

doubtless blunted by his strong interest in the point at issue.

"You are not leaving me? not—for ever?"

"Why should you care?" bitterly. "The money—as much as you want of it—is yours."

"Let the money go—to found a hospital. I will never touch a farthing. I care for nothing in the world—but you."

And then, as she answered nothing, but stood there trembling:

"Think! what shall I do with my life—alone?"

"And I!" breathlessly. Had there been another door in the room besides the one they barred, I should have gone out at this juncture; as it was, I examined intently the flowers in the window-seat, as though I had no other interest than botany, and placed both hands over my ears in a desperate endeavor to keep their privacy intact.

At last I turned round with some preparatory noise as warning, which, as a faithful chronicler of events, I must add, was disregarded.

They were standing near the bed; he, one arm gently supporting her as she leant across his breast, with his disengaged hand softly caressing her hair. His face was very grave, yet happier than I had ever seen it before, even in early days; and though the tears were still in her sweet eyes, a tender smile played about her mouth.

Not for a moment forgetting their loss, they were conscious all the while they had won something which otherwise might never have been theirs. While the child lived, it had been a link only strong enough to keep them together in outward amity; but by its death it had drawn them so near one to the other that none could ever now divide them, save that Dark Angel who had then passed over—his terribly beautiful face veiled in mercy as he smote, his sable wings touched hopefully with light.

### CANADIAN SOCIETY IN WINTER

What may be called the "season," among our Canadian neighbors, may be said to have commenced. Canada imitates closely all the social forms of England; her sets are just as exclusive as the sets of the West End of London, and the rich tradesman may shiver outside, but not pass the limit of the exclusive circle. Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, and of the Viceroy and his family, is the place where the aristocratic feeling finds its intensest expression.

The season is now reaching its height in Ottawa. The chief social figures there are Lord Stanley and his wife, whose official residence is Rideau Hall, an old-fashion building looking upon the Rideau River, and surrounded by primeval pines. They have not given the state receptions and balls yet; but her Excellency entertains her friends at five o'clock teas, at quiet dinners, and at toboggan parties in the Hall grounds.

There are nearly always some English friends at the Hall with their Excellencies, and the vice-regal circle is made up of these and the members of distinguished families resident in the city. Lord Stanley has a public office, but his duties are not onerous. Their Excellencies drive a good deal, and the snow is so deep and hard about the capital that you may trot over the fence tops. There is a sheet of ice below the Hall, and here nearly all the vice-regal people learn to skate. Lord Lansdowne had a heavy fall there, and was laid up for some time. I believe Lord Stanley has had several tumbles this winter.

There are three toboggan slides on the grounds, and the sweep of two of them is magnificent. One or the other of them is kept pretty constantly in use in the afternoons. And this fine exercise in the keen, clear, bracing air brings the color to the cheeks. No summer sun can produce carnations of a deeper dye than can the air of a February day in Canada.

But it is during the evening toboggan parties that the Hall and all about it is exhilarating and picturesque. At each side of the slide hangs a row of Chinese lanterns, shedding a sober light on the freighted toboggans as they swish down the steep, one after the other in rapid succession. To these parties from two to three hundred persons are invited, and they all go to the Hall dragging their toboggans, and clad in the most picturesque costumes. The ugly blanket tunic, with its sooty color and blue bars, which the *habitant* used to wear and still wears, is supplanted for out-door sports by woollens of myrtle or blue or pure white—all these being tastefully piped and trimmed. The opulent sashes bound negligently around the waist, their heavy tassels falling below the hips, produce a rich effect. The ladies, tunics are like the men's, as are also the *toques*, with their big tassels, and the buff moccasins. The men wear long heavy black stockings and knickerbockers to match the tunic. Their Excellencies are dressed like their guests.

