The Man in the Moon. O, the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back

Whimm!

Ain't you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;

And bis eyes are so weak that they water and run,
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advis

If he u...
So he just dream...
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise To just dream of the stars as the doctors advise And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear,

Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;

Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know! And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee

Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his hee And his toos have ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south.
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all round his mouth.
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan;

Whing | Whann | What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkable marvellous man!
—J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Jour

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

"Hush! they are going in; we must wait a moment. Crystal is crying, and that kind creature is comforting her. We did not mean to listen, Raby; but it We was not safe to move away from the trees. "You heard what she said, Margaret— her ideal. Heaven bless her sweet innocence; she is as much a child as ever. I look like any woman's ideal now Margaret. I always think of those lines in Aurora Leigh, when I imagine myself

A mere bare blind stone in the blaze of day, A man, upon the outside of the earth, As dark as ten feet under, in the grave— Why that seemed hard.

And yet, she really said it; her ideal. Ah well! A woman's pity sometimes makes her mad. What do you say, Maggie?" "That you are, that you ever have been Crystal's ideal." And after that they walked

back in silence.
"You and I will go again to morrow morning," Raby said to her as they parted for the night; and Margaret Raby had a wakeful night, and slept

little heavily towards morning.

Margaret had already finished her breakfast when he entered the long dining room, and one of the black waiters guided him to his place. Raby wondered that she did not join him as usual to read his letters to him, and make plans for their visit; but a few minutes later she joined him in walking dress, and sat down beside

"Have you finished your breakfast. Raby?" and as he answered in the affirmative, she continued, with a little thrill of excitement in her sweet voice—"Miss Campion has gone down to the springs—I saw her pass alone. Crystal is writing letters in the parlor—I saw her. Shall we

come, my dear brother."

Need she have put the question. Even Charles, the head waiter, looked at Mr. Ferrers as he walked down the long room with his head erect. A grand-looking Englishman, he thought, and who would have imagined he was blind. Margaret could hardly keep up with the long strides that brought them so quickly to the corner at the gate she checked him

We must be quiet. Raby—very quietor she will hear our footsteps. She is sitting with her back to the parlor door—I can see her plainly. Tread on this grassy border." And as Raby followed her directions implicitly, restraining his impatience with difficulty, they were soon standing in the porch. The door stood open for coolness, and the little square hall, with its Indian matting and rocking-chairs, looked very inviting. Margaret whispered that parlor door was open too, and that they must not startle her too much ; and then still guiding him, she led him into the parlor and quietly called Crystal.

'We are here, dear Crystal." And as Crystal turned her head and saw Margaret's sweet, loving face, and Raby standing a little behind her, she sprung from her chair with a half-stifled scream. But before she with a half-stifled scream. could speak, or Margaret either, Raby was arms were round her, and his sightless face bent over her. "Hush, darling, I have you safely now; I will never let you go again," Margaret heard him say as she left the room, quietly closing the door behind her. Her turn would come presently, she said to herself; but now she must leave the m together.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RABY'S WIFE.

Yet, in one respect, Just one, beloved, I am in no wise changed I love you, loved you, loved you first and iss And love you on for ever, now I know I loved you always. E. B. Browning.

Crystal never moved as she heard the sound of the closing door. Only once she tried to cower away from him, but he would not release his hold; and as his strength and purpose made themselves felt, she stood there dumb and cold, until, suddenly overcome by his tenderness, she laid her head on his breast with a sob that seemed to shake her girlish frame.
"Raby, Raby! oh, I cannot bear this."

Then in a tone of anguish, "I do not deserve it." "No," he said, calmly, and tried to soothe

her with grave kisses; "you have been a faithless child, and deserve to be punished. How do you propose to make amends for all the sorrow you have caused me?" "Oh, if I could only die," she answered

bitterly; "if my death could only good. Raby, the trouble of it has nearly you must not good. Raby, the trouble of it has nearl killed me; you must not, you must no speak so kindly to me."

