

the Union, with some of us and procure fuller information."

"Thank you, Murphy, for the suggestion. I will go at once. Come with me."

A few minutes later the two started out for the hotel. The clerk could give them no information concerning the patients, as they appeared to be comparative strangers. He had learned, however, that the carriage belonged to the gentleman, and they must, therefore, be residents of the city. That fact seemed sufficient to satisfy Oswald that the parties could not be the friends he referred to. With a lighter heart he returned with Murphy, to the "Hall" and the balance of the evening was spent in the usual pleasant manner. The friends were heartily glad that Oswald had heard no bad news. In his usual pleasant way, Swinton insisted upon Oswald's being fixed to the extent of two bottles of wine in consequence of the magnitude of the scare which he had occasioned them. The proposition was cheerfully acceded to. There was no sleep for Oswald that night. In spite of all his efforts to convince himself that he was giving himself unnecessary alarm, still, he could not banish the thought from his mind that the victims of the accident might be the friends he had left in the Tyrol. As he tossed about in his bed, he heard the clock in the outer-room strike twelve, and one, and two. Memory carried him back to the summer which he had spent in the southern valley of the Tyrol, five years ago. The incidents of that delightful time passed, like a panorama, before his mental view. Once more he was among the queer, odd-shaped houses of the quaint old town of Meran. He heard again the rumbling in the main street, of the diligences which fly between Meran and Bozen. Once more he rambled along the shady banks of the wild Passer, and beheld it leaping impetuously towards the tranquil Etsch. He sauntered along the beautiful *Hosengarten* and was charmed by the sweet freshness of the lovely meadows, in their gay attire. He mingled with the happy and contented people in the *Unter den Lauben* and heard their merry voices as they made their purchases. Now he enters the portals of the Gothic church, which is four hundred years old, and gazes in wonder upon the grand altar piece, representing the Assumption. Again he climbs up the vine-clad *Küchenberg* to ancient Schloss Tyrol, and walks amid the ruins of the abode of the earliest princes. Again he stands in the window of the old *Kaisersaal* and looks out in the evening light, upon the magnificent valley of the Adige, with its chain of porphyry mountains, extending on the right away off to Bozen, and the precipitous dolomite cliffs of the Hohe Mündel and the mountains of the *Utenthal* on the left. He is once more in the old chateau *Durnstein*, and loiters for hours in the little old village of *Gratch*. Once more he rambles among luxuriant orchards of lemon, and breathes the delightfully perfumed air, on the shady plateau, beside the old castle of *Schönaun*, a relic of the 12th century. The beautiful carvings in wood, within its ancient walls, again fill him with rapture, and from an upper window he gazes out into the grandly picturesque valley of the *Passer*, which is so rich in reminiscences of the Noble Tyrolean patriot, Andrew Hofer. While meditating upon the deeds of that famous martyr, he sees the black clouds arise, and hears the thunder echoing among the mountains. He descends the steep and stony path which leads through *Unter Schönaun*, and by the time he reaches the little *Schloss Goren*, the storm has burst in all its fury. He seeks shelter in the little white Inn and there meets a middle-aged, gentlemanly looking man, who is also storm-bound. They converse pleasantly while the storm rages, and the gentleman tells him that he has long been in America, but has returned to see his native Meran once more. Presently a beautiful young girl appears before them, from an inner room, and the gentleman presents him to his daughter, Silva. She is as lovely as a sun beam and her blue eyes fairly sparkle with delight as she gazes out upon the storm. His attempt to speak to her in English amuses her, and he begins to wish that the storm might keep them there forever. When the rain had ceased they descended over the rocks, through the *Naifthal*, and they passed through the village of *Oberrain*, the gentleman pointed out to him the old house in which Silva's grandfather had been born. When he parted with his new friends at the house in which they were stopping, he was cordially invited to call next day. That was in the latter part of the month of August and the townspeople were already busy in preparing for the festivities of the grape-cure, which were to commence in the early part of September. Then visitors and tourists would come from all quarters, and Meran would be in the height of its gaiety. In the interval, however, the town was comparatively quiet, and the beautiful girl seemed glad to have him come, each day, to help to while away the time. And now as he pitches and tosses on his sleepless pillow, he hears again her sweet voice, and as her merry laughter rings in his ears, he lives the old days over again. Together they ramble among the beautiful scenes, and he is once again her willing pupil, as she endeavors to help him to improve his English. Again he is playing at dominoes, with her father in the delightful evenings, and then he listens, entranced, while she sings some sweet songs. Then he sees a frightened team dashing madly through the street and sees the beautiful Silva lying crushed and mangled in the road. Then his mind wanders back again to the old times and together they revel in the festivities of the gay season at Meran. Then the time comes when he must leave

