Trix is there—they expect him to-night, and she has waited to receive him. She looks in his face once, then turns away and covers her own, and bursts into a woman's tempest of tears.
"I—I am too late," he says in a hoarse

whisper.
"No," Trix answers, looking up; "not too late. She is alive still—I can say no

"It is almost impossible to say. Typhoid fever, one doctor says, and cerebro spinal meningitis says the other. It doesn't much matter what it is, since both agree in this-

that she is dying."
Her sobs break forth again. He sits and

is, she doesn't seem to care. Charley, I believe she wants to die, is glad to die. She seems to have nothing to care for—nothing to live for. 'My life has be take, she said to me the other day. I have gone wrong from first to last, led ashave gone wrong from first to last, let an tray by my vanity, and selfishness, and ambition. It is much better that I should long ago—you shall be my wite at last, in spite of death itself." die, and make an end of it all.' She has made her will, Charley—she made it in the first days of her illness, and—she has left

almost everything to you."

He makes no reply. He sits motionless in the twilit window, looking down at the

noisy, bustling street.
"She has remembered me most generous-'It would have been an insult to offer any-thing in my lifetime,' she said to me; 'but thing in my incline. she said to me; but the wishes of the dead are sacred,—he will not be able to refuse it then. And tell him not to grieve for me, Trixy—I never made anything but trouble, and disappointment, and wretchedness. Lam sarry—sarry now and wretchedness. I am sorry—sorry now, and my last wish and prayer will be for the happiness of his life.' When she is delirious, and she mostly is as night draws on, she calls for you incessantly-asking you to That is why I sent.

'Does sue know you sent ?" he asks. "No-it was her desire you should not be swered with another burst of tears; "but I couldn't do that. She says we are to bury when she was dead, to tell you the story of her separation from Sir Victor. Shall I tell "You will it to you now, Charley ?"

He makes a motion of assent; and Trix begins, in a broken voice, and tells him the sad, strange story of the two Sir Victors, father and son, and of Edith's life from her wedding-day. The twilight deepens into darkness, the room is wrapped in shadow long before she has finished. He never stirs, he never speaks, he sits and listens to the end. Then there is a pause, and out of

anything can do it. Mother is with her and Nellie; Nellie has been her best friend and nurse; Nellie has never left her, and Charley," hesitatingly, for something in his her radiant eyes never leave his face. Her you and Nellie are engaged."

"Stop!" he says imperiously, and Trixy rises with a sigh and puts on her hat and should have been from the first—Charley's shawl. Five minutes later they are in the wife. street, and on their way to Lady Catheron's

One of the medical men is in the sickroom when Miss Stuart enters it, and she tells him in a whisper that her brother has come, and is waiting without.

His patient lies very low to-night-delirious at times, and sinking, it seems to him, fast. She is in a restless, fevered sleep at present, and he stands looking at dead swoon no one there can tell. her with a very sombre look on his profes sional face. In spite of his skill, and he is very skilful, this case baffles him. The patient's own utter indifference, as to whether she lives or dies, being one of the hardest things he has to combat. If she only longed for life, and strove to recruit-

'Let him come in," the doctor says. "He can do no harm-he may possibly do some Will she know him when she awakes?"

He nods and turns away to where Miss Seton stands in the distance, and Trix goes and fetches her brother in. He advances slowly, almost reluctantly it would seem, and looks down at the wan, drawn, thin face that rests there, whiter than the pillows. Great Heaven! and this-this is Edith! He sinks into a chair by the bed-side, and takes her wan, transparent hand in both his own, with a sort of groan. The light touch awakes her, the faint eyelids quiver, the large dark eyes open and fix on his face. The lips flutter breathlessly apart. "Charley!" they whisper in glad surprise, and over the death-like face there flashes for a second an electric light of great amaze and joy.

