

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while;
And soon they will pass the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good night";
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
And maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say if for aye;
The night may be long ere you see them again;
The motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benediction on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.

—Selected.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MISS AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW SQUIRE.

This year the effort to keep Christmas in Sandal was a failure. Julius did not return in time for the festival, and the Squire was unable to take any part in it. There had been one of those sudden, mysterious changes in his condition, marking a point in life from which every step is on the downward road to the grave. One day he had seemed even better than usual; the next morning he looked many years older. Lassitude of body and mind had seized the once eager, sympathetic man; he was weary of the struggle for life, and had given up. This change occurred just before Christmas; and Charlotte could not help feeling that the evergreens for the festal were the evergreens for the funeral.

One snowy day between Christmas and New Year Julius came home. Before he said a word to Sophia, she divined that he had succeeded in his object. He entered the house with the air of a master; and when he heard how rapidly the Squire was failing, he congratulated himself on his prudent alacrity in the matter. The next morning he had a long talk with Julius. "You have been a long time away, Julius," said the Squire, languidly and without apparent interest in the subject.

"I have been a long journey," he said. "Where have you been?" "To Italy," he replied. "The sick man flung crimson, and his large, thin hands quivered slightly. Julius noted the change in him with some alarm; for, though it was not perhaps necessary to have the Squire's attention, he was a man of great influence in the neighborhood, and for this purpose he must show a clear, clean right to the succession. He had explained the matter to Sophia, and been annoyed at her want of enthusiasm. She feared that any discussion relating to Harry might seriously excite and injure her father, and she could not bring herself to discuss it. But the disapproval only made Julius more determined to carry out his own views; and, therefore, when the Squire asked, "Where have you been?" he told him the truth; and, oh, how cruel, the truth can sometimes be!

"I have been to Italy," he said. "Harry? Yes." "Then, without waiting to inform himself as to whether the Squire wished the conversation dropped or continued, he added, "He was in a miserable condition; destitute, with a dying wife and child."

"Child? Eh? What?" "Yes, a son; a little chap, nothing but skin and bone and black eyes—an Italian."

The Squire was silent a few minutes; then he asked in a slow, constrained voice, "What did you do?"

"Harry sent for me, under the name of a certain professor, and he wished to make me. I have accepted it—reluctantly accepted it; but really it appeared the only way to help him to any purpose."

"What did Harry want? Eh? What?" "He wanted to go to America, and begin a new life, and found a new house there; and, as he had determined never under any circumstances to visit Sandal again, he asked me to give him the money necessary for emigration."

"How did you?" "Yes, I did."

"For what? What equivalent could he give you?"

"He had nothing to give me but his right of succession. I thought it for a thousand pounds. A sum of money like that ought to give him a good start in America. I think upon the whole, he was very wise."

"Harry Sandal sold my home and estate over my head, while I was still alive, without a word to me! God have mercy!"

"Uncle, he never thought of it in that light, I am sure."

"That is what he did; said it without a thought as to what his mother or sister's wishes might be. I sold it away from his own child. My God! The man is an immeasurable scoundrel, and Julius Sandal, you are another."

"Leave me. I am still master of Sandal. Leave me. Leave my house. Do not enter it again until my dead body has passed the gates."

"It will be right for you first to sign this paper?" "What paper? Eh? What?" "The deed of Harry's relinquishment."

He has my money. I look to your honor to secure me."

"You took the wrong road. I will sign no such paper; no, not for twenty years of life."

He spoke sternly, but almost in a whisper. The strain upon him was terrible; he was using up the last remnants of his life to maintain it.

"That you should sign the deed is only bare honesty. I gave the money trusting to your honesty."

"I will not sign it. It would be a queer thing for me to be a partner in such a dirty job. The right of succession to Sandal, barring Harry Sandal, is not vested in you. It is in Harry's son."

Whoever his mother may be, the little lad is heir to Sandal-Side; and I'll not be made a thief in my last hours by you. That's a trick beyond your power. Now, then, I'll waste no more words on you, good, bad, or indifferent."

He had, in fact, reached the limit of his powers, and Julius said; yet he did not hesitate to press his right to Sandal's signature by every argument he thought likely to avail. Sandal was one that heard not, and, fortunately, Mrs. Sandal's entrance put an end to the painful interview.

This was a sorrow the Squire had never contemplated, and it filled his heart with anxious misery. He strove to keep calm, to husband his strength, to devise some means of protecting his wife's rights. "I must send for Lawyer Moser; if there is any way out of this, wrong he will find the right way," he thought. But he had to rest a little ere he could give the necessary prompt instructions. Towards noon he revived, and asked eagerly for Stephen Latrigue.

