

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

branches, remind me of my baby's sweet tones; and a yellow leaf that dropped once upon my forehead made me start—I thought it was her gentle touch; even the birds are happy in the "screech of all their gentle, loving nature. I only am left desolate. I have told you more than I meant to, but not more than my heart often compels me to think.

"Of course, I had no right to tell Raymond all this; but I did say to him, one day, 'You are looking worn. Why don't you spend one of these glorious October days in the country? Run down with my love to Aurelia, and an invitation to come back and spend the winter with me.'"

"I'll go," he said. "It will be the best medicine for me."

When he came back, his countenance was radiant with joy.

"Are you well paid for going?" I asked him.

"Ample. She would give me no promise, but I left a ring upon her finger. Ah! she is a jewel!"

When the spring came again, I went down to Aurelia's wedding. She is a happy wife and mother now; the light of her home; the everyday blessing and inspiration of a circle of warm and true friends.

"Ah!" she said to me, the other day, "nature plans wisely and well. Two are stronger for life's duties than one, meeter for life's pleasures. And for that discipline, which all souls need, in tenderness, and thoughtfulness, and charity, there is nothing like a happy marriage, with its year-by-year growth of experience in love."

Mrs. Harold Montjoy cuts Raymond and his wife. She lives on her lonely, solitary, intriguing life, in the midst of her splendour, bearing a bitter, restless, and craving heart. Who, then, among our readers, would wish to be a serpent for the sake of shining in glittering scales?

## SISTERS AND LOVERS. DEUTSCHES STILL-LEBEN.

Trä-la-lä-lä!  
Der Doctor der ist da.

How merrily sounded the voice of my sister Julia, as thus singing she danced into the room.

"Now, Fraulein Vanda, there he is. I have sent for him, and I am very ill indeed—lying! Ah, me! I have—what aches? Make haste! I hear him on the stairs. What aches, I say? Oh, there! the pain in my chest, my heart, my arm. Ah, me! I am fainting!"

Bright sister Julia threw herself into the cushions, and put on a miserable face, just as two gentlemen entered the room.

"Doctor, doctor! I am so very bad—quite exhausted. It is I who have sent for you. Ah, me!"

But as Julia raised her moist downcast eyes she saw before her our house doctor, and—ah fine tall officer, in full regiments.

She sprang up. "I didn't send for a military nurse into the bargain, Doctor Berg. Why in the world do you introduce soldiers into a sick lady's chamber?"

"Very sick, Fraulein Julia?" said the doctor, laughing.

"Dying! But surely the military nurse has a name."

"And a big one. Allow me, young ladies. I beg to introduce to you my uncle, Major Schnell, a brave soldier, of the soldier's line; can go back to the Seven, the Thirty, and any year's war—to the squabbles of all the German Emperors—aye, to the Crusades. Ladies, Major Schnell belongs to a line of fighters for glory and love; only the latter my worthy uncle has not yet tried, for he is still unmarried. Have I not introduced him well?"

The major stood before us, blushing and confused. I did not know why, but looking at him turned me giddy. Surely I knew nothing of him that his face should affect me, but it did, honest and good as it was.

"Fraulein Vanda, how are you this morning, since the supposed patient appears to have recovered herself?" So said Dr. Berg, as he came gently up to me, looking deep into my eyes, and as Julia and the major were in hilarious conversation, adding softly, "No message for me, Vanda, when Julia sent?"

"Why, doctor, did you want a message? would you not care without it?"

"Vanda, you are always severe; no snaffle for me? Come, will you go into the grounds, say to the lake? I want to say something to you. The two will follow us."

We went. From the castle steps such a beautiful scene lay before us. At the back rose the dusky mountains, not high enough to look formidable, but gently sloping down towards the lake, that spread at our right away into the tree-clad hilly distance. On the mountain top, at the opposite shore, the tall, gaunt ruins of ancient times, over which the morning sun threw a golden shifting light; before us the road planted with cherry trees, and to our left the fields, with the young waving corn; the birds every now and then rising up from the green blades; the bees rustling through them; and the grasshoppers chirping sweetly their happy early summer song. We lived in Saxon Switzerland, as it is called; beautiful was the situation of our estate, kindly the people that dwelt around it, and life seemed to smile on us girls, motherless though we were.

