No Sunset To-Night.

No sunset to-night, no glory
Is over the pallor of snow;
Dark is the heaven above us,
And dark is the earth below.
No sunset to-night, no tinting
Of purple or pink, or gold;
The day dies sadly in shadow,
And the night comes dark and cold.

Sunshine to-morrow morning! Sunshine
Will brighten the eastern sky;
The birds will tell us at dawning
As they go twittering by.
The pallor of snow will vanish,
And the dark clouds drift away;
The grass is under the snow drifts,
And the blue sky under the gray.

No sunset to-night in the household,
The hearth-stone is dreary and still;
There is something the matter with father,
And mother is weary and ill.
No playing to-night in the parlor,
No story, no laughter, no song,
And the little ones go to their sleep
With a feeling of sorrow and wrong.

But to-morrow when shadows lengthen,
The hearth will be ruddy and light;
Children will climb on the father's knee,
And the mother be well and bright;
And the sun o'er the little household
Go down in the glory and bless
Of laughter, and story, and music,
Of a father's and mother's kiss.

And my heart has oft mournfully said
"In my life no sunset to-night;
Gray is the sky and horizon,
Clouds piling to left and to right;
Gone are the purple and amber tints,
The shimmer of pink and of gold:
My day has been all in the shadow,
And my night cometh dark and cold."

Then, low! in the morning new glory,
New beauty of earth and of sky,
New hope in my love and my duty,
As the lark sings gladly on high:
"Shadows last only a night-time;
Like a happy bird, sing them away;
For after the night comes the dawning,
And the blue sky is under the gray."

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS,

OR

The People Loved Her Much.

He is ready to be profuse in his apologies for having missed his appointment with her at his club, and though he thinks it singular that she should not have attended to his request and followed him to Mrs. St. John's, still, as matters have gone, he is rather glad than otherwise that she has not done so.

"Clever as she is, she is such a dear, unsuspicious, good-natured creature that I needn't fear her pressing any home inquiries that may lead to unpleasant disclosures upon me," he thinks, as he turns into the Grosvenor. But in spite of his unbelief in his own words, he experiences a startling revulsion of feeling when he catches the first glimpse of my lady's face, and hears her first words:

"So! you have been to that woman, without me! You have been listening to her sneaking insinuations and malevolent renderings of the reason why we parted, have you?" she begins, in a voice of such concentrated fury that Lord Killeen almost feels for a moment as if he were guilty of that which she is charging him.

"I went to Mrs. St. John's because she wrote to ask me to see her, and because I imagined that you and she were friends," he says, injudiciously, for by his last words he admits the fact of knowing now that they are not.

"Friends!" she repeats, in a voice of unutterable scorn; and in her wrath she is very picturesque and handsome. "Whatever I may be, whatever that woman may try to make me out to be, I am not so mean and false a thing as she is; I would not send for *her* bridegroom—if she had trapped a man into marrying her—in order to poison his mind against her."

"She has failed—I mean, she can never succeed in poisoning my mind against you, darling," he says pacifically, for their room is on a fully occupied corridor, and he has no idea of the thickness of the walls. At all times Lady Killeen's voice is a loud, clear, penetrating, bell-like organ, but when raised in wrath she could be heard from one side of Stonehenge to the other.

"She has failed, you say! Then she has tried—the cat!"

"That is quite unworthy of you," he says, in a tone of tender remonstrance. "Why irritate yourself and distress me about anything Mrs. St. John may possibly say?"

"Because what she has said will rankle in your mind; because, if I am stabbed in the back I will turn upon my assailant while I have life; because in sending for you she has challenged me to a duel, and—I mean to accept her challenge, one of us must fall."

"It shall not be you, my wife!" he says gallantly.

"Pooh! nonsense! You don't know what you are talking about if you think you can meet and refute that woman's insidious attacks. Did she tell you why we parted?"

"I'm sure I forget," he says with unaffected indifference, for he regards all this as a tempest in a teacup.

"Forget! you are a worthy ally truly if you 'forget' an insult that is offered to me," she says, sarcastically, for her ungovernable temper—that temper which has been the bane and curse of her life—is in arms now, and she does not care for consequences.

"Perhaps we had better close the subject with this assurance from me, that Mrs. St. John has not said anything against you, and that if she had done so, it would not have made the slightest impression."

