The Man in the Moon.

O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run,
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise;
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise
To just dream of the stars as the doctors advise?

And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear,
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all 'round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan;
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkable marvellous man!

—*J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Hush! they are going in; we must wait a moment. Crystal is crying, and that kind creature is comforting her. We did not mean to listen, Raby; but it was not safe to move away from the trees."

"You heard what she said, Margaret—her ideal. Heaven bless her sweet innocence; she is as much a child as ever. Do I look like any woman's ideal now Margaret. I always think of those lines in *Aurora Leigh*, when I imagine myself

A mere bare blind stone in the blaze of day,
A man, upon the outside of the earth,
As dark as ten feet under, in the grave—
Why that seemed hard.

And yet, she really said it; her ideal. Ah well! A woman's pity sometimes makes her mad. What do you say, Maggie?"

"That you are, that you ever have been, Crystal's ideal." And after that they walked back in silence.

"You and I will go again to-morrow morning," Raby said to her as they parted for the night; and Margaret assented.

Raby had a wakeful night, and slept a little heavily towards morning.

Margaret had already finished her breakfast when he entered the long dining room, and one of the black waiters guided him to his place. Raby wondered that she did not join him as usual to read his letters to him, and make plans for their visit; but a few minutes later she joined him in walking dress, and sat down beside him.

"Have you finished your breakfast, Raby?" and as he answered in the affirmative, she continued, with a little thrill of excitement in her sweet voice—"Miss Campion has gone down to the springs—I saw her pass alone. Crystal is writing letters in the parlor—I saw her. Shall we come, my dear brother."

Need she have put the question. Even Charles, the head waiter, looked at Mr. Ferrers as he walked down the long room with his head erect. A grand-looking Englishman, he thought, and who would have imagined he was blind. Margaret could hardly keep up with the long strides that brought them so quickly to the corner house; at the gate she checked him gently.

"We must be quiet, Raby—very quiet—or she will hear our footsteps. She is sitting with her back to the parlor door—I can see her plainly. Tread on this grassy border." And as Raby followed her directions implicitly, restraining his impatience with difficulty, they were soon standing in the porch. The door stood open for coolness, and the little square hall, with its Indian matting and rocking-chairs, looked very inviting. Margaret whispered that the parlor door was open too, and that they must not startle her too much; and then, still guiding him, she led him into the parlor and quietly called Crystal.

"We are here, dear Crystal." And as Crystal turned her head and saw Margaret's sweet, loving face, and Raby standing a little behind her, she sprung from her chair with a half-stifled scream. But before she could speak, or Margaret either, Raby was beside her; and in another moment his arms were round her, and his sightless face bent over her. "Hush, darling, I have you safely now; I will never let you go again," Margaret heard him say as she left the room, quietly closing the door behind her. Her turn would come presently, she said to herself; but now she must leave them together.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RABY'S WIFE.

Yet, in one respect,
Just one, beloved, I am in no wise changed;
I love you, loved you, loved you first and last,
And love you on for ever, now I know
I loved you always.

E. B. Browning.

Crystal never moved as she heard the sound of the closing door. Only once she tried to lower away from him, but he would not release his hold; and as his strength and purpose made themselves felt, she stood there dumb and cold, until, suddenly overcome by his tenderness, she laid her head on his breast with a sob that seemed to shake her girlish frame.

"Raby, Raby! oh, I cannot bear this." Then in a tone of anguish, "I do not deserve it."

"No," he said, calmly, and tried to soothe her with grave kisses; "you have been a faithless child, and deserve to be punished. How do you propose to make amends for all the sorrow you have caused me?"

"Oh, if I could only die," she answered bitterly; "if my death could only do you good. Raby, the trouble of it has nearly killed me; you must not, you must not speak so kindly to me."

"Must I not, my darling; how does a man generally speak to his future wife?" and as she trembled and shrank from him, he went on in the same quiet voice, "if you are so ready to die for me, you will not surely refuse to live for me. Do you think you owe me nothing for all these years of desertion, Crystal; was there any reason that, because of that unhappy accident—a momentary childish passion—you should break my heart by your desertion?"

