A Gem for Each Month.

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gems save garnets should be worn;
They will secure her constancy,
True friendship, and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who in this world of c— their eyes
In March first open, should be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear the bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her care
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And, we to June her day of birth,
With ring of pearl upon her hand,
Health, wealth, and long life can command.

JULY.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in July are born;
Then they will be exempt and free
From love's doubt and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear moonstone, or will be for thee
Joy only I foretell;
The August born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maid born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze
A sapphire on her brow should bind,—
Twill cure disasters in mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is word for won,
And life's vicissitudes she know,
But lay a opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the topaz amber hue,—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,—
Success will bless whate'er you do.

—*Delle Rankin.*

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR, A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

CHAPTER II.

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

It is not best in an inglorious ease
To sink and dull content,
When wild revolts and hopeless miseries
The unquiet nations fill;
* * * * * * *
Nay, best it is, indeed,
To spend ourselves upon the general good;
And, oft misunderstood,
To strive to fill the place and limbs that bleed.
This is the best, the full st meed.
Let ignorance assail or hatred sneer
Who loves his ra e he shall not fear;
He suffers not for long
Who doth his soul possess in loving, and grows
strong. *Lewis Morris.*

The old singing-master had not exaggerated matters. Though inclined to see everything connected with his favorite pupil through rose-colored spectacles, his words were in this instance strictly true. Carlo had passed scathless through all the temptations of Neapolitan life; his history would bear the full light of day; it was impossible to imagine any one more strictly honorable, more simple and open-minded. But then, certainly, nature has been to him almost prodigal in her gifts. To begin with, he came of a good family, and that not in the vulgar acceptation of the word. The Donati were not of noble birth, but for five or six generations they had been well educated, and had earned quite an unusual reputation in the various learned professions which they had followed. Faults of temper or of judgment they might have shown, but no Donati had ever been guilty of an act of dishonor, nor had there been in any one of them a single grain of insincerity. To belong to a family which has earned well-deserved respect, to be able to look back upon forefathers who have lived well and bravely, to know that before you existed your father, and his father before him, spoke for freedom and pleaded the cause of the people, this is indeed a birthright worth having. An inheritance of money may or may not be a desirable thing, but an inheritance of character, an ancestry of generous, true-hearted men, who did justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God—this is a thing that kings might covet.

Carlo had undoubtedly inherited a noble character, or rather had inherited certain tendencies, and as yet, by his life, had helped to develop, not to arrest, their growth.

At the close of the last century there had been born a certain Bruno Donati. People had prophesied great things of him; he had established, with almost unheard-of rapidity, a great reputation as an advocate, he had married a beautiful heiress, he was assuredly a man who would "rise"—so said the world. He did rise, but not in the way predicted. Regardless of his reputation, regardless of self altogether, he joined the patriot party who were struggling to overthrow the hated tyranny of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Leaving his home, and taking a tender farewell of his wife and his little children, he set off one June morning for Cilento, the place which had been chosen for a small rising. At first a certain measure of success encouraged the patriots; they were able to hoist the little fort of Palinuro, and to hoist the tricolored flag.

But those brave pioneers knew well that they were taking their lives in their hands. They had achieved a success which must draw the attention of the whole country upon them. In fact Count General Delcaretto was sent down to attack them with six thousand men, and no mercy was shown. Twenty of the patriots were shot without trial; twenty-six others, and among them Bruno Donati, were executed. The young advocate had, as it seemed, sacrificed his life for a hopeless cause, for he never again to return to his beautiful home; but General Delcaretto caused his head to be paraded in front of the house before the eyes of his widow and his fatherless children. Then, when the people had been cowed, a commune or two suppressed, and the insurrection completely stamped out, the general returned to Naples to be rewarded for his gallantry by receiving the title of marquis, a decoration of a knightly order, and a pension.

Bruno Donati's widow did not die until she had educated her two sons, and had seen that the younger one, also Bruno, was likely to be just such a man as his father. She did not realize how much alike the story of the two Brunos would be.

Both sons followed their father's profession, but the younger was somewhat engrossed in the revolutionary movement of the time that he did not make much way in it. Instead of so doing, he joined "Young Italy," studied deeply under the guidance of Mazzini, and at length enrolled himself in Garibaldi's gallant little army.

