

black lashes and brows. A rather haughty mouth—not too small, yet unspeakably womanly in the full curve of the scarlet lips; a mouth that while Frank Orme knew indicated a curious commixture of pride and sensitiveness, he often caught himself wondering about—if it ever had, or would or could have, part in real love smile. If it should, he was persuaded Christie St. John would break any man's heart.

He was very interested in Miss St. John; indeed, a deal more than Mrs. Dayton approved of, considering Mr. Orme was her cousin, and Miss Christie her children's teacher in French, music, and several other little accomplishments.

She had almost reluctantly brought Christie down to Bayside, knowing Frank was sure to summer with them, even with his own house only two miles off—two miles from her sweet face; and Christie, with her quiet, sensitive perception, had fathomed the feeling, and been more retired and reticent than even was her usual style.

So through June, and florid July; through long August days and moonlight autumn nights Christie and Frank had met, and parted, and slept under the same roof, and ate at the same table, and—thought their own thoughts.

Frank Orme had never made any parade of what he thought, for the reason that he hardly knew himself what he meant. Certainly Christie's sweet, ladylike ways were very enchanting, and once or twice he had looked suddenly at her, caught her glance, and seen her flush like a carnation, while his own heart thrilled a response.

Was it love? did he love this quiet, undemonstrative girl?

He asked himself the question over and over again; day by day taught him the answer, until, on this chill November day, with the keen wind driving up from the bay that sent the two women together within the plate-glass and red curtains, he knew he would ask Christie St. John to be nearest, dearest, best, all-in-all to him.

And so it came to pass that he looked into the warm room for a glimpse of her dear face, and saw it, and was gladdened by the sight.

He did not say a word to Mr. Dayton. Why should he? He was only Mr. Dayton's guest, and certainly not bound, even by laws of hospitality, to tell him he had solved the puzzle of a lifetime beneath his roof-tree.

He had not as yet mentioned anything to Nora; for two reasons he had held his peace. One was, he had not been sure of himself; the other, he knew how averse Nora would be—why, he could not imagine. Now he resolved to ask her at once; and he threw away his cigar-stump, and left Mr. Dayton to enjoy the mild winter day alone.

At the drawing-room door he met Christie, just passing through; her face bent down, consulting a slip of paper in her hands—her fair, shapely white hands without a ring to hide the full beauty of her fingers. She looked up hastily as he spoke her name; a swift flush surged over her face, as she passed on with a grave bow.

It delighted Frank—that silence of hers was golden, and his face was radiant as he went into his cousin's august presence.

Mrs. Dayton sat just where Christie had left her, her pretty, brightly-dark face bending over the pages of a voluminous receipt-book, her eyes mirroring the anxiety she was experiencing lest Mr. Dayton's favorite cheese sauce and stuffed egg-plant should not receive due attention.

Frank sauntered lazily in—lazily for a man come to learn the awful "why" he ought not marry his cousin's children's governess.

"Deep in the mysteries of dinner preparations, Nora? Will I interrupt you? Isn't this Miss John's chair?"

Mrs. Dayton closed her book on her thumb, and looked past Frank out to the wide-reaching waters of the bay.

"I was consulting my cookery-book, but you are never an intruder. That is Miss St. John's chair, Frank," suddenly, sharply; "why do you invariably introduce her name?"

He lolled comfortably back where she had rested her jetty-haired head, and laughed at the feminine openness of Mrs. Nora's attack.

"Why," he answered pleasantly, "because I can introduce no subject more agreeable. Isn't that candid?"

"Very," she returned coldly. "I hope Miss St. John appreciates your opinion of her."

"I hope so," gravely, tenderly. "I certainly hope so, for my own sake, when I ask her to be my wife."

Mrs. Dayton gave a little gasp of astonishment and horror.

"Frank Orme! Is it possible! the idea! Why, why—upon my word, I'm thunder-struck!"

"I see no reason," he said, quietly, a little twinkle in his eyes. "What possible objection have you to offer? Surely a lady suitable to undertake the moral training of your little ones is very suitable for my spiritual instructor—wretch that I am."

"Well, I think you are a wretch. Oh, Frank, she isn't for you. She's a perfect little calf, if I must say it. An egregious coward, trembles if a goose hisses at her, and turns white and nearly faints if a dog happens to run towards her. A noble woman she!"