"I could not stay," she answered, weeping bitterly; "I could not stay to see the ruin I had made. Oh, Raby, let me go, do not forgive me; I have been your curse, and Margaret's too!"

"Then come back and be our blessing; come back in your beauty and youth to be eyes to the blind man, and to be his darling and delight. Crystal, I am wiser now—I shall make no more mistakes; indeed, I always loved you, dear; poor Mona was no more to me than any other woman."

"You loved me, Raby?"

"Yes, most truly and deeply; but you were so young, my sweet; and I did not think it right to fetter your inexperienced youth—you were so unconscious of your own rare beauty; you had seen so few men. 'Let her go out into the world,' I said, 'and test her power and influence. I will not ask her to be my wife yet.' How could I know that you would never change, Crystal—that your heart was really mine."

"It has always been yours," she murmured; but, alas! these sweet blushes were lost on her blind lover.

"Yes, I know it now. Margaret has helped me to understand things. I know now, you poor child, that you looked upon Mona as your rival; that you thought I was false to you; that in my ignorance I made you endure tortures. It is I who ought to ask your pardon, love, for all I made you suffer."

"No, no."

"We must both be wiser for the future. Now put your hand in mine, Crystal, and tell me that you are content to take the blind man for your husband, that the thought of a long life beside him does not frighten you; that you really love me well enough to be my wife;" and, as he turned his sightless face towards her, Crystal raised herself and kissed his blind eyes softly.

"'She loved much,'" she whispered, "'because much had been forgiven her.' Oh, how true that is; I deserve only to be hated and you follow me across the world to ask me to be your wife. Your love has conquered, Raby; from this day your will shall be mine."

* * * * *

Miss Campion had passed a long morning at the springs, wandering about the grounds with an American friend. Crystal would have finished her letter to Fern Trafford long ago, she thought, as she walked quickly down the hot road, and would be waiting for luncheon. She was not a little surprised then when, on reaching the cottage, she heard the sound of voices, and found herself confronting a very tall man in clerical dress, whose head seemed almost to touch the low ceiling, while a sweet-looking woman, in a long grey cloak and Quakerish bonnet, was standing holding Crystal's hand.

"Dear Miss Campion," exclaimed Crystal, with a vivid blush that seemed to give her new beauty, "some English friends of mine have just arrived. Mr. Ferrers and his sister." But Raby's deep voice interrupted her.

"Crystal is not introducing us properly; she does not mention the fact that she is engaged to me, and that my sister is her cousin; so it is necessary for me to explain matters."

"Is this true, child?" asked Miss Campion in a startled voice; and, as though Crystal's face were a sufficient answer, she continued archly, "do you mean that this is 'he,' Crystal—the ideal we were talking about last night in the moonlight."

"Oh, hush!" returned Crystal, much confused at this, for she knew by this time that there had been silent auditors to that girlish outburst. But Raby's hand pressed hers meaningly.

"I am afraid that I must plead guilty to being that 'he,' Miss Campion. I believe, if the truth must be told, that Crystal has been engaged to me from a child. I know she was only nine years old when she made me an offer—at least she informed me in the presence of my father and sister that she meant to belong to me."

"Oh, Margaret, do ask him to be quiet," whispered Crystal; but her glowing, happy face showed no displeasure. Something like tears glistened in Miss Campion's shrewd eyes as she kissed her and shook hands with Mr. Ferrers.

"It is not often the ideal turns up at the right moment," she said, bluntly; "but I am very glad you have come to make Crystal look like other girls. Now, Mr. Ferrers, as only lovers can feed on air, I propose that we go in search of luncheon, for the gong has sounded long ago;" and as even Raby allowed that this was sensible advice, they all adjourned to the boarding-house.

The occupants of the piazza were sorely puzzled that evening and Miss Bellagrove was a trifle cross. Captain Maudsley had been raving about the beauty of the wonderful brunette who was sitting opposite to him at dinner. "She must be an Italian," he said to Miss Bellagrove, who received his confidence sowewhat sulkily; "one never sees those wonderful eyes and that tint of hair out of Italy or Spain. Tanqueville, who is an artist, is wild about her, because he says he has never seen a face with a purer oval. He wants to paint her for his Rebecca at the Well. It is rather hard lines she should be engaged to a blind clergyman," finished Captain Maudsley, rather incautiously. Miss Bellagrove's fair face wore an uneasy expression. "How do you know they are engaged?" she said, impatiently; "I do not believe they are. Miss Ferrers does not wear any ring."

