

URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Irvine).

CHAPTER VI.

"I am sure of it," said Paxton, "only when he is a little older, and has knit himself together a little more tightly, he will come to understand that in every atmosphere a man should venture to be himself. He need not assume one sort of affection to escape another. You don't do so, Mr. Houghton, if you will excuse the freedom of the remark."

The passing reference to himself escaped Geoffrey's notice; he was considering how he could put in a good word for his friend, who he sincerely believed that Paxton did not appreciate.

"Wyvern returns with me to-day," he said, "and I would lay any wager you shall have got out of the park gates until he will be himself again. I wish you could see him as he is at Laventor; you would not know him for the same fellow."

"Thank you," said Paxton, "I should like immensely to accept your invitation. I hardly know anything I should like so much."

Geoffrey was startled, and began to wonder what invitation he had given. It seemed to him that his companion possessed a wonderful gift of making him say a great deal more than he himself was conscious of saying, or even of thinking; but there was no time for explanation, as at that moment the breakfast bell sounded, and they hastened back to the house.

Not a little curious were the looks which some of the party directed towards the two gentlemen as they entered together. They seemed such strange-matched companions, and what was to Mabel the most extraordinary feature of the case, Geoffrey Houghton appeared so wholly unconscious that there was anything remarkable about it.

"A thousand pardons," began Paxton; "I had no intention of keeping you all waiting; but Mr. Houghton begged me into a talk on the terrace, and I believe we both forgot the time."

The two sisters exchanged glances. "Do you really mean that you have been walking out before breakfast at this time of year?" said Mabel; "it gives one the shivers to think of it."

"Yes," he replied, "I do actually mean that before you opened your eyes to 'Phebus' tardy beam,' Mr. Houghton and I had taken several turns on the terrace, and got deep down into all matter of knotty questions."

"How delightful!" said Lady Annabel; "what would I not give to have had a fairly taking shorthand notes on the conversation!"

"Uncommonly glad you had not," thought Geoffrey, remembering the Dresden china.

"But now," she continued, "you never give us the benefit of such delightful talks. What was it all about, Mr. Houghton? You know we are all envying you; somebody once said that Mr. Paxton's thoughts were golden."

"On this occasion the thoughts were entirely furnished by Mr. Houghton," said Paxton; "I was little more than *volet de chambre* to his ideas, trying to clothe them in well-fitting garments of words."

Breakfast went on, and so did the conversation, and not one of the company but evinced a certain change of manner towards Geoffrey Houghton to what they had previously shown him. A simpleton he certainly could not be, who had been chosen for the coveted distinction of an hour's *let-a-let* with the most distinguished man of letters all England could produce, and who could furnish ideas which the greatest master of the English tongue should think worthy of clothing with language. It was a wonderful state of things, and bid fair in an hour or so to lift our simple hero himself into the place of the lion.

"Are you really leaving us?" said Lady Annabel, addressing herself to Paxton, who had alluded to a speedy departure. "We had hoped to have kept you safe out of the London fog for one more day."

"I am not returning to London to-day," replied Paxton. "Mr. Houghton was good enough this morning to ask me to accompany Julian to Laventor, and I really had not self-denial enough to refuse."

It would be difficult to say who was most surprised by this announcement—the assembled company, or Geoffrey himself. He had not the least recollection of giving the invitation, and would as soon have thought of doing so as of inviting Count Gleichen or old Miss Abbott; and he was within an inch of saying as much, when Julian, perceiving him on the verge of a disastrous blunder, hastened to his rescue.

"Now, that is first-rate," he said; "exactly what I have been wishing; it would be nothing short of a sin for Mr. Paxton to leave Cornwall without seeing the wildest and most Arabian corner of it. I am so uncommonly glad you thought of it; it was a real stroke of genius."

