

Good for the Soul.

IV

Of course it is perfectly obvious how a "sober and discreet" marriage of this nature must end. The elderly, simple-minded, plain countryman, and the little actress whose past had never been laid under her neighbor's eye—what could happen, says the wise world, but disaster and pain!

And yet neither befell. He took her home, this gentle, passionate, pitying husband, and nursed her, and petted her, and played with her. All the checked and stunted youth in him blossomed out. He told her his thoughts—for on his slow way, it seems, he had thoughts. He let her see his simple adoration of the ideals which she embodied—gentleness and prettiness, and purity. He was jealous to shield her from every rough word, from every cruel knowledge; all the love of all his bleak unlively life was poured into her lap. And she was very "pleasant" with him. She felt towards Peter that warm-hearted admiration which begins in appreciation and ends in love. He was so good to her—that was the first thing the wife felt; and then, he was so good!

She laughed at him and sang to him, and even put on her pink dress and danced for him sometimes. And she brought Jim into the very parlor itself! At first, very likely, it was all part of the play of life to her. She would appreciate, if Peter could not, the stage setting, so to speak—the bare, ugly parlor, with its landscape-papered walls, and faded photographs of dead relatives hanging in oval black frames very near the ceiling; the lustres on the high wooden mantel-piece; the big Bible on the crocheted mat of the centre table; the prim, uncomfortable sofa, and the rosewood chairs standing at exact angles in the windows; and Peter, with Jim's head on his knee, sitting, gazing at her—gazing at the inconspicuous, joyous, dancing figure, with the pink skirt twirling over pink gauze petticoats! At first the fun of the contrast was a keen enjoyment; but after awhile—

However, that came later. Meantime she rested. Sometimes on his knee, with her head on his shoulder, while he tried to read his agricultural paper, but had to stop because she teased him into laughter; sometimes on a little couch under the trees, on the sunny side of the house, where she could see Peter working in the garden. She found not only rest but intense interest in this garden, which, to be sure, was rather commonplace. There were clumps of perennials in the borders, upon which each year the grass encroached more and more; and there were shrubs, and some seedlings sown as the wind listed, and there were a dozen ragged old rosebushes. But Bessie Day threw herself into taking care of all the friendly old-fashioned fragrance, heart and soul, and body, too, which made her tired and strong and happy all together. She used to lie awake those summer nights and plan the garden she was going to have next year, and she pored over seedsmen's catalogues with a passionate happiness that made her bright face brighter and brought a look of keen and joyous interest into her eyes.

That was the first year; the second, the ballet dress was put away, for there was a baby—a young Peter and a young Donald; and then a little girl that the father said must be named Pleasant. It was then that Bessie got dissatisfied with her own name, and insisted that she be called Elizabeth. So the old name like the old pink satin dress and fan, and high-heeled slippers, was put away in the past. Sometimes Peter talked about them, but Elizabeth would scold him and say she was tired of them, and she wouldn't allow them to be mentioned. "I'll steal your spectacles, Peter, if you tease me," she would threaten, gaily; "I go to church, nowadays, and the minister says it isn't right to dance—though I don't know that I just agree with him," she would add, a little gravely.

"Anything you ever did was right;—right enough for a minister to do himself!" Peter would declare, stoutly.

"I wouldn't like to see the parson in pink petticoats," Elizabeth would retort, her eyes twinkling with fun. She always went to church with Peter, and he kept awake to look at her pretty face in her Sunday bonnet; and later, when the children began to come he had his hands full to keep the boys in order, and not let them read their library books during the sermon. Elizabeth, in her best lavender silk, which had little sprigs over it, and an embroidered white crepe shawl, and a bonnet with soft white strings, sat at the top of the pew, with Pleasant's sleepy head against her shoulder, looking so cheerful and pretty that it was no wonder Peter looked oftener at her than at the parson.

So the placid years came and went, and by-and-by Peter's wife was no longer slight; but she was as light on her feet as a girl, and her face was as bright and pretty as ever, and her laugh was like the sunny chuckle of a brook; her children and her garden and her husband filled her life, and she made them

As for the neighbors, social life came slowly, because of Peter's long indifference to it; but it came, and people said they liked Mrs. Day because she was so different from other folks—"always real pleasant," her neighbors said.

So it was that nearly ten years passed before that shadow, of whose coming the world would have had no doubt, fell little by little, into the dark bright eyes and across the smiling lips. Fell, and deepened and deepened.