"Must I not, my darling; how does a man generally speak to his future wife?" and as she trembled and shrank from him, he went on in the same quiet voice, "if you are so ready to die for me, you will not surely refuse to live for me. Do you think you owe me nothing for all these years of sertion, Crystal; was there any reason that, because of that unhappy accident you should break my heart by your

"I could not stay," she answered, weeping bitterly; "I could not stay to see the ruin I had made. Oh, Raby, let me go, do not forgive me; I have been your curse, and Margaret's

"Then come back and be our blessing come back ir your beauty and youth to be eyes to the blind man, and to be his darling and delight. Crystal, I am wiser now—I shall make no more mistakes; indeed, I always loved you, dear; poor Mona was no

"You loved me, Raby?"

"Yee, most truly and deeply; but you were so young, my sweet; and I did not think it right to fetter your inexperienced youth—you were so unconscious of your own rare beauty; you had seen so few men. 'Let her go out into the world,' I said, 'and test her power and influence. I will not ask her to be my wife yet.' How could I know that you would never change, Crystal-that your heart was really

"It has always been yours," she murmured; but, alas! those sweet blushes were

lost on her blind lover. Yes, I know it now; Margaret has helped me to understand things. I know now, you poor child, that you looked upon

Mona as your rival; that you thought I was false to you; that in my ignorance I made you endure tortures. It is I who ought to ask your pardon, love, for all I made you

'No. no." "We must both be wiser for the future. Now put your hand in mine, Crystal, and tell me that you are content to take the for your husband, that the thought of a long life beside him does not frighten you; that you really love me well enough to be my wife;" and, as he turned his sightless face towards her, Crystal raised herself and kissed his blind eyes

softly.
"'She loved much,'" she whispered, " 'because much had been forgiven her." Oh, how true that is; I deserve only to be hated and you follow me across the world to ask me to be your wife. Your love has conquered, Raby; from this day your will shall be mine."

Miss Campion had passed a long morn ing at the springs, wandering about the grounds with an American friend. Crystal ould have finished her letter to Trafford long ago, she thought, as she down the hot road, and would be waiting for luncheon. She was not a little surprised then when, on reaching the cottage, she heard the sound of voices, and found herself confronting a very tall man in clerical dress, whose head eemed almost to touch the low ceiling, while a sweet-looking woman, in a long grey cloak and Quakerish bonnet, was standing holding Crystal's hand.

"Dear Miss Campion," exclaimed Crystal, with a vivid blush that seemed to give her new beauty, "some English friends of mine have just arrived. Mr. Ferrers and his sister." But Raby's deep voice inter-But Raby's deep voice inter

rupted her. Crystal is not introducing us properly she does not mention the fact that she is engaged to me, and that my sister is her cousin; so it is necessary for me to explain

"Is this true, child?" asked Miss Campion in a startled voice; and, as though Crystal's face were a sufficient answer, she continued archly, "do you mean that this is 'he,' Crystal—the ideal we were talking about last night in the moonlight.

"Oh, hush!" returned Crystal, much confused at this, for she knew by this time that there had been silent auditors to that girlish outburst. But Raby's hand pressed

hers meaningly.
"I am afraid that I must plead guilty to being that 'he,' Miss Campion. I believe, if the truth must be told, that Crystal has been engaged to me from a child. she was only nine years old when she made me an offer—at least she informed me in the presence of my father and sister that she meant to belong

to me."
"Oh, Margaret, do ask him to be quiet," whispered Crystal; but her glowirg, happy face showed no displeasure. Some-thing like tears glistened in Miss Campion's shrewd eyes as she Campion's shrewd eyes as she kissed her and shook hands with Mr.

"It is not often the ideal turns up at the right moment," she said, bluntly; "but I am very glad you have come to make Crystal look like other girls. Now, Mr. Ferrers, as only lovers can feed on air, I propose that we go in search of luncheon, for the gong has sounded long ago;" and as even Raby allowed that this was sensibl dvice, they all adjourned to the boarding

The occupants of the piazza were sorely puzzled that evening and Miss Bellagrove was a trifle cross. Captain Maudsley had been raving about the beauty of the wonderful brunette who was sitting opposite to him at dinner. "She must be an Italian," he said to Miss Bellagrove, who received his confidence sowewhat sulkily; "one never sees those wonderful eyes and that tint of hair out of Italy or Spain. Tanqueville, who is an artist, is wild about her, because he says he has never seen a face with a purer oval. wants to paint her for his Rebecca at the Well. It is rather hard lines she should be engaged to a blind clergyman," finished Captain Maudsley, rather incautiously. Miss Bellagrove s fair face wore an uneasy expression. "How do you know they are engaged?" she said, impatiently; "I d not believe they are. Miss Ferrers does not wear any ring.

