The Sabbath day, or seventh day, has been observed for many centuries beyoud the beginning of our era, and among people quite uninfluenced by the sons of Israel. In some sense, and to a degree varying with different peoples, it has been a holy day. In some cases the sacred character of the day was not considered, but it was a time for rest, for cessation from the regular occupations and the customary thought of the week. And possibly out of this admitted need grew a sentiment which culminated in reverence for Sunday, and a final setting it apart as holy, dedicated to the service and the worship of the Deity.

Institutions of so slow a growth are the causes for their establishment without considering the reason for their origin. It has happened that the Sabbath day lost its hold upon man in an age when veneration had abated, when human reason was enthroned as put up his arm in season to ward it the only guide and arbiter. But back of man's little judgment was the great human necessity for that very ordinance. Somehow the interval was fixed so wisely that the weariness of six days was satisfied in the repose of the seventh. France tried one time to set in ten became the rule. But the rea- opening for favorable attack: son which ages of experience proved before revolutions were possible was a reason still when the Bastile fell. And the head and the heart and the soul of man yearned for the one day in seven-and returned to it.

And it was not alone repose which gave the day its warrant. It was not all a matter of physical exhaustion, though that was a potent consideration. It was the veneration of a deity, Take that!" recognition of a sacred day, the appreciation of one season different from other seasons. That was and is at the fore the beginning of our era, and beyond the influence of Judaism, just as it is now, and in Christendom, Man needs a change of thought and of labor and a break in the monotony of existence. Coupled with that sentiment which brought reverence with the a marked advantage in that he was day was-logically-a tendency to better apparel. Man put on his fairer garments that day. He found a sort of worship in the act, and it made him better. He expressed and emphasized the difference between himself and the animals beside which he had worked through the week. He was a nobler creature. The Sabbath was made for him, and it blessed him.

The mission of Sunday has never changed from those distant eras when the one day in seven was slowly set apart and recognized. It calls to rest. But the rest that best utilizes the day is that departure from the thought of the week, from the plans of common occupation, from the study, the care, the very amusement of the other six days. The rest that best blesses man is the resolute marking of this day as different from other days and better and holier than they.

## ABOUT WORRYING.

Mr. Stoggleton Tries His Hand at a Recipe for the Care of it.

"Everybody tells us," says Mr. Stoggleton, "not to worry. They tell us that worry never did anybody any good, and that on the other hand it absolutely impairs one's capacity for work, and so helps to aggravate the very situation that we are worrying over. This is true, all of it, and sound advice it is, too, and it has all been said many times; but it should be more often supplemented with detailed instructions as to how to avoid worrying. Now let me make a try at it. Perhaps I shall repeat things that I've said before, but if I do, it will be because - I think they're good for humanity."

freedom from worrying is the possession of the personal quality commonly known as sand. If a man has not been endowed with sand by nature he must stood back, had, at that moment of theater, where they sat through an inpick it up for himself; nobody is going greatest need, gallantly thrown him- teresting play and a short operetta. easier than he thinks.

are only bugbears that fade and dis- and son of the Count John Valvallia; esteem of his companions were not appear upon the first attack. Herein his name, Henri. He had watched the with him, though he did not suspect lies the first secret of success-in at- scene narrowly; his heart growing bit- how utterly they disliked him. tack; and the great secret lies in per- ter with disgust against Steffano, During the evening, while the play sistence, in keeping always at work, while it warmed with admiration, if was in progress, the two younger men The man who actually does this, wast- not with real love and reverence to- of the party left their box to call uping no time, will find, the first thing ward the noble painter. In the end, on some ladies whom they had dishe knows, that he's stopped worrying, when the madman's sword had been covered in another part of the house, and he laughs a little as he says to wrested from him and he had made and who had plainly beckoned for himself that he's got no time to wor- demand of Denaro for another weapon, them to come. In the spacious lobby ry; and the next thing he knows he Henri had borne all he could bear, and finding themselves alone, they stopped finds his sandbox is no longer empty he's actually got some sand of his own, the marquis had opened the flood - the same subject in mind. and then he is somebody and begins gates of his awful profanity, the Henri Vavallia we know. His com-

MORE COMING.

good resolutions you made. quite as good.

