WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER IX.

The guests were all departed, the lights extinguished, the great castle was as silent as death.

In the young Countess' bedroom, however, the lamp still burned.

Davis was sleepily engaged in putting away the gleaming satin her young mistress had worn, and, that done, approached the table to replace the magnificent Darrell jewels in their case.

Alice, who had been finding lost in a delicious reverie, woke from her dream.

She had donned the long white peignoir, and her masses of golden hair hung unbound over her shoulders.

"You are tired out, Davis. Go to bed," she said kindly. "Leave me to put away the diamonds; I am not the least sleepy."

Davis looked up gratefully.

"Are you sure you are not tired, my lady?" she demanded.

"Quite," answered Alice. "Go at once—it is very late."

"I was thinking perhaps it would be better to take the diamonds to the butler's room. He always has the plate with him after one of these festivals, and he sleeps with his revolver near at hand, in case of robbers."

"Robbers!" laughed Alice, though a slight fear crossed her mind. "Why, who would dare attack the Castle, Davis? I am not afraid."

"Then, good-night, my lady, and many thanks."

Alice waited till the maid withdrew, then locked the door.

She was not nervous, although she slept in a wing away from the rest of the Castle.

She returned to the table and took up the diamonds.

She gazed at each with a tender look as she replaced them on their velvet beds.

"His jewels!" she murmured. "His hand has touched them."

She lifted a bracelet to her lips as she spoke, then, blushing at the action, hurriedly put it in its case, replaced the leather-covered case in the small iron safe standing on the table, and locked it.

She put down the key, and walked to the window.

It was a dark night, no moon shone; yet to Alice it seemed as if she were gazing on the fairest picture.

"Why am I so happy?" she murmured, wandering slowly up and down. "Why does my heart thrill? He spoke kindly; but it may be gone to-morrow—or perhaps I only dreamed he was so kind."

She passed her hand over her eyes, then a smile of gladness came to her face.

"No, no; it was real—it is real; he has asked me to meet him to-morrow. Oh, how long it seems till then! Something tells me that his contempt and scorn are dead—that he no longer wishes me away. If—if it could be that he is beginning to like me? But that is too great a happiness. All has gone well to-night. His mother kissed me, and gave me her blessing; everyone was kind—all except Valerie and Count Jura," she shuddered. "How I dread that man! If only I dared had told Roy what he had said! But it was too soon. I must be brave; and should he dare to insult me again, I will appeal to Lady Darrell for protection. Valerie, too—why does she hate me? She could have married Roy in the bygone days. I have heard her say so with her own lips to her brother; and now, when he is my—my husband, she is jealous, and hates me. I do not like her. But I am stronger now—now I know he is kind and does not despise me. I will kneel and thank God for all His goodness to me."

She sank beside her dainty bed, and buried her face in her hands.

All was silent, save for the moaning of the trees in the gentle autumn breeze, when, to break the silence, there came a decided tap at the door.

Alice rose surprised, but not frightened; her prayers always soothed her.

She opened the door, and was amazed to see Valerie Ross in the corridor.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said Valerie gently, and smiling kindly, "but I am rather distressed. I have drooped one of my ruby and diamond stars, and I grieve to lose any of that set; it belonged to my mother."

"Can I help you to look for it?" exclaimed Alice in genuine sympathy.

She remembered now, in that conversation with her brother Valerie had mentioned she had no valuables left but these jewels.

"Oh, thank! My maid and I have searched everywhere; and then she suddenly remembered that she heard Davis say she had picked up an ornament belonging to some one, and I thought she might have brought it here."

"Let us look; it may be in the room."

Alice at once lit an extra candle and Valerie, who was attired in a long, loose peignoir of crimson silk, stood gazing at the girlish figure as it moved from her with an expression of deepest malignity.

"I am sure it is not with the Darrell diamonds, for I put them away myself," Alice said, shaking back her masses of hair and preparing to search the room.

