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to, who had left a

friend's yacht off Portsmouth the night before, met Etheridge at Springfield, and they had come on together. Miss Marling and the Lyddington girls, chaperoned by Mrs. Trevor, arrived on the fast express from New York. Everest had joined them somewhere on the road, and to this Mrs. Kerneval was not heard to state objection. Dak, who drove over from a neighboring house where he had been stopping. Wrexford—none knew of his coming but the Kernevals—had not arrived. Perhaps—and the hope thrilled Mrs. Kerneval—he might not come after all. Dinner would soon be announced. There was the skirmishing, the affairs of the outposts, in which such a party always engages before it settles itself in final disposition; before neutralities are declared, hostilities begin, sieges commenced; before the little or great matters of peace or warfare show themselves, as they always do, in but short time, in every such gathering, be it small or large.

"For whom are we waiting?" asked Kitty Marling of Kerneval, who stood near her.

"For no one," he said. "I thought perhaps Wrexford might get here this afternoon, but he hasn't appeared. He may come by the 'back road,' get off at Taylorsville, and drive over. But we won't wait dinner for him."

"And who is Mr. Wrexford?" asked Miss Marling idly. She had been out a year, but so many presentable men had been presented to her! They came, they went, and it seemed that their unbroken flow would go on forever. To all of them she had hitherto been indifferent—the more prominent, even, no more remembered than the flowers they had sent to her. They had all rather wearied her, as the flow and gurgle of running water induces drowsiness.

"Oh, he's a good-enough sort of fellow," answered Kerneval. "He was at college with me. Since then I haven't really seen him. He's a continental vagrant,—he's an Arab,—at home everywhere, but with a home nowhere."

"What will you do with this—evasive gentleman?" asked Miss Marling.

"I don't know surely that he'll be here," said Kerneval, not answering the question. "He'll come. I suppose, for he telegraphed me that he would. But he may stay only an hour, and then be off for anywhere. You won't like him. He's not at all like anything you ever knew."

"And how long has this wandering-Gentile been going everywhere?" asked Miss Marling, evidently without thought of what she was saying.

"Years," answered Kerneval. "I don't think there's been a war that Wrexford hasn't been in since he left college."

"Indeed," said Miss Marling, glancing up. "He was in the last Turkish row, the last Spanish revolution, the Zulu revolt, the Egyptian rebellion. He's an old campaigner. You wouldn't like him at all. Why, he couldn't live a week in society in its normal state,—our society,—in the regular way."

"Really," said Miss Marling, and then she added: "You say there is a train he can come on to-night?"

"Yes; but—" went on Kerneval—"I'm almost sorry he's coming. But he'll not trouble you. He's regularly a man's man. They all swear by him. He was Skobeleff's, greatest friend, Burnaby's closest companion. But—really, he may not come after all."

"He said certainly he would come, did he not?" asked Miss Marling.

"Yes; but how can you count on a man who may be shaken up by an earthquake in Paraguay? Anybody's apt to be late for dinner if he has to start off on the instant if a dispatch comes that somebody has dynamited an emperor."

"Has to start?" said Miss Marling, interrogatively.

"Of course."

"But who is your friend: a member of the Russian secret police, or a queen's messenger? He seems mysterious enough to be one, and erratic enough to be the other."

"He's a war correspondent, and a famous one. You never heard of him, of course, in your world, but he's made noise enough in his time for all that."

"Ah!" half sighed, half ejaculated Miss Marling. "As you say, he must be unlike anybody I have ever seen."

Miss Marling did not say that she hoped so, but there was a weariness in her tone that to some ears might have implied it.

And as dinner was announced, satisfied with the neatness with which he had depicted his friend—and without depreciating him too, that was the real cleverness of it to this carefully-guarded, conventionally-trained society girl, who certainly now could never take any interest in such an outlaw of her own peculiar world, Kerneval crossed the hall and offered his arm to Mrs. Trevor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Health Notes.

A little weak camphor and water occasionally as a mouth and throat wash, renders the breath sweet.

Powdered alum applied to a fever sore will prevent it from becoming unsightly and noticeable, and a few grains of alum dissolved in tepid water will relieve people whose hands perspire too freely.

There is nothing which will restore tone to exhausted nerves more quickly and effectually than a bath containing one ounce of aqua ammonia to each pail of water. It renders the flesh firm and the skin pure, fresh and elastic.

The Household.

The Rest Cure, and When it is Indicated.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh opened the breakfast parlor door and shouted to his housekeeper. He shouted in tones so stentorian that no one, except a medical man, could have believed him to be either an invalid or ailing in any way.

"Mary," he cried "is there no possibility of your going about your work a trifle, just the merest trifle, less boisterously? And there goes that dreadful door-bell again. Oh, dear! Ring, ding! Ring, ding! all day long; first the baker, then the butcher, then somebody else. Heigho! it is provoking, for if I didn't happen to be a trifle nervous and out of sorts, no house in the world would be quieter than—There it goes again!"