"Nevertheless, I should not mind betting a few dozens of gloves that they are," replied Captain Maudsley, with a keen, misnievous glance that rather disconcerted Miss Bellagrove. He was quite aware that he was teasing the poor little girl; but then she deserved punishment for flirting with that ass Rodgers all last evening. Jack Maudsley was honestly in love with the Maudsley was honestly in love with the fair-haired beauty, but he had plenty of he could help it. Perhaps Miss Bellagrove a lover to be a little masterful. It was certain that she was on her best behavior during the rest of the evening, and snubbed Mr. Rogers most decidedly when he invited her to take a turn in the

shrubberies. Crystal attracted a great deal of notic in the boarding-house, but she gave no one any opportunity of addressing her. Raby was always beside her, and she seemed ompletely engrossed with his attentions As Miss Campion observed to Margaret he might as well look for another companion for all the good Crystal was

But one evening Margaret found Crysta sitting alone in a corner of the large drawing-room. Most of the company had gone into the tea-room, but one or two Raby among them were lingering in the garden. Raby was talking rather earnestly

o Miss Campion. "Alone, Crystal!" sitting down beside her with a smile. "Do you mean that Raby has actually left you." But Crystal's face wore no answering smile—she looked a littl

"I asked him to go and let me think it over. I cannot make up my mind, Mar garet. Raby wants me to marry him a once, before we go back to England; he will have it that it will be better for me to

go back to the Grange as his wife."
"Yes, darling, I know Raby wishes this, and I hope you mean to consent."
"I—I do not know what to say—the iden somehow frightens me. It is all so quick and sudden—next week; will not people think it strange. A quiet little wedding in

Sandycliffe church seems to me so much nicer. But Raby seems to dread the wait ing so, Margaret," and here her eyes filled "I think he does not trust me with tears. that he is afraid I may leave him again and the idea pains me."
"No, dearest," returned Margaret, soothingly; "I am sure such a thought never entered Raby's head; but he has suffered

so, and I think all the trouble, and his blindness have made him nervous; he was saying so last night, and accusing himself of selfishness, but he owned that he could not control a nervous dread that something might happen to separate you both, Crystal," looking at her wistfully. "Is the idea of an imediate marriage so repugnant; if not, I wish you would give way in

Crystal looked up, startled by her earnestness, and then she said with sweet humility
"It is only that I feel so unworthy of al this happiness; but if you and Raby think it best, I will be guided by you. Will you tell him so? but no, there he is alone; I will go to him myself."

Raby heard her coming, and held out his hand with a smile. "You see I never mistake your foot-

steps," he said, in the tone he kept for her ear; "I should distinguish them in a ear; crowd crowd. Well, darling?" waiting for the word he knew would follow.

"Margaret has been talking to me, and I see she approves—it shall be next week if

can spare me."
"She will gladly do so, especially as Margaret has offered to keep her company for a fortnight: after that we will all go back on the same steamer. Thanks, my darling, for consenting; you have made me very happy. I knew you would not refuse," lifting the little hand to his lips. "I feel as though I have no power to over us. That shall be our married life, refuse you anything," was her loving answer; "but I know it is all your thought answer; "but I know it is all your thought for me, Raby," pressing closer to him in the empty dusk, for there were no curious eyes upon them—only night-moths wheel-ing round them. "Are you never afraid of

what you are doing; do you not fear that I may disappoint you?" he answered, calmly, "I fear nothing."