Carlo's earliest recollections were of a hot August day in the year 1862. He, as a little fellow, had sat beside his mother in a carriage outside the post office at Pozzuoli, and someone had brought them the news of Garibaldi's defeat at Aspromonte, and with that the tidings that Bruno Donati was fast growing worse. Carlo could even now see vividly his mother's deathly face as she read the news, could remember his puzzled wonder as to what it all meant, and whether it could possibly be that his father would never return.

But the second Bruno Donati was in some ways happier than his father; he was brought back from Aspromonte to his own home, where he lingered for a month—a month which proved of extraordinary value to his son's education. The child was too young to feel his father's death as a lifelong grief, but he was just old enough to carry away from that death-bed a beautiful and unfading memory. Upon his childish brain was stamped the conviction that to die for "La Patria" was a very happy thing, that the sacrifice of self for others was the only true greatness, and that even such a failure as Aspromonte was not to be accounted failure—that right could not fail in the long run. "*Passiera! passiera!*" was the word constantly on the lips of the dying patriot—the word which always conjured itself with his memory in the mind of his son. On Bruno Donati's dying face there had been that "look of faith in humanity" which was stamped upon the face of his teacher, Mazzini, and the boy drank in the child's heart.

"Carlino," his father had said, tenderly, on the very last day of his life—"Carlino *mio*, thou will be a man one day."

"How nice it will be when I am a man like you, father!" cried the boy, eagerly.

The dying man smiled sadly.

"Remember always to comfort and shield thy mother, and Nita—take good care of Nita."

"Why, father, Nita is older than I am, a whole year older!" exclaimed the child.

"But Nita is a woman, and my Carlo must be her brave protector; promise me that, my son."

"I promise, father," said the little fellow, squeezing the cold hand that clasped his. "And father, dear father, I may have your sword, may I not? You'll leave it to Uncle Guido, who has one already? For if I have it, father, then I could fight the brigands if they took Nita; could I not?"

The dying man smiled, touched by the innocent literalness of the reply. He caught Carlo to his breast, holding him in a long, close embrace.

"Why, father, I do believe you'll soon be well!" cried the boy, gleefully, feeling the power of those strong arms round him. He did not know that a sudden strength is often death's forerunner.

And indeed he little meant his words came true, for by the next morning the second Bruno Donati had entered into the martyr's rest, and it was "well" with him.

After this Carlo's life had been uneventful; the recollection of his father did not sadden him, on the contrary it raised and stimulated him. For an Italian boy he had an unusually free and healthy life; his mother could never make up her mind to leave the country-house where they had been passing their *villeggiatura* during the summer of 1862, and in which her husband had died. They lived all the year round at the Villa Bruno, and a kindly old priest at Pozzuoli taught the boy until he was old enough to go in every day to the Ginnasio at Naples.

Here he entered into his lifelong friendship with Enrico Ritter, and learned much through his intercourse with the German family, whose house became his headquarters when he was in Naples. The Ritters, deeming the country life dull for the boy, were constantly inviting him to stay with them, and giving him brief snatches of gayety. Nominally Lutherans, the worthy Germans were practically materialists, and it was largely owing to his visits at the Ritter's that Carlo first became dissatisfied with the religion in which his mother had educated him. Equally was he dissatisfied with the conventional acceptance of Christianity and the real scepticism which prevailed in the Ritter household. For a year or two he puzzled his brain over the vexed question; finally he took the decisive step and resolved to go no more to church. This caused much pain to his mother and to his old friend, Father Cristoforo; and though plunging deeply into that sort of worship at the shrine of beautiful Nature which is the reaction from formalism, he felt a want in his life.

Shortly before this a house close to the Villa Bruno, which for some years had been untenanted, had been taken by an English-man named Captain Britton. He had just lost his wife; and the home at San Remo, where his children had been born, and to which he had returned year by year when off duty, had grown intolerable to him. He retired from the service, and, taking a fancy to the neighborhood of Naples, settled down at Casa Bella, and made up his mind to live and die there. He had only two children—Francesca, a beautiful girl, about a year younger than Carlo—so named after an Italian friend of the family—and Sibyl, a fairy-like little child of two years old. Miss Claremont, Francesca's governess, or, as every one called her, "Clare," had the management of the house, and it was largely owing to her that a very close intimacy soon sprung up between the two neighboring families.