"Humph!" says the doctor, with a sur-prised grunt; "I thought it would do her no harm. If we leave them alone for a few minutes, my dear young ladies, it will do us no harm either. "Mind, my young gentleman," he taps Charley on the shoulder, "my patient is not to excite herself

They softly go out. It would appear the doctor need not have warned him; they don't seem inclined to talk. She lies and looks at him, delight in her eyes, and draws a long, long breath of great content. For him, he holds her wasted hand a little tighter, and lays his face down on the pillow, and does not speak a work.

So the minutes pass.

"Charley," she says at last, in a faint, little whisper, "what a surprise this is. They did not tell me you were coming. Who sent for you? when did you come?"

"You're not to talk, Edith," he answers, lifting his haggard face for a moment—poor Charley? "Trix sent for me." Then he lays it down again.

lifting his haggard face for a moment—poor Charley? "Trix sent for me." Then he lays it down again.
"Foolish boy!" Edith says with shining eyes; "I do believe you are crying. You don't hate me, then, after all, Charley?"
"Hate you!" he can but just repeat.
"You once said you did, you know; and I deserved it. But I have not been happy, Charlie—I have been punished as I merited. Now it is all over, and it is better so—I never was of any use in the world, and never would be. You will let me alittle for the past in the only way I can. Trix will tell you. And, by and by, when you are quite happy, and she is your wife—"

The faint voice breaks, and she turns her face away. Even in death it is bitterer than death to give him up.

He lifts his head, and looks at her.

"When she is my wife? when who is my wife?" he asks.

"Stop!" he says suddenly; "you are making some strange mistake, Edith. Nelice cares for me, as Trix does, and Trix is not more a sister to me than Nellie. For the rest—do you remember w mber what I said to Her lips tremble—her eyes watch him, er weak fingers close tightly over his. Renember ! does she not ?

member! does she not!

"I said—'I will love you all my life!" I have kept mp word, and mean to keep it.

M I may not call you wife, I will never call, by that name, any other woman. No one in this world can ever be to me again, what

you were and are."

There is another pause, but the dark, uplifted eyes are radiant now.

"At last! at last!" she breathes; "when it is too late. Oh, Charley! If the past might only come over again, how different it all would be. I think"—she says this with a weak little laugh, that reminds him of the Edith of old—"I think I could sleep more happily even in my grave—if 'Edith Stuart' were carved on my tombstone !" His eyes never leave her face—they light up in their dreary sadness now at these

"Do you mean that, Edith?" he says

Her sobs break forth again. He sits and gazes at her like a stone.

"There is no hope?"

"While there is life there is hope." But it is in a very dreary voice that Trix repeats this aphorism: "and—the worst of it is, she doesn't seem to care. Charley, I belief, the sits and the sits and it make you happier to be my wife?"

Her eyes, her face, answer him. "But it is too late," the pale lips sigh.

"It is never too late," he says quietly; "we will be married to-night."

"Charley ?" "You are not to talk," he tells her, kissing her softly and for the first time; "I will arrange it all. I will go for a clergyman I know, and explain everything. Oh

Then he leaves her, and goes out. An Edith closes her eyes, and lies still, and knows that never in all the years that are gone has such perfect bliss been hers before. In death, at least, if not life, she will be Charley's wife.

He tells them very quietly, very resolutely," Trix goes softly on; "poor, darling Edith! but she has left almost all to you. point, his mother, sister, Nellie, the

They listen in wordless wonder; but what

But his countenance does not matter it seems. The laws of the Medes were not more fixed than this marriage. The clergy-man comes, a very old friend of the family, come back-begging you to forgive her. and Charley explains all to him. He listens with quiet gravity-in his experience/ death-bed marriage is not at all an unprecedented occurrence. The hour fixed is told until-until all was over," Trix an- | ten, and Trixy and Nellie go in to make the few possible preparations.

The sick girl lifts two wisful eyes to the her at Sandypoint, beside her mother—not send her body to England. She told me, but she stoops and kisses her with her own "You will live now for his sake," she

whispers in that kiss.