"Not my unhappy temper?" she whis-pared and he could feel the slight figure trembling as she put the question. "No," in the same quiet tones that always soothed her agitation, "for I believe

the evil spirit is exorcised by much prayer and fasting; and, darling, even if it should not be so, I should not be afraid then, for I know better how to deal with it and you no angry spirit could live in my arms, and exorcise it thus "-touching would lips. "No, have faith in me, as I have faith in you, and all will be well." And so he comforted her. There was a great sensation in the board

ing-house at W-- when news of the approaching wedding was made known.
Captain Maudsley triumphed over Miss
Bellagrove. "I told you the Italian beauty
was engaged to the blind Englishman," he said to her; "but after all she is only half an Italian—her mother was a Florentine and her father was English. Fergusson told me all about it—he is to marry them and old Dr. Egan is to give her away There is some romantic story belonging them. I think he has been in love with her from a child. Well, Heaven gives nuts to those who have no teeth," grumbled the young officer, thinking of the bridegroom's

Crystal remained very quietly in the corner house during the rest of the week Raby spent most of his time with her. Or

"I am very happy," she wrote; "but there are some kinds of happiness too deep for utterance. When I think of the new life that awaits me to-morrow, an overwhelming sense of unworthiness seems to crush me to the ground; to think that I shall be Raby's wife—that I shall be per mitted to dedicate my whole life to his dear service. I have told you a little about him, but you will never know what he is really; I sometimes pray that my love may not be idolatry. When he brings me may not be idolatry. When he brings me to the Grange—that dear home of my childhood, you must come to me, and your mother also. Raby says he loves you both for your goodness to me; he has promised that you shall be our first guests

"Do you know our dear Margaret will not be long with us? She intends to join community in the East End of London but I and to devote herself for the remainder of her life to the service of the poor. I could not help crying a little when she told me this; but she only smiled and said that she was not unhappy. And yet she loved Hug Redmond. I talked to Raby afterwards and he comforted me a little. He said that and he comforted me a little. though Hugh loved her with the whole strength of his nature, that he could never in the first few lines—that he had not really have satisfied a woman like Margaret married her for love. Hugh owned his -that in time she must have found out that ne was no true mate for her. 'A woman should never be superior to her husband. he said. 'Margaret's grand intellect and that he might fight a battle with himself, powers of influence would have been wasted and return home a better man; it would if she had become Hugh Redmond's wife Oh, yes, he would have been good to her robably he would have worshipped her but one side of her nature would have been a mystery to him. You must not grieve for her, my child, for she has ceased to grieve for herself; the Divine Providence withheld from her a woman's natural joys of wifehood and maternity, but a noble work is to be given to her; our Margaret please God, will be a mother in Israel. And, indeed, I feel Raby is right, and that Margaret is one of God's dear saints."

grander bride.

The creamy Indian silk fell in graceful folds on the tall supple figure; the beautiful were off his mind, and he began to enjoy head, with its coils of dark glossy hair, was himself. Not for long, however, for prebent in girlish timidity. Margaret had clasped round her white throat the pear necklace and diamond cross that had belonged to her mother, and which she was to have worn at her own bridal. "I shall open the letters rather wildly, for he feared not need it; it is for Raby's wife," she said, she must be ill. But by and by he came to to have worn at her own bridal. it must be your only ornament. Oh, Raby could only see how lovely you

But the calm tranquil content on the sightless face silenced even this wish. Crystal ceased to tremble when the deep vibrating voice, vowing to love and cherisi er to her life's end, sounded in her ears but Raby felt the coldness of the hand he

When they had received the congratulations of their friends, and Margaret had tenderly embraced her new sister, and they were left alone for a little, Raby drew his

young bride closer to him.
"You are not afraid now,my darling?" "No," she answered, unsteadily; "but it is all so like a dream. A fortnight ago—only a fortnight—I was the most desolate creature in God's earth; and

"And now," echoing her words with a kiss, "you are my wife. Ah, do you remember your childish speech—it used to ring in my ears; 'I am going to belong to Raby life long; I will never leave him all my life long; I will never leave him never. Well it has come true, love; you are

mine now."

"Yes," she whispered, leaning her forehead against him, "you will never be able to get rid of me; and oh,"—her voice trembling—"the rest of knowing that it will

never be my duty to leave you."