A messenger was at once sent to Uphill. He found Stephen in the barn, where the men were making the daily beat with a rhythm and regularity as exhilarating as music. Stephen left them at once; but when he told Ducie what had been brought him, he started at her look and manner.

"I have been looking for this news all day," he said. "I fear Mr. Steve, that the Squire has come to the passing. Last night I saw your grandfather."

"Dream of him?" "Well, then, call it a dream. I saw your grandfather. He was in this room; he was sorting the papers he left; and as I watched his hands, he lifted his head and looked at me. I have got my orders, I feel that. But wait not now, I will follow you anon."

In the "Seat" there was a distinct feeling of consuming calm. The servants had come to a state of mind in which the expectation was rather a relief. They were only afraid the Squire might rally again. In Mrs. Sandal's heart there was that resentful resignation which says to sorrow, "Do thy worst. I am no longer able to resist, or even to plead." Charlotte only clung to her dream of hope, and refused to be awakened from it. She was sure her father had been worse many a time. She was almost cross at Ducie's unusual visit.

About four o'clock Steve had a long interview with the Squire. Charlotte walked restlessly to and fro in the corridor; she heard Steve's voice, strong and kind and solemn, and she divined what purpose he was making to his divine man, for herself and for her mother. But even her love did not anticipate their parting words.

"Farewell, Stephen. Yet one word more. If Harry should come back—will of Harry? Ah! What?" "I will stand by him. I will put my hand in his hand, and my foot with his foot. They that wrong Harry will shame me; they that shame Harry will shame me. I will never call him less than my brother, as God hears me speak."

"A light that never was on sea or sky" shone in Sandal's fast-dimming eyes, and irradiated his set gray countenance. "Stephen, tell him at death's door, I sternly bid him to forgive him, to bless him. I stretch out my hand to him."

At this moment Charlotte opened the door softly and waved Stephen toward her. "Your mother is here, and she says she must see the Squire." And then before Stephen could answer, Ducie gently put them both aside. "Wait in the corridor, my children," she said. "None but God and Sandal must hear my farewell." With the words she closed the door, and went to the dying man. He lay on his back, his eyes closed, but she took his hand, stroked it kindly, and, bending down, whispered, "William Sandal, do you know me?"

"Surely it is Ducie. It is growing dark; I must go home, Ducie. Eh? What?" "William, try and understand what I say. You will go the happier to heaven for my words." And, as they grew slowly into the Squire's apprehension, a look of satisfaction, of gratitude, of intense satisfaction transpired the tears for the last time. It seemed as if the departing soul stood still to listen. He was perfectly quiet until she ceased speaking; then in a strange, unearthly tone, he uttered one word: "Happy."

It was the last word that ever parted his lips. Between shores he lingered until the next daybreak, and then the loving watchers saw that the pallid wintry light fell on the dead. How peaceful, how distant from them! How grandly, how terribly indifferent! To Squire William Sandal all the noisy, sorrowful controversies of earth had grown suddenly silent.

The reading of the Squire's will made public the real condition of affairs. Julius had spoken with the lawyer previously, and made clear to him his right in equity to stand in the heir's place. But the squire and statesmen of the matter heard the substitution with muttered disapproval. Ducie and Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte were shocked and astonished at the revelation, and there was not a family in Sandal-Side who had that night a good word for Julius Sandal. He had not forced Harry in any way. He had taken no advantage of him. Harry was quite satisfied with the exchange, and what had other people to do with his affairs? He did not care for their opinion. They for it! and he snapped his fingers defiantly to every point of the compass. But, all the same, he walked the floor of the east rooms nearly all night, and kept Squire awake to listen to his complaints.

Sophia was fretful and sleepy, and not as sympathetic. With "the old" that she had seen in the Squire's face, she had her special worries. She perceived, even then early, that as long as the late Squire's widow was in the seat, her own authority would be imperfect. "Of course she did not wish to hurry her mother; but she would feel, in her place, how much more comfortable for all a change would be. And mother had her dower-house in the village; a very commodious house, quite large enough for Charlotte and herself and a couple of maids, which was certainly all they needed."

Where did such thoughts and feelings spring from? Were they lying dormant in her heart, the summer winter the Squire drove home his harvest, and her mother went joyfully up and down the sunny old rooms, always devising something for her girls' comfort or pleasure? In those days how proud Sophia had been of her father and mother! What indignation she would have felt had one suggested that the time was coming when she would be glad to see a stranger in her father's place, and feel impatient to say to her mother, "Step down, lower down, mother!"

