

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Cradle Song.

BY W. BLAKE.

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night,
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wile s.

As thy softest limbs I feel
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

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A Bride's Sacrifice.



ELEN dear," said Mrs. Rainford to her daughter, as they two got together in the cheerful little room, which was library, sitting room, and sewing room combined. "Did you send word to M's about having your invitations printed. It is time they were out now."

"No mamma," was the reply as the daughter lifted a somewhat embarrassed face to her

mother's worried one. "I was thinking that I could write them myself, you know I write nicely, and that would save the expense of printing."

"Nonsense" was the impatient reply, "what will the printing of a few cards amount to? Besides, if you haven't money enough to get all you want, your father must give you more. I shall not have it said that my daughter was not married decently. If you were marrying a poor man it would be a different thing, but I am not going to have those wealthy McAllisters turning up their noses at us, as if we didn't know anything."

Helen's answer was a merry laugh, as she said. "They couldn't possibly turn them up any higher than they are now mamma, but nature was the cause of that not us, and I wouldn't worry papa for more money for all the turned up noses in the world. I am afraid he has been too generous as it is, now that times are so hard. However, it is because I want the money for another purpose, that I do not wish to spend it in having the invitations printed."

"But it all amounts to the same thing child. If you are saving that money to buy gloves and handkerchiefs, it shows that you haven't enough and your father must get you more somehow." Mrs. Rainford had implicit trust in her husband's ability to get money somehow. She never noticed, as did her daughter, how her constant demands for money worried her husband and made him look more careworn every day.

"Mamma," said the girl coaxingly, "you know you promised that I might have my wedding exactly as I liked."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I supposed you would have pride enough to have it done up in proper style, but if you are going to be so foolish, as to write your invitations just for the sake of saving a few dollars, there is no telling what folly you will take in your head next. Do without a wedding dress, I suppose. You never were like any other girl."

"That is just exactly what I mean to do 'mamma," replied the girl ignoring the last part of her mother's speech, "that is," she added hastily, seeing the look of dismay on her face, "if you don't mind too much."

"Oh I don't mind, certainly not, do as you please, you never did have any consideration for my feelings," said her mother, with tears of mortification in her eyes, as she picked up some sewing and began stitching nervously. Poor lady, she had set her heart on having her only daughter married "in style," as she called it, and it was hard to have her plans, as she considered, wantonly thwarted. That her daughter had any other reason than that of mere caprice she never for a moment supposed.

"Mamma dear," said the girl gently, standing beside her mother and stroking her hair. "Believe me it is no light reason which makes me give up the finery so dear to every girl's heart. I can't tell you just now for it would only worry you, but in a very few weeks you shall know. I have spoken to Hector about my not having a wedding dress, and he said he wouldn't mind if I were dressed in my wrapper, so long as he got me. However I shall not put his love to such a test as that, but what I do mean to do, is to be married in my traveling dress, a great many of the most aristocratic people do that now you know. Then I have that elegant reception dress, which I got a month ago, and have never worn, and I have a lovely rose-colored tea-gown, and what more does any girl want. If we were not going to travel for six months or more it would be different, but we shall never be stopping more than a few days in one place, and a lot of clothes would only be a nuisance, besides they get old fashioned so soon."

"Young people have different ideas now to what they had when I was young," interrupted the mother with a sigh, but the girl anxious to have the ordeal over, went on quickly.

"We will be married in the morning, instead of in the evening as we had planned, and we will have nobody here except Hector's father and mother, and sisters, and we will just have some coffee and light refreshments handed around, instead of a great heavy wedding breakfast, which nobody wants, and an expensive bride's cake, which is a piece of nonsense, at best, and like a white satin dress, suitable only for those who have no better use for their money. It is not the dress only, but it is the veil, and slippers and flowers, and gloves, for ourself and bridesmaids, and having the house decorated with flowers, and twenty other things which one does not think of, until they are wanted. We shall do away with all these superfluities, like sensible people that we are, and perhaps encourage some others in similar circumstances to do the same. After all mother dear, "she added, putting her arms caressingly around her neck. I am marrying the man I love, you and father are perfectly suited with him, and he is everything I could desire, and what more can we want to make us happy."

"I suppose it's all right," said the mother, still very much dissatisfied, "but people will talk so, and I didn't know what your father will say."

"Oh, I will manage him, never fear," replied the daughter gaily, rejoiced at having gained her point, but wisely leaving the room to avoid further discussion.

The wedding morning dawned bright and clear, and the wedding passed off beautifully. Old Mr. McAllister said he was glad his son had chosen a girl with so much sense, he never could see what people wanted with so much foolery at weddings. Hector's sisters although at first disposed to elevate their aristocratic noses even more than nature had intended, were compelled to admit that



*Yours Very truly
Marguerite Evans.*

"Helen was a dear little thing, and looked as she was, a perfect lady." And Helen's mother, a stately old lady, as she kissed her only son's wife, said with tears in her eyes, "God bless you dear, I know you have been a good daughter, and that you will make a good wife, and I hope Hector will make you happy as you deserve to be. I am glad and proud to welcome you into our family."

As Helen said good-bye to her father, before leaving her childhood's home she slipped an envelope into his hand. Opening it after the guests were gone he discovered the check for five hundred dollars which he had given her to provide her wedding outfit, and a note addressed to himself which read:

Dear Papa:—I give you back the check, which after all I did not really need, because, a few days after receiving it, I accidentally learned that you are greatly embarrassed for money and that unless the interest on the mortgage was paid our home would be sold at once. Your loving daughter,

HELEN.

