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A Song for the Baby.

Away the bauble and the bib,
Smooth out the pillows in the crib,
Softly on the down
Lay the baby's crown,
Warm around its feet
Tuck the little sheet—
Snug as a pea in a pod.
With a yawn and a gap,
And a dreamy little nap,
We will go, we will go,
To the Landy-andy-pandy
Noddy-oddy-poddy,
To the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

In the shadow maker's tent,
In the twilight's soft descent,
We'll lie down to dreams
Of milk in flowing streams;
And the shadow maker's baby
Will lie down with us, may be,
On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod.
In a drowse and a doze,
All asleep from head to toes,
We will lie, we will lie,
To the Landy-andy pandy
Noddy-oddy-poddy,
In the Landy-andy-pand
Of the Noddy-pod.

S SACRIFICE:

OR,

For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED).

"I am glad he is gone," said herself, when the trees had hid-him from sight. "He is so very tire-with his talk about Boston and his his relatives, his friends, his horses; boys at that age are very apt to stical."

Gathering up her flowers and ferns she be-arrange and sort them, not taking consideration the fact that the boy in was nearly four years older than

A few moments she felt rested, and up, began to hunt for little delicate singing half-aloud, and half to her-as the birds sing, from sheer

Wandering also aimlessly through heard the sound of the sweet and because he had nothing and having a faint curiosity to the singer was, he followed the of the voice as it came to him the trees. Louie could not tell ex-it happened, but in clambering her foot was caught in a cre-tried to dislodge it, failed, slip-the smooth rock and fell heavily, wrenching and spraining her

A cry of pain broke involuntarily lips. Bending foreward she tried her small foot out of the crack in which it had slipped, tried, vain.

"Can I not do something to assist you?" a violent start Louie looked up; reassured her: the young man beside her was a gentleman—of there was not the slightest doubt.

was a very handsome gentleman too. chestnut-brown hair lay soft and wavy white, well-shaped forehead, the shaded a mouth which been effeminately beautiful but firmness of the chin, and the eyes fixed anxiously upon Louie were expressive, deep gray ones: in figure tall and well built, with a certain grace about him which made his dress suit seem better and finer than It was only a travelling suit, could have gone into a parlor with and would have looked better than men in their dress suits.

"I am afraid you have hurt yourself," he gently.

"I am afraid so too," answered Louie, to smile, though the cruel pain was all the color out of her face. "I caught my foot—see, and I cannot it out."

knelt down and tried as she had done dislodge it, but tender as he was, the gentle touch hurt her so that she

"I cannot bear that."

"It is so swollen I could not pull it out hurting you terribly," he said. "I take off your shoe—cut it off if needs

"This was a very embarrassing position to be in. Louie's white face flushed pain-but there was no help for it. She as well as he did that her foot was every instant, that it must be out of the crevice; which had proved cruel as any trap.

"Treated the matter just as though it an every day occurence to find a young lady with her foot caught in and his manner helped her through very awkward predicament. Unbut-the tiny buttoned boot, he managed it off. Then taking the little stock-foot in his hands, he pulled it sud-

Hurt her terribly, two great tears drop-from the long lashes and rolled over the face blanched with pain; and look-pityingly into the sweet face with its eyes and quivering lips, an almost controllable impulse rose within the hand-stranger to take the little figure in his and kiss away the tears, as he could, would have done to a child. But he re-himself.

"You have been very brave," he said, "And now I will tell you name. It is Evringham, Percy Evring-

CHAPTER XXII.

Percy Evringham. Clearly and distinct-the fatal name fell upon Louie Anthon's and she heard it calmly and all unmov-The fair young face did not blanch with horror, no look of quick anguish into the sweet eyes. The name held terrible significance for her, the men-it did not awaken bitter memories, heard it now for the first time—it was as the name of any stranger would been. She had never heard the story her father's brother's sin. It was best, Muriel had thought, that she should not the stain that darkened the Anthon name; so Louie had grown to womanhood unconscious of the sorrow and shame had laid her grandparents on her fa-side in their graves.