her, to go back to Geneva. His heart is again racked by the sad parting. She places in his hand the little cameo locket, with her portrait, and then they separate, never expecting to meet again. Three months later he was on the Atlantic, destined for the New World. And that was five years ago. Five long years, but her sweet face had never faded out of his memory. He had discovered, long ago, that his heart was bound in fetters which no power of will could break asunder.

When he came in to breakfast next morning, looking pale and haggard, after the sleepless night, his warm-hearted friends were deeply concerned about him. In reply to their kind enquiries, he told them of the old days, and of his utter inability to rest until he had satisfied himself as to the identity of the victims of the previous day's accident.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

CONSCIENCE AND HEALTH.—Old Isaac Walton says that "he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it." Health is indeed worth preserving; it is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.

LOVE AT EASE.—Love, with the wooing left in it, is a sensitive and fault-finding passion, not wholly satisfied with its own sufficiency for deserving the return it desires, and keenly aware of coldness or rebuke. But love at its ease, as statutory affection with its reciprocal rights, content to have given and received, and have done with it, is a good-tempered purblind humour that has nothing to desire and takes its response for granted. It is tolerant of shortcomings, for it does not perceive them, and misses no tender-nesses, for it would be bored by them. It takes good-will and loyalty as had for granted on both sides, and is content. It gives no trouble to anybody, and is there for use when wanted. It has Talleyrand's element of safety, "*point de zèle*," and so takes the good that comes, and gives the good it may, without the mistakes or anxiety and the disappointments of enthusiasm.

YIELDING.—The true woman is always ready to sacrifice herself to others. From earliest childhood the difference between those who demand sacrifice and those who can make it is plainly marked; and in the nursery—as in the school-room and the home—there is always one who is ready to give up, and one who is always to be given up to. The former develops into the mother—the womanly woman; the latter is never more than a toy, a thing to be caressed and waited on, decked with jewels and clothed in purple and fine linen, but never asked to work, to think, to suffer, or to sacrifice. These are the things which she requires from others, not gives of her own grace—in which she is the exact opposite of her sister, the womanly woman, who finds her greatest happiness in making the happiness of others, and her best joy in sacrifice, self-denial, and duty.

AN INTERESTING CERIMONY.—No ceremony is more interesting than the one which binds a pair together as man and wife. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with a halo of happiness, appear together and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sanctity of their vows; to think of the endearing relation, and the important consequences which are to flow from it, as they walk side by side through life, participating in the same joys, the shares of each other's sorrows; that the smiles which kindle to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched, in the tears of the survivor; to consider all this, the epitome of the whole circle of human sympathies and interests, awaken the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart.

KNOWING PEOPLE.—There are always some people in every community who imagine themselves, to use a common phrase, "very smart," and they are generally of the busy-body kind. One of these can do more harm in a town or neighbourhood than a dozen good people can set to rights. No minister ever comes into a place but these smart ones can pick any amount of flaws in his every-day walk, or his sermons are always too long or too short, too soft or too hard, or "he can't preach," and a hundred other imaginary imperfections which the less pretentious never think of mentioning. But these knowing ones do not stop here; for no enterprise was ever started but what is entirely contrary to their views. Other folks never build a pig-pen, a smoke-house, a corn-crib, a barn, a dwelling, a school-house, or a church to suit these babblers; and no newspaper was ever run according to their ideas of the business, "and I won't have anything to do with it, and I'll keep everybody else from it that I can."