Alas! there are depths in the human heart we fear to look into; for we know that often all that is necessary to assuage a great grief or obliterate a great loss is the inheritance of a fine mansion, or a little money, or a few acres of land, or a few years of life.

Indeed, it soon became necessary for the Squire, also, to discuss the future. People soon grow unwell in a house that is not their own; and the new Squire of Sandal Side was eager to so renovate and change the place that it would cease to remind him of his inheritance. He was making to do so, and the Squire, who was a man of great dignity to his claims; but the late Squire, and his son Harry Sandal, only reminded him of circumstances he felt more comfortable to forget. So, during the long dreary days of midwinter, and Sophia occupied themselves pleasantly in selecting styles of furniture, and colors of draperies, and in arranging for a full suite of Oriental rooms, which were to perpetuate in pottery and lacquerware, Indian bronzes and matings, Chinese screens and cabinets, the Anglo-Indian possession of the old Cumberland estate.

Even pending these alterations, others were in progress. Every family arrangement was changed in some respect. The servants had come to a state of mind in which the expectation was rather a relief. They were only afraid the Squire might rally again. In Mrs. Sandal's heart there was that resentful resignation which says to sorrow, "Do thy worst. I am no longer able to resist, or even to plead." Charlotte only clung to her dream of hope, and refused to be awakened from it. She was sure her father had been worse many a time. She was almost cross at Ducie's unusual visit.

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Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago, the superintendent of the "Little Wanderers' Home" in a distant city received one morning a request from the judge that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them—utterly friendless and homeless—said: "Mr. T., can you take any of them?"

"Certainly," said the judge, "I will take them all." "Ah! what in the world can you do with them all?" asked the judge.

"I'll make women of them." The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her!" Mr. T. replied, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the other children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T. in reference to her:

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile but failed."

Mr. T. said, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said pleasantly: "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would walk on me, and sit on my knee, and loved me much. A kind gentleman and lady have bought her, and I would like for you to take her place, and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny and told her she might go to a shop and get some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her:

"Mary, will you clean up my office a little for me; pick up those papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would treat his daughter—soon made her a useful member of the household. The teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant, and half fearful of mental wandering, he went to her, and asked her: "What makes you so happy?"

"Oh, I've got someone to love me! somebody to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one had been cold and desolate; that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not, at first, believe in the reality of kindness or love for her. It was the certainty that some one loved her that made the difference. That she lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home, but more than all its comforts and luxuries, she has the love of her adopted father and mother.

Aluminium.

This wonderful metal, which has been practically unknown until within a few years, is pronounced by Prof. Joseph W. Richards, of Lehigh University, to be the metal of the future, and its discovery, in the hands of the chemist, is the nineteenth century will be noted in the future history of the world. The name of this metal is spelled in two ways, aluminium or aluminum, but the former spelling is preferred, as conforming to the names of other metals, such as sodium, potassium, etc. Next to oxygen and silicon it is the most abundant element, and is estimated to constitute 7.81 per cent. of the earth, while there is only 5.46 per cent. of iron.

It has been known for more than one hundred years, and immense efforts have been made to produce it, it was not separated from its compounds so as to be run into the form of a metallic mass until 1854, and part of the mass was exhibited at a great curiosity at the Paris Exposition in 1855. It was then worth more than its weight in gold, but the progress in the manufacture of the metal has been so rapid that in 1885 the price was twelve dollars a pound, and has since then been reduced until it is now only about fifty cents a pound.

In his article in *The Cosmopolitan*, Prof. Richards, who is the recognized authority on aluminium in this country, says that there are six establishments in the United States making pure aluminium, one in France, one in Switzerland, two in England and two in the United States—the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, and the Cowles Electric Smelting and Aluminium Company of Lockport, N. Y. More than a ton of the metal is being produced each day by the use of electricity in these establishments. It is not thought that the price of pure aluminium can ever be reduced much below fifty cents a pound until some new process of separating it from its compounds is discovered.

Aluminium is nearly as white as silver, resists corrosion, and is only two and one-half times heavier than water, while iron is seven and one-half, silver ten and one-half, and gold nineteen times heavier. Aluminium is therefore especially adapted to uses where lightness is the chief advantage, as in house-hold utensils; it also greatly excels silver for plating purposes, and is admirable for making surgical instruments and appliances, and in the fittings of optical instruments. But while aluminium is only one-third as heavy as steel it is also only one-third as strong, so that it will only be used for purposes where strength is the essential quality. Some alloys of aluminium have been discovered which weigh but little more, but are nearly as strong as steel.

Aluminium will never become the universal metal that some imagine, but without doubt, in the industrial arts, largely supplant copper, tin, zinc, pewter, britannia metal, brass, German silver, and silver.