"How beautiful they are, and how well they become you! You were charming!"

Valerie uttered the words in her sweetest manner, smiling pleasantly.

Alice glanced up, and, at the kind expression on the other's face, all her feelings of dislike disappeared.

"Thank you very much," she said quickly. "I can appreciate your words more than I can say, for I feared you did not like me."

"Not like you, my Lady Alice! It would be impossible to do anything else."

"Ah, then, we may be friends after all!" cried the girl with joy, putting out her slender hand.

"Yes—friends after all," repeated Valerie, with a strange gleam coming for one instant into her eyes, and clasping the hand outstretched.

Against herself a shiver went through Alice as her fingers were held in that cold tight clasp, but she was too happy to give way to presentiment and fear to-night.

"Come, let us begin our search."

She went to the dressing-table and bent diligently over it, while Valerie, glancing swiftly at her, took two steps to the door, and softly and noiselessly removed the key.

"I can see it nowhere here, but if you will wait an instant I will go into the dressing-room. It may be there, though I am almost afraid to hope. I think Davis would have been sure to tell me."

Valerie made some slight answer, then as Alice disappeared through the curtains into the adjoining room, she bent over the bed and deftly poured the contents of a small vial on to the lace-edged pillow. She was back diligently searching the mantelshelf as Alice returned.

"No, it is not there, Miss Ross," she said, feeling really distressed. "Now, what shall I do next?"

"Nothing," Valerie answered pleasantly. "You have already done too much, dear Lady Alice."

She had saturated her pocket-handkerchief with the remainder of the fluid as she spoke and now drew it from her dress, leaving the vial hidden in her pocket.

"I feel so sorry for you," Alice went on, "if you will let me, I will help you look in the morning."

"Yes, I shall be very glad if you will and now I must say good-night."

Valerie held out her hand to say farewell.

Alice put down the candle, and passed her hand over her face.

"How close the room is! Good-night. What a curious odor!"

"It is the scent on my handkerchief. I am sorry I brought it up—it is some very powerful perfume given me by a friend from India. Do you like it?"

She put the handkerchief to the girl's face as she spoke.

"It is very strong," murmured Alice faintly, feeling strangely stupid.

"Yes; almost too strong. Well, now I must leave you. You look so tired; it is really a shame to have roused you. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied Alice.

She moved with difficulty after Valerie, and closed the door. Her hand wandered to the key, but she was too confused to notice it was gone.

"How close it is!" she murmured. "Where am I—all is dark."

She staggered blindly toward the bed, and fell across the pillow.

There are a few gasps for breath, a slight struggle as if for air, and the young countess lay still and motionless as death.

A few seconds elapsed, then the door was softly opened and Valerie stole in. She moved on tiptoe to the bed.

"Yes," she muttered; "it has worked well. She will sleep well to-night. Friend—a friend to this poor puny thing? I am her enemy, as she will soon discover—to the bitter end."

She crept back to the door, and beckoned without a word to another form.

In an instant Count Jura was in the room. Glancing anxiously and hurriedly round, his eyes fell on the safe that contained the diamonds. He opened it and took out the case.

"Must you take those?" murmured Valerie with knit brows.

He nodded.

"How else can we throw shame on her? Have no fear. Though these go, you will soon have others from the Earl."

Her face flushed.

Count Jura moved to the bedside, and turned the inanimate face, lovely in its palor, round, lifting the form gently in his arms.

"You have given her enough," he muttered.

"Will it kill her?" asked Valerie in a low eager whisper.

He shook his head, and a wave of contempt passed over his face.

"No she will live, but she is out of your path forever."

"What will you do with her?"

"Ask no questions," retorted the man, fiercely. "I have served your purpose; leave the rest to me."

"I want to know nothing, except that I am free of her." Valerie answered with a sneer.

"I will answer for that. She will be in my hands, and cannot escape me, I think."