She knew that her father once had a bro-a brother who, before she was born, had died out on the plains of Mexico; but of the life that brother had led she knew nothing.

"And mine is Louie Anthon," she said, looking up at him.

He heard the name as she had his, thinking only that it was a pretty name and one that suited the lovely patrician face. He had been kept in ignorance of his father's tragic death, he did not know how closely the Evringham and Anthon names had once been connected. He had been brought up by his grandparents, who idolized him, who life-labor it had been to keep sorrow and care ont of his life.

"Not until he has grown to manhood shall he know how his father died!" Howard Evringham had said, "for that knowledge would sadden and darken his life!"

But Percy had grown to manhood, and his grandfather still shrunk from telling him.

"Time enough," he said to himself; "the boy is happy now, care and pain will come soon enough, and I will let him enjoy life's sunshine while it is brightest."

"And now that we have introduced ourselves, let me thank you, Mr. Evringham for your assistance," said Louie, the color coming back into her face; for, though her wounded foot still throbbed painfully, the sharp agony had subsided since her new friend had succeeded in extricating it from the crevice in the rock.

"I am sure I don't know what I should have done without you," she continued, frankly, "for I seemed to be powerless to help myself, and I think in another moment I should have fainted from pain."

"I think so myself," he answered. "I am afraid, Miss Anthon, that your foot is badly hurt. Can you bear your weight upon it?"

"Oh, yes, I think so!" she said, confidently; but when she had risen from her rocky seat and attempted to take a step forward, she found, to her great dismay, that the sprained ankle and swollen foot refused to bear her weight.

"I do not know what I shall do," she murmured, helplessly, rather appaled by the situation. "How shall I ever get back to Schaffhausen?"

"You are stopping there?" he asked.

"Yes, we were all anxious to take the trip down the Rhine. I came abroad with some friends—a family of Brentwoods."

The handsome face brightened.

"The Brentwoods!" he exclaimed. "Mr. and Mrs. William Brentwood, of New York?"

"Yes, the very same," she answered. "Are you acquainted with them?"

"I met them two or three winters ago at Aiken, South Carolina," he said, "and I liked them so very much. I shall be very glad to meet them again."

"I am very glad you have met them," said Louie. "Ah, here comes my friend! How surprised he will be, Mr. Evringham, to see you here, and me in this predicament!"

The young Bostonian was certainly very much surprised—unpleasantly so, too—when, emerging from the bushes, his hands filled with ferns and wild flowers, he found the young lady, whom he considered the most charming creature he had ever met, and with whom he had already imagined himself deep in love, seated upon a rock, conversing easily with a stranger, who was—he was forced to acknowledge to himself—as graceful and as aristocratic looking as he was handsome.

"Where in the devil did he come from?" he muttered to himself, savagely, for it was anything but soothing and comfortable to know that while he had been clambering up slippery rocks for wild flowers, venturing into damp and marshy places for ferns, and altogether putting himself to an infinite amount of trouble and inconvenience merely for the sake of winning a smile from his fair companion, some one else had been sitting beside her in this romantic and picturesque spot, talking with her, positively sunning himself in her smiles.

Louie noticed the grave expression upon his face, and she smiled a little mischievously as she introduced the two gentlemen.

"I have never met Mr. Evringham before," said the Bostonian, stiffly.

"Neither did I until a few moments ago," said Louie, quietly. "Don't look so horrified, Mr. Wentworth; I met with quite a serious accident, and I do not know what I should have done without Mr. Evringham's timely assistance." And then she went on to relate the details of the casualty which had been the means of bringing Percy Evringham into her life.

"I am awfully sorry," said Mr. Wentworth, mournfully, wondering why fate had been so unkind to him as to allow the handsome stranger to have introduced himself in such a romantic and novel-like manner.