They decorate the room and the bed with flowers, they brush away the dark soft hair, they array her in a dainty embroidered might-robe, and prop her up with pillows. There is the fever fire on her wan cheeks the fever fire in her shining eyes. But she is unutterably happy—you have but to look into her face to see that. Death is forgot-

"May I see her, and when?"

"As soon as you come, the doctors say; they refuse her nothing now, and they think your presence may do her good—if anything can do it. Mother is with the soon as you come, the doctors say; they refuse her nothing now, and they think your presence may do her good—if anything can do it. Mother is with the soon as you come side of the bed. Nellie is bridgened as your comes in, pale and unsmilling—worn and haggard beyond words to tell. Trix, weeping incessantly, stands near, her mother and Mr. Darrell are at one side of the bed. Nellie is bridgened to the sound of the sou manner awes Trix, "I believe she thinks faint replies flutter on her lips-there is an indiscribable sadness in his. The ring should have been from the first-Charley's

> He bends forward and takes her in his arms. With all her dying strength she lifts herself to his embrace. It is a last expiring effort-her weak clasp relaxes, there is one faint gasp. Her head falls heavily upon his breast—there is a despairing cry from the women, cold and lifeless, Charley Stuart lays his bride of a moment back among the pillows-whether dead or in a

> > CHAPTER XXXI.

At first they thought her dead-but it was not death. She awoke from that long, death-like swoon as morning broke-so near unto death that it seemed the turning only longed for life, and strove to recruit if, like Mrs. Dombey she would "only make an effort." But she will not, and the flame flickers, and flickers, and very soon after the great excitement had come, all after the great excitement had come, all consciousness left her, she lay white and still, scarcely moving, scarcely breathing. The one beloved voice fell as powerless on her dulled ears now as all others, the dim,

almost lifeless eyes, that opened at rare intervals, were blank to the whole world. She lay in a species of stupor, or coma, from which it was something more than doubtful if she ever would awake. The few spoonfuls of beef-tea and brandy and water she took they forced between her clenched teeth, and in that darkened room of the great hotel, strangely, solemnly quiet, Life and Death fought their sharp battle over her unconscious head.

And for those who loved her, her father, her friends, and one other, nearer and dearer than father or friend, how went those darkest days for them? They could hardly have told—all their after life they looked back, with a sick shudder, to that

For Charley Stuart he never wants to look back—never to the last day of his life will he be able to recall, to realize the agony of those six days—days that changed his whole nature—his whole life.

They watched with her unceasinglydeath might come at any moment. There were times when they bent over her, holding their own breath, sure that the fain thread had already snapped—times when they held a mirror to her lips to be sure she breathed at all. For her new-made she breathed at all. For her new-made husband, he never left her except when nature succumbed to the exhaustion of ceaseless vigil, and they forced him away. He forgot to eat or sleep, he sat tearless and still as stone by the bedside, almost as bloodless, almost as wan and hollow-eyed as the dying bride herself. The doctors stood gloomily silent, their skill falling powerless here.

"She needed only the excitement of this most preposterous marriage to finish her."

most preposterous marriage to finish her," one of them growled; "I said so at the time—I say so now. She had one chance for life—perfect quiet—and that destroyed it."

on the fourth day, a letter from England, in a woman's hand, and deeply bordered with black, arrived. Edith, in the first days of her illness, had told Trix to open all her letters. She would have passed the power over to her brother now, but he waved it away impatiently. What did it matter whom it was from—what it contained—what did anything matter now?

His haggard eyes went silently back to the marble face lying among its pillows, to awfully still.

Trixy opened and read it. It was from Inez Catheron, and announced the death of her aunt, the Lady Helena Powyss.

"Her end was perfect peace," said the letter; "and in her will, she has left her large fortune divided equally between you and me. If possible it would be well for you to return to England as speedily as may be. If wealth can make you happy—and I hope

at least it will aid—my dearest Edith, you will have it. For me, I join a charitable Sisterhood here in London, and will try to devote the remainder of my life to the relief of my suffering and poor fellow-creatures. As to the rest, if you care at all to know, my brother reigns at Catheron Royals now! He is, in all respects, a changed man, and will not, I think, be an unworthy successor of him who is gone. His wife and children are all that can be

"Farewell, my dear cousin. When you return to London come to the enclosed address, and see me. No one will welcome dress, and see the you more gladly than "INEZ CATHERON."

