

"It is regularity that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights in the week, and then go to bed four nights at nine, one might think would do very well. I don't think this every other night early and every other night late is much better than every night late. It is regularity that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night in the week deranges the nervous system. Regularity in sleep is every bit as important as regularity in food."

The doctor's arguments prevailed. The lean patient suddenly exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the hearts of all my friends."

She did it, gained twenty one pounds in five months, and found herself in very best possible health and spirits, fresh and young looking, and quite delighted with this new and simple remedy, which she recommended enthusiastically to all her friends.

The injurious effects of two or more persons occupying the same bed are well known. The cases are extremely rare where two persons can habitually occupy the same bed night after night for years without one or the other being decidedly the loser in vitality, and more often it injures both. Every member of the family should have a bed to himself or herself, and, if possible, a room where he or she may retire at will for quiet, uninterrupted study, meditation, devotion or sleep, for at least eight hours out of the twenty-four. Alone with God, in perfect quiet, and away from all disturbing influences, the most perfect rest and refreshment will be gained.—[ANNA H. HOWARD, in the Household.]

Family Circle.

SADIE DANFORTH'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"I'm going to do it, Em."

"Oh, Sadie! don't. How dare you? What if you should get found out!"

"No danger of that; not a bit. I shan't give my own name,—only send the photograph with a fictitious address. Won't that fellow stare, though, when he sees my pretty face popping out from his letter! Oh! Em Danforth, it's the richest joke I ever played. Uriah will think, sure, the Fates decree I am to be his sweetheart, and there he is, already engaged to Gertrude Perkins. How the poor fellow will roll his round, white eyes at me, and sigh those oxy signs of his, and fall to studying his tea grounds and magic cards still closer! Oh, I shall—"

"But Sadie," interrupted the younger and more cautious sister, "Uriah is sincere, only foolishly superstitious and terribly in earnest just now, trying to wrest from the Fates if this Gertrude Perkins is to be his future wife and if she is the right one for him to marry. The fellow means well; why do you want to bother and bedevil him still more, when you know he is already dreadfully worried over his matrimonial affairs?"

"Oh, Em! It's such fun! He is so easily fooled and ready to believe anything and everything that rusty old horse shoes or tea and coffee settings tell him, and always studying the dirty creases in his big, clumsy hands, trying to read his fortune; he deserves to be punished for being so superstitious in this enlightened age. When he has pledged himself to marry a girl, what an insult to her, his writing to a stranger, and a humbug, too, inquiring if she is the right wife for him! Wasn't it fortunate I read that advertisement this morning?"

The two girls, Emma and Sadie Danforth, had been set a task of picking and sorting several fleeces of washed wool, in the wide, open chamber on their farm home. In the centre of the floor was a great heap of wool, as light as down, from which the girls had picked every tangle and dirt speck for easier and cleaner carding into rolls.

To reach this work-room, the girls must need pass through the chamber of one of the farm hands, Uriah Stevens, and pausing a moment to glance over the flashy story paper that lay on his table, Sadie caught sight of this advertisement:

"MADemoiselle HORTENSE DE PAUL,  
NECROMANCER.

The future unravelled for fifty cents. Send lock of hair, color of eyes, age, with photograph of self, and receive by return mail a correct likeness of your

future husband or wife, with name, and date of marriage.

Lock Box, 1132."

The moment Sadie's quick eye had caught the address of this pretended sorceress, she remembered seeing the name on a fat envelope she had mailed that morning for Uriah.

"There! Emma," she exclaimed, carrying the paper with her into the work-room, "if that foolish, superstitious fellow, Uriah Stevens, hasn't answered this advertisement! It was his picture and fifty cents that made the letter so heavy which I mailed for him to-day. Now he will watch the mails as closely as a hawk a chicken till he hears from this Mademoiselle Hortense. What fun it would be to send her my photo with a request that she inclose it in the reply she mails him! The clairvoyants are always ready to seize upon any grain of information or truth that is thrown them, for they—"

"Girls, be sure and have those fleeces finished by noon," rang a clear voice up the stair-way. "Your father is going to the village after dinner and I want to send that wool to the carding mill."