Dr. Berg and I went on, turning to the right towards the thick foliage of the lake scenery.

"Now, Vanda, serious again?"

"I shall be serious if you call me so."

"But why not be merry? It maketh my heart glad to see you smile, for I never hear you laugh like Julia."

"No, I could not. Remember, doctor, she is seventeen, and I am twenty-three."

"And, pray, should we not laugh at twenty-three? I am twenty-four."

"A man at twenty-four is as young as a girl at seventeen."

"I don't think so," said the doctor, with a peculiar accent. Somehow I did not like the remark; it stung me. I began to hang behind a little, for Dr. Berg, to whom I was secretly betrothed, had all at once forgotten what he meant to say so particularly. We dawdled along in silence. The others came up, Julia radiant with joy and happiness at being, I suppose, in existence; the major tired almost with laughing at her sallies. He was carrying his arms full of all sorts of trophies they had gathered on the way. Suddenly I found myself by the major's side, and saw Julia in front of me with Dr. Berg, talking briskly, looking at him archly now and then, he bending down to her in return. I did not like it, why I knew not, and my eyes got a little, just a little, moist.

"Tell me something about that rain, Fraulein," said a snoring voice next to me. I had forgotten the major.

"Oh, there is an old, old story clinging to it, about medieval times and the Saxon wars; but the castle is said to have come to ruin for a lady's sake."

"Really?"

"She killed her lover; he joined the freebooters, and then she sat weeping on the top, day after day, lastly casting herself into the lake and leaving a curse on the walls. No one ever cared to live there, and the place crumbled to its present state."

We talked on, gravely, about the beauty of the scenery, the many historical memories of the neighbourhood, and finally a little about ourselves. Every now and then my eyes wandered to the two before me. Suddenly I saw them no more; they had disappeared in the road round the mountain. I turned again giddy, and leant against a tree. Below me was the still blue lake, the eye of the earth, as Helme called it, speaking so softly to my anxious heart. Anxious, I knew not why, for was Dr. Berg not my own choice, and had he not always been the same considerate man, the same pleasing friend? Did my soul ask for more? When he meant to be passionate I had drawn back, as if I feared it was not real—it would not last.

"Are you ill, Fraulein?"

"Oh, no," I gasped.

"But you look ill; you are pale, what is it?" I just remembered that a strong arm set me down on the grass under the tree, that a quick step ran and brought me water from the lake in a soldier's cup, and that a broad man's hand wetted my cold temples with it. I revived; "Thank you," I said faintly, and looking up, I found two such honest blue eyes fixed upon my face, that I coloured and turned away.

Steps were approaching; the two evidently missed us, and were coming back.

"What is it, Vanda? quick, tell me!" said Dr. Berg, as he bent solicitously over me.

"Nothing, thank you," I answered, coldly.

"Sister darling, are you ill? How pale you look!" Julia added, her face flushing crimson, her eyes swimming with some superabundant feeling of happiness.

"No, thank you, I am quite well!" and, giddy as I was, I managed to rise, and, taking the major's proffered arm, walked homeward, the two silently following us.

We were alone again, Julia and I; the gentlemen had taken a light lunch, and Dr. Berg and I had parted, not as betrothed, but as mere acquaintances. I knew I was jealous, and jealous of my sister Julia. Julia sat dreaming away the afternoon, till she started off and ran by herself back the same way we had gone in the morning. It was quite dark when she returned. The next day bringing us some letters—one from our father, telling us that he would come on the morrow, and bring with him our young brother from the Military Academy, the other addressed to me by the major. I give my letter as I had it—

ADRIAN FRÄULEIN.—I am a plain man and soldier; you must, therefore, forgive many words. I have never felt myself in love before, but I am in love, bachelor of forty as I am, with your sensible, kind face. Will you have me? I will watch day and night for your smallest wish; I will bend my soul to yours; I will chase care from your angelic countenance; and I will kiss your sweet, soft hands daily, hourly, to show you I am your devoted, constant lover. Pray, consent to be mine, and I will hurry home to prepare, and come back for you in a month.

