# IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER VII .- (CONTINUED.)

"If he did nothing worse than that. I should think no worse of him than you do, Miss Christie. But I think that you will allow that a man who has lived within balf a mile of another man for nearly three years monst know more of his character than a young innocent girl who has seen him at his best only for a month."

"But you cannot judge a man fairly until

you have seen him continually in his own home. I have seen Mr. Rayner among his family; I have played for him, walked with him, had long walks with him; and I must surely know him better than you, who have enly an ordinary outside acquaintance with

Mr. Reade drew bimself up very stiffly, and the color rushed to his forehead.

was getting really angry.
"No doubt, Miss Christie, you know him a great deal better than I do. I have never played for him, and I have not found either talks or walks with him particularly delightful. But then I dare say he did not try so hard to be agreeable to me as he did

He said this in a sneering tone, which breught the hot blood to my face. I tried to answer, but my voice would not come. I turned away sharply, and left him, with an agony of anger and pain at my heart which would have made him remorated indeed if he could have guessed what his words had inflicted. As it was, he followed me a few steps down the drive, with apologies to which I was too angry and too much hurt to isten.

"Don't speak to me now," I said-"I can't bear it;" and, turning off rapidly into a side path. I left him, and fled away through the alleys into the house.

Enckily I managed to keep back tears, so that I could return to the drawing-room with the flowers I had gathered before they began to wonder why I had been so long. Mrs. Rayner told me that the note from Mrs. Manners which Mr. Reade had brought was to ask that the articles which we were preparing for the "tale"—a sort of bamar on a small scale which was one of the attractions of the annual school-treat should be sent in to her within a week, as they had to be ticketed and arranged before the sale-day arrived, and whether Miss Christie would be so kind as to give her services at the stall; and, if so, whether she would call on Mrs. Manners during the next few days to cettle what should be her share of the work. I was delighted at the thought of this little excitement, and, although Mr. Rayner warned methat I should have nothing nicer to do than to see the pretty trifles I had worked fingered by dirty old women who would not buy them, and to have hot tea poured over me by clumsy children if I helped at the feast, i weald not be frightened by she prospect.

That evening I debated with myself whether it was not too damp and swampy still for me to go and peep at my nest and see if the water hud subsided and left the top of the bricks dry. I chose afterwards to think that it was some supernatural instinct which led me to decide that I would

put on my goloshes ard go.

When I got there, I found on the bough
which formed my seat a basket of Gloire de
Dijon roses, and the stalk of the uppermost one was stuck through a little note. I never doubted those roses were for me; I only wendered who had put them there. I lecked searchingly around me in all directions before I took up the rose which carried the note and carefully slipped it off. It centained these words.
"For Miss Christie, with the sincere

apelogies of one who would not have offend-

ed her for the whole world."

I did not know the writing, but I knew whom it was from. I think, if I had been quite sure that no one could have seen me. should have raised the note to my lips, I was so happy. But, though I could see no one, the fact of the basket arriving so surely at my secret haunt seemed to argue the existence of a supernatural agency in dealing with which one could not be too discreet; so I only put the note into my pocket and returned to the house with my flowers.

The supernatural agency could not follow me there, so I slept that night with the note under my pillow.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"You are getting pale again, my dear child," said Mr. Rayner to me the next morning-he met me, at the toot of the stairs, dressed for my walk with Haidee.
"We must find some means of bring those most becoming roses back to your cheeks again. You work too hard at those self-imposed evening tacks, I am afraid."
"Oh, no, indeed I don't, Mr. Rayner! I

am getting very lazy; I haven't done any

thing for two or three nights.'

The fact was that I had felt too languid even to sit down and write, and I had wasted the last two evenings listlessly turning over the pages of a book I did not

"Ah, then you want change of air! Now how to give it you without letting you go away—for we can't spare you even for a week! You will think me a magician if I procure you change of air without leaving shis house, won't you, Miss Christie? Yet I think I can manage it. You must give me a few days to look about for my wand, and then, hey, presto, the thing will be done!