"Then come quickly. Here—take this cloak and hat. It will look as if she planned everything. The window must be opened, or they will detect the chloroform."

While she spoke Valerie moved swiftly about, then, flinging the cloak over the slender form in the Count's arms, she led the way from the room, carrying the diamonds.

With gentle tread and bated breath they stole along the corridor till they came to the door Alice had told the Count that morning led to an uninhabited part of the castle.

This Valerie pushed open, and guided by the dim light of the candle she carried, the Count, clasping his precious burden close in his arms, descended carefully the stone steps till they reached a corridor of stone that led to a door opening into the grounds.

"Now can you find your way?" whispered Valerie. "Keep straight ahead."

"I know; my cart is concealed there if Paul has done well."

"Then farewell; but once more before we part repeat your oath. You swear never to let Paul Ross molest me when once—once—I am——"

"Countess of Darrell," finished the Count quickly. "I swear it!"

"That he shall not approach me?"

"I swear it!" he repeated.

"You have more power over Paul than I imagined human creature to have if you can do this," Valerie muttered.

The Count laughed softly.

"And this girl shall never come in my path again?"

"Never by my help. Good-night. We must part now. Give me the diamonds."

Valerie held the candle above her head, and nodded as she handed him the case. The Count took it and gave one last glance at her before he strode away.

In her crimson gown, red-brown hair, and eyes flashing with triumph, she looked like some spirit of evil pushing aside all good.

"She is a she-devil!" muttered Count Jura with a slight shudder as Valerie disappeared from his view, "but she has helped me to clasp you in my arms," he added, bending over the sweet, pale face lying on his breast, "and my time has come: before another night you will have flung all pride aside and be at my feet praying for mercy, which you will not get. Curse these diamonds—how heavy they are! But for Paul I would leave them behind. I have the jewel I crave; but he must be silenced, and with these I can shut his mouth and work as I will.

He drew the cloak over the girl's face again, and crept on slowly till he reached the end of the coppice. Here he stopped and uttered a low whistle.

After an instant's silence, a man's form crept from the bushes.

"All right?" he breathed.

"Yes. Where is the cart?

"Here to the right. You are late; I thought you were never coming."

"Got the swag safe, Paul?" asked the Count as he handed the diamonds to the other.

"Yes; but you have not done much, there are only three cups and a gold plate."

"It is a lion's den, my good Paul, so closely guarded; I have done my best. Now lead the way to the cart, my arms are full."

"What have you got there?" asked Paul suspiciously, dimly seeing the burden in the darkness.

"A woman!"

"George, are you mad?"

"No, perfectly sane. Lead on."

"A woman! What are you going to do with such a burden on your hands? A woman! What a fool!"

"Hold your tongue!" hissed the Count, suddenly changing his tone; "beware how you talk to me. You are forgetting yourself, Paul Ross."

There was a change at once in Paul's manner.

"You surprised me," he said, hurriedly, "it is not like you. But let's hurry; here is the cart."

The Count wrapped the cloak round the girl, and together they placed her at the bottom of the cart.

"Put this over your fine clothes, George," said Paul, flinging his companion a smock frock, "and draw this over your eyes, in case we meet anyone on the road. We must say we've just come back from Nestley town, we've been to sell a cow. It's market day to-day, so that will answer well. But I don't think we shall be questioned."

The Count slipped the loose blouse over his evening dress and donned the slouch hat then both men mounted the cart, and drove slowly out of their hiding place to the lonely country road that led through a deserted part to the old abbey ruins, while on the rough planks lay the still form of Roy Darnell's young wife, ignorant of the misery in store for her, wrapped in deep and dark oblivion.

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Roy, Earl of Darrell, woke early next morning. A strange delightful feeling filled his heart directly his eyes opened. What was it? Never in all his life had he experinced so great a happiness as seemed to live within him now.