"You're not well, wife!" Peter said anxiously.

"Nonsense!" she said, smiling at him.

But when he left her, her face settled into heavy lines.

"If you don't look better to-morrow," Peter threatened, "I'll have the doctor!"

"The doctor!" his wife cried, laughing. "Why, I am perfectly well."

And, indeed, the doctor could not discover that she was ill in any way.

"Then why does she look so badly?" Peter urged, blinking at him with anxious eyes.

"Oh, she's a little overtired," the doctor assured him, easily. "I think she works too hard in that garden of hers. I think I'd put a stop to that, Mr. Day."

And having done his worst, this worthy meddler with the body departed, to prescribe physical exercise for a brain-worker at the point of exhaustion. But Peter was grateful for some positive instructions.

"The children and I will take care of the garden, and you can just look on. What you need is rest."

So, to please him, she tried to rest; but the shadow deepened in her eyes, and the fret of thought wore lines in her smooth forehead. She shook her head over Peter's offer to take care of the garden.

"What! trust my precious flowers to a mere man?" she cried, with the old gaily and burlesque anger. "Indeed I won't!"

The garden Peter had made for her was a great two-hundred foot square, sunk between four green terraces; it was packed with all sorts of flowers, and overflowing with fragrance; all the beds were bordered with sweet-alyssum and mignonette, and within them the flowers stood, pressing their glowing faces together in masses of riotous color—the glittering satin yellow of California poppies, the heavenly blue of nemophila; crimson mallow, snow-white shining phlox; sweet-pease and carnations, gillyflowers and bachelor's buttons, and everywhere the golden sparks of coreopsis; there were blots of burning scarlet, sheets of orange and lilac and dazzling white. Elizabeth used to sit down by some border to weed, smiling at her flowers, putting her fingers under some shy sweet face, to raise it, and look down into it, rejoicing in the texture and color and perfume, and then, suddenly, her pleasant eyes would cloud and her energy flag, and she would sit there, absent and heavy, the pain wearing deep into her forehead.

By the time another year had come her whole face had changed; her eyes so rarely crinkled up with fun that one had a chance to see how big and sad and terror-stricken they had grown, and her mouth took certain pitiful lines, and seemed always about to open into sad and wailing words. Another year—they had been married twelve years now—had certainly brought this husband and wife, nearer to that dreadful verge of disaster, which the sober look-oner must surely have prophesied on that night when the man and woman stood up to be married in Doctor Lavender's study.

It was in June that Elizabeth Day said to her husband, gaily, that she had a plan. "Now don't scold, Peter, but listen. I suppose you will say I'm crazy; but I have a notion I want to go off and take a drive, all by myself, for a whole day."

"I'll drive you," he said, "anywhere you want."

"No," she said, coming and sitting down on his knee; "no! let me go by myself. I'll tell you; I think I'm a little nervous, and I've a notion to take a drive by myself. I think maybe I'll feel better for it."

"Well," he said, wistfully, "if you want to; but I'd like to go with you."

How strange it is that the tree whose fruit is suffering and pain, is the knowledge of good as well as of evil! Perhaps the single knowledge of either would not mean anything; or perhaps there cannot be knowledge of one without knowledge of the other. Here is a great mystery; we poor little creatures cannot understand that He who makes peace and creates evil for His own purposes. This poor girl, in her pure and placid life here on the farm, had eaten of this tree, and the anguish of the knowledge of goodness had fallen on her. She groaned under her breath, looking at the dear house and at the dear love.

Elizabeth shook the reins and nodded, smiling. "Good-bye, boys, don't bother father; be good children. Good-by, Peter."

"When will you be back?" her husband said, his hand on the bride-to-be horse backed and fretted, and his wife soiled good-naturedly.

"I'll never get off! Come! go on, Captain. Oh, well, then,—to-night, maybe."

"To-night?" Peter echoed, blankly.

"Well, I should say so! Pleasant, take care of mother;" and he let her start, but stood looking down the road, watching the hood of the buggy jostling up and down, until the light dust almost hid it.

Elizabeth leaned back in her seat and drew a great breath of relief. Pleasant, smiling all over her little round face, looked up at her.

"Mother, may I hold the reins?" she said.

"Take the ends of them," Elizabeth said; "mother will keep her hands in front of yours, for fear Captain should take a notion to run."

