

"Time's money," growled the disappointed creditor. "Well," replied the persecuted debtor, "haven't I always said I'd pay you in time!"

A French chemist distills brandy from water-melon, and a Swede manufactures alcohol from reindeer moss. As Shakespeare says, there's "good in everything."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Spriggins, putting down *The Century Magazine*, which she had been intending to read. "What bright light bills the *Century* features must have. See all their pages, Spriggins, by Cable!"

"You look as if you had been kissed by a breeze from Northland," said a postive young lady to a pretty friend, whose cheeks were glowing with color. "Oh, no," was the laughing reply; "it was only a soft breeze from Baltimore."

Domestic postage in Mexico is higher than foreign, and there is not a postal card in the country. Previous to the first of last January there was a postal card in use costing three cents, but it could only be used in sending to foreign countries, and mailed only at the office where purchased.

Mrs. A.—"Yes, they keep six servants." Mrs. B.—"Do you hear that, John?" Mrs. C.—"What?" Mrs. B.—"Blank, the wife of the cashier of the bank you deal with, keeps six servants." Mrs. C.—"Well, what of it?" Mrs. A.—"Draw out your money quick, before the bank breaks."

"So you struck the man because he called you a liar?" said the police judge. "Yes, sir." "From which I am to infer that you were not a liar?" "Oh, no; I was a liar, and am yet." "Oh, no; I should have paid no attention to the fellow's remarks. Truth is so scarce, judge, that when I hear it I can't keep down my enthusiasm."

Princess Beatrice—"Ma, there's a man at the door says he wants to buy Windsor castle." Queen—"Mercy on us! Call the police. He must be a lunatic. There's no man in England rich enough to buy Windsor castle." Princess Beatrice—"But he is an American." Queen—"What is his business?" Princess Beatrice—"He is a plumber." Queen—"Ask him in."

A good story is told of the bishop of Atlanta, Ga. He recently addressed a large number of Sunday school, and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way, "And now is there a-a-a-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After a pause he repeated the question, "Is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little girl in the front row called out, "Please, sir, will you call the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop, "and now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

A young man from Boston, who has been boarding in one of the Vermont hill side towns since the late of June, threw his landlady's daughter into a terrible flutter, the other day, by inquiring: "Ah, Jennie, how would you like to go to Boston to live?" Jennie was huffing field strawberries at the time, and her cheeks turned redder than her finger-tips. Casting down her sweet blue eyes and nervously clutching the corner of her apron, she murmured: "O Mr. George, I surely you can't mean—" "Yes I do, Jennie. I know you would just suit me for a T; and then you are so ladylike, and you go to the bank every day, and you are so smart, and I really don't know what to say. I am so young, and—and besides you haven't really asked me yet." "Haven't I; why, what more could I say? Oh yes; you want to know the other side of the bargain, of course." "Yes, George, I—I really do." "Well, I'll tell you, Jennie. I think I am perfectly safe in offering you \$3.50 a week and every other Sunday out. The stage stopped at the house for the young man the next morning.

Our Beverages.

Chocolate, from its large proportion of albumen, is the most nutritive beverage but at the same time from its quantity of fat, the most difficult to digest. Its automatic digestion, however, strengthens the digestion. A cup of chocolate is an excellent restorative and invigorating refreshment even for weak persons, provided their digestive organs are not too delicate. *Original*—Richelieu attributed to chocolate his health and hilarity during later years.

Tea and coffee do not afford this advantage. Albumen in tea leaves and legumin in the bark of coffee are retained in the stomach, and without causing any promotion of the dissolving juices. The relative oil of coffee and the empyreumatic acid aromatic matters of chocolate accelerate the circulation, which, on the other hand is calmed by tea.

Tea and coffee both excite the activity of the brain and nerves. Tea it is said increases the power of digesting the impressions we have received, creates the thoroughness of thought, permits the attention to be fixed upon a certain subject. On the other hand, if tea is taken in excess, it causes an increased irritability of the nerves, characterized by sleeplessness, with a general feeling of restlessness and trembling of the limbs. Coffee, also, if taken in excess produces sleeplessness and many baneful effects, very similar to those arising from tea drinking. Coffee, however, produces greater excitement, and a sensation of restlessness and heat ensues. For throwing off this condition, fresh air is the best antidote.