Some of the Canadian nights on which these parties are held are bitterly cold, although you would not know it, as frequently there is not a breath stirring, and nothing to be seen in the heavens but the calm stars. Sometimes on such nights the glass may register 8 to 10 or 12 degrees below zero. Woe to the ear that is exposed: the fine prickling sensation does not give much warning before the ear becomes white.

In the hollow below the Hall huge fires in the shape of pyramids are built, and the older people, or those too timid to go down the icy steeps, stand beside them, constantly turning, lest one side should become

lashed by frost and the other by fire. There are accidents sometimes on these slides, and I have seen the cheek of a pretty girl torn open by the splinter of a wrecked toboggan. Toward 11 p. m. hot coffee, claret-cup, and other refreshments are served by liveried waiters; then a mustering of the revellers, and home they go. Groups and knots of humble outsiders stand about the gates to look at the wonderful people who are admitted to the sacred circles of vice-royalty.

And now they are preparing for the state ball, the great event of the year in Canadian social circles. But the original "four hundred" or thereabouts which "went" to Rideau in Lord Dufferin's time is now much increased, so much so that Lord Lorne gave two state balls instead of one, in order to accommodate them all. This number, of course, includes only the society of Ottawa and the visitors to the capital.

Next in importance to their Excellencies are Sir John and Lady Macdonald. The latter is a splendid hostess, being a thorough woman of the world. She is of Hebrew extraction, but attends the Episcopal Church. Sir William and Lady Ritchie are conspicuous social leaders.

Out-door sports in winter are among the chief recreations of social sets. When there is a snowfall people bind snow-shoes to their moccasined feet, and in the costumes I have described tramp through wood and plain, across the fields, and over the fence tops, two and two, or in larger numbers. This is delightful on calm moonlit nights, and I have known more than one betrothal made on snow-shoes. There are snow-shoe clubs which have regular tramps, going out with torches by night, but these cannot be properly ranked among society people.

Skating, too, in the city rinks and sometimes upon the rivers near by, is not the least among the invigorating amusements, and winter life in the Dominion, in the capital, and elsewhere is gay, exhilarating, and wonderfully wholesome.—EDMUND COLLINS, in Harper's Bazaar.

### In Silk Attire

The soul often seems to be something within the being that does not so much grow as unfold. It is there from the first, but it receives a partial opening, a one-sided development, a slow, chill shrivelling, or the wide unrolling of the perfect flower, as a consequence in large measure of the early influence brought to bear upon it.

Those who rear children are not always aware of the weight and power of the most trivial words and acts upon this unfolding spirit and intelligence and personality of theirs. From the moment that the baby accommodates its eyes to the light, from an earlier moment perhaps, while it is yet accommodating those eyes, indeed, the young intellect is reaching out into the relations of objects, and already giving itself the first lessons in the science of common things, and one or two of the larger facts. It is not an uncommon thing to hear an old nurse say that babies know within their first three days who is going to rule in that house, the baby or the others, and proceed upon the judgment thus formed; while men of science tell us that the amount of memorizing accomplished by a child in its first half-decade exceeds that they ever do afterward.

It is seen, then, how eagerly and swiftly children receive and absorb all impressions and turn them to account. And in this light it is not a pity that effort should not be made that every impression should be of the noblest? Yet, how seldom is this the case! Who ever sees a little girl old enough to understand a few simple phrases that her attention is not at once directed to her dress? Of course it is usually with the wish to give her a pleasurable emotion, or ourselves a diversion; rarely, if ever, is it done with the intention of giving her any idea of texture or color. But how unfortunate it is that this pleasurable emotion must be coupled with the love of possession, with the feeding of a small vanity, and the recognition of the value of personal adornment! "Oh, isn't she a little picture in that hat?" says one. "How blue becomes her!" says another. "Polly has a new gown?" asks a third. "Where's Polly's cloak, or Polly's feather, or Polly's ring, or Polly's some other article of apparel?" chimes the chorus. And Polly presently has learned to consider the picturesqueness of the hat, the value of blue in connection with her skin, the effect of the new gown, and all the rest as more immediately of consequence to her than the movements of the stars in their courses. And the lesson is so repeatedly and so thoroughly drilled in that it never loses its weight, but rather increases with every widening experience, till its effect is like that of the ripple made by the pebble's splash, which spreads till it reaches the shore and can go no farther.