Carlo and Francesca were at first not of an age for falling in love. They became fast friends, and Carlo in his rather lonely life was enchanted to find that even the English girl was allowed almost unlimited freedom. She was wholly unlike his convent-bred sister, who, since her mother was an invalid, was allowed to come home now and then for a day or two. Nita was beautiful, and sang like an angel, and was a devout little Catholic, and did her best to teach him the error of his ways. But to save her life, Nita could not have been a companion in his games. Now Francesca, though no boidem, was, in the matter of games, as good as a boy. She was not above climbing trees or running races; she excelled at rounders; she even initiated him into the mysteries of cricket, enlisting the services of Clare and the gardeners.

Then nothing would do but he must teach her to row, and many were the happy hours they spent on the sea together, sometimes with Clare in the stern, sometimes with little Sibyl and her nurse, sometimes with old Florestano, the fisherman, who would tell them quaint legends of saints, or mermaids, or ghosts, in all of which he believed equally. Sometimes they would go oyster-catching in Lake Fusaro, or, with Clare as a delightful third, would scramble about in the Acropolis at Cumæ, seeking to make fresh discoveries. Or they would play hide-and-seek in the Grotto della Pace, or act thrilling brigand stories, or dig and search in field or vineyard, and perhaps stumble across the remains of an old Roman villa or the ruins of a temple, hidden away by the straggling green growth.

Those were happy days for all of them. Carlo before long formed for Miss Claremont that sort of reverential, half-worshiping friendship and admiration which is not uncommon between boys of his age and middle-aged women. And Clare was a friend worth having. She influenced people chiefly by loving them; you never felt with her that she was trying to doctor you, or to improve your moral or spiritual health. She discussed many things with Carlo, listened to his crude, half-fledged ideas with the utmost patience, and would no more have smiled at them or treated them contemptuously than a woman would smile with contempt as she watches the staggering steps of a baby beginning to walk alone.

Clare sympathized much with the difficulties of his position; she saw that his deeply religious Italian nature would never rest content in its present isolation.

"Do you never feel the need of worshiping" she asked him one day.

"Yes," he replied, "but one need not be within the walls of a church to do that; a boat at sea, or an olive-grove, is more to my taste."

Just at that time he was the least bit proud of having shaken himself free from the bondage of Romanism—a fact which was quite patent to Clare, and proved to her how perilous was his state.

"And yet," she urged, "I should have thought that you—a follower of Mazzini—would have had a strong faith in Association."

The words struck home, unpleasantly convincing Carlo that he had been rapturously hugging a thing which he called Freedom, and that it was an illusion more worthy to be called Isolation.

"I don't know where to turn to!" he exclaimed, chafed by a remark which had disturbed his peace, and proved it to be false.

"Are you trying to find out the best place?" she asked, quietly.

He was silent, and Clare, who had the rare tact to know when she had said enough, changed the subject.

But the very next Sunday he astonished her by asking leave to join their party and drive in to the English church at Naples with them. His total absence of false shame, and the ingenuous humility which could thus tacitly own itself in the wrong, promptly and publicly following the suggestion of a woman, were thoroughly Italian. Clare reflected that an Englishman would have allowed a week or two to pass by, in order to prove that he came of his own free will, and not at the instigation of another; or would, perhaps, have toiled over on foot in the early morning, slinking in at the back of the church, in terror lest people should comment on the amendment of his ways.

After a time he formally joined the English Church. Of course he had some opposition to encounter; but though his old friend the priest shook his head sorrowfully, and though his mother shed tears, and though the Ritters chaffed him good-humoredly, his happiness was too great to be marred by such things; besides, they all loved him so well that they soon pardoned the obnoxious step which he had taken, and did their best to forget that he was not as they were.

A few months after this the first shadow fell upon Carlo's perfect felicity. It was suddenly arranged that the Britton household should migrate to England for a year. An aunt of Francesca's had just died, and someone was urgently needed to look after the motherless children. Who so fit for such a task as Clare? and though all would fain have lived on in that happy Italian home, she could not linger there when needed in another place, and at any rate she should have her children for yet another year. That helped to break the parting. Captain Britton was glad for a time to be with his brother, and a year of English life, in which to finish Francesca's rather unconventional education, was deemed a good idea by all. So once more Casa Bella was silent and deserted, and Carlo was left to his own devices.

It was just at this time that Nita returned from her convent. A great change was at once effected in the peacefulness of the Villa Bruno, for the girl, while retaining enough of her religious education to make her persecute her heretic brother with endless arguments and remonstrances, was yet so wearied of its strict restraint that she broke out into violent reaction and tyrannized over her mother, much as she herself had till now been tyrannized over.