"Nevertheless, I should not mind betting a few dozens of gloves that they are," replied Captain Maudsley, with a keen, mischievous glance that rather disconcerted Miss Bellagrove. He was quite aware that he was teasing the poor little girl; but then she deserved punishment for flirting with that ass Rodgers all last evening. Jack Maudsley was honestly in love with the fair-haired beauty, but he had plenty of pluck and spirit, and would not be fooled if he could help it. Perhaps Miss Bellagrove, in common with the rest of her sex, liked a lover to be a little masterful. It was certain that she was on her best behavior during the rest of the evening, and snubbed Mr. Rogers most decidedly when he invited her to take a turn in the shrubberies.

Crystal attracted a great deal of notice in the boarding-house, but she gave no one any opportunity of addressing her. Raby was always beside her, and she seemed completely engrossed with his attentions. As Miss Campion observed to Margaret, she might as well look for another companion for all the good Crystal was to her.

But one evening Margaret found Crystal sitting alone in a corner of the large drawing-room. Most of the company had gone into the tea-room, but one or two, Raby among them were lingering in the garden. Raby was talking rather earnestly to Miss Campion.

"Alone, Crystal!" sitting down beside her with a smile. "Do you mean that Raby has actually left you." But Crystal's face wore no answering smile—she looked a little disturbed.

"I asked him to go and let me think it over. I cannot make up my mind, Margaret. Raby wants me to marry him at once, before we go back to England; he will have it that it will be better for me to go back to the Grange as his wife."

"Yes, darling, I know Raby wishes this, and I hope you mean to consent."

"I—I do not know what to say—the idea somehow frightens me. It is all so quick and sudden—next week; will not people think it strange. A quiet little wedding in Sandycliffe church seems to me so much nicer. But Raby seems to dread the waiting so, Margaret," and here her eyes filled with tears. "I think he does not trust me—that he is afraid I may leave him again; and the idea pains me."

"No, dearest," returned Margaret, soothingly; "I am sure such a thought never entered Raby's head; but he has suffered so, and I think all the trouble, and his blindness have made him nervous; he was saying so last night, and accusing himself of selfishness, but he owned that he could not control a nervous dread that something might happen to separate you both, Crystal," looking at her wistfully. "Is the idea of an imediate marriage so repugnant; if not, I wish you would give way in this."

Crystal looked up, startled by her earnestness, and then she said with sweet humility, "It is only that I feel so unworthy of all this happiness; but if you and Raby think it best, I will be guided by you. Will you tell him so? but no, there he is alone; I will go to him myself."

Raby heard her coming, and held out his hand with a smile.

"You see I never mistake your footsteps," he said, in the tone he kept for her ear. "I should distinguish them in a crowd. Well, darling?" waiting for the word he knew would follow.

"Margaret has been talking to me, and I see she approves—it shall be next week if you wish it, Raby; that is, if Miss Campion can spare me."

"She will gladly do so, especially as Margaret has offered to keep her company for a fortnight; after that we will all go back on the same steamer. Thanks, my darling, for consenting; you have made me very happy. I knew you would not refuse," lifting the little hand to his lips.

"I feel as though I have no power to refuse you anything," was her loving answer; "but I know it is all your thought for me, Raby," pressing closer to him in the empty dusk, for there were no curious eyes upon them—only night-moths wheeling round them. "Are you never afraid of what you are doing; do you not fear that I may disappoint you?"

"No," he answered, calmly, "I fear nothing."

"Not my unhappy temper?" she whispared and he could feel the slight figure trembling as she put the question.

"No," in the same quiet tones that always soothed her agitation, "for I believe the evil spirit is exorcised by much prayer and fasting; and, darling, even if it should not be so, I should not be afraid then, for I know better how to deal with it and you; no angry spirit could live in my arms, and I would exorcise it thus"—touching her lips. "No, have faith in me, as I have faith in you, and all will be well." And so he comforted her.