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.—There is another fatal danger in family government, from which we would warn every parent, and that is partiality! It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have their favourite child. From this two evils result. In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child; and the "flower of the family" seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part

of the household feel envy towards the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life, a sense of wrong is planted by the parent's hand in the hearts of a part of his family, an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring by him who should instil into it, by every word and deed, the holy principles of equity. This is a subject of great importance, and we commend it to the particular notice of all parties.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—The perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same phenological organ in man. Woman knows, or strongly believes, that beauty rather than genius is worshipped by the sterner sex. A man may talk of the latter to his lady-love, but the keenness of the woman knows he is thinking of the former in his heart. Women have an innate desire to please their beaux. They are fond of admiration, hence one of their longings is to be beautiful; to be called pretty, handsome. The grand secret of female beauty is health; the secret of health is the power, the appetite to eat digest, and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food; yet, in connection with this there is something more important—active exercise, which will cleanse and tone the vital organs, gain a perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear the complexion, and produce a state of mental and physical electricity, which give symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin, and glossy hair—the last a genuine type of female beauty and loveliness which no cosmetic can ever produce.

BE INDEPENDENT.—Nothing conduces so much to success as independence. People who are always waiting for help usually have to wait a long time. Assistance is not always to be had for the asking. No matter how incompetent a man may be, there is always something he can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, and do it with a will. Never trust a man in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence. Never "wait for dead men's shoes," for you are very likely to be disappointed. As for the girls, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your father and mother toil for your daily bread. Go to work! Home labour will not injure you. Don't be afraid to soil your hands. Sew, teach school; or, if you know how to cook, and can do nothing better or more remunerative, go into some one's kitchen and earn your livelihood. If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way; learn how to help yourself as much as possible. We like women who can do their own cooking or washing, and thus become independent of servants when they go off in a huff. Give a helping hand when you may; and if in need of assistance yourself, gratefully take it if it is freely offered, but never wait for it. Independence is always honoured; therefore be independent, and by self-reliance show that at least you are deserving of success.

THE GLEANER.

VANDEBILT bought \$200,000 worth of paintings in Paris.

QUEEN VICTORIA has reigned forty-one years, only three years less than Queen Elizabeth.

THE late representative of the once famous and powerful Pitt family is a childless old man of 64 years.

IT is estimated if Jacob Astor lives to his late father's age, the estate will be worth \$150,000,000.

Two of Brigham Young's sons have entered West Point, and a third is applying for admission.

MASTER Jesse Grant spends his evenings at Paris driving a dog-cart with a stylish horse and footman.

GARIBOLDI still keeps up a correspondence with his old landlord, Signor Meucci, the candle manufacturer of Staten Island.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has agreed to deliver ten lectures in California the coming autumn for \$10,000, with \$1,000 extra for expenses.

ALTHOUGH 40 years in Parliament, the late Sir Robert Peel never represented a popular constituency or stood a contested election.

ONE English correspondent says of Todleben, that he is "as rigid as granite, as rough as a file, and as solemn as doom."

MR. D. MACKENZIE is agitating a project in London for opening up Central Africa to European commerce and civilization.

MARSHAL BAZAINT is living in Spain in very embarrassed circumstances. He has appealed for aid to all of his old comrades, including President MacMahon, but in vain.

THE largest strawberry farm in the world is probably that of John R. Young, Jr., about two miles from Norfolk, Va. He cultivates 250 acres, and the yield last season was over 500,000 quarts.

LORD ROSEBURY has been making a speech in favour of opening the picture galleries and museums on Sundays, in which he described the British Sunday as "vacuity, varied with drink."

GEN. SHERMAN's son Thomas, who has abandoned the law to enter the order of Jesuits, will soon depart for Southampton, England, to take a two years' course of preparatory study.

BISHOP FOSTER recently remarked that there were two thousand young men knocking at the door of the Methodist Episcopal Church for appointments to preach, and no places for them.