## THE PAINTER OF PARMA;

- OR, -

## THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

say it again, you are a sneak and a could have possessed. cowardly villain! and I intend to "Steffano Farnese! Listen to me. he said." take it upon myself to put a stop to If you do not give over this disgraceyour imprudence."

temper, though it tried him sore- that you shall be expelled from the "when you are willing to give me way Correggio, and you know I will do it! I will pass on. I should prefer to Beware! I will have no more of it." hear no more.

words will you take that?" And with a quick movement the marquis whipped out his rapier and aimed a blow at the other's cheek, and he would have succeeded had not Zanoni

In another moment this artist, seeing that Steffano meant mischief, drew his own weapon and put himself

"Gentlemen," he said to the others who stood near, but dared not interfere. "I call you to witness that I have been literally forced to this." Then to his opponent, who stood glarthe days of rest farther apart, and one ing at him as though watching for

"Marquis, you call me coward. What shall men say of you, who draw your sword upon one who, were he even to kill you in self-defense, must suffer the penalty of death at the hands of the public executioner; for you know that such is the law in Parma? What shall men say of you?"

"Per Bacco! If I leave thee to the public executioner, make of my head a football. Aha! let us see if thou canst wield a sword as nimbly as thou dost a maul-stick! There at thee

We have said that our painter's thews and sinews had been toned and strengthened and his muscles tempered by long and continuous manly root of the reason for the Sabbath be- athletic exercises, and the sword had been with him a favorite companion from his earliest youth. had been said of him at Madrid, Spain, that he was the best swordsman And on the present occasion he had lost nothing of his "cunning offence" since that time.

> And on the present occasion he had sool and collected while the other was mad with passion. The conflict if such it could be called, was quickly over. The marquis attacked furiously, exposing himself in the outset to a fatal thrust, had his opponent desired to give it, but such was not the artist's purpose. He suffered Steffano to worry and fret and waste his energy in futile plunges and blows for more than once he sought to strike and cut as with an edged sword suffered him to thoroughly display himself, and then, with a twist which he knew well how to apply, he caught the opposing rapier by its point and its hilt and sent it flying into the river.

> me!" And the marquis, in his wild paroxysms of fury and chagrin, grasped at its hilt as though he would have taken it.

> him, exclaiming as he did so: a weapon to lose, and I should certain-

ly lose it if I lent it to you." Next, as soon as the madman could collect his thoughts, he turned with a fierce oath—a volley of oaths—toward the calm and tranquil painter with an now. evident intent to attack him with his

Zanoni saw and appealed to the count and the other two. Would they not take their friend in hand and help him to stop the disgraceful scene ?

"And, Count Denaro, you will allow me to thank you for your efforts already made; and let me trust that you and your friends will do me simple justice in your testimony, should I ever be accused of having drawn my sword against a noble of Parma."

The count, whatever may have been his deeper feelings towards the man whose studio the lady of his love so often and so willingly visited, could not but acknowledge that in the pre- ed: sent instance he was not only blamea manner that merited the highest praise and respect; and he promised that he would not fail to bear testimony to that end should occasion re-

of the way while this conference had at once, and the others did not hold "A prime necessity of our permanent | been going on? Had he been at liberty | back. in his infuriated madness, Denaro and Zanoni could not have exchanged a word. It had happened thus:

when the count had refused him, and for a brief consultation, both having to find some solid satisfaction in life." slightly framed youth had put aside panion was Paulo Alavado, son of a Ah, James, you've broken all the scruples disappeared, and he came twenty. They were close companions boldly to the front.

"Did you hear?" Steffano shouted, whirling him around by the exercise of turning to the painter, when he had a strength which no one would have put his would-be mentor away. "I believed, from his appearance, that he him speak to me inside?"

ful onset-if you molest the painter

A single oath had escaped the ruf-"Zounds! Haven't you got a spark | fian's lips, and then he had backed sometimes estimated without regard to of manhood inside that lady-like skin | down. He knew very well that young of yours? If you will have no more Valvalia, being president of the club, as well as one of the principal supports, could if he chose execute his threat; and, mad as he was, the thought of expulsion from the most select and the wealthiest social club in Parma sobered him for the time; but the look he cast upon his late antagonist, as he suffered himself to be led away, was not a pleasant one. His heart was, if possible, more bitter than before, dark features plainly told that thoughts of vengeance were busy

> Meanwhile a ragged, shock-headed boy of the street tribe had dived into the river and brought to the shore partially wiped it on the tatters of his frock, extended it to its owner. The marquis took it— a beautiful weapon of Milanl make its golden hilt set with precious stones-and ranhis eyes over the gleaming blade. Denaro, seeing that the boy had been either overlooked or forgotten, gave him a large piece of silver and sent him away.