So another large fortune had been left Edith—she was rich now beyond her wildest dreams. Rich! And yonder she lay, and all the gold of earth, powerless to add a second to her life. What a satire it seemed. Youth, beauty, and boundless wealth were hers, and all were vain—vain!

The seventh night brought the crisis. "This can hold out no longer," physician said; "before morning we will know the end, whether it is to be life or

"Then—there is hope yet?" Trix breathed, with clasped hands. He looked at her gloomily and turned away, the meaningless formula on his lips "While there is life there is hope."

"It will be little less than a miracle if she lives, though," the other added; "and the days of miracles are over. Hope if you

"You had better not let him sit up tonight," said the first physician, looking
compassionately at Charley; "he won't be
able to stand it. He is worn out now,
poor fellow, and looks fit for a sick.bed
himself." "He knows it is the crisis," Trixy answered; "he won't go."
"He has watched the last two nights, Miss Seton interposed: "he must go, doctor; leave me an opiate—I will administer it. If

-if the worst comes, it will be but a mo-nent's work to arouse him." The doctor obeyed. "I will return at day dawn," he said, "if she be still alive. If not-send me word. The twilight was falling. Solemn and shadowy it crept into the sombre, silent room. They went back to the bed-side, pale and tearless: they had wept, it seemed, until they could weep no more. This last night the two girls were to watch

She lay before them. Dead and in her hroud she would never look more awfully death-like than now. He sat beside her ah, poor Charley ! in a sort of dull stupo of misery, utterly worn out. The sharp pain seemed over—the long, dark watches, when his passionate prayers had ascende for that dear life, wild and rebellious it may be, when he had wrestled with an agony more bitter than death, had left their impress on his life forever. He could not let her go—he could not! O God!" was the ceaseless cry of his soul, "have mercy-

Nellie Seton's cool, soft hands fell lightly on his head. Nellie's soft, gentle voice

"Charley, you are to leave us for a little, and lie down. You must have some rest, be it ever so short; and you have had nothing to eat, I believe all day; you will let me prepare something, and take it, and go to your room." She spoke to him coaxingly, almost as she

night to a child. He lifted his eyes, full of dull, infinite misery, to hers. "To-night?" he answered: "the last night! I will not go." "Only for an hour then," she pleaded;

All her goodness, all her patience came back to him. He pressed her hand in his own gratefully, and arose. "For your sake, Nellie, then-tor no But you promise to call me if there is the slightest change?

there will be no change. For my sake,

"I promise. Drink this and go." She gave him a glass of mulled wine, containing the opiate. He drank it and left the room. They listened breathlessly until they heard his door, further down the passage, open and shut-then both drew a deep

"Thank Heaven," Trix said ; "I couldn't bear to see him here to-night. Nellie, if she dies it will kill him—just that." The girl's lips quivered. What Charley has been to her—how wholly her great, generous, loving heart had gone out to him, not even Trix ever knew. The dream of that she was Mrs. Charles Stewart had ner life's best bliss was at an end forever. Whether Edith Stewart lived or died, no

other woman would ever take her place in The hours of the night wore on. Oh! those solemn night watches by the dying bed of those we love. The faint lamp flickers, deepest stillness reigns, and on his bed, dressed as he was, Charley lies deeply,

a moment—then he remembered all. The night has passed, the morning come. They had let him sleep—it seemed he could sleep while she lay dying so near. Dying! Who was to tell him that in yonder distant room Edith was not lying dead. He rose up, reeling like a drunken man, and made for the door. He opened it, and went out down the reeling like a drunken man, and made for the door. He opened it, and went out down the passage. It was entirely deserted, the great household were not yet astir. Protound stillness reigned. Through the windows he could see the bright morning sky, all flushd, red and golden with the first radiance of the rising sun. And in that room there what lay—death or life?