It is claimed for the microphone by Professor Hughes, of London, that it is possible by the aid of the telephone and the microphone for a physician living in London to report on the sounds in the lungs and heart of a patient at Birmingham.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY reports Queen Victoria as saying, the other day: "When Mr. Gladstone was my Prime Minister, he was always telling me his opinion and the opinion of the country. Lord Beaconsfield asks for the opinion of his sovereign!"

MISS BELLE MITCHELL, of Bono, Lawrence county, Ind., the goddess of liberty that headed the procession to greet Senator Morton at Orleans, has just died of consumption induced by the cold she caught from being so thinly clad.

CANON LIDBON, the popular English clergyman, having practically invited soldiers and sailors not approving of the war with Russia to desert their colours in the event of a declaration of hostilities, it is inquired significantly in the newspapers whether he may not have committed an indictable offence.

IN the last twenty-five years two attempts have been made to kill the Emperor of Austria, two upon the Emperor of Russia, one upon the Emperor Napoleon, one upon Victor Emmanuel and one upon Queen Victoria, making with the last attempts upon the life of the Emperor of Germany, nine in all.

DR. SCUDDER says that the Oriental nations will never become converted to Christianity until the women first become Christians, and he says that the women can be converted only by the personal agency of women who go there from Christian countries. Hindu women will not listen to male missionaries. Dr. Scudder was in India for over twenty years.

LITERARY.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS reads her unpublished novels in Boston parlours for charitable purposes.

SOTHER'S book is to be brought out in London under the title of "The Early Bird Knows His Own Father."

BRYANT was the richest poet America ever produced. His productions have had a steady sale for half a century, and no library is perfect without Bryant.

MUCH as the memories of Goethe and Schiller are revered in their own country, the libraries of Berlin and Munich would not buy their correspondence lately offered to them for 4,000 thalers.

HARRIET LEWIS, the famous New York *Ledger* novelist, died lately at Rochester, N. Y. When only twelve years old she wrote a story for a Massachusetts Sunday-school paper, and got \$50 for it. She and her husband, Leon Lewis, both wrote for the *Ledger*, and in time acquired a handsome competency. They lived in a luxurious home in Bon Ton, N. Y., and had the finest collection of rare old books in the United States. There are a few old books in the Cincinnati public library which were bought from Leon and Harriet Lewis. Several of Mrs. Lewis' stories were translated abroad, and were quite popular.

A DEBATABLE QUESTION.

While much has been written concerning the use of "put up" medicines, the question is still an open one, and demands of the people a careful consideration. The salient points may be briefly stated, and answered as follows: 1st—Are the sick capable of determining their real condition, the nature of their malady, and selecting the proper remedy or means of cure? 2nd—Can a physician, no matter how skillful, prepare a universal remedy, adapted to the peculiar ailments of a large class of people, residing in different latitudes, and subject to various climatic influences? In answer to the first proposition, we would say, diseases are named and known by certain "signs" or symptoms, and, as the mother does not need the physician to tell her that her child has the whooping-cough, or indicate a remedy, so people when afflicted with many of the symptoms concomitant to "impure blood," "torpid liver," and "bad digestion," require no other knowledge of their condition, or the remedy indicated, than they already possess. Second proposition—Many physicians argue that diseases are sectionally peculiar, and that their treatment must therefore vary, and yet quinine, morphine, pododylin, and hundreds of other remedies are prescribed in all countries to overcome certain conditions. It is not, therefore, self-evident that a physician whose large experience has made him familiar with the many phases incident to all impairments of the blood, general and nervous debility, liver complaint, dyspepsia, consumption and catarrh, can prepare a series of remedies exactly adapted to meet the conditions manifest, wherever, and by whatever means, it may have been engendered? The family medicines prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., fulfill the above requirements. Many physicians prescribe them in their practice. His Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a blood purifier and general tonic, while his Favorite Prescription cures those weaknesses peculiar to women after physicians have failed. His Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, are a safe and certain cure for "torpid" liver and constipation. If you wish to save money by avoiding doctors and keep or regain your health, buy The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. It contains instruction concerning anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the treatment of disease. Over one hundred thousand copies already sold. Price (post paid), \$1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.