

Growing Old.

Growing old! The pulser measure keeps its even tenor still; And head nor fall nor father, And the brain obeys the will; Only by the whitening tresses, And the deepening wrinkles told, Youth has passed away like vapor; Prime is gone, and I grow old.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONCLUDED)

But the first words I hear distinctly put that project out of my head at once and forever. "But this cannot go on"—I hear every word, sharp and clear. "She will begin to suspect something. Even yesterday on the island you saw how vexed she was—the child is not a fool, Erroll, though you seem to think she is."

in the middle of the long green alley, facing him, my hands clasped, my face deathly pale.

"Yes, I am here." "And I suppose," he says, looking at me while his own color changes—"I suppose you have been eavesdropping?" "Yes—if you choose to call it so."

They find me a few minutes later, Mrs. Rutherford having sent them all to search for me, alarmed by my non-appearance at luncheon. At first they think I am dead, but the Doctor, who is sent for immediately, pronounces it to be a fainting-fit only, probably brought on by the heat of the sun.

Mrs. Rutherford is exceedingly anxious that I should stay quietly in my own room there for the next day or two at least, promising that no one shall come near me but herself. But I will not have the carriage countermanded, and Mrs Rutherford is afraid to thwart me.

It is three months before I leave that bed again—during some of that time a great many people thought I should never leave it again alive. But youth and a good constitution pulled me through—that and the care those four good women bestowed on the graceless child who had defied them when she was strong and well.

They never grow weary, they are never impatient; they bear with me as my own might—they seem to me like angels, withered and old and homely as they are, when they bend over me through the long weary night-watches, putting cool bandages on my hot miserable forehead, lumps of cold delicious ice on my parched tongue.

If I get well, I will be good to them always—never laugh at them, never call them odd, or old, or ugly, never disobey them in thought or word or deed.

"This is some nice lemonade, dear. Won't you try to drink it?" Aunt Theodosia is bending over me. Aunt Ancheretta is standing at the foot of the bed, wiping her spectacles. Aunt Emily is crying silently near the fire.

air is warm, and I am well wrapped-up in the heavy white shawl aunt Anna has knitted for me. My lap is full of flowers, late roses, and stock and mignonette from aunt Theodosia's garden, which I am arranging into bouquets for the school-children to wear at some fete or other to-morrow.

"I certainly did not hear any good of myself—or of you." "Perhaps it was just as well that you did hear," he goes on, recovering his composure. "I for one am tired of this little game."

"We never liked her," aunt Ancheretta says gravely. "She was not a girl we could esteem. I do not wish to speak uncharitably of any one, but I always had an idea that she would not turn out well."

"He was another person of whom I had a poor opinion, though at one time we all thought he meant to turn over a new leaf and—marry a girl who would have pulled him up instead of dragging him down.

"Honour, rooted in dishonour, stood, Whose faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true."

It is aunt Theodosia who asks the question. And she asks it of me, looking at me over the edge of the wheelbarrow as she stoops to gather up the pile of weeds she has raked together on the garden walk.

Where the inner coat is thus destroyed, the weakened vessel, under the arterial pressure, may swell out into pouches (aneurisms), or may even burst.

Intemperate habits, violent exertions, gout, excessive anxiety and mental labor are some of its causes, and these also suggest the habits which tend to prevent the disease.

"I guessed he was coming here!" The words rouse me from my reverie. Ralph Rutherford has turned in at the low white gate—is riding up the avenue. At the door he dismounts from his horse; old Taylor takes the bridle.

and so constraining me to keep him company. "Lisle, have you ever wondered why I came to Osterbrook as often?"

"I have—sometimes." "And what reason did you give yourself?" "I thought you came to ask for me—at first, when I was ill."

"Lisle, could you ever care for me enough to marry me?" "I might—some day." "Lisle, my darling, do you care for me now?"

"But I cannot leave my aunts, Ralph." "You shall come to them every day, darling, as long as they live."

THE END.

Degeneration of the Arteries.

The arteries convey the blood from the heart to every part of the body. They are not passive tubes, but have a repulsive action of their own whereby they aid that of the heart.

One of their most frequent and serious diseases is a peculiar degeneration of their inner coat. It shows itself at first in thickened patches, causing a bulging toward the interior—the result of some inflammatory action.

These atheromatous changes may also cause softening of the brain, by merely retarding the flow of blood to it, and thus interfering with its nutrition, and may cause enlargement of the heart—the left ventricle—by the greater labor imposed on it.

This is the season when the mercury, as well as the students, takes degrees. "Captain, I am thinking of going to sea in a whaler. I would like to have your opinion on the step."

Young lady to physician—"Can't you give me something to take these horrid spots off my face?" Physician—"Why, let them remain. Spots are fashionable now."

Remarking on the Weather.

As I was passing over a stile, I and my sweetheart true together, Said he: "What think you, let me hear, Will be to-morrow's weather?"

I gazed up to the bright blue sky, The wind from the West was gently blowing; And, on the folds of waving rye, The mazy sun was warmly glowing.

I could not tell, indeed, not I; I said 'twas knowledge past my knowing; There might be rain, there might be shine, Or morrow's troubles past undoing;

He kissed my lips as these I stood; Alas what could I do for bleeding! Then cried I—"Oh, my pretty mood, You are most rudely crushing!"

The morrow brought his wealth of beams And shrouded them all the meadows o'er, And to my heart brought brighter gleams, For O, it brought to me my lover.

He kissed my lips; what could I do? And swore me love heart-trust forever; "Since shadows all so close pursue," Said he, "Now let my prayer unto, And let us haste the wedding o'er."

The Funny Man's Baby.

The funny man went to his desk to write. He had watch'd all day, he would write all night And finish his work, so he trimmed the light.

In the room adjoining his baby lay, And they said she was slowly passing away, And would die ere the light of another day.

It was hard to write with death so nigh, But he ground out jokes as the hours went by, And closed each page with a grief-born sigh.

His pen few fast and the hours went on, Till his night of toil was almost gone, And the east showed the first faint streaks of dawn.

Then he dropped his pen and raised his head, "Now the cartoon is finished," the funny man said, And the nurse, coming in, said, "The baby is dead!"

Righting An Old Wrong.

A singular proof of the old proverb, "Murder will out," is given in a suit before the English House of Peers for possession of the title and estates of the Barony of Lovat.

The famous Simon Fraser, when the Baron Lovat of that day died without issue, knew that the rightful heir was a hot-headed young cousin of his own, Alexander Fraser.

Simon then assumed the title of Lord Lovat, and took possession of the estates. The daughter of the late Lord Lovat, Amelia, was at the time on the eve of marriage with a young nobleman.

Simon then kidnapped the young lady himself, intending to make her his wife, but with the help of her maid, she escaped to the mountains.

For this outrage he was sentenced to death, a sentence which never was revoked; but his power and keen wit kept him safe during a long life, which he spent in perpetual treasonery.

At last he drove his son, a quiet, timid boy of nineteen, into the field, with the Pretender at the head of his clan, and made haste to complain of the lad to the Government, and to swear to his own fidelity.

Now, after two centuries, the heir of Alexander Fraser, the miner, whom he robbed of his title and estates, comes forward, to prove the guilt of the usurper and his own claim to the peerage. "Justice is slow," says the Arab proverb, "but more inexorable than death."

Any man who can umpire a base ball game and please both sides, has in him the main qualifications for a successful politician.