to remain silent and awe-struck, was able to impart to Geoffrey the convincing news that he did not feel a bit afraid of him. This gratifying intelligence was imparted in her brother's study, when the guests and the other members of the family had retired to their respective apartments, previous to re-assembling for dinner. It was, in fact, the particular moment which Mary was accustomed to devote to what she called "seeing after" her brother, especially at times when he was likely to have any unusual duties of hospitality laid upon him. On such occasions she generally contrived to pay him a ten minutes' visit, giving him little hints and scraps of information, which, she trusted, he might turn to profit, sometimes even having an eye to his toilet, and giving it some finishing touches of her own. On this occasion she found Geoffrey provokingly unconscious that there was anything to be afraid of in the new element he had imported into the family circle; nor was he in the least prepared to think that he was required to depart from any of his customary ways and habits. So, disconcerted as she was, she did not say a word to her own satisfaction, Paxton, her host, found himself seated at the hospitable family board, and enabled to make his observations very much at his ease. Julian and Rodolph were the only other guests, and both of them were at home at Laventor. The dinner went on as dinner does. Geoffrey stuck to some old-fashioned ways, and persisted in carving at the head of his own table; and, while so engaged, he was generally grave or what Rodolph called "solemn."

He had early become aware of the fact that the only way for him to do anything well was by giving it his whole attention; and he had thus acquired the habit of putting an amount of gravity into his manner of doing small things which often provoked that gentleman's ridicule. But though his carving absorbed too much of his attention during the early portion of the entertainment to give him the use of his tongue, it did not entirely deprive him of that of his ears, and he was just the least in the world annoyed to hear Rodolph flourishing a little on the subject of yesterday morning's walk with Aurelia, out of which he was making conversational capital.

"What a change there will be up there when the old gentleman goes to heaven," he said. "I suppose Marmaduke, M.P., will then come in for everything."

"What! the Pedragon of Eaglehurst?" said Julian; "is he the next heir?"

"I fancy so," replied Rodolph. "You know there are no sons left now, since the last one was hanged or drowned—which was it?"

"Hanged!" said Paxton with sudden interest, as he recalled the lines on the mantelpiece which he had been speculating on the evening before. "Was that the fate of the last heir of Meryll? Then what would it fit into the second line of the old prophecy?"

But just then Julian looked up, and saw poor Geoffrey struggling with mixed emotions: the effort to use his carving-knife and fork for the ordinary purposes to which those implements are intended, and the vehement desire to throw them at Rodolph's head. He saw also a piteous expression on Mary's countenance, and plunged forward to the rescue. "You must quit, Miss Houghton," he began, "we sat up last night and got Lindsey to tell us ghost stories, and bloody-bones legends, till our heads were crammed with horrors. Mr. Paxton is prepared to find you all living in enchantment, and I have promised to guide him to the exact spot on the seashore where Excalibur was flung into the mere."

Then, having secured Paxton's attention, he led him on once more glancing at his host's countenance, perceiving by its relieved expression that he had done him a timely service. Later on in the evening, when the party had returned to the drawing-room, Mary found her opportunity at a moment when the others were engaged in conversation; and, as Julian took a seat beside her, she endeavored to express her thanks. "I was so grateful to you at dinner," she said, "Mr. Beresford did not see and you did."

"In a foggy sort of way," said Julian. "I only comprehended that, unless relief was speedily ministered, Geoffrey would certainly have choked."

"They had touched on a painful subject," said Mary. "Geoffrey, you know, has made the Pedragon trouble his head. I saw he would not bear having them vented in that careless way over the dinner-table."

"Do you know," said Julian, "I have a very dim sort of idea what their troubles were. People make allusions, and shake their heads, but I have never heard the real story."

"Oh, it is no secret: Uriel, the last surviving son, when only nineteen, was charged with a murderous assault and robbery. It seemed inconceivable, he had always appeared so good; but they supposed there must have been secret debts to account for it. It was fully proved, and he was condemned to five years' penal servitude. At the end of that time they tried to get off to America; but news came that, a few days after he had sailed, he fell over board and was drowned. The poor old father has never got over it, and at the time they feared he would lose his reason. He recovered after a while, but he has never passed the threshold of his own home since the first shock of the disgrace. You could not estimate its fully unless you knew what sort of pride the Pedragons have always had in their family honor."

"What a sad story!" said Julian; "I remember a man in the army, I think, and the affair took place with a brother officer. I have heard too, of the family pretensions; they must truly have come down with a crash."

"Yes," said Mary, "I don't think there is much of that sort of thing left now. Aurelia has nothing of it. I sometimes fancy that she feels all this is a sort of punishment, and that she and her father are expiating the pride of their ancestors."

"And what was Geoffrey's share in the history?" said Julian.