A little frown wrinkled on Frank's forehead. "A miserable foundation to build your fault-finding upon, dear cousin mine. I am sure cowardice does not necessarily consist of being afraid of the hiss of a goose, or the bark of a dog. She may be a truer heroine than you—more courageous at heart than I."

Little Mrs. Nora's nose went up almost to an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Very well; you can't say I didn't warn you. If you are so blindly infatuated now, it's to be hoped you will not be disheartened when you hear her scream because a spider is on her, or have her faint away at sight of a caterpillar."

Then Mrs. Dayton opened her book with so resolute "I-wash-my-hands-of-the-entire-affair way, that Frank discreetly took himself off.

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"What did you say, Dr. Rose?" Mrs. Dayton was pale as death, standing on tottering limbs before the grey-haired physician who looked pityingly down on her horror-stricken face.

"I think it will be a well-marked case of malignant small-pox. Fortunately Miss St. John has not been near any of you since she has been seriously ailing; her room, you say, is in the remotest wing?"

"Oh, yes, clear over in the unused portion. Nobody dreamed she was ill enough to need a doctor until her raving delirium wakened us last night. She is sane now?"

"Perfectly, but very, very ill. I need not tell you to religiously avoid her locality, and to thoroughly disinfect the premises. I will send a nurse as soon as possible."

He drove away in his low phaeton, leaving Mrs. Dayton, with her little children, huddling in an affright he knew not the cause of, around her, and she, shivering with mortal fear and anger that Christie St. John, whom she never especially liked, who was at most only a servant, should dare to get the loathsome disease, and bring it into her very house.

What should she do? To tell the servants would be an instantaneous stampede from Bayside, leaving her in a worse fix than the present. To keep them in ignorance was a bit of deception she hardly dared practise.

All she could do, until Mr. Dayton came home that night, was to "religiously avoid" the locality where poor Christie lay alone, tossing in the intolerably awful ache that seemed to tear every sinew and joint to pieces; perfectly rational, and wondering, as she lay in the semi-darkness, with the fever running madly along her veins, what Mrs. Dayton would think when she heard of the misfortune that had befallen—not Christie St. John—but Mrs. Dayton's family.

And the dear little children—"cubs" Mr. Dayton called them—was there any danger of their taking the horrid disease? And—the thought sent a hotter flush to her scarlet face, a duller pang to her heart—Mr. Frank Orme!

She loved him; on her sick bed, where no friend came, she admitted the sweet truth; she loved him, and he—he ran such a fearful risk on her account!

And what was she compared to him? her life to his?

And she answered the question from the very depths of her proud, brave heart, strong in love and duty. She answered it, as not one woman in ten thousand would have answered it; this girl, who thus deliberately risked her life for the sake of others—this girl who screamed at the touch of a caterpillar, who shocked Mrs. Dayton's propriety by avoiding a flock of geese.

Strong with fever, Christie St. John arose from her bed, dressed herself with hot, quivering fingers, and wrote a trembling line on a sheet of paper:—

"I was afraid you'd take the illness; I go to save you trouble."

That was her legacy of courage that she left as she stole away, on silent, swift foot, out into the freezing night air, that struck an awful deathly chill to the very marrow of her bones.

On to her death, was she? Perhaps—as God willed; but she'd save Frank Orme!

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A softly-burning lamp, shaded by a sea-green china screen; a low, cheery fire in an open grate, lace curtains hanging in folds over green damask. A pleasant room, warm, large, and Christie St. John opened her eyes, after a week's blind struggle with death, to find herself alive after that terrible faintness and chilliness on the bay shore.

It was a face so like Frank Orme's that bent over her that she smiled gladly; then, with a sudden realization of the danger—possibly unknown to them—of her illness, she shrank away into the pillows.

"It's small-pox—oh! don't let me give it to him!"

The kindly face smiled assuringly. "Don't be afraid, dear. We've all had it, long years ago, and Frank never would forgive me if I neglected you. He says you are to be my daughter. Is that true, dear?"

Was it true? Ah, Christie knew then what her life had been saved for—to give to Frank Orme; and from thence she dedicated it, with all its incomparable bravery, to him.