There was a great sensation in the boarding-house at W—— when news of the approaching wedding was made known. Captain Maudsley triumphed over Miss Bellagrove. "I told you the Italian beauty was engaged to the blind Englishman," he said to her; "but after all she is only half an Italian—her mother was a Florentine, and her father was English. Fergusson told me all about it—he is to marry them; and old Dr. Egan is to give her away. There is some romantic story belonging to them. I think he has been in love with her from a child. Well, Heaven gives nuts to those who have no teeth," grumbled the young officer, thinking of the bridegroom's blindness.

Crystal remained very quietly in the corner house during the rest of the week. Raby spent most of his time with her. On the eve of her wedding she wrote a little note to Fern, telling of her intended marriage.

"I am very happy," she wrote; "but there are some kinds of happiness too deep for utterance. When I think of the new life that awaits me to-morrow, an overwhelming sense of unworthiness seems to crush me to the ground; to think that I shall be Raby's wife—that I shall be permitted to dedicate my whole life to his dear service. I have told you a little about him, but you will never know what he is really; I sometimes pray that my love may not be idolatry. When he brings me to the Grange—that dear home of my childhood, you must come to me, and your mother also. Raby says he loves you both for your goodness to me; he has promised that you shall be our first guests.

"Do you know our dear Margaret will not be long with us? She intends to join a community in the East End of London, and to devote herself for the remainder of her life to the service of the poor. I could not help crying a little when she told me this; but she only smiled and said that she was not unhappy. And yet she loved Hugh Redmond. I talked to Raby afterwards, and he comforted me a little. He said that though Hugh loved her with the whole strength of his nature, that he could never really have satisfied a woman like Margaret—that in time she must have found out that he was no true mate for her. 'A woman should never be superior to her husband,' he said. 'Margaret's grand intellect and powers of influence would have been wasted if she had become Hugh Redmond's wife. Oh, yes, he would have been good to her—probably he would have worshipped her; but one side of her nature would have been a mystery to him. You must not grieve for her, my child, for she has ceased to grieve for herself; the Divine Providence has withheld from her a woman's natural joys of wifehood and maternity, but a noble work is to be given to her; our Margaret, please God, will be a mother in Israel.' And, indeed, I feel Raby is right, and that Margaret is one of God's dear saints."

It was on a golden September day that Crystal became Raby Ferrers' wife; the company that had grouped themselves in the long drawing-room of the boarding-house owned that they had never seen a grander bride.

The creamy Indian silk fell in graceful folds on the tall supple figure; the beautiful head, with its coils of dark glossy hair, was bent in girlish timidity. Margaret had clasped round her white throat the pearl necklace and diamond cross that had belonged to her mother, and which she was to have worn at her own bridal. "I shall not need it; it is for Raby's wife," she said, as Crystal protested with tears in her eyes; "it must be your only ornament. Oh, if Raby could only see how lovely you look."

But the calm tranquil content on the sightless face silenced even this wish. Crystal ceased to tremble when the deep vibrating voice, vowing to love and cherish her to her life's end, sounded in her ears; but Raby felt the coldness of the hand he held.

When they had received the congratulations of their friends, and Margaret had tenderly embraced her new sister, and they were left alone for a little, Raby drew his young bride closer to him.

"You are not afraid now, my darling?"

"No," she answered, unsteadily; "but it is all so like a dream. A fortnight ago—only a fortnight—I was the most desolate creature in God's earth; and now——"

"And now," echoing her words with a kiss, "you are my wife. Ah, do you remember your childish speech—it used to ring in my ears; 'I am going to belong to Raby all my life long; I will never leave him, never.' Well it has come true, love; you are mine now."

"Yes," she whispered, leaning her forehead against him, "you will never be able to get rid of me; and oh,"—her voice trembling—"the rest of knowing that it will never be my duty to leave you."