He laughed at that, but something glist. ened in his eyes too. "No, my wild bird; no more flights for you—I have you safely now; you are bound to me by this"—touching the little circlet of gold upon the slender finger. "Now, my darling-my wife of an hour, I want you to make me a shadow-even the very faintest shadow cross your spirit; if one accusing thought seems to stand between your soul and mine; one doubt or fear that, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, might rise and spread into the blackness of tempest, will you come and tell it

"Oh, Raby, do not ask me." "But I do ask it, love, and I ask it in my two fold character of priest and husband. and it is the first request your husband makes you. Come, do not hesitate. You have given me yourself; now, with sweet generosity, promise me this, that you will share with me every doubt and fear that

disturbs you.'' vou? " No, I would not undertake the responsi-

"Ah, you are laughing at me. But this is no light matter, Raby; it means that I

am to burthen you with all my foolish doubts and fancies—that I am never to keep my wrong feelings to myself." "Promise!" was his only answer, in a

very persuasive voice.
"Yes, I will promise," hiding her face on
his shoulder; "but it will be your own

you wish it, Raby; that is, if Miss Campion | fault if I am ever a trouble to you. Oh, Raby, may I always tell you everything; will you help me to be good, and to fight

against myself?"

"We will help each other," he answered, stroking her soft hair; "there shall never be a shadow on the one that the other will not share-half the shadow and half the sunshine; and always the Divine goodness

CHAPTER XXXVI. SIR HUGH'S REPENTANCE And by comparison I see The majesty of matron grace, And learn how pure, how fair can be My own wife's face;

Pure with all faithful passion, fair With tender smiles that come and go, And comforting as April air After the snow.

Jean Ingelow. Sir Hugh began to wish that he had never gone to Egypt, or that he had gone with any one but Fitzclarence—he was growing weary of his vagaries and unpunc They had deviated already times from the proposed route, and the consequence was, he had missed all his letters; and the absence of home news was making him seriously uneasy. He was the only married man; the rest of the party consisted of gay, young bachelors—good enough fellows in their way, but utterly careless. They laughed at Sir Hugh's anxious scruples, and secretly voted that a married man was rather a bore in this kind of thing. What was the use of bothering about letters, they said, so long as the

remittances came to hand safely?

Sir Hugh thought of Fay's loving little letters lying neglected at the different postal towns, and sighed; either he was not so indifferent to her as he supposed himself to be, or absence was making his heart tender; but he had never been so full of care and thought for his Wee Wife as he was then. He wished he had bidden her good-bye. He remembered the last time he had seen her, when he had gone into his study with the telegram in his hand; and then recalled the strange wistful look she had given him. He could not tell why the fancy should haunt him, but he wished so the eve of her wedding she wrote a little much that he had seen her again and taken note to Fern, telling of her intended a kinder leave of her. It had not been his fault, he told himself a hundred times over; but still one never knew what might happen. He wished now that he had taken her in his arms and had said God bless her; she was such a child, and he was leaving her for a long time.

Sir Hugh was becoming a wiser man, and was beginning to acknowledge his faults. and, what was better still, to try and make

amends for them, It was too late to undo the effects of itzclarence's reckless mode of travelling, but he would do all he could : so in his eisure moments, when the other men were smoking and chatting in their tent. he sat down in a quiet corner and wrote several letters, full of descriptions of their journey, o amuse Fay in her solitude; Sunday, when the others had started on an expedition to see some ruin, he wrote the explanation that he had deferred so long. Hugh was an honest, well-meaning man spite of his moral weakness; if that letter had only reached the young wife's eyes it would have healed her sore heart and kept her beside him.

For he told her everything; and he told it in such a frank, manly way, that no woman could have lost confidence in him, though she read what Fay was to have read unhappy passion for Margaret, and pleaded his great trouble as the excuse for his restlessness. He had gone away, he said. all be different when he came back, for he meant to be a good husband to her, and to live for her and the boy, and to make her happy, and by and by he would be happy too. And he ended his letter as he never too. And he ended his letter as he never ended one yet, by assuring her that he was her leving husband. But, alas, when that tardy explanation reached the cottage at Daintree, Aunt Griselda only wrung her thin white hands and cried, for no one knew what had become of Fay, and Erle was rushing about and sending telegrams in all directions, and Fay, with the shadow company that had grouped themselves in the long drawing-room of the boarding-house owned that they had never seen a grander bride. It was on a golden September day that crystal became Raby Ferrers' wife; the orchard of the Manse, under the shade of letter, he felt as though a very heavy weight Margaret had sently they reached Cairo, and there he throat the pearl found a budget awaiting him. Every one ross that had seemed to have written to him but Fay;