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THE COLOGNE GAZETTE states that a company is about to be formed to raise the treasures which are still lying in the "Lutine," a ship that went down about 100 years ago in the Zuyderzee. It is well known that the wreck of the ship still promises to the value of 12,000,000 guilden (£1,000,000) in ready money, while about 50 years ago about eight millions were brought to light.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE AGES OF MAN.—A writer thus divides the ages of man:

The golden decade is between 30 and 40
The silver " " " 40 and 50
The brazen " " " 20 and 30
The iron " " " 50 and 60
The tin " " " 60 and 70
The wooden " " " 70 and 80

UNPRONOUNCEABLES.—Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in one of the magazines, tells us, by authority of the orthographic sufferer, how to spell the name Tourguéneff; now if some one, say Bjornstjerne Bjornson, would kindly tell us how to pronounce Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's name, we should feel less tired when we saw it. We have a kindly feeling toward the old darkey who got over his difficulty with patriarchal names in his Bible reading; he said, "I call them all Moses, and let them go."

THE DUTIES OF CAVALRY IN WARFARE.—The Russian Ministry of War has offered three prizes of 5,000, 3,000, and 2,000 roubles respectively for the best writings on the duties of cavalry in warfare at the present day. The books or essays need not necessarily be written in Russian. The one obtaining the first prize will be printed and published by the government, and any profit accruing from its sale will be handed over to the author in addition to the prize, aspirants for which are invited to apply for particulars to the general staff.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.—Napoleon met one day an old soldier with one arm; he stopped, and said to him, "Where did you lose your arm?" "Sire, at Austerlitz," was the reply. "And you were not decorated?" asked the Emperor. "No, Sire; I was forgotten." "Then," rejoined Napoleon, "here is my own cross for you: I make you Chevalier." "Ah, Sire," exclaimed the soldier, "your Majesty names me Chevalier because I have lost one of my arms; what would your Majesty have done if I had lost them both?" "I should have created you officer of the Legion," answered Napoleon. Thereupon the soldier instantly drew his sword and cut off his other arm!

SEEKING THE CIRCUS.—It is said that the Kentucky Legislature once wanted to adjourn to attend a circus; a country court in Indiana, owing to the desire of witnesses and persons to see the circus, obligingly adjourned to gratify them, the judge going in dead head; a camp-meeting in Illinois took a recess for half a day once, to see the wonders of nature, and the feats of agility exhibited by a highly moral circus and menagerie; farmhands stipulate in Georgia, in their contract, for liberty to "go de circus," and the best of men have a weakness for the hoop la, paint, spangles and awdust of the arena. And lately in Pennsylvania, a funeral was postponed on a circus coming to town.

THE ORIGIN OF WELSH RABBIT.—It used to be a common habit of etymologists, when a word was troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it.—One of these clever scholars was puzzled that a Welsh rabbit should mean a piece of toasted cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of Welsh rare-bit. The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now Webster's Dictionary gives it as "properly Welsh rare-bit." The whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name rare-bit is a fiction, and Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples: an Essex stile is a ditch, and an Essex lion a calf; a Field-lane duck is a baked sheep's head; Glasgow magistrates, or Gourock hams, or Norfolk capons, are red herrings; Irish apricots or Munster plums are potatoes; Gravesend sweetmeats are shrimps and a Jerusalem pony is a donkey.

ATLANTIC LIGHT SUBMARINE CABLE.—A plan is afoot to lay a new line of cable, of slighter structure, and proportional smallness of cost, but alleged to be equally efficient and durable. The present Atlantic cables, it is stated, are covered with 10 homogeneous iron wires—each wire being covered with five Manila hemp yarns. These cables weigh 31 cwt. in air, and 1½ cwt. in water per nautical mile; and, when new, are able to bear eleven miles of their length in water. These cables are covered with iron surrounded with hemp, and, as soon as the iron begins to rust, the strength of the cable, both in iron and hemp, becomes gradually reduced until the whole strength of the outer covering is destroyed by corrosion. The cable now to be laid will be covered solely with tarred Manila hemp, which by itself is practically indestructible in salt water. It will weigh 7 cwt. in air, and less than 1½ cwt. in water, per nautical mile; and it will sustain at least 20 miles of its length in water. The present charge by existing cable is four shillings a word, and if another cable will lessen the cost of messages we wish all success to it.

JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE FOR SALE.—The Château Malmaison, the house of Josephine, is offered for sale by the French Government. One has often wondered why it was called Malmaison (bad house). The origin of the term appears to have resulted from the misdeeds and ravages committed there by the Normans in the ninth century, the name given to the house being Mala Mausis. As late as 1244 the building was nothing better than a miserable barn. Before the revolution in 1788, however, it had

become the site of one of the most agreeable châteaux in the environs of Paris. In 1789 it was purchased by Josephine, where she gathered the most distinguished authors and artists of the French capital. The château cost Napoleon I. 100,000 francs. Its next owner was a Swedish banker, who sold it to Queen Christine for \$500,000 francs, and she in turn ceded it to Napoleon III. for \$1,100,000 francs. The Government hopes to sell it for 1,500,000. A piece of grape-vine to which hung a bunch of grapes which Josephine offered to the Emperor Alexander when he came to visit her on the 27th of May, 1814, is still preserved in the hot-house. It was three days later that poor Josephine died.

A NEWSBOY'S RISE.—The St. Louis Times publishes the following, in a report of an interview with James H. McVicker, the well-known theatrical manager, of Chicago:

He said he had been the first newsboy who had ever sold papers in St. Louis. In 1837 or 1838, he, then a lad of thirteen, was employed in the office of the St. Louis Gazette, a paper published by a "typo" named Jerry Allen and his brother. He was ordered out one day with a bunch of papers under his arm, to sell *Gazettes*, and was instructed to go down Pine street to the levee, and say to every man he met: "Buy a paper, sir?" He tried this on, and, when at the levee, then the great business centre of the city, he came to a knot of gentlemen, and put the words to them, "Buy a paper, sir?" "Buy h—!" said one of the gentlemen, and young McVicker went back to the office discouraged and almost crying at the rebuff. His employers, however, sent him out again, and he succeeded, by perseverance, in doing a pretty fair business. Subsequently he went into the *Republican* office, where he rolled, while George Kuapp, now principal proprietor of that great paper, "pulled press." In those days the *Republican* was run by hand-power. A year or two later he learned to set type, and a year or two later still, he entered the theatrical profession under the tutorage of Jo. Field, stage manager of the old St. Louis theatre, Mr. Field then being also editor of the *Reveille* newspaper. From that time Mr. McVicker steadily rose, now till he has hardly a superior as a theatrical manager on the continent.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

Brain and Nerve-Producing Foods.

	Phosphorus.
	Parts in 100.
Salmon	7
Smelt	6
Lobster, herring, and cheese	5
Eel and trout	4
Whitefish, chicken, pigeon, eggs, venison, figs, and prunes	3
Beef, mutton, and codfish	2
Bacon	1
Oysters	1
Southern corn, beans, and barley	1
Oatmeal, peas, sweet potatoes	1
Wheat and rye (the whole grain)	1
Northern corn, apples, cherries, cow's milk	1

Muscle-Making Foods.

	Nitrogen.
	Parts in 100.
Southern corn	34
Cheese	30
Peas	26
Beans	24
Game fowl	23
Mutton and chickens	21
Venison and salmon	20
Beef	19
Halibut	18
Smelt, eel, trout, codfish, oat meal, eggs	17
White fish	16
Wheat	15
Lobster	14
Rye	13
Oysters, barley, Northern corn, clam	12
Bacon, herring, buckwheat	8
Apples, rice, figs, cow's milk	5
Prunes	4
Sweet potatoes	2
Common potatoes, cabbage, currants, cherries	1

Respiratory or Heat-Producing Foods.

	Carbon.
	Parts in 100.
Hog's lard	79
Rice	78
Butter	65
Rye	63
Northern corn	68
Wheat	67
Bacon	62
Buckwheat	60
Figs	58
Oat meal	51
Peas	41
Southern corn and beans	40
Eggs	30
Cheese	24
Sweet potatoes	22
Prunes and cherries	20
Potatoes	16
Beef and mutton	14
Apples and peas	10
Venison, cow's milk	8
Cabbage, currants	6
Onions, asparagus	5
Herring, eel, cream	4
Chicken, pigeon, clam, cucumbers	2
Salmon, smelt, trout, codfish, halibut	1

With these tables before her the housewife can easily tell what will be convenient food for her family. If her husband is anxious about his business, or working his brain hard, she should consult the first table; is he toiling in the field or machine shop, the second table will be suggestive to her; if his blood is feverish she should feed him from the lower half of the third table, varying the daily bill of fare to suit the demands of those whom she feeds. With skillful diet no sarsaparilla or selditz powders or blue mass need be taken to cool and thin the blood; Graham bread, canned fruits, dried apples, nicely stewed, lemonade, bread made of the whole grain, an avoidance of fatty foods, and frequent, entire ablutions of the body will make the blood thin and cool enough.