

1) Dagger to the Mind.

A sound like the sound of wings... I had spoken to you twice without a response...

What an avenger! Why are you working the furniture? She laughed as she turned towards me...

Mark Ashlin's judgment appears to determine most questions. But even if he had known anything about them...

He only spoke about them to me. "Well, I don't see why he considered himself privileged to do so."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hilda, in a tone which might have meant dissent or resentment. "I do not see why you should be so sympathetic with my remark."

"I had been with us with us frequently of late. Hilda puzzled me more every day, and as she now left me I was completely at a loss to know whether my words had hurt her or only amused her."

"I had known Hilda for little more than a year, but in the first hour of our acquaintance the subtle charm of her character—a nameless grace, an outcome of the subtle blending of physical and moral gifts—had cast such a spell on me as to leave me impressed with the conviction that the influence which she had begun to exercise over my life, whether for good or ill, would be a permanent one."

"The morning broke and roused me from my slumber to reveal to me the lifeless form of my sister and the dead faces of both my parents—then I lapsed into complete insensibility."

"When I recovered consciousness I was in a bed of pain. For weeks, I was told, I lay between life and death. But the recuperative power of youth at length asserted itself, my condition began to improve and in little more than a year I found myself restored to a certain degree of bodily health. But my mind had undergone a singular change, the effects of which threatened to become permanent."

"I had sufficiently regained my strength I was obliged to travel, in the hope of effecting an improvement in my mental disorder, and a short stay at Cayton, with Mark as a companion, after a short stay at Colombo, we went up country. On our journey we were close to the first stage of the island, Mark played at once with his usual energy into the mysterious of sea-growth; and soon came to me with the proposal that we should leave our joint capital in an instant, and go to a plantation of peaches, which had fallen into a neglected condition and was now on the market. We became the owners and devoted ourselves to our new employment."

My mental state had now so much improved that I could go on my usual work. The periods of vague reverie became less frequent and the power of sustained thought slowly but steadily returned to me. I was, however, still beset by intermittent attacks of morbid thoughts, rendering me, while they lasted, a victim of morbid melancholy. I had ceased to be morbidly thoughtful, but I had not yet attained to the tranquillity of a normal mind. I had not yet attained to the tranquillity of a normal mind. I had not yet attained to the tranquillity of a normal mind.

Mark Ashlin's judgment appears to determine most questions. But even if he had known anything about them, it was hardly possible for him to appraise the household ornaments of his hostess.

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HISTORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

The learned Jesuit, Father Thurston, contributes to a recent issue of St. Peter's an article about the wedding ring and the Catholic marriage service, which is herewith summarized:

Nowadays the bridegroom places the ring on the third finger of the left hand, saying, after the priest, "With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth." And yet the day is not very long past when, according to the ritual used by priests in the administration of the sacraments in England, Ireland and Scotland, the wedding ring was placed not upon the left but upon the right hand of the bride. Holding the right hand of his wife in his own left, the bridegroom put the ring on her thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father"; then on her forefinger, saying, "and of the Son"; then on her middle finger, saying, "and of the Holy Ghost"; then on her third finger, saying, "Amen." And there the ceremony remained. These directions, which were in force in 1798, were somewhat modified in the course of the next twenty years. A ritual printed towards the close of King George II.

regret at the change. It did away with the ring on the thumb, in its place, in 1804, completely enjoined that the ring is to be worn not on the right but on the left hand. Father Thurston expresses his regret at the change. It did away with the ring on the thumb, in its place, in 1804, completely enjoined that the ring is to be worn not on the right but on the left hand. Father Thurston expresses his regret at the change. It did away with the ring on the thumb, in its place, in 1804, completely enjoined that the ring is to be worn not on the right but on the left hand.

Other authorities think that the substitution of the left hand for the right was an idea borrowed from the German reformers. However, so far as the Lutheran ritual is concerned, there is nothing to bear out this view. It merely says that after the parties have expressed their consent and the minister has recited it, the bride and bridegroom shall, if they have rings, exchange them. And this exchange of rings is still very common in Germany.

The betrothal ring, which is worn on the right hand, is the symbol of his betrothal to the Church, and the wearing of it in this way is probably a survival of the old general custom. But to go back to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church at the beginning of the 18th century, Father Thurston finds two very plain statements which show that the prescriptions of the ritual were not always obeyed even

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A RANCHMAN'S DISQUIET.

I never take the paper now, just quit it in disgust. An' so awiled up with righteous rage I honest thought I'd bust. I writ the editor to stop a sendin' it to me. I would grab a hefty club an' call to know the reason why! Fur nearly twenty years I've took to Jayville Sarpent's Tooth, an' An' he's next the Bible fur a tellin' gospel truth. But now I'll never let my eyes rest on the thing again. Fur givin' it encouragement 'd be a mortal sin!

I set with eyes buggin' out a readin' in a book. O' men in tropic jungle faoin' death on every hand. Wear sarapens was a hiesin' round, an' lions laid in wait. To leave their bones a gleamin' in a ghastly make-up the bride and bridegroom in token of the approval of Mother Church.

I read one orful story of a gay an' gaitous knight. That knight was a dragon in a rough-an'-tumble fight; The picter of the monster with its baker's dozen heads, Enough to skeer the sleepers of the granary from their beds. I felt like rollin' "droy!" when the gallant feller stood One foot upon the monster an' his spear all splashed with blood. An' then I larn't the dragon was the fever an' the chillin'; The man that knocken the Pink Completed Quinine Pills.

Once I set in; wife to cryin' till I thought her heart would break. An' I got my own eyes lookin' an' my lips hangin' in a dead, dead, dead! I readin' 'bout a lovely maiden tellin' all her folks good-bye. An' a sayin' she must leave 'em for a mansion in the sky. Then a neighbor woman come a runnin' in an' told me of a heavenly decession that was wuth its weight in gold. An' the gal was soon as chipper as a jaybird on the wing. An' was singin' grateful praises of Dur-Hecker's Liver King.

But the cue that appled the olmv was a sermon that I read From a famous Eastern preacher, at the close of which he said He was goin' to quit decessin' of the giorces up on high. Fur there now was no occasion fur his followers to die. If they'd follow the direction of O'Wacker's Anti-Death They would never come a livin' from a scarcity of breath. Then I tore the sheet in fragments an' I stomped it on the floor. An' my wife ain't yet recovered from the awful way I swore!

Danway, Cal., Evening Post.