"I did not want to go and leave you here alone, Miss Anthon; I did not think it was safe. I am afraid Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood will never trust you with me again."

"Oh! Mr. Wentworth, it was no fault of yours," said Louie; "it was only my misfortune, or rather misstep. But the question is, how am I to get back to Schaffhausen?"

"I think with my assistance, that can be accompolished without any difficulty," said the Bostonian quickly.

"Mr. Evringham has already offered me his; I think with the help of both of you, I shall be able to get along, said Louie, and Percy Evringham thanked her with a grateful glance from his expressive eyes.

Between them both, she did get along very well, and at last they came up with the rest of the party, who were surprised and pained to hear of Louie's accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood recognized Mr. Evringham at once, and were glad to see him again; their manner showed plainly that they liked him, and Percy appreciated and was sincerely grateful for their warm and cordial greeting.

Like them, he was travelling down the Rhine. He had come abroad with some college friends of his, and, while they remained in Paris, he had left them and gone into Switzerland, resolving to see a little more of Europe than they seemed to care to see. To tell the truth, he had been rather disgusted with the actions and doings of his companions. They were all well-educated, well-born and bred men; but, out of the sight of friends and relatives, away from the restraining influences of home, they had given themselves up unreservedly to the deceits of the world, of the flesh, and the devil, and had conducted themselves in a manner which certainly did not speak very well for their moral and religious training.

Percy Evringham was not a saint by any means; the blood in his veins was hot, passionate, Southern blood; he was quick tempered, impulsive, apt to do his thinking after the deed was done; he had done a great many things in the twenty-three years of his life which he would have been very glad indeed to be able to forget, things which brought a flush of shame upon his face, when he thought of them. He had seen more of the world then many men twice his age; he had made friends of men older than himself. No, Percy Evringham's moral record was not a stainless one, yet he was a better man than most of the men in his set; no one but himself had ever suffered because of any act of his, no man or woman had ever endured sorrow or shame through him. Still, quick and impulsive as he was, he had too much self-respect, too much manly pride, to calmly allow himself to sink into depths of moral filth; and when he found that his friends had evidently forgotten that they had an higher purpose to accomplish in life than the gratification of their earthly desires, he told them that he was going to leave them for awhile, and leave them he did, though they begged him to remain with them. When Mr. Brentwood found that he was travelling in the same direction as they were he invited him to remain with his party, and Percy accepted the invitation! It seemed to him there could be nothing pleasanter on earth than the trip down the beautiful Rhine in company with Louie Anthon.

The condition of Louie's foot made it impossible for the Brentwood party to leave Schaffhausen for several days, but this was no very heavy cross to any of them. The Wentworths who had not the time to remain in the little town, went on their way, to the great sorrow of Louie's ardent admirer, who went away very sad and angry to think he must leave handsome Percy at Miss Anthon's side.

"I would be willing to bet that they will go home engaged to be married," he said to himself, moodily, and then he fell to wondering if ever, in the classic city of Boston, he should meet a young lady who would in any way compare with Louie Anthon.

"I know I never will," he groaned in spirit, as visions of sundry Beacon street maidens of his acquaintance rose coldly before him; "they are all so æsthetic and intellectual, and I can't bear æstheticism and intellectuality,"

Very quickly and pleasantly passed the sunshiny summer days spent at Schaffhausen. Certainly Percy Evringham proved a most agreeable travelling companion; in a day or two all feeling of strangeness had worn away, and he seemed like an intimate and long-known friend. Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood had always been very particular regarding the people with whom their daughter came in contact; having Louie Anthon in their charge made them, if anything still more particular, and handsome and agreeable as Percy Evringham was, he would not have been allowed to join the party had they not known who he was and all about him.

When two winters previous they had met him at Aiken, South Carolina, he had been stopping at one of the large hotels there with his grandparents — proud, stately, Howard Evringham and his sweet silver-haired wife, whose gentleness and loveliness of character had won Mrs. Brentwood's heart. So it was that neither Mr. Brentwood nor his wife had any fears with regard to the *bon camaraderie* which in such a short time sprang up between Percy, Aline, and Louie.