Your humble servant,  
"AUGUSTUS SCHNELL,  
Major in the Hussars."

I was very angry; it seemed treacherous to me that Dr. Berg should not even by a word have mentioned his position towards me. We had been betrothed for a few months; Julia had not been at home then, but had returned during the last few weeks, and ever since, matters had not gone smoothly between the doctor and myself. But the offer of the uncle, with my heart I knew well, was solely given to the nephew, vexed me exceedingly. Red and angry as I seldom was, I held the letter in my hand, when we heard some one drive up; it was Dr. Berg himself. The moment he entered, I attacked him: "Do I owe this to you, Dr. Berg? Could you not have avoided it?"

"He read the letter. 'Poor uncle!' he said, 'he deserves a better fate than he will get. I'll send the letter back, Vanda. Don't be offended; an honest man's proffered love need give no offence.'"

But I was not pacified, and flounced out of the room. Well bred as I was, I could have boxed the doctor's ears; since I could not do that, I went to my room, and had a good cry.

I would not see the doctor again, though he apparently remained some hours to see me. Julia kept him company. I almost began to hate my sister. What right had she to speak to my betrothed? What right? Perhaps a sister's, whispered conscience. Fudge and nonsense! I knew no sisterly love dictated her solitude.

My father came with my brother; there was high glee between Julia and him.

"How beautiful you are getting, Julia; really you will be the belle in Dresden next winter. You, Vanda, look pale and elderly. What grieves you? Don't you get moirish. Let's be off, Julia; take your hat, and come along to the ruin."

I looked after them—elderly, indeed, I appeared. I hated both my brother and my sister. My father noticed my depression of spirits, and asked me the cause. I had no cause to give, and grew sulky. I spoke little; the evil spirit of jealousy was gnawing and gnawing at my heart. Dr. Berg came not for a couple of days—he who had ever been so attentive, who never missed a day in presenting me with some sign of his affection—flowers, music, new books, ornaments, or something else—he neither called nor wrote, and I was getting uneasy, for my nature was true and faithful, no frivolous pursuits had been mine, and with all the strength of an earnest spirit I clung to the doctor. Would he give me up? Had he forgotten his vow? Was I really getting elderly?—oh! horrid thought! I had begun to love Julia!

I sat at the window that overlooked the lake, the tears falling fast into my lap. It seemed so dark in the world without that cheery voice of Dr. Berg asking "Fraulein Vanda, wie geht's heute?" It was not a lover's question, but we had always understood its deeper meaning. Whilst I sat so I heard my brother run up into my room.

"You are crying, Vanda. Oh, do come with me; I'll show you something that will make you die laughing. I shan't say what. Now do come."

He dragged me with him, without bonnet or shawl, along the path to the mountains, round the base, up towards the ruin.

"Make haste, we might miss it; it is such a surprise, and such a bit of fun."

So we rather ran up than walked the steep winding road, till we came into the thicker wood, and got close to the ruin. I thought I heard voices.

"Hush! Vanda, or we shall disturb them." Now I did hear voices. Good heavens! it was the doctor and Julia! I almost lay down flat on the ground, regardless of my pretty maid dress. I held my breath; through the foliage I could see them. He had his arm round her waist; he pleaded impassionately for his great love, which, try as he would, he could not subdue. He said that I should know all; that I had a noble nature, that I would forgive and consent to the change, and that Julia would then honestly become his. He pleaded and urged, till Julia, half a wayward child still, laid her head on his shoulder, and cried. This was too much for him. He took her into his arms; he held her there in a close embrace; he showered kisses on her! I could bear no more. My brother whispered: "Ah! it is a jolly bit of fun? Come away now," and half dragged me off, for my limbs tottered under me.

"Are you sorry for them, Vanda?" said George; "don't you think papa will consent?"

But speech was beyond me; I moved my lips without producing a sound.

"Can't be jealous, Vanda; you know you are too old-looking for him? Did you want him?" George did not know we had been betrothed.