Dumas and the Cholera.

The cholera epidemic recalls an incident of the elder Dumas in 1832. His servant rushed into his room one day, crying: "The cholera is in Paris! A man has just fallen dead with it in the Rue Chateaubert!" Dumas laughed, in incredulous tones. "But it is perfectly true," said the servant, "and as black as I am a negro, though they have rubbed him for more than an hour." "Humph. Perhaps he has rubbed him with a blacking brush," replied Dumas, carelessly; but within a week he had the cholera himself, severely, and would probably have died had not the servant given him an overdose of ether by mistake. She gave him a glass of water with a few drops of ether instead of the prescribed glass of water with a few drops of ether. Dumas swallowed it, lay unconscious for two hours, and then awoke, convalescent.

SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER VII.

"Miss Sidney—Miss Sidney dear!" Sidney opened her heavy eyes languidly. "What is it, Bessie?"

"It is some a party to wake you, Miss Sidney; but, if you want to go by the ten o'clock train, you must get up. It is gone nine now; I have brought you some tea."

Sidney raised herself wearily from her pillows, wondering why her head ached so, and why it required such an effort to rouse herself, until looking rather stupidly round the room, she saw the dress she had worn on the night before thrown upon a chair, the flowers faded and withered upon her table, the little satin shoes upon the floor. She remembered then how long she had lain tossing in her pretty white bed before she had slept, how often she had got up and looked out into the street, where the snow was falling, and how, towards dawn, she had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue and weariness.

"Is it snowing still, Bessie?" she asked as she sat up and took the cup of tea from the hands of the kindly old woman who had been her mother's nurse, and had come to Ashford with Mrs. Arnold, a comely middle-aged woman, whom the fairly young bride loved and trusted and depended upon, and to whose care she had left her little child.

"Yes, my dear, but not so heavily as it snowed early this morning," Bessie answered. "I am afraid you are very tired, Miss Sidney? Was it a nice ball, dear?"

"Yes, I think so," Sidney said, drying her tea thirstily, for her lips were dry and parched.

Bessie glanced at her for a moment as she held the bowl before the room, folding away the crushed ball-skirts and putting aside the little shoes. Usually Sidney after ball was fresh and unweary and full of merry chatter and pleasant descriptions of the entertainment; but this morning she looked pale and haggard and weary.

"Perhaps you had better rest to-day, Miss Sidney," she suggested, "and not go to Lindhurst until to-morrow?" "Yes, Miss Bessie, will be expecting me," Sidney answered slowly. "Will you take the cup, Bessie, and get my bath ready?"

"Your hand is very hot, Miss Sidney," the woman said gently, as she obeyed. "Are you sure you are well?" "Quite well, Bessie. Is papa at home?" "No, Miss Sidney."

"Gone out already?" the young girl exclaimed, with a tone of disappointment. "Yes, quite an hour ago."

"Where to, Bessie? Do you know?" Mrs. Sandys hesitated a little. "I think there was an accident, my dear," she said, keeping her face turned away from the bed. "A man on horse-back came, and the Doctor went off at once. Will you have quite a look at this morning, Miss Sidney? It is very cold."

"Never mind; the cold water will freshen me up." Sidney's toilet was usually a very expeditious business; but this morning her movements were so languid and inert that Mrs. Sandys could not help again asking if she was quite well; and the girl herself was almost startled by the white face reflected in her looking-glass.

"You may be looking a little pale, Bessie," said the lady, "but you have no time to spare."

"Don't fret, Bessie! If I do not go at ten, there is a train at twelve-thirty."

"I think the Doctor wished you to go early, Miss Sidney."

"Why?" "I—I don't know, dear; but it soon grows dark now," Mrs. Sandys answered, stammering a little.

"It is only a two hours journey," Sidney said laughingly. "But I will hurry, Bessie; still I cannot go without seeing papa."