A vision of a fair, pure, lovely face rose to his mind and solved the mystery. It was love. Yes, love had come to him—love for another, and that other not the stately handsome Valerie Ross, but his simple low-born wife, Lady Alice.

The memory of her girlish sweetness and manner of the night before, her faltering lips and great, wondrous, starlike eyes, made his heart thrill with a tenderness that amazed him.

Now he knew that he had never loved Valerie, he had admired and liked her, he had treasured her as a friend, but he had never loved till now.

True, he had thought of making her his wife, but his feelings had been born rather of admiration of her beauty and the knowledge that she would prove acceptable to his mother.

For a brief moment a vague passion filled his heart for her, but it had come from piqued pride and justice, when his dead friend Eustace Rivers maligned Valerie to him and dissuaded him from marrying her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Men Tigers.

The belief is very general throughout India that men are turned into tigers by eating of a certain root. It is supposed that tigers who destroy many human beings are men who have partaken of this peculiar root.

The Sarimant, chief of Deori, related to the author of "Rambles and Recollections" the following anecdote:

"The tigers which now infest the woods from Sagar to Deori are neither more nor less than men turned into tigers—a thing which often takes place in the woods of Central India. The only visible difference between the two is that the metamorphosed tiger has no tail, while the lora, or ordinary tiger, has a very long one.

"In the jungle about Deori there is a root which if a man eat of he is converted into a tiger on the spot; and if in this state he can eat of another root, he becomes a man again. When I was a boy a melancholy instance of the root-eating occurred.

"My father's washerman, Raghu, was, like all washermen, a great drunkard; and being seized with a violent desire to ascertain what a man felt in the state of a tiger, he went one day to the jungle and brought home two of these roots, and desired his wife to stand by with one of them, and the instant she saw him assume the tiger shape, to thrust it into his mouth.

"The washerman ate his root and became instantly a tiger; but his wife was so terrified at the sight of her husband in this form that she ran off with the antidote in her hand.

"Poor old Raghu took to the woods and there ate a good many of his old friends from neighboring villages; but he was at last shot, and recognized from the circumstance of his having no tail.

"You may be quite sure," concluded Sarimant, "when you hear of a tiger without a tail, that it is some unfortunate man who has eaten of that root; and of all the tigers he will be found the most mischievous."

The Sarimant religiously believes the truth of this story, and so do his attendants and mine; and out of a population of thirty thousand in the town of Sagar, not one would doubt the story of the washerman if he heard it.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of the sunset fades in the western sky
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband as he sits in the easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway their faces fresh and fair.

Along in the dear old homestead, that once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter, echoing boying strife,
We two are waiting together, and oft as the shadows come
With tremulous voice he calls me: "It is night, are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently; "they're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering treble a song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber with his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number home in the better land—

Home where never a sorrow shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them through all the summer years.
I know—yet my arms are empty that fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me is almost starved for heaven.

A breath, and the vision is lifted away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together, all alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing, but I smile at idle fears—
He is only back with the children in the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner: "Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted: "Yes, dear, they are all at home."

—Margaret E. Sangster in Chicago Inter Ocean.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

"Hello, Eph, goin' to take fust prize on somethin' er other at the fair next week?"

The speaker lounged up to the wagon where sat Ephraim Biggs, his brown face matching in hue his rough clothing, his form slouched in a lazy stoop.

"Yeu bet," em hatically replied Mr. Biggs. "I b'en lookin' over th' neighborhood, an' 'low 'at ther' ain't a punkin in th' country erbout 'at kin beat mine. This yer's the fust fair 'at we've helt in C'manche County, an' I made up my mind ter take some fust pri e er sto farmin', an' the hot weather's kinder stunted all o' my truck, 'ceptin' in thet little crick corner, where my punkins were planted; but they're whoppers, an' you may count on seein' 'em."

With a "so long, Jim!" Ephraim chriped to his horses, and slowly drove down the street and out on the broad country road.