"Are you really so pachydermatous? are you so callous to my honor and happiness?" she cries, misunderstanding him in her rage, and construing his indifference to evil report of her into indifference to herself.

"You are misinterpreting what I say wilfully."

"Oh! you are the slave of that woman's ingratiating, fawning manner. She always said she could, would, and did guide you," Lady Killeen cries, almost beside herself with passion now. "Why did I not leave you to become her tool? why did I link my lot with a coward who lacks the courage to defend his wife against a false attack, or to accuse her if he believes the attack to be justified."

"Why did I link myself with such an utterly unreasonable woman?" he says, coolly taking up a newspaper. Her repulsion of his friendly advances and explanations, the distorted view which she will persist in taking of his conduct in the affair, has worn out his patience at last.

He is entirely unprepared for what follows, or his patience would stand a little further strain upon it.

As he picks up the paper he leans back in his chair, and the large sheet of the *Times*, lifted up to his reading level, intercepts the view of which he is rapidly tiring—namely, that of his infuriated wife.

Suddenly the paper is snatched from his hands, and there before him stands Lady Killeen, her whole form quivering with passion, her face white and distorted with such rage and suffering as will stamp themselves indelibly upon his mind and vision, and in her hand a knife which she has caught up from the luncheon-table.

"You shall not scorn me so!" she shrieks. "You shall suffer for it," and she lifts the knife high into the air, hesitating for a moment whether she shall plunge it into his heart or her own.

At this moment the door is thrown open by one of the servants of the hotel, and as Darragh walks into the room, Lady Killeen turns her head with a gurgling cry, in which there is pitiful despair; and as she falls backward on the floor the knife is wrested from an epileptic woman's hand.

"Her ladyship is taken unaccountably ill," Lord Killeen says, hurriedly, to the servant; "fetch a doctor—the best—at once; Darragh, bless you for coming—even to this."

Poor fellow! the veil has been rudely rent from before his eyes already.

It seems to Darragh that it is her vocation to witness ghastly scenes, and to minister to the suffering now. She takes her place in the chamber of insensibility, and carries out the doctor's instructions with regard to the unconscious sufferer as naturally as if she and Lady Killeen were fond friends and she (Darragh) had trained for a hospital nurse.

In mercy (as Lord Killeen feels it to be) the Irish girl refrains from asking a single question, or hazarding a single suggestion. The illness with which her cousin's unfortunate wife has been so suddenly smitten claims all her sympathy, care, and attention, and it receives that which it claims. There is a sense of comfort and security to Lord Killeen in the way in which his cousin takes off her bonnet, and proceeds to make herself useful, without fuss or conjecture.

"Do you think this will last long? do you think she will get over it?" he whispers to Darragh, as together they stand by the side of the bed on which the form of Lady Killeen is being wracked and tortured by one of those convulsions which the doctor has assured them "are more painful to the witnesses than to the patient."

"I don't know Killeen, it's a new illness to me; over-excitement brings it on, Dr. Gordon says, and your—my poor cousin, has been terribly over-excited of late you know."

"Terribly," he says, tersely, but he thanks her with a look for the way in which she has accorded kinship to Lady Killeen.

"I shall stay and watch her; she will want some one with her when she comes out of this state of coma; it is better that some one should be a relation and a friend, isn't it?"

"My dear Darragh!" he says, with emotion, and he can say no more.

"So you must send a line to Mrs. Thorne for me, asking for some things to be sent to me, and saying why I'm staying. How beautiful she is, Killeen," she continues, bending down over the pillow on which the white face reposes peacefully again. "How we will both guard her against doing anything to bring on another attack, won't we?"

He bows his head in assent. Darragh's words, unintentionally as they are uttered, fill him with remorse. If he had not obeyed Mrs. St. John's mandate to call on her—if he had only given his wife some ampler assurance than he had succeeded in giving her that she was unshaken on the pedestal on which he has placed her, this dread thing, this fit that is like a fierce tiger, would not have assailed her. As it is, he is too thoroughly frightened and shaken to feel confidence of being able to protect her properly in the future. So there is little besides grateful humiliation in the tone in which he says—

"You will be her best friend, Darragh, and she will trust you and let you help her," from which remark, independently of the evidence of the uplifted knife, Darragh infers that it has not been all smooth sailing since the lately married pair embarked on life's ocean together.