The signora Donati was an invalid; she had never recovered from the cruel shock of her husband's death, nor had she at any time been noted for strength of character. Carlo had been too loyal ever to take advantage of this; her slightest wish had been to him a command, and the two had idolized each other. But somehow it happened that Nita coming home from her convent felt like an intruder; she could not find a niche for herself in the home, and, measuring the hearts of other people by her own, fancied she was not cared for. Perhaps her mother did show a little too markedly that Carlo was her favorite; but then it was really difficult not to love the son who treated her with such tenderness, such respectful devotion, somewhat better than the daughter, who sought for nothing but her own amusement, and never voluntarily performed for her the slightest service.

It was also, perhaps, true that Carlo did not greatly care for his sister, at any rate she cried his temper severely. He was impatient with her aggravating little displays of piety, her deep genuflexions, her paraded fasts. He was constantly detecting her in petty deceits, and once, after some worse specimen of duplicity than usual, he had angrily upbraided her.

"You are not fit to bear the name of Donati," he cried, hotly, his boyish sense of honor deeply wounded, and his family pride hurt to find that Nita was no better than the rest of the world.

"Perhaps I shall not bear it much longer!" she retorted, angrily.

And those words haunted poor Carlo for many a year. For, not long after, all Naples rang with the news that Anita Donati had eloped with her singing-master, a certain Basso who had been engaged that winter at the San Carlo.

Fortunately the Villa Bruno was far away in the country, and the signora too great an invalid to go into society. She could bear her agony in solitude, and was not obliged to wear a mask and go about as though nothing had happened.

But Carlo was in the thick of the fray; he had to listen to Uncle Guido's indignant denunciations, he had to bear the brunt of the endless questions of the outsiders, had to endure the bitter consciousness that his sister's name was being handled about in the city, and that, for the first time, a Donati had incurred well-merited blame.

Since then nothing had been heard of Anita, except that, about a week after her flight, she had forwarded to her mother a newspaper with the announcement of her marriage. But the Signora Donati never recovered from the shock, nor could she ever forgive herself, for she rightly felt that had relations with her daughter been happier such a thing could never have happened.

Five years had gone by since then, and Time had passed his quieting hand over Carlo's grief and disgrace. Certainly Carlo felt nothing but happiness—unalloyed happiness—as he rode home from Naples that sunny spring day. He knew nothing of that ominous little paragraph torn out from the *Piccolo*, but galloped on over the white, dusty road, past fields of Indian corn, past olive-gardens and vineyards, through the long dark grotto of Posilipo, and on toward the picturesque little southern town of Pozzuoli. He scarcely noticed all the beauty round him; he could see nothing but the face of his dreams; and the very horse-hoofs flying over the road seemed to repeat again and again the word, "Francesca! Francesca! Francesca!"

CHAPTER III.

FRANCESCA

"Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, Who did once from heaven to hell descend.
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Life, fortune, thine all."

Keble.

While Carlo rode back from Naples and while Signor Merlino and his operatic company steamed between the Pillars of Hercules into the blue Mediterranean, Francesca Britton sat in a little stone belvedere in the garden of Casa Bella, from time to time raising her eyes from her needle-work to glance at that same blue Mediterranean, or at the lovely mountains of Ischia, which were plainly visible through the arched doorway.

Beautiful as a child, Francesca was more than beautiful in early womanhood—she was lovely. It was not alone that the outline of cheeks and chin was perfect, that the nose was finely chiseled, that the masses of dark hair drawn back from the white forehead were rich and wavy; all this might be set down in black and white "Well, for my part," said Sibyl, who had caught many old-fashioned little phrases from living always with grown-up people—"for my part I think it's very dull."

She ran off. Carlo watched her out of sight, smiling at her quaint disapproval.

"She will miss you, poor little one," he said at last.

"Yes, that would be one reason for not going far away. And your mother, Carlo? How selfish of me not to remember her! You must never be parted from her—never."

"You will be to her in the place of Nita," said Carlo. "You will comfort her as I have never been able to do."

And so once again they plunged into the golden glories of the future. Clare must be persuaded to come back again and take Sibyl in charge, and their paradise should be the Villa Bruno, already dear to them through many associations. That plan would obviate all difficulties, and render partings unnecessary; would be the happiest plan for others as well as for themselves.

"And we must not be selfish in our happiness," said Francesca.

"No," he replied, smiling as he remembered his friend's parting words, "we will prove to Enrico Ritter that love is not selfishness, and that egoism does not rule the world as he thinks."

A gong sounding within the house warned Carlo that he ought to go. Together they left the little stone summer-house and wandered through the lovely garden—a garden wholly un-English. The scorching sun would not admit of lawns, but nevertheless there was a great charm in the straight, shady walks, with here and there an umbrella-pine, or a tall and somber cypress mingling with limes, chestnuts and camphor-trees. A long colonnade of white pillars was festooned from end to end with honeysuckle; vines linked together the bushy mulberry trees; Indian-corn grew green and ribbon-like beneath; while about all was that delicious sweetness only to be met with in the gardens of Italy. The house was solid and unpretentious, its whiteness relieved by masses of the feathery green pepper-tree, and a glory of climbing red geraniums. Captain Britton sat in the loggia, which was wreathed with white roses. He looked up smiling as he saw the two drawing near, then came forward to bestow a kiss upon his daughter and a hearty handshake upon his future son-in-law. He was a large-limbed, strong-looking man, somewhat heavy built, with scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a broad smiling mouth. In manner he was kindly, genial, and patronizing. But, in spite of some surface faults, he was a thoroughly good-hearted man, and there was no mistaking his genuine hospitality and anxiety to help his friends. If Carlo occasionally winced beneath his benign patronage, or was provoked to anger by some show of insular prejudice, such trifles were soon forgotten in the recollection of the thousand acts of kindness shown both to his mother and to himself by the neighborly Englishman. And then the Donati were proverbially susceptible and Carlo had long been on his guard, and had schooled himself into thinking that the small discords and jarring notes which now and then occurred in the intercourse with the Brittons were really owing to his own ultra-sensitiveness. Such things were, after all, but trifles light as air, and were powerless really to disturb the bliss of bein near his love.

"Hearty congratulations," said the old captain, warmly, as Carlo drew near. "I was big enough when Fran would be unkind to you, and I suppose I must not grumble at losing her. I little thought that some day she would be changing into a signora. But, there, we have made half an Englishman of you already; have we not?"

"No, no," said Francesca, quick to note that the last words brought a momentary gleam of anger into her lover's eyes. "Carlo will always be true to his country, though he speaks English almost like a native. That is because I taught you, Carlo *mio*; is it not?"

"Without love of the teacher, learning is drudgery," said Carlo, laughing. "I enjoyed my English course."

"That reminds me of your old master, Signor Piale. Oh, what will he say to us, Carlo? what will he say?" and Francesca laughed merrily.

"My best regards to Signora Donati," said Captain Britton, smiling. "And if I may be permitted to call and pay my respects——"

"To-night," interrupted Carlo, eagerly. "Say you will come to-night, after dinner. My mother cannot leave the house, you know, and she will be longing to see Francesca."

"Well, well, no need to stand on ceremony quite to-day; we are such old friends, are we not?" said the captain, good-naturedly. "After dinner, then, after dinner. Come, Fran, my dear, no need to see Carlo off the premises; you'll meet again before long, and the soup's getting cold."

Francesca was borne off to the dining-room, and Carlo, turning away, cleared the prickly pears at a bound, and alighted amid a group of lemon-trees in his own garden.

(To be continued.)

LEFT OVER GIRLS.

A New Name for Old Maids, of Which Great Britain Has 900,000.

The investigation into the causes of old maids has not yet achieved results which entitle it to be called a science, but it is being pushed vigorously, and in time old maids, and old bachelors as well, may be accounted for on purely scientific grounds. It was known at the start that old bachelors had something wrong with them, and nothing has been learned to discredit this knowledge, but it is beginning to appear that old maids are just as natural, and, therefore, as commendable under certain conditions as young maids or matrons.

When for a very considerable time in any country 11 girls are born for every 10 boys it is clear that an old maid must result from purely natural causes, and that she is, other things being equal, just as commendable as if she was not an old maid. Which of the 11 girls is to be the old maid depends somewhat on choice, but the superabundant girl, whoever she is, is necessarily an old maid because she was born so in being the 11th of the 10. Or, if this is too Celtic, say in not being born the 10th of the 11. There is no way out of it. She is left over in the world to which she is just as necessary as any one of the 10 who are not left over.

In Great Britain there are now 900,000 of those left over girls, and this number represents an increase of 100,000 in the last 10 years. In Germany the statistics are even more surprising, for there are 1,000,000 more females than males, while the females in Sweden and Norway have a majority of 250,000; in Austria-Hungary 600,000 and in Denmark 60,000. In the United States at present there are more males than females, but this is only true of the country as a whole. In New England there are more girls born than boys, and hence intellectual New England girls of uncertain age and eyeglasses have become familiar spectacles.

In attempting to account for this some writers have held from the statistics that during long periods of peace more girls are born than boys, while during and for some sometime after every war period more boys are born than girls. This is not yet to be vouched for, but if it is ever shown to be true it will account for the mysterious fondness all girls have for brass buttons and bayonets by demonstrating that it is a part of the sometimes unconscious but universal feminine protest against old maids and the conditions which produce them.

A NERVOUS HEADACHE.

It Can Be Cured With Hot Water and a Good Rest.

It has been a hard day, and the tim[illegible] well known that the distr[illegible]pidly to the various [illegible]lds into which it has [illegible] thing is done quic[illegible]

Try this: Slip off y[illegible] your neck. Place your h[illegible] foot on the top of your head. [illegible] sponge and a basin of hot water—jus[illegible] as you can bear it. Pass the h[illegible] sponge slowly and steadily over the [illegible] and forehead for eight or ten minu[illegible] keeping the sponge as hot as it can b[illegible] borne. By that time your face will look and feel as if it were parboiled. But don't worry. Then bathe the back of the neck as you have done the face, carrying the sponge each time well up the back of the head. Keep this up for the same length of time; then, without looking at yourself in the glass, because that would be sure to disquiet you, dry you face and neck softly and go and lie down flat on your back. Close your eyes and think of just this one thing: how heavy you are on the couch and how easily it supports you. That is really an important part of the cure. Lie quiet for half an hour, if you don't fall asleep, as you probably will. Then get up and take the deferred look in the glass. The tired look has gone; the muscles have regained their tone; the wrinkles have disappeared. You look like your younger sister. Best of all, the darting pain in the head and the pessimism of the soul have gone, too.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

The Old Man and the Young One.

A certain Detroit young man feels better this morning. Last night he went to call on the girl of his choice and her father called on him.

"Well, sir," remarked the old gentleman, firmly, "you've been coming to see my daughter three or four times a week, and I want you to marry her or stop coming to the house."

"Do you really?" exclaimed the youth, with a glad look in his eyes.

"I certainly do," said the father, relentless as fate.

"Well, my dear sir, you go and tell her that, will you? I've been trying to get her to have me ever since I've been coming here, but I'll be blamed if she will."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Chance for a Music Teacher.

St. Thomas *Journal*: A gentleman in the city, a widower, and an employee of the G. T. R., is anxious to secure some one to share his joys and sorrows. He has been advertising asking for ladies to correspond with him, with a view to matrimony. They must be under 40, and a music teacher preferred. As the gentleman gives his full name and address in the advertisement it is evident that he means business, and music teachers should embrace the opportunity and be made happy.

Wasn't Appreciated.

Comic: "Shall we marry, darling, or shall we not?" was the short and witty line an ardent lover despatched to the idol of his heart.

But where the strangeness of the matter came in, the girl replied: "I shall not! You can do as you please."

Andrew Lang says we use too little ceremony nowadays in speaking of living great men. Our forefathers said "Mr. Addison" and "Mr. Pope." Quite so. We say "Addison" and "Pope," and posterity may possibly say "Lang."

Experiments made to determine the strength of bricks demonstrate that they have a crushing resistance varying from 5,000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, depending on the quality of the brick.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Parcis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Constipation.

ORIGIN OF THE "GRIP."

A Disease That is Still a Great Mystery.

"THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE"

Carried by Contagion From Person to Person, and not by the Atmosphere.

Shortly after the arrival of Mary Queen of Scots and her court at Holyrood, the queen and all her household, both French and English, were taken down with the influenza. The queen kept her bed for six days. The name given by the court to the disease, which from the details given is easily recognizable as one of the same class as that from which humanity has lately suffered, was "The new acquaintance." Since that day the disease has often visited mankind, the latest violent outbreak having occurred about forty years ago. During all this time singularly little seems to have been learned about it. Notwithstanding the great improvement which has taken place in scientific observation and in statistical facilities, the chief mysteries of the disease remain as much mysteries as ever. The microbe, if it be a microbe that does the mischief, is undiscovered, nor has the problem of the method of propagation been fully solved.

Upon the latter point, however, that of the method of propagation the recent official report of the British Government presents some important information. It is true that the report, the chief points of which are given in the *Practitioner*, mainly concerns the epidemic of 1889-90, and does not take in that part of the epidemic of the present year, in which the mortality was higher, and in which the contagion was more rapid than in that of the year previous. But the method of propagation was no doubt much the same in the two years, and the conclusions which the report establishes will probably not be invalidated by later investigations. The enquiry was entrusted to Dr. Franklin Parsons, who has sought information in every quarter of the globe.

The facts which the report has got together seem to show that the disease is carried by contagion from person to person and is not carried in the atmosphere. This opinion is expressed very decidedly by Dr. Parsons and other experts and is deduced from a variety of facts. The general course of the disease has been, in the northern hemisphere, from east to west, and, therefore, in a direction contrary to the prevailing surface winds. It has followed the lines of human intercourse, striking the cities first and the provincial towns and rural districts later. It seems also to be pretty well established that the disease does not travel faster than human beings or land letters can travel. The fact also that the disease has prevailed independently of weather or climate seems to point to the probability that it is not of atmospheric origin. It has appeared in all seasons, existing simultaneously in the northern and southern hemispheres—that is, at opposite seasons of the year. It has flourished under all kinds of conditions of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in Russia and in India, in Great Britain and in the dry air of Egypt. In Spain it was ushered in by a mouth of cold, dry weather, and in New York by the moistest and mild[illegible]

planation of its origin, but it is said that in no case has it appeared upon a vessel which had been so long at sea as to preclude the possibility of the infection having been brought from shore. Dr. Richard Sisley, in his new book on "Epidemic Influenza," very strongly expresses the same view, that the disease is almost entirely propagated by infection.

The British official report also discusses the question of the origin of the present outbreak, giving an account of the "fog fever" of 1883 in Australia, the dengue in the Levant and the antecedent horse disease, and the Chinese floods of 1888 and 1889. It is pretty clear, however, that all that is known definitely of the history of the epidemic called the "grip" is that it first broke out in the early summer of 1889 in Bokara, and in Russia in the autumn of the same year. With regard to infection from animals, it seems pretty clear that the disease may be communicated from animals to men and from men to animals. There appears to have been some epidemics of influenza among animals, particularly among dogs, in 1889. In the spring of last year Dr. Sisley saw many cats suffering from influenza in London. He, however, made inquiries in the zoological gardens and learned that there had been no unusual mortality among animals during the three epidemics of 1889, 1890 and 1891. There is a practical sequel to the recognition of the contagious character of influenza. Dr. Sisley proposes that the notification of influenza should be made compulsory by Parliament. The English local authorities already have the power to decide upon the infectious character of any disease, and to apply to it the provisions of the Contagious Disease Act. But it is now proposed that influenza shall be classed by Parliament with diphtheria, smallpox and other such maladies, and that the local authorities be required to treat it in a similar manner.—*New York Times.*

New Way to Deliver Presents.

One young woman hit upon a very original idea to deliver some of her Christmas presents. She was sending to a recently married brother small table silver in the shape of knives and forks, and ten days before Christmas she started the first fork alone to its destination. Thenceforth at intervals of unequal length, sometimes two a day, again one in two or three days, sometimes addressed to the brother, again to the wife, ringing the changes on initials, as John Smith, J. C. Smith, J. Charles Smith, John C. Smith, and the like, the fellows of each dozen are journeying. Twelfth night will be here before the twenty-fourth will reach its owner, and when all are there the case will plump down on the devoted pair when least expected. Every article is registered, and the unhappy couple are forced to sign the receipts in all sorts of unusual ways; the brother writes that he is the butt of the postmaster and the laugh of the town, but the silver shower goes relentlessly on.—*New York Times.*

Never permit the system to run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price, 50 cents—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Santa Claus Dead.

New York *World*: A Chicago correspondent visiting the miners' strike district of Illinois recently asked a miner's wife whom he found mending her children's clothes: I suppose you teach the little ones to pray for the coal barons every morning and evening?" "May God forgive them!" was her answer. "What comes like the sting of a wasp to me," the woman continued, "is when I hear the children, after they go to bed, talking to each other about not going to get anything from Santa Claus this Christmas. I have made them think that Santa Claus is dead." Such scenes as these remind one of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the book that helped to abolish chattel slavery. The time cannot be far when the death knell of wage slavery will sound.

Sir Edwin Arnold says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man—such as Andrew Lang, for instance. He himself could write one of two thousand words with a lead pencil in an hour—a rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel.

A Massachusetts man, a retailer for more than 25 years, says it is a fact that he is now selling goods more cheaply than ever before, and adds: "There is a chon that I have sold for $7 in my time. I now sell for $3.50."—*Shoe and Leather Facts.*

Lew Wallace has already made more than $100,000 out of "Ben Hur." Nearly half a million copies have been sold.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THEIR FIRST SPAT.

It Will Not be Counted When They Grow Old.

They had been married three weeks and had just gone into housekeeping. He was starting for the city one morning, and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapped around each other and she was saying:

"Oh, Clarence, do you think it possible that the day will ever come when we will part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss," he said, "of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest, I was only thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said.

"We can never, never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious—good-bye. And—oh, wait a second, Clarence—I've written a note to mamma. Can't you run down to the house and leave it for her some time to day?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if I have time."

"If you have time! Oh, Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do almost the first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, sissy, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? Oh, Clarence, you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I—"

"I'm not a child, Clarence—I'm a married woman, and I——"

"There, there, my pet. I——"

"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p—p—pet you'd t—t—try to——"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"Oh, Clarence, don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible and——"

"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh, o—o—oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I——"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me if you don't."

"You must be crazy."

"Oh, yes, sneer at me, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

"Of course they'll make it up when he comes home, and they'll have many such a [illegible] in the years to come, and when [illegible]d they'll say:

"[illegible] lived together 45 years, and [illegible] never, spoke a cross word to each [illegible]l that time.—*London Tid-Bits.*

A Railroad Manager.

[illegible] and Mississippi Railway, office of [illegible]esident and Gen'l Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Nov. 15th, 1888. [illegible]tlemen: Recently while in the act of [illegible]rbing from my car I stepped upon a [illegible]ne, which, turning suddenly under my [illegible]t, threw me to the ground with a severely [illegible] and ankle. Suffering exceeding, I was helped into the car, and my pain rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be secured, two bottles of it were bought and application resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had become well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. Peabody, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

Why the Hair Falls Out.

Dyspepsia is one of the most common causes of baldness. Nature is a great economizer, and when the nutrient elements furnished by the blood are insufficient to properly support the whole body she cuts off the supply to parts the least vital, like the hair and nails, that the heart lungs and other "vital" organs may be the better nourished. In cases of severe fevers this economy is particularly noticeable. A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing if one could read it closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from over work, anxiety or underfeeding. When it falls out when the length of its roots isin[illegible] sufficient to sustain its weight any longer, [illegible] a new hair will take its place unless the root is diseased. For this reason each person has a certain definite length of hair. When the hair begins to split or fall out massage of the scalp is excellent.

Place the tips of the fingers firmly upon the scalp, and then vibrate or move the scalp while holding the pressure steadily. This will stimulate the blood vessels underneath and bring about better nourishment of the hair. A brush of unevenly tufted bristles is also excellent to use upon the scalp, not the hair.—*National Barber.*

The Best in the World.

The oil of the Norwegian Cod Liver is nature's grand restorative, and is only found in its entirety and purity in Miller's Emulsion. It is the most palatable and whole some preparation of Cod Liver Oil in the world, and is now being taken by invalids, particularly those afflicted with consumption, with the most astonishing success. It is the greatest blood and flesh maker in existence, and is a life saver to consumptives. In big bottles, 50c. and $1 at all drug stores.

A Giddy Girl.

The Boston *Traveller* tells this pleasant anecdote: "I am not old," says Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, aged 70. "I was at a little gathering of people some four years ago in which were Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier. They got to talking of ages. Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes were then near 80, to which they confessed. 'By the way,' said Mr. Whittier to me, 'you have not said how old you are.' I was then approaching 67 and when I told them Mr. Whittier said, 'Get then along, get thee along. Thou art but a giddy girl.'"

Old Standby's.

Kingston *News*: Mrs. Kingley—Do you expect to receive any calls on New Year's day?

Mrs. Bingo—Well, I haven't sent