Pushing back her hair from her forehead, she tried to recall the events of the past night. She remembered the angry eager voices in the little sitting-room, the quick, almost imperative words, Stephen Daunt for Mrs. Rutledge, the beautiful frightened face which had been raised to his, and his long absence from the ball-room, Sibyl's early departure, and Frank's disappearance. What was the meaning of it all?

"Bah! How foolish she was! What could have happened? No doubt Mrs. Rutledge had left early, in obedience to her husband's wishes, and Frank, finding the ball tedious after her departure, had left also. And Stephen was always to be beguiled away from the ball-room by the temptation of a cigar. She was getting foolish and imaginative, nervous and fanciful. She would eat her breakfast and start for Lindhurst, where a favorite schoolfellow, the daughter of the Rector, and the girl's heart almost ceased to beat in the sudden relief to her overpowering anxiety. The next minute she had turned from the window and put her hand in Stephen Daunt's."

"Well, how are you?" he said cheerily. "I hardly expected to find you down after your disappointment."

"I am going to Lindhurst this morning," Sidney answered, raising her shining eyes to his face which was calm and serene, as usual, but very pale.

"Yes, so Doctor Arnold told me. I am the bearer of a note to you, Sidney."

"Thank you," Sidney said slowly, taking it from him. "Are you going to the works, Stephen? Have you breakfasted?"

"Thank you, yes."

He sauntered across the room while Sidney opened her note. It contained a few lines from her father.

"Do not wait to see me and so miss your train, dear Sidney," wrote the Doctor. "I shall probably be detained for some time. Good-bye, little daughter; have a pleasant time and bring me back some fresh news."

"Stephen, where did you see papa?" "The question was hurriedly, almost abruptly asked; Stephen turned from the window.

"A servant brought the note to Lamb-world with a message to me asking me to bring it to you."

"Who servant?" "I really am not sure—perhaps one of Rutledge's people. I understood that Doctor Arnold was in the neighborhood."

Sidney said nothing; but her face was grave and puzzled as she looked down at the note. She would have liked greatly to see the note; but Doctor Arnold, indulgent as he was, was strict in requiring obedience.

"I suppose I must go," she said wearily, after a little pause.

"I think it would be prudent, but not until you have had some breakfast. And I think, if you will give it to me, I will have a cup of coffee."

He took the coffee himself only to try to induce her to take something; and Sidney noticed, even in her abstraction, how kind and gentle he was, and how careful he was to see she was well wrapped up.

"May I see you off?" he asked, as they went out to the carriage together.

But he hurried her into an empty compartment and closed the door upon her, with a look of relief upon his face.

"I believe you are glad to get rid of me," she said, pouting a little. "Stephen, is there anything wrong? Are you hiding anything from me?"

"No, nothing," he said hurriedly—"nothing you should know, dear. Good-bye."

"If you see Frank, tell him I am very angry with him for not coming to see me off," she said brightly.

"Yes, if I see him," he answered, lifting his hat to her as the train moved on and standing still upon the platform until she disappeared; then he turned away with a great sadness on his face.

"How will she bear it, if it be as I fear," he thought. "How will she bear it? Poor child! But, sooner or later, she must know, and I suppose it had better be later than sooner."

Lindhurst was a pretty little village about fifty miles from Ashford, consisting of one long straggling street, with a quaint old church midway up the incline, and a two-story gabled building with a veranda and a quaint pointed porch with an old stone seat on either side.

The living was a small one; but Mr. Bevis had some private means, and only one child, a daughter, a pretty blue-eyed golden-haired girl, who gave Sidney a warm greeting, and who for her pale green cheeks, was warmly interested in her thick, lustrous hair, with its flashing diamonds, and full of eager questions about its donor.

"I cannot think why you never told me anything about Frank in the long letters you used to send me at Vevey," she said plaintively, as the girls sat brushing their hair before the fire in Sidney's pretty cosy bed-room at Lindhurst.

"But when are you to be married?" "I don't know, Bell! We will put off the evil day as long as possible."