But Darragh has the discretion which is born of delicate feeling and kind-heartedness, and so she neither asks nor looks a question. Her weary, anxious watch lasts without intermission for many hours. It is dark night when Lady Killeen recovers consciousness. A night-light dimly illuminates the room. With a few quiet words Darragh draws near to the side of the bed, accounting for her own presence here in an easy, natural way that almost persuades Lady Killeen "to believe that there has been no collusion" for a moment or two.

But the warped nature has been tricked and warred upon indirectly so often that it cannot all at once take up its disused habit of faith and trust. Even in the clear light of such a face as Darragh's Lady Killeen will see darkly for a time

"I came to call just as you fainted, and being your cousin, you know, I thought you would rather have me for your nurse than any one else," Miss Thynne says, soothingly, laying her hand on the broad, beautiful brow that is bent upon her so sternly.

"It was well done to steal upon me unawares and take me at my worst; it was arranged between you and your *cousin* that you should come in and see his wife behaving like a madwoman when he had maddened her! It was nobly planned——"

Words fail her, and she falls back upon the pillow, weeping terribly, for her physical strength is spent, and hate and suspicion are flying out.

Then she proceeds to catechise Darragh strictly and eagerly as to how she "really does look;" and whether a touch of color, "a bow of pink or crimson, wouldn't be an improvement fastening the lace under her chin," and as Darragh fails to find the required ribbon in a drawer full of gorgeous litter, Lady Killeen begins to sigh for "Millar" again, and to feel herself bereft of congenial society.

She has apparently quite recovered her normal good temper and light-heartedness, and as her strength returns, she seems to have cast aside all embarrassing memories of that fit of rage or madness which seemed likely to have such a tragical termination when Darragh entered the room and saw the knife being balanced impartially between Lady Killeen and her husband. But with her good temper and light-heartedness has come back her insatiable craving for excitement and change.

"How tired you must be after sitting up all night. I wish you'd go and rest now, and send Millar to me," she says to Darragh, and the latter has no excuse for not obeying her.

"Give me a kiss," Lady Killeen exclaims impulsively, as Darragh is going away, then with one arm round the girl's neck she goes on—

"When I get put out as—as I was put out yesterday by something you know nothing about, I lose my head for a time, and then I believe I say horrible things to people, no matter whether I am fond of them or not. If I've said anything cruel to you forgive me, I have not meant it *for you*."

Darragh accorded her a free and perfect forgiveness.

"That's right!" the woman who is ailing in body and mind says quickly, bending forward to catch a glimpse of her own picturesque charms in the cheval glass at the end of the room. "That's right! and now go and send Millar to me."

"You'll see Arthur first?"

"No, I won't; when Millar has held up my new dresses for me to look at I shall be in a better mood for Killeen; but you'll stay and be nice and kind to him till I'm ready, won't you? I'm not laying a trap for you, I'm not indeed," she continues, starting up again.

"Laying a trap!" Darragh repeats, in bewilderment.

"Why, yes; don't you see? Some women would be mean enough to ask you to stay, and then wicked enough to make out that you had stayed for the sake of the man to whom you had once been engaged; don't you understand?"

"I don't think I do, quite," Darragh says. Then she frees herself from Lady Killeen's caressing arm, and goes in search of Millar.

"It's like missus to want to drag me up when I'm having the first refreshing sleep I've had for hours," that functionary grumbles when Darragh arouses her. "As for you, Miss Thynne, I pity you for having been with her through all her tantrums, for I know what she is when she's coming out of them fits; she hasn't a good word to say to any one."

"She has said several good words of you, at any rate," Darragh says, quietly, "and as she wants you very much, I hope you'll get up and go to her."

"I pity my lord," Millar snaps.

"Oh! I hope he will soon be better and stronger," Darragh says, heartily, purposely misunderstanding the cause which had elicited this pity. "Call him when you're dressed, Millar, it will be such a relief to him, poor fellow, to know his wife is better."

"Are you going, miss?"