He stood suddenly still and looked as

He stood suddenly still, and looked at the closed door. He stood there motionless, his eyes fixed upon it, unable to ad-

vance another step. It opened abruptly—quickly but noise-lessly, and Nellie Seton's pale, tired face looked out. At sight of him she came for-ward—he asked no questions—his eyes looked at her full of a dumb agony of ques-

"Charley!" she exclaimed, coming nearer.
The first ray of the rising sun streaming through the windows fell full upon her pale face, and it was as the face of an angel. "Charley!" she repeated, with a great tearless sob, holding out both hands; "Oh, bless God! the doctor says we may—hope!" He had braced himself to hear the worst—not this. He made one step forward and fell at her feet like a stone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

They might hope? The night had pass-d, the morning had come, and she still

ed, the morning had come, and she still lived.

You would hardly have thought so to look at her as she lay, deadly white, deathly still. But as the day broke she had awakened from a long sleep, the most natural and refreshing she had known for weeks, and looked up into the pale anxious face of Trix with the faint shadow of a smile. Then the eyelids swayed and closed in sleep once more, but she had recognized Trix for the first time in days—the crisis was over and hope had come.

They would not let her see him. Only while she slept would they allow him now to enter her room. But it was easily borne—Edith was not to die, and Heaven and his own greatful happy heart only knew how infinitely blessed he was in that knowledge. After the long bitter night—after the darkness and the pain, light and morning had come. Edith would live—all was said in that.

said, giving Charley a facetious programmer age was one of them, young man. I thought it was Kill—it turns out it was Cure."

For many days no memory of the past returned to her, her existence was as the existence of a new-born babe, spent alternately in taking food and sleep. Food she took with eager avidity after her long starvation, and then sank back again into profound, refreshing slumber.

"Let her sleep," said the doctor, with a complacent nod; "the more the better. It's Nature's way of repairing damages."

There came a day at last when thought There came a day at last when thought and recollection began to struggle back—when she had strength to lie awake and think. More than once Trix caught the dark eyes in silent wistfulness upon her—a question in them her lips would not ask. But Miss Stuart guessed it, and one day spoke:

"What is it, Dithy?" she said; you look as if you wanted to say something, you know."

There were many remembrances of the dead man. A beautiful memorial window, a sombre hatchment, and a monument of snow-white marble. It was very simple—it represented only a broken shaft, and beneath in gold letters this inscription:

"How-how long have I been sick?" was

"Nearly five weeks, and an awful life you've led us, I can tell you! Look at me—worn to the skin and bone. What do you suppose you will have to say for your-self when Angus comes?" Edith smiled faintly but her eyes still

kept their wistful look "I suppose I was delirious part of the time, Trixy?" "Stark, staring crazy—raving like a lunatic at full moon! But you needn't look so concerned about it—we've changed all that. You'll do now." "Yes," she said it with a sigh; "you

have all been very kind. I suppose it's only a tancy of the fever after all." "I-Trixy! don't laugh at me, but I thought Charley was here."

"Did you?" responded Trix; "the most natural thing in life. He is here."

Her eyes lighted—her lips parted—a question trembled upon them, but she hesi-

"Go on," said Miss Stuart, enjoying it

all; "there's something else on your mind. Speak up, Edie! don't be ashamed of yourself." "I am afraid you will laugh this time, Trixy-I know it is only a dream, but I

thought Charley and I were—"
"Yes," said Trixy! "were—what?"
"Married, then!" with a faint little laugh. "Don't tell him, please, but it seems—it seems so real, I had to tell you. "You poor little Dithy!" she said; "you do like Charley, don't you! no, it's not a of it he must then take care that the ar-