Pleasant beaming and crinkling her eyes up as her mother had done before her, shook and jerked at the ends of the reins, saying, "Get up there!" and clucked as she had heard her father do; then, squaring her elbows, she braced her feet against the dash-board.

"If Captain was to run, mother, this is the way I'd stop him," she said, proudly.

"Yes, dear child," the mother answered, mechanically. She drove without any uncertainty or hesitation as to her route, and carefully sparing her horse, as one who has a long journey before her. It was growing warmer; the dew had burned off, and the misty look of early morning had brightened, into clear soft blue without a cloud. There was a shallow run beside the road, which chattered and chuckled over its pebbly bed, or plunged down in little waterfalls a foot high, running over stones smooth with moss, or stopping in the shadows under leaning trees, and spreading into little pools, clear and shining and brown as Pleasant's eyes.

"It would be nice to wade, wouldn't it, mother?" the child said; and the mother said again, mechanically.

"Yes, dear."

She did not see the run, which by-and-by widened into a creek as it and the road went on together; and when Captain began to climb a long, sunny slope, she only knew the difference because the sweating horse fell into an easy walk. Pleasant chattered with out ceasing.

"It's nice to come with you, mother. Where are we going? Mother, I think I must have been unusually good, don't you, for God to let me have this ride, and hold Captain's reins? I wonder if Captain knows I've got the ends of the reins? He doesn't try to run, you see? I guess he knows he couldn't, with me to help you hold him. Oh, look at the bird sitting on the fence! Well, I'm glad I've been good lately, or else, probably, I wouldn't have come with you. Donald was bad yesterday; he pulled the kitty's tail very hard; so I notice God didn't let him come; I never pull the kitty's tail!" she ended virtuously. It paid to be good, Pleasant thought; and said, "Get up, there, Captain!" and jerked the reins so hard that her mother came out of her thoughts with a start.

"Don't Pleasant! Don't pull so, dear."

"Mother, when you were a little girl, did you ever go and drive with your mother, like me?"

"Yes, Pleasant."

"Was she nice—was she as nice as you?"

"A great deal nicer, Pleasant."

"My!" said Pleasant, "I suppose she let you drive altogether—not just with the ends of the reins!"

Elizabeth did not answer. Pleasant slipped off the seat and leaned over the dash-board to pat Captain; then tried sitting sideways with her legs under her.

"Pleasant, you must not ask so many questions! I never knew a little girl talk so much."

Pleasant looked troubled, and drew a long breath. "Well, mother, it's my thoughts. If I didn't have so many thoughts, I wouldn't talk. Do you have thoughts, mother?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Well, yes, Pleasant, I do."

(To Be Continued.)

TO CURE A COLD.

Long Breaths Will Drive It Away When It First Begins.

A cold, as nearly every intelligent person knows, is the result of a stoppage somewhere of free circulation of the blood, to which one is first sensitive through a feeling of chill.

So slight is the chill oftentimes that not until the preliminary sneeze comes is the victim aware he or she has been in the track of a draught, or that the temperature has changed.

The usual notion is going indoors, by changing to heavier clothing or retreating from the moist atmosphere the danger is averted. These precautions are all well enough, but the first and most efficacious measure should be to restore the quick flow of warm blood through every vein, and so by heat instantly counteract the little chill.

One, and perhaps the simplest, method of doing this has been learned by men who stand on sentinel duty, who are obliged to suffer more or less exposure in winter, or who scorn the comforts in cold weather of overshoes, overcoat and umbrella.

Their method is, when the temperature of the body or extremities is lowered, or a sudden chill or quick change from warm to cold atmosphere is endured, to inhale three or four deep breaths, expand the lungs to their fullest extent, holding every time the inhaled air as long as possible and then slowly letting it forth through the nostrils.

In doing this the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into such quick motion that the blood is driven with unusual force along its channels and so runs out into the tiniest veins. This radiates a glow down to the toes and finger tips and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. The whole effect is to stir the blood and set its motion as from rapid exercise.

Let any woman who goes to a dinner or ball in a low-necked gown, where the rooms are chilly and her wraps not accessible, try this little cure, or, better still, this preventive against cold and enjoy its merits.

Let her try it when taking a cold drive or when condemned, by accident, to sit in wet garments. Let the maxim of a victim to colds be always: Keep the blood in rapid action, use the deep-bred breaths where a first chill is felt.

A CRUEL FARCE.

The Terrible Ordeal of a French Soldier at Grenoble.