I answered not; I managed to get home, and went shivering to my own room, where I meant to think; think—oh, think—I could not think. Only one thing appeared necessary; to be the first in cutting the knot that tied us. So, shaking as if with ague, I wrote the following lines—

"DEAR DOCTOR BERG,—I have considered our relative position, and I wish to annul our betrothal; my father, who, with my sister, alone knows me, you might think me rude to return, so I will keep them in remembrance.

"Yours truly,  
"VANDA."

This note I sent off by messenger to the doctor's house in the next town, and then I laid my weary head on my pillow, unable to harbour even an idea.

Dark closed in; my mind was still in a state of aberration; when a soft footstep approached my bed, and my sister's voice said—

"Vanda—by Vanda, tell me—did you know anything? He has just ridden here furiously; his horse is steaming with heat. Vanda, he has had your letter; do you mean it—do you give him up?"

The rail girl—her words gave me courage.

"Yes, Julia; I never could be happy with him."

"May I, sister? If you do not love him, may I?"

"If you like, Julia."

"Oh, Vanda, thank you—thank you; I shall run and tell him. We love each other so dearly, but we were afraid of you; we were afraid you might be attached to him, as you were betrothed, and you might feel it. Oh, I had not the courage to refuse his love; Vanda, sister, pardon a poor wayward girl. I played at first with him, like a child, till little by little there crept into my heart the great, big, enormous love; and when he said all those wild things to me—that I had, with my childish ways, drawn him into the meshes, that he adored me like a goddess—then I could not say 'Nay.' Vanda, do say you forgive me."

I murmured something, and begged to be left alone; away she flew, to tell the doctor of my forgiveness.

I constrained my feelings; I hid my sorrow; I even looked upon their happiness. Still, every day came some token of the doctor's regard for me; but Julia was surrounded with care, covered with presents, doted, lifted into the clouds. My father shook his head, looked at me, kissed me tenderly, and whispered, "It is best so, Vanda; you were not young enough." What had youth to do with my feelings? Sometimes I could have run to the doctor, and begged him on my knees to give me back even his moderate affection, and to let me show him my great, deep love—a love great enough to renounce him—when I found another would make him happier. Then I opened my eyes. Oh, had I allowed his passionate nature free play—had I been less reserved—perhaps he would have loved me more. At that moment, Julia's elegant form and radiant face appeared opposite to me:

Trä-la-lä-lä!  
Der doctor der ist da.

she sang, as she ran downstairs to receive him. I never could do that; I had waited quietly, in the old days, till he came up, she ran to meet him with her glowing nature.

The doctor had never pressed our marriage, but he pressed theirs; my father objected, on account of Julia's age, the doctor was obstinate. Three months, and no more, would he wait; she must be his entirely, or he might lose her.

I helped to prepare all the handsome trousseau, for my father was well off, and our family was of good standing. I was even bridesmaid with my cousins and the doctor's sister. I kissed Julia as she went away after the ceremony; I gave my trembling hand to her husband, who looked at me honestly, with quivering lips, and kissed my hand respectfully.

"Vanda," he said, "I could not have made you happy. I wanted that affection you could or would not give me." And then I had done my duty.

"Father dear," I said to him that evening, "you will allow me to leave you now? I could not see them returned married. *That* I cannot bear, so I shall accept my aunt's invitation, and go home with my cousins. Ernestine, the eldest, will stay and take care of you."

My father drew me to him. "Vanda, why didst thou not tell me? Didst thou care for him?"

I hid them, for the first time my face on his shoulder, and wept, wept, wept, for my lost life and lost happiness.

"Poor child! I am very sorry." He pressed me close to him, and sat by me, quite still, till I had wept enough. He dried my tears and stroked my hair. "Go with them, Vanda; it will be best. I should break my heart to see you grieve, and so would they."

"Hush, father! no one knows that but you."

We came to the fortress town, where my cousins lived. A new life opened to me here. The close regulated society of a whole corps of married officers' families received me, and the eternal round of visits and small social entertainments would not allow me to think. The very first week we went to an officers' ball. I objected to go, as I knew I was becoming almost plain, so little animation was in my face; but they would not hear of it. We entered the brilliantly-lit rooms, we sat down. I looked round, and opposite to me stood Major Schnell. I could not help it—I bowed and smiled. He started, looked, and was by my side in an instant. Ah, that was love I could see; the tall, manly form was leaning towards me with such embarrassment as the doctor never had shown. My vanity was flattered, I felt my colour rise, I felt my tongue loosen. I stood up, and we danced the first "galop." This major was an excellent dancer, and I heard people say, "How handsome a couple! How well they suit each other!" for I was tall and slim too.