A casual observer, almost any one in fact, would have said Mr. Evringham preferred Miss Brentwood to Miss Anthon. He laughed and talked so gayly with Aline, they practiced all the latest waltz steps in the quaint little parlor of the inn, they played duets and sang together; but Percy's dark-gray eyes had not the tenderness in them when they rested upon Aline's beautiful dusky face that was in them when they fell upon Louie. But Aline did not notice it. A new light had come into her velvet eyes, a new look about her red mouth. Never had any gone-by summer seemed so beautiful as this one to Aline Brentwood, never had life seemed so fair and sweet, and she had not yet asked herself the reason.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Somebody once said to me: "If you want to know a person just travel in the same party with them, and in two weeks' time you will have a truer idea of that person's character than you could have gained in a whole year's social intercourse," and I have had occasion to realize the truth of that statement. Let a party of people travel together, and they are thrown into daily contact with each other, their interest for the time being are the same, they share the same experiences, and, as a natural consequence, formality, reserve and restraint are, to a great extent, put aside. They see each other as they really are, they act out unconsciously their true natures, and sometimes totally unsuspected qualities, good as well as bad, are brought to light.

Travelling has its unpleasant as well as its pleasant side. It has a tendency to bring out all the impatience and ill humor latent in any one's disposition.

It sounds very charming when your friend who has just returned from Europe describes his trip, tells of the places he has visited, the sights he saw, grows eloquent over the grandeur of the snow-crowned Alps, expatiates upon the beauty of Italian sunsets; but he does not speak, nor do you, the interested listener, think of the deathly seasickness during the voyage over and back, the headaches produced by too much sight-seeing, the aching-limbs which were the results of mountain climbing, the patience-trying endeavors to make the waiters understand, the wearisome ride in the diligences. All these are things which are speedily forgotten, but at the time they dealt heavy blows to patience and good temper.

By the time the Brentwood party reached Cologne they understood eaah other perfectly, knew all each other's little failings and weakness, and liked each other all the better because they did. Their companionship, close as it had been, had not discovered any glaring faults or disagreeable traits of character. Percy knew that easy-going as Mr. Brentwood was it aroused his wrath to have a waiter bring him a piece of tough, leathery, overdone meat, and then stand by solemnly and persistently declaring that it was "rare ros bief," that it disturbed lovely Mrs. Brentwood's equanimity to be obliged to sleep in a little, cramped, close room, and that both the young ladies, charming as they were, had little tempers of their own; and they, in their turn, were all perfectly well aware that handsome, graceful Percy was very quick-tempered and impulsive.

Not by word or deed did Percy Evringham betrayed to any one of the party—not even to the girl herself—that the feelings he entertained for Louie Anthon were deep and warmer than those of mere friendship, yet so it was, when he first had seen her, crouched on the rocks in the Rhine woods, her face white with pain, the tears she could not force back clinging to her long lashes, her lips quivering like those of a grieved child, a tenderness such as he had never felt before for any human being had risen in his heart—that tenderness was the forerunner of love.

He could scarcely realize it himself when he found it was so.

He had played at being in love a good many times, had handsome Percy, but no woman's face had ever held a charm for him that Louie Anthon's did, no woman's hand as it lay in his had ever quickened his pulse as did the slightest touch of Louie's little fingers. But he had no intention, as yet, of speaking his love. Percy was proud; he had always said he would never ask a woman to be his wife until he was quite sure what her answer would be, and he was not at all sure now as to what Louie's answer would be. He knew by the way she treated him, by the way the frank brown eyes met his, that as yet her feelings for him were only those of a warm and sincere friendship; but he fondly hoped and trusted that in time that friendship would give place to love; he had not a doubt but what it would; she liked him, there was no reason why she should not love him, he must try and be content to wait.