> A moment later Steffano, quivering at every joint, and with a horrible imprecation on his lips, brought the bright blade down across his knee, thinking thus to break it; but its temper withstood his mighty effort. Then with another oath, and before his companions could interfere, he had driven the sharp point into the earth -sent it deep down, until the whole blade was buried—and then, with his -foot upon the pommel, he snapped

short distance away, hearing the sharp princess the count makes a mistake. If snapping of the breaking blade, in- I have read the beautiful girl aright, stinctively turned his head and looked she is the very soul of truth and honor, back, meeting as he did so the venge- and she can not witness Denaro's look deadly in its blackness of hate. "Go! go!" the marquis articulated,

in a tone partly a shriek and partly a

bowed and his arms folded on his bosom, slowly and thoughtfully pursued his wonted course.

## CHAPTER III.

When the four patricians had gained a point beyond the mob, and were "Denaro! Your rapier! Give it to free from particular observation, the marquis fancied he could detect on the part of his companions a desire, if not an intent, to leave him. In his heart, or in his inner conscience-for it is But the count sprang away from doubtful if his heart possessed any feeling in the matter-he knew that he "No, no, Steffano. It is too valuable had acted a low and disgraceful part He felt no disgrace himself, no prick of contrition or regret; but he could realize that those who bore him company felt it. Hypocrisy came natural to him; and he was to act the hypocrit

"Hold, my friends! he exclaimed, as the two younger members of the party were evidently on the eve of parting with the count. "I feel that I owe you a word of apology. I have made a fool of myself; I acknowledge it, and I have given you cause for disapproval-I have given you pain and chagrin. I humbly ask your pardon. If you will overlook it, the like shall not happen again. Can I do more? And now, if I have your forgiveness, you will make it manifest by joining me in a grand dinner at Rubelli's. I think you know the quality of his

Detecting a shadow of hesitation, and divining its cause, he quickly add-

"And I will give you my word that less, but that he had borne himself in I will be moderate in the use of the cup. Come, don't let our joy be clouded longer."

With that he took the count's arm. then turned and extended his free hand to the other two. Denaro, naturally And what had kept the marquis out kindly and sympathetic, surrendered

They repaired to Rubelli's luxurious cafe, where an elaborate dinner was served and charged to Steffano One of the twain who had thus fan Farnese, after which they went to the to give him any, but he can do this self into the breach. He was a small, But through it all there was somedelicate, effeminate-looking youth of thing lacking. The marquis could "Most of the things we worry over one or two and twenty, a handsome lad, not fail to see that the respect and

the last of his fear-not a bodily fear popular baron and statesman, and a -but rather a dread of being mixed great favorite with the younger memup in a public brawl—the last of his bers of society. His age was one and and devoted friends, and generally to "Yes, sir; but I shall make others With a quick, firm grip, Henri Va- be found together. They were a vallia took the marquis by the arm, handsome pair, and noted for their

purity and uprightness of life. Count in some respects a mentor and guide. In him they had reposed entire confidence, as one who could never betray any trust reposed in him. And through the count they had been

"Henri," said Paulo, when he had assured himself that they were beyond the hearing of others, "I wish you would not go back to that box. I can not endure that fellow.'

"I am not going back. The count does not expect us. Did you not see

"He bade me good-night, and sent the

"Bless him for a true friend. Tell me, Henri, how can he bear to associate with such a man? Can you

"Yes I can imagine it very easily. I may say I know. If I tell you the secret, you will keep it?"

which attach the count to the brutal fellow, for that he is brutal I do not hesitate to affirm. First, you must remember that Guiseppe Denaro is deeply in love with the Princess di Varona. He loves her passionately, and the spasdomic working, of his and, I do not doubt, would almost give his life for her love in return. He fancies, I have thought, that Steffano wields a considerable influence over her, and that whatever he can do to help him will please her. At all events the marquis is related to her, the unfortunate rapier, and, having and she would naturally desire that he should prosper; so the count feels it to be policy to promote that prosperity if he can.

There is another influence. good duke feels deeply the effect of his brother's behavior upon the public mind. It is becoming a scandal that gives him much trouble and unrest. So do you see, by helping to win Steffano away from even a few of his evil courses Guiseppe is earning the duke's gratitude, and he hopes will receive the benefit of his influence with the princess. Personally-at heart-the count despises the fellow, and only as a matter of policy does he put up with him. He certainly would not wish that we should associate with him."

"That is a hard word, Paulo." howl. "The day of reckoning between know the count's good qualities. He us will come, and when it does, look has been a true and loyal friend to you At this point the companions, see- and this seeking to win the favor of ing that a mob was beginning to gath- such a woman by the sacrifice of his er, took him forcibly in hand and led own peace and comfort is one of them. him away. Then Zanoni, with his head Do you think the princess loves him?" him, and is kindly disposed toward him,

> "Surely you may say it to me." "You will think me lacking in gratitude to the count for all his goodness to us." "No, no, Paulo. Have no fear of that

> and loyal you are? Tell me, why you are so sure that he can not win the love of the Princess Isabel?"