"Dear Geoffrey!" replied Mary, "he has been like a son of the old man, and has done everything for him. You will laugh if I say it, but really I think his devotion to the father and daughter is his romance, his poem, I was going to say if the notion of Geoffrey and poetry were not so incongruous."

"Why so incongruous?" said Julian. "I don't know, of course, what you mean by poetry; but what I can understand of it has nothing that would not suit the dear old fellow excellently well."

"Really!" said Mary; "just explain."

"Why, it is very simple, I think," replied Julian. "Poetry deals with what is great and noble, with what is above the common standard, and that is just what I take Geoffrey to be."

standard. But we were not speaking of the world, but of poetry. I know what you are thinking of," he continued, "as he followed the direction of Mary's eyes; 'you may there can be no poetry without beauty, and it is true; but the beauty must be within, in the first instance. If it is not there, it is nowhere. Outside show is not beauty.'"

"Do you know," said Mary, "I was thinking how like that is to Aurelia. Everyone who sees her speaks of her beauty, and it is simply dazzling. But for all that, there is something in it I never understood till now. She never seems to value it, hardly to be conscious of it, or, if conscious, seems to wish only to hide it away. What she makes me feel is far more the beauty of soul than of person."

"That is to say," said Julian, "that in her case the beauty of the soul has overpowered exteriorly, and you see it. Well, if we could see the soul of dear old Geoff, we would all cry eyes from the splendor. I tell you I know him through and through, and there is not a selfish fibre in him. If that is not poetry, I should like to know what is, let the world say what it likes about grass and so forth."

Mary smiled to the little allusion to her brother's catchword, and understood all that Julian meant to imply by it. She felt that he had precisely what Rodolph had not—a keen perception and delicate feeling for others—and a sympathy was at once established between them, which was felt by both to be very pleasant.

"Poetry and beauty," said Paxton, who had caught the words in the lull of the conversation, and seemed to think he had a right to join in the discussion. "Now, in the name of both those capital things, Miss Houghton, will you soften your excellent brother's heart, and try and persuade him to find some way by which I can get admitted within the haunted towers of Meryll Castle? He assures me no profane foot is ever suffered to enter there; and, of course, my desire to taste the forbidden fruit has immediately increased a hundredfold."

"If you could prove yourself an architect, you might have a chance," said Mary; "I don't know any other expedient."

"An architect!" exclaimed Paxton, "well, one never knows till one tries; I think I once built a pig-sty."

"Ah! to be sure," said Geoffrey; "I was forgetting about the chapel; I promised I would ask you about it, Julian. D'ye see, they want something done to it, and don't know how to set about it. I said I was sure you would find them the right man."

Julian listened while his friend related the substance of Miss Pedragon's conversation on the previous day; he took in the whole case with surprising quickness; the desirableness of arousing the old baronet's interest, the rocks to be avoided, and the object to be attained.

"Bluemantle is your man," said Rodolph; "that is, if you want first-rate quality, work, and design."

"Bluemantle is a puppy," said Julian, "and as arbitrary as the Czar. If he had a mind to sweep the mortuary chapel right away, he would do it, and never take a word from any one. There's Giles; he would do exactly what he was told, though I am not sure if he has been enough for such an undertaking. If he had a plan, he would carry it out, but the plan is the difficulty. Do you think one could see the place?"

"Of course," said Geoffrey; "and, besides, it has been engraved and photographed a dozen times. Mary will get you a portfolio full of views, but they give you no idea of the state of the roof, which is half a ruin. Gives you the rheumatism to go there, but till now the old man would not have it touched."

"Well, then, you'll take me there to-morrow," said Julian; "that's settled."

"And myself as architect's assistant," said Paxton. "Have no fear, I will sit up all night with a glossary of Gothic architecture, and lay in such a vocabulary of 'corbels' and 'string-courses' so that Mr. Wyvern shall be able to pass me off for Bluemantle himself, if needful."

Meanwhile, the portfolio, of which Geoffrey had spoken, was produced, and its contents once fired Julian without enthusiasm. He examined the photographs with the eye of a real artist, and was lost in admiration of their architectural beauty. "What proportions! what elegance, what marvellous tracery!" he exclaimed, "to think of such a jewel crumbling to ruins for want of care! I've half a mind to say it must be Bluemantle, after all. But we must see it first."

