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Notes on Sleep. To literary men, preachers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, and brain-workers in general, the following hints are exceedingly worth attention:

The fact is, that as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more engrossing, short sleep and early rising become impossible.

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his chair. "I wish you would listen to reason," he said; "I am truly speaking for your own good."

"I know that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived; after seeing your sincere grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little step-sisters—your own children—never surpassing that you showed to me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives? I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to secure it."

"I sincerely hope so. If in the future you find I was right, remember I claim a father's right to comfort you, and this is a father's home to receive you."

"Too much moved by the old man's solemn tone to reply in words, Miriam pressed her lips upon the kind face that looked into her own."

"There, my dear," he said gently. "I have spoken as I felt it my duty to speak. Now we will write to Mr. Seymour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your finery ready and we will have a happy wedding. God bless you, Miriam."

Two hours later, Wilton Seymour came to put the engagement ring on Miriam's finger, to thank her for his promised happiness.

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus seeking for happiness abroad that could not be found at home, her husband's face grew daily paler and thinner and became more absorbed by business.

One year more had passed away, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together seemed to be drifting entirely apart. Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawing room waiting for the carriage that was to convey her to a large social gathering at a fashionable friend's.

She was dressed in costly lace over a rich silk, and every detail of her costume was faultless in finish, and of choicest quality. Her face was pale and her eyes very sad.

She looked up as the door opened, hoping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in her society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her step-father entered the room.

Miriam sprang forward with a glad smile. "But you are going out!" "Only to be rid of my loneliness and myself. I shall be happier here with you."

"Truly, Miriam! Will you treat me as your father to-night? I have come here upon a painful duty and delicate errand, and I want your confidence."

She was silent a moment, and then said, "You shall have it." "Great tears answered him. "Do you love society, dress and excitement better than you do Wilton?"

"No! no! A thousand times no!" "Could you give them all up for his sake?" "You have some motive for asking this?"

"I have, indeed. I love your husband, also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and to believe that you were right and I was wrong, when you trusted your life's happiness in his hands."

"But, father, some great change has come over Wilton. He seems absorbed in money-making." "One year ago your husband asked me to keep a secret from you, believing he was increasing your happiness by doing so. I consented, but I am now convinced that the secret is wrong. He has assumed a burden that is too heavy for him to bear, and you are more than you were a year ago."

DISAPPOINTED.

I thought, to-night, to see thy face. And mourn not for his sun gone down; But now the shadow is his place. Hugs on my cheated heart its frown.

I could not doubt that thy dear voice Would cheer me more than bird or lute— How with my heart to-night rejoice! With bird and string and voice all mute!

The breath of June upon my cheek I bore, impatient, for thy kiss; My fainting lips thy anguish speak, The sweetness of thy breath to miss.

Oh, why did thy sweet steps delay, Since bird and song and breeze are gone? Slighted for hope of thee the day! Without these night puts sackcloth on!

Were I away, thou shouldst not chide One heedless moment of delay; I seek my sunshine at thy side— Thy voice my song, thy smile my day.

Miriam Leslie was listening to a "word of advice" from her step-father, Mr. Palmer. She was a very beautiful woman of about twenty-two, with a face that was a rare combination of sweetness and strength.

"I have no power over your movements, Miriam," said the old gentleman kindly. "You are of age, and the wealth you inherited from your father is entirely under your own control; but I am afraid you are committing a grave error if you accept Wilton Seymour's offer. I am afraid he is a man to marry money."

"Why? I pass over the implied slight to my powers of attraction; but tell me why you think Mr. Seymour marries me for my money alone?" "I don't know that I mean that exactly. I know that you are young and beautiful and talented; but I think, if you had also been poor, you would not have had this offer."

"Again I ask, why do you think so?" "Wilton Seymour is one of that unfortunate class—a young man who has lived upon expectations. He has been educated and supported by an eccentric uncle, who was supposed to be enormously wealthy. Wilton has lived in complete idleness, passing through life with average credit; but that, moving in society, received everywhere as the heir to his uncle's money. Six months ago his uncle died, leaving his money—much less than was supposed—to a hospital. Wilton accepted the situation gracefully enough, applied for a position as clerk in the wholesale house of Myers & Co., and—counted a heiress."