"Yes, but I shall come back," Darragh says. Then she goes away, and peering out of a window Millar sees a waiter putting Miss Thynne into a cab. "I'm so used to my lady, it's hard for *me* to judge whether any other woman is more angel or devil," she says, meditatively.

When Lord Killeen, summoned by Millar, does visit his wife this morning he finds that lady in a bright gay humor that perplexes him. She is lying on a sofa in a tea-gown of young sycamore-leafed satin, trimmed deeply with Valenciennes lace. Her complexion is pale, full of pearly reflections, which Darragh's untutored hand had failed to put there, and on a table by her side are all the daily papers.

The recollection of how they parted on the previous day flashes into his mind as he sees her, but in a moment she dispels the unpleasant memory.

"I have been so impatient for you to come to me ever since Darragh left," she says, stretching out a jewelled hand and smiling very sweetly. "While Darragh was here—she is so kind, so perfect—I didn't want you."

The soft clasp of her hand and the beaming affection in her well-trained eyes as she says this do away with the unflattering suggestion her words might otherwise convey.

At least they do away with it in Lord Killeen's estimation, but not in Millar's.

According to her view of the case, Millar has borne the brunt of the situation, and been the one to make it practically pleasant to Lady Killeen this morning. What Miss Thynne may have done in the way of nursing in the night is nothing to Millar. She (Millar) has been the peg on which new dresses, fresh from White's and Worth's have been hung this morning, and she it is to whom this delicate pearly hue of youth and purity on Lady Killeen's cheeks is due. The soul of the sewing-woman is in arms as she reflects on these things, and it is with a touch of unusual asperity in her tone that she says—

"I'm sure, my lady, if I'd known that you'd have preferred Miss Thynne to get you up, which you would naturally, she being so 'nice and kind,' I should have stayed in bed gladly, and got some of the rest which your illness broke up last night."

"You can go out of the room now, at once," Lady Killeen says, chillingly; and Millar drops a dress, in which broché velvet, cream-colored silk, and Mechlin lace meet in well-harmonized confusion, on the floor, as she abruptly retreats from the room.

"I hear I was *awful* last night when the attack came on?" Lady Killeen says, pathetically. She has made up her mind to forget all that she remembers having heard about or said of Mrs. St. John.

"No, no, not awful!" Lord Killeen says mendaciously. He knows now that he has made a bad bargain, but there is no need to give his knowledge to the world. Then he goes on, "You are much better now, you know, dear; you'll have to keep quiet and give up political excitement."

She laughs softly. It would almost please her better if he said—

"You are a tigress; you will always be ready to tear those who come athwart you. See! I cut your claws."

But he does not say this. On the contrary, he gives vent to ingratiating remarks, and suffers her to see that she will not be called to account for her rabid display of yesterday. This gives her the victor's feeling, and there are some women who cannot gain a victory without growing dangerous.

"The doctor says my whole nervous system has been overstrained, and Darragh backs him up and says I have need of the most perfect rest and quiet. I suppose they are right," she says, with an air of sudden prostration. Then with a well-conceived portrayal of curiosity she adds—

"What *was* it made me ill yesterday?"

"Nothing that I know of," he says, carelessly, for he is resolved to keep Mrs. St. John out of the controversy if possible. But Lady Killeen is more than a match for him.

"Surely I remember. Yes: I *do*," she says, putting her hand up to her forehead. "I was hurt—my feelings were tried by hearing that one whom I had believed in as a friend had been cruelly aspersing me to *you*."

"She did nothing of the kind, because I wouldn't let her," Lord Killeen says, vehemently, for he does not desire a second edition of yesterday. Then his wife, who is perfectly mistress of herself now, and aware that in a masterly inactivity she will find the most perfect safety, beams upon him rewardingly, and asks him to promise her that he will never go near that "restless, ambitious Mrs. St. John again."

"Your hands in mine, your head on my shoulder," Darragh says.

"I have no desire to embrace a serpent—it may crush me to death in its affected affection," Lady Killeen says, struggling as well as her weakness will permit, to push Darragh away from her.

"You're dreaming still; it is I—Darragh," Miss Thynne says, soothingly. She will not even allow herself to be astonished, far less annoyed, at the extraordinary tone which this woman, whom she has been tending with the tenderness of a sister and the skill of a physician for several hours, is adopting toward her.