Dear major, who had seen him, who would have doubted him the pleasure of a few smiles and kindly words? He looked at me earnestly after the dance: "Fraulein Vanda, you were very cruel once; you thought me abrupt. I heard from Berg; but he did not say you refused me."

"Did the doctor not tell you that?"

"What?"

"Oh nothing; it does not matter;" for I found that the doctor had not told his uncle we had been betrothed at the time of his first proposal.

We danced again and again, till people whispered and smiled, and we had to leave off; but the major positively said that he would not allow me to dance with anyone else. When cloaks were taken and adieus offered, he whispered—

"Fraulein Vanda, I must see you myself tomorrow morning." I looked at him and nodded. At home that night I had to hear all the teasing of my cousins. "Really, Vanda, you are changed; never knew you could dance like that; never thought you half as handsome as you are. Why, you made quite a sensation. You are really much younger looking at night. What glorious hair you have got, and such a sweet smile. Why, you have turned our good dear Major Schnell's head, and no wonder either."

I slept soundly that night; it was so delightful to know someone cared for you, after all that miserable, lonely time someone who would show you real interest; further I dreamt not yet—but there was no resting on my laurels with the major. He came the next morning. He asked, he pleaded, he implored; he told me he had loved me devotedly from the first moment he saw me; he said I was getting more beautiful, I was his star, he could look up to me; and I dare not refuse him, or put him off again.

I know I never answered, for that dear love would still come up; but whether I said anything or not, I found myself in strong arms, showers of kisses on my face, my hair and a ring on my finger.

"Be a soldier's bride, Vanda?"

Then that word touched me. I laid my hand on his arms; I looked straight at him. "Will you be faithful?"

"Vanda, child, I could not be otherwise. I have never professed love before."

To him I was a child, for him I was not elderly looking. I glanced up into the glass. Well, I looked another being, and, hiding my face, I said, "Yes."

It was a stormy time, for the major would not leave me. My father consented at once. My trousseau was prepared; I went home, the major followed, and in a few weeks we were married; but not at home. A still smaller voice said, "Keep away, for the major's sake." So my aunt gave us the wedding, and we started on a long tour.

When a good man loves his new wife, he is evidently inclined to spoil her, and the major did his best to do it. He was moderately rich, but Gross could not have been more generous. "Is Vanda, his wife, his own?" I heard it all day, and for very thankfulness I had to caress him and be grateful that he had not allowed God's love to die in my heart, and left me a lone woman all the days of my life. Only such strong affection as his—an affection that would not be denied—could have saved me.

We saw Italy from north to south, and returned home in a twelve-month, going straight to my father's estate. I heard that Julia held her first-born in her arms, and that the doctor was wild with joy. The morning after our arrival I rode over with the major to the doctor's house. I entered softly my sister's room; she had just awoke, and looked up so fresh and bright from her white pillow in her easy chair. When she saw me, and glanced then at her babe, her face was dyed crimson.

"Vanda, dearest sister, you have come at last!" Her small, pretty hand was extended to me. "Why, how changed you are, Vanda; you look as young again."

My vanity was soothed; my heart was satisfied. I need not be jealous, for I was happy too.

"Julia, it is best as it is. I kissed her tenderly, sisterly; and then I took the babe and held it up to me, as if I too could love it, though it was a child.

The doctor had entered unperceived; he looked at the scene, came up to me, took me and the child in his arms, and kissed me there straight before his wife. I thought he had never kissed me so warmly as his betrothed.

"God bless you, Vanda; you have brightened my only black spot in our life. God bless you, sister!"

"May I?" The major put in his face. "Oh!" he said, and came nearer; "kissing my wife, Doctor, I am jealous—very jealous. I allow kissing to no one."