And so the expedition to Meryll, to Paxton's great satisfaction, was fixed for the morrow.

To be Continued.)

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Lukewarm Catholics. Why does God, who is mercy itself, so desert the lukewarm? The reason is that the lukewarm man is guilty before God of both treachery and hypocrisy. It is guilty of treachery, because it professes to be engaged in God's service, whereas in reality it is but serving itself and the world; it does not wish to offend God mortally, yet repeatedly does so venially, without any remorse; it makes profession of following Christ, but without being willing to deny itself and take up the cross. It is guilty, moreover, of hypocrisy, because lukewarm souls, as a rule, outwardly appear and are looked upon as saints, whereas in reality they are far from being such. Tepid souls, therefore, are in a lamentable state, and the more so, since they are not always fully aware of it; they have lulled themselves into a kind of spiritual lethargy, and nothing seems to affect them. In fact, it requires a strong grace to restore them to a state of fervour.

What Alcohol is Used For. In looking over the books of a large Western distilling company the fact has been shown that saloon-keepers are not alone the buyers of their alcoholic produce. In fact, it has been ascertained that among the best customers of the distilling business are the manufacturers of carbolic soap, fireworks, brass goods of different kinds, various iron establishments, look manufacturers, celluloid manufacturing companies, watch-makers, woolen manufacturers, cotton mills, varnish manufacturers, all wholesale and retail druggists and manufacturers of proprietary medicines, nitre manufacturers, chloroform manufacturers, chemists engaged in over thirty different pursuits, all straw goods makers, picture frame manufacturers, patent medicines, all gas companies, all electric light and manufacturing companies, all hat and cap companies, furniture manufacturers, compass makers, all preserving of specimen companies, all the hospitals, vinegar men, all tobacco manufacturers, cigarette and cigar

men, all the railroad machine shops, all shellac makers, lead-pencil makers, organ and piano manufacturers, ink makers, blanking manufacturers, rubber goods makers, cement makers, brush manufacturers, quinine makers, wall-paper makers, patent-leather manufacturers, cutlery men, all the carriage manufacturers, fulminate men, etc.

These are the occupations represented on the books of the manufacturer of alcohol, and there are probably ever so many other kinds of industries employing alcoholic preparations in their business. It is one of the prime articles of use, and the only known practically useful solvent of all the essential oils.

There is not a single article of clothing on the human body where alcohol is not used. Shoes, trousers, stockings, hats, shirts, collars, cuffs, sleeve buttons, etc., all other buttons, thread makers, jewelers, etc., all employ it in the progress of their arts.—Mirror.

ROUND DANCES. Dancers to Those Who Dance Them: Catholic parents know, most certainly, that they are responsible to Almighty God for cultivating in their children a love for any amusement dangerous to their immortal souls. These recreations most dangerous are round dances, waltzes, and public spectacles of a sensuous character. Of all these I do not hesitate to declare the round dance the most dangerous of all. Ask any man of the world, any rone, any sensualist and he will tell you his principal means of success in destroying virtue is the round dance. Ask any woman of fashion, and, at the same time, attractive in person and manner, how she succeeded in making conquests in order to gratify her vanity, she will tell you—by the round dance. Ask the beautiful woman, even of doubtful reputation, how she manages to attract so many admirers, notwithstanding the shadow upon her early life, she will also reply—by the round dance. Ask the young of both sexes when they began to neglect the devout practices of weekly and monthly Communion, their daily prayers, as well as their habit of hearing Mass daily, and they will tell you—when I first entered into the exciting and sensual pleasure of the round dance. Ask them when did prayer and pious feelings feel for the first time insipid, disagreeable, and seem to have lost their sweetness, they will answer—the first morning after having been present at some party or ball, during which they joined in the round dance.

Under whose instruction and urgent counsel did they learn to love this dangerous habit? Let these fathers and mothers, who have feared the opinions of the worldly-minded, rather than the just judgment of Almighty God, answer this with a holy shame of a contrite heart. They have been reminded again and again of the solemn vows of their baptism and marriage rites, when they recognized the world, the flesh and the devil, and with the Sacred Body of our Lord received on their marriage day, took upon themselves the holy obligation to educate their children according to the spirit of those vows.