"I know it is you, Darragh," Lady Killeen answers. There is something sneering as well as fierce in her tone, and Darragh involuntarily shrinks away from it.

"Don't pretend to shrink from me as if I were a mad woman," Lady Killeen cries. "I *know* that is what you will tell people now, as you timed your entrance so cleverly—just as I was getting ill; it was planned between you and your cousin—your old lover—to give him a handle against me. Confess that it was."

She grips Darragh's wrist as she speaks, but neither the pain she inflicts with her nervous, clinched fingers nor the insult which her words convey have the power to discompose Darragh.

"I should be mad myself to think you so," she says, cheerfully; "but I know you have been very ill, and I want you to keep quiet and get strong, and then have Arthur in and relieve his anxiety about you. Poor Arthur was so frightened about you when you fainted."

"I know what I was doing before I—'fainted,' as you call it," Lady Killeen says, with a smile and a cunning glare in her eyes that would almost warrant the suspicion that madness and herself are allied.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LADY KILLEEN REMEMBERS—AND FORGETS.

"Well, we won't speak of it now," Darragh replies with invincible good humor. "I am your nurse—please to remember that, and as I want to get my patient up and out as soon as possible, I must get her to eat something."

"Eat! I shall never eat anything again," Lady Killeen says rather wearily, falling back upon the pillow. "How cruel people are! How cruel Nature is!" she goes on, and tears welling into her eyes as she speaks seems to attest the truth of her assertion. "These awful illnesses of mine!" she adds, piteously. "No one knows what I suffer before they come on, and when I'm recovering. I am sore and bruised in body and broken in mind, and every one is looking out for flaws in my conduct to punish me for being punished by Nature already."

"Let Arthur come to you now!" Darragh pleads, taking advantage of the lapse into the softer mood. But Lady Killeen turns stubborn instantly.

"By 'Arthur' you mean Lord Killeen, I suppose He has never been Arthur to me, you must remember."

"I mean your husband of course," Darragh says. The girl's patience is being sorely tried by this fractiousness but she maintains the appearance of it still, for who will stand by this woman with the twist in her mind if she (Darragh) refuses to do so?

There is silence for a few minutes. Then Lady Killeen puts a hand out, and gropes for something on the little table by the side of the bed.

"My powder-box and puff, where are they?" she asks peevishly; "it is my strict order that they are put here every night. Where are they? Where is Millar, my maid?"

"Millar went to bed, and is probably asleep now; let me help you——"

"No, no—you won't know where to find the lace for my head, and if you find it you won't know how to pin it on," Lady Killeen says eagerly, half rising in the excitement of these toilet questions from her recumbent position among the downy pillows; "besides, can *you* put on powder properly? I don't believe it!"

"You can tell me and I'll try," Darragh says, laughing. She does not feel called upon to lecture this poor, weak, suffering woman for frivolity, for Darragh has a heart to feel for those things below the surface which her clear eyes discern.

This acquiescence in her scheme of making herself up for the coming interview with her husband has a most softening influence on Lady Killeen. She lies back contentedly while Darragh bathes the beautiful pain-lined face, and brushes out the silky lengths of soft golden brown hair. But when it comes to improving her complexion, and adjusting the lace which is to soften it, Lady Killeen grows restive.

"One grain too much, and it would make me look like a painted Jezebel," she says, taking the powder-box—an egg-shell in silver—from Darragh's hands. Then she feebly applies it with fingers that tremble, and so fail to do their work perfectly according to her artistic eyes and sense of the fit application of powder.

"Bah!" she exclaims in disgust, as she views the effect of her work in a hand-glass; "it's this glaring morning light that ruins me. No woman ought to show herself till twelve o'clock in the day, unless she is a milkmaid."

"Or at least, not until something approaching to success in the literay career of which she is so proud has taken the venom out of her," she adds; and for the sake of sweet peace he promises.

"And in return for this I'll be very friendly with your cousin Darragh. I'll take her up," Lady Killeen says, generously. And as she says this Killeen realizes "how very funny all this would be if her ladyship were some other fellow's wife, and Darragh some other man's cousin."

Yet in spite of this conviction he passes a very pleasant hour by the side of his wife's sofa. For she is on her metal to amuse him, and not only to amuse him passably well in the present, but to make him forget whatever has been unpleasant in the immediate past. And being on her metal with her war-paint on, she succeeds admirably well.