I laughed at these promises, looking upon them as the lightest of jests; but the very next day I met a workman upon the stair-and Mr. Rayner asked me mysteriously at dinner whether I had seen his familiar spirit about adding that the sgirit wore a paper cap and a dirty artisan's suit, and smelt of beer. That spirit pervaded the house for two days. I met him in the garden holding very unspiritual converse with Jane; I met him in my room taking the measure of my bedstead; I met him in the passage carrying what looked like thin sheets of rolls of wall-paper, and I heard sounds of heavy boots in the turret above my room. Then I saw no more of him; but still there were unaccustomed sounds over my head. sounds of footsteps and knocking, and I met sometimes Jane and sometimes Sarah coming out of a door which I had never known unlocked before, but which I now discovered led to a narrow staircase that I

gnessed was the way to the turret. On the fourth day, when I went to my room to dress for tes, I found it all dis-

mantled, the bed and most of the furniture gone, and little Jane pulling down my books from their shelf and enjoying my discomfiture with delighted giggles, not at all disconcerted at being caught taking an un-

heard of liberty.
"What does' this mean, Jane? I can't sleep on the floor; and what are you doing with my books?" I cried in one breath.

"I den't know nothing about it, miss; it's Mr. Rayner's orders," said she, with another irrepressible snigger at my bewild-

I was turning to the door to wander forth, I did not know exactly whither, to try to find an explanation of this most extraordinary state of thnigs, when Sarah came in, her dark frowning face offering a strong contrast to that of the laughing Jane.

"Sarah, can you tell me what this means?" said I.

"Mr. Rayner has ordered the room in the turret to be prepared for you," said she shortly, "Perhaps you will be kind enough to manage down here till after tea, as it's his orders that you shouldn't be shown up till the room is quite ready.'

I answered that I could manage very well, and they left the room. I said nothing at tea about my adventure, reflecting that perhaps some surprise for me was intended, which would be sprung upon me at a fitting time. And so it proved. While I was quietly writing in the schoolroom, after tea, Mr. and Mrs. Rayner and Haidee, who had not yet gone to bed, came in and conducted me in a formal procession up-stairs, up the narrow winding turrent staircase that I had so often wanted to explore, and, opening the door of the one room the turret contained, Mr. Rayner, in a short but elaborate speech. begged to instal me without further coremony as the "imprisoned princess of the enchanted tower."

I gave a cry of delight. It was an octa-ganal room, the four sides which overlooked the marsh containing each a window, while in one of the other sides was a small fireplace with a bright fire burning. The car-pet was new, the wall-paper was new; there were two easy-chairs, one on each side of the fire, a writing-table and a Japanese screen, besides the furniture of my old room. It looked so bright and so pretty that my eves danced with pleasure at the sight, and I could not speak while Mr. Rayner explained that now I should be high and dry out of the damp, and he expected me to become red-faced and healthy-looking immediately—that he had had tinfoil put behind the paper in one of the cupboards which was considered damp, that the picturesque ivy had been torn down-all but a little bit to hide the unsightly chimney—and that I was to have a fire whenever I liked now, and one every day when it began to grow

colder. "I don't know what to say. I don't know how to tkank you," said I, almost pained by the extent of the kindness showered up-

n me.
I tried to include Mrs. Rayner in my thanks; but she hung back almost ungraciously, and she seemed to have been drawn into this demonstration against her will. She was the last of my three visitors to leave the room, and in the moment that we were alone together, before she followed her husband and child down stairs, she said, seeming to be moved out of her reserve by the unaccustomed little excitement, and casting upon me a keen look from her great

eyer—
"Are you not afraid of sleeping so far from every one? Or do you prefer it?"

I am not at all nervous; but I was enough impressed by her almost eager manner to

answer rather shyly—
"No, I don't prefer it. But there is nothing to be afraid of, is there?"

She glanced toward the door, and, saying hurriedly, "Oh, no, of course not! I hope you will be comfortable, Miss Christie," she left the room.

