ESTABLISH

INGS

Mary, the servant, came in.
"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woman
down stairs who says she must see you.
She's been here before since you was sick, and now she won't take no for an

"Show her up, Mary," said the squire, cheerfully, straightening himself, and assuming as much of legal dignity as dressing gown and slippers permitted. Mary disappeared. Presently the

door opened again.
"Why, Nabby," said the squire, "is it you? How do you do?"

"Yes, squire, it's me," said Nabby, dropping down, with a heavy sigh, into a chair, "and I don't do very well."

Nabby was a short, squarely built woman of fifty, with considerable gray in

the coarse, black hair, drawn stiffly and uncompromisingly back under a bonnet about fifty years out of date. She had sharp, black eyes, and a resolute, go-ahead manner. Evidently a hardworking woman; yet in looking at her you could not help the conviction that something more than hard work had plowed the wrinkles which ran across her forehead and threatened to lift her eye-brows up to her hair. Nabby had lived with the squire's mother fifteen years-from the time Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten-year-old orphan, who was, as the good lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she had grown into the steady and reliable handgrown into the steady and reliable hand-maiden, who finally, with every one's good wishes, married young Josiah Gould, and set up in the world for her-self. Old Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her reward, but the family still kept up a friendly interest in Nabby and her fortunes, the squire in particular being for her, "guide, philosopher and friend," in all the emergencies of life.

"Why, what's the matter now, Nabby?" said the squire, good naturedly. 'Are you sick?"

"Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm sick to death of Josiah. I can't stand it any longer, and I've come to talk with you about gittin' a divorce. You see he's been growing worse and worse now for a good while. I've kept it to myself pretty much, because I was ashamed of it, and then I kept hopin' he'd do better. I've talked and talked to him, and said and done everything a woman could, but it seemed as if the more I talked the worse he grew.

The squire looked at Nabby's rather sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hardly so surprised as Nabby expected, that Josiah had not been reformed by the vigorous "talking to" he had undoubtedly received.

"He grew more and more shiftless and good for nothing," continued Nabby, "till finally he didn't do much but set around the kitchen fire, half boozy. If there's anything I hate," 'burst out Nabby, "it's a man forever settin' around the house under foot. And there I was takin' in washin' and a slavin' early and late, to be kinder decent and forehanded, and him no better'n a dead man on my hands, so far as helpin' any was con-cerned. And so I told him, again and again. He worked jest enough to keep himself in drink. He knew he couldn't git any of my money for that. But I stood it all till about a fortnight ago. I'd been workin' hard all day, helpin' Miss Barber clean house, and it seemed as if every bone in my body ached, I was so tired. I came along home, thinking how good my cup of tea would taste. The first thing I saw when I opened the kitchen door was old Hank Slater, settin' there in my rockin' chair. He and Josiah were both drunk as-hogs," said Nabby, slandering an innocent animal in

"They'd tracked the mud all over my clean floor. The cooking stove was all crammed full of wood, and roaring like all possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned the house up before I got there. And they'd got my best teapot out to heat some water, and the water'd all boiled away and the bottom come out. But the worst was too see my husband consortin' with such seum of the earth as that miserable, low-lived Hank Slater. I tell

her haste for a simile.

you, squire, I was mad. I just flung that kitchen door open, and sez I: "Get out of this house, Josiah Gould. and don't never let me see your face inside on't again.

"Sez he, meek as Moses, 'Where shall I go to, Nabby?' Sez I, "I don't care where you go to, so long as you don't come near me. I've

always been a respectable woman, and don't want none of Hank Slater's friends around my house. "Well, "queered the squire, as Nabby's

narrative came to a pause.
"Well," said Nabby, in a rather subdued tone, "he went off. And he hasn't come back. And I want a divorce."

"Now, Nabby," remonstrated the old squire, "you can't want a divorce. know you better than that. You are not the woman to give Josiah up, and let him go to the bad without a struggle. You feel vexed with him now, and I don't blame you. It is had, very hard. But you know you took him 'for better, for Do you think, yourself, it is quite right to break your part of the contract because it proves the worst for you-because you are the strongest one and he the weak one of the two? That doesn't strike me as the good Bible doctrine, Nabby. We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and

not to please ourselves, you know."
"Well, I dunno," said Nabby, twisting the corner of her shawl doubiously. "I had'nt thought of it in that light, I must say. It's so aggravating to have such a man for a husband. Besides, I dunno as he'd come back if I wanted chambers of the heart.

him to. "Hasn't he been back at all?" "Why, yes, he came back once for a pair of pantaloons. But I didn't take no

"Now, Nabby, you may depend upon it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after.

He wantedto see if you would not releast. If he comes again, he a little have."

pleasant to him, and I warrant he'll stay. Give him another chance, Nabby. Jo-siah isn't the worst fellow in the world by any means. He has his redeeming traits, after all. I believe he will do better if you try to help him. You know Josiah is one that bears encour-

agement, Nabby."
"Well, squire, I'll think it over. Anyhow I'm obliged to you. You talk so
sorter comforting to a body. Your mother's own son; just the same good heart. Would you be able to eat some

of my cheese, squire?"
"Try me and see, Nabby," said the squire, smilingly, not impervious to Nabby's compliments. Nabby made her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in, fall of wifely indignation that the squire had been permitted to see a client.

Nabby's home was over at the "Corners," three miles from the village. She walked rapidly along in the fast-thickening darkness, with the strong, steady gait becoming the self-reliant woman that she was. Yet even her unimaginative mind was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw November evening. The wind whistled through the bare tree branches, which creaked and moaned mournfully, and waved wildly np and down in the dim branches overhead. The wind seemed to cherish a special spite against Nabby. It blew her bonnet off and her hair into her eyes, struggled madly with her for her shawl, took her breath away, and firmly resisted her every step. Finally it began to send spiteful dashes of cold rain-drops in her face—a rain that seemed almost to freeze

"Josiah used to come after me with an umbrella when I was caught out in the rain," thought Nabby. "He was always kind and real good to me, after all. dunno's he ever gave me a cross word in his life, even when he'd been drinkin'.' Here the driving, sleety rain and pierc-ing wind pounced down upon Nabby

with renewed firmness, hustling her madly in fiendish glee. "An awful night to be homeless, Nab-

by," something seemed to say.
"I don't care," said Nabby to herself,
beginning to feel cross again and generally ill used, as she grew wetter and colder. "It serves him right. He's made his bed, and he can lie in it."

At the "Corners," light streaming cheerfully out into the night from other homes, made Nabby's little house particularly gloomy and uninviting. Nabby fumbled under the mat for the door key, fumbled with stiffened fingers for the key-hole, and finally succeeding in unlocking the door, and felt her way in through the little entry.

There is always something "uncanny about going alone at night into a dark and shut-up house. Even people of the best regulated minds experience a vague suspicion of something behind them, a sense of possible ghostly hands to clutch them in the darkness. Nabby was a woman like Mrs. Edmund Sparkler, with "no nonsense about her;" but, nevertheless, a cheerful tale she had read only yesterday in the Chronicle, about a burglar and a lone woman, kept coming up in her head, and she carefully avoided the blackness of the corners and the pantry door, as she groped around the kitchen for a candle. Of course the fire had gone out.

"Two heads are better than one if one is a sheep's head," Nabby might have been heard muttering out in the wood house as she stooped painfully down, picking up chips, by which oracular utterance I suspect she was thinking what a good supply of kindlings Josiah always kept on hand for her, and how much more comfortable it was in the times coming home to a house bright with light and warmth, and Josiah's welcome.

For Josiah cherished the most profound admiration for Nabby-an admiration not unmixed with awe. He thought her a most wonderful woman. She was just as beautiful to him now as in the old courting days, before the brightness and quickness of the black eyes had degenerated into sharpness; before the smiling mouth had acquired its hard, firmly set expression, before there were any wrinkles in the smooth forehead. People had thought that Nabby had done well in marrying Josiah Gould—a pleasant, good-natured young fellow that everyone liked; a young Accomanie, not very rich, it is true; but with a good trade and with such a wife as Nabby, there seemed nothing to prevent his figuring as "one of our first

Anybody can be somebody in this country, if he is only determined. But that was exactly the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined about anything. He fell into the habit of drinking because he lacked sufficient strength of will to avoid it. Then Nabby's sharp words, and his own miserable sense of meanness and self-contempt, of utter discouragement and despair, drove him into the slough of despond without effort or hope.

Nabby was ambitious and proud spirited, willing to work hard, to save, to do her part-anxious to get on in the world and stand well among the neighbors. The fact, gradually realized, that in her husband she had no help, no support, only a drag and a burden, and finally a disgrace, had been a disappointment embittering her whole nature. To have a husband that no one respected, that even the boys around town called "Si Gould," was dreadful to Nabby. Perhaps it was hardly strange that she grew

hard and bitter. Meantime Nabby had succeeded in starting the fire, and having changed her dress, sat down to dry her feet until the tea-kettle boiled. But even the ruddy light and warmth with which the kitchen glowed could not send off the dreariness of the night, The rain "tapped with a ghostly finger-tip upon the window-oane," and the wind howled and wailed pane," and the wind howled and wailed around the house like the spirits of the lost, pleading once more to be taken back into human light and warmth. Such a wind stirs even in the happiest heart a vague sense of loss, or change, all of that which goes to make up the unsatisfactories of life. Dead sorrows creep forth from their graves on such nights and stalk up and down the echoing

Nabby could not help wondering where Josiah was to-night. It was so lonely sitting there with no one to speak to, listening to the moaning wind, the creaking of the blinds, the ticking of the clock.

"And Thanksgivin's a-coming," mused labby. "A pretty Thanksgivin' I shall Nabby.

The wind wailed and wailed, and Nabby thought and thought. The fact of having "freed her mind" to the squire relieved her long pent up indignation, and now she felt more sorry than angry. Up before her seemed to rise a picture of her life; the youthful dreams and hopes, the change and disappoint-ments, and love turned into wrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time she put herself in his place, and realized how almost impossible it was for one of his weak nature to

would cost a stronger will no effort.

"I'm afraid I've been a little too sharp with Josiah," thought she. "I've sorter took it for granted I was a saint, and he a sinner, and seolded him right down hill. A nice saint I am! As proud and high strung as Lucifer himself. Oh, dear!" sighed Nabby,"a pretty mess I've made of living. If we only could go back and begin over again, seems to me

things would go better.' Just then there was a faint noise like the clicking of the door latch. Nabby started and looked around. And all was still again-no one was visible. Yet Nabby could not rid hereslf of the impression that some one was near her, the odd sense we have of another's individuality near us, though not present. "There's some one hangin' around here, I know," she said to herself.

Nabby was one who always met things balf way. Accordingly she walked to the outside door, and opening it quickly, peered into the darkness. There stood Josiah-wet, sheepish, sorry. Once he had started to go in, but his courage failed, and he lingered in dubious hesitation on the doorstep.

"Why don't you come in, Josiah?" asked Nabby.

"I didn't know that you'd want me, Nabby," replied Josiah, with all the meekness becoming a returning prodigal "Want you? Of course I do," said Nabby, heartily. "Come right along in. I'm goin' to have griddle cakes for

supper, and you must tend them while I set the table. Griddle cakes were one of Josiah's

weaknesses, and Nabby knew it. Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven, probably his sensations will not be one whit more delightful than they were now, as from the bleakness and gloom of the night, the forlornness of his wretched wanderings, he came into the cosy brightness of the kitchen, and felt that he was home once more. How good the tea smelled! The fire roared and snapped, the tea-kettle boiled and bubbled and bobbed its lid up and down, and from the griddle the savory odor of the cakes ascended like a homely incense. Josiah's face shining with mingled heat and happiness, as he turned the griddlecakes, was something worth seeing.

Nabby stepped briskly around getting supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to set the table for two again, to have some one to appreciate her cooking. The November wind might howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby was gone. In place of all the bitter sadness that hung heavily around her heart, was a warm feeling of happiness, of comfort and of

All the explanation they had was this. Josiah drew from under his shabby coat an exceedingly awkward and knobby "I've brought somethin' for you, Nab-

by," said he.
The "somethin" undone, proved to be a very handsome britannia teapot. The teapot might have known that it was a such preter-natural brightness did it shine and glisten. Something in Nabby's eyes shone and glistened, too, although she winked hard and scorned the weakness of a pocket handkerchief."

"Thank you, Josiah," she said, "it's a regular beauty, and I shall set

Which, so long as they understood each other, was, perhaps, as well as if Josiah had made a long-worded speech of repentance and reformation, Nabby another of forgiveness. I wish I could say that Nabby never scolded Josiah again. But I can't. However, "she drew it mild," and there was a general understanding between them that was only a sort of exercise made necessory by habit-a barking by no involving means biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it, that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day late in the winter, Nabby was

washing for Mrs. Hosley.
"So you have taken Josiah back again, after all," said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving a last twist on the sheet she was wringing out, "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of, but then, you see, he's my own, and all I've got. We're getting to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here."

"How has he been doing since he came

"First rate. He's walked as straight as a string ever since. He's a good provider, and now he's quit drinkin', and a master hand for fixin' up things around the house and makin' it comfortable. I tell you what 'tis, Mrs. Hosley, we've got to make 'lowances for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always jest to our mind. We've got to take 'em jest as they are, and make the best on't."

'I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git jest what we

want, but we git somethin'. In this piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

Was No Judge.-There is a Judge in Galveston whose head is as bald as that of an American eagle. A little boy, living next door, has got it into his head that lack of hair is inseparably connected with the title of Judge, consequently when a lawyer whose head is densely covered with hair, called, and was addressed as "Judge," little Tommy shook his head and said: "You ain't no Judge. Can't fool me." "Why am I no Judge? "Cos yer hair ain't parted wide enough, was the guileless reply. .

Question for debating society: "Was the hair by which the sword of DamoThe "School for Scandal,"

The commencement of Sheridan's managerial campaign was most disas-trous. It opened with his alteration of Vanburgh's Relapse, which he re-chris-tened A Trip to Scarborough. It was the first attempt at Bowlderizing the old comedies, and Sheridan was one of the first to discover that their wit evaporated with their grossness. It was emphatically damned the first night. The production of a mangled version of the Tempest fared scarcely better. The resist unaided, the temptation which prospects of the new management were gloomy indeed. But in the meantime Sheridan was hard at work upon a new commedy that was destined to retrieve tute an era in the annals of dramatic literature. On the 6th of May, 1777, was first performed the School for Scandal pole says: "There were more parts admirably performed in the School for Scandal than I almost ever saw in any play." King, Smith, Palmer, Dodd, Parsons, Baddeley, Mrs. Abington, Miss Pope were seen in characters that fitted each like a glove. The success of the production was never for an instant doubtful. It rose with each act until it scene. "On the first night of the School for Scandal," writes George Frederick Reynolds, in his "Memoirs," "returning from Lincoln's Inn Fields about 9 o'clock, and passing through the pit passage from Vinegar yard to Brydges street, I heard such a tremendous noise over my head that, fearing that the theater was proceeding to fall about it, I ran for my life; but found, the next morning, that the noise did not arise from the falling of the house, but from the falling of the screen in the fourth act, so violent and tumultuous were the applause and laughter." Many years afterward Sheridan told Byron that on that night he was knocked down and put into the watch house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen. The first sketch of this comedy, of which Moore gives a long account in his biography Sheridan, was quite different to the finished play; there was neither a "Sir Peter" or "Lady Teazle,"nor "Mrs. Candour," nor any other member of the scandalous coterie, save "Lady Sneerwell," who was then called "Lady Tinewell," while "Charles Surface" had half a dozen different names before he settled down to his immortal cognomen. Nor does it contain any suggestion of the screen scene. In a second sketch the "Teazle" and "Sir Oliver," here called "Sir Roland Harpur," are brought in. The condensed polished wit that flow sparkles in every line was the effect of much labor. "There is not a page," says Moore, "that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with which he lected and arranged and moulded his languge, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts, which it is at present." Every part with one exception, was rewritten and repolished sometimes six or seven times, and then with considerable interlineations. The exception referred to was the last act which was not written until the play was announced for representation. On the last leaf of the original manuscript was scribbled, "Finished at last, thank God!" to which the prompter added, 'Amen.-W. Hopkins." All are so familiar with the School for Scandal that it would be almost impertinent in so brief a sketch as the present to descant upon its merits. The screen scene is probably the finest situation in the whole range of comedy, ancient or modern. But Sheridan, like Moliere, took his property wherever he found it, and he found much of his School for Scandal in "Le Misanthrope," and more in Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," while it has been suggested, very plausibly; that Tom Jones and Blifil suggested "Charles" and "Joseph." The dialogue was certainly molded upon that of Wycherly and Congreve; but, brilliant as it is, it does not equal that of the author of Love for Love .- Temple Bar.

About Love-They Tell Us

That it is terrible to be obliged to love by contract.

That you can trust your dog to the end woman until her first opportunity. That of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman that we have ceased to

That it is about as hard to hide your love as it is to hide a sneeze; neither can be suppressed.

That before promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or see only her. That love pleases more than marriage,

for the reason that romance is more pleasant than history. That the woman who pretends to laugh

at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.

That the highest mark of esteem a wo man can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her

indifference is to offer him hers. That love making is dreadfully tame beside a hot air register or a steam radiator. That may be the reason why so many remains single nowadays. In olden time," when lovers toasted their shins before a log fire, the cracking of the wood filled up all awkward gaps, and the curve of the road," said the gentlethings went on so smoothly that one had said "will you?" and the other "yes," before they knew what they were doing.

A New Revulsive.-Dr. Conturiers. according to a Lordon journal, recommends the use of a new revulsive, obtained from an extract of red pepper, When rubbed up with any of the ordinary vehichles, and spread on thin paper, it is readily employed in the same manner as blistered paper. The action of this revulsive is rapid—the skin soon becomes reddish, warm and the seat of a pricking sensation; these symptoms continuing for about three hours, but never amounting to anything in the nature of pain, nor does the action of the revulsive extent to the surrounding skin. It may, in fact, be compared to a sinapism, continuing to act equably for twenty-four hours, after having pro-duced a moiety of the usual effect. From the account given it further appears that that this red pepper revulsive is indicated in all cases where the medical attendant desires to produce revulsive rapidly, and keep it up for a considera ble time-in acute or chronic inflamma tion, for example, of the throat or broncles was suspended red or black? And chial tubes, in congestion of various organises, the organs, etc.

Hibernian Courtship.

Galway is one of the few towns of Ireland that still clings to its primitive sim-plicity in dress and customs. The "love natches of Connaught" are spoken of by the more civilized provinces with su-preme contempt. "Love in a cottage," or rather in a hovel, is an everyday occurrence there. It is supposed that the Irish are very susceptible to the tender passion, but we doubt this being the case, especially among the peasantry of the present day, who are too wise to let their heart get the better of their head. No man of sense will allow himself to fall in love with a girl however charming she may be, unless he has ascertained the fortunes of the theater and to consti- that she has some worldly advantage to recommend her besides her face. Consequently the same bartering goes on about marriage as about other matters. The cast was exceptionally strong. Wal- In a certain village we know of, it used to be the custom to em-ploy a confidential friend, considered suitable for the purpose, to look out for a wife for any one desiring to settle in life. The usual stipulation was that she should have "three F's," namely, family, face and fortune. These requirements were not easily obtained, as may be imagined. A man would reculminated in the inimitable screen main a bachelor all his days sooner than marry a penniless girl. Indeed, to do those wiseheads justice, we must own that there are very few cases on record of men who have so far forgotten what was due to themselves as to fall in love with a penniless girl of obscure family. No, the bride-elect must have either cattle, or farm, or something to recommend her, or, be she a very Venus for beauty she may remain all her life unsought for, and "waste all her sweetness on the desert air." The pioneer sent out on this delicate matter of investigation must be a man of experience, prudence and judgment, who will go about his work cautiously. But even the most experienced in this line of commerce are liable to err, as the following anecdote will show: A father wishing to get his daughter, who was portioned, married to a wealthy man, sent out the village oracle to investigate. After some little time the pioneer returned with a brilliant account of his success; he had heard of just the man that would do. Accordingly on a given day the father went to the desirable personage to inspect matters. True enough, there were plenty of cows grazing in the meadows, carts full of hay ready for sale, a sty full of pigs, flocks of geese, etc. No sooner was the marriage accomplished than all the bridegroom's possessions melted into air, and it was discovered that he was as poor as a "church mouse." He had gained a rich wife, and had nothing to give in return; the cattle, geese, hay, etc., had all been borrowed from neighbors, and set out for inspection on the day that the bargain was to be completed. It must be owned that one's sympathies go with the improvident Connaught "boy," who marries the girl go on a ranch, where "the sound of the he loves without thinking of her pornever heard;" and if the country life tion, even though love in a hovel in the midst of bog, and a swarm of healthy barefooted children, be the result.— Leisure Hour. A Ghost in Connecticut.

A gentleman of this city, whose veracity is unquestioned, and who is thoroughly skeptical on the subject of visitants from the spirit world, relates this strange experience, which happened to him on the evening of Friday last. His home is on Ocean avenue near the Great Neck road, and he had been spending the evening at a friend's residence in town. Shortly after 10 o'clock he bade his host goodnight, and mounted his horse, which stood tied in front of the house, for his homeward journey. As he neared the first open lot beyond, Mr. Daniel Lee's place, the horse began to act strangely, and evinced an unwillingness to proceed. The night was clear and cold, and objects could be seen at a distance, standing out in relief against the bright moonlight. Looking around to discover, if possible, the cause of the animal's uneasiness, the gentleman saw, standing in an angle of the wall, a few rods ahead of him, what was, apparently, the figure of a man. He urged the horse forward, ashamed of his own growing anxiety, and resolved to pay no atten-tion to the singular actions of the man, unless he should make some hostile demonstration. As he passed the corner where the figure stood, it moved rapidly forward from the wall, and took up a position beside the moving horse. No word was spoken, nor was any suspicious movement made on the part of the unknown. The rider said nothing, and for a moment or two kept his horse at a walking gate, as though oblivious of the other's presence. The singular si-lence of his strange companion at last proved too much for his patience, and he urged his horse into a sharp trot. The figure still kept close beside him. Thoroughly alarmed, he finally put spurs to his horse and galloped him for nearly a mile at the top of his speed. At one time he thought he had distanced his mysterious shadow, but turning to look in the other direction found him still at his side, though he had changed his position from the left to the right hand curve. "Just as the light from my kitchen window began to glimmer around man, "the spook, or whatever it was, shot rapidly ahead of my galloping horse and disappeared down the road toward Elliot's beach, leaving me to stumble into the house more dead than alive. So utterly bewildered was I with the strange apparition, that it was over an hour before I remembered that I had left my horse outside without opening the stable door that he might find his way into the stall himself. I took a lantern and went out immediately to put the poor beast up, and found him shivering in front of the barn, but whether from cold or fright, of course I couldn't tell." The gentleman who relates this story is above reproach in every way, and were we tell his name the most skeptical would be shaken in their incredulity .-New London, Conn, Telegram.

Roast Duck.—Ducks, to be good, must be cooked rare; for this reason it is best not to stuff. If, however, you do stuff them, use the goose dressing, and have it very hot. The better way is to cut an onion in two, and put into the body of the bird; then truss, and dredge with sait, pepper and flour, and roast, if before the fire, forty minutes, and if in an arm at Brussels, and other alleged the oven, thirty minutes. Serve with current jelly and sauce made the same as

Homesickness

Perhaps there is no sensation so dis heartening or so demoralizing to the mental and physical system as home sickness. It is not necessary that on should be in a foreign land in order t experience the sensation. In fact on may feel at home in the Arabian descr or among the ruins of Baalbec. It is th uncongeniality of the surrounding which predispose us to the malad rather than removal from familiar scene and faces. The disease has no respec for persons; it more often seizes the idle than the busy. The king on the throne suffers, perhaps, from its qualm when he remembers the haloyon days before the cares of State beleaguered him; the poor house tenant may feel sickening yearning for the home she had never known, which has never existed for her; the little child droops away from his mother; the with ered crone has moments of unutterable pain when she recalls the hearthstone where the embers have been ashes for half a century; the old are homesick for their youth, the days of their youth, the days of their strength and their prime when the "world was all before them where to choose," when success was not so assured, or failure not so certain-the days when children hung about their knees, the daily anxieties environed them; homesick, perhaps, for the very worries which they have outgrown, for the little trials which belonged to the hours of their activity, for the hopes that time has dispelled, for the caresses of dear dead hands, "the sound of a voice that is still." To-day seems alien and sunless to the homesick heart which lives in the yesterday. But if age is sometimes smitten, neither is youth exempt. The young sicken for what the future may bring-for the fame that is so long in coming; for the recognition, the happiness, the romance it promises. The longing, baffled feeling which haunts ns when some good that has been promised or paid is squandered or withheld is a form of the disease familiar to most of us, which comes to us upon some train of music which "the incense of the meanest flower that blows" may revive. Who has not been touched by it in revisiting scenes that were once a part of our everyday lookout-the old homestead that has passed to strangers, the orchard where we learned the sweetness of stolen fruit, the church where we repeated our little prayers, the school house where we made acquaintance with fractions and the ferrule, or the garden gate where we parted with our first lover? It may be that the masculine mind is less suscepti ble than the feminine to this sentiment of homesickness. Man is often master of the situation. If his conditions displease him, he has the power to re-arrange

with the infinite variety of the universe. Ben D'ymlon.

them-to give the kaleidoscope of life an

other turn; if the "madding- crowd"

offends him, he can pack his valise and

church-going bell the valleys and rocks

grows distasteful, he may seek his for-

tune abroad, and medicine homesickness

Semolina was the Empress of London, of fashion and of the Tory party. She was always at home to her intimates, so she did not get much exercise; at this moment she was reclining on a brilliant sofa, a majestic footstool at her feet,

supported by romantic cushions. In a low chair just in front of her, with bib and pinafore on, and catching up every word that fell from her lips, sat a great personage. A couple of bishops and a cabinet minister were playing at cat's-cradle in an alcove; while, more remote, some dames of high degree were surrounded by cavaliers of ancient lineage, whose every word was a bon mot and every movement a whole volume of society etiquette. Servants glided about in muffled skates over the shining parquet, distributing sherry-cobblers and gin-cocktails to the visitors, while at half-minute intervals mysterious and noble-looking strangers appeared at the door, flew to Semolina's outstretched palm, imprinted an impassioned kiss on

her jeweled finger, and then suddenly vanished into air! "What I want you to see," said Semolina, "only you're so incurably obtuse, is that reaction is the law of life, that you can't get on without the Temple and the Bar, that the introduction of gas will be fatal to the Crown, that Public Opinion is all humbng, that changes are likely to happen unless things go on as they are, and that on the Eve of change Adamantine Fortitude is imperatively demanded. I hope you clearly follow me?'

fast asleep and was snoring. Semolina was disgusted. "The age of Liberalism has come!"

But the Great Personage had fallen

she exclaimed, and kicking the low chair from under the Great Personage, bounced out of the apartment and slammed the portal behind her.-London

A "Numerous" Saint.

The body of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, says Littledale's "Plain Reasons, is declared in the Roman Breviary and Martyrology to have been translated from Benevento to Rome by the Emperor Otto III. (983-1002, and is alleged to be entire. It is attested by bulls of Alexander III, and Sixtus V. But the church of Benevento alleges that the entire body of St. Bartholomew is there still, and produces bulls to that effect from Leo IX. and Stephen IX., Benedict XII., Clement VI., Boniface IX. and Urban V., the earliest of which Popes reigned fifty years after the death of Otto III. Here, then, are two entire bodies; but Monte Cassino claims the possession of a large part of the body, and so does Rheims. There are, besides, three heads—one at Naples, one formerly at Reichenau, and a third at Toulouse; two crowns of the head at Frankfort and Prague, part of the skull at Maestricht, a jaw at Steinfeld, part of a jaw at Prague, two jaws in Cologne, and a lower jaw at Mucbach; an arm and hand at Gersiac, a second arm, with the flesh, at Bethune, a third arm at Amaln, a large part of a fourth arm at Foppens, a fifth and part of a sixth at Cologne, a seventh arm at Andechs, an eighth arm at Ebers, three large leg or arm bones in Prague, part of portions of the body, not reckoning trifles like skin, teeth and hair in twenty other places.