"Marguerite."

Marguerite Evans was born, and has always lived at Georgetown, Ontario. She received her education, first at the public, and afterwards at the high school there, graduating from the latter in 1888. Her first published as well as first offered work was an essay entitled "For a' that, and a' that," which appeared in the "Dilettante Magazine" Detroit, 1889. Then followed contributions consisting of short articles and stories to the "Georgetown Herald," contributions to "Woman's World," Toronto Globe, North-west sketches to the same and to the "Detroit Free Press." Short articles and stories to "Winnipeg Free Press." Humorous articles to "Grip." Short, original jokes to "People's Journal,"

Scotland. Short articles and essays to "New York Independent," and short stories to the "Belford Magazine," New York. Principal short stories published are, "Auf Weidersehn," "The Lost Child," "Tit for Tat," "The Romance of an Advertisement," "A Child's Broken Heart," "Helen, a Summer's Idyl," "Murder Will Out," etc., also a number of short stories for children, "A Little Heroine," "A Brave Boy," "The Robber, etc.

Sex Among Diamonds

In the big show window of a jewelry store rested a small tray that gathered a crowd of curious spectators to the window. Every time the sunlight played on the plate glass the tray coruscated with prismatic hues of dazzling brilliancy. The tray is well known to the trade. It is designed to display the remarkable variations of the color of large African mine diamonds, and contains examples of all the colors known. It possesses great interest for novices in gems, and the jeweler is called upon half a dozen times a day to explain the beauties of the specimens.

"It took a long time to get this collection together," the jeweler said, "and it is the only one in the town of the kind thus arranged. You see here the brown diamond, the absinthe, the canary or yellow, the gem, the pink, the rose and the coffee and the green diamond. The effect of these combinations in the sunlight is entrancing. Each predominant hue seems to impart a distinct luster to the prismatic scintillations. When the tray is swung to and fro in the sunbeams, it gives forth, as you see, a perfect blaze of rainbow colors. These gems also illustrate different cuttings of the diamonds. Were they all set in a bracelet, or a brooch, or a necklace, they would make a rarely beautiful trinket, but it would cost a heap of money."

The jeweler picked out one sparkler with a pair of diamond tweezers and held it forward in the show window.

"This is a Brazilian gem," he said, "like which there is only one other in the world, in Paris, and the French one is not as pure or as large as this. This is what is called a black diamond, and is valued at \$2,500. It weighs a trifle less than four carats. Its beauty lies in the fact that it changes its color in different lights. In this strong sunlight you see it is almost black. It gives forth a prismatic radiance greater than that emitted by the best of the black gems. In gaslight, you observe, the black hue becomes a rich golden brown, and the play of colors is changed too. Diamonds of this sort are regarded by the superstitious miners as 'gold stones,' that is, gems possessing a power of imparting good luck to the owner in the search for hidden gold. This stone was secured in Paris, whither it was brought in rough for cutting by a Rio Janeiro merchant.

"Here," continued the jeweler, "is another curiosity." He picked up a three carat white stone with the tweezers. "It is a specimen that will prove to you that there is a difference of sex in gems. This is what is called the female, a multiplying diamond."

He held the gem under a strong magnifying glass and pointed to four or five smaller diamonds clustered about one of the facets at the edge of the table of the stone. "The male gem," the jeweler "is sharp pointed and never gather these embryo gems. There is a fine specimen alongside that pink stone. It surprises most people who see those specimens to be told that they are of different sex as well as color, but such is the fact."

Keep Your Tempers.

One of the prettiest girls of Zacatecas, belonging to one of the best families in the State, has just been admitted to the insane asylum in that city, a hopeless maniac. Born the daughter of wealthy parents, an only child, she was indulged in everything, and, in consequence, her naturally sweet disposition was thoroughly spoiled, and whenever an attempt was made to cross her wishes she had the most frightful outbursts of temper which always ended in all around her yielding and allowing her to carry her point. On March 4th, of the present year she was married to a wealthy young haciendado whose extensive place is situated near Zacatecas. The wedding was a grand affair, and the young couple started life together with all the brightest possible prospects. Soon after their marriage, however, there arose slight disputes between husband and wife, which ended, as had been the case all through the girl's life, in the girl's favor, the husband, a high spirited man, yielding invariably before her awful fits of violence. This finally, however, became unendurable to the young married man and he determined to break his wife's frightful temper and assert his manhood trusting that they would live more happily together in the end.

So upon the next occasion when there arose a difference of opinion on some trifling matter he remained firm, and utterly refused to yield his point. His wife stormed and flew into a perfect storm of passion, but he remained unmoved, and finally, when the exhibition of temper was assuming a phase where the young woman commenced breaking the breakfast dishes—they were at their morning meal when the trouble arose—in the impotency of her wrath, he clutched her tightly by the arm, and, in a rough tone, insisted that she should quiet down. She gave him one awful look; then with a wild shriek she tore herself from his grip, and, moving away a few steps, fell to the ground foaming at the mouth. Medical aid was at once summoned, but for hours she lay unconscious, occasionally struggling violently, and then relapsing into quietness again. After a while she opened her eyes, took a long look around the people gathered about her bed, and with a blood-curdling shriek sprang from the bed, and before anyone could prevent her, was out of the house and racing madly over the fields. All present gave chase, and after a long and exhausting run the mad woman was overtaken by her husband and held fast until assistance arrived. The best medical aid procurable was obtained for her, but her reason remained in darkness and the physicians predict there is no hope for recovery.