"He is outside," went on Trix; "you don't know what a good boy he has been—
so patient—and all that. He deserves some
reward. I think if you had died he would
takes away the tray. have died too — Lord Lovel and Lord who have meantime been waiting in the Nancy, over again. Not that I much be-Nancy, over again. Not that I much believe in broken hearts where men are concerned, either," pursued Trix, growing cynical; "but this seems an exceptional case. He's awfully fond of you, Dithy; pon my word he is. I only hope Angus may go off in a dead faint the first time. The sick and get better as he did the other. I'm sick and get better as he did the other have supplied scented flowers on an occasion day. We haven't let him in much lately, for fear of agitating you, but I think," says Trixy, with twinkling eyes, "you could stand it now — couldn't you, Mrs. In such as an "incensa meeting," when perfume is prohibited, the politeartificer makes no remark, but snips off the blossoms, leaving only the unopened and scentless buds.

She did not wait for a reply—she went out and hunted up Charley. He was smoking downstairs, and trying to read the

"Your wife wants you," said Miss Stuart brusquely; go! only mind this—don't stay too long, and don't talk too much." He started to his feet-away went Tribune and cigar, and up the stairs sprang Charley—half a dozen at a time. And then Miss Stuart sits down, throws

her handserchief over her face, and for the

next five minutes indulges in the exclusive-

ly feminine luxury of a real good cry. After that Mrs. Charles Stuart's recovery was perfectly magical in its rapidity. Youth and splendid vitality, no doubt, had some thing to do with it, but I think the fact

more to do still. There came a day, when propped up with pillows, she could sit erect, and talk, and be talked to as much as she chose, when blinds were pulled up, and sunshine poured in; and no sunshine that ever shown was half so bright as her happy face. There came still another day, when robed in a pretty pink morning-dress, Charley lifted her in his arms and carried her to the dreamlessly asleep.

It was broad day when he awoke—the dawn of a cloudless November day. He sat up in bed suddenly, for a moment be wildered, and stared before him. Only for Taked! who is a single thought—two hearts

in a dark gray travelling suit and hat, Mrs. Charles Stuart, leaning on her husband's arm, said good-by to her friends, and started on her bridal tour. They were to spend the next three weeks South, and then re-

turn for Trixy's wedding at Christmas. Christmas came; merry Christmas, sparkling with snow and sunshine, as Christmas ever should sparkle, and bringing that gallant ex-officer of Scotch Grays, Captain Angus Hammond—captain no longer—plain Mr. Hammond, done with drilling and duty, and getting the route for ever, going in for quiet, country life in bonnie Scotland, with Miss Beatrix Stuart for aider and abettor.

for aider and abettor. Charley and his wife came to New York for the wedding. They had told Mr. Hammond how ill Edith had been, but the young Scotchman, as he pulled his ginger whiskers and stared in her radiant, blooming face, found it difficult indeed to realize. She had heen a pretty girl—a handsome woman—happiness had made her more—she was lovely now. For Charley—outwardly all his insouciance had returned—he submitted to be idolized and made much of by his wife, after the calm fashion of lordly man. But you had only to see him look once into her beautiful, laughing face, to know how passionately she was beloved.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hammond had a splendid wedding, and to say our Trixy looked charming would be doing her no sort of justice—And again Miss Seton was first bridesmaid, and Mrs. Stuart, in lavender silk, sniffed behind a fifty dollar pocket handkerchief, as in duty bound. They departed immediately after the ceremony for Scotland and a Continental tour—that very tour which, as you know, Trixy was cheated so cruelly out of three years before.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart went back South to Charley and his wife came to New York

Continental travelling—the pleasant rambling life suited them well. But they went down to Cheshire first; and one soft May afternoon stood side by side in the old Gothic church where the Catherons for generations had been buried. The mellow light came softly through the painted windows—up in the organ loft, a young girl sat playing to herself soft, sweet, solemn melodies. And both hearts bowed down in tender sadness as they stood before one edies. And both hearts bowed down in tender sadness as they stood before one tomb, the last erected within those walls, that of Sir Victor Catheron, Edith pulled her veil over her face—the only tears that had filled her eyes since her second wed-

SIR VICTOR CATHERON, of Catheron Royals, Bart Died Oct. 3, 1867, in the 24th year of his age. "His sun set while it was yet day."