Afraid! No. of course I was not afraid;

I never had minded sleeping away from everybody else; and, if burglars were to break into the Alders, they certainly would not expect to find anything worth stealing in the turret. I wished Mrs. Rayner had not put the idea into my head, though. I was not so strong-minded as to be proof against fear even at second-hand, and ever robbery in Derbyshire I had been very careful to hide away my watch, my one bracelet, and my two brookes under my pillow at night. But I was too happy in my new abode to trouble myself long with idle fears. I found that, by opening out my screen in a particular position, I could completely hide the wash-nand stand, and make myself a sitting-room; then I sat down by the fire in one of the arm-chairs and gave myself up to the enjoyment of this new piece of good for-tune; and I was still gazing into the fire, with my feet cosily warming—the nights were already cold enough for that to be a luxury-on a hassock close to the fender. when I heard Sarah coming up the stairs. knew her footstep, and I would rather not have heard what I considered her ill-omened tread on this first evening in my new room. For I knew that Sarah disliked me, and even the fact that she had brought me up some coals to replenish my fire, which was getting low, did not reconcile me to her presence; I could not help thinking of the grudging manner in which before tea she had announced to me my change of residence. I tried to be friendly, bowever, and, when I had thanked her for her trouble, I said-

"I wonder this nice room has been neglected so long. Has no cne ever used it, Sarah?"

"Mr. Rayner used to use it for a study," she said shortly. "I don't know why he gave it up; I suppose it was too high up. That was six menths ago, before you came."

"It is a long way from anybody else's room, Sarah, isn't it?"

"Mine is the nearest, and I have ears like needles; so you needn't be frightened," said she, in a tone which really sounded more

menacing than consoling. "It will be rather lonely on a stormy night; the wind will howl so up here," I said, my spirits beginning to sink under her

sharp speeches. "Oh, you won't want for company, I dare say!" she said, with a harsh grating laugh.
"Why all the company I am likely to get here is burglars," I answered lugubriously,

with my chin between my hands. The start she gave startled me in my

"Burglars! What burglars? What are you talking about?"

I looked up amazed at the effect of my words on Sarah, whom, of all people in the world, I should have considered strong-It was promotion for me to be minded. soothing Sarah.

"Why, I have more courage than you!" said, laughing lightly. "I'm not afraid I said, laughing lightly. "I'm not afraid of them. If they came, they would soon go down again when they found there was nothing to take. Would you be afraid to sleep up here alone, Sarah?" But she hardly took the trouble to an-

swer me except by a nod; her black eyes were fixed upon me as I spoke, as if she would, and almost as if she could, penetrate to my inmost soul. Then, as if satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, she relapsed into her usual hard, cold manner, and, answering my good night shortly, left me

Then I made up my mind definitely on a point that had often occupied me vaguely, and decided that Mrs. Rayner and Sarah were, in different ways, without exception, the two most unpleasant and disagreeable women I had ever met. And after that I went to bed and dreamt, not of a burglar, but of quite a different person.

The next day was Sunday, and there were two strangers in church who attracted the attention of all the congregation. were two fair-complexioned, light-haired girls who sat in the Reades' pew, and who had evidently spared no expense on rather tasteless and unbecoming toilettes. I caught myself feeling not sorry that they were ill-dressed, and glad that one was plain and that the one who was pretty was dreadfully freckled; and I wondered how it was that I had grown so ill-natured. Mr. Laurence Reade sat between them, and he shared his hymn-book with the pretty one; and I did so wish it had been with the plain one! And when we came out of the church, and he and his two sisters and the two girls trooped out together, the breaking up of the group left him to pair off again with the pretty one.

remember noticing, as Haidee and I walked home together, that the midges teased me more than they had ever done that summer, that the sun was more scorching, and that it was just as dusty as if we had not had any rain at all. It was a horrid

day.

Mr. Rayner asked us, at dinner, if we had noticed the two girls with the pretty hair in Mr. Reade's pew, and said that he had heard that the one with the blue eyes was the future Mrs. Laurence Reade, and that it would be an excellent match for both of

"I noticed that he paid her a great deal of attention in church, and afterwards they paired off together quite naturally,' said he.

And that afternoon the heat and the midges and the dust were worse than ever.