I leant back in Mr. F.'s easy chair, and kept the morning paper before me. Silence is golden with patients like this.

"And nothing I touch seems to go right either. I placed that knife on the edge of the plate straight enough. Look at it now. Lying on the carpet as if to spite me. And there goes the coffee next all over the new white cloth."

"Depend upon it, my friend," I said quietly, "that things go on just the same whether we are well or ill, only in the latter case we are more sensitive. If you have a cut finger, for instance, everything appears to go against it."

"Now," continued Mr. F., "if I weren't sleepless at night, all the country-side would be as still as the bottom of the sea; but simply because I am in need of rest, and could sleep if I got a chance, every living thing must keep awake to annoy me. Last night, for instance, Simpson's cow must keep moaning constantly as if she had something on her mind. Boulger's beast of a dog must bark and howl intermittently, and his horses must neigh, and no sooner have they somewhat settled, and I am dropping off, than all the cocks in the parish wake up and begin hollering. You needn't laugh behind your newspaper. You are laughing, I can see the paper shaking. I'm losing my memory, too. If I want such a simple thing as a pen, even, d'ye think I can find one? Not for the life of me."

"Am I getting old, I wonder?" He turned on me almost fiercely as he spoke the last words, and I put down the paper, got up, stretched myself, and walked leisurely to the window. It was a lovely morning in early summer; the grass was very green and trim on Mr. F.'s pretty lawn; there was abundance of foliage on the rose-bushes, on which the buds were already appearing, and a gush of bird melody came swelling from the silken-leaved linden trees.

"You must excuse me, doctor"—Mr. F. was at my elbow now—"if I seem fretful and peevish. I really am out of sorts. What a lovely day, too, and I can't enjoy it a bit!"

"Ah!" I said, "you begin to think, then, there are other enjoyments in life than ledger work and making a pile as you call it."

Featherstonhaugh only sighed.

"You need rest," I added.

"I haven't had rest—a holiday—for years. I was going on so well in business till that bit of extra worry came, that I thought it a pity to spoil my year by going away."

"No doubt. Well, a month's holiday every

summer, or say six weeks, would, taking it even from a business point of view, have been the best investment in time that ever you made. Now, you'll have to take all these months in the aggregate, and rest for half a year at least."

"But think what that will cost me!"

"Bah! life is cheap at any price."

Dear reader, Mr. F.'s case would not be mentioned were it not one of every-day occurrence. For greed of gain, as often as not, men and women will go on working long after symptoms tell them that the state of their health is not what it once was. Instead of taking rest, they fly to medicine or stimulants or both, and with Mr. F., so with them, the last state is worse than the first.

The best cure is a slow but very sure one. And here, again, a lesson may be learned from Mr. F.'s case. He went to a bracing watering-place, but tried to "rush" his cure, if I may use a somewhat slangy verb. He felt convinced on starting that a few days, or a fortnight at most, would set him up. It is needless to say it did not. So he fretted and fumed impatiently; but finding at last that Nature would not alter her laws on his account, he surrendered, and from that moment his cure began. Little things do not now worry Mr. F. There is a halo of repose around his brow; Mary can go about her work singing, and no amount of cock-crowing is likely to arouse him from his peaceful slumbers.

When people become peevish, nervous, and restless from over-work, the class of medicine they generally seek relief from consists of such drugs as quinine, phosphorus, iron, and the vegetable bitter tonics. These they expect to pull them together,—and there is no doubt they are valuable medicines; but the error made by the sufferers is this—they do not first remove the cause.

"Oh, I can't stop working to rest," a man said to me once, "I can go on as I am: I can suffer."

This might be all very well if he could go on as he was, that is, get no worse. One might suffer even the inconvenience of ill-health in order to support one's family, but the thin end of the wedge of indisposition having once effected an entrance, there is no staying its advance except by using radical means.

The indisposition caused by over-much brain-work or a too prolonged attention to business is very insidious in its advance. When once fairly established, its symptoms are patent enough to the invalid, and rest then becomes imperative. In fact, he is "knocked out of time," so to speak, and wishes then he had noted his failing powers before, and laid down his pen or closed his ledger.

When, then, is the rest cure indicated? Probably one of the earliest signs is slight dyspepsia, which cannot be attributed to errors in diet, want of fresh air, &c. It is a nervous kind of atonic dyspepsia, sometimes combined with acidity from liver sympathy. There is not the same relish for food, and so relief from this state is sought for in piquant relishes, wine, or tea.

Another symptom is an uneasy or fidgety feeling about the head, fullness it may be, or sleeplessness and stupidity, especially after eating. The brow is often hot, so is the top of the head, and the hand is pressed wearily across the eyes. Life begins to lose its brightness, then things begin to go a trifle wrong, and there are moments of peevishness and irritability. Lowness of spirits is succeeded by want of sleep. There is danger ahead, if not indeed close at hand, and happy is