He laughed at that, but something glistened in his eyes too. "No, my wild bird; no more flights for you—I have you safely now; you are bound to me by this"—touching the little circlet of gold upon the slender finger. "Now, my darling—my wife of an hour, I want you to make me a promise; I ask it of your love, Crystal. If a shadow—even the very faintest shadow, cross your spirit; if one accusing thought seems to stand between your soul and mine; one doubt or fear that, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, might rise and spread into the blackness of tempest, will you come and tell it to me?"

"Oh, Raby, do not ask me."

"But I do ask it, love, and I ask it in my two-fold character of priest and husband, and it is the first request your husband makes you. Come, do not hesitate. You have given me yourself; now, with sweet generosity, promise me this, that you will share with me every doubt and fear that disturbs you."

"Will you not let me try to conquer the feeling alone first, and then come to you?"

"No, I would not undertake the responsibility; I know you to well, darling. Come, I thought you promised something that sounded like obedience just now."

"Ah, you are laughing at me. But this is no light matter, Raby; it means that I am to burthen you with all my foolish doubts and fancies—that I am never to keep my wrong feelings to myself."

"Promise!" was his only answer, in a very persuasive voice.

"Yes, I will promise," hiding her face on his shoulder; "but it will be your own fault if I am ever a trouble to you. Oh, Raby, may I always tell you everything; will you help me to be good, and to fight against myself?"

"We will help each other," he answered, stroking her soft hair; "there shall never be a shadow on the one that the other will not share—half the shadow and half the sunshine; and always the Divine goodness over us. That shall be our married life, Crystal."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SIR HUGH'S REPENTANCE.

And by comparison I see
The majesty of matron grace,
And learn how pure, how fair can be
My own wife's face;

Pure with all faithful passion, fair
With tender smiles that come and go,
And comforting as April air
After the snow.

Jean Ingelow.

Sir Hugh began to wish that he had never gone to Egypt, or that he had gone with any one but Fitzclarence—he was growing weary of his vagaries and unpunctuality. They had deviated already four times from the proposed route; and the consequence was, he had missed all his letters; and the absence of home news was making him seriously uneasy. He was the only married man; the rest of the party consisted of gay, young bachelors—good enough fellows in their way, but utterly careless. They laughed at Sir Hugh's anxious scruples, and secretly voted that a married man was rather a bore in this kind of thing. What was the use of bothering about letters, they said, so long as the remittances came to hand safely?

Sir Hugh thought of Fay's loving little letters lying neglected at the different postal towns, and sighed; either he was not so indifferent to her as he supposed himself to be, or absence was making his heart tender; but he had never been so full of care and thought for his Wee Wife as he was then. He wished he had bidden her good-bye. He remembered the last time he had seen her, when he had gone into his study with the telegram in his hand; and then recalled the strange wistful look she had given him. He could not tell why the fancy should haunt him, but he wished so much that he had seen her again and taken a kinder leave of her. It had not been his fault, he told himself a hundred times over; but still one never knew what might happen. He wished now that he had taken her in his arms and had said God bless her; she was such a child, and he was leaving her for a long time.

Sir Hugh was becoming a wiser man, and was beginning to acknowledge his faults, and, what was better still, to try and make amends for them,

It was too late to undo the effects of Fitzclarence's reckless mode of travelling, but he would do all he could; so in his leisure moments, when the other men were smoking and chatting in their tent, he sat down in a quiet corner and wrote several letters, full of descriptions of their journey, to amuse Fay in her solitude; and one Sunday, when the others had started on an expedition to see some ruin, he wrote the explanation that he had deferred so long. Hugh was an honest, well-meaning man, in spite of his moral weakness; if that letter had only reached the young wife's eyes it would have healed her sore heart and kept her beside him.