"That means less talk and work, Sadie. Do stop studying that silly old fortune-teller's advertisement, and pick wool faster. Mother wants to commence spinning next week."

Sadie tossed the flashy picture sheet aside, and with quick snips and jerks loosened tangles and matted hay seeds and nettles till the wool rolled from her fingers in fluffy, white clouds.

"I'm going to do it, Em!" was the exclamation that warned Emma her headstrong, fun-loving sister was still thinking of the matter. "I am going to mail Mademoiselle Hortense a letter, also, to-day, and it will reach here at the same time as Uriah's bulky envelope. I shall enclose one of my photos, sign myself—dear me, what name shall I give?—Sadie Perkins, that will be a cute one to mystify poor Uriah still more, and write her that although I do not doubt her powers of necromancy in the least, for the sake of a rich joke and a certain young man's peace of mind I beg she will return the enclosed picture to one Uriah Stevens, who has consulted her in regard to his future, stating that on the twelfth day of December next he will be united in the bonds of matrimony to Sadie Perkins, the original of the likeness."

"Oh, Sadie! How dare you send a photograph of yourself to a perfect stranger! This Hortense Du Paul may be some bad-hearted man for all you know, and who will—"

"Hush! Emma, mother is coming up-stairs. She must never hear a word about this. She would say it wasn't lady-like or proper. But there isn't a bit of harm in it, only fun for us and a good punishment on Uriah for being such a goose as to patronize fortune-tellers."

Before noon the great, white, woolly heap was sacked ready for the carding loom and a letter had slyly been penned to the clairvoyant of lock box 1132, containing a likeness of Sadie's bright face; a likeness so striking, with its arching brows and long, dark curls, and so true to life, that a stranger would have easily recognized the pretty, country girl by the picture.

Caleb Danforth little thought that among the budget of mail matter he carried to the office that day, that one letter of his daughter's was addressed to a vile den of a great city—a trio of black-hearted-men, who under the assumed, innocent sounding title of Mademoiselle Hortense, solicited correspondence from unsophisticated and innocent country boys and girls, by artful advertisements in newspapers most likely to reach them. Men who would not scruple to use any means to attain their ends; as evil-eyed and artful and with purposes as vile as Satan's servants can learn this side of Hades. Oh, what a den into which to send the fair face of a pure young girl! What advantage might they take of its possession? What clues, and deep, hateful schemes might this trio of bad men track and plot till they had this innocent, thoughtless girl netted within their coils or wrested from her parents their hard-earned dollars as "bush money," till they had brought them to poverty and shame!

The next few days were days of feverish impatience for Uriah and Sadie. Both eagerly watched every mail, but the great, awkward farm hand, who sat opposite Sadie at the table and parted his shock of dirty white hair exactly in the middle to gratify the taste of his affianced, Gertrude Perkins, little suspected that Sadie had any interest in his expected letter.

The fifth day it came—an official looking document in a bulky blue envelope, which Uriah stealthily opened behind his plate, but not so slyly as he thought, for both Emma and Sadie caught sight of the letter's photograph before he sufficiently recovered his astounded senses to conceal the bit of card-board.

"Oh, Em! wasn't it fun watching his face when he opened that letter!" Sadie exclaimed, as soon as the girls were alone. "First he turned white, then red, then purple. He rolled those white eyes of his at me and kept slyly peeping at the picture of his supposed lady-love, between enormous mouthfuls of his dinner, till I nearly screamed with the fun of it. I wonder what he will tell Gertrude when he next visits her. I expect he will keep his sweetest smiles now for me until the climax is reached, and then I shall tell him just what a big simpleton we think him; how our letter reached the prophetic as soon as his own, and we trust that in the future he will spend his half dollars more wisely."

"It would be a good lesson for Uriah, Sadie, and your picture has come back all right, but supposing Mademoiselle had copies of it taken to distribute among silly and wicked young men who write her for a likeness of their future wife?"

"I never thought of that, Emma," Sadie said, suddenly checking her merriment. "But the woman

would have no right to copy my picture, and, of course, would not do so."