Neither of the speakers were aware that their brie colloquy had had an interesting listener, but inside the hot little shop advertised as the Commanche City Ice Cream Parlors," comfortably eating pale-looking cream, sat a woman, who, after the wagon had been started up the street, sat gazing after it her face alive with a downing idea.

A woman of large bone and spare flesh she was, with a sun tanned face, out of which flashed a pair of black eyes—not a pretty woman at all, but yet with a wholesome, capable air about her.

Her gingham sunbonnet lay on a chair beside her, and she had looosened the white handke chief about the neck of her dark calico dress, as she sat resting and regaling herself.

After the wagon had finally passed out of sight she nodded to herself and soliloquized:

"Yes, that's yeur way, Eph Biggs. Yeu allays want tew be sure uv a thing afore yeu go inter it. Yeu wuz sure uv Cilly Parson's comp'ny thet night fifteen years ago at the spellin' school back in Ohio, an' when yeu wuz sure uv it, yeu never stooped at givin' me the th' mitten. Ye're th' on'y man 'at ever treated me so, an' I ain't likely tew fergit it, neither."

She dipped the pewter spoon again into the dish, and finished her ice cream before she resumed her soliloquy:

"Ye've spied all th' punkins in the country, but yeu overlooked thet little patch down on th' second river bottom on Widder Morrison's farm, jest ez ye've overlooked th' col' fact 'at thet same Widder Morrison's nobuddy els'n th' Mellissy Jones 'at yeu snubbed onct. Yeu've never seen my face yit, but ef nothin' happens nex' week when th' fair opens, I'll show you some uv my punkins, an' I'll pay off what I've been owin' yeu so long."

And Widow Morrison, the sole patron at that hour of the "Parlors," having paid her bill from a well-stocked purse, tied her bonnet, loosened her own strong team from its post on the shady side of the street, mounted the seat of her own farm wagon and started home.

The day before the opening of the "First Annual Fair of Comanche County" was a busy one for the exhibitors and the superintendents of the divis ons.

Pri e chickens, hair work, Berkshire hogs, potatoes, patch-work quilts, sweet corn, card-board air-castles, and other exhibits crowded in fast and were laboriously entered.

Early in the day Ephraim Biggs drove up and stopped at the door of Exposition Hall, carefully unloaded his golden treasures—five great pumpkins.

As he ostentatiously lugged them into the hall, a murmur of praise spread about the room. They were large pumpkins and no mistake, quite dwarfing the other specimens that had been entered.

"Pretty sizable, eh?" questioned Mr. Biggs, with a carelessly triumphant air. "I reckon 'at I'll carry home one lot uv yeur blue ribbons. Ef I don't I'll eat my ol' hat!" he concluded, in a burst of confidence.

From all directions and distances wagons came down the winding prairie roads the next day—fathers, mothers, children, and hired help bringing great baskets of luncheon with the intention of spending a whole day.

Ephraim went early. A number of acquaintances were making exceedingly merry on the steps that led to the agricultural display.

As he come up, one of them called out, banteringly:

"Well, Eph, yeu better git ready tew eat yeur ol' hat, fer ye'll hev it tew do!"

This, with the loud guffaw that followed it, gave Ephraim to understan' what had happened, and, appalled, he rushed within doors.

On the lowest of the bank of steps that had been built to hold the display, lay the smaller pumpkins above them the five that he had entered, and above them, each eclipsing in size the corresponding one below lay five more.

As he stared, each shining, golden globe seemed to take on a leer of sarcastic triumph. He stood in astonishment, his hat pushed back, his knees bent forward. At last he ejaculated:

"Wal, I vow! Who in th' nation brung 'em?"

"I did," snapped a voice beside him.

And he turned to see the speaker, who, bonnet in hand stood looking steadily at him. For a moment he stared in slow recognition, then drawled:

"Why, Melissy Jones!"