For he told her everything; and he told it in such a frank, manly way, that no woman could have lost confidence in him, though she read what Fay was to have read in the first few lines—that he had not married her for love. Hugh owned his unhappy passion for Margaret, and pleaded his great trouble as the excuse for his restlessness. He had gone away, he said, that he might fight a battle with himself, and return home a better man; it would all be different when he came back, for he meant to be a good husband to her, and to live for her and the boy, and to make her happy, and by and by he would be happy too. And he ended his letter as he never ended one yet, by assuring her that he was her loving husband. But alas, when that tardy explanation reached the cottage at Daintree, Aunt Griselda only wrung her thin white hands and cried, for no one knew what had become of Fay, and Erle was rushing about and sending telegrams in all directions, and Fay, with the shadow always on her sweet face, was sitting in the orchard of the Manse, under the shade of the mossy old apple-trees, and baby Hugh lay on her lap, gurgling to the birds and the white clouds that sailed over their heads. When Sir Hugh had written that letter, he felt as though a very heavy weight were off his mind, and he began to enjoy himself. Not for long, however, for presently they reached Cairo, and there he found a budget awaiting him. Every one seemed to have written to him but Fay; and when he saw that, he began to tear open the letters rather wildly, for he feared she must be ill. But by and by he came to her letter.

He read Erle Huntingdon's first—an indignant letter, evidently written under strong excitement—"Why had he not come home when they had sent for him? He must know that their search had been useless; they had no news of either Fay or the child. Miss Mordaunt was very ill with worry, and her old servant was much alarmed about her. They had written to him over and over again, and directed their letters to every possible place he could not have missed. If he had any affection for his wife and child, and cared to know what had become of them, he had better leave Fitzclarence and the other fellows and return at once," and so on.

Hugh dropped the letter—he was pale to the lips with apprehension—and turned to the others.

They were from Miss Mordaunt, and Mrs Heron, and Ellerton, and the lawyer, but they only reiterated the same thing—that all efforts had been in vain, and that they could hear nothing of either Lady Redmond or the boy; and then they urged him to come home at once. Lastly, directed by Mrs. Heron, as though by an afterthought, was the letter Fay had left him upon the study table; but, in reality, it had been forwarded before the alarm had been given, for the seal was still unbroken. Mrs. Heron, on learning from the messenger that Sir Hugh had started for Egypt, had redirected it, and it had only just been posted when the distracted nurse made her appearance at the Hall and told her story. When Hugh read that poor little letter, his first feeling was intense anger—all his Redmond blood was at fever heat. She had sinned beyond all mercy; she had compromised his name and his reputation, and he would never forgive her.

He had confided his honor to a child, and she had played with it and cast it aside; she had dared to leave him and her home, and with his child, too, and to bring the voice of scandal about them; she—Lady Redmond, his wife—wandering like a vagabond at the world's mercy! His feelings were intolerable. He must get back to England; he must find her and hush it up, or his life would be worth nothing to him. Ah, it was well for Fay that she was safely hidden in the old Manse, for, if he had found her while this mood was on him, his anger would have killed her.

When his passion had cooled a little, he went to Fitzclarence, and told him rather abruptly that he must return home at once—affairs of the utmost importance recalled him.

Fitzclarence thought he looked very strange, but something in his manner forebade all questioning. Two hours afterwards he was on his way to England.

There is an old proverb, often lightly quoted, and yet full of a wise and solemn meaning. "*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" Poor, angry Hugh, travelling night and day, and cursing the tardy railways and steamers, was soon to test the truth of the saying.

He had reached Marseilles, and was hurrying to the post-office to telegraph some order to Mrs. Heron, when he suddenly missed his footing, and found himself at the bottom of a steep, dark cellar, with his leg doubled up under him; and when two passers-by who saw the accident tried to move him, they discovered that his leg was broken; and when he heard that he fainted.

And so fate, or rather Providence, took the reins from the weak, passionate hands that were so unfit to hold them, and threw him back, helpless and baffled on his bed of pain; there to learn, week by week, through weary sickness and still more weary convalescence, the lesson that only suffering could teach him—that it were well to forgive others their sins, even as he hoped his might be forgiven.

(To be continued.)

A NERVE REST.

Going to Bed to Get a Sufficient Holiday.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise, says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for November. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

National Anthems.

There never was a more rousing composition than "La Marseillaise." "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despot." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was first made known every one was singing it, and the words "To arms! March!" were resounding in all parts of France. At every season of disorder since its strains have excited the passions of the people, and if immortality can be predicted for any tune known to man this is, beyond a question, the one. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night. They were composed in 1792 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtæn colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseilles, but it was a force of Marseillaise which first marched to it, and hence the title.