The doctor looked at us both; he smiled. He went with his uncle into the window, and he whispered a few words to him. The major turned to me: "Vanda, you should have told me that; I thought I was the first. Poor fool!" he added, bitterly; "as if such a woman had taken me for the first."

I went up to him and looked at him: "Augustus, do you love me?"

"I could not otherwise; it has grown into my nature."

"Your love saved me—saved us all; and your love has made me a thousand times happier than I could ever have been had I followed the dictates of my own stubborn heart." I was not given to long speeches, so I put my hands up to him, took his bearded face into them, and looked the downright, wisely, happy, satisfied look into his honest blue eyes. It was enough. "I understand," he said; "I won you for me and for yourself."

Those two at the other end had forgotten us; they were deeply intent on their child's beauty. We contemplated them, the doctor looked at me, scrutinized me I thought, till I blushed; then he came over to the major and whispered something about another first-born to be prepared for—some time hence; and the major, who had as yet known nothing, for he was blind in his love, took me right up in his arms, and cried "Hurrah!"

Trä-la-lä-lä!  
Der doctor der ist da.

Joined my sister, faintly and joyously.

Dark Blue.

### NON-PUNCTUALITY OF THE FAIR SEX.

No lady is ever punctual; no lady ever yet had the most distant idea of the duration of five minutes, or an hour, or any other longer or shorter space of time. Indeed, the supreme indifference of women in a matter which men are taught to regard as of vital importance, at once stamps the superior sex as above and beyond the control of mere conventional rules. Men's actions are governed by time; it is the most important element which enters into business calculations. The wild rush of the locomotive is governed and its safety assured by attention to time. Time for the male animal denotes the position of a ship upon the ocean, or it tells the traveller his path in the trackless desert. But a woman is always above the vulgar rules which are found indispensable by the mere animal man. Time never enters into her calculations, or occupies a single moment of her thoughts. She is always late when she keeps an appointment; she devotes precious hours to dressing, and will any day lose a train for the sake of putting on her gloves. The odd thing is that she never thinks of the irritation which she causes by her disregard for the rules of punctuality. A gentleman who grumbles because he has had to wait an hour while the fair object of his affections is putting on her bonnet is "a brute." Time indeed passes with wonderful quickness while the fair one is displaying her ribbons before the glass, or trying the effects of colour or the grace of fold of some new addition to her wardrobe. We are quite willing to allow that the fault of non-punctuality, if it be indeed a fault, is one of a very venial character. The aberrations of the feminine mind, like the movements of the