Indian Sagacity.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, a great many of the colonists who had been the part of the King were obliged to leave this country. Among those who went to New Brunswick was Judge Joshua Upham, who had been a judge of high repute in Massachusetts, and during the revolution was colonel of the regiment known as "The King's American Dragoons." In New Brunswick he became one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the province. On one occasion Judge Upham was traveling in the woods in winter, with an Indian for guide. The snow was so deep and the difficulty of moving so great that the judge became exhausted, and sitting down, he directed the Indian to go on and get help, while he remained where he was. The Indian positively refused, but after much persuasion he consented, on condition that the judge should continue to sit on a stump which he pointed out, and if he fell off, should immediately get up again. After some remonstrance, the judge was forced to agree to the strange proposition, and make the required promise. He mounted the stump and the Indian disappeared. By and by the judge fell asleep, and the Indian returned, and found the judge fast asleep, and the stump. He climbed up, again, and fell asleep, and once more tumbled off.

Then he understood why the Indian had made him promise to sit on the stump—to prevent him from going to sleep, and to prevent him from getting up. When the Indian finally awoke with help, he found the judge sitting on the stump, but with great difficulty keeping awake. He owed the preservation of his life to this simple rule of the red man—*Yonks's Companion*.

The Types of Monomania.

There are different types or classes of monomanias. They are all the same disease, but different types. First, there is the monomaniac with broad delusions of grandeur. These are the patients who believe that they are some great personage; they believe that they have done some great thing which entitles them to large rewards from the Government; they believe they are inventors. Here is a man who has a delusion of exalted personality; he believes he is Jesus Christ, and he does not act uncommonly; but a more interesting class of a higher type of mind are those who believe that they have been great benefactors. We have such a woman in the hospital, fifty years of age, who has 'epiphany' for her name, and from the patent office at Washington regularly issued patents. They have recognized her in Washington as an eccentric woman, whose patents are of little, if any value; but she has paid her money for the patents, and has received them. We are told by a Clouston, an insane man in Edinburgh, who invented a panacea for the ills of mankind; when out on a parole he sold this stuff for a shilling a bottle to the same citizens of Edinburgh, showing that he had more sense than they.

His delusions were not confined to useless articles of wearing apparel, from which inventions she thinks she ought to receive a large annual income. She is perfectly coherent, and so reasonable in some things, that some sane people think she is improperly incarcerated here. She writes a great many letters to the authorities, but in other respects is perfectly sane, and is not a little inclined to show her delusion.

Monomaniacs with ambitious schemes are another type. They force themselves into public notice, and seek interviews with prominent persons; if not treated with consideration, they become resentful, and perhaps dangerous. Guiteau was of this class.

Next we have delusions of persecution and insane suspicion. There lies now in Moyamensing prison a man under sentence of death for killing a jeweler in this city. He is a well-marked case of delusional insanity, or monomania. He has been in prison several times. He believed people were ever trying to poison him. He made murderous assaults upon his wife and children, and ended by casting her into the street. He had impracticable ambitious schemes, which led him into pursuits which he could not carry out. He one day took a \$2.50 watch to a jeweler, and found fault with him because the watch would not go like a first-class instrument. Being ejected from the shop, he whipped out a pistol and shot the jeweler. This is an instance of monomania resulting in interference and avenging wrong. One of the most interesting cases of this kind was James Hatfield, who shot at King George III. in Drury Lane Theatre, and who illustrated the fact that monomania may be inherited, upon a traumatic, as well as an hereditary basis. He had received many wounds in battle, one of which had penetrated the brain, and left it exposed. Immediately after his recovery, he began to exhibit delusions. These grew more and more violent, until he shot at the king in the theatre. His case was the occasion of one of the most brilliant pieces of forensic eloquence in the history of medical jurisprudence. In that speech, Erskine brought out that systematic delusions were the basis of the insanity, and on this point alone acquitted his client. These cases then are of great importance, because they constitute the vast majority of the criminal insanity.—*Dr. J. H. Lloyd*.

—Mr. W. Pemberton, editor of *Delhi Reporter*, says: "He considers B. B. B. the best medicine out."

—Host to waiter: "Did you give the tourist his bill?" "Yes." "Impossible! He is still waiting!"

—A man of one idea, and that idea to be cured of dyspepsia by the use of K. C. is the man who succeeds. Make this your idea and try it. Cure guaranteed.

—When a rascal resolves to be good and patient, the next pair of shoes he buys are sure to pinch him.

—"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring on this year," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time."

—Baird's Balm of Horchound cures coughs and colds as by magic.