as Crystal protested with tears in her eyes; her letter.
"it must be your only ornament. Oh, He read Erle Huntingdon's first—an indignant letter, evidently written under strong excitement—" Why had he not come home when they had sent for him? He must know that their search had been aseless; they had no news of either Fay or the child. Miss Mordaunt was very ill with worry, and her old servant was much alarmed about her. They had written to him over and over again, and directed their letters to every possible place he could not have missed. If he had any affection for his wife and child, and cared to know what had become of them, he had better leave Fitzclarence and the other fellows and

return at once," and so on. Hugh dropped the letter—he was pale to the lips with apprehension—and turned

to the others. They were from Miss Mordaunt, and Mrs Heron, and Ellerton, and the lawyer, but they only reiterated the same thing— that all efforts had been in vain, and that they could hear nothing of either Lady Redmond or the boy; and then they urged him to come home at once. Lastly, directed by Mrs. Heron, as though by an afterthought, was the letter Fay had left him upon the study table; but, in reality, it had been forwarded before the alarm had been given, for the seal was still unbroken. Mrs. Heron, on learning from the messenger that Sir Hugh had started for Egypt, had redirected it, and it had only just been posted when the distracted nurse made her appearance at the Hall and told her story. When Hugh read that poor little letter, h first feeling was intense anger—all his Red-mond blood was at fever heat. She had sinned beyond all mercy; she had compropromise; I ask it of your love, Crystal. If mised his name and his reputation, and h

would never forgive her.

He had confided his honor to a child, and she had played with it and cast it aside; she had dared to leave him and her home and with his child, too, and to bring the voice of scandal about them; she—Lady Redmond, his wife—wandering like a vag-abond at the world's mercy! His feelings were intolerable. He must get back to England; he must find her and hush it up, or his life would be worth nothing to him Ah, it was well for Fay that she was safely hidden in the old Manse, for, if he had found her while this mood was on

him, his anger would have killed ber. When his passion had cooled a little, he went to Fitzclarence, and told him "Will you not let me try to conquer the rather abruptly that he must return home feeling alone first, and then come to at once-affairs of the utmost importance recalled him.

Fitzclarence thought he looked very bility; I know you to well, darling. Come, I thought you promised something that sounded like obedience just now." ner forebade all questioning. Two hours afterwards he was on his way to England. There is an old proverb, often lightly

quoted, and yet full of a wise and solemn meaning, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." Poor, angry Hugh, travelling night and day, and cursing the tardy railways and steamers, was soon to test the truth of the saying.

He had reached Marseilles, and was

hurrying to the post-office to telegraph some order to Mrs. Heron, when he suadenly missed his footing, and found him-self at the bottom of a steep, dark cellar, with his leg doubled up under him; and when two passers-by who saw the accident tried to move him, they discovered that his leg was broken; and when he heard that he

And so fate, or rather Providence, took the reins from the weak, passionate hands that were so unfit to hold them, and threw him back, helpless and baffled on his bed of pain; there to learn, week by week, through weary sickness and still more weary con-valescence, the lesson that only suffering could teach him—that it were well to forgive others their sins, even as he hoped his might be forgiven.

(To be continued.)

A NERVE REST. Going to Bed to Get a Sufficient Holi-

day. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century for November. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise, a large pro-portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be over-come by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

National Anthems.

There never was a more rousing compo sition than "La Marseillaise." sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despot." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was first made known every one was singing it, and the words "To arms! March!" resounding in all parts of France. every season of disorder since its strains excited the passions of the people and if immortality can be predicted for any tune known to man this is, beyond a question, the one. And yet, as the story oes, both words and music were the pro luction of one night. They were compose in 1792 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtæn colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's 'French Revolution' was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseilles, but it was a force of Marseillaise which first marched to it, and her ce

the title. anthem has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. almost as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the source of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist, but it has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible to decide been found impossible definitely for the one or the other. The music of "God Save the Queen" is comparatively tame and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the comparatively peaceful, regular course of events which

marked public affairs in England for over two hundred years past.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the Czars usually contented themselves with "Good Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwoff, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds. The eic is distinctly as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people: "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc. It is, properly speak ing, an official hymn, and is the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn and per-formed for the first time at the celebration at the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore a ready acceptance in the hearts of the Havdn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quar tets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping

servants. The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann, about the year 1770. The "Sicilian Mariner's Hynin." though it can hardly be called a national anthem, is a favorite air with the gondoliers of Venice, who sing it fre