I dare say it was egotistical to him to think as he did, but then it was scarcely Percy Evringham's fault that he had come to think that the woman he should honor with his love, should be proud and happy to accept it. His gentle grandmother had almost succeeded in spoiling him, women had petted him ever since his babyhood, and it was a perfect wonder thit he was not ten times more egotistical that he really was.

He very soon discovered that he could not devote himself to Louie as he would have liked to do, without betraying himself; he could not give himself up to perilously sweet conversations with her, because he knew he was not strong enough to keep the love in his heart from rushing to his lips; so it came about that he talked more with Aline Brentwood than he did with her, never dreaming that beautiful, proud Aline had for him the same feelings that he felt for Louie, for so it was.

It was love that had brought the new light into Aline's eyes, the new look about her lips, that made this summer seem brighter, and sunnier than any that had gone before, that made life seem so fair and sweet to her—love for Percy Evringham.

About a year previous an old friend of Mr. Brentwood's had made him a visit, and had seen Aline for the first time since she was a little girl. He was a grave thoughtful man, one who had seen much of the world, and who had made a study of men and women; and reading the passion in Aline's eyes and mouth, he had quietly said to Mr. Brentwood, "Take care to whom your daughter gives her heart; love will be more to her than it is to many woman, it will either mane or mar her life."

And what was Aline's love to do for her—was it to make or mar her fair young life?

She had not asked herself whence came the brightness that had flashed so suddenly into her life, she had not looked into her own heart and seen who she already had enshrined there. She was dreaming a bright beautiful dream—ah, so many of us have dreamed those dreams, and the awakenings are always so bitterly hard and cruel.

Aline's awakening came in this wise. It was while they were in Cologne; they were wondering through the famous cathedral one morning, Louie had gone ahead with Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood, Percy and Aline were sauntering along together, pausing to look at the pictures, the painted windows, and to read the inscriptions on the monuments, talking earnestly, as they always talked, for though Percy had never thought of loving Aline, he admired her greatly; he liked to converse with her, to watch the color come and go in the beautiful face, the ever-varying expression of the lustrous eyes. Walking so slowly they lost sight of Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood and Louie, but as they entered one of the side chapels Aline saw them.

"There they are!" she exclaimed. "I thought we would find them here. Oh, Mr. Evringham," she said, impulsively, "doesn't Louie look lovely with that red light falling over her?"

With her small ungloved hands loosely clasped together, her head raised a little, Louie Anthon was standing before the monument of the archbishop of Cologne. The sunlight, streaming through a gorgeously painted window, fell full upon her, bathing face and figure in a flood of crimson light, turning the wavy gold brown hair into a mass of molten gold, tinging the pure complexion with rose; upon the lovely face rested an expression half dreamy, half reverent, the soft eyes had a far-away look in them as though their owner's thoughts were wandering far back into the past—no pictured Madonna's face was ever purer, sweeter, fairer.

Percy Evringham stood motionless, his eyes fastened upon her, while slowly there came over his face an expression made up of the deepest, tenderest, the most absorbing love. Suddenly Louie moved from the place where she had been standing—the spell was broken. With a quivering sigh he turned to his companion.

"Miss Brentwood, I think your friend is the most beautiful girl I ever met."

Something in the tones of the low voice made Aline look up at him quickly. She saw the look of love and tenderness upon his face, the light in his eyes. In an instant she had read his heart and her own—it was as though a lightning flash had revealed them both to her—he loved Louie, and she, Aline, loved him.

It came upon her so suddenly, that for a moment she was half stunned, unable to quite understand the misery that had come upon her. It seemed as though the earth had fallen from under her feet; as if the worth and brightness of life had gone out, leaving her in cold and darkness. She shivered, and clasped her hands so tightly together, that the stones in her rings wounded the delicate flesh, wondering if she could keep down the moan of pain that was forcing itself to her lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.

Waists.