"The evil day! Don't you care for him Sidney?"

It was the first time a question had been put to her, and Isabel's astonished reproving eyes made it doubly startling. Sidney shook her pretty brown hair out of its bonnet, and something in the tone of her voice as she answered made her friend think for a moment that it would have been quite as promising for Sidney's future happiness if she had said she hated him.

"Of course I am fond of Frank," she said carelessly; "but I am in no hurry to leave papa. He will be so lonely, you know."

"But you will live in Ashford; so you will see him every day," said Isabel triumphantly.

"Oh, yes, of course!" Sidney answered, using her ivory-backed brushes energetically; while Bell glanced at her rather wonderingly. She was a romantic little girl, and could not quite understand Sidney's want of enthusiasm about her lover.

"What has become of that Mr. Daunt who came to Chaphone House to see you once?" she asked presently.

"One of the ivory-backed brushes fell to the floor. Sidney stooped to pick it up, and the exertion brought a red tinge into the soft cheek which had been so white the minute before.

"Do you mean Stephen Daunt?" she asked carelessly. "Did he ever come to Chaphone House?"

"A tall, dark, good looking man," Bell answered eagerly. "Don't you remember, Sidney? He was on his way home from the Continent, and he brought you such a lot of lovely things from Girardin's—chocolate and marmos and nougat, and all sorts of loveliness—don't you remember?"

"Yes," Sidney replied quietly, "that is Stephen Daunt. Oh, he is very well!"

"Is he engaged?" "No. Will you come back with me and try your chance?" Sidney asked, forcing a smile. "And now, Bell, will you be awfully offended if I turn you out? I'm tired to death, and shall fall asleep before your astonished eyes in another minute."

But, tired as she professed herself to be, Sidney Arnold did not go to bed when her friend left her. She sat still and motionless before the fire, staring into its red depths until the red died away and only a heap of fireless ashes filled the grate, and then, tired and chilled, crept into bed.

The Rectory household was an early one; but Sidney was the first down next morning, and Isabel found her standing in the dining-room window, looking out into the snow-covered garden, her thoughts evidently so far away that she started when Isabel wished her "Good-morning." She recovered herself immediately however, and was her own bright charming self again when the Rector came in, rubbing his hands and combs grumblingly in the cold in a good-humored manner, peep-pooing the girl's assertion that it was charming reasonable weather, but evidently enjoying the bright cheery morning.

"What time does the post come round?" Sidney asked, as they sat down to breakfast. Bell officiating behind the urn—for Mrs. Bevis was somewhat of an invalid, and did not make her appearance until later in the day.

"At about nine o'clock," answered the Rector. "I dare say he will be a little late this morning," he added, smiling. "The snow will make it rather heavy walking, and he will not know how to patiently he is looked for."

"Do you expect a letter, Sidney?" Bell asked, her pretty blue eyes brightening at the thought that she had been mistaken

A Portrait of Chinese Gordon.

In person General Gordon is slight and short. His appearance is more suggestive of activity than staidness, and nothing can be more unassuming than his manner. There is a beautiful child-like simplicity about his smile, which recalls, by a certain curious association of ideas, the impression produced by the first sight of Mr. Carlyle. But there is something about his lower face suggestive of latent "hardness," of a will that can be as iron, and of a decision that shrinks not at howling Agag in pieces before the Lord, should the necessity unfortunately arise. In him a sympathy as impulsive and as tender as that of a woman is united with the fierceness and daring of an ancient Viking.

The man is positively unique in this combination of puritan and crusader, humanitarian and soldier, revolutionist and man of order, idealist and man of affairs, that our times have seen. The diversified influences flowing from this heterogeneous conglomeration of antithetical qualities act and react upon his mind with most bewildering result. Never was there any man so difficult to follow, or so easy to understand. "Gordon," said one who knew him well, "was created for the express purpose of confounding his contemporaries. He never says the same paper editors. He never says the same thing twice or sticks to one opinion two hours together. Yet, by those who are capable of looking below the surface and clearing away the apparent inconsistencies, there will be found a clear silver thread of consistent purpose running through all this impulsive vagaries of thought and expression."