Floating Gardens of the Aztecs,

During all their wanderings, wherever they stopped the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies in the midst of a lake where there were but few fish, necessity and industry compelled them to form floating gardens on the bosom of the waters. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants intertwined with twigs and branches until they formed a foundation sufficiently strong to support a soil they drew from the bottom of the lake, and on it they sowed their needed maize and These floating gardens were about a foot above the water and of various forms, the most effective being long and narrow, called cintas, or ribbons. With their natural taste for flowers, they added the ornamental to the useful, and these small gardens, multiplying, were covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of their gods or ent to decorate the palace of the Emperor. What a picture of delightful independ

The peaceful Indian could anchor his flowery home where he willed, float beyond social cares or political burdens, and from prying neighbors and poll-parrot gossips he could quietly paddle away! In these secure retreats the spendthrift could elude his creditors, the bank defaulter hide from the minions of the law .- ()uting.

Fashionable Charity.

Aunt Minerva (tofashionable niece) -- Do ou expect to do anything in the direction of charity this winter, Clara? Miss Clara (brightly) -Oh, yes, aunty, I am already planning my costume for the

-Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to kepp the preserved pears on the top shelf.

-One of the things which strikes the average man who receives a circular from a Wall street shark telling him of a new and improved plan for getting rich, is that he does not utilize it himself. WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the

Little Ones. BOBBY PLAYS A TRUMP.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurry off to bed. Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry up when he's all tired out.—Philadelphia North American.

THE LINE DRAWN It is the father of a precocious 2½-year old who tells that the child was once watching an old lady making her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and her teeth, when the astonished small boy said:
"Bet yeh can't take yez neck off!"

San Francisco Chronicle.

WHEN THE ANGELS SMILED Passing down Sixteenth street vesterday we noticed a little incident worth record ing. A little crippled boy, 10 years old, poor chappie from the river bottoms, was being hauled along in a little waggon by two other ragged urchins.

"What's the matter with him?" said a little fellow, stopping as he went along. "He's paralyzed and can't walk a step and we're helping him home,"

answered. Instead of running on the little fellow went into a store and soon caught up with them, handing the cripple a paper h shoes this morning and was going to buy some candy, but you can have it, and here's some ginger-snaps," and the little "Good Samaritan" was around the corner and

out of hearing, with tears in his eyes, before cripple could thank him-Omah SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN Lady (recently moved into the neighbor hood)—I am very anxious to rent a pew in the church, Deacon Jones. My children are large enough to attend. Absent-minded deacon (who is also a landlord)-I am verv

sorry, madame, but we don't take childr -New York Sun. CLOSE OF THE INQUISITION.

In New Jersey there had been some illhess in a family, and an inquisitive neighbor asked little Johnny, the youngest son of the family, who had been sick, and he answered: "Oh, it's my brother, that's answered: "Oh, it's my brother, that' all." "What was the matter with him?" "Nuffin', only he was just sick."
knew; but what ailed him?" "dunno." "What did he have?" "Oh. I had the doctor."—Troy Times.

IRISH WOOLLENS. Enthusiastic Testimony to Their Merits.

Sincerely do I hope that the proposal to have an Irish section at the Glasgow exhibition will be carried out, says the editor of London Truth. What the Irish woollens want most—in fact, the only thing they want—is advertisement. If the English lower middle class-the people who have ten children, and expect each boy to wear his elder brother's knickerbockers in suc cession until nothing remains but the buttons and braces-knew the indestructible quality of the Blarney tweeds and friezes, there would be such a run on Blarney as would double the population of the place in a fortnight. Unfortunately, the Blarney people don't advertise in the way that many English manufacturers do. The Irish manufac-turers deal only "with the trade," and they take no steps to bring the excellence of their wares home to the individual. They do not seem to have realized the immence opening which the parcel post has made for them. The excellence of their goods is only known in this country to tailors and haberdashers. We buy the Irish goods without knowing them to be Irish, wonder why they wear so well, but don't know what to ask for the next time we order a suit. I have—not, indeed, in my actual possession, but within reach and easily accessible, if wanted for exhibition or other (honest) purposes—a specimen of Irish woollen manufacture which was woven at the Marquis of Waterford's mills, Kilmacthomas, some time prior to the year 1877, in which year it was confectioned into a garment (the nature signifies not) in which, for a considerable time. I took. I trust, a modest, but very sensible pride. It then, some years ago passed into the hands of a humble (but most respectable) friend, whose Sunday best it still continues to be. I see it con stantly, and, although I should be exaggerating if I were to describe it as still smart, yet, so far as I can observe, there are no holes in it. Now, Kilmacthomas, though it does things pretty decently, can't hold a candle to Blarney in the matter of friezes and tweeds. Why, then, don't the Blarney people wake up to a knowledge of their own excellence, and post an announcement thereof, with prices and specimens, direct to the British householder?