Mr. Rayner complained on the day after this that I was looking paler than before, and threatened to have me sent back to my old room if I did not look brighter in two days from that date. Luckily for me, my spirits improved a little. The next day Haidee and I passed by Geldham Park in our walk, and saw over the fence Mr. Reade, his sisters, and the two strangers playing lawn-tennis. None of them noticed us that time; but, as we were returning, I observed that Mr. Reade jumped up from the grass where he was lounging in the midst of the adoring girls, as I thought contemptuously, and shook out of his hat the leaves and grasses with which his companions had filled it; as for them, they were too much occu-pied with him to see anything outside the

park Haidee and 1 had to go the village shop with a list of articles which I felt sure we should not get there. But it was one of Mr. Rayner's principles to encourage local trade, so we had to go once a week and tease the crusty and ungrateful old man who was the sole representative of it by demands for such outlandish things as wax candles, bloater-paste, and floselle. I had been tapping vainly for some minutes on the little counter, on which lay four tallow "dips," a box of rustycrochet-hooks, and a most uninviting piece of bacon, when Mr. Reade dashed into the shop and greeted me with much surprise. When he had asked after Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, and heard that they were quite well, there was a pause, and he seemed to look to me to continue the conversation; but I could think of nothing to So he roamed about, digging his cane into the cheese and knocking down a jar of snuff, which he carefully scraped together with his foot and shovelled back, dust and all, into the jar, while I still tapped and still

nobody came.
"He must be at dinner," said I resigned-"In that case we shall have

For I knew Mr. Bowles. So Mr. Reade seated himself on the counter and harpooned the bacon with one of the rusty orochet-hooks.

"Convenient places these village-shops," said he, not thinking of what he was saying,

I was sure.

\*\* Yes, if you don't care what you get, nor how stale it is," said I sharply.

He laughed; but I did not intend to be frinny at all.

"I came in only for some"—here he looked round the shop, and his eyes rested on a pile of dusty toys—"for some marbles. I thought they would do for the school-treat, you know."

I thought it was a pity he did not return to his lawn tennis and his fiancee if that was the errand he came on, and I was de-termined not to be drawn into another tete-a-tete with him, so I turned to leave the

shop. But he stopped me.

"Old Bowles can't be much longer over his bacon, I'm sure," said he, rather pleadingly.

"I—I wanted to ask you if you were any better. I thought last Sunday you were looking awfully ill."

"Last Sunday?"—and I thought of those girls. "I was never better in my life, thank you. And I am quite well. Mr. and Mrs. Rayner have put me into the turret to keep me out of the damp. It was very, very kind of him to think about it. It is the best room in all the rouse.'

"Best room in the house? Then Mr. Rayner doesn't sleep in the house at all," said he, in a low voice, but with sud-

I got up from the one chair and turned to my pupil, who was deep in an old storybook she had found.

"Come, Haidee !" "No, no; that is revenge—it is unworthy of you, 'said he, in a lower voice still.

"Don't let us quarrel again. Mc. Rayner is an angel. No, no, not that !"-for I was turning away again. "He has his faults; turning away again. "He has his faults; but he is as near perfection as a mau can be. Then you are very happy at the Alders now !

"Yes, thank you."

"And you have no great troubles?"
"Yes, I have—Sarah."

"Sarah? That is one of the servants, isn't it? A gaunt, shrewd looking person? I've often met her on the road to and from Beasonaburgh."

"Yes. She goes out when she likes, I think. She is a very important person in the household, much more so than Mrs. Ray-

ner."
"On! And she is a trouble to you?"
She do "Yes; I'm afraid of her. She doesn't like me. And whenever I used to give her letters to post I never got any answers to

them.

"Does Mr. Rayner like ber?" "Like her? I don't think any one could like Sarah, except, of course, her 'young man.' That doesn't count. But Mr. Rayman.' That doesn't count. ner thinks a great deal of her.' "So the young man's liking doesn't

count?" "Of course Tom Parks is prejudiced in

her favor," said I, preferring that the talk should remain personal. "Surely it is a compliment to a woman that a young man should be prejudiced in

her favor?" said he, preferring that the talk should become abstract. "He must have finished by this time!" I cried; and a vigorous thump on the counter did at last bring in Mr. Bowles, who de-

clared it was the first sound he had heard. I was sorry to find that he had several of the things I wanted, as everything he sold was of the worst possible quality; and, while he was doing them up, Mr. Reade

"You got my flowers?"

"Yes, thank you; it was very kind of you to send them."