If it be a liberty to hold the hand of a lady too long, and a great insult to touch her person, without a reason evidently necessary, how is it that a parent can possibly be reconciled to the sight of her daughter in the arms of a man, or of a son, holding to his breast one who has no right to be there? Even Protestants of high standing, or of proper standing, do not permit this as a rule. Where they do look upon it with bare toleration in their fashionable life, they take care to warn their daughters not to follow the example set by the leaders of fashion. What these and worldly men can speak and do speak with sentiments akin to horror against round dancing, how can Catholic parents find it possible to express any other opinion, or send their children to the dancing school? Of this Catholics may be sure: 1. That to educate their children in the dancing school is not in harmony with the spirit of God nor His Church. 2. That to develop in them a love for the dance, is to cultivate in their hearts an affection for one of the principal means to secure their eternal destruction. 3. That dancing between sexes is an excessive carnal pleasure, and all are bound to avoid excess in any sensuous pleasure.—Donatus's Magazine.

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Virtues of Job's Tears. "Job's Tears for Sale," is the legend displayed in the window of an up town drug store.

"What are Job's Tears, and what are they used for?" inquired a curious reporter, whose eyes fell upon the inscription.

The druggist in reply exhibited a small pasteboard box. The box looked like other boxes, suggestive of pills and other uncomfortable things, but when the top was removed a number of small, bead like seeds were exposed. They were about the size of pea beans and shaped like Prince Rupert's drops.

"These are Job's Tears," said the pill compounder. "You see they are shaped as a tear is supposed to be. They are the seeds of a small, grass-like plant that is a native of India but grows now largely in New England. It is a common plant, but somehow, year by year, the seeds seem to be growing scarcer; that is, they are harder to obtain in the market. And year by year the demand for them has increased among a certain class of people. Have they any medicinal properties? Well, only so far as the gratification of a whim may be attended with good results."

"Sometimes away back in the shadowy past, some grandma started the story that these nearly affairs, if struck like beads and hung about an infant's neck during the teething period, would make that operation a mild and pleasant pastime. In fact almost a joy forever to the child. I cannot say whether this is true or not, yet I know that lots of young mothers buy Job's Tears, and say that with their assistance it is really a pleasure to the baby to introduce its molars to the world. Job suffered enough to be of vicarious assistance to the little ones, to say the least, and there may be something in the whim.—Baltimore News.

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 23, 1899. BAILEY REFLECTOR COMPANY. Gentlemen:—We have now used your Reflector about three months. It is very satisfactory. Our audience room is 50x60 ft., with ceiling 50 ft. Your 60 inch Reflector light is admirably very satisfactory.

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SAYINGS OF SAINTS.

Choice Thoughts from the Writings of Holy Men and Women.