"No, sir—Mrs. Morrison, Mr. Biggs," with an elaborately stiff bow. "I thought it wuz a pritty good way tew come up 'ith yeu fer the orn'ry way yeu treated me th' las' time I ever saw yeu, an' I thought you might like tew know 'at some one else in C'manche County can raise punkins' 'cept a Biggs."

And with head held high, she passed on.

Each day of the fair, Ephraim lingered about the pumpkins, and each day, meeting the Widow Morrison, strove to draw her into conversation; but her acerbity did not diminish.

On the last afternoon he met her there, looking at the string of cottony blue ribbon attached to her largest pumpkin.

"I'm glad, Melissy," he began, awkwardly, "at yeu got it. I did treat you mean thet time, but I'm willin' tew remidy it now. I've—ahem—got a good farm, but it's pritty well run down, an' I need some one to help me, an'—an'—ahem' ef yeu're willin'—ahem!—I think yeu'd be best th' one, an' then I c'd look after your farm along 'ith my own, an' I'd be repairing th' damage I done yeu onct."

She looked at him for one uncomfortable minute, a sparkle in her black eyes, a sardonic smile on her lips.

"So, Eph Biggs, you want tew repair the damage by makin' me your hired girl, 'ithout wages, an' takin' my farm to run down along 'ith your own! My farm's not run down, an' I don't intend it shall be, an' I keep my own hired girl, an' pay her out o' my money, an' nex' week my youngest sister, who's a widder like myself, is comin' West 'ith her two blessed children, an' we're goin' tew be the happiest fam'ly in creation. An' ef I marry, which ain't prob'ble, I'll not marry a man 'at let his mother die in the poor-house!" She knotted her bonnet strings decidedly, as she concluded: "This air a satisfyin' moment fer me, Eph Biggs. I brung them punkins here merely tew kind uv pay int'rest on th' ole grudge, an' find 'at I kin pay th' whole thing an' return th' mitten you gave me fifteen years ago!"

She left him then, for there was really nothing more to be said.—Exchange.

Care in Diphtheria.

As diphtheria is so very serious a disease, whenever a child seems languid and miserable, fretful and depressed, without apparent cause, examine the throat carefully, writes Elisabeth Robinson Scovil in a very valuable article on "Care in Infectious Diseases" in the Ladies' Home Journal. If it is swollen and covered with patches of gray membrane looking like slate-pencil dust, send for the doctor. It is always safest to have medical advice when the throat is affected.

Until the doctor comes keep the child in bed. If the throat is painful procure a lump of lime, pour cold water upon it; when the effervescence subsides strain off the clear water and apply it to the throat with a brush or swab. If the child is old enought the throat can be gargled with the lime-water. Inhaling the steam from a pitcher of boiling water sometimes give relief. The neck may be rubbed with warm oil and bound with flannel.

Milk either hot or cold, should be given every two hours. The cold milk may have the white of an egg shaken with each cupful. Strong beef-tea can be given and the doctor may order stimulant. The strength must be supported by nourishing liquid food.

Field for Typewriters.

The typewriter is beginning to make considerable progress in France, says the New York Sun. This is good news for all the rest of the world, because if there is a country under the sun where typewriters are sadly needed, that country is France. With all due respect for our noble Gallic friends, we are bound to say that their handwriting is often the most abominable that was ever put on paper.

The microscopical manuscript of the average Frenchman is the horror of other people. A glance at it is enough to make one believe that the writers of such are extremely near-sighted, or, that their pens are made out of the toenails of mosquitoes. But the typewriter is a rattling reformer. Let us hope that it will wipe out of existence the prize-puzzle chirography of the French,. "Vive la machine a ecrire, messieurs!"

THE grave need never associate with the gay unless they choose. But the gay must eventually go to the grave.

PROTECTION OF INVALIDS.

The Frightful Ravages of Nervous Diseases in America.