"Bring them," corrected he, "What did you do with them ?" I remembered the fair-haired girl and my

resolve to be discreet. "I put them in water, and when they were dead I threw them away."

"Threw them away?" "Yes, of course; one doesn't keep dead flowers," said I calmly; but it hurt me to say so, for the words seemed to hurt him. It

is very hard to be discreet.

He said no more, but took his parcel and left the shop, saluting me very coldly. I had taken up my parcol, and was going out too, when Haidee's soft voice broke in.

'You've got Mr. Reade's marbles, and ha has gone at the soft was marbles.

he has gone off with mamma's wool and curtain books, Miss Christie.

I had not noticed this.
"How stupid of him!" I exclaimed. He had marched off so fast that I had to run down the lane after him before he heard me call "Mr. Reade!" We laughed a little at the embarrassment he would have felt if he had produced a ball of wool and curtainhooks as the result of the morning's shopping, and I if I had gravely presented Mrs. Rayner with a bag of marbles. And then, remorseful and blushing, I said

hurriedly "I did keep one of the roses, Mr. Reade—the one with the note on it;" and then I ran back to Haidee, without looking up. Whether he was engaged or not, I could not be ungracious about those levely flow-

ers.
Then Haidee and I went home to dinner. I had met Mr. Reade quite by accident, and I had done nothing wrong, nothing but what civility demanded, in exchanging a few words with him; but I was glad Haidee was not one of those foolish prattling little girls who insist upon chattering at mealtimes about all the small events of the morning walk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WASTING AWAY.

The Living Skeleton Ready to Yield His Body to the Cause of Science,

Isaac S. Sprague, the living skeleton, who is 40 years old, and has been reduced by atrophy to forty pounds weight, said to a correspondent, in regard to a rumour that he had given his body, in the interests of scito the Harvard Medical College: Yes, the story is true, and all the arrangements have just heen completed. I have agreed that when I die they shall have my body; they will first cut it open and make a post mortem examination to find out, if possible, why I am so thin; then they will put the body in alcohol and place it in the museum of the college, where it will remain, but I'm going to need it myself for the present; they can't have it till I get through with it. My body will be preserved in the museum there as that of Calvin Edson is in the Albany museum. Edson died at the age of forty-five, weighing only forty-five pounds. The doctors, when they cut him open, found that his thinness was caused by narrowing of the thoracic duct, a trouble with which other members of his family were affected. His face and neck were emaciated like the rest of his body, but mine are not, so my thinness is probably due to something else. The phy. sicians pronounce it to be an extreme case of progressive muscular atrophy. It has been going on for thirty years, while the longest other case on record is that of a man who died after having the complaint for ten years."-Albany Argus.

#### The Freak of a Birmingham Chimney Sweep.

Recently a strange scene in one of the principal Birmingham thoroughfares was the subject of magisterial proceedings. sweep named Cheshire ran up a ladder on to the roof of a gentleman's house, and, for the edification of a large crowd, stood upon his head on the top of a chimney pot, at the same time performing with his legs a variety of fantastical movements. The chimney collapsed and fell into the street, doing damage to the extent of a sovereign, and causing several persons to have narrow escaped from injury, while the adventurous performer of the freak rolled into the waterspout, and had a narrow escape from what must have been instant death. he was rescued through a skylight in the roof. The prisoner said he supposed he had been playing the fool. The Clerk—And you will have to pay for it. Cheshire was fined 5s., and 20s. damages.—London Telegraph,

#### Philosophy of Eating.

Were men to exercise the same judgment in reference to their own food that they do in feeding domestic animals, there would be less illness on account of diet. For a matter of such universal importance it has been the subject of many absurd theories.

The world seems to be divided between those who "eat to live" and those who "live to cat." The proper line may be drawn somewhere between these extremes. There is little to choose between a glutton and one who eats too little from a centimental notion that it is sulgar to est; and that the less one can eat, and still manage to live, the more refined and spiritual one becomes. If a man has no control over his appetite, and no judgment as to the quantity of food he requires, it would have been better had he belonged to a lower order of animals, subject to the control of a higher intelligence. Neglect or refusal to partake of sufficient food to snatain the body in its full vigor should be regarded as evidence of disease, requiring the attention of a com-petent physician. Nature will not patiently submit to be abused or cheated.

