

THE MARIGOLD.

The violet sweet I dearly love, The pink, the pansy bold, The blush rose, but all flowers above I love the Marigold.

STORM SHADOWS.

Last June and July I had been taking too much out of myself. Beside the ordinary drudgery at the museum I was in a hurry to get my novel finished. I don't know how it is with men who spin their brains habitually, but after a hard day's work the effort of creation (save the mark), though it is pleasant at the time and does not seem to cost me anything, leaves all my nerves jarring.

gone, and when I raised my head it was all red darkness before me, full of hoops and circles that grew incessantly into one another, like rings in water, standing out before me and receding into space. Then I began to reflect how I was to get out of church and meet Lucy. There were steps and turns, and I could not bear the thought of a scene. Besides, I had my ideas about Lucy. I wanted to break it to her in my own way. I wanted, in plain truth, to lay a trap to catch her inmost thoughts—the first cry of her heart. I was not delirious; I was as sane as I had been for weeks past. Now I would see if she could be all to me that I could fancy. That was what I thought. How sane I was I do not know.

me to say that. But I had to make some shift to get her eyes off me while I stumbled into the drawing room and groped my way to an armchair. "Now for it," I thought. Very likely you don't enter into my state of mind—how should you? I knew perfectly that Lucy took this man for Bedford, who was one of my best friends. Indeed she had seen me, so to say, parade my affection by walking arm in arm—she could not have been other than gracious to him. Yet, you see, I was concentrated on my one idea. She must spare me the pain and humiliation of telling her that I was blind. Good heavens! I thought, surely she might have apprehended from my voice or from my look that I needed her consolation.

Then I tried writing with my own hand. Lucy persuaded me she could read it. She used to sit by me and keep the lines straight, or tell me she did so. I have got nearly half a volume that I wrote in this way—of course quite undecipherable now. But it brought on the crisis. Try to write with your eyes shut for a minute or two, and you will see what a strain it is upon the nerves. Mine gave way, as you know. We had worked six hours like this one day, poor Lucy in agonies and imploring me to stop, yet afraid to thwart me. That night I could not sleep, and toward morning delirium set in. The doctors tell me there is no such thing as brain fever, but it is a good descriptive term for the illness that followed.

As I understand from what Lucy tells me, when the fever first left me I was sane enough, but my memory was gone. I could see perfectly. Then as memory began to return there came a struggle with the old delusion, and a relapse followed. "Last," as Tennyson says, "I woke sane, but well nigh close to death," and by a fortunate inspiration they had kept me in the dark. Else, I think, the shock of returning consciousness would have frightened away my fluttering life. It was Lucy who explained it all to me in the silent watches of the night, little by little, as I could bear it. Poor Lucy! I found her first gray hair as she bent over me a day or two afterward. But I pulled it out, and now it is the only memento of my blindness.

BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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