"You are bitter. I believe Wilton Seymour to be an honorable, upright man, who loves me and who is trying to earn a support for himself, and who does not look upon my money either as a stimulus to his affection or an impediment in the way of it."

"I see you are determined to marry him. Well I will see that your money is settled on yourself." "I love my future husband too well to offer him an insult. My money will purchase him a junior partnership with Myers & Co."

"He has told you that?" "No, Mr. Myers informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pounds—only a small portion of my money. The remainder will still remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and control."

"This is sheer insanity! I never heard of such folly." Miriam's face grew very sweet as a look came into her soft brown eyes, of devotion and trust.

"If I am willing to trust myself, my whole future happiness in Wilton's hands, my money is of little consequence. If he cannot win my confidence sufficiently to control my fortune, do you think he can rule my love—myself?"

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his chair. "I wish you would listen to reason," he said; "I am truly speaking for your own good."

"I know that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived; after seeing your sincere grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little step-sisters—your own children—never surpassing that you showed to me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives? I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to secure it."

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"I am losing my husband's society and confidence." "You shall not complain of that again. I am breaking my promise, but you will soon understand my motive. A year ago the bank in which every grain of your private fortune was invested failed, and everything was lost. This house and the money Wilton had paid to secure his business position, were all that was left of your father's wealth."

"Convinced that luxury, society and extravagance were necessary for your happiness, Wilton implored me to keep it a secret from you, and braced himself for a tussle with fortune, resolved to gain by his own exertions what was swept away by the failure, before you could discover the loss. But, Miriam, he is overtaxing his strength; and you are becoming a butt for severe censure on your extravagance. My secret has burdened me too long, and you must now yourself be the judge of the right course to pursue."

Miriam was weeping, but her tears were not all bitter. She gave its full meed of gratitude to the love that would have shielded her from the knowledge of poverty and yet she could scarcely forgive the sacrifice of confidence in her own ability to be the sacrifice that the deceit implied.

THE DOVER AND CALAIS TUNNEL.

There seems at length to be a definite project proposed for the construction of a tunnel across the Straits of Dover, between England and France.

An Anglo-French committee has for some time past had the matter under consideration, with the object of inquiring into ways and means and of discovering the most practical method of accomplishing the work.

This body, among the members of which we find the names of Lord Richard Grosvenor, Mr. Thos. Brassey, M.P., Admiral Elliot, and Messrs. M.L.F. Shaw and Brunles, engineers in the English section, and of M.M. Chevalier, Paris, Talbot and other distinguished members of the French delegation have adopted a plan which calls for a tunnel open only at its ends, and without the intermediate establishment which has been proposed in the middle of the strait. Its length from the South Foreland, five miles east of Dover, to Capo Gris Nez, four miles west of Calais, will be about twenty-one miles, and it is estimated that with

four or five years. The estimated total expense is \$40,000,000, and the probable revenue to be desired, it is believed, will reach about \$4,000,000 per year. With regard to ventilation, the ordinary arrangements for making a draft as used in mines will be employed. One of the ends of the tunnel will be permanently open; the other will have to be opened to admit the passage of trains when necessary. Just within the doors, a large orifice will be opened to the summit of the vault of the tunnel and in communication with a fire. By the draft thus caused, the air will be constantly drawn in from the open end of the tunnel and hence continually renewed.

The demand for a concession proposed by the Anglo-French Commission, says *Les Mondes*, is now under public consideration at Arras, in the Pas de Calais, and it is believed that the execution of the project will before long be begun.

A Story of Waywardness. The Chicago *Times* tells a story of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a prominent financier of Cincinnati, who two years ago, graduated at a fashionable boarding school in Philadelphia. In the summer following she flirted at Saratoga, led the German at the Branch, sang in public at Rye Beach and was a very siren at West Point. After a time, however, she began to lose caste. Her genteel visitors fell off, and their absence was supplied by adventurers and disreputable soldiers of fortune.

The parlors of her elegant mansion that had glittered with beauty and chivalry and resounded to the sonatas of Mozart and Haydn, gave place to the cork opera, and after a time she secretly left her home and under a false name appeared upon the stage as a ballet girl. For a season she was oblivious to the view of the public, and her actions were being forgotten until one evening during the engagement of Lawrence Barrett in Chicago, she electrified a theatrical audience by appearing before the footlights in a subordinate part of the tragedy of "Julius Caesar."