"I am afraid, Sadie, that people of her sort have very little principle. Anything is right to them that will coin them a dollar. But I do not want to frighten you. Perhaps the picture was not copied or your post-office address noted, and when Uriah has had his lesson and returned your photograph the matter will end."

But it didn't. Hardly a month had passed after Uriah's sentimental, worried, mystified heart had been set at rest by Sadie's laughing explanation, and Gertrude and himself were placed on the same sweet terms as of old, a letter reached her from a dissipated, low-charactered fellow who lived in an adjoining town. He wrote with insulting freedom, claiming her as his future wife because the Fates had so decreed it—asserting that he had consulted a sorceress of wonderful clairvoyant powers, who in answer to his queries had sent him a perfect likeness of her own pretty face with the assurance that "Sadie, a farmer's daughter of Newton Center," would be his life companion.

"Oh! Emma, Emma! What shall I do? That wretched creature did copy my picture, for Oscar Trombly, that miserable saloon-keeper at the east village, declares he holds one which he received from a necromancer that he consulted. And, worse yet, Emma, he writes he shall drive over next Saturday to commence our acquaintance. Emma, what shall I do?"

"Tell mother."

Her sister's answer was very brief and decided. "I can't, Emma. Oh! I can't! It will almost kill mother to know my photograph may be in the hands of a legion of bad men, and that Oscar Trombly dared write me. Whatever shall I do! Oh, I wish I had never meddled with Uriah's affairs."

"You must tell mother, Sadie, there is no other way. She will think of some plan to get rid of that fellow so he will not trouble you."

A very quiet, shamed-faced girl it was that closeted herself an hour with her mother that afternoon, wholly unlike the flippant, spirited Sadie

traces of tears on her flushed face. "Mother is a darling; mother is tried gold," was all she said as she hurried past to her own room, for her heart was too full, then, to tell of the long, tender talk she had with her mother; how she, Sadie, had promised to be more thoughtful, and not give way to her rash, venturing spirit, and that the mother had agreed to receive Mr. Trombly alone, if he should fulfil his word, and explain matters and secure the photograph, so that her likeness should not be banded about the low fellows who haunted his saloon.

"And mother says," and here Sadie's voice trembled as though the title had suddenly grown very precious and sacred to her, "and mother says, father need never know a word about this, for it would only worry him, and it shall be a little secret between herself and you and me. She is quite sure Oscar will not call here to trouble me but once."

He did not. Mrs. Danforth received him alone with gracious, lady-like dignity, which roused all the chivalry there was in the man, and when explanations had been given and he drove away, the picture he had obtained of Sadie her mother held, and also the promise that he would wholly drop the subject.

One other insult Sadie suffered in consequence of her rash act. The western mails soon after brought her a letter from an ignorant backwoodsman in the Michigan forests, saying a "pardner" of his had once met her in her home, and that he was ready to "swear" the inclosed picture was a likeness of herself which he had obtained from a clairvoyant woman who had agreed to send him a picture of the girl he was to marry. If she thought well of it, he wanted her to come out to "Pitch Pine station, Michigan," where he would "join her" and they would "git married."

Sadie read the missive with scarlet cheeks, then crowded both letter and photograph under a blazing fire brand, thankful one more of those hateful pictures was safe and could do no further mischief.

The old post-master at Newton Center could have told her—only he knew not that she was the one to tell—that half-a-dozen missives directed to "Sadie Perkins," waited delivery at their allotted time at his office and were remailed to the Dead Letter Office.

Well was it for her peace of mind that she did not know, and that the father never received the threatening note that was inclosed him by one of Mademoiselle's confederates, demanding two hundred dollars, else the "copying and distribution of your daughter Sadie's photograph among men and houses of ill repute will be continued."

HELEN AYRE.

It is a fact that there has been from the first a confident persuasion of the reality of the future life, quite different from any belief elsewhere. This persuasion of immortality does not come from argument or reasoning. It has been transmitted through the church from the beginning as an inheritance, into which we are all born. We grow up from childhood with this implicit conviction. It has come down from father to son, from mother to daughter, as an unquestioned belief. The arguments of sceptics produce no effect upon us, for the roots of this conviction go down the region of argument—it is a part of our life.