If you work in fear, your reward will be strength.—St. Gregory. Blush not to be little among the great after having been great in obscurity.—St. Bernard. When the faith is assailed, we should confess our openly and without fear.—Ven. L. de Blois. Go where you will, turn where you may, you will find peace and repose in Jesus alone.—St. Bernard. Shun useless conversation; we lose in it both time and the spirit of devotion.—St. Thomas Aquinas. Think before you speak, in order that your words may not wound the feelings of any one.—St. Gregory. Nothing created has ever been able to satisfy the heart of a man. God alone can fill it infinitely.—St. Thomas Aquinas. Winter is in the heart, when cold and hard, it has no more relief for grass, or God, or Divine things.—Ven. John Tauler. It is better to endure the hatred of the wicked, than to lose one's soul through a connection fatal to virtue.—St. Anselm. Peace and joy are the fruits of the Holy Ghost, and no one can enjoy them until he is entirely devoted to God.—B. Henry Sues. The palms are like the air we breathe, the light, the fire, and all else that is necessary and appropriate to our use.—Ven. L. de Blois. It is well to sometimes deny ourselves that which is permitted in order to more easily avoid that which is not.—St. Gregory the Great. Is it beauty and grandeur you admire? Then fix your thoughts on heaven, which far surpasses the sun's brightness and splendor.—St. Anselm. Lord, I have found nothing in the world which has power to please me, save Thee alone, my Lord. Thou art full of sweetness.—St. Gertrude. Why do you so often speak the sweet name of Jesus, unless you are willing to regulate your actions according to His holy precepts?—St. Bernard. If you do not resist the first attack of the enemy, he will soon enter into your soul as an conqueror and bind it with shameful fetters.—Ven. L. de Blois. God became man that man might become God. But how can man become God? By a virtuous life, by which God dwells in man.—St. Antonius. If thine eyes would see, thine ear hear, and thy heart be occupied with everything, thy soul would also be distracted by everything.—Ven. John Tauler. It is not easier to merit heaven than to deserve hell, because what is more hardened and ungrateful than to forsake God, for the slavery of sin!—Ven. L. de Blois. To suffer death at the hand of the persecutor is to be a martyr in the eyes of the world; but to love one's enemy in spirit.—St. Gregory the Great. There is nothing like Divine praise to enlighten the understanding, sweeten the cross, banish sadness, and enervate, and make the soul tranquil and happy.—B. Henry Sues. We should not give so much attention to adorning the body, had we not first despoiled the soul of those virtues which it received in the sacrament of baptism.—St. Bernard. How many poor persons in the world think themselves happy in having enough bread and water! Would it be reasonable for these to use the Divine favor as food for sensuality?—Ven. Louis of Grenada. Be careful that you are not perverted in performing your devotions after the manner you have yourself selected, but even in this matter make an act of self-denial, by giving up your will if required.—Ven. L. de Blois. Job in his affliction rent his garments, but prostrating himself on the ground adored the hand which smote him. True courage does not consist in cold indifference, nor in cowardly dejection.—St. Gregory the Great. Persons afflicted with scruples are the most favored with Divine love and the most certain to arrive at heaven; because by supporting their trials with patience and humility they live in continual Purgatory.—B. Henry Sues. O abyss of charity! We were made to Thy image, and Thou hast made Thyself to ours, by uniting Thy Divinity under the miserable flesh of Adam and for what? For love.—St. Catherine. I would prefer a thousand times to be blackened by the columns of men and, being innocent, to be accused of the most enormous, most horrible crimes, than to be guilty before God of the slightest fault.—Ven. John Tauler. If one prays with all his heart to God in Latin, although he does not understand that language, he receives as much merit as he who says his prayers in a language with which he is familiar. A sick person who takes a potion recovers, even though ignorant of the properties of the medicine.—Ven. L. de Blois. All About Sleep. The most celebrated and perhaps the most efficacious method for procuring sleep that has been devised was originated by Mr. Gardner, who among other things, had remedies for many evils, such as for allaying thirst where no liquid element could be procured, for improving the eye-sight by various ingeniously-contrived glasses, for appeasing hunger. His sleeplessness, however—resulting from a severe spine injury in being thrown from a chaise—had been almost intolerable for years, until he discovered a means which never afterwards failed him, of commanding sleep at will. This discovery caused some stir at the time, and many eminent persons adopted it and gave testimonials as to its efficacy. Now, however, that it has almost dropped out of existence, it may be a boon to have its formula reproduced. The sufferer who has been woe sleep in vain is, according to Mr. Gardner, to lie on his right side, with his head comfortably placed on the pillow, having his neck straight so that respiration may not be impeded, and a rather full inspiration taken, breathing through the nostrils as much as possible. The full inspiration taken, the lungs are to be left to their own action. Attention must now be fixed upon the respiration. The person must imagine that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the instant he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness leaves him—at least at the moment—and he falls asleep. If this method does not at once succeed, it is to be persevered in. If, however, it is not found to be infallible, it is founded on the principle that monotony, or the influence on the mind of a single idea, induces slum-

ber; and, as such, is but another form of different methods which are familiar to a great many. Sir Thomas Brown found it a most efficacious aperitif to repeat some verses on which the well-known Evening Hymn was founded. Rabelais tells us of some monks who, when wakeful, resolutely set themselves to prayer, and who, before they had concluded half-a-dozen Ave or Peter Nosters, fell asleep. Franklin took his air-bath; St. John Sinclair concluded, while Sir John Rennie, when engaged on public works, never went to sleep without previously having his hair combed at the back of the head with a fine-tooth comb and rubbed gently with the palm of the hand. Combing the hair, brushing the forehead with a soft shaving brush, or fanning, all are good as sleep-inducers, and might well be tried on sleepless children, although babies to be rubbed the space between the cervical and lumber vertebrae—that is, between the neck and waist—with the hand, as it is reputed never to have failed, would be a shorter road to the goal.—Chambers' Journal.

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