Gordon is a sheer lunatic. To the official Gordon is his red tape and straight lace he is a bala noire. A man who is constantly saying and doing the most paradoxical things, whose mind is quicksilver, and whose life is dominated by a curious combination of the religious principles of Cromwell and Thomas a Kempis, is indeed an incomprehensible phenomenon to the dwellers in the well-ordered realm of commonplaces. Those who have no faith, and who are naturally at a loss to account for a man of admitted genius whose convictions are the oddest jumble of enthusiasms that can be imagined. A Governor-General of the Sudan, who interrupts his administrative duties in order to try to nurse a starving little black baby back into life; the patron saint of the Antislavery Society, who legitimizes the slave-trade by a decree and resolves upon appointing the king of the slave-traders as sovereign of Khartoum, is not a man to be described by any formula; he must be classed by himself. So men who have not a tithing of his administrative genius, or his shrewd political sagacity, shrug their shoulders and say that Gordon is mad. And, of course, if they themselves are the type of true sanity, they are right; but if so, then he is one of those madmen whose madness is of the nature of inspiration. Gordon's eccentricity, of which many strange stories are told, his impulsiveness, his unreasoning generosity, do not in the least impair the marvellous influence which he seems to exert on all with whom he comes in contact.

"I can remember the time when Ashford could boast no greater pleasures, my dear," remarked the Rector. "When I was a curate there, over thirty years ago, a dance would have been an unparalleled event in the little town."

"So I have heard papa say," replied Sidney, smiling.

"It was so, indeed," said the Rector thoughtfully. "But the cloth mills have done wonders since then. Mr. Daunt is a wonderful man."

"Is that your friend with the bonbons from Girardin's, Sidney?" asked Bell, with a swift keen glance.

"No—his fiancée," Sidney answered quietly. "Is this the postman, Mr. Bevis?"

"Yes," said Bell, jumping up to get the letters. "I have been longing to see the papers with the account of the Hunt ball, Sidney. We get the evening papers the next morning in this benighted region."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUR CALLING.

If You are Sure You are Right, Why go Ahead.

"I am sorry I was not trained to some commercial pursuit," said a professional gentleman to a successful business friend in Detroit yesterday.

"See here, young man," was the reply, "do you really think you are sorry? Aren't you doing well enough? Come, now, would you voluntarily give up your present calling?"

"Too old to think of change now."

"Nonsense! Never too old to correct mistakes. But in your case I suspect you want to make a mistake instead of to correct one. I made a mistake in my early life, and I'll tell you how it was:

"My father was a lawyer. There were three boys of us, and every influence was thrown around us when very young to stir in us the ambition to enter professional careers. We had a fine library, the tone of our home was refined and cultured, and before any of us grew up we were well grounded in polite literature. It was the same enough to see that father would not listen to any objections to a professional life and so, under a sort of compulsion, we went the old gentleman's way. I was too good to be a preacher, and had too weak a stomach to be a doctor. The law was the last resort, so I took it up. After I was admitted I worked away at the dry and unproductive stuff for fifteen years. It was the martyrdom of drudgery. Finally I made a break, went into business and have a discourse in a near village. According to that day was prosperous and happy from that day to this. You see I have found my niche, and I can say with truth that I find more pleasure in making a good sale than in pocketing the profits of it. My business suits me; I take pleasure in it and I long ago sold up my mind that in the matter of a life occupation, no time whether they were led."

"The successful and great editors and writers are those who love with all-conquering enthusiasm the thorny and difficult road of journalism. It is so with our merchants and all manner of men."