Alavado bent his head for a little time in thought; then he looked up and

"Henri, we are speaking now as brother to brother. As you said to me a few minutes since, so I now say to you. If I tell you my thought you will

Denaro had been to them a friend, and thrown occasionally into the society of the Marquis Steffano Farnese.

"Yes, I saw; but I knew not what

same to you; and then he said to me "Marquis!" Zanoni still held his further-i swear, by all I hold scared, plainly that if I preferred not to return he would cheerfully excuse us

imagine?"

"Certainly." "Well, there are two influences

"Henri," said the other, after a brief pause, during which he had been profoundly thoughtful "of course it is not the hilt and the bright steel asunder. for me to judge; yet I can not help The painter, who had gone but a thinking that with regard to the I-she never went out. A malaty ful look of Steffano fixed upon him-a course toward the marquis without seeing its duplicity."

> "I know it but it is not true? I and me. Yet I can see his weakness, "No. She does not. She respects

but as yet she has not given him her "Then she never will."

"Why do you think so?" "Perhaps I ought not to say."

kind. Mercy! do I not know how true

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keep it. But I know you will. I not your word. Let me ask you be you, in your intercourse with them cess, marked the qualities of her mi the natural bent of her impulses. her keen and sure perceptions!"

"Yes, Paulo, I think I have; but, on my word, I could not have sw it as you have done.' "Ah, dear Henri, you never knew;

sister Lucie. During the last half her life-she was two years older to yond the power of mortal physican control confined her to her own spi ments. She was never so beautilt is the princess; yet she resembled and she resembled her in more w than one. Not only was she truth honor and faithfulness combined personified, with a soul born was ity of thought and life, but she intellectual-profoundly so. little I know beyond the smatters our schools I owe to her; and ill be that my abhorrence of lake and deceit I gained from her; the she tried to assure me that it mine at birth in the germ.

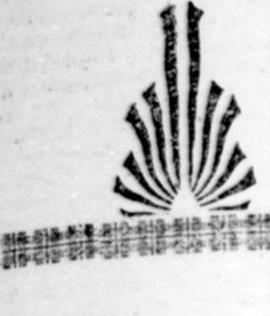
"But enough of that. I have spe en thus of my sister because the semblance to which I have alluded it me first to study the princess and have found her all that I have claims for the sainted Lucie. Especially mis I allude to her rare intellectua qualities. If there is one thing more than another that she enjoys in some intercourse it is the conversation of truly intellectual and well-educate man. I marked her particularly, will on two occasions I saw her sitting the side of the old professor, Fra All selmo. I suppose he is, without ception, the most learned man, posses ing the widest range of useful inlors ation, and, withal, gifted with theme silvery and eloquent flow of lange age in the expression of his thought of all the learned and eloquent me of our beloved Italy.

"My soul! how the princess hung up on his words. Not all the amusement of the younger people; not all the man ic of voice and instrument; nothing short, could draw her away from h Anselmo's side while he spoke. She a marvel. I doubt if there is another in Parma-perhaps not in Italypossesses the same amount and qua ity of intellect; and I think she is eager to improve as she is fond knowledge. Then again, her deeppe sion for art. Fra Anselmo is a paid er of no mean capacity. He has be rated by some as equal to Angelico listened to her conversation with Bil and I was astonished at her knowled of art and artists, and at her s discrimination.

> To be Continued. HINTS TO SMOKERS.

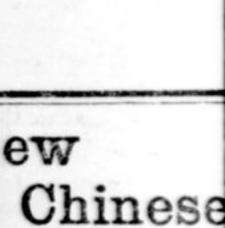
Some Valuable Suggestions to the Iser the Weed.

A German physician publishes following hints to smokers. The him the doctor says, "are founded upon professional observations for min years of the mouth, teeth, stomic lungs, heart and skin of the devote of tobacco. The first and forement rule is never to smoke before brea fast, nor as a rule, when the stome is empty. Never smoke during an end ertion of great physical energy, sur as dancing, running, eyeling, moults climbing or rowing, and especially in a contest. Never follow the custom of the French and Russian by allowing the smoke to pass through the nose; never inhale it through nose. Keep the smoke as far as por sible from the eyes and nose; the lose er the pipe the better; the use of short pipe during work is to be arous ed. A pipe is the most wholesome for of smoking. Always throw away four cigar as soon as you have smoked four fifths of it. The smoker should rite his mouth with a glass of water which a teaspoonful of table salt p been dissolved. It should be used to a gargle at night, and care should taken that every cavity in the teel is well washed with it."



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