An incident which is not, perhaps wholly without a bearing on the Dreyfus case is reported by the French papers. The scene is the barracks at Grenoble, where a purse recently disappeared in circumstances that threw suspicion on a number of soldiers in garrison there. A Lieutenant of engineers investigated the case. After questioning and searching the men to no obvious purpose, the officer picked out one of them as the probable culprit and ordered him to confess. The man protested his innocence, and there was not a particle of evidence against him. The Lieutenant was convinced of his guilt, however, and in order to force a confession tried the effect of a torture which, though entirely mental, was none the less terrible. It consisted in solemnly condemning the man to death and ordering his immediate execution by a file of soldiers. The poor fellow was stood up against a wall, blindfolded, and warned that he had but a minute to live. As he still denied the theft, a volley was fired at him. Blank cartridges were used, but the man except its final pangs. The military authorities have taken the matter up, it seems that they considered this method of securing evidence somewhat objectionable. The Lieutenant they condemned to sixty days of confinement in a fortress, but, lest the dignity of martial justice should be affronted, care has been taken to spread the rumor that the officer's mind had been unbalanced by an attack of fever contracted in Tonquin.

WALKING LIZARDS.

The remarkable "frilled lizard" of Australia, which runs about on its hind legs in a partially erect attitude, has been often written about. It is now asserted that some other lizards practise the same manner of locomotion. A resident of the West Indies in a letter published by Nature, avers that all the lizards in that part of the world, including even the tree iguana, which attains a length of five feet, run erect on their hind legs when hurried. It is suggested that these animals may have descended from some remote ancestor in the Age of the Great Reptiles, which was able to walk and run on its hind legs; but the sight of one of the monsters of those days in such an attitude would have inspired more terror than amusement.

Jones—Why do you say the remains of you of brown sugar? Brown—Brown she's sweet, but unrefined.

Always pay as you go, said Dudley. But, uncle, suppose I've nothing to pay with? Then don't go.

Absent-minded Professor, in the bath-tub—Well, well, now I have the gotten what I got in here for.

Is the razor sharp? asked the barber. Comparatively so, said the patron, it has an edge that would be splashed on a carving knife.

Hixon—Spain's navy doesn't seem to be scoring many hits. Dixon—No! I don't believe the Spanish gunners could shoot.

Good for the Doctor—Invincible! would rather be dead than as I am! Attending Physician—Ah, my dear, you should live and let live.

Henpecked—Spawker—Your wife seems very fond of commanding you to do this, that, and the other. Satisfy her, please.—Yes, it's her ruling passion.

Does your cook make any trouble when you presume to go in the kitchen and tell her how to do things? Oh, no, she doesn't take any notice!

The Cornfed Philosopher—It is all wrong, said the Cornfed Philosopher, to say that a woman can make a fool of a man. She merely develops it.

Another Long-Felt Want—Manufacturer has perfected a wonderful invention. What is it? A revolving but it works so the congregation can see all sides of it.

Confound these consumers! exclaimed the wheelman as he gasped at the punctured tire. He had heard something about the tacks always coming out of the consumer.

Indignant Woman—This dog ought of you came near eating my little girl the other day. Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?

We All Know Him—Hinkson and his wife do not get along very well together, do they? No, you see he is the kind of a fellow who merely does his duty to his wife.

A Reflection—A throne, said the king, is very much like a bicycle. In what respect? Inquired the Prime Minister. Things go easily enough while you're on. But it's hard to dismount gracefully.

Grandma was in the habit of teaching Willie a story after he went to bed. One evening she was persuaded to read a second, and Willie demanded still another. Not any more to-night, said grandma firmly. Oh, please, grandma, let's have the rubber.

Two commercial travellers, comparing notes: I have been out three weeks, said the first, and have only got four orders. That beats me, said the other; I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home.

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller, his note ran: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family. The flour of my family is good, replied the old man; are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"

Desperate Case.—Pursuing Manager of excursion—We're a little behind time, I know, but will make it up on the last half of the run. Indignant Excursionist—Make it up! What's the use of talking that way! Will meet ourselves coming back long before we get there!

They were very, very young; also very, very dirty—two little lads of the street. One had been absent from school, and the other was writing his excuse for him. Say, Jimmie, said one, if yer wants me to tell yer teacher why yer wuz absent, yer must tell me what yer wuz up to. Well, Pettie, said the other, dubiously, scratching his pink kin, yer spell "dipteria!" If yer kin dat's yer I had. If yer can't I guess "measles." "I'll have ter do."