Women, especially those of the upper classes, who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, lose after middle age (sometimes earlier) a considerable amount of their height. not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down, mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of stays, and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl that wears stays that press upon these muscles, and restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them from their natural duty of supporting the spine, indeed incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dummy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent, and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the piece of pipe that does duty for a human body picture to himself the waisted form and seamed skin. Most women, from long custom of wearing these stays, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of 20, intended by nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her stays are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches and two in shoulder-breadth. Her stays are not too tight, because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waists of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by stays. The form resulting from them are not slim, but a piece of pipe, and as inflexible. But while endeavoring to make clear the outrage upon practical good sense and sense of beauty, it is necessary to understand and admit the whole state of the case. A reason, if not a necessity, for some sort of corset may be found when the form is very redundant; this, however, cannot be with the very young and slight, but all that necessity could demand, and that practical good sense and fitness would concede, could be found in a strong elastic kind of jersey, sufficiently strong, and even stiff, under the bust to support it, and sufficiently elastic at the sides and back to injuae no organs and impede no functions. Even in the case of the young and slight an elastic bond under the false ribs would not be injurious, but perhaps the contrary, serving as a constant hint to keep the chest well forward and the shoulders back; but very stiff unyielding machines, crushing the ribs and destroying the fibre of muscle, will be fatal to health, to freedom of movement, and to beauty; it is scarcely too much to say that the wearing of such amounts to stupidity in those who do not know the consequences (for over and over again warning has been given) and to wickedness in those who do.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

How Good Country Roads Pay.

Very few persons take a correct view of the actual profit to farmers of good roads, or of how much they can afford to pay for them. Our daily telegrams from the West supply one hint. All along in Autumn, and not unfrequently during the winter, we can read between the lines of these dispatches that business is active, the markets brisk, everybody cheerful and hopeful in all departments of trade, manufactures, agriculture, etc., or the reverse of all this, according to the state of the country roads generally. It is a fact that in some years for months together, the whole traffic of the country, and the activity and prosperity of all classes, are largely diminished, and the losses incurred amouunt to very many millions of dollars, because the condition of the roads stops general intercourse, and practically prevents the marketing of grain and other crops at the proper season.

Another view. Take, for illustration, say the 700,000 farms in Illinois, Iowa, and Indiana. Suppose that, on the average, from one-half of them there are ten loads of grain and other products to be hauled to market, and of fuel to be brought back, a distance of ten miles on the average—we include only half the farms. Call the cost per load only $2 for man, team, and wear of vehicles, when the wagonning is good. If the prairie and other roads are soft, wet, and miry, only half a load can be taken—often the team can barely draw the empty waggon. If from the condition of the roads the number of loads must be doubled, the aggregate increased cost amounts to $7,000,000—or enough to make fourteen thousand miles of good roads at an average outlay of $500 on each mile.

Another illustration. Take a township of the regular size, six miles square. A road along each section, or square mile, east and west, or north and south, would require 36 miles. Suppose the town voted to expend $200 per mile on these roads, and that this sum would make them fairly available at all seasons. This, if paid down, would amount to $7,200, or 13½ cents per acre for the township. Will anyone question that with good roads, available at all seasons for marketing and bring home fuel, for town and church going and other travel, all the land in the region would be worth on the average at least one dollar an acre more, or three times the assessment? On a farm of 100 acres, the tax would be $31.25—not a third of the cost of an extra horse, to say nothing of his keeping. In fact, would it not pay well to expend $500 per mile on all the leading roads, amounting to $1 an acre? The annual interest on this would be but $6 or $7 for each 100 acre farm, and who would not pay that to have good roads always?—*American Agriculturist.*

Scene in a chemistry recitation: "Professor—Mr.——, please give the non-atomic list? Mr.—— Mercury, Cadmium, Zinc, and—and—(faint whisper from a fellow-student, "Barrium"). Mr.——, (triumphantly)—"Bay-rum."