Nervousness has become the national disease of America. According to Samuel Weir Mitchell, president of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, the proportion of nerve deaths has multiplied more than twenty times in the last forty years, and at present nerve deaths number more than one-fourth of all the deaths recorded. And this fearful loss of life occurs mainly among young people of both sexes.

While the American climate is chiefly responsible for this painful condition, there are two other formidable enemies to the national health, the dollar devil and the school fiend, writes Edward Wakefield in McClure's Magazine. The former attacks particularly males, the latter females; but both sexes are more or less exposed to the malign influence of both evils. The flower of American womanhood is wilted by overculture before it comes fully into bloom. The long hours, the multiplicit of studies, the number of teachers—each striving to get the utmost out of the pupils—the craving rivalry to be well-graded, the all-devouring ambition to command a means of living, the hurried or neglected meals, the want of exercise, and the fatal irregularity that it entails, the gnawing worry that murders sleep—it is these, and these alone, that condemns tens of thousands of American women to a life of misery and uselessness before they have ceased to be children. Dr. Mitchell deliberately maintains that for all the best purposes of female society, it would be better that American girls were not educated at all until they are 15, than that they were overwrought, as they are at present. They study seven or eight hours a day, when two or three would be sufficient to keep their intelligence in training, and all for what? To spend their after years on a sofa or in a sick room, and to be a burden instead of a help to those who are dearest to them. It is a tremendous saying, from one speaking with authority, that as much domestic unhappiness is caused in America by nervousness among women as by dram-drinking among men. Yet such is Dr. Weir Mitchell's verdict. He holds that every girl ought to be examined as to her nervous temperament when about to go to school, and at frequent intervals afterward; that leisure, exercise, and wholesome meals ought to be insisted upon; and that studies ought to be compulsorily diminished, or discontinued altogether, the moment the well-known signs of overstrain appear. If girls are maintained in normal nervous condition until they are 17, they may study almost as hard as they please afterwards without imperilling their woman's life. But let there be no mistake about it. Overwork and unnatural worry from 8 or 9 to 17 mean ruin and wretchedness from 17 till early death.

As for the dollar devil, its power is manifested in that wide-spread complaint which physicians call cerebral exhaustion. The American male stands the racket of the schools much better than the female. He takes more exercise and he has not the troubles of puberty to contend against. But he meets his fate very shortly afterwards. He goes to business far too young and he straightway consumes his vital energy till nothing is left but dust and ashes. It is often pointed out with pride that America is the country of young men; and so it is. We quite usually see here labors and responsibilities borne by mere boys, which nowhere else would be undertaken by many under middle age. That is very striking and interesting to the casual observer. But what it means to such observers as Dr. Weir Mitchell is, that America is the country of young invalids, young wrecks, young drug victims, young inebriates, young maniacs, young suicides. The prematureness of business responsibility, the frantic haste to be rich and powerful produce in plain sight what is nothing short of a frightful general social evil. The most appalling cases of nervous disease that the doctor meets with are those of young men, in the highest posts, who entered business life too early, and suddenly encountered periods of excessive anxiety and grave responsibility. It would have been a mercy to them if they had been street-sweepers or coal porters instead of railroad presidents or bank managers.

Chinese Abreviation.

A lady in Hong Kong engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that," said the Lady, "I will call you John."

Next morning when John came up to get his orders he smiled all over, and looking inquiringly at his mistress, asked:

"What is your namee?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Landon."

"Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul Landon—I call you Tommy."—Boston Globe.

A Cunning Bird.

An intellectual canary which belongs to a Nova Scotia damsel, one day found the water in its glass too low to reach, and, after several unsuccessful attempts to drink, hopped on its perch, and sat quietly for a few minutes. Suddenly it turned round, pulled a loose feather out of its tail, and dipped the tip into to the water, putting its claw crosswise on the feather, and wetting its beak in the moisture. The canary repeated the trick several times, till its thirst was quenched.