AGONIZING PAINS. Endured by Those Who Suffer From Tepla Tea—A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that afflicts mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains. Those who are suffering from this malady the following statement from Mr. John Hayes, of Hayesville, York Co., N. B., will point the road to relief and cure. Mr. Hayes says—"For upward of twenty years I have suffered from weakness and pain in the back. Some four years ago my trouble was intensified by Sciatica settling in my right leg. What I suffered seems almost beyond description. I employed three doctors but all to no purpose. I had to give up work entirely and almost despaired of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery. At this time I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both the sciatica and back weakness in the back were gone. I was troubled no longer, were gone. I was again a well man and feeling fifteen years younger than before I began the pills. Nearly two years have passed since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in that time no symptom of the trouble has shown itself. Under God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me."

Mr. Hayes voluntarily testified to the truth of the above statement before Edward Whosead, Esq., J. P., and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N. B.

CLOUDED LIFE. Mrs. Bliffers—Your old friend had such a sad face. Why is it? Mr. Bliffers—Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl, and— Mrs. Bliffers—And she refused him! Mr. Bliffers—No. She married him.

WERE FOUND BY ACCIDENT

A GREAT MANY FAMOUS THINGS DUE TO CHANCE.

gunpowder, telescopes and steam. How Edison Got on the Phonograph.

Many things of the greatest to the world in general owe their existence to chance. The gin entirely to chance. The

of a piece of amber "evoked" Faraday's words, "an invisible which has done for mankind wonderful things than the Aladdin did or could have

him." The up-forcing of the cooking vessel discovered the lous power of steam, and the of an apple from its parent monstrated the law of nature.

The simple swinging of a suspended lamp gave application of the pendulum, the precision of modern astronomy much; while the finding of a mineral magnet loadstone, said the grave philosopher John

"for the supplying and increasing commodities than those workhouses." The manufacture of gunpowder according to Sainte Foix, was revealed. An Augustinian monk old Schwartz, having put a mortar, it took fire, and the covered it was blown off by violence, which accident led to think it might be used advantage in attacking fortifications. He accordingly added to it charcoal to render it more take fire, and increase combu-

Lead shot are attributed to a Bristol plumber, who, one day in the year 1783, "had a dream, not all a dream," that he would have a shower of molten lead, which the form of spherical drops. As he became aroused, he went to the top of a church, and placed melted lead into a vessel of yellow. To his great delight that the lead had gathered into fully-formed globular balls.

TOOK OUT A PATH. A Nuremberg glass-cutter to let some aquarutons fall spectacles and noticed that was corroded and softened the acid had touched it. Then he made a liquid, then figures upon a piece of glass with varnish, applied the fluid, and cut away the varnish, the figures appeared on a dark ground; and etching was added to the ornament.

One day nearly three hundred ago a poor optician was working in the town of Middlebury, Netherlands, his children were amusing themselves with objects lying about. A young girl exclaimed, "papa, see how near the steel!" Anxious to learn the cause of the child's amazement, he turned her, and saw that she was through two lenses, one his eye, the other at arm's length calling her to his side, he took the eye lens was plano-convex the other was plano-concave, he repeated the experiment, and soon that she had chanced to hold apart at the proper focus, producing the wonderful effect observed. His quick wit was wonderful discovery, and he about making use of his knowledge of lenses. Ere long he had a tube of pasteboard he set the glasses at their distance so the telescope was ready.

The following year he went to Venice, heard of the art, and being greatly struck with the importance of such an instrument, he discovered the principle of shifting tube, and made a telescope of his own. To having his astronomer in whose hand a gift was placed, Galileo's reputation and person were established.

Among the many traditions of William Lee and his one that he was expelled from university for marrying, being very poor, his wife would contribute toward the household. It was while washing motion of her fingers that how to imitate those moving machines.

Arkwright accidentally discovered the idea of spinning by rollers, and between two rollers. The ordinary practice of spinning for Archimedes the how to test the purity of Hicero's crown. He observed that when stepped into a full bath of water which overflowed equal to the bulk of his crown, he stepped into the bath, and he thereupon made two tests, as the crown was the weight of silver, and separately in a vessel of brim, measuring exactly of water that overflowed. Having found by this measure of the fluid amount of each metal, he weighed the crown and found that it was heavier than the water to overflow than the difference between the of pure gold and silver.