An Anecdote of Spurgeon. Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth anniversary has revived some anecdotes of his youthful experience. This is one of the kind. The boyish preacher was once invited to give a discourse in a near village. According to the report, on meeting the pastor, whose name was Brown, that good old gentleman was sadly disconcerted at his supply's youthful appearance. "Well, well," said he to Mr. Spurgeon, "I really did not dream that you were only a boy. I would not have asked you to preach for me if I had thought so." "Oh, well," said Mr. Spurgeon, laughing, "I can say back to you, Mr. Brown, would not permit this, and into the pulpit his boyish guest ascended. How he comported himself is thus narrated:

Mr. Brown plunged himself on the pulpit stairs. Spurgeon read a lesson from the Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that; for he knew a man with a gray head who could hardly be called a man. "If it be found in the way of righteousness," said he, "and that, he said, was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit Mr. Brown said to him: "Bless your heart. I have never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sanziest dog that ever barked in a pulpit;" and they were always good friends afterward.

Talk about civilization when bull fights are allowed in Wall street, New York.

The Singular Power of a Maine Man Recalled by a Former Townsman. "I don't know what those boys are in this Lulu Hurst business," said a former resident of Gardiner, Maine, now in business in this city, "but I do know that if in Downs, of Auburn, Maine, possesses a 'power' that is much more extraordinary than the Hurst girl's, even if there be no deception about the latter. Downs is known as the bewitched blacksmith."

When I left Maine, fifteen years ago, he had just become aware that the exercise of his power was involuntary, and he was in great distress of mind just had a painful demonstration of what might occur from its presence. He was not a particularly strong man himself, but by touching others he seemed to endow them with extraordinary strength. This singular power he was able not only to confer on human beings, but he was once seen to install in a road leading to Auburn. They were attached to a heavy ran into the forewheels of the wagon ran into a deep rut, and the horses were unable to pull them out. The driver was about to remove a portion of his load, when Downs chanced to be driving by. He stopped and, telling the driver to leave the load as it was, alighted. He rubbed each horse on the head and neck, and almost instantly they became nervous and restless. Downs told the driver to start them up. He did so, and the horses hauled the load out with the greatest ease, and went off at such a gait that the driver found difficulty in controlling them. Boys who were barely able to lift the heavy sledge hammers in Downs' blacksmith shop had only to receive the touch to swing them with the blacksmith's Vulcan himself. This singular strength given to others would remain in force from ten minutes to half an hour, and in passing away left the subject weak and depressed, and sometimes quite ill. For this reason Downs finally refused to make subjects of any one. He was possessed, also, of great mesmeric power, and with this he furnished his associates with amusement to his friends. Every day he had some one running on the most foolish of errands, or performing all sorts of odd monkey shins. On one occasion a stern, dignified, and greatly feared clergyman of the place

DEIFIED THE BLACKSMITH. to place him under the influence of his alleged mystic spell, a long distance away from the blacksmith's shop. He was a man of steady and very regular habits, worth of tobacco, with which he returned as meekly as the most obedient errand boy.

Downs finally ceased exercising this power also, and had not subjected any one to it for more than a year. Charles Woodward, a well-known business man of Auburn, and a great friend of the bewitched blacksmith, was one of the few who were in the army together, returned home from a long absence from town about that time. Downs went to his place of business to see him. He shook hands with him heartily, and threw one arm about Woodward's neck. This was on a Thursday forenoon. Soon after Downs went out Woodward began to dance and sing and manifest an exuberance of spirits that astonished his associates. Although a man of steady and very regular habits, he did not put in an appearance until late Friday morning. He boarded with a man named Edward Blake. Blake thought that Woodward, singular as it seemed, was celebrating his return home. Blake learned that Woodward was suffering from hysteria, and that he had been rebuffed with a strong mustard when he returned to his boarding house. Blake got him to go to bed, and sent for a physician. People called to see Woodward, and he astounded many of them by telling them numerous family odd business secrets of theirs which he had had no possible means of becoming acquainted with. The physician said Woodward was suffering from hysteria, and that he had been rebuffed with a strong mustard when he returned to his boarding house. Blake got him to go to bed, and sent for a physician. People called to see Woodward, and he astounded many of them by telling them numerous family odd business secrets of theirs which he had had no possible means of becoming acquainted with. The physician said Woodward was suffering from hysteria, and that he had been rebuffed with a strong mustard when he returned to his boarding house. Blake got him to go to bed, and sent for a physician. 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