spheres, admit of some approach to calculation; and although the most experienced observer may sometimes fail to tell what portion of her orbit a lady may occupy at any given hour of the day, he may make a pretty accurate guess sometimes by the aid of the useful rule of contraries. An allowance of an hour or two to admit of the fair count coming to her right place in the social firmament in the evening will usually be a sufficient margin, provided she has not particular reasons for being very much behind. You may always predict with absolute certainty that she will be quite ready to go to the theatre when the play is half over, and that you will blunder with her into the concert-room just in time to disconcert or annoy the finest soprano on the platform. If the reader has ever had the pleasure of going shopping with his wife or sweetheart, he will understand what we mean. You are always dressed and ready a few minutes after the fatal expedition has been arranged, and you stand about the room, killing time as best you may, until the lady appears. It is useless to read, for she has promised to be ready in a moment; you will not write that note which ought to have been despatched to Jones by last night's post, there would not be time to scrawl half a dozen lines. You kick your heels, and swing your umbrella, until the fatal truth breaks upon you that you have sacrificed the best portion of an hour. When the fair one appears she always has put her gloves on in the lobby while you stand with the door half open in your hand, and if you grumble about delay, she protests that she has not been five minutes over her toilette. The best part of the morning is gone before you step into your shoes; but the worst portion of the business has to come. You sit in agonies in the draper's shop while your companion, apparently in pursuance of some profoundly wise principle, is giving the assistant all the trouble she can. Silks and ribbons are tossed in picturesque confusion on the counter, and as the heap grows larger the fair one finds it proportionately more difficult to make up her mind. You expect every minute that the unhappy assistant will lose his patience, and begin to tear his hair from sheer vexation, or that the proprietor will vote you both a nuisance, and request you to leave the shop. The purchases which it is made, seem shamefully disproportionate to the trouble which has been given, and you leave the establishment with the conviction that you have sacrificed a morning and contributed to sour the temper of an amiable draper's shopman, and all for the sake of a roll of ribbon or a half-dozen handkerchiefs. Perhaps you have some business of your own to attend to, and you find yourself, at the appointed time, a mile or two from the place. Your companion you find is terribly excited by the various bonnet-shops which you pass in your walk; you are continually stopping, and are compelled to utter a number of meaningless adjectives in praise of the gems of fashion which are exhibited behind the plate-glass doors. You, of course, are hopelessly late for your own appointments, and the delay has disarranged your business for a whole day. But no argument of yours can convince your fair companion that time is of vast importance in mundane affairs. She regards people who are constantly consulting their watches as old fogies, and those arrangements which depend upon punctuality as relics of a barbarism which will wholly disappear when she and her sisters take the vulgar affairs of life into their own hands. Oddly enough, the strong-minded sisterhood display just as much contempt for their weaker and charming friends. A man of business will make an engagement at eleven and keep it at three. She will procrastinate until the opportunity for concluding a transaction has gone by; and wonder of wonders! If she be as plain as a Gorgon, she will talk for hours of the fashions, and of such trifles as the best style of trimming for her new dress. As it is quite useless to expect any reformation on the part of woman in reference to punctuality, we would recommend all newly-married men to adopt the scientific method, and study the diurnal aberrations of their better halves. There is sometimes a method in this madness, and how may be evolved out of the apparently hopeless chaos of the workings of nature. The course of a meteoric orbit must first be studied, and the position and place of the fair one noted in every portion of her daily path. Exceptional affairs, such as theatres, dinners, balls, and kindred matters, require special study, but when the law has been evolved out of the chaos, it may be possible for the wise spouse to indicate, at any hour of the day, the probable place of the fair one.—Civilian.

SHINGLES AND SERMONS.

Ministerial remuneration in the early days of this great West was on the woefully basis of all other matters. As an illustration, we give the case of Rev. Jacob Patch, years ago of Northern Indiana. No purer, simpler-minded man than he. Thoroughly educated in literary and theological colleges under New England influences, he soon adapted himself to his new work of adding in Christianizing the West. After a few years' residence in the land of prairie and forest he began the building of a house for himself. His way of paying for shingles might be new to Mr. Beecher, but was too true with our pioneer clergy. The good people near the Hog Creek school-house (a true name) having a shingle machine, and using its products for their legal currency, and desiring to be served of Mr. P., contracted with him to have him deliver them a certain number of sermons at the price of a bunch (1000) of shingles for a sermon. The preaching and shingles were respectively furnished to the mutual satisfaction of the high contracting parties. In completing the house half a bunch extra was required. In delivering his farewell sermon, after relating the good that had been done, and speaking of their pleasant relations as pastor and people, he alluded to their contract, and gave an account which showed the balance of one half-bunch in their favor unpaid for. "And now, my dear brothers and sisters," said he, "I am not owing you for enough shingles to come to a sermon, but, Providence permitting, I will come over to you on an early day and add a prayer-meeting!" And he did. The currency for change was satisfactory.

No ORATOR OF THOUGHT OR ACTION can be employed without assistance of the blood, and no organ can be employed safely or with its full capacity without a supply of healthy blood. With healthy blood the cerebral organs become well developed, whether they be muscular or intellectual. By the use of Fowler's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a sound mind and a sound body.

Persons suffering from impure blood, or whose health is giving way, either as in the form of a study, or in the form of a disease, will find it profitable to build them up and add the tonic to keep them there.—Dr. Clay.

THE LIFE OF THE BODY is the blood, and the blood is the lever which regulates our spirits and constitution. If we persist in keeping our blood pure we discharge a debt we owe nature, and are invariably rewarded for our trouble and expense.

It is useless to expostulate on the many advantages of sound health, and if you are now in quest of the precious gift, you are strongly recommended to procure a supply of the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills and take as directed.