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machin Cars running by night and by day, Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam, And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning re leased,
Then the telephone comes to excel it;
And, to put on the finish, the last but not the

least,
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet. Last but not the least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

A New York correspondent claims to have investigated and ascertained that all this talk about fashionable girls working in gymnasia, fencing, boxing and taking walks is pure nonsense. She says that there are not forty women learning to fence in the city, and most of them are actresses; that the average woman's clothes won't let her walk, and as to boxing there is absolutely none of it done.

An Offensive Breath

s most distressing, not only to the perso afflicted if he have any pride, but to with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

He Was No Puppy. He-Do you want a little puppy, Miss Edith? She-Am I to consider that as a pro

posal? He-Not at all; good-bye.-The Earth. Nerve Pain Cure. Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills

and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhoea, cholera and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and sum-mer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia toothache, lumbago and sciatica. Nervi line cures sprains, bruises, cuts, etc bruises, cuts, Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

-A lease of 999 years, made in the days of King Alfred, has just expired in England The land was leased by the Church to Crown, and reverts now to the Church of England.

—Mrs. Partington says of her new cook book: "Now, a book like this will come into a house like an oasis in the great desert of Sarah and be a quarantine of perpetual peace."

-The English language sounds funny to a foreigner. "I will come by by-and-by and buy," said a Canadian, and the shopkeeper had an attack of brain fever trying to make out what he meant.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Has students from British Columbia Texas, Arkansas, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Chicago, Duluth, New York and other distant points. Its low rates, excellent staff of teachers and fine accommodation have so filled its halls that a new building to \$20,000 will be erected next year. Students can enter any time. 65 pp. calendar free.
Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Cold Comfort. Customer (in restaurant)-Waiter, these

are very small oysters for the price. Waiter—Yes, sah. Customer-And they don't look very nice

Waiter—Den dey is all de betah, sah, for

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true, Lass with eyes of violet blue, Lips as sweet as honey-dew, Bonny little bride! Will he love you as to-day, When your bloom has fied away, When your golden locks are grey Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the tractions that made her charming and be loved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

Brown to the Rescue. Wife—My dear, I don't know what I am going to do; the company is only half served and the refreshments are giving out. Hubby-Well, if Browne is here we are perfectly safe. Wife—But I don't see how it is going to remedy the difficulty. Hubby—Why, get him to read that theory of his on "Coming Man," and you will see the guests disappear like smoke

-It is said that H. Rider Haggard contemplates writing a sequel to "She." As he totally annihilated the old lady at the end of his former novel, a sequel seems to be an impossibility. But Haggard's ingenuity is equal to almost any feat. He could doubt-less revive "She" with a few chemicals.

-Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, is within two years of the age of our century. Yet he is still so vigorous, in body as in mind, that on a recent Sunday, when assisting Mr. Wells, of Pollokshields, at the communion, he was able to deliver three powerful discourses. He also preached on Saturday evening the preparatory sermon.



Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lireless, and indescribably miscrable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, bitting, trunsient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American mendeelidious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not

toms. No matter what stage it has reached. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Discases, Heart Discases, Rheumatism, Kidney Discases, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other exerctory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

GURES ALL HUMORS. moin a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the wort Severfula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," salt-rheum, "Fever-sores, "Fever-sores, salt-rheum, "Fever-sores, "Fever-sores, salt-rheum, "Fever-sores, salt-rheum, "Fever-sores, "Fever-sores, salt-rheum, "F

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spir's, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Inr. Pierce thought seriou-4y of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthum, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottle; for \$5.00.

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