at least twenty feet long and a foot and a half in circumference, of a dark brown colour, and is thought to be the one that escaped from the circus at Newport some years ago.—*Rockville Tribune.*

Chicago proposes to have sewing taught in its public schools.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The lumber cut upon the Wisconsin shore of Lake Superior has increased from 4,000,000 feet in 1874 to 22,000,000 feet in 1881.

Christopher Mullady, aged 15 years, ran away from Altoona with some tramps, with whom he spent a day drinking whisky and taking no food. The next morning he was found dead.

Mrs. Garfield, though a woman and having no voice in the affairs of the people, is besieged with office-seekers asking for her assistance in their behalf. But she says "No!" and with emphasis, too.

A herd of 40 camels belong to a Frenchman living in Nevada. Thirty-seven of them were born in that State. They are to be used this summer in carrying goods from the terminus of the Carson and Colorado railroad to camps far out in the wilderness.

Over the door of a receiving-vault recently placed in the cemetery at Stonington, Conn., is the inscription: "Resurgam. And they laid the pilgrim in a chamber which looked toward the sunrising; the name of the chamber was peace; and when the morning came he arose and sang."

Massachusetts is the only one of the New England States where by law ten hours is the day's work in the mills. It is to be said that, on the whole, the operatives are in favour of the ten-hour system, and that opportunity for employment is better elsewhere than in Massachusetts.

A recently published map of Boston shows that fully one-half of the present area of that city consists of "made ground," reclaimed from water or swamp by filling in and piling. The pile-driving business has doubled within the past year, and is now being carried on with unprecedented activity.

Great difficulty is found in getting sailors to ship for the Arctic cruise on the Helen and Mary in search of the Jeannette. Of 25 men whose physical condition was pronounced satisfactory after an examination on April 29, not a single one would ship at $22 a month, the wages offered by the Government.

ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

New picture frames are of white holly with tracings of ebony.

Abroad the fans are so large that when shut they resemble walking sticks.

There is more satin manufactured at present than any other goods made of silk.

Woman is said to have three needs only—sympathy, silks, and shopping money.

London women decorate their horses' heads by putting a spray of artificial flowers into the bridles.

A deep thinker says that "the generality of women who do fancy work don't fancy work."

Card cases are made of silk and satin placed in alternate stripes, and without any stiffening whatever.

Oval dinner cards with a simple border of fringe are preferred by many to the more elaborate kinds.

The circle in London into which it is most difficult for idle people to gain admittance is the intellectual.

Coloured Sèvres glass is again in fashion for small pieces on dinner tables, and also for small toilet articles.

A new floral fancy is to substitute a blossoming bough for the flower bell used at wedding ceremonies.

Artificial jardiniers and pot plants in handsome majolica pots are more used than real flowers for room decoration.

Crabs and terrapins done in Kensington embroidery ornament newly imported lunch table spreads and finger-bowl doylies.

Fashionable wax candles now stand in small porcelain plates instead of candlesticks. The candles are in the form of an obelisk.

A wainscot, ten feet high and made of blue tiles, was recently put in a dining-room thirty-two feet high in a New York Mansion.

Ruskin says that "cheap dress bought for cheapness' sake, and costly dress bought for costliness' sake, are both abominations."

Side pockets and chatelaine bags are made of tinted satin, hand painted in delicate sprays of flowers, and trimmed with flutings of lace.

Some of the designs found in carved ceilings of the sixteenth century are reproduced at present in patchwork for cushions and chair covers.

Dressed calfskin, russia and morocco leathers are used as a ground-work for embroidery. Gilt is mostly used for the embroidery.

Among the elegancies in drawing-rooms are incense burners of bronze, in which pastilles, emitting a fragrant smoke, are kept constantly burning.

Braided chair seats are really fashionable. They are made from nice pieces of silk or woollen, sewed together like mats and bordered with velvet.

"Papeteries" are made of willow in imitation of champagne baskets and hampers. When lined with satin or silk they make very pretty work-baskets.

Very large, scented sachets are made to lay outside a bed as an ornament. They are composed of quilted or plain satin, with a large monogram in the centre.

Feathers are much used for decorative purposes in England, being applied to chairs, stools, mantels, settees, and in fact everything in which colour can be applied.

The rage for insect decorations is on the increase. Wasps, bees and butterflies are in favour, and very life-like beetles are seen made of mother-of-pearl and gold.

Pretty bannerets are made of coarse grey linen painted in water colours with designs from Kate Greenway. They are lined with the same material and bordered with plush.

Library chairs and sofas are covered with Daghistan rugs. The backs of these pieces of furniture are square, and the trimming is fringes and rosettes of wool matching the rug.

A New York sportsman gave a dinner at which the table was decorated with two horses of white carnations, with manes of white lilac, tails of pampas grass, and blankets of red carnations.

The newest toilet sets are of linen scrim, with hems and borders done in hemstitching, edged with antique lace and embroidery, in fine French crewels, which bear any amount of washing.

A pretty cover for an upright piano is made of wine coloured silk serge, with ends of plush of the same shade. On the corners are embroidered yellow buttercups and sprays of yellow laburnum.

A new engagement ring has a band of turquoise, selected on account of its azure tint—blue signifying faith. It is fastened with a tiny padlock, composed also of turquoise, and the donor retains the key.

A table in London is valued at 10,000 guineas. It is only two feet wide, two feet and nine inches high, and eighteen inches deep, but the top, frieze, and back are overlaid with old Sèvres plaque, and the mounts are very highly chased and gilt.

A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in Medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds, and all Lung troubles of Scrofulous Cankerous Humours, or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. A. A. DINSMORE, 19 Russell street.

Medical.

Vegetine

Not only cleanses the Blood of all its impurities, but at the same time restores the appetite, strengthens the stomach, tones up the physical organs, relieves all phases of indigestion, and, in a word, reinvigorates the whole system.

The Best Blood Purifier in the World.

More Genuine Truthful Testimonials Than All Other Medicines Combined.

We have received testimonials:

From Druggists	10,783
From Clergymen	587
From Physicians	214
From all other persons	19,703
Total	31,287

No Other Medicine Has Performed So Many Remarkable Cures.

REV. G. W. MANSFIELD WRITES:

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Waltham, must convince everyone who reads his letter of the wonderful curative qualities of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood:—

HYDE PARK, Mass., Feb. 15, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back, and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen