

MARGUERITE
She stood in the meadows with wind-blown hair,
And watched a careless swan,
A vision of innocence fresh and fair;
And the wild brook ran along
And dimpled and quivered and kissed her foot,
Then went on its way as if
And she laughed as she sprang to an old oak-
root.
"Oh, brook, what a rogue you are!"
The words of her song came again,
Upborne by the evening air,
And I heard each one with a thrill of pain,
For her face was fresh and fair.

"Oh, love is faithful and love is true;
I'll need for power and love to love,
And laugh in his mocking face."
Again in the meadows she stands at eve,
And her face as a pearl is fair;
Ah, many will weep her and some must grieve,
For Marguerite is sweet and rare!
She holds in her fingers a half-blown rose;
She bends, with a smile and blush,
To press on each petal a kiss, then throws
And watches it as it floats away.
A song, like the note of some happy bird,
Is borne on the evening air,
And I smile as I carry to each fond word,
For Marguerite is young and fair.

"Oh, love is faithful and love is true;
I yield to his tender spell;
Go, brooklet, and carry this bud to him
With secrets too sweet to tell!"
—Phil. Saturday Night.

Good Sleepers.
There is so much din and drive and hurry in our American life that people forget the necessity of sleeping long and well. Everybody is crying out, "Wake up!" All is motion and activity. Every faculty is alert. The nerves are strung to their utmost tension. It would be the height of folly to preach a sermon on the text which sends the sluggard to the ant; for there are no sluggards left. The beautiful story of the Seven Sleepers has been made impossible for our time by the scream made by locomotives and the din of factory bells. Even the Foolish Virgins would have had no chance to get their fatal nap had they lived in these days. Wakefulness is our craze. And there are people lunatics enough to teach and preach that four hours of sleep is enough for anybody. Yet it is thought very strange that all our insane asylums are full, and would be filled were they doubled.

This truth is that the very rapidity of our life, the wakefulness and wastefulness of our times, the strain and drive of all pursuits make longer periods of sleep necessary with us than people living in more quiet countries and at a slower rate. We are tired enough if we are well, and if we do not get tired enough to sleep all over and clear through it is a sign of nervous disorder. Sleeping is sometimes more than a luxury for Americans, though the very opposite would be inferred from our habits. The Bible says the Lord "giveth His beloved sleep," from which it would be concluded that Americans were not included in the number. There is a way by which the wear and tear and strain and strain of American life can be neutralized but by large feasts of sleep every now and then, and a general allowance every twenty-four hours. Four hours work of a man who is thoroughly awake and vitalized at the top of his faculties are more for all practical business or literature or social purposes than fourteen hours of weary muscle or jaded nerve and flaccid impulses. People are constantly forgetting that it is in quality, not quantity that makes the healthy man. The man at his best is worth 100 per cent. more than the same man fatigued, depressed and demoralized. If he has no vital electricity playing through him, he is a wastrel to others, and a burden to his own soul, for he is conscious of having one. And to keep at this top condition and fiber and faculty, he must be a good sleeper and sleep well.

When Mr. Beecher was asked how he managed to keep his congregation so wide awake at a second service, he replied: "By taking a big dose of sleep in the afternoon. It is my sleeping that keeps my congregation awake." The time given to sleep is not so much lost of life, but so much gained in the way of enhanced valuation. It is astonishing how much a nap of half an hour at noon in the summer time will do to neutralize the effect of the morning's heat and prepare the body for the afternoon's duties. There is something in that half an hour of perfect unconsciousness which restores and refreshes the whole system, so that one emerges from it as from a sea of oblivion to begin life renewed and invigorated as from a supernatural source.

It is easy to say sleep much and well; but there are many unfortunate people who cannot sleep much, and the little sleep they get is disturbed and unrestful. How to sleep is a question which in some instances, it taxes the skill of the physician to the utmost to answer. Persons afflicted with insomnia are often great sufferers, and their lives are shortened by the disease. There are persons who require much less sleep than others and it is useless for them to woo soft slumbers to their pillows, for they will not come. A peculiarity of constitution is not disease, and should not be doctored. With the disorder known as insomnia we shall not venture to deal. But with the majority of people sleep is regulated by habit, convenience, which they make it yield to every other consideration. People who would not omit a meal on any account will throw away half their allowance of sleep for the merest trifle. They do not feel the importance of the system its full unconsciousness refreshing, and higher entertainers to cut off two or three hours from the needed restorative in the evening, and set an alarm clock to cut away an hour or more at daybreak. They seem to think that they can steal away from sleep with impunity, when in fact pretty much the only thing that punishes every pilferer of it as he goes along. Others destroy the possibility of sleeping well by carrying all their cares and troubles and griefs and ambitions to bed with them, and on their pillows, or seek rest on a rack as with their bedfellows. The ability to lay off care and perplexities like one's clothes, and dismiss everything that can excite the brain and disturb the emotions may be gained by continuous effort, but the rest it is lost.

The story is told of a guest at a hotel who had paced the uncarpeted floor of his room until midnight, keeping his neighbors from sleeping. At last one of them went to his room to see what was the matter.
"I have a note to pay to-morrow and do not know how to get the money," he replied in a tone of despair.
"Well," said the visitor, "as you have walked on it half the night, you may as well get the other man walk on the rest of it, and get some rest for to-morrow's work."
"The trouble man laughed and soon was sound asleep. Of course sleep does not take a kindly to an overloaded stomach, and a brain excited by stimulants. Nature's sweet restorer" refuses to "knap up the ravell'd edge of care" when vio-

lence has been done to a digestion which trailed on appetite only to be abused. But when habits are good and conscience is clear, and the mind cleared of care and worry, sleep can be got after patient wooing, until a little while the sleeping habit is acquired, in fact, good sleeping, like good eating and good walking, is very largely a matter of education, and a condition of good morals. Somehow there is an intimate connection between wickedness and wakefulness. Bad men are usually bad sleepers, and are sure to be good sleepers when they are good. Macbeth found that he had "murdered sleep." They all do it. And good sleeping would be cultivated as one of the means of acquiring good dispositions and all the sweet Christian graces. For the sick to sleep is a sign of returning health. And the good physician said of his dear friend, if he sleeps he doth well.—Christian at Work.

Cleburne's Death.
A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes from Franklin:
We pitched to the locust tree by the gate where Captain Cleburne's name is mentioned affectionately in the chronicles of his comrades, was said to have fallen, and walked around the house. The southern end shows many marks of mine balls, and a frame structure adjoining seems to have been peppered with small shot. So too, the outbuildings and trees offer evidence of the conflict, for here the Federal centre was boldly salient, the flanks resting on the river to the right and left, the present owner of the plantation, Colonel Carter, looking as warlike as his battered armor when we caught a glimpse of him with a gun on his shoulder, striding in from a locust thicket, where he had been shooting birds. The gun was less talkative than the colonel, however, and he not only gave me the impression, but kindly showed me that part of the field. From his yard he pointed out hills whence emerged Hood's lines of battle, and indicated all places to be famous in history.

Neither through love nor money could I have found so good a guide. The very ground of slaughter, and Colonel Carter was not only a trained observer in the fury of the fight, but for eighteen years he has trod with his heel and turned with his hoe the bloody soil. "At the time of the fight," he said, "I was home on parole. Generals Schofield and Cox had their headquarters in my father's house, where also many of our neighbors gathered." His chat was mainly of grim reminiscence, yet now and then a flash of humor would be observable. So hot was it once that he went into the cellar to calm the fears of the women and children, and happening to look out through the window bars he saw a sight that made him laugh in the midst of lying guns. Before he could stretch a comical tail of men in blue, who had sprung the lee of the house to escape the bullets, and who swung to and fro as the battle surged around the building. These were the cowards whose claim to manhood was that they were bipeds—had each two legs to run with.

Looking from an opposite window on the other hand, he saw in the dusk a line of Confederates dash upon the earth-works with the fury of devils. Men jabbed their bayonets at each other over hedge and fence, and hundreds were slain in his sight. General Adams, riding with head bare and sword uplifted, spurred directly against the abatis. A sharp fence rail pierced the horse's belly, transfixed him dead in the air, and Adams, veteran comrade of Scott at Vera Cruz, was himself lifted dead from the saddle by Federal bayonets. As darkness came on, fresh battalions swept over the plain. The light they fought by was the red glare of artillery. Midnight saw no cessation and when at last Hood sank against the slaughter, with General Cleburne, Adams, Gist and Cranberry, a hundred line officers and many barefooted braves dead around him, right around the artillery, and the whole overhead and then counted two tinkles upon the little clock. Between that hour and daybreak Schofield, unhurt, crossed the Harpeth with his trains and left on the field a victor who had broken his own arm, his prisoners and his heart in the frantic and fruitless blow.

After the battle the farm, like others adjoining, was in utter wreck. The house alone stood. All the fences were down. Mud was knee-deep in the yard. Dead men and horses were thick about. "Hood's first charge was made at a o'clock," said Colonel Carter, "and it fell upon this point, as did all the heavy assaults. You see this locust thicket on our right? That thicket then covered five acres, but after the fight it was a forest of tooth-picks. In the vegetable patch to our left General Cleburne fell dead. There is nothing to indicate the exact spot, but it is within twenty yards of where we stand. The corn field to the left of the pike was filled with dead and dying, and the corn to the right of the pike was the counterpart of the other. In this yard and in that garden I could walk from fence to fence on dead bodies, mostly those of confederates. In trying to clear up I seraped together a half bushel of brains right around the house, and the whole place was dyed with blood. Nothing in the shape of horse, mule, jack nor jenny was left in the neighborhood. In fact, I remember that it was not until Christmas, twenty-five days afterward, that I was enabled to borrow a yoke of oxen and I spent the whole of that Christmas day hauling seventeen dead horses from this yard.

There was a big rain storm not long after the battle, and as the earth was washed out of the trenches he saw a line of human hands sticking up—some with fingers shut tight, some pointing and all so ghastly that they were covered hurriedly. Before the bodies got to be bones, and it was not long, because this was among the last of the terrible battles, they were removed to the cemetery. Now bones are uncommon sights and the ploughman is not startled as at some wilder grounds which I have visited.

An English princess carried a Mother Hubbard parasol at the garden party at Marlborough House which she designed and painted herself. The design consisted of quaint Kate Greenaway children running round the edge, chasing a quantity of butterflies that fluttered over the whole surface. It was a spirited and amusing picture, and in a good deal better taste than the jeweled parasol carried by one of her royal mother's subjects on the same occasion. Apparently flowers and land colors were exhausted for this enterprising lady, for she triumphantly bore over her head a white-washed silk affair with a cascade of amethyst and topaz, forming a star encircled with rows of seed pearls. Stones of smaller size were carried in a line down each of the bamboo stretchers of the frame, and the whole terminated by a fringe of white silk, on which were a profusion of jewels.

Professor Darwin died worth \$140,000. He leaves to his son Wilfrid Erasmus the family portraits and papers, all medals, the silver candlesticks presented to him by the royal society, his manuscript of the voyage of the Beagle, and his manuscript autobiography; to his son Francis his scientific library; to his wife, Mrs. Emma Darwin, £500, all his furniture, plate, books, effects, horses and carriages, and his residence at Down for life; and to his friends Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker and Thomas Henry Huxley, £1000, free of legacy duty. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and at her death as to twelve seventh-fourths parts for each of his two daughters; certain advancements made to his children are to be brought into account on the division.

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