The quantity and the quality of food required in each individual case depends on tho size and health oi the person and on his occupation. A person of sedentary habits should regulate the diet to the requirements of the system, remembering that it is safer to err on the side of eating hardly enough than too much. Over-eating produces accumulations of fat, which is a disease of itself, and increases the quantity of blood, rendering one liable to heart disease and apoplexy; and paradoxical as it may seem, insufficient food tends to produce the same disease. Either condition cruses derangements in the circulation that may induce the same troubles.

If we follow the indications of nature we are safe as to foods. What the appetite craves is usually best for us; the stomach notifies us when we require food and when we have eaten enough. It is often the last mouthful that invites an attack of

dyspepsia. Variety is the spice of life." In nothing is this more applicable than as to foods. Se lect a list of foods that experience has taught us are most acceptable, and then from the list get a variety for each day of the week. Salt meat should be used sparingly, because they are more indigestible than fresh. Pies and rich puddings try the digestive organs severely, and cannot be safely indulged in by adults, except they have vigorous out-door exercise. The quantity and quality of food should depend upon what is required of the individual; just as the amount of fuel requisite depends on the work a steam engine has to perorm.

A wise regulation of the food supply can be made to supersede the use of medicines

to a very good extent.

The remote cause of a mejority of our ordinary ailments is taking cold; the natural functions of the body are retarded, and waste material is retained in the system long enough to do mischief. 'The usual remedy is to take a cathartic or a laxative in order to remove it. But a more convenient and a more more natural plan, in ordinary cases, is to cut off the food supply for twenty-four hours, and to trust to nature to do the rest. Instead of food, a few tea-spoonsful of hot water drank during the day will hasten the desired result Whenever the bowels become constipated there is an uncomfortable feeling in the system, often accompanied by restfulness and anxiety of mind. The above suggestions of the system tions, if followed strictly, will bring relief more promptly than medicine, and without its inconveniences.

On the other hand, there is a large areas of persons who are borne down by constant fear of eating too much, and who are ever anxious least what they are compelled to eat in order to sustain life may do mischief. It would not be inappropriate to speak of such people as "dietetic cranks." They are probably the most unreasonable and troublesome patients the practicing physician has to deal with. If he favors their theories, there can be no improvement, and if he opposes them he loses their confidence and their patronage. There is as much il health caused by underfeeding as by over-feeding. The man who has lived too freely may generally moderate his course and regain his health; but through a long course of semi-starvation the digestive organs became weakened, and the stomach contracts so that it cannot properly perform its work; the body cannot be sufficiently nourished. These abnormal conditions generally result from mismanagement during childhood. The child who is restricted to three me ls a day comes to the table with a ravenous appetite, and with the certainty that a long fast awaits him after he bas finished his repast. These two incentives naturally lead to gluttony.

The child who is permitted to eat whatever it wishes, at all times, becomes the victim of disease, because an unnatural appetite is formed, and it craves those things that derange the digestive organs, but contain but little nourishment. No child was ever injured by plain and wholesome food, no matter how freely or how often it may have been partaken of. When a child is a year old it should be allowed a pretty wide discretion as to foods of this sort. meals a day are not sufficient for children. All the operations of the system are more active than with the adult, and the food supply requires more frequent replenishing. Allow children to eat of plain, wholesome food, as often as they desire to, if you with to escape responsibility for impaired health, which is certain to follow a strict aherence to absurd rules respecting diet.

The Hog Crop.

According to the Cincinnatti Price Current, the number of hogs packed for the summer season, ending November 1, was 3, 770,000, against 3,210,000 last year, or an increase of about seventeen and a half per cent. Besides this there has been a large increase in the average weight of hogs marketed, the exact returns of which not yet available, but a close approximate a makes the average increase about eight on and a half pounds per hog. On this basis, the hogs packed in the West since March 1, have aggregated 905,000.000 pounds gross, compared with 710,872,000 pounds last year, or an increase of over twenty-seven per cent. The average weight of hogs received in Chicago during October was 250 pounds, against 235 pounds for the corresponding month last year, and 242 pounds in October,