Moreover, whenever she sees that he grows weary of these topics, she reverts to Darragh, and praises her, and Lord Killeen, though he is not in love with Darragh now, he *has* been in love with her, and is proud of her as one of the finest branches of the family tree. On her praises he is right glad to linger. There is safety in the topic, he thinks, and already Lord Killeen is beginning to think it well to look out for safe topics when discoursing with his wife.

But presently Millar, still aggrieved, and consequently very querulous, comes in after knocking at the door in a way that is at once a warning and a shock.

"Beg pardon, my lady!" she says, with ghastly distinctness, "but you're quite out of that 'number two' yellow powder, and every other kind blotches your skin. Shall I order some more of 'number two' at once?"

"No, thank you," Lady Killeen says, with still more ghastly suavity; "my new maid shall order in whatever I may want when you are gone, and you will please to take a month's wages and go before twelve o'clock to-morrow."

For a moment or two the woman is staggered at *this* being the result of her impertinence. She had merely designed to get the whip hand of her mistress; and lo! in some unaccountable way her mistress has turned the tables upon her. She resolves to kick while she can, though, and so she says—

"If expense is an object to you, my lady, if my being here costs more than you find it convenient to pay—and I know that's the case with you very often—I can go at once or pay for my own room"

Lord Killeen rises and rings the bell furiously, but before it can be answered Lady Killeen says, soothingly—

"Hush! Never mind her insolent tongue; all servants are insolent when they have nothing more to get from one—not even a character—and Millar knows that I shall not out of mercy give her as false a one as I got with her. You may go," she adds, turning with a royal gesture of disdainful indifference from the eager faced, angry mannered woman who has passed those limits of rage within which self-control is possible.

"You may go—I will tell the clerk in the hall to pay your wages; but let me caution you to behave properly if you choose to remain here another night."

"That's what you find so difficult to do yourself, my lady," the woman says, with a spiteful sniff, and a lively recollection of having many valuables in her possession which appear to have passed away from their owner's—her mistress's—memory.

(To be continued.)

SELECT

A Scientific Description of the Difference Between the Two Forces.

Prof. Hughes has recently advanced views about magnetism, which, if accepted, will largely modify the position which science assigns to this property. He asserts that where there is no apparent magnetism, or the magnetism is neutral, there is not, as had been supposed, an indifferent turning of the molecules in all directions, with consequent balancing of influence; but, on the contrary, there is a perfect symmetrical arrangement, the molecules (or their polarities) arranging themselves so as to satisfy their mutual attraction by the shortest path, and thus form a complete closed circuit of attraction. When magnetism becomes evident, the molecules (or their polarities) have all rotated symmetrically in a given direction, but the symmetry of arrangement is such that the circles of attraction are not completed except through an external armature joining both poles. Again, he shows that we have permanent magnetism when the molecular rigidity retains the molecules or their polarities in a given direction, and transient magnetism whenever the molecules are comparatively free. Prof. Hughes also shows that the inherent polarity or magnetism of each molecule is like gravity, a constant quantity, which can neither be generated nor augmented, nor diminished nor destroyed. Neither can magnetism be changed to any other form of force or property of matter. It must be, therefore, dissociated from electricity, as certainly as gravitation must be dissociated from heat and light. Electricity may be generated by magnetism, just as light and heat (as in the case of the sun) may be generated by gravitation; but electricity is not a form of magnetism, any more than heat or light is a form of gravity.—*Contemporary Review.*

Sojourner Truth's Logic.

Sojourner Truth's most remarkable speeches are being recalled now that she is dead. In 1851, at Akron, O., when she was 80 years old, in the course of a speech at a woman's rights convention, she shouted: "Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it?" ("Intellect," whispered some one near). "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid womin's rights or nigger's rights. If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half measure full! Den dat little man in black dar—he says womin can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wa'n't a womin! Whar did your Christ come from? Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do wid him!"

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

SIRS,—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER.

"Emile," asks the teacher, "which animal attaches itself the most to man?" Emile, after some reflection, "The leech, sir."

Formerly the Bishops of France had the right to nominate the midwives. Now any young woman can become sage femme qualified for admission to the Hospital College