When the little girl goes to her earliest party—a child's afternoon gathering by daylight—she sees the greatest solicitude at home as to her dress, and is stolid if she does not also see that it is intended to equal, if not to eclipse, that of others; and one of the first questions asked her on her return is in relation to what the others wore. She is now perpetually adjured to be careful of her dress; she is praised if she is careful; she is punished if she is not; she is made to see its importance by the mere necessity of the carefulness. She is given for this or that good action the promise or the reward of a new gown or of some other finery; she is made to comprehend thoroughly that it

## Want of Sleep

is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alternative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.

Rev. T. G. A. Cotté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frederick W. Pratt, 421 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health."

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.

is not her innocence, her bloom, her sweetness, her charm of childhood, that is to be held the most attractive; it is her attire; and so the day will come at last when she will starve her body, if need be, in order to deck it out in fine array, even if she has to starve her soul too in the process.

When she is older, books that she might have, lessons that she might take, journeys that she might make, numberless things enriching, nourishing, and uplifting to her better nature are foregone because she cannot have these things and dress! Thus the working-girl, be she house-servant, or shop tender, or factory-hand, instead of improving her time with listening to educating lectures, or reading at home in her evenings, spends all her money in purchasing her array, and all the spare hours of her evenings in making it up; and whenever family cares allow her to do so, and do not demand her wages, she prefers to put all she earns upon her back, rather than into a savings-bank for the rainy day and old age—doing no further good by means of it all than that of achieving a pinch-beck imitation which makes the woman who can afford it doubt if she does right in devoting her own purse to similar uses. Nor is this by any means the whole of the mischief. For, to pass over the injury wrought on daily life and its surroundings by this long-continued process, with all its fettering, its belittling and hindering qualities—the egotism, the over-reaching, the struggling for precedence, the want of consideration for others that wrongs them, the whole hurt to society—there is an injury wrought to the individual soul which is all but irremediable. The love of dress has become a passion; vanity has grown till its rankness has choked out almost all better growth; nothing is too mean or base to feed it, and dragged down by a brace of dark agents of evil—ampered vanity and swollen selfishness—in order that the body may walk clad in purple, the degraded soul trends the mire.

Mothers! If the child's eyes are more beautiful to you than Oesper in the heavens, delight in them, but do not tell her so. If the dear flesh is so pearly white and rose-petal soft that you must bury your kisses there, do so, but hide the thought with your face. If your pride and vanity and joy must deck her out to give pleasure to the eye and confusion to the neighbors, let it be a matter of course, without a word that shall allow her to see the worth of the fine feathers to you. Praise her for her obedience, her generosity, her truthfulness, her industry, her compassion, her desire to help, her love, but never for her face or for her feet, or for her clothes, or for any purely personal thing. Teach her by that implication which is more powerful than words that the beauty of the body is on real beauty of hers, and that the garb in which she clothes that body is of infinitely less consequence than that which she has spun and woven about the spiritual body. Teach her that every day of her life, whether she wear silk attire or hoddie-gray, she is preparing the garments of her soul. And let her save that soul alive.—[Harper's Bazar.]

Mr. Slimpurse (who has been accepted by Miss Wealthy without inquiries as to his financial standing): "I wonder, my darling, if your parents will give their consent." Miss Wealthy (thoughtfully): "Ma has always been very particular about the moral character of young men I associate with, and I'm afraid she'll ask a good many questions." Mr. Slimpurse (joyfully): "Oh, I can get references from half a dozen ministers." Miss Wealthy (delighted): "That's splendid. Then after that all you'll have to do will be to get references from half a dozen bankers, and you'll catch pa."