Her friends endeavored to persuade her to return to her home, and her grief-stricken father offered to settle \$10,000 on her as soon as she renounced her wayward life. She refused to listen to these entreaties, however, and again she disappeared from view, and nothing more was heard of her until last week, when a Chicago policeman rescued her from a drunken brawl in which she was an active participant. Upon learning who she was, the girl's parents were promptly notified, and she will now be released from custody only on condition of returning to her family, who are still ready and willing to receive her.

At this season of the year, when so many of our people are suffering from colds, we call attention to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds, but all affections of the lungs and throat. Having used it in our family for many years, we can speak from personal knowledge of its efficiency. There may be other remedies that are good, but in all our experience this has proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant to take, and should be kept at command, by every family, as a protection against a class of complaints which seem harmless in the beginning, but become afflicting and dangerous if neglected.—*N. H. Register*.

Three Men in Niagara River.

Three men named A. Rose, Henry Von Wagnan, and Joseph Giroux, living in the vicinity of the works of the Niagara River Iron Company, went out upon the river some time before noon yesterday on a shooting excursion as is supposed. The party brought a sail boat into requisition, but had not been long upon the Niagara before the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. The men were thrown out, but managed to gain a footing on the ice, which was being rapidly borne down the river. At noon the three men were discovered on the ice nearly in front of the works already mentioned, and their pitiful cries for help attracted a great many people to the shore. The crowd were bewildered with terror, and found themselves absolutely powerless to render aid. The ice was running with relentless swiftness and the rescue of the men seemed to admit of no delay. The greatest excitement prevailed and the unfortunate trio were considered doomed. In this extremity a man was suddenly despatched from the Iron Works for the Grand Island Ferry tug Ada, and to the summons for help, Capt. Adam Hartman responded with alacrity. His boat had barely fuel for a mile's travel, and he could not have anticipated for her anything but a severe struggle with the swift current, the heavy ice and the gale that had set in, but he resolved upon prompt action and went as speedily as possible to the rescue. He pursued the men down the river, but before he could reach the floes upon which they drifted, one of the party, Joseph Giroux, fell into the angry waters and was seen no more. The other two were rescued a short distance this side of La Salle, and when taken off were badly frozen and completely exhausted. They could not have maintained their ground many minutes longer, and altogether they must have been for nearly three hours in the very face of death. The unfortunate Giroux leaves a wife to mourn his untimely taking off.—*Buffalo Courier*, Jan. 24.

The Romance of Reality. A widow of seventy years died in Portsmouth the other day, the truth of whose life was stranger than any fiction. At the age of eighteen she married the choice of her heart, a young sea captain, and after a brief and happy honeymoon, he let her for a foreign voyage. But his ship was never heard from, and doubts founded at sea, with all on

dressing for sea, on the morning he left home, playfully threw a pair of stockings backward over his head, to test some sailor's charm or other, and they chanced to land on the top of a canopy bedstead, he remarked,—"Sarah, let them stay there till I come back."

Any many and many a long year they have laid there, but, alas! he never returned. But neither love, nor hopes, nor expectations, ever died in her faithful heart during all the many years of her lonely pilgrimage. To the last, whenever a door opened, or a step was heard approaching, she turned to see if it might not be he whom she mourned and sought. But he never came again to her—let us hope, and trust that she has gone to him. By her desire she was buried in her wedding dress, with white gloves and wedding ring.

A Child's Memory. When a child is endowed with that most excellent thing—a good memory—common sense should teach his guardians or instructors that he must be restrained from overtaxing it; yet we read that a certain lad aged twelve years, repeated in Sunday school, without one blunder, five hundred and fifteen verses from the Bible. What makes the accomplishment of this fact the more remarkable is the fact that the poor child is usually employed during the day, and memorized these verses by the light of a fire built in his yard at night. It may also be mentioned that he has never attended any other than a Sunday school.

Now the question is this: What purpose does such a gigantic strain upon memory serve? The precocious boy probably repeats his lesson as a parrot might, without in the least understanding that which he recites; whereas, by thoroughly learning half a dozen verses he not only understands what he learns, but reserves a useful faculty for profitable uses.

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