THE END.

A CURIOUS JAPANESE CUSTOM.

Indiscriminate Gush is Not Permitted in

London Saturday Review: The visitor must leave his fan in the ante-chamber, and, entering the reception room, seat him-self respectfully on his heels in front of the If there are three kakemonos (pictures on rollers), he must examine first he central one, then that to the lett, and, lastly, the one on the right hand. He then is supposed to signify his opinion as to the particular merits of the floral trophy. There are strict rules as to the exact degree o admiration to be expressed according to the

character of the specimens. Indiscriminate gush is not permitted in polite circles. The respectful inspection over, and the proper things said, the host presents to his guest, on a tray, cut flowers and branches, a knife, scissors, a small saw, a vase, and a napkin, at the same time rolling up the kakemonos, "as it is considered to be demanding to much of a visitor to expect him to extemporize a flower arrangement in harmony," but the guest may face the difficulty and retain the unfamiliar

The master of the house now offers one She turned her face away. And Trixy, with suspicious dimness in her eyes, stooped dawn and kissed that thin, wan face. dream—you were married nearly a fortnight ago. The hope of my life is realized
—you are my sister, and Charley's wife!"

There was a little panting cry—then she covered her face with her hands and lay still.

The must then take care that the arrangement is simple and unobstrusive, so as to distract attention from the vase.

When completed, the implements are again arranged on the tray, with the exception of the scissors, "which are left near the flowers, as a silent and modest invitation to the master of the house to correct

The host sweeps up the rubbish and The other visitors, ing only the unopened and scentless buds.
The flowers must not be offered trimmed, or

Thackeray on Happ

For my own part I know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly and craven than the everlasting sighing for happiness. Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the think-ing about and doing their duty happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe! The heart and mind are brought—and reverently be it said—in contact with the creator and ruler and father of all the perfect bliss. Again, with leisure; it is a very pleasant gar-ment to look at, but a very bad one to wear. The ruin of thousands-aye, millions-may be traced to it.

How Swiss Children Go to Sleep. The Swiss people are very artistic in their tastes and even the poorest Swiss is neat and tasteful in his home life. Many of the ways of the Swiss are as pretty as their fanciful ideas of building houses. A Swiss mother believes that her child will have bad dreams unless it is crooned to sleep. And so, bending low over the drowsy little one's couch, she sings soothing songs of green pastures and still waters until the little child has breathed itself peacefully into the land of Nod.—New York Ledger. We take orders for anything in the woollen line and guaran-

Jews, Not Hebrews. The word Hebrew now has but one mean ing, and that is a dead language. We are Jews, because we are adherents of the Jewish religion. Our religion is the only mark of distinction between us and other citizens

There is an impression in the minds of many non-Jews, and even some Jews, that it is courtesy to call us Hebrews, thus implying that there is some stigma attached to the name of Jew. The Tidings is constantly seeking to remove this impression. We are Jews, not Hebrews or Isrealites.—

Chinese babies have a hard time of it, according to a writer in the Jenness-Miller Illustrated Monthly. When they are a month old their heads are shaved, the operation being attended with much ceremony. The almanac is consulted to determine what things the poor youngsters may see and touch and what things they may not. The first time babies leave home they are taken to see their grandmothers, who present them with four chickens, four onions, two heads of cabbage, several pieces of sugarcane, and a lot of rice pods, as if such things could be of any use to an infant without a tooth in his head. Parents have such complete control of their children that they may even pawn or sell them if they desire to, and they can chastise them so unmercifully that the children die of the punishment without any attention being prid to it by the authorities. On the whole, it appears that the lot of the infant and of the small boys and girls is not an enviable one in the Celestial dominions.

Chinese Babies.

In the republic of Mexico there are now about 22,000 miles of telegraph lines in operation, including the new lines constructed since last April. There are now over 6,600 miles of railroad in Mexico, about 124 miles having been constructed since last

What is

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