The origin of the British national anthem has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. There is almost as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the source of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist, but it has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible to decide definitely for the one or the other. The music of "God Save the Queen" is comparatively tame and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the comparatively peaceful, regular course of events which has marked public affairs in England for over two hundred years past.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the Czars usually contented themselves with "God Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwoff, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people: "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc. It is, properly speaking, an official hymn, and is unknown to the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn and performed for the first time at the celebration at the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore a ready acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann, about the year 1770. The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," though it can hardly be called a national anthem, is a favorite air with the gondoliers of Venice, who sing it frequently.

Floating Gardens of the Aztecs.

During all their wanderings, wherever they stopped the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies in the midst of a lake where there were but few fish, necessity and industry compelled them to form floating gardens on the bosom of the waters. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants intertwined with twigs and branches until they formed a foundation sufficiently strong to support a soil they drew from the bottom of the lake, and on it they sowed their needed maize and chilo. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water and of various forms, the most effective being long and narrow, called cintas, or ribbons. With their natural taste for flowers, they added the ornamental to the useful, and these small gardens, multiplying, were covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of their gods or sent to decorate the palace of the Emperor.

What a picture of delightful independence!

The peaceful Indian could anchor his flowery home where he willed, float beyond social cares or political burdens, and from prying neighbors and poll-parrot gossips he could quietly paddle away! In these secure retreats the spendthrift could elude his creditors, the bank defaulter hide from the minions of the law.—*Outing.*

Fashionable Charity.

Aunt Minerva (to fashionable niece)—Do you expect to do anything in the direction of charity this winter, Clara?

Miss Clara (brightly)—Oh, yes, aunty, I am already planning my costume for the charity ball.

—Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf.

—One of the things which strikes the average man who receives a circular from a Wall street shark telling him of a new and improved plan for getting rich, is that he does not utilize it himself.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

BOBBY PLAYS A TRUMP.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurry off to bed.

Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry up when he's all tired out.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE LINE DRAWN.

It is the father of a precocious 2½-year-old who tells that the child was once watching an old lady making her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and her teeth, when the astonished small boy said:

"Bet yeh can't take yez neck off!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WHEN THE ANGELS SMILED.

Passing down Sixteenth street yesterday we noticed a little incident worth recording. A little crippled boy, 10 years old, a poor chappie from the river bottoms, was being hauled along in a little waggon by two other ragged urchins.

"What's the matter with him?" said a little fellow, stopping as he went along.

"He's paralyzed and can't walk a step and we're helping him home," they answered.

Instead of running on the little fellow went into a store and soon caught up with them, handing the cripple a paper bag.

"I got a nickel for blackin' my father's shoes this morning and was going to buy some candy, but you can have it, and here's some ginger-snaps," and the little "Good Samaritan" was around the corner and out of hearing, with tears in his eyes, before the cripple could thank him—*Omaha Herald.*

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

Lady (recently moved into the neighborhood)—I am very anxious to rent a pew in the church, Deacon Jones. My children are large enough to attend. Absent-minded deacon (who is also a landlord)—I am very sorry, madame, but we don't take children.—*New York Sun.*

CLOSE OF THE INQUISITION.

In New Jersey there had been some illness in a family, and an inquisitive neighbor asked little Johnny, the youngest son of the family, who had been sick, and he answered: "Oh, it's my brother, that's all." "What was the matter with him?" "Nuffin', only he was just sick." "I know; but what ailed him?" "Oh, I dunno." "What did he have?" "He had the doctor."—*Troy Times.*

IRISH WOOLLENS.

Enthusiastic Testimony to Their Merits.

Sincerely do I hope that the proposal to have an Irish section at the Glasgow exhibition will be carried out, says the editor of London *Truth*. What the Irish woollens want most—in fact, the only thing they want—is advertisement. If the English lower middle class—the people who have ten children, and expect each boy to wear his elder brother's knickerbockers in succession until nothing remains but the buttons and braces—knew the indestructible quality of the Blarney tweeds and friezes, there would be such a run on Blarney as would double the population of the place in a fortnight. Unfortunately, the Blarney people don't advertise in the way that many English manufacturers do. The Irish manufacturers deal only "with the trade," and they take no steps to bring the excellence of their wares home to the individual. They do not seem to have realized the immence opening which the parcel post has made for them. The excellence of their goods is only known in this country to tailors and haberdashers. We buy the Irish goods without knowing them to be Irish, wonder why they wear so well, but don't know what to ask for the next time we order a suit. I have—not, indeed, in my actual possession, but within reach and easily accessible, if wanted for exhibition or other (honest) purposes—a specimen of Irish woollen manufacture which was woven at the Marquis of Waterford's mills, Kilmacthomas, some time prior to the year 1877, in which year it was confectioned into a garment (the nature signifies not) in which, for a considerable time, I took, I trust, a modest, but very sensible pride. It then, some years ago, passed into the hands of a humble (but most respectable) friend, whose Sunday best it still continues to be. I see it constantly, and, although I should be exaggerating if I were to describe it as still smart, yet, so far as I can observe, there are no holes in it. Now, Kilmacthomas, though it does things pretty decently, can't hold a candle to Blarney in the matter of friezes and tweeds. Why, then, don't the Blarney people wake up to a knowledge of their own excellence, and post an announcement thereof, with prices and specimens, direct to the British householder?

Inventions of the 19th Century.

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine
Cars running by night and by day,
Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And, to put on the finish, the last but not the least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not the least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

—A New York correspondent claims to have investigated and ascertained that all this talk about fashionable girls working in gymnasia, fencing, boxing and taking long walks is pure nonsense. She says that there are not forty women learning to fence in the city, and most of them are actresses; that the average woman's clothes won't let her walk, and as to boxing there is absolutely none of it done.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh afe inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

A Needle in Her Knee.

The Mount Forest *Representative* said in a recent issue: Miss Bertie Donnelly, eldest daughter of the C. P. R. agent of this town, who recently returned from Bowmanville, where she has held a position as telegraph operator for several months, has undergone a singular experience. She had been troubled for some time with a lame knee, which kept gradually getting more painful. The cause of her lameness could not be accounted for until a few days ago, when a needle came through the flesh at the knee joint. How the needle came to be in her leg is a mystery to herself and parents.

He Would do His Part.

George—Blanche, I think I will get married.

Blanche—Yes, George, and does your heart beat responsively to some one's?

"Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."

—A lease of 999 years, made in the days of King Alfred, has just expired in England. The land was leased by the Church to the Crown, and reverts now to the Church of England.

—Mrs. Partington says of her new cook book: "Now, a book like this will come into a house like an oasis in the great desert of Sarah and be a quarantine of perpetual peace."

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO,

Has students from British Columbia, Texas, Arkansas, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Chicago, Duluth, New York and other distant points. Its low rates, excellent staff of teachers and fine accommodation have so filled its halls that a new building to cost $20,000 will be erected next year. Students can enter any time. 65 pp. calendar free. Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Cold Comfort.

Customer (in restaurant)—Waiter, these are very small oysters for the price.

Waiter—Yes, sah.

Customer—And they don't look very nice, either.

Waiter—Den dey is all de betah, sah, for bein' small.

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with eyes of violet blue,
Lips as sweet as honey-dew,
Rosy little lady!
Will he love you as to-day,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are gray,—
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and beloved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

Brown to the Rescue.

Wife—My dear, I don't know what I am going to do; the company is only half served and the refreshments are giving out. Hubby—Well, if Browne is here we are perfectly safe. Wife—But I don't see how it is going to remedy the difficulty. Hubby—Why, get him to read that theory of his on "Coming Man," and you will see the guests disappear like smoke.

—It is said that H. Rider Haggard contemplates writing a sequel to "She." As he totally annihilated the old lady at the end of his former novel, a sequel seems to be an impossibility. But Haggard's ingenuity is equal to almost any feat. He could doubtless revive "She" with a few chemicals.

—Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, is within two years of the age of our century. Yet he is still so vigorous, in body as in mind, that on a recent Sunday, when assisting Mr. Wells, of Pollokshields, at the communion, he was able to deliver three powerful discourses. He also preached on Saturday evening